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Harper's Magazine for March, 1891.

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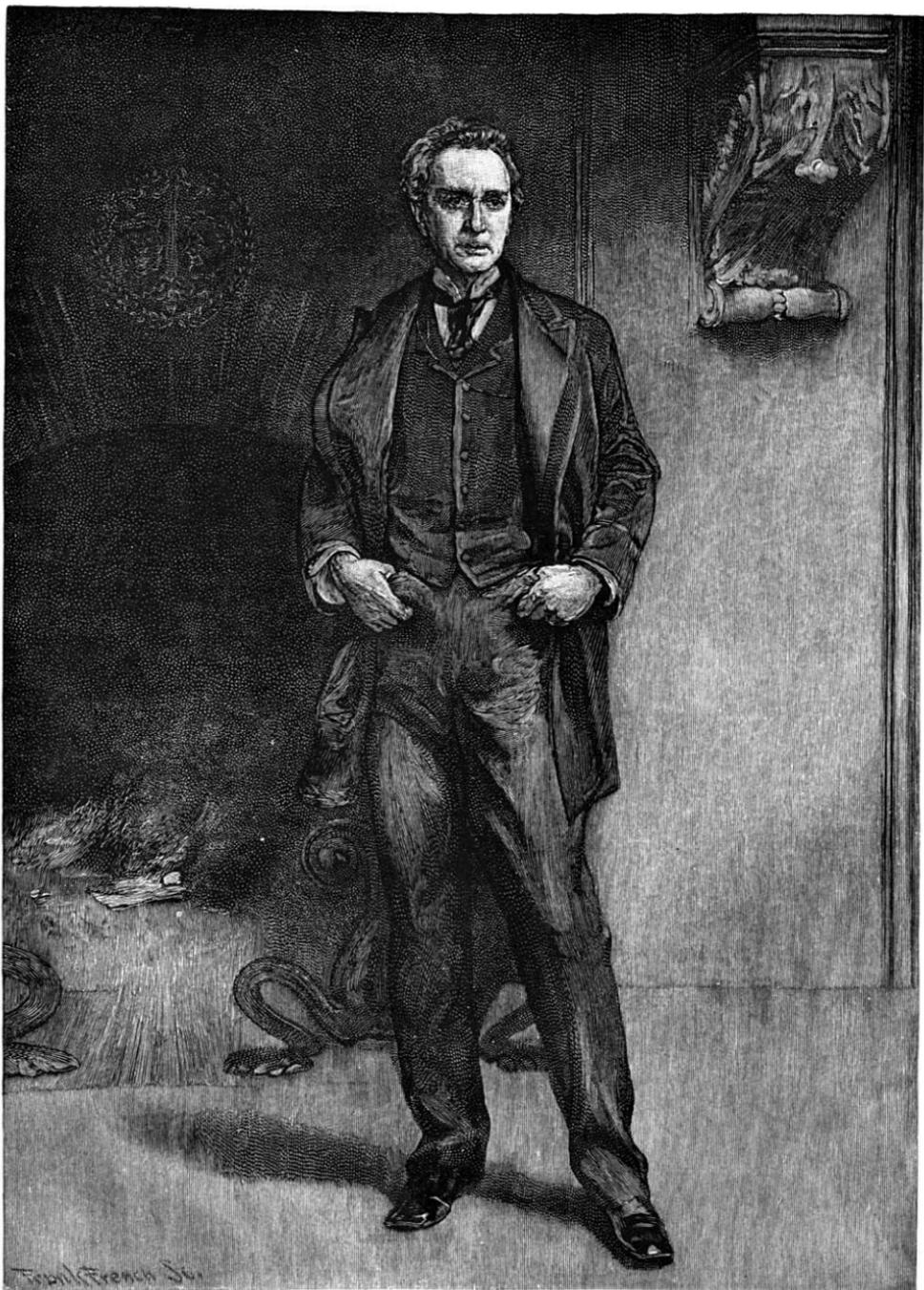
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VOL. LXXXII.

FEBRUARY, 1891.

No. CCCCLXXXIX.

SARGENT'S PORTRAIT OF EDWIN BOOTH.

At "The Players."

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

THAT face which no man ever saw
And from his memory banished quite,
With eyes in which are Hamlet's awe
And Cardinal Richelieu's subtle light,
Looks from this frame. A master's hand
Has set the master-player here,
In the fair temple that he planned
Not for himself. To us most dear
This image of him! "It was thus
He looked; such pallor touched his cheek;
With that same grace he greeted us—
Nay, 'tis the man, could it but speak! . . .
Sad words that shall be said some day—
Far fall the day! O cruel Time,
Whose breath sweeps mortal things away,
Spare long this image of his prime,
That others standing in the place
Where, save as ghosts, we come no more,
May know what sweet majestic face
The gentle Prince of Players wore!



FINLAND.

First Part.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE COUNTRY AND PEOPLE.

BY HENRY LANSDELL, D.D.

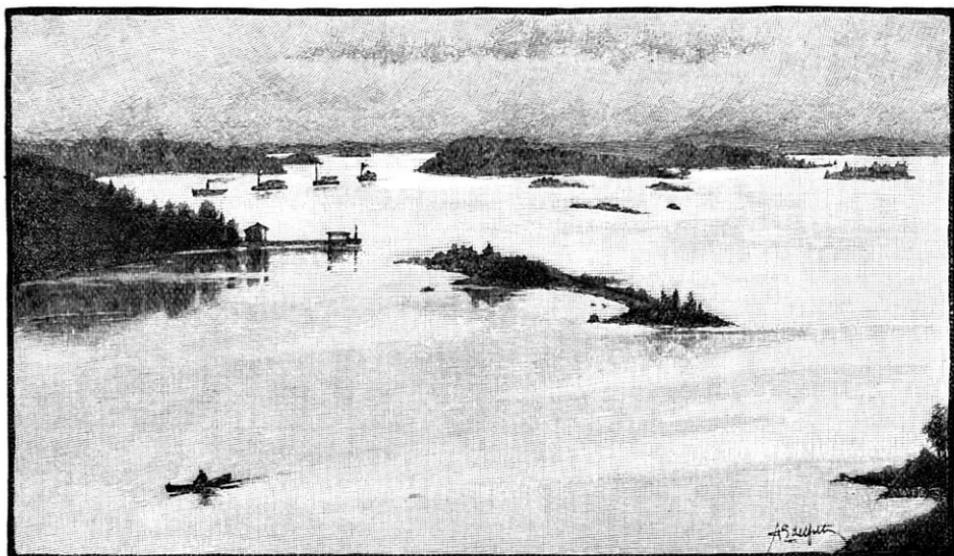
LAKE SAIMA is poetically called by the Finns the "Lake of a Thousand Isles," and I came to the conclusion, when crossing the country by a new route, that Finland might, with greater truth, be called the "Land of a Thousand Lakes."

Many travellers find it convenient to approach the fen-land from St. Petersburg, for some distance out of which, across the Wiborg province, the train passes through numerous *datchas*, or summer villas, of the well-to-do inhabitants. Beyond are market gardens; and still further, fields of oats, potatoes, and rye, the land being flat, and in many places covered with forest. The Wiborg province is celebrated for its varieties of marble and granite.

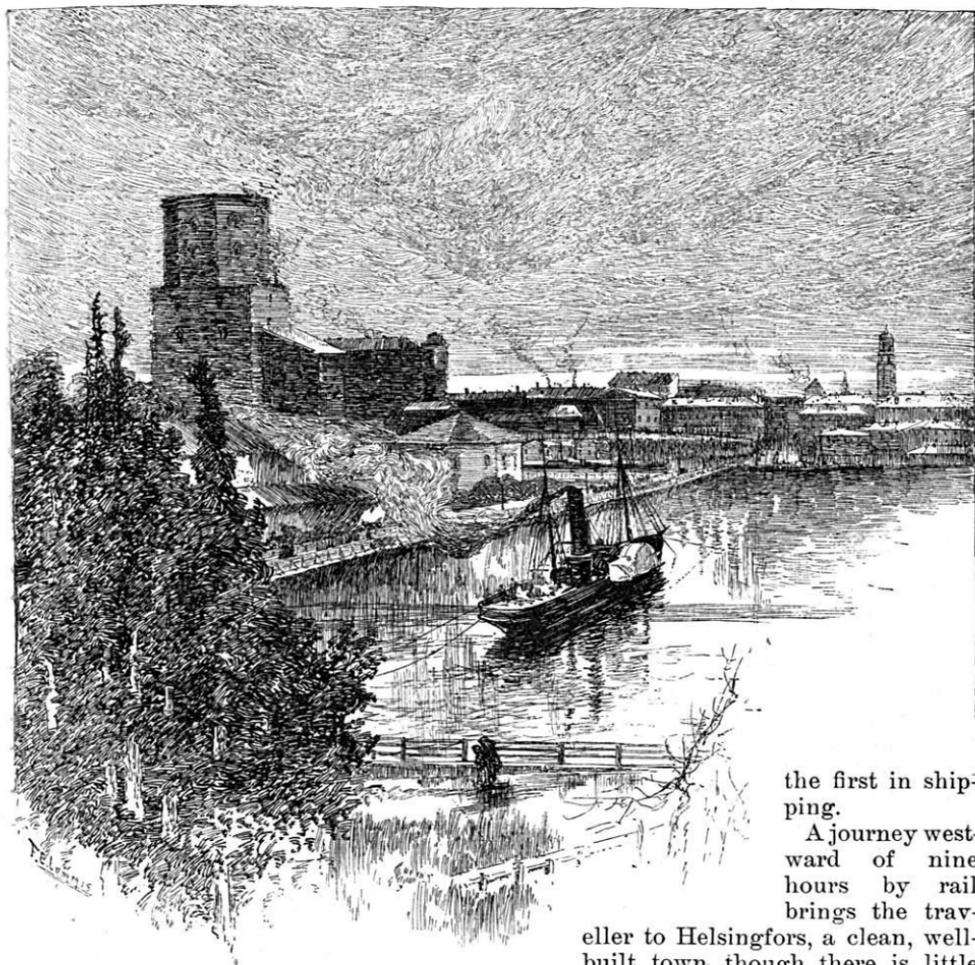
As we travelled through this province, its rocky, bowlder-bestrewn character was visible as we approached Wiborg, a sight of whose castle recalls somewhat of the history of the country. Finland is now only about 700 miles long, and on an average, 200 miles wide, with an area about a fourth as large again as the British Isles; but the Finnish possessions are represent-

ed as extending, in the ninth century, from the Baltic on the west to beyond the Urals in the east, and southward from the Frozen Sea to the upper basins of the Volga, Oka, and Kama.

The Bulgarians are thought to have driven the Finns from the middle course of the Volga, who, by similarly chasing the Lapps northward, took possession of Finland proper at the end of the seventh or the beginning of the eighth century. But we know little of the country until four centuries later, when, in 1157, Eric IX., King of Sweden, instigated by the Pope, undertook a crusade to convert the Finns, and to stop their piratical depredations. This led to the founding, on the western coast, of the town of Abo. About a century later Birger Jarl completed the conquest, and built Tavastehus, whilst 1293 witnessed the conquest by the Swedes of the region about Wiborg; so that the old castles at these three places, built for the protection of converts and the "chastisement of the pagans," still testify to the two centuries of struggle during which the Christian faith was there taking root.



A BIT OF THE LAKE OF A THOUSAND ISLES.



THE CASTLE AND QUAY, WIBORG.

By the conquest of Wiborg the Swedes were brought into direct contact with the Russians, with whom the first treaty of peace was concluded thirty years later, the river Rajajoki being recognized as the boundary between the two countries. Of this the modern traveller is reminded at Terijoki, a station we passed thirty miles from St. Petersburg, next to Beloostrof, these two, respectively, being now the Finnish and Russian frontier stations.

Wiborg afterward was taken from the Swedes by the Russians, who subsequently restored it to the Finns when the grand duchy was annexed. Wiborg has now a population of 14,000, being the third town in number of inhabitants in the grand duchy, the second in trade, and

the first in shipping.

A journey westward of nine hours by rail brings the traveller to Helsingfors, a clean, well-built town, though there is little about it of historical interest. It owes its name to a colony from the province of Helsingland who settled in Finland, the original town being founded by Gustavus Vasa, though not on its present site, which is on the shore of the Gulf of Finland, and whither the inhabitants removed in 1639. So severely, however, was the city visited by war, famine, plague, and fire, that at the end of a hundred years it numbered only 5000 inhabitants. The place gained importance in 1749 from the erection, a mile and a half distant, of the fortress of Sveaborg, and in 1818 Helsingfors was made the capital of the grand duchy, since which time it has become in appearance almost like a Russian town.

In the suburbs are several gardens, in one of which, called Thölö Park, at the "Alphyddan," or Alpine Cottage, we went



HELSINGFORS,

to dine. We found it prettily situated, about a couple of miles from the town, and here we saw several specimens of indigenous trees, as well as certain others that have been introduced from abroad.

Among the foreign trees cultivated in various parts of Finland are the Siberian Cembrian pine, the Weymouth pine, and the balm of Gilead. The silver-fir and the white fir, though they grow, cannot be said to flourish, even at Helsingfors. The American arbor-vitæ is found further north, on the western coast, but the oak is confined to the south. We saw several specimens of this last on the island of Runsala, near Abo. The lilac, the Siberian pea-tree, and the Tartarian honeysuckle have been cultivated almost to the north of the Gulf of Bothnia. The spiræa, barberry, snowberry, and red-berried elder do not extend so far north, whilst the hazel and horse-chestnut appear to be unable to withstand the climate except quite in the south.

Among the rarer trees of Finland may be named the butternut, as also, quite in the south, the walnut and the hornbeam. A beech-tree, however, planted there a hundred years ago, has attained only to the dimensions of a shrub a few feet high. There are other trees acclimatized in Finland and widely dispersed, such as the apple, which yields moderately good fruit in the south. Dwarf apple-trees grow as far north as the head of the Gulf of Bothnia, but do not fruit there. The pear is common in the south, but in a higher latitude does not fruit every year. The common cherry and the bird-cherry are found as far north as Wasa and Kuopio, but not further. The bullace and the wild-

plum have the same limits. Both rough and smooth gooseberries succeed up to Wasa and Kuopio, as do, still further north, black currants and raspberries, but those who long for apricots, peaches, and grapes must have them imported. In the absence of such luxuries, nature kindly supplies the Finlander with numerous berry-bearing plants, such as the whortleberry, cowberry, cranberry, cloudberry, and the dwarf crimson bramble, which last grows up to the arctic circle. The strawberry, though widely diffused in the south, is rare to the north, and disappears entirely before the eyes of the Laplander, who has little of leafy verdure to delight his vision, the last forests of stunted conifers disappearing at Lake Enare, north of which, to the Frozen Ocean, stretch only vast tundras of mosses and lichen.

Finland is visited yearly by about 10,000 vessels, bringing rather more than 1,250,000 tons of merchandise, and carrying away about the same. The exports from Finland are, for the greater part, forest products, half being of planks, deals, firewood, etc., with 3 per cent. of tar. Farm produce, chiefly butter, forms an additional 15 per cent. of the whole; agricultural products 3 per cent. more; game and fish another 3 per cent.; and various manufactures—iron, tissues, and paper—15 per cent. more. On the other hand, the goods brought into the country are fabrics, grain, metals, sugar, cotton, tobacco, salt, wine, oil, and brandy.

The exchanges with foreign countries are made to the extent of 70 per cent. by the ships of Finland, of which the commercial fleet numbers 1600 vessels, having 250,000 tons burden. There is no



FROM THE SEA.

lack of communication by water, by means of which we could have proceeded to Abo, whither, however, we went in preference by rail, accomplishing the journey in ten hours.

Abo has a population of 23,000. Many of its houses are large, and being widely detached, they spread over a considerable area. We obtained a good view of the town and its environs on driving up the steep hill whereon stands the observatory, once of some note in northern Europe, and adjoining which there is now a tea garden and public resort.

About midway between the observatory and the sea stands Abo Castle, which is the oldest building in Finland. It dates back to 1157, to the days of Eric the Saint, the first Swedish conqueror, who, with St. Henry, Bishop of Upsala, introduced Christianity into Finland. Henry has since been regarded as the patron saint of the Finns.

In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the old castle witnessed the fall of many calamities upon Abo. The town was ravaged in 1458 with fire, kindled by lightning, and within twenty years it was burnt again. In 1509 the Danes sacked the place, and half a century later three fires occurred successively within six years, after which, in 1614, the castle itself was burnt during a visit of Gustavus II. Adolphus, when the royal kitchen took fire.

A part of the rooms in the castle are now set apart for a museum of antiquities.

Another part of the castle was used as a storehouse, but the portion that attracted me most was the prison, my first visit to which, in 1874, I had never forgotten.

In those young days of my prison experience I had seen nothing worse than the Tolbooth in Edinburgh, and knew nothing of dungeons in baronial castles, save what I had gathered from *Robin Hood* and similar stories of my boyhood. But when I came to Abo I witnessed what my imagination had pictured. A flight of steps brought us to a damp dark passage, through which we made our way, illumined by the light of a lantern, to a heavily bolted, clumsy door. This was duly opened, and we were invited to enter. Having so done, we found ourselves in a good-sized room, dimly lighted by a window, which was shaded by a high building only a few feet distant. The embrasure of a window exposed a wall I should think twelve feet thick, and on the inner side of which were grated bars, so that the glazing could be opened and shut only by means of a long rod. The floor was of bare earth, and the furniture, if such it could be called, was of the roughest description. A rickety wooden bedstead, an earthen ewer with water, a lump of coarse black bread, and a wooden tub containing salt fish heads showed us prison fare which looked coarse enough; but, to our surprise, we were told that, in spite of such drawbacks, some of the poor come to the jail in autumn, and beg to be allowed admittance, in preference to enduring outside the hardships of a Northern winter. This would have seemed to me hardly credible had I not heard a similar story when visiting one of the prisons in Guernsey.

There is one point in which Finnish prisons take precedence of all others I have visited in Europe, Asia, or America,

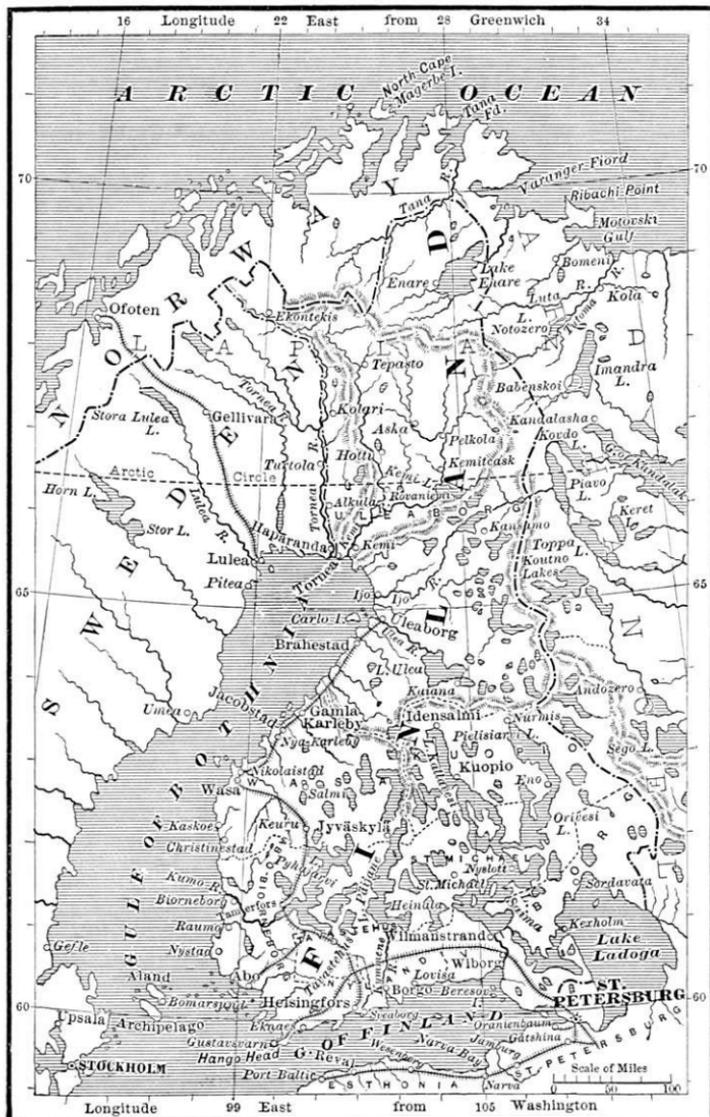
I mean in the chains used therein, and their enormous weight. In two cells at Abo we found a man in each laden with terrible irons, weighing in the first case 3 Finnish lis-punds, or 60 lbs.; and in the second case more than a hundredweight. In the latter instance the unfortunate man had iron bands round his neck and waist, fastened together by a heavy chain, which continued nearly to the ground, and was further attached to two chains securing the ankles. The hands were likewise secured by links riveted to the waistband. I obtained photographs of men thus chained, but not representing

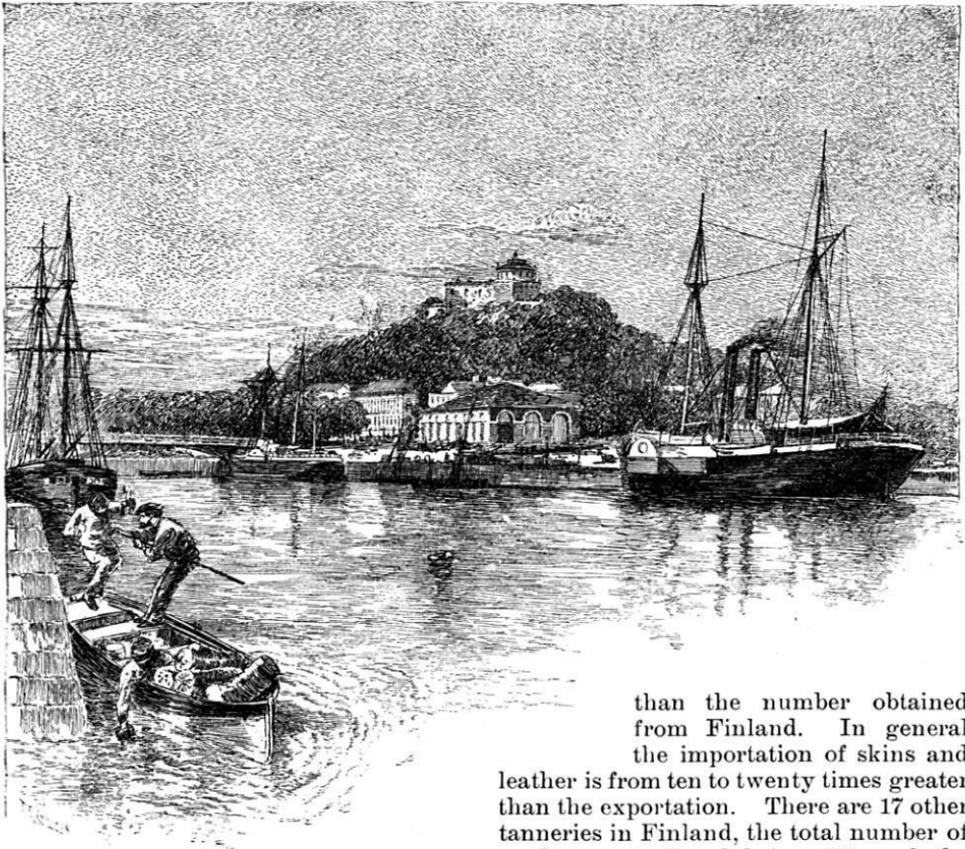
the worst, for I have seen also in Finland thick iron anklets pierced with holes, through which is passed an iron bolt thick as a crowbar, and the 40 pounds weight of which rests on pads on the in-steps. The prison authorities inform me that these irons are used only rarely, and principally for the transport of dangerous criminals. I remember hearing when in Finland in 1876 that it sometimes happened when prisoners were on their way from the country districts in farmers' carts that accomplices waylaid the officers and released their comrades.

It was on a windy morning in August,

1876 (in a previous visit to the country), that I crossed from Haparanda the river which divides Sweden from Finland, to Tornea, the northernmost Finnish town. Tornea first had a local habitation and a name nearly three centuries ago, when, by reason of its brisk trade with the Swedish capital, it was called "Little Stockholm." It was visited by Peter the Great as the most southerly place whence to see the sun at midnight. In 1809 the town was annexed to Russia, and is now visited in winter by the Laplanders, who come with their produce in reindeer sledges, and in summer by tourists, to witness a night without darkness.

My visit was not rightly timed for either sight, but it was in my favor that I could drive very late and early in what was at worst only twilight. I slept the





THE OBSERVATORY AT ABO.

first night at a saw-mill, where the manager gave me supper, and I turned into an excellent bed, to be refreshed next morning by a substantial breakfast with my host, his wife, secretary, and niece; after which charming piece of way-side hospitality I continued the journey on rough and lonely roads, where I first made acquaintance with Russian verst posts, but met few of my own species. Such slow progress, however, was made that night-fall found me two stations short of my destination, and I slept at the post-house, reaching Uleaborg next morning.

Uleaborg boasts of one of the largest tanneries, they say, in Europe. It gives employment to nearly 100 workmen, producing goods to the value of £60,000 in a year. At the time of my visit this tannery alone imported, chiefly from America, and for making "Russia" leather, 10,000 skins, which was five times more

than the number obtained from Finland. In general the importation of skins and leather is from ten to twenty times greater than the exportation. There are 17 other tanneries in Finland, the total number of workmen employed being 160, and the value of their products about £75,000 a year. At Uleaborg I went on board a steamer proceeding south to Wasa.

It was our intention on leaving Wasa to proceed across the interior to Kuopio, and then descend by Lake Saima to Wiborg. A journey of eight hours brought us near the southeast border of the Wasa province, at the foot of the "Hameenselka" hills, running north and south. Ascending these hills from the station soon brought us on to the table-land of granite, from 400 to 600 feet high, of which the interior of Finland is composed. Finland is not a country of mountains, except in the far north of Lapland, where the highest, Haldefjall, attains an elevation of 4000 feet. No summit in Finland south of the arctic circle ascends 600 feet above the sea, the mean elevation of the interior being only about 325 feet.

The indications on the map of mountain ranges serve, however, to mark the water partings, which have a mean elevation of from 500 to 650 feet, and divide

central Finland into three basins. The first comprises 120 large lakes, and many thousand small ones, which more or less drain into Lake Saima, whence the surplus water escapes to Lake Ladoga. Further west is Lake Paijane, the reservoir of another basin, which sends its waters by the Kymmene into the Gulf of Finland, whilst the least important basin gathers its waters in Lake Pyhajarvi, near Tammerfors, and flows into the Gulf of Bothnia by the river Kumo.

Thus Finland is emphatically a land of lakes. They occupy twelve per cent. of the total superficies; and to this may be added twenty per cent. of marsh-land and peat-bog, for the draining of which nature and man will seemingly have to unite their efforts for a long time to come. It has been supposed that Finland was once at the bottom of a sea, which, having passed away, left some of its waters in the lowest beds. An old tradition, now verified, it is said, by observation, goes to confirm this hypothesis, in that the soil of Finland is rising — about 40 inches in a century on the coasts of the Gulf of Bothnia, and 24 inches on those of the Gulf of Finland.

The country, however, even if "the last-born daughter of the sea," is not young in the sense of having come later out of the water than the surrounding regions, for its mountains are all of primitive formation, and they contain no traces of animal or vegetable life, no petrifications, no coal. Geologists say that in the primary, secondary, and tertiary epochs, Finland was above the sea-level, but bare and waste, and that during all the tertiary epoch it was, as Greenland is now, covered with an immense glacier, which advanced from the mountains of Scandinavia to the southeast; that under the weight of these masses of ice the earth sank, but that now, the ice being gone, the land is rising again.

On arriving at our first post station after leaving Keuru, we took occasion to order the samovar for tea, and to see the village and the people. The typical Finn

is, as a rule, strongly built, but below the middle height, with head almost round; low and arched forehead, with flat features and prominent cheek-bones, as among the Mongolian races generally; the eyes are mostly gray and somewhat oblique; nose, short and flat; protruding mouth, thick lips, and very thick-set neck. I rarely noticed a full, bushy beard, which, with the Finn, is usually weak and straggling. The hair, however, is not always black, but is also brown, red, and even fair, whilst the complexion is brownish or sallow.

The Finns belong, as their language shows, to the great Altai-Uralian family that still predominates in northern and central Asia, but which, on the west of the Urals, has become crowded among the

Indo-Europeans. The remains of the Altai race in Europe are divided into four groups—the Ugrian, comprising the Ostiaks, Voguls, and Hungarians; the Permian, comprising Syrjanen, Permians, and Votiaks; the Bulgarians, comprising the Bulgarians, Mordvins, and Cheremiss; and the Finnic, comprising the Finns, Estonians, and Laplanders. These last were probably the first to come into Finland, and in the thirteenth century many Laplanders were settled about Tavastehus. Gradually they were driven north by the Finns, who were divided into three tribes—the Finns proper, the Tavastians, who settled in the southwest, and



FINNISH PRISONER.

the Karelians, who inhabited the east of the country.

The Finnish language is classified among the Uralo-Altaic, and has the peculiar characteristic that all derivation, declination, and conjugation is effected by means of suffixes, and thus the root forms the beginning of every word. The conjunctions are not numerous, as their place is often supplied by adverbial parts of speech. There are hardly any prepositions, their office being discharged, in part, by fifteen case terminations. The language is rich in derived verbs; adds the negative particle, when used, before the termination of the word; recognizes no grammatical distinction of genders;



KUOPIO AND LAKE KALLAVESI, FROM PUIJO HILL.

and has no articles. Another peculiarity is that not one purely Finnish word begins with two consonants, nor are there ever in a word more than two consonants adjacent.

As we proceeded on our journey through the night, it became cold and uncomfortable, but we had no difficulty in procuring horses for the post wagon. Our own pair had come the preceding day from Jyvaskyla, so that, on their return, they had travelled 120 miles in 36 hours. The cost of hire for each post-horse was $1\frac{1}{2}d.$ per mile, but the tariff has since been advanced 60 per cent. Toward morning the aspect of the country improved somewhat and became hilly, but there was little in the post-houses to invite our getting down for refreshments. At length, about breakfast-time, we arrived at the town of Jyvaskyla. As we drove forward, the post-road made many *détours* to avoid numerous lakes. In fact, we were never long out of sight of water, which may remind the traveller of the important part this element plays as a motive power in the Finnish provinces. It performs nearly as much in Finland as steam, for, whilst in a given year a force of 27,000 horse-power was worked by 660 steam-engines, 24,000 horse-power was

worked by 2500 water-wheels. Of these water-wheels, 2000 were for grinding flour, and for saw-mills and iron-works nearly 200 each; whilst of the steam-engines, 200 were for steam-boats, 100 for locomotives, and 80 for saw-mills.

From Jyvaskyla we travelled, as through the previous night, until the morning of the next day, but arrived two hours late for the steamer at Kuopio. Kuopio is situated on the shore of Lake Kallavesi, which is a northern continuation of the Saima Sea. The town is about a century old, and has a population of 7200. I cannot say much for the beauty of its streets, which, however, are wide and regular. There is a large church in the public square, and, near at hand, a public garden. There are likewise a lyceum, a superior elementary school, and a public library.

Kuopio is, however, one of the most Finnish of all the towns of Finland, the peoples of which have been classified as 85 per cent. of Finns proper, 14 per cent. of Swedish-speaking farmers and peasants, whilst the remainder is made up of about 6000 Russians, 1200 Germans (chiefly in Helsingfors), 1000 gypsies (in Wiborg), and 600 Lapps. The presence of these foreign elements makes itself felt, of

course, upon the natives. The Lapp influence is visible in the north, where traces of their Asiatic origin are the most marked; the Tavastian Finns in the southwest are influenced by their Scandinavian neighbors; and the Karelian Finns in the southeast by the Russians. At Kuopio and Jyväskylä, however, the Finns have it all their own way, and one sees the race in these towns in its purity.

From Puijo Hill, on a clear day, with a good glass may be seen an immense number of sheets of water, frequently dotted with islets. I enumerated seventy-four islands whilst looking to the northwest alone; but the view was somewhat clouded by a

thin blue veil of smoke arising from forest fires kindled to clear the land. To the north, the lakes were seen running into one another; and toward the south, stretched as far as the eye could reach, the Kallavesi main, with tree-covered islets floating on its bosom; whilst in the foreground lay the town of Kuopio, with its lofty church and the Governor's house in process of building.

Next morning we embarked early on board the *Ansis*, bound for the south on what is locally called the Saima Sea. This lacustrine system is the largest in the country, and occupies nearly the whole of southeastern Finland. Its shape is very irregular, and is sometimes stated as nearly 90 miles by 80, but this applies to the lower part only of a large inland sheet of water, covering an area of about 4000 square miles.

Had we desired it, we could have gone further north by steamer to Idensalmi, and thence by a little land travelling to Lake Ulea, beyond which the adventurous tourist may shoot rapids and proceed down the river of that name to Uleaborg. This method of seeing the Finnish interior, after starting from Wiborg by water, I should recommend to the ordinary tourist in preference to crossing the country, as we did, from Wasa. We had, indeed, the satisfaction of pioneering through parts unknown, I believe, to English authors, but the game was hardly worth the candle; and now that the railway has been extended from Wasa to Uleaborg, an inland journey thither might well be prolonged southward either by land, through Tamerfors and Tavastehus, or by one of the admirable steamers that ply round the coast to St. Petersburg.

The greater part of our first day on the Saima was spent in steaming down Kallavesi, Haukivesi, and several other lakes, which form an upper series of waters connected at Nyslott with Lake Saima proper, to Nyslott, or Newcastle.

The voyage from Nyslott, as it had been from Kuopio, was simply charming. In the upper basin we sometimes advanced toward the richly wooded head of a lake, where further progress seemed impossible; but before the prow of the steamer could reach



A BIT OF FINNISH LANDSCAPE.

the shore, a small outlet was seen, traversing which, in a few minutes we found ourselves in another lake, still more spacious. In the lower basin for twelve hours we glided in and out amongst innumerable islands of all shapes and sizes, from that of a tea table to an area of many miles, and all of them wooded to the water's edge. One difference between the upper and lower basins was that in the former the ridges connecting higher elevations of land were above the level of the water, whereas in the lower basin these were covered by the lake, and only the projecting elevations of the land appeared above the surface as islands innumerable.

Wide spaces between the islands surrounded us everywhere, the course for navigation being marked out by beacons and broomsticks, the former on islands, the latter on shoals. The beacons are

compactly built of heaps of stones, kept whitewashed, surmounted by poles bearing devices such as stars, square and compasses, triangles, and arrow-heads, by means of which the exact locality of the steamer can be known. In depth the lake varies—in the channel navigated from 10 to 60 fathoms or more, whilst there are subaqueous hills and plains forming shoals, flooded by less than six feet of water. In the winter the whole is covered with one continuous sheet of ice up to four feet in thickness, and with snow for six feet more. But we were there in leafy summer, and when next morning we arrived at Wilmanstrand, and went to the Saima Canal, which brings the traveller to Wiborg, I felt that I had never before seen anything in water scenery to compare for beauty with that of "Finland, the land of a thousand lakes, or the lake of a thousand isles."

Second Part.

SKETCHES IN FINLAND.

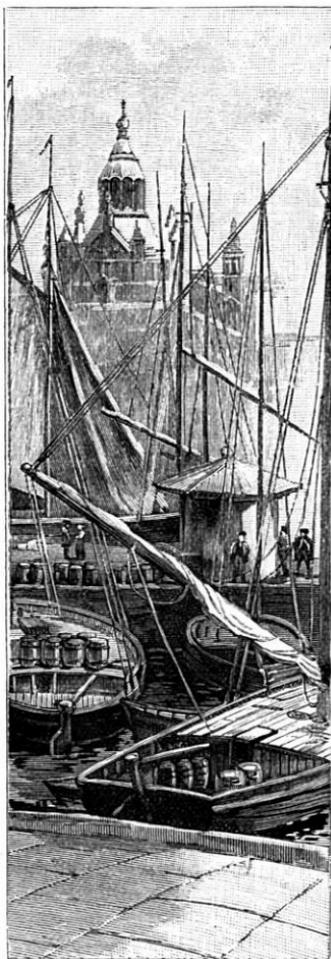
BY ALBERT EDELFFELT.

A COMPANY of travellers sailing across the Sea of Aland from the Swedish capital found themselves one bright morning entering the so-called "Outer Archipelago" of Finland. What a difference between this scenery and that which they admired in the neighborhood of Stockholm! The large green islands had given place to desolate, rocky, and bare pieces of land, dotted here and there with grim and solitary pine-trees, some towering up like signals of distress, others crawling over the very surface of the water like so many sable-backed sea-monsters. Between and beyond these rocky islands there is nothing but water as far as the eye can reach. On the islands no vegetation will thrive except a few pine and fir trees; they stand there naked, except for the perching sea-gulls, their sides striped with parallel lines, marking the different heights of the water; cold and barren, like a harsh note that breaks the perfect harmony of the warm deep blue sky, of the clear air, undarkened by haze or mist, and of the sea, smooth as a mirror, on which now and again a light breeze, as it were, rules a series of silvery lines and angles. What unutterable monotony! When we raise our eyes from the

pages of our book, or when we come up on deck after the interval of lunch or dinner, the scene remains ever the same.

The distance between Abo, where the steamer touches in the course of the day, and Helsingfors, the present capital, is traversed in fifteen hours. The route lies for miles and miles along an uninterrupted rocky shore, very much resembling the series of islands and inlets above described, though less monotonous and less barren. There are even certain spots of wonderful beauty. For instance, a few hours before arriving at Helsingfors we pass through a strait seven English miles in length, and often no wider than a canal, whose shores are lined with fir, birch, and alder trees, between which, at intervals, we catch glimpses of fertile fields and pretty farm-houses, painted red or yellow. In this strait ships, smacks, and fishing-boats lie moored, waiting for a fair wind, and on the sloping shores we see country people mowing their meadows or drying their nets. As good luck will have it, we meet in this strait a flotilla of men-of-war and pleasure-yachts, all bearing the imperial flag. Every summer the Czar, our Grand Duke, makes a tour along the rocky shores of Finland.

Anchor is dropped in this agreeable spot, and the members of the imperial family amuse themselves for a few days by fishing and boating. This event fills the strait with life. Little steam-boats flit about in all directions, and on board the imperial yacht may be heard music and part singing, executed by a military band and by a chorus of student singers, who have come from Helsingfors for the occasion. This is a great event for the population of the coast, and the pretext for a general holiday. They row out to the imperial yacht and pay homage and tribute, the latter in the form of flowers and farm or dairy produce, which the members of the imperial family recognize by visits and valuable presents to the farmers in their homes. All along this coast-line of Finland there has lived from time immemorial an active and vigorous population of Swedish origin, composed of pilots, fishermen, and sailors, whose home and only means of livelihood is the sea, now glittering so calmly in the sunshine, but a terrible field of action when the autumnal gales are blowing and when the water is freezing. Farther north, in the district of Oesterbotten, the coast people carry on the dangerous trade of seal-shooting. At the approach of winter all the male inhabitants of the neighborhood leave for the very furthest extremities of the sea-coast, where they build camps, and pass the whole winter hunting. Far and wide they wander across the boundless wastes of ice and water, jumping with great difficulty from one block of floating ice to another, and killing with their guns, or with heavy mallets, the seals that lie



GLIMPSE OF THE PORT AND
RUSSIAN CHURCH AT HELSINGFORS.

on the edges. This trade demands great strength and intrepidity. Sometimes it happens that the block of ice on which the hunters are standing drifts away toward the open sea, and then the poor fellows are surely lost. At other times a furious snow-storm will overtake them while on the way to their camp, and then many a hardy hunter gets separated from his fellows, loses his way, sees nothing, hears nothing, and at last sinks exhausted and perishes in the snow and ice.

At the last station we have taken on board a pilot to steer us through the numerous shallows. He is an excellent type of the inhabitants of the south coast of Finland, broad-shouldered, strongly built, with a short stubby beard under his chin, and bushy eyebrows shading his small keen grayish-blue eyes. If he could leave his wheel for a while he would tell us many an episode of the brisk and active life of the coast, and probably boast not

a little about his prize sailing boats, and inform us that of all the women of the neighborhood, his girls are the cleverest at handling halyards and sheets.

After leaving this long strait we enter a broad bay, at the extremity of which is Helsingfors. There is no rich vegetation on the islands, no cottages or villages in sight to indicate the neighborhood of a town; but away in the distance the horizon is clear, and suddenly, at the very edge of it, we perceive some houses rising, as it were, from the water, bright and radiant. The outlines of the capital of Finland appear more distinctly as we approach the west end of the town, which

looks exquisitely beautiful in the morning sun. But we do not land here. The steamer steers a wide curving course between some little fortified islands forming the series of forts of Sveaborg which guards the entrance to the town, and then we have a lovely view before us. On the left there is a suburb of picturesque villas grouped on a rocky height; to the right, a narrow neck of land juts out into the sea, with on it some handsome buildings; and on a commanding hill a Russian church, built of red bricks in the Byzantine style. In the back-

ground is the town, and the harbor full of fishing-boats. A row of white or yellow houses, bright and clean, runs along the quays, and the whole panorama is dominated by a Protestant church, after the manner of the Isaac Cathedral at St. Petersburg, a sort of little Paris Pantheon flanked by four little towers. The aspect of the town is gay and clean, and the tourists grouped on the foredeck of the steamer are lavish in their compliments and expressions of admiration. But, to be just, we must confess that these fine white houses do not constitute



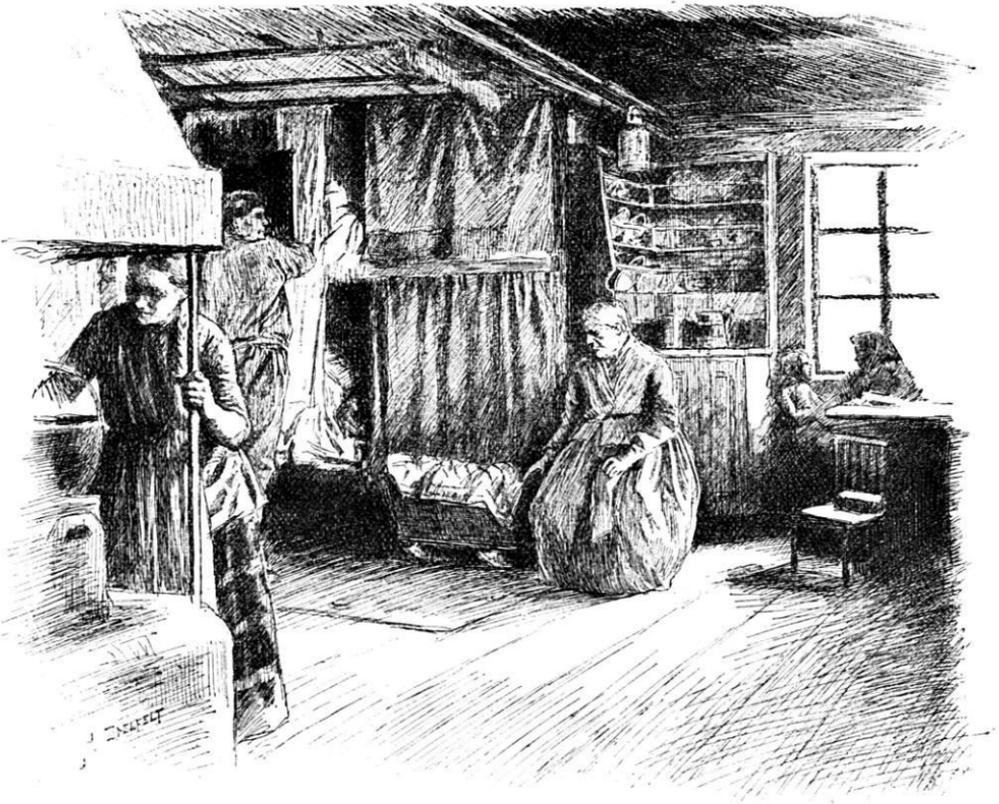
AN OLD PILOT AND HIS BRAVE DAUGHTER.

the whole town; the moment you leave the principal streets you find the usual wooden houses characteristic of Sweden and of the little Russian towns—low houses composed of a single story, and generally painted yellow. The total absence of coal smoke in this country, where only wood is burnt, makes our towns clean, and explains that limpid and transparent sky which seems to spread out its blue expanse immediately behind the houses.

The Empress Catherine II., in speaking of the climate of Russia, used to divide the year into eight months of winter and four months of bad weather. This severe judgment may be to a certain extent exact as regards the winter, but the other season was too badly treated by the great and witty sovereign. In the north of Russia and in Finland the heat during the months of July and August often attains 75° to 85° Fahrenheit; the sky

is bright blue; the fields, full of flowers of pale and unobtrusive colors, smell deliciously; and everybody makes haste to enjoy the brief summer. Those who are not absolutely obliged to work in the towns spend their last dollar in order to live in the country, hire a villa, a cottage, or even a humble fisherman's hut, and enjoy the *dolce far niente* of fishing and sailing.

Winter, on the contrary, is the season to visit the town. Then the pulse of life beats more strongly, and we have learnt so well how to combat and conquer the common enemy, cold, that the inhabitants, and even strangers, are enabled to forget the icy winds, the snow, and the thermometer, which sometimes sinks 20 degrees below zero. Sleighing parties, snow skating, and, above all, the favorite pastime of ice skating, with its fêtes, its illuminations, and its heroes and champions—for Finland has some excellent



INTERIOR OF A SWEDISH PEASANT'S HOUSE.



THE FISH-MARKET AT HELSINGFORS.

skaters, who have won laurels in abundance outside their own country also—all this makes winter at Helsingfors very endurable. The market, which has neither roof nor even stalls to shelter the poor buyers and sellers, proves that humanity can endure a prolonged station in the open air in very intense cold. The big fish-wives, muffled and wrapped up in innumerable shawls, remain there all day long selling their pike, their cod, and other fish, frozen and hard as logs of wood. The variety of types and costumes makes the aspect of the market very curious. There are Swedish fishermen with their sailor look, Finns in short cloaks, Russian soldiers wearing long gray overcoats and with their heads wrapped up in the "bashlik," Russian vegetable sellers in the traditional costume of the mujiks, Israelites in long caftans; and all this crowd of people, smoking all the while like chimneys, dance and stamp on the frozen ground to keep their feet from freezing entirely.

The great variety of race and language amongst the inhabitants of Helsingfors is

seen most conveniently and most strikingly at the market, where business brings together all these men, who are separated by idiom, religion, and manners, and who are otherwise indifferent, if not hostile, to each other. At the time of the great October fair the Esthonians arrive on their big two-masted sloops, and with their woollen stockings, their short jackets, long hair, and narrow-brimmed hats, the whole composing the costume of the peasants of the last century, add a new and picturesque note to a picture already full of interest. The Swedes from the coasts do not mix with the Finns; they do not understand their language; nor do they intermarry with Finnish women, and *vice versa*. For centuries these two races have been rubbing elbows every day without becoming ever confounded. The Russian soldiers, of whom there are 10,000 at Helsingfors, do not at all mingle with the population. Not the generals, who speak French, frequent a little Finnish society. Even the officers of the Finnish battalions, who are obliged to speak Russian, are almost strangers to

their Slav colleagues. A still more curious fact is that the masterpieces of Russian literature reach us through French or German translations, and Dostoïevsky and Tolstoï were known at Paris before they were heard of in Finland, although it is only a few miles from St. Petersburg, and in a country forever united with the destinies of the empire.

At Helsingfors is the only university of the country. It is organized on the German plan, and counts more than 100 professors and 1700 students—a very fair percentage on a total population of 2,200,000 inhabitants. College life here is more like that of Scandinavia than of Germany. The club life and "Kneipen," with duelling and obligatory affairs of honor, are unknown in our country. The colored cap of the German student is replaced with us by a black cap with a white velvet crown, with a little gold

Borgo is an old town about forty miles from Helsingfors, and certainly the most characteristic of the small towns of Finland. By the side of the old town, with its quaint, irregular houses and its tortuous streets, there are square and unpicturesque quarters, with houses painted with yellow ochre, and reminding one by their shape of cigar boxes. Situated at the mouth of a little river, and prettily set in a frame of hills and ancient fortifications, covered with venerable pine-trees, Borgo presents a most curious aspect. The old white cathedral; the strange houses of the old town, painted red, ochre, and orange; the sheds and warehouses built along the river, with their foundations in the water itself; and everywhere in the intervals between these odd wooden buildings the fresh greenery of the gardens—such are some of the features which make this little town so character-



BORGO.

lyre over the shade. The student lives very independently with his fellow-students from the same town or of the same class; or, if he has a taste for singing, with those who follow the singing lessons; for student singing plays an important part in college life, and in the life of the North in general, where it is an element in every festivity, whether private or public.

The cathedral is a large, square monument, built of blocks of granite, whitewashed, and with pointed gables. The steeple is separate from the church, at a distance of about fifty paces. It is the type of almost all our churches of the Catholic era, that is to say, before Gustavus Vasa.

It was in this church of Borgo that Alexander I., in 1809, opened the Finnish



ELLI, THE MASSEUSE.

Diet, by which he promised to preserve and to respect forever the religion, the laws, and the Swedish constitution of the country, thus, according to his own words, "raising Finland to a place amongst nations."

Borgo is a place of patriotic pilgrimage for the Finns. Here lived Runeberg, the greatest poet and patriot of the country, contenting himself with the modest position of Professor of Greek in the gymnasium of the town. He died in 1877, and was buried in the midst of some enormous pine-trees on the hill facing the town. His house has been purchased by the state, and is now open to visitors, who see it just as it was during the poet's lifetime. Runeberg is the greatest name in Swedish literature, for this Finn wrote in Swedish, his mother-tongue. The poet who so admirably comprehended the honest and patient character of his compatriots, who sang in such noble verse their ceaseless labor to overcome unfertile and

niggard nature, the patriot whose inspiration blazed forth at the memory of their heroic fight for their country in the unequal struggle of 1808, belonged to that strong and virile race of Swedes who live on the coast of Finland, and who from time immemorial have looked upon Finland as their true and only father-land. The Swedish influence in Finland began in the twelfth century, when King Eric came to plant the cross in the midst of the pagan populations. Up till the beginning of the nineteenth century Finnish literature was confined to translations of the Scriptures and of religious books. The Finns, who aspired to a more lofty culture, accepted the language of the Swedish conquerors who had become their fellow-citizens. On the other hand, the Swedes of Finland considered themselves to be sons of the same soil as the Finns. There is, therefore, nothing astonishing in the fact that a Swedish Finn became the poet of the country and created the Finnish



ELLI'S TWO SONS.

nation, which had remained unconscious of itself until the moment when the poems called the *Stories of Ensign Stål* made the chord of patriotism and honor vibrate in the heart of every Finn. Runeberg's birthday is celebrated as a national fête in Finland, and the children learn

to make excursions into the interior of the country we have only to take the train, which will carry us not only to St. Petersburg, but also northward as far as Uleaborg, the most northern spot in the world that the locomotive has yet reached. We have to go to Uleaborg in order to gain Tornea and Aavasaksa, the mountain whence can be seen the midnight sun on St. John's Eve. This pleasure, however, we reserve for another year, and direct our course eastward, in order to visit the fine country on the Vuoksi River and around Lake Saima. The cars are comfortable and built on the American plan, with doors at the ends. We settle ourselves cozily in a corner, with a ticket for Wilmanstrand. It is not easy to realize the dreamy and discreet beauty of the country from the view out of the car window; indeed, the outlook is sadly monotonous, not to say horribly ugly. Forests of low stunted trees alternate



A PEASANT'S FARM.

his poems by heart not only in Finland, but in the whole of Scandinavia. His statue, made by his son, the sculptor, stands at Helsingfors, and the town of Borgo possesses another statue by the same artist, who is better fitted than any other man to reproduce the features of the great poet.

In order to make excursions into the interior of the country we have only to take the train, which will carry us not only to St. Petersburg, but also northward as far as Uleaborg, the most northern spot in the world that the locomotive has yet reached. We have to go to Uleaborg in order to gain Tornea and Aavasaksa, the mountain whence can be seen the midnight sun on St. John's Eve. This pleasure, however, we reserve for another year, and direct our course eastward, in order to visit the fine country on the Vuoksi River and around Lake Saima. The cars are comfortable and built on the American plan, with doors at the ends. We set-

with fields or marshes where the vegetation is yellow and gray. The barns visible here and there are, of course, built of wood, and the pointed pine-trees and the primitive fences of pine poles give to the whole landscape a singularly stiff and disagreeable aspect. The heights are not considerable, and the line of the background of the picture, formed generally of pine woods, presents only very slight modulations. The railway stations, of wood also, are very modest; but, nevertheless, with their little plantations and flower beds, they appear like veritable oases in this desert of pale green. If you happen to be travelling on Sunday, you will have the consolation of seeing some curious types; but on week-days there is absolutely nothing to attract the eye.



RUTTA, THE LOCAL BEAUTY.



THE COSTUME OF RUOKOLAKS.

And what types they are! The peasants who live near the railway track offer no artistic interest whatever. Their faces are gray, their hair is gray, and their clothes are gray, and there is nothing striking in their physiognomy. But the Saima country promises better things, and so we make the best of the wearisome monotony until we approach the lake country, when the change in aspect begins to become marked.

Wilmanstrand, a small bathing-place frequented by the middle classes of St. Petersburg during the summer, possesses two attractions for visitors—the exercising ground, where the Emperor comes sometimes to review the Finnish troops, and an imperial palace. This may seem incredible, but it is true. The state has bought, on behalf of the sovereign, a modest villa, which the architects and artists of Finland have endeavored to render habitable by the august visitors. Furniture, hangings, and pictures are all of Finnish origin in this improvised palace, which might indeed serve as a specimen of the industry of the country.



BIRCH-BARK KNAPSACK AND SHOES.

No tourist who pretends to see Finland can dispense with a journey to Imatra, the celebrated cataract of the river Vuoksi. The excursion is very agreeable, the communications being excellent, and the route charming. At Wilmanstrand we embark on a clean and smart little steamer, which will take us to the mouth of the Vuoksi. We are not a little surprised to find on this steamer a mixed crowd of tourists, such as we are accustomed to see in Switzerland, for instance, but which strikes us as being absolutely novel in this part of the world. With the exception of a few English and French tourists, they are middle-class people from St. Petersburg, who have come to breathe the pure air of Finland. Nothing more beautiful can be imagined than Lake Saima, a corner of which we cross on a fine summer's morning. Thousands of islands and rocks are reflected in the calm and limpid water that bathes the sombre or silvery foliage of the overhanging pine and birch trees. The enormous mass of water contained in the en-

tire system of the lakes of Saima finds an issue at Harakka over a small water-fall famous for an abundance of trout. The fishing right has been purchased by some English sportsmen from St. Petersburg, who have built a villa near the spot.

We now follow the course of the Vuoksi for half an hour in a gig. The small cataracts and the rapid current of the broad river give to the moving water tones of cold ultramarine blue. This is not the greenish-blue of the Swiss lakes and torrents, but a blue *sui generis*, the like of which is to be found only in fine Chinese porcelain. The whole country wears an air of gayety and festivity which one scarcely expects to find in such a Northern latitude.

Here we are at Imatra. Enormous rocks narrow the bed of the river, which seems to have split the prodigious mass of stone at one fell swoop in prehistoric times. The water-fall is not steep and precipitous; indeed we might correctly speak of the *rapids* of Imatra, inasmuch as the succession of cataracts extends over a distance of some five furlongs. There is no question of the color of the water here. Immense waves, all white with foam, pile up one on the top of the other, and the tossing and surging water flings its spray over the spectators who are standing on the sides at a considerable height above the bed of the torrent. At a distance of a few versts from Imatra is another cataract of the same kind, Wallinkoski, less violent, but broader, and surrounded by dark pine forests. Here, indeed, we might well believe ourselves to be miles and miles away from all civilization, were it not for a few villas built by Russians, which we see here and there peeping out from a bed of verdure.

We have heard a good deal about the fine popular costumes of this country, but the people met in the environs of Imatra and of its horribly European hotel have caused us nothing but bitter deception. Some children offer us strawberries, and stones worn into round or curious shapes by the waters of Imatra. An old beggar-woman, in the dark and almost monastic costume of the Joutseno, interlarding her monotonous supplications with quotations from the Scriptures, gives us certainly a bit of local color; but we have not yet discovered a single Kar-

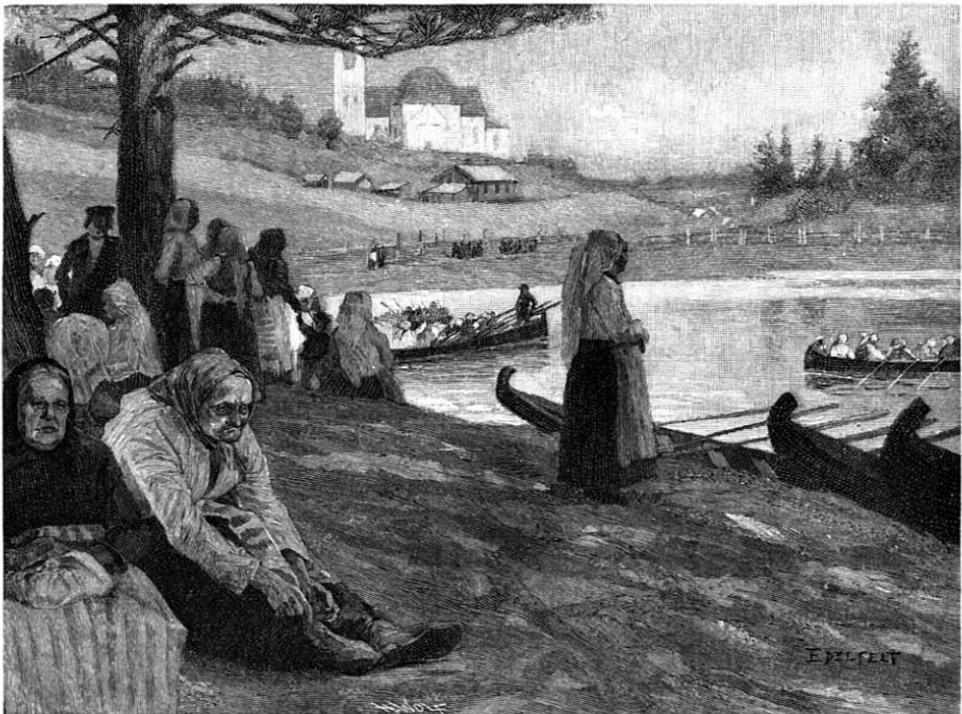
elian type, or a single one of those large white head-dresses that are traditionally worn in the country, and are justly considered to date from the most remote antiquity. The hotel waiters cannot give us any information on this subject, and the tourists declare, in so many stereotyped phrases, that national costume is disappearing everywhere, and that our business age is incompatible with picturesque. The St. Petersburg snobs add that the Finn women are horribly ugly, and that we shall not lose much if we do not meet any. Happily the idea came into our heads to consult one of the inhabitants of the country, and, thanks to him, we found the wherewithal to gratify our thirst for local color.

"You have only to go about twenty versts into the interior," he said, "and you will see villages where the old costume is still worn unmodified. I will give you the address of a good peasant woman, who will welcome you with open arms, lodge you, and procure you models."

No sooner said than done. Fifteen versts in a cariole, then across a lake, a

few hundred paces over an isthmus, another half-hour by boat across a lake, and here we are at the address indicated. It is a clean, well-built farm-house, with the entrance and the staircase painted with very bright yellow ochre.

Our hostess, who did, indeed, receive us in the most amiable manner, was a tall angular woman, with long dry hands and an irregular sun-burnt face. Her teeth white as pearls, her small bright blue eyes sparkling with intelligence, and then the large white coif falling in fine folds down her back, completed this sympathetic and original type of the true Karelilian woman. She was, for that matter, by no means an ordinary woman. By birth a simple peasant, and a simple peasant still, she had acquired a sort of medical authority as a first-class *masseuse*, and that, too, not only in her own country, but also in the neighboring towns, and even at St. Petersburg and Moscow. Her husband had been for years bedridden, crippled with rheumatism, and utterly unable to work; and the poor wife, horrified at the prospect of ruin and mis-



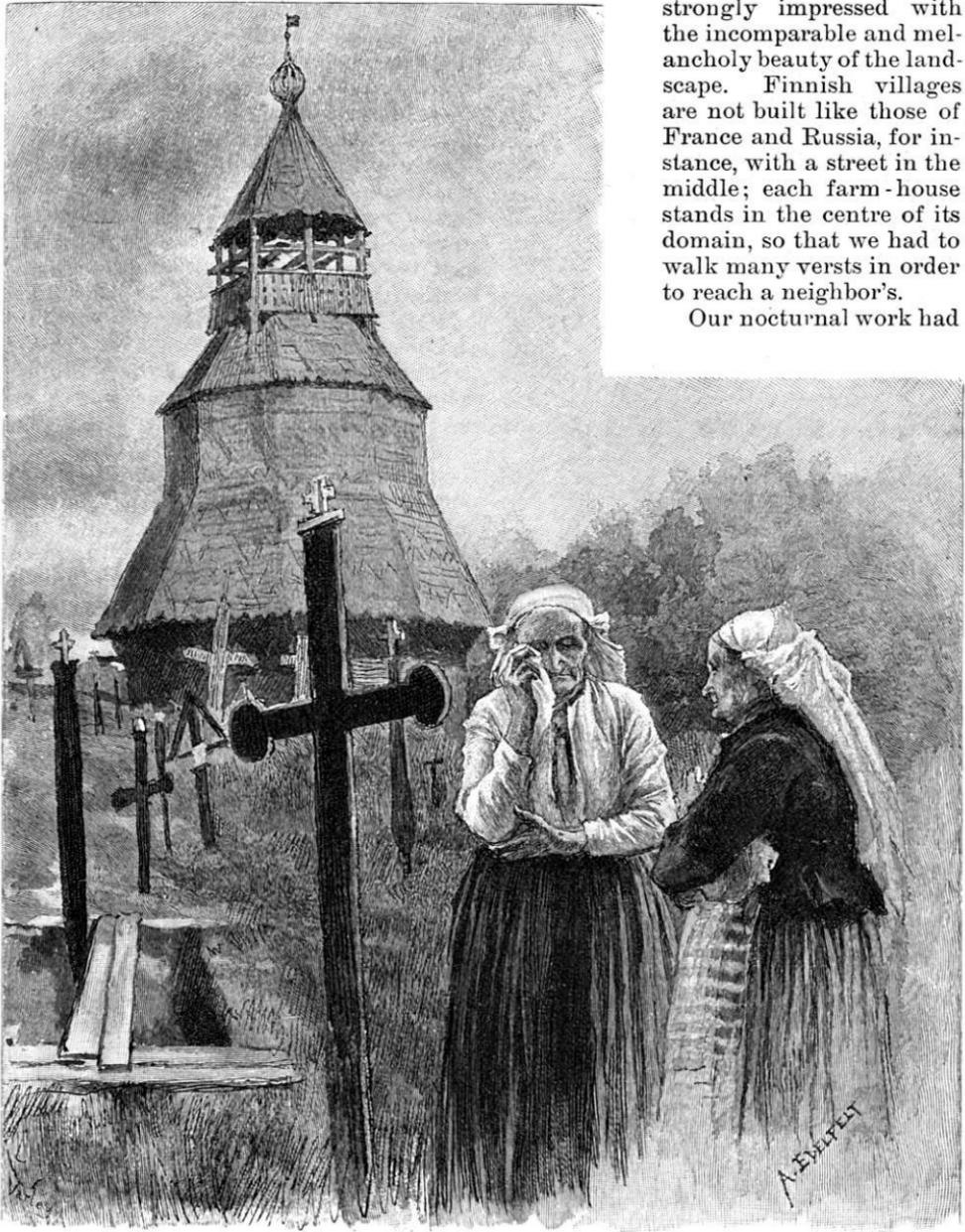
GOING TO CHURCH ON LAKE SAIMA.

ery, set to work to *masser*, to rub and knead the patient with such obstinate perseverance that, seconded as she was by a sort of medical instinct, she succeeded in curing him completely. *Massage*, which has worked so many prodigious cures of late years in Europe, has been known for centuries to the Finnish peasants, who practise it in their vapor baths. The bath of moist vapor, generally known by the name of Russian bath, of a temperature that none can endure except those who are accustomed to it from childhood, is one of the capital features in the life of the Finnish peasant, and procures him the highest imaginable pleasure. The "Sauna," the place where the baths are taken, is a square house, built of wood, like all the houses in the land, only it has no chimney; the smoke passes out through a hole in one of the walls. In a corner one discerns, in spite of the intense obscurity, a large furnace, and opposite the furnace a sort of loft or shelf, which is reached by means of a ladder. The vapor is produced by pouring buckets of water on heaps of burning hot stones placed on the top of the furnace. The Finnish peasant, with his family and his servants and everybody belonging to him, from the octogenarian down to the new-born babe, takes these baths every night in summer during the haymaking and the harvest, and once or twice a week in winter. Such is the simplicity of these populations, and such the respect for the "Sauna," considered as a sacred place, that the promiscuity of ages and sexes never has any bad result from the point of view of morality. A crime committed in the "Sauna" is held to be aggravated tenfold by the holiness of the ground where it is committed. Each one, without troubling himself about his neighbor, enjoys the atmosphere charged with smoke and vapor, beats his flesh with leafy branches of birch, and refreshes himself from time to time with a little cold water. Sometimes during the winter the men rush out of this temperature of 150° Fahr. and roll themselves in the snow, their bodies being red as raw beefsteaks. They maintain that these enormous changes of temperature render them less sensitive to cold and heat. All Finnish children are born in the "Sauna," where also the women doctors exercise their art.

To return to our hostess, the miracu-

lous cure that she had worked on the person of her lord and master being completed, her name began to fly on the wings of renown until it reached the neighboring town of Wiborg. Elli, for this was her name, was sent for by all suffering from rheumatism, first of all, at Wiborg, and then at Helsingfors and St. Petersburg. Her method was verified by the doctors, and the faculty not finding its authority at all impaired by this rival in peasant costume, Elli had finally come to pass her winters in the towns in the occupation of "massing" the rheumatic populations with her robust fingers; but no sooner did the fine weather return than she hurried back to her dear farm. The peasants all over these parts are small owners or free farmers, but, as is the common lot in Finland, all are very poor, and the house of Elli, thanks to the money she had earned by her "massage," had an almost aristocratic air compared with the extremely primitive cabins of her neighbors. For although the most fortunate of these farmers are not so badly off, money is almost unknown amongst them. Foreigners can scarcely form an idea of the indigence of these people, or of their food, so different from that of the continental people. Economy and prudence are not the chief qualities of the Finnish peasant; he eats all that the season's crop produces, without thought for the future; during the summer there is a Belshazzar's feast every day, with milk, curds, and even butter; but in the winter there is nothing but the eternal black rye-bread, potatoes, and fish so salt that it would take the skin off the throat of any but a Finnish peasant.

In her wanderings, Elli, who had never given up the costume of her country, had not failed to attract the attention of artists. She had even posed twice for a lady, a painter at Wiborg. My color box, easel, and umbrella were therefore familiar objects to her, and my trade did not cause her either fear or astonishment. On the contrary, she promised to find me as many models as I pleased, and she kept her word, without counting that she posed for me herself, together with her whole family, her servants, and her neighbors. Never was an artist better received amongst non-artistic people. Money being very rare in these parts, one franc a sitting was a fortune for a poor old woman who could no longer work in the fields.



THE CEMETERY AND BELL TOWER OF RUOKOLAKS.

But, first of all, I had to familiarize myself with the country, and to find good types. So Elli and I started off across the country to see what resources it offered from a picturesque point of view. The summer night, clear and limpid, gave a peculiar charm to our walk, and I felt

a very positive result. The prospect of gaining a few francs procured me models by the dozen, more even than I needed, and the next morning I saw five or six women in the gala costume arrive at Elli's house. I set to work and sketched them diligently, while losing nothing of their gossip.

strongly impressed with the incomparable and melancholy beauty of the landscape. Finnish villages are not built like those of France and Russia, for instance, with a street in the middle; each farm-house stands in the centre of its domain, so that we had to walk many versts in order to reach a neighbor's.

Our nocturnal work had



A HARAKKA PEASANT.

In this remote village, far away from all European influence, old customs are held in honor, as well as the old costume. The costume varies in the different districts, but in a general way, in the whole government of Wiborg, it represents the ancient costume of the Finns. Twenty years ago the men and women alike still wore those long overcoats of white drugget which the high-priest Makarij, in his chronicle of Novgorod, written in the eleventh century, mentions as characteristic of the Finns. The head-dress of the women and the large silver brooch, the apron ornamented with stripes and transversal embroidery, are found everywhere amongst the Karelian races, even in Russia. The costume of Ruokolaks, represented in our illustration, is evidently the gayest and most picturesque of all the national costumes. The black dress hemmed with red, the red and white apron, the white camisole embroidered with red, and the large head-dress ingeniously folded and pinned, without a single stitch of needle and thread, give it something of a Southern and Italian look. Unfortunately the young women of the present day, blinded by the brilliant and horrible colors of printed fichus, are beginning to abandon this most character-

istic head-dress. The wandering peddlers gain perhaps a little by the change, but picturesqueness loses. The peasants still wear shoes plaited out of birch bark. These shoes cost next to nothing, for the peasant can make himself a pair in an hour, and they have the great advantage of allowing the water to run out and of drying very quickly. Birch bark is also employed to make a number of useful objects besides shoes of all kinds, such as bags, which are carried on the back like soldiers' knapsacks, sponges for rubbing and cleaning, etc.

The population of which I am speaking belongs to the Karelian race, the other branch, the Tavastians, occupying the western parts of the country. In spite of their moral qualities, the Tavastians are not sympathetic to look at; their square stature, their heavy features, and their slow movements form the absolute opposite of all that we are accustomed to look upon as the classical type of beauty. The Karelians are generally lean, tall, less blond, brisker in their movements, more talkative, and more prepossessing than their Tavastian brothers. Their hands are remarkable for delicacy and beauty.



A FINNISH PEASANT AT WORK.

You often meet tall, slender, and elegant young fellows, like the two sons of Elli, whom I have sketched just as they were coming home from haymaking. The young girls are never blond and rosy, like the Swedes, for instance, nor has their skin the carmine and tender green tones of that of German girls; it is smooth and dark, and their hair is oftener chestnut than blond. The men have generally travelled a good deal, and most of them are familiar with St. Petersburg and northern Russia.

The days passed quickly under Elli's hospitable roof, and soon Sunday arrived. Everybody was going to church, and I was joyous at the prospect of joining in

Saima. There another boat, larger than the first one, was waiting for us. It was so dry and full of cracks that it seemed to me that we ran the risk of sinking—a detail which gave but little alarm to my companions, for, in the first place, all had taken off their shoes and stockings; and, in the second place, we had quite time enough to arrive at the church, they said, before the boat would have made enough water to sink us. A delightful prospect!

We took leave of Elli, of her family and her farm, with regret, and started northward to see the fine scenery of Punkaharju. The largest of the steamers that ply on Lake Saima landed us very



THE STRONGHOLD OF OLOFSBORG.

the journey. The population met, first of all, on the banks of the lake. The big boat, specially reserved for this purpose, was launched, and then the twenty rowers took their seats. We were sixty in all. Elli's husband took the helm with extreme gravity. The women were completing the details of their toilet, and some of the old ones were helping the younger ones to fold and arrange their coifs, a most difficult operation indeed, which I have never been able to master, in spite of innumerable lessons.

Soon the lake was crossed, and we started off on foot, in a temperature of 80° Fahr., over the isthmus, about a verst wide, which separated us from Lake

early in the morning at Nyslott (new castle), a very small town, remarkable only for its mediæval stronghold of Olofsborg, which is considered to be the most picturesque and the best preserved of our old castles. The peninsula of Punkaharju is twenty versts distant from Nyslott, and the road is very ugly, which fact, doubtless, makes us find Punkaharju all the more attractive. The air is of remarkable purity, and the perfect silence aiding, Punkaharju would be an ideal spot for a sanatorium, a veritable paradise for nervous people especially.

It was here that we ended our excursion, from want of time to continue further toward the north as we had intended.

ENGLISH WRITERS IN INDIA.

BY THE REV. JOHN F. HURST, D.D.

THE more prominent bonds connecting England with India have always been military and commercial. But there are also literary associations which have played no small part in the great drama of English supremacy in Hindustan and Ceylon. In the early operations of the East India Company there was now and then an Englishman combining keen literary taste with an eye to commercial advantage, who helped in both ways to weld the chain which has finally brought India within the enduring control of his little island in the West. The English tradesman pure and simple was not even the first revealer of the boundless treasures of India. This was the work of the scholarly traveller. He was the pioneer who wandered over the country, lingered at those splendid courts, and came home with the story of the industries, the gorgeous architecture, the unrivalled jewels, the flora, and the exhaustless soil. His marvellous accounts stirred the commercial mind, and induced the English capitalists of three centuries ago to undertake the forming of great enterprises in the East. Sir Thomas Roe, not content with exploring the Amazon on the Western continent, never gave a pause to his long pilgrimage until he reached the court of the Great Mogul. The moment when that traveller—the first Englishman to behold the splendor of the Peacock Throne of Delhi—touched the marble floor of the greatest palace in the East, and breathed the perfumed air of its audience-hall, was full of fate to that mighty empire. From that time onward England's eyes were never turned away from the wealth of India.

The East India Company never displayed greater skill in the management of its affairs in India than in its selection of men. Many of its civil servants were skilful with the pen—an ability which served in good stead after they had become domesticated in India. Warren Hastings was hardly less as a literary character than as a civil administrator. His wide reading, his delightful style, his abiding interest in the antiquities of India, then new to Europe, gave him a prominent place in the group of English statesmen who knew how to enjoy with equal ease the delights of literature and the absorbing engagements of civil rule.

Sir Philip Francis, the most probable author of the "Letters of Junius," led a checkered life in India. He had been connected with the War-Office in London, and resigned in 1772. In the following year he was appointed a member of the Council for India.

As the vessel bore Francis and the other members of the Council up the Hugli to Calcutta, it was expected by the strangers from afar that the royal salute of twenty-one guns from the batteries of Fort

William would be given them. But, alas, the number was seventeen.* Hastings had taken great care that the royal salute should not be given. Francis was disgusted. His pride was wounded. When he met Hastings the reception was cold and formal. He took no pains to conceal his sense of injury. A few ounces more of gunpowder would probably have made them cordial friends. But now there could be no friendship. This first affront laid the foundation of

* Busteed's *Echoes from Old Calcutta*, p. 55.



CARICATURE OF SIR PHILIP FRANCIS.

that bitter hostility of Francis to Hastings and his administration, sharpened the pen of Francis for invective and satire hardly less keen than one finds in the "Letters of Junius," and led to a duel between the two in India, which resulted in the wounding of Francis and that trial of Hastings by the House of Commons which shook all England and her distant colonies.

Francis indulged in all the license and splendor which his position, salary, and skill in gaming permitted. It is said that he paid a rent of \$60,000 a year for his house, employed 104 servants, had his grand dinners and balls, but all the while he watched Hastings with an eagle eye. Never has the Indian mail carried back to England more violent attacks on a Governor-General than those of Francis against Hastings. During all the first years of his stay in India he underestimated the genius of his foe. Hastings triumphed in the end. His pen, and that endurance which "resembled the patience of stupidity," triumphed over the malignity of the temper and the ambition and the venomous pen of even Philip Francis.

There is hardly any notable event in Anglo-Indian history with which English literature has not some immediate connection. Even the Black Hole tragedy has its literary associations. That is the best known of all the individual crimes perpetrated by a native of India on English people. Calcutta was captured from the English by the native troops under Siraj ud Dowla (Lamp of the State), the Suba of Bengal. The later judgment of those best able to judge the conditions of the times is to the effect that the young Hindu commander was not responsible for the imprisonment and suffocation of the English people in the Black Hole, but that subordinate officers were the real perpetrators of the tragedy.

J. Z. Holwell was one of the few surviving prisoners. He became the historian of the tragedy, and afterward erected a monument to the memory of his murdered fellow-countrymen. Holwell's history in India was that of a man who seems to have been aroused to intense mental activity by the historical and literary wealth of the country. The very air about him inspired him to earnest research. His *Narrative of the Black Hole Tragedy* was an exhaustive monograph, and is the best original source for



J. Z. HOLWELL.

From an old print after a painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

the proper understanding of that blackest chapter of Anglo-Indian history. But Holwell's study of India led him into larger fields. He inquired deeply into the religions of the people, their architectural achievements, their usages, and their far-distant history. His principal works are his *Mythology*, *Cosmogony*, *Fasts and Festivals*, and *Interesting Historical Events Relative to the Province of Bengal*. He was probably one of the best collectors of ancient manuscripts and other literary treasures in India at a time when the European craze for Oriental literary treasures had not as yet made them scarce in India. But his rich gatherings were lost at the capture of Calcutta. In addition to his elaborate books, he wrote monographs on various Indian topics, and contributed largely to awaken in England a literary interest in India. His fame spread to the Continent, where he was recognized, even more than in England, as an author of great worth. Voltaire says of him: "This is the same Holwell who learned not only the lan-

guage of the modern Brahmans, but also that of the ancient Brahmans. It is he who wrote most precious memoirs on India, and who translated sublime specimens of the first books written in the sacred language. We owe much to this man, who has only travelled to instruct. He has revealed that which has been concealed for ages."

An important movement in India in the latter half of the eighteenth century was the founding of the periodical press. The first newspaper established in India was *Hicky's Gazette*, which began its history on January 29, 1780, and soon took its place as an organ for the representation of the large Anglo-Indian colony in Calcutta. The freedom with which it discussed social topics made it a great power. *Hicky's Gazette* was the parent of a large number of newspapers and periodicals, not only in Calcutta, but in other parts of India. These periodicals, which had grown into a very respectable number by the year 1830, became the medium by which young Englishmen of literary tastes made their acquaintance with the public. The *Calcutta Literary Gazette*, established about 1835, and edited by D. S. Richardson, was ably conducted. The editor himself became known in Europe as the author of *Literary Leaves*, *Home Visions*, *The Ocean Sketches*, and the *Selections from the British Poets*. Macaulay, during his residence in Calcutta, was so pleased with this last work that he drafted a plan for a similar book of selections from the British prose writers, but never completed his undertaking. The *Bengal Annual*, of 1833, was a great favorite with ambitious young Anglo-Indians. It had a list of fifty contributors, and there seemed to be no end to the enterprise and daring of those young and aspiring tyros in literature in the far-off land of their adoption.

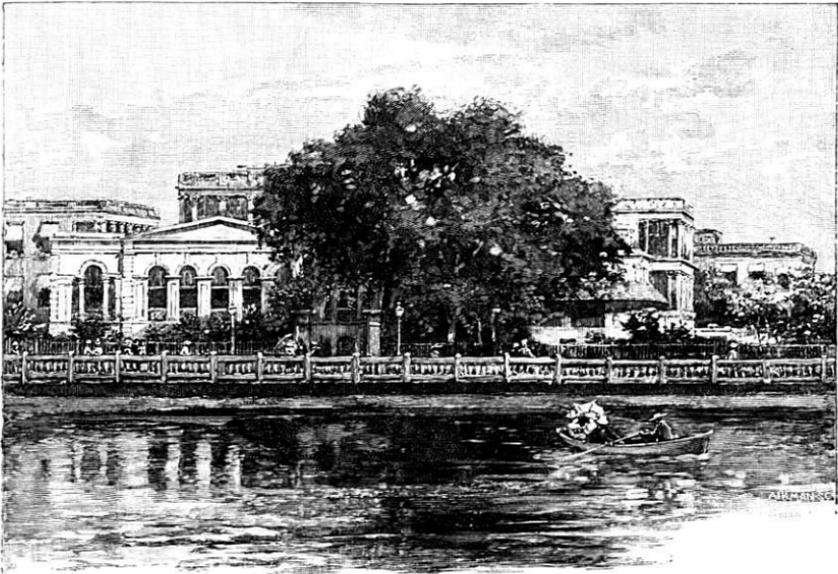
The military authorship of Anglo-Indians received early attention, and has grown with remarkable rapidity. Since the conquest of India by Clive, and its solidification by Hastings, there has grown up a wealth of books on the military history of the country which would constitute a vast library in itself. The expeditions to Afghanistan and to Burma, the Sikh war, the Sepoy Mutiny, and, indeed, every military movement in the country, have awakened a spirit of historical investigation which has taken shape in large

works. Some of them are not only treasures of history, but even of archæological research. The conquest of the Punjab has not only been treated in a military point of view, but that country having been the scene of Alexander's conquest, the old Greek relations have been discussed, and points of identity between Hindu and Greek civilization established. These works have become a part of the permanent treasure of the world's literature.

Many of the great campaigns have been treated by the leaders themselves. Havlock wrote *The Campaigns in Ava*, Neill wrote a history of the First Madras-European Regiment, Sykes wrote valuable notes on ancient India, and Phayre wrote on the Burma race. The important writings of Sir John W. Kaye—such as his *Essays of an Optimist*, *History of the War in Afghanistan*, *Life of Lord Metcalfe*, *History of the Sepoy War*, *History of the Administration of the East India Company*, and *Lives of Indian Officers*—show how strongly the literary spirit has prevailed among the military leaders who have established English supremacy in India.

To the military treatment of the country belongs also the attention given to the industrial and social life. We do not believe a single industry has been forgotten. Men who have conducted large tea and coffee plantations have written on each subject. No study of cotton culture would be complete without consulting the works of the Anglo-Indian writers. Special antiquity, such as the architecture of the temples, has been treated with scientific thoroughness, and new light has been furnished by Fergusson and other patient English inquirers. The best writers on all these themes have not been mere tourists, like Sir William Jones—they had sympathy with the country. Their duties, either as civilians or soldiers, confined them often to one locality, where the history or some other interest of the place set them to thinking and writing. India owes to England not only a good government, the introduction of Western civilization, the freedom for the propagation of Christianity, but also the revelation of India to itself and to the great Western world.

From Macaulay's connection with India we have the two most brilliant papers on that country which have been written, namely, the essays on Clive and Hastings.



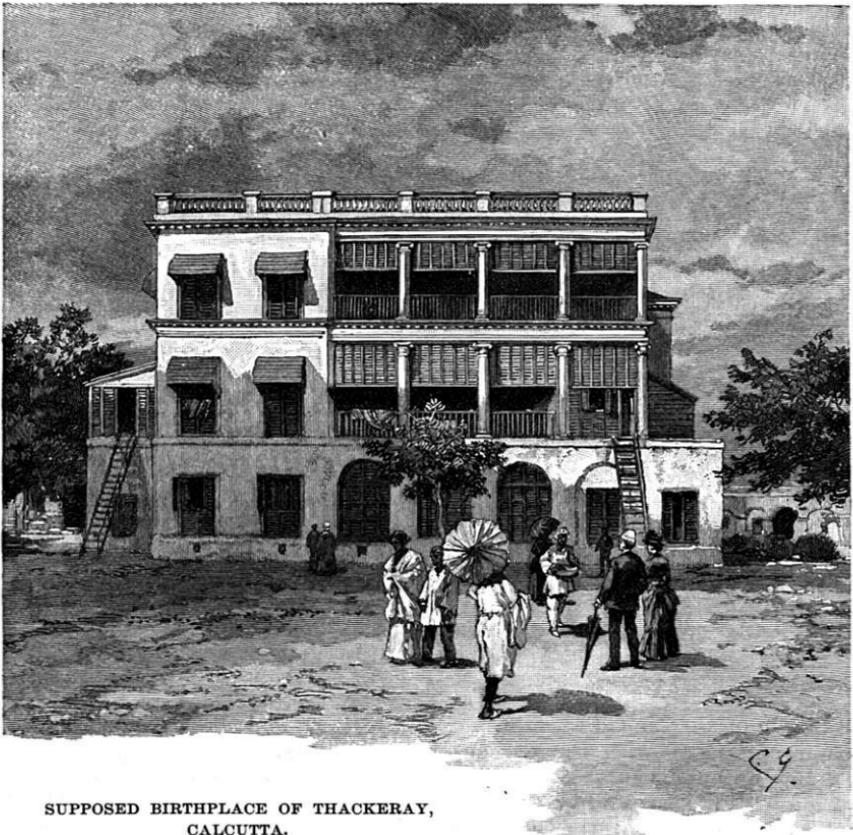
RESIDENCE OF MACAULAY IN CALCUTTA.

The relation of the Macaulay family to India did not begin with the going of Thomas Babington Macaulay as a member of the Council in 1834, and his remaining there four years. His father, Zachary Macaulay, had been a merchant in India, and returned to England. The uncle of the historian had lived on the western coast of India. An aged lady of Madras told me of the insecure life of himself and his children, and proved it by the fact that they often slept in couches lodged in the trees of the plantation, as the only refuge from the prowling beasts of the forest.

In Calcutta I had a conversation with Mr. Andrews, who had been a familiar aid to the historian during his stay in Calcutta, from 1834 to 1838. The reverence with which he spoke of the historian, and of his kindness to him, and the methods of his daily life, was exceedingly beautiful. Of all the memories of Mr. Andrews I doubt not that those of his daily service to Macaulay will remain the most cherished. The residence of Macaulay is one of the most attractive in Calcutta, and is now the Bengal Club-house. The club is a delightful resort. The rooms are spacious and beautiful. The tables are supplied with the best periodicals from every part of the world.

William Makepeace Thackeray was born in Calcutta. The Armenian convent is pointed out as the house where the great novelist first saw the light. The family had long been associated with India. In January, 1766, the *Lord Camden* sailed from England for Calcutta. There were on board eleven men who were to do service in India as writers for the East India Company. One was Ray, the son of Lord Sandwich, and subsequently distinguished as a Bengal author. The other was William Makepeace Thackeray, the grandfather of the novelist. This elder Thackeray was one of the four employed in the Secretary's office. He seems to have given satisfaction to his superior, for in the following year the president informed the board that he was in need of an assistant as cash keeper. Thackeray was appointed to this office. The register of St. John's Cathedral, in Calcutta, contains an entry of his marriage to Miss Amelia Webb, January 13, 1776. The family became permanent residents of that city. The father of the novelist seems to have been of no special prominence. He was buried in the North Park Cemetery, Calcutta, where his tombstone is still to be found.

The cemeteries of India tell many a romantic story, by the bare mention of



SUPPOSED BIRTHPLACE OF THACKERAY,
CALCUTTA.

names, of the close relation between that country and the writers at home. In a cemetery at Puna there lies buried the celebrated African traveller Sir W. C. Harris, who died October 9, 1848. He was author of *Wild Sports in the West* and *Highlands of Ethiopia*. In the North Park Cemetery of Calcutta there is a black marble slab containing the inscription:

IN MEMORY OF
The Honourable

ROSE WHITWORTH AYLMER,

who departed this life March 2d, A. D. 1800.
Aged 20 years.

This name calls to mind the most romantic period of the life of Walter Savage Landor. Landor left Oxford in 1797. He spent some time on the Welsh coast, where he made the acquaintance of Lord Aylmer's family. An attachment sprang up between Rose, the daughter of Lord

Aylmer, and young Landor. One day she loaned him a book from the Swansea Circulating Library. It was a romance by Clara Reeve. Here he found an Arabic tale which so profoundly impressed him that it suggested his first great work, "Gebir." The attachment between Rose Aylmer and Landor grew stronger. But an event occurred which separated the two. Rose went to Calcutta to visit or live with her aunt, Lady Russell, wife of Sir Henry Russell, who was at the time a judge in Calcutta, and afterward became chief justice, and, later, a baronet. Landor, in his poem "Abertawy," indicates both her unwillingness to go and his own sorrow at her departure:

"Where is she now? Called far away,
By one she dared not disobey,
To those proud halls, for youth unfit,
Where princes stand and judges sit.
Where Ganges rolls his widest wave
She dropped her blossom in the grave;
Her noble name she never changed,
Nor was her nobler heart estranged."

A little poem to "The Three Roses" commences as follows:

"When the buds began to burst,
Long ago, with Rose the first
I was walking, joyous then,
Far above all other men,
Till before us up there stood
Britonferry's oaken wood,
Whispering, 'Happy as thou art,
Happiness and thou must part.'"

In another poem he sketches an incident of their idyllic life at Swansea. They could find no convenient seat. Landor constructed one by plucking up some thorn-rose bushes, for which he had to pay the penalty of a severe scratch:

"At last I did it—eight or ten;
We both were snugly seated then;
But then she saw a half-round bead,
And cried, 'Good gracious, how you bleed!' Gently she wiped it off, and bound
With timorous touch that dreadful wound.
To lift it from its nurse's knee
I feared, and quite as much feared she,
For might it not increase the pain,
And make the wound burst out again?
She coaxed it to lie quiet there,
With a low tune I bent to hear;
How close I bent I quite forget,
I only know I hear it yet."

The death of Rose in far-off Calcutta was a great blow to Landor. Here is only a part of his famous elegy:

"Ah, what avails the sceptred race?
Ah, what the form divine?
What every virtue, every grace?
Rose Aylmer, all were thine."

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
May weep, but never see,
A night of memories and of sighs
I consecrate to thee."

Charles Lamb was so delighted with the tender words that he wrote Landor: "Many things I had to say to you which there was no time for. *One*, why should I forget? 'Tis for Rose Aylmer, which has a charm I cannot explain. I lived upon it for weeks."

Henry Crabbe Robinson wrote to Landor of a visit to the Lambs, as follows: "I have just seen Charles and Mary Lamb, living in absolute solitude at Enfield. I found your poems lying open before Lamb. . . . He is ever muttering *Rose Aylmer*." Landor survived Rose sixty-four years. Shortly before his death, in Florence, a young Englishman appeared in the old singer's presence, and handed him a letter from Lord Houghton (Monckton Milnes). It was the coming of "the youngest to the oldest singer that England bore." The young man afterward wrote the following beautiful tribute:

"And thou, his Florence, to thy trust
Receive and keep,
Keep safe his dedicated dust,
His sacred sleep.
So shall thy lovers, come from far,
Mix with thy name,
As morning star with evening star,
His faultless fame."

IN THE "STRANGER PEOPLE'S" COUNTRY.*

BY CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK.

IV.

ALL day the slow process of the restoration of the household gods went on. For more than a year thereafter all manner of losses dated from this period. "Hain't been seen nor hearn tell on sence 'fore the infair," was a formula that sufficiently accounted for any deficit in domestic accoutrement. There was no one in the Pettingill family so lost to the appreciation of hospitality and the necessity of equalling the entertainment given by the bride's relatives as to opine that the game was not worth the candle. But more than once Mrs. Pettingill, with a deep sigh, demanded, "Who would hev thunk it would hev been so much more trouble ter kerry in things agin 'n ter

kerry 'em out!" She did not accurately gauge the force of enthusiastic anticipation as a motive power. Nevertheless she bore up with wonderful fortitude, considering that the triumph of the supper had been eclipsed. The inanimate members of the household were exhibiting a sort of wooden sulks as they were conveyed to their respective places—now becoming stiffly immovable, despite the straining muscles of the men folks; then suddenly, without the application of appreciably stronger force, bouncing forward so unexpectedly that the danger of being overrun was imminent, and cries of "Stiddy, thar! Ketch that eend! Holp up, thar!" resounded even through Rhodes's dreams in the roof-room, as he drowsed peacefully

* Begun in January number, 1891.



"THE SADDLE BORE NO RIDER."—[See page 367.]

under the narcotic influences of hop tea. The loom might have seemed to entertain a savage resentment for its supersedure, and was some two hours journeying back to its place in the shed-room, the scene alike of the blighted supper and its old industrial pursuits. After that the men folks took a vacation, and applied themselves with some zest to apparently incidental slumber; old man Pettingill nodded in his chair on the porch; the others, chiefly volunteering neighbors, fell asleep in the hay at the barn while ostensibly feeding the cattle, leaving the great skeleton of the warping bars staring its reflection in the river out of countenance as it leaned against the fence, with its skeins of carefully sized party-colored yarn the prey of two nimble kittens, who expressly climbed the gaunt frame to tangle them. Even Mrs. Pettingill, sitting on an inverted basket in the yard amongst her gear, looking a trifle forlorn, bareheaded, with her gray hair tucked in a small knot at the nape of her neck, her spectacles poised upon her nose, her hands on her knees, lost herself while gazing at her possessions in the effort to decide at which end she had best begin to rehabilitate the confusion; her eyelids presently drooped, and scant speculation looked through those spectacles. The shadowy great trees waved above her head. Bees robbed the clover at her feet, and flew, laden and drowsily droning, away; the light shifted on the river; the sun grew hot; the far blue mountains were like some land of dreams, so fair, so transfigured, they hardly seemed real and akin to these great, rugged, craggy, darksome heights that loomed beside the little cottage. Everywhere were sleeping dogs; now and then one roused himself to recollections of the infair and the supper, and invaded the shed-room, standing in the door and gazing with drooping tail upon the simple domestic apparition of the loom in its accustomed place, evidently having believed, in his optimistic simplicity, that the good things and the splendor and the delightful bustle of the past evening were to continue indefinitely, and infinitely disappointed to find them already abolished, the fleeting show of a single occasion.

Shattuck would hardly have acknowledged as much to himself, but he certainly felt relieved of an irksome prospect by this succumbing of the Pettin-

gills to the influence of excitement and fatigue. Conversation with his host would necessarily be somewhat hampered by the events of the preceding evening. He could not well have resented the old man's indignation, and yet forbearance and courtesy were of even more poignant intimations. He had winced when the bridegroom had taken leave of him with a punctilious show of cordiality and hospitality and a hearty hand-shake, to show that he bore no malice for those insinuations. For these reasons the guest was not sorry to note the solemn preoccupation in the old man's open-mouthed countenance as he passed out from the porch to the shade of the trees, where he came presently upon Mrs. Pettingill, sitting as motionless as a monument amongst her distorted and dislocated "truck," as in her waking moments she would have phrased her belongings. He lighted his cigar as he strolled down to the river, pausing to strike the match upon the white bark of an aspen-tree. The ferns gave out a sweet woodland odor, faint and delicate, overpowered presently by the pungent fragrance of the mint as his feet crushed the thick-growing herb. The crystal river murmured as it went, and seemed to draw reflective, half-breathed sighs, as in the pauses of a story that is told. Now and again, when the banks were high on either side, the rocks duplicated the sound of the lapsing currents with a more sonorous, cavernous emphasis, as if they sought to enter into the spirit of this sentient-seeming life. The sky, looking down in deep blue placidities, only here and there smote the water to azure emulations of its tint; for the shadows predominated, and the gravel gave the stream that fine brown, lucent tone, impossible to imitate, broken occasionally where some high boulder incited the impetuosity of the current to bold leaps. Then it was crested with snow-white foam, and shoaled away with glassy green waves to the same restfully tinted brown and amber swirls. The overhanging rocks were gray and broken and full of crevices, with moss and lichen. Where they lay in great fractured masses under a giant oak, a spring gushed forth. He heard its tinkling tremor, more delicately crystalline and keyed far higher than the low continuous monotone of the river. He mechanically turned toward the sound, to see Letitia in her light blue dress sitting upon the gaunt gray rocks at the foot of

the craggy masses, a brown gourd in her hand and an empty cedar piggin at her feet. Her eyes were fixed gravely upon him, her face was fresh as the wild roses amongst the crevices of the rocks. She looked not more wilted by the excitements and heat and turmoil of the dancing at the infair than the flower blooming with the break of day. He strolled toward her, and spoke at the distance:

"You're the only member of the family awake now, I believe." He smiled, and flicked off the ash of his cigar.

The expression of her eyes changed as they still rested upon him. "Dun'no' whether I be awake or no," she observed. "I kem down hyar arter a pail o' water, an' 'pears like I can't git away agin. Disabled somehow. Asleep, mebbe, though I moughtn't look like it."

Her uncouth garb and dialect were somehow softened by the delicacy of her proportions, and the perfect profile and cutting of her face. Her speech was hardly more grating upon him, precisian though he was, than the careless, untutored lapses of a child might have been; all the senses of comparison as readily ignored them. She looked so sprite-like as she sat in a drooping, relaxed posture by the spring in the niche of the rocks, one hand behind her head, the other holding the gourd against her blue dress; and the idea of an oread or a naiad suggested to his mind was suddenly on his lips.

Her reply instantly reminded him of her limitations and her ignorance.

"Witched an' bound ter the spot!" she exclaimed, with widening eyes and breathless tone. She lowered her voice: "Did you-uns ever see one?"

Her literal interpretation embarrassed and threw him off his guard.

"Never till now," he said. He was not intentionally flirting with Zack Pettingill's daughter; but elsewhere and to another of her sex the speech would have impressed him as a pretty compliment. In her quality of woman, in her possession of a heart, she was no more represented in his mind than if she had been the flower above her.

She either did not comprehend the flattery or she ignored it. Her mind was fixed upon the water-nymph and the oread. "Bound ter the spot!" she reiterated, with a sceptical air. "Thar's a heap o' ways o' bein' bound ter the spot. Laziness kin hinder ez totally ez a block an'

chain. Mebbe they war 'flicted that-a-way, sorter like me." She stretched both arms upward in an attitude that might have been grotesque in another, but with her was a charming and childish expression of fatigue.

He sat down on the ledge of the rock, took out his watch, and looked at it. "I wish I knew whether the doctor wouldn't come or would," he said, the harassment of the earlier hours recurring to his mind. "I am sorry they ever sent for him. Doesn't he seem a long time coming?"

"Fee Guthrie axed me that question fourteen hundred an' fifty times this mornin'. I don't set my mind on doctor men whenst folks air well, only whenst ailin'. 'Pears ter me like Mr. Rhodes's main complaint air foolishness."

Shattuck flushed with a sort of loyal resentment for his friend's sake. "You think he is foolish because he wanted to dance with you?" he said, tartly.

She cast a rallying side glance down upon him. "Mr. Rhodes warn't particular 'bout dancin' with me," she protested. "I ain't in no wise a favorite 'mongst the boys. That's what makes me 'low I be so smart!" She turned her head with a bird-like coquetry, more formidable for being so natural.

"Too smart for them?" he said, placated in spite of himself by her naive arragations.

She nodded the wise little head that she so boldly vaunted. "They all ax me, 'Hey? hey?'"—she raucously thickened her voice in drawling mimicry—"ter every word I say—every one I ever see but you-uns."

If he could compliment, she could return the courtesy. He was silent for a moment, remembering the criticisms that he had heard last night on her unexpected and contrariwise conversation. She was doubtless far too clever for her compeers and her sphere—even clever enough to know it.

"You don't think it worth while to be a favorite amongst fools. But how is poor Mr. Rhodes a fool?"

"Foolish," she corrected him, as if she made a distinction. "'Kase he wants ter git 'lected ter office, an' he kems 'round sa-aft-sawderin' folks ez laffs, 'an laffs at him, a-hint his back. An' he dassent say his soul's his own! An' he hev ter take sass off'n everybody. He talks 'bout the kentry, an' ennybody kin see he don't

keer nuthin' 'bout the *kentry*. I'd ruther be a wild dog down thar by the ruver-bank, an' feed off'n the bones the wolf leaves, an' be free ter hev a mind o' my own."

Shattuck seemed to revolve this caustic characterization of his friend the politician. He did not care to press her further as to her opinions. He only said, presently, once more looking at his watch, "I think it so strange that the doctor doesn't come."

"Fee Guthrie waited a considerable time ter make sure ez Mr. Rhodes wouldn't die, an' 'twouldn't be desirable ter hang nobody ter-day."

Her interlocutor winced a trifle, remembering his threats last night. Her placid face, however, intimated nothing of any intention that might animate her words; it expressed only its own unique beauty.

He was charmed by it in some sort. He could see by that mentor, his watch, how long it had been that he had sat here listening alternately to the river's song and her low vibrant drawl. But he fancied that reluctance to meet the mountaineers at the house had detained him, or eagerness to desery the first approach of the superfluous physician, rather than the fascination of this rustic little creature, whose words so combined bitterness and honey. He hastened to divert her attention from the last suggestion.

"Where *is* Guthrie now, anyhow?" he said, affecting to look around as if expecting to see him somewhere at hand amongst the black vertical shadows of the noon and the still golden sunshine.

"Off in the woods somewhere, I reckon," she said; "prayin', mebbe."

"Praying?" he repeated, in astonishment.

"Lawsy-massy, yes! He's a mighty survigorous han' at prayin' an' repentin'. He repents some every day—whens he don't furgit it."

She laughed in a languid way, once more stretching up her tired arms, the brown gourd in one of her lifted hands, and then she relapsed into silence, her eyes fixed upon the swift flow of the stream. He too was silent, gazing upon the gliding waters. Naught so unobtrusively, so sufficiently fills an interval of quiet as this watching the continual movement of a current. Neither knew or cared how the time went by. Ceaselessly the swift swirling lines made out to

the centre of the stream, and further down swept once more close in to the banks as the conformation of the unseen channel directed the volume and the force. The spring gurgled; its branch, wherein might be seen now and again a darting minnow, with its *svelte* shadow beneath it, flowed timorously down to join the river till a sudden widening and a quicker motion showed that its pulses felt the impetus of the stronger current. A kill-deer, flying so low as to dip its wings, ever and anon alighted on the margin, its stilt-like legs half submerged as it ran hither and thither, now and then bending to dig in the sand with its long slender bill. Suddenly there was a darker shadow in the water. A young woman had abruptly emerged from the undergrowth on the opposite bank, and was crossing the stream on the rickety little foot-bridge, consisting of but one log, the upper side hewn; her balance was a trifle difficult to maintain, since she carried a child in her arms. She looked eagerly toward the two as they sat by the spring, thus essentially differing from "leetle Mose," who, upon perceiving them, turned the back of his pink sun-bonnet upon them with an air of sullen rejection, unaware how the dignity of his demonstration was impaired by the diminutiveness of his head-gear, and, sooth to say, of the head within it. If he had expected to thus formidably crush the two spectators, he was mistaken; but he could not observe how it affected them, for he buried his face upon his mother's shoulder. She seemed fatigued and travel-worn as she came near, and her face bore traces of recent weeping in the pathetic drooping lips, the heavy-lidded eyes, and her pallor. She strove gallantly for a smile and to speak in a casual tone, as she said, "Howdy, Litt?" Then, although nodding to Shattuck, for introductions are not in vogue in this region, she went on, eagerly: "Did Steve kem ter the in-fair? He 'lowed he would." She paused, biting her lips hard to keep back the tears. Letitia looked uncertainly at Shattuck, as if expecting him to reply. The benedict, drearily superfluous to the festivities, had hardly been noticed by her as he lurked about the walls and sought what entertainment was possible to one under the social disabilities of matrimony.

"Who? Stephen Yates? Oh yes," said Shattuck. "He talked to me a long time. You were uneasy because he didn't

come home?" he asked, with facile sympathy. At the kind tones her self-control melted, and the tears began to flow afresh. "The infair broke up with a row, and Mr. Rhodes was hurt," he explained, holding out his cigar with a delicate gesture, and touching off the long ash against a verge of the rock. "Steve Yates went for the doctor on one of Mr. Pettingill's horses. It seems to me that it is time for him to be back, too," he added, his mind recurring to his own point of interest, and once more he looked across the river and up the section of the road which became visible for a little way along the side of a corn field, expecting to see the dust rise beneath the hoof-beats of the messenger's horse or the doctor's wheels. But all was still and silent, only the air shimmered in the heat, and from amidst the blue-green expanse of the corn he saw a mocking-bird rise in the ecstasy of its redundant song, its wing-feathers a dazzling white in the sun, and drop back quivering and still singing upon the unstable perch of a waving tassel.

Adelaide's tears still flowed, although she sought to stanch them now and again with the curtain of her sun-bonnet, which she pressed to her eyes. She had seated herself upon one of the rocks on the opposite side of the spring, and the "leettle Moses," whom she held upon her knee, one arm passed about his sufficiently burly waist, seeing that he was not noticed, indulged his own curiosity, and from the interior of his pink sun-bonnet bent a stare of frowning severity first upon Letitia, and then transferred his callow speculation to Shattuck. Perhaps it was far less Adelaide's natural embarrassment at thus meeting in tears a stranger than her divination of the young girl's mental attitude toward her that roused her pride and the resources of her fortitude. She sought to put away the recollection, hardly less poignant than the reality, of the long sad hours of the wakeful night—spent in reviewing the quarrel, repenting her hasty words to her husband, and anon inconsistently angered anew, because of the memory of his own bitter sayings—the keen expectancy of the lagging morning, the terrible morbid fear that had grown upon her jarred and shaken nerves that he would come back no more. Far, far was all her feeling from the girl's comprehension, and she deprecated that that half-scoffing face should look in upon her

sorrows—disproportionate and fantastic though they might be, but none the less piercing—and seek to gauge them by the narrow measure of her own experience and her own untried, undeveloped gamut of emotions.

"I ain't a-goin' ter git married," remarked the fancy-free scoffer from her perch, "till I kin find a man ez I kin trest wunst in a while ter take keer o' hisself, a-goin' an' a-comin' from a neighbor's house. Mus' be powerful sorrowful ter set at home an' shed tears lest he mought hev stumped his toe on the road. Mighty oncommon kind o' man I want, I know, but"—with resolution—"I be a-goin' ter s'arch the mountings, far an' nigh, till I find him. I'd like ter marry a man ez could be trested ter take keer o' hisself, an' mought even, on a pinch, take keer o' me."

Shattuck, with a smile, glanced across at the weeping wife, who laughed a trifle hysterically amidst her tears, and said:

"Oh, *don't*, Litt!" Then, regaining her composure, she once more pressed the curtain of her calico sun-bonnet to her eyes. It seemed that her dignity required some explanation. "I wouldn't hev minded it so," she said, "ef me an' Steve hedn't hed words. He wanted me ter kem with him ter the infair, but I war 'feared ter bring leettle Mose, fur he mought hev cotched the measles or the whoopin'-cough."

"He's safe now," remarked Letitia. "I be the youngest o' the fambly. I hed the measles thirteen year ago, an' I never *did* demean myself so fur ez ter hev the whoopin'-cough."

Somehow the tone of raillery, the sense of the freedom and the irresponsibility of the young girl, roused a vague sort of protest in the other, only a few years older, but upon whose heart were so many clamorous demands, all the dearer for their exactions. She felt in some sort bound to set herself right. Who had ever a happier married life than she and Stephen, a more contented home? And then the supreme unanimity of their worship of the domestic god Dagon—the extraordinary "leettle Mose!"

"I 'low I wouldn't hev been sech a fool ef 'twarn't so uncommon fur me an' Steve ter fall out," she said, her face resuming its serene curves, her full, luminous dark eyes fixed with a sort of recognition on Shattuck, which his quick senses apprehended as identification from de-

scription. "I oughtn't ter hev set up my 'pinion 'gin his, I reckon. He war mightily tuk up with a man—I reckon 'twar you-uns—ez hed been a-diggin' in the Injun mounds."

Shattuck nodded in response to this unique introduction.

"An'—an'"—she faltered a trifle—"ez hed a mind ter go a-diggin' up the bones o' them Leetle Stranger People o' ourn, ter—ter sati'fy hisse'f what sort'n nation they used ter be, an' ter git thar pearls off'n thar necks."

There was a shocked gravity and surprise even on Letitia's face. Adelaide had looked away toward the road, affecting to watch for an approach, in despair of being able to fitly meet his gaze after saying this, which seemed to affect other people as a commonplace matter, but to her was an accusation of the deepest turpitude. The countenance of the infant Moses, still bent upon him with a sternly investigating stare, was the only one whose gaze had not a covert reproach. He hardly cared to argue with their prejudice. He sought to effect a diversion—in questionable taste he might have deemed it at another time, however little taste might be considered to be concerned in his conversation with the humble mountaineers. He had often heard, and had formally accepted as worthy of credence, the popular axioms concerning the dangers of interference between man and wife. But he certainly did not anticipate the effect of his words when he said:

"I shall have to look out for you, I hear. You are such a friend to the Little People that you have loaded a rifle for me. What sort of a shot are you, now; and how far will your rifle carry?" He cocked his cigar between his teeth, and looked at her with an air of good-natured raillery.

Her face seemed in the shadow of her purple sun-bonnet to be slowly turning to stone, so rigid and white it was. She did not reply, but as he noted her startling change of expression he felt a sudden rush of indignation. The mountaineers, with their unconscious ignorance, their intolerance of all other stand-points save within their own limitations, their arrogations of censorship, their suspicions of occult wickedness in his motives and intentions, their overt assumption of a right to direct the public conscience, had begun

to strongly anger him. His capacity for making allowances was all at once exhausted, and he found the intensity of her look strangely irksome.

"Well, what's the matter?" he asked, a trifle more roughly than he ever permitted himself to speak to a woman; for he was a man of consciously chivalric impulses, which he had willingly permitted to agreeably tinge his manners. He held his cigar suspended between his fingers while he waited.

"Did—did Steve tell you-uns *that* word?" she cried, in a tone like despair.

"Why, yes," he returned, promptly, "and warned me to stand from under."

There was a moment when the vivid sunshine, the cool, dank shadows of the foliage stirring with such soft dryadic murmurs above her head, the song of the bird from the strong, rich effulgence of the shining corn field, the chant of the river, even the cry of her child, were as null to her as if her every faculty were numbed in the centuries of death that crumbled slowly the pygmy burying-ground.

"Did *he* tell that word on me?" she cried at last, her voice rising discordantly. "He hev gone—he hev gone fur good. He warned me ef I teched that rifle ter fire at them that disturbed the rest o' the Leetle People whilst waitin' fur judgment—or said that word—that he'd turn me out'n his door. But he 'lowed 'twar the easiest way ter go hisself. An' he hev gone—gone fur good." And once more she lapsed into stony immobility.

Mr. Shattuck turned his cigar and looked down at it. It was a casual gesture, but there was a spark of irritation in his eye. He had lost all appreciation of any element of interest in her beauty, in the picturesque charm of the surroundings. The incongruity that he and his semi-scientific researches in his idle summer loiterings should become involved in a foolish quarrel between a mountaineer and his wife struck him as grotesque, and offended his every sense of the becoming. He had piqued himself somewhat upon his sensibilities, his ever-ready sympathy with all sorts and conditions of people. He had fine abilities in many æsthetic ways; he could discern the higher values, to seek to make them his own and assimilate them. He appreciated the correct stand-point; he felt the susceptibility

to the glow of a noble emotion, and he gauged its possession exactly as he did his knowledge of the Italian language—a fine thing *per se*, and one to grace a gentleman. His capacity to enter into and make himself one with the feelings of the mountaineers, to meet them, despite the heights of his learning and his social position, without effort and without affectation, had extorted the admiration and emulation of his friend the politician, versed in all the arts of currying favor. But he was not equal to this crisis, since it bore heavily upon the fund of pride encompassing his own personality. His consideration, his kindness, his whole attitude was to them as themselves, not in any sort as one with himself. He had not a word of pity for her; he did not see, with that fine far sight which he sometimes called insight, her long, desolate future that challenged her eye and turned her heart cold; he had no perceptions of those farthest perspectives of altruism, a share in another's morbid terror—he so despised her folly.

And when once more she broke silence—"He hev gone!"—"I reckon not," he said, coolly, still looking with a smile at the end of his cigar, and presently returning it to his lips.

The nervous strain of the moment seemed hardly capable of extension till that most wearing and jarring sound, a fretful child's discordant wail, rose upon the air. Perhaps her rigid arm hurt Moses; perhaps he detected that something was going awry with her; perhaps he merely felt too long overlooked and neglected; but the great Dagon lifted a stentorian and unwelcome cry, and paused only with an air of vengeance, as if he expected all who beheld to be properly dismayed, seized his pink sun-bonnet by the crown, and cast it from him on the ground with a great sweep of his short arm. As he gazed around, bald-headed, to note the effect, his sullen eye encountered Letitia's, who was for once in her life silenced and amazed by the turn affairs had taken. She made an effort to regain her balance.

"I ain't s'prised none ef ye want some water," she said, producing the great brown gourd, and bending down to submerge it in the depths of the cool, gurgling, crystal spring.

"Leetle Mose," emitting a piercing shriek of anger that she should take the liberty of addressing him, flung himself

with averted face into his mother's arms. The tone went through Shattuck's head, so to speak; his brows knitted involuntarily with pain; he was about to rise to go in-doors, for the possible embarrassments and discomforts of conversation with old Zack Pettingill were little indeed to the hardships encountered in the society of "leetle Mose," upon whom he cast a look of aversion, forgetting that he was a specific unit of that genus, man, for whom he felt so largely.

Feminine ears seem curiously callous to that frenzied infantile shrillness. Letitia, all unaffected, brought the brimming gourd close to the shrieking Mose, who turned to find it beside him. Now the way had been long, and the sun was hot, and had burnt the great Dagon as if he had been any common person. The deep coolness of the gourd—it must have been very large to his eye—allured him. He involuntarily gave a bounce and a gurgle of delight. Few people ever saw "leetle Mose" smile, and a most beguiling demonstration it was. His elastic pink lips parted wide; his few teeth, so hardly come by, glittered; his very tongue, coyly dumb—though it was better tutored than it would admit—might be seen frisking between his gums. He waited expectantly for his mother for a moment, and as she did not move, he permitted Letitia to serve him, reaching out eagerly and holding the gourd with both hands, lifting his pink feet as if he intended to stay the bottom of the vessel by those members, and with several futile, ill-directed bounces he succeeded in applying his soft lips to the verge. He stopped, sputtering, once to look up, with laughing eyes full of gladness and with a dripping chin, at Letitia, and then, as he plunged his head again to the water, they could hear him laughing and gurgling in the gourd that echoed cavernously. The specific unit became all at once more tolerable to contemplate. Shattuck, in laughing ridicule of him, glanced at Letitia. Her eyes did not meet his. She was staring intently at the section of the road visible at some little distance by the side of the corn field. He turned to follow her gaze. He had not before noticed the thud of hoofs; they were upon the air now. From out the deep shadow about the spring naught was visible in the sun-flooded road but a cloud of dust, every mote red in the dazzling radiance. The approach had been obscured

by the intervening undergrowth that grew close about the river where the road came down to the bank. He could still hear the thud of hoofs. Did he fancy it, he asked himself suddenly, "or was there something erratic suggested in the sound?" Certainly the interval was strangely long, reckoning by the distance, while they stood and watched the close undergrowth on the opposite bank, and waited for the rider to emerge from the covert. At last, as the horse appeared, the mystery was solved. He was a bay horse, in good condition, with a long stride, and an old-fashioned Mexican saddle with a high-peaked bow. He came down the slope and waded into the water in a slouching, undetermined way, now and then turning his head to look with wondering dissatisfaction at the heavy, swaying stirrups as his movements caused them to lunge heavily back and forth again—for they were empty, and the saddle bore no rider. He paused to drink in the middle of the stream, but as Letitia ran toward him, calling "Cobe! Cobe!" he desisted, looked intelligently at her, and again at his swaying empty stirrups. He could have told much, evidently, if he had not been dumb. Then he came readily trotting through the water, which swept away from his flanks in foamy circles, and struggling up the bank, letting her catch his bridle and stroke his head. He shook his mane and neighed with satisfaction to be at home again.

Adelaide was standing, her child in her arms, gazing breathlessly at him. Letitia, still stroking the animal's head, had turned a pale face and eyes full of vague appeal upon Shattuck.

"I don't understand," he exclaimed.

"This is the horse he rode," she said.

V.

The news of the horse's return with an empty saddle was received at first lightly enough by others. The treasures of old Zach Pettingill's whiskey keg and his wife's cherry bounce lavished forth on the preceding evening were deemed amply sufficient to account for any eccentricities of equestrianism. But when several days had passed without the reappearance of the dismounted horseman, the slowly percolating gossip touching a conjugal quarrel began to offer another and a more exciting interpretation of the mystery. So general was its acceptance that although a company of men organized a

search and patrolled the roads and the by-paths and the mountain-sides, it was with scant hope or expectation of any definite discovery, and inquiry of the physician whom Yates had been despatched to summon resulted only in a verification of the popular conviction that he had never delivered the message. Thus the fears evoked for his safety were very promptly merged in reprehension, and speculative gossip was mingled in equal parts with pity for his wife.

"Who'd ever hev thunk ez Adelaide Sims, counted the prettiest gal this side o' nowhar, would hev been deserted by her husband 'fore three years war out?" Mrs. Pettingill said, meditatively, her pipe between her lips, as she "walked" a spinning-wheel into the house, making it use first one and then the other of its own spindling legs to achieve progression rather than lifting it by main force. She half soliloquized and half addressed a tall, lank mountaineer who sat upon the edge of the porch, his horse grazing hard by. He had stopped on the pretext of asking for a "bite," saying that he had travelled far over the mountain, looking up some stray cattle of his, and albeit Mrs. Pettingill disapproved of his reputation, the "snack" that she could give him was one of those admirable things in itself that could not go amiss even with a sinner. He had a big-boned, powerful frame and was middle-aged, but despite that his hair was streaked with gray, and the crow's-feet about his eyes gave evidences of the lapse of time, he was the very impersonation of the spirit of "devil may care." He had a keen, hooked nose, an eye far-seeing, gray, and of a steely brilliancy, and the thin lips of his large mouth, mobility itself, curved to a vast range of expression. His manner implied an elated, ever-ready, breezy confidence; his eye now covertly measured you, then gayly overlooked you as of no manner of consequence. His reputation might, indeed, be accounted a doubtful one. He had come before the bar of justice on several counts; the altering of the brand on certain cattle herded upon the "Bald" had been laid at his door; the manner in which a horse had been lost, by a drover passing through the country, and found in his possession, had been called into question; on each occasion his escape had been made good by the lack of adequate evidence to convict, although little doubt existed as to

his guilt. He was one of those singular instances of an undeserved popularity. Better men, amply able to discern right from wrong, often opined that there was no great harm in him, that injustice had been done him, and that much meaner men abounded in the Cove who had never been "hauled over the coals." He had been a brave soldier, although the flavor of bushwhacking clung to his war record; he was a fast friend and a generous foe; what one hand got by hook or by crook—chiefly, it is to be feared, by crook—the other made haste to give away. He had certain magnetic qualities, and there were always half a dozen stout fellows at his back—ne'er-do-weels like himself. He had been suspected of moonshining, but this was not considered a natural sequence of his lawless habits, for many otherwise law-abiding citizens followed this pursuit; in defence they would have urged of their natural right of possession—to make what use they chose of their own corn and apples, as their forefathers had done in the days before the whiskey tax. Buck Cheever's suspected adherence to the popular stand-point on this burning question might have been considered to only lower the tone of the profession.

Mrs. Pettingill regarded him with contradictory emotions. As a religionist, she felt that she would prefer his room to his company; but his room was but scant encroachment, for he only sat upon the edge of the porch, and he by no means asserted any equality of piety or moral stand-point; on the contrary, he seemed to esteem her, and, by her reflected lustre, Mr. Pettingill, as shining lights, and vastly different from the general run of the Cove. His breezy talk was peculiarly refreshing to her in the midst of the ordeal, still in process, of restoring the routine of twenty years, shattered by the havoc of the infair. He had a discerning palate and a crisp and flexible tongue, and she felt, with a glow of kindness, that he said as much in praise of her corn-dodgers, which formed a part of his lunch, as any one else would have said for her pound-cake.

"Mos' folks don't sense the differ in corn-meal cookin'. It takes a better cook ter make a plain, *tasty* corn-dodger, ez eats short with fried chicken, 'n a cake."

"It takes *Mis' Pettingill* ter make this kind o' one," he protested, with his mouth full. "No sech air ever cooked enny-whar else I ever see."

"I hev got some mighty nice fraish buttermilk, Buck, jes churned," she remarked, precipitately. "I be goin' ter fetch ye a glass right off."

Old Zach Pettingill, with his shock head of thick gray hair, and his deeply grooved face, sat in his shirt sleeves in his accustomed chair on the porch, and his expression betokened a scorn of his helpmeet's susceptibility to the praises of her culinary accomplishment, and held a distinct intimation by which Buck Cheever might have profited had he been so disposed, that he was not to be propitiated in any such wise. Little, however, Buck Cheever cared. The lady in command of the larder dwarfed her husband's importance.

"Yes, 'm," he drawled, taking up the thread of the gossip where the victualling interlude had left it; "Adelaide's been left. That's mighty bad. An' I reckon it hurts her pride too." He showed himself thus not insensible to æsthetic considerations.

"I'll be bound it do," Mrs. Pettingill agreed, as she seated herself. She cast a speculative look upon her husband, silent and grum as if he had been thus gruffly carved out of wood. He had been a stumbling-block in many respects in his conjugal career. He was "set" in his ways, and some of them she felt were ways of pure spite. She had never before realized, however, that his continued presence was a thing to be thankful for. Such as he was, she had him at hand. Public pity, which the sensitive feel as public contempt, had never been meted out to her because of his desertion. Thus, although she could with convenience have dispensed with him, and his loud harangues, and his overbearing ways, and his dyspepsia—the Cove said he had been fed till he foundered—which placed an embargo on three-fourths of the dishes on which she loved to show her skill, he was revealed to her suddenly as a boon in that he would yet stay by her, and the phrase "a deserted wife" had no affinity with her fully furnished estate.

"Waal, Steve always 'peared ter me a good match whenst he war young"—she meant unmarried—"though riparious he war, an' sorter onstiddy an' dancified, but I never 'lowed he'd hev done sech a mean thing. An' that thar baby o' theirs! well growed, an' fat, an' white, an' strong, but, I will say, *bad* ez the Lord ever makes 'em. Waal, waal, a body dun'no'

how thar chil'n will turn out; them with small famblies, or none, oughter thank the Lord—though *that* ain't in the Bible. 'Blessed be the man with a quibble on 'em.' That's what the Good Book say."

This was a new view with Mrs. Pettingill. She had often floutingly wished she had a "sure enough fambly," as if her own were so many rag dolls. "Jes *one* son," she would say; "an' him, through being in love, hed ruther eat his meals at the Gossams"—'long o' Malviny Gossam—whar they don't know no mo' *how* ter cook a corn puddin' or a peach cobbler 'n ef they war thousand-legs; an' jes *one* darter, ez will pick a chicken bone an' call it *dinner!* an' a 'speptic husband ez hev sech a crazy stommick that jes 'Welsh rabbit' will disagree with him!" What sort of chance was there here for a woman who knew what good cooking was? "Ef 'twarn't fur the visitors ez kem ter the house," she often declared, "I'd git my hand out."

"Folks raise thar chil'n wrong," said old man Pettingill in a dirge-like tone—"raise 'em for the devil's work like I raise my cattle fur the plough. Marryin' is a mighty serious business. Yes, sir!"

"A true word!" interpolated his wife, desirous of not seeming behindhand in this view of the seriousness of matrimony, in order to intimate that whatever reason he had to be solemn upon the subject, she too had cause to be sobered by it. She knitted a trifle faster, and her needles clicked resentfully.

"Yes, sir," he reiterated. "An' steddier singin' o' psalm tunes over the bride an' groom, an' a-prayin' over 'em, an' hev'in' a reg'lar pray'r-meetin', repentin' o' sins an' castin' o' ashes on thar heads, we hev *dances*, an' *dancin' Tucker*, an' all manner o' eatables, an' infairs, ez ef they war a-goin' ter dance through life, when married life is mos'ly repentance."

"That it is!" exclaimed Mrs. Pettingill, forgetting her gratitude that she too had not been "left." "Repentance o' ever bein' married. Sackcloth an' ashes is the word!"

Old Pettingill took no notice of this confirmation of the letter if not the spirit of his dogma, save by a surly baited glance, and went on: "Church members though we all war, we stood round an' watched them young folks dance ter the devil till he fairly riz up through the floor an' smit one of 'em down."

"By gosh!" exclaimed Cheever, a sudden fear and wonder upon his face; "which one war smit?"

"Twar Len Rhodes," his host began, but Mrs. Pettingill's wheeze, persistently sibilant, dominated even his louder tone.

"Don't you-uns be 'feared, Buck. Satan hissself didn't show up. He struck through Fee Guthrie's arm—a mighty survigrous one. Ye know the En'my hev got the name o' bein' toler'ble smart, an' he never made ch'ice o' a spindlin' arm."

Once more Mr. Pettingill resumed, overlooking what she had said: "An' so Mr. Shattuck hyar 'lowed the law would be down on us ef Mr. Rhodes didn't hev his own doctor-man—ez 'peared ter be the apple o' his eye! An' bein' ez my son war the groom, an' the 'casion war the infair, I jes axed Steve Yates ter go fur the doctor, an' go he did."

"An' go war *all* he did," said Mrs. Pettingill; "he never kem back no mo'."

"I be powerful obligated ter him ez he never tuk my bay horse-critter along; sent him home with the saddle onder him and all. I dun'no' but what I be s'prised. Ef he war mean enough ter desert his wife, he air plenty mean enough ter steal a horse."

Shattuck, who was lounging with a cigar in a big arm-chair, looked frowningly at the speaker. He had felt keenly that it should have been upon his insistence that the young man was despatched upon that errand whence he had never returned. He could hardly control his anxiety and forebodings while searching parties went forth, and so earnestly he hoped that no broken and bruised body would be found along the road-side, betokening a fatal fall from the saddle, no trace of robbery or foul deed resulting in death, that when public opinion settled upon the theory of Yates's desertion of his wife he experienced a great relief, a welcome sense of irresponsibility. And yet this was so keen and vivid that he could but reproach himself anew, since he so rejoiced because of the disaster that sealed her unhappiness. His spirits had recovered somewhat their normal tone, but nevertheless he could ill endure an allusion to his share in the circumstances that precipitated the event.

"How air she a-goin' ter git along?" demanded Cheever; a sufficiently uncharacteristic question, since his was not the type of practical mind that is wont to oc-

cupy itself with domestic ways and means. "Goin' back ter her own folks?"

"She 'lows she'd ruther die. She's goin' ter stay thar in her cabin an' wait fur him," said Mrs. Pettingill. "Sorter seems *de-stressin'*, I do declar'! A purty, young, good, r'ligious 'oman a-settin' herself ter spen' a empty life a-waitin' fur Steve Yates ter kem back. He'll never kem. He's in Texas by now," she declared, hyperbolically; for Texas is the mountaineer's *outré mer*. "Litt say she ain't never goin' ter git married," she continued, irrelevantly.

"How long d'ye reckon she'll stick ter that?" demanded old Pettingill, sourly, glancing up from under his grizzled eyebrows.

"Waal," his wife defended her, "she hain't never got married yit, and that's more'n *ye* kin say."

And to this taunt the unhappy Mr. Pettingill could offer no response, save an inarticulate gruffness that only betokened his ill-will and the ill grace with which he accepted defeat. The dirge-like monody to which he seemed to have attuned his spirit was but the retroactive effect of the gayety of the infair, the swinging back of the pendulum as far as it was flung forth. More sophisticated people have encountered that melancholy reflux of pleasure, and with the knowledge that the cure lies in "a hair of the dog that bit you," find a revival of their capacities for gayety in new scenes of mirth. But the society of the Cove had not these opportunities for extension and reduplication. There were no more infairs nor dances nor weddings. Mr. Pettingill was constrained to recover the tone of his spirits as best he might, despite the sheer descent from the heights of the gayeties of the feast he had made to the humdrum level of his daily life, with all the zest taken out by contrast. Few people over eighteen have this experience without acquiring with it such philosophy as serves to nullify it, but it made Mr. Pettingill very sour at sixty.

"Where is Letitia?" queried Shattuck, who had missed that element which gave a different interpretation to the whole life of the house, which lent most blithesome wings to the heavy-footed hours. He had wondered all the previous day, but until her name was mentioned he would not ask.

"Litt? She went home with Adelaide," said Mrs. Pettingill, complacently knit-

ting. "Litt air more comp'ny 'n help. I miss her powerful."

"I kin spare her easier 'n ennything round the house," observed her father, acridly.

Mrs. Pettingill burst into an unexpected laugh. Her eyes twinkled with reminiscent raillery as they were fixed upon her husband, who seemed a trifle out of countenance.

"Waal, Litt *do* make remarks," she offered in explanation.

"I have observed that," said Shattuck.

Mrs. Pettingill became all at once grave and concerned. The quality of Litt's remarks was disconcerting, and she deprecated that the stranger should have acquaintance with them. Shattuck reflected her embarrassment in some sort; it suggested "remarks" upon him which he had not had the pleasure of hearing, the very recollection of which in his presence evidently confused their amiable auditor, as if the mere consciousness of them implied discourtesy.

"Naw," she went on, somewhat precipitately, addressing herself rather more directly to Cheever. "Adelaide ain't goin' home ter her folks. Steve lef' his craps all laid by, an' 'ceptin' fur cuttin' wood an' fetchin' water thar warn't much use fur him thar. I dun'no' what Adelaide wanted with Letishy; she jes seemed ter cling ter her. I 'lowed ter Litt ez *she* warn't no comp'ny fur grief. But Litt, she 'lowed ez leetle Moses war apt ter make her sorrowful enough fur chief mourner at a funeral 'fore he got done with her. His temper fairly tarried her."

Cheever suddenly seemed disposed to bring his visit to an end. He had an inattentive look during Mrs. Pettingill's last words, an introspective pondering thoughtfulness, inconsistent with his almost suspicious and vigilant habit of countenance. He started as if with an effort to recapture his vagrant wits, and it was a long moment of review before he understood Mrs. Pettingill's commonplace remonstrance, "What's yer hurry, Buck?"

Mr. Pettingill, sufficiently averse for not unnatural reasons of his own to conversation with Shattuck alone, made haste to second her. "Ye 'pear ter be scorchin' ter git away," he said, although under normal circumstances both would have considered Buck Cheever's society no

boon. They were aware that ordinarily he, with his ne'er-do-weel record, would have been flattered by their courtesy. They noted, with a sort of unformulated speculation and curiosity, his indifference to it, the definite intention expressed in his face, the preoccupation with which he looked to his saddle-girth and his stirrups before he mounted. Even to their languid and half-dormant perceptions the fact was patent that he was going because he had got what he had come for. In their simplicity they thought it was his luncheon! Despite his lank length and slouching awkwardness afoot, he was a sufficiently imposing horseman when he had swung himself into his saddle and galloped off down the winding way. He rode with his chin high in the air, his legs stretched down to the extreme length of the stirrup-leathers, not rising to the motion of the horse, but sitting solidly in the saddle as if he were a part of the animal, like an equestrian statue endowed with motion. A gallant horse it was, unlike the humble brutes of the mountaineers, with good blood in his throbbing veins and fire in his full eye, and a high-couraged spirit breathing in the dilatations of his thin red nostrils; he was singularly clean-limbed; his red roan coat shone like satin; he had a compact hoof, a delicate, ever-alert ear, a small bony head, and a long swinging stride as regular as machinery. If it were possible to disconcert Buck Cheever, it might be accomplished by the question how he became possessed of this fine animal—finer even than the mountain men in their limited experience were able to appreciate. He had been known to account for him as being identical with a certain lame bay colt, which he had bought a few years before from Squire Beames in the valley. "I didn't gin much fur him, bein' his laig war crippled, but he cured up wonderful. An' I wouldn't sell him now. He's some lighter-complected 'n he war then, through bein' sun-burned. That's how kem ye didn't know him fur the same. He's better-lookin' now, though I hev ter handle his nigh forelaig keerful."

This "nigh forelaig" was lifted and thrust forth with a vigorous, high-stepping action that would have attested much for veterinary surgery had it been a restored instead of a pristine power. Beneath it the miles of sandy road, now sunshiny, now flecked with the shadows

of the way-side trees, reeled out swiftly; the landscape seemed speeding too, describing some large ellipse.

Cheever's far-seeing gray eye rested absently on the shifting scene as on and on he went—a certain supercilious observation it would seem, since from the backward pose of his head he looked out from half-lowered eyelids. It was too familiar to him, too stereotyped upon his senses, to produce responsive impressions, and he was familiar with few others, and knew no contrasts. Thus the furthest mountain's azure glowed for him in vain. The multitudinous shades of green in the rich drapings that hid the gaunt old slope near at hand with masses and masses of foliage—from the sombre pine and fir, through the lightening tones of sycamore and the sweet-gum, to the silvered verdure of the poplar-tree swinging in the wind—might be a revelation to other eyes of the infinite gradations, the manifold capacities of the color. Not to his. And he was as unmindful of the purple bloom that rested upon other ranges as they drew afar off, of the swift clear water of the river crossing his path again and again, of the cardinal-flower on its bank, so stately and slender, with the broken reflection of its crimson petal glowing in a dark swift swirl below—as oblivious as they were of him. Only he noticed the sky, the clouds, harbingers of change, despite the azure above and the golden illusions of sunshine in which all the world was idealized—change, although the long, feathery, fleecy sweeps of vapor, like the faint sketchings of snowy wings upon the opaque blue, otherwise void, might seem only lightest augury.

"Mares' tails," he soliloquized as he went. "Fallin' weather."

The voice of the cataract had long been on the air, growing louder and louder every moment—only its summer-tide song, when languors bated its pulses, and daily its volume dwindled. He had heard it call aloud in the savage ecstasy of the autumn storms, re-enforced by a hundred tributaries, and bold and leaping in triumph. And he knew it, too, in winter—a solemn hush upon it, a torpor like the numb chill of death, its currents a dull, noiseless, trickling flow through a thousand glittering icy stalactites. So well he knew it that for its sake he would not have glanced toward it.

Nevertheless he drew his horse into a

walk, and gazed fixedly out of his half-closed eyes up the long gorge between the ranges, at the river, at the glassy emerald sheet of the water-fall, and at the little house hard by. Its door was closed, as if it too was deserted, and it seemed doubly small in the shadow of the great mountains, against whose darkling forests its little gray roof and its tendrils of smoke were outlined; but it was only a moment before his quick eye detected the presence of the household. Down by the water-side the three were. The great caldron betokened a wash-day; the fruits of the industry were already bleaching and swinging in the fragrant air on the sweet-betty bushes. The fire smouldered almost to extinction under the caldron; it barely steamed with a dull, lazily wreathing, lace-like vapor; the work was evidently all done. Adelaide sat upon the roots of a tree, her arms bare, her chin in her hand, her eyes, that had learned all the brackish woe of futile weeping, ponderingly fixed upon the never-ceasing, shifting fall of the water. Letitia, too, was silent as she leaned upon the paddle that was used to beat the clothes white, its end poised upon the bench. Moses, seated in a clumped posture, with his legs doubled in a manner impossible to one of elder years and less elastic frame, now and again babbled aloud disconsolately, and ground his gums with the cruelty of rage and with great distortion of his indeterminate features. He had so implacable an air of such crusty gravity as he sat on the fine green moss, with his obedient vassals about him, and his newly washed habiliments, ludicrously small, swinging on the perfumed branches of the undergrowth, that he might have provoked a smile from one less preoccupied than Cheever. The keen eyes of the horseman—very watchful they were under their half-drooping lids—were fixed upon the two young women.

The horse, alternately bowing low and tossing up his head with its waving mane, moved in an easy light walk that hardly raised a mote of dust upon the road overgrown with the encroaching weeds, and betokening few passers. The sound was thus muffled, and Cheever was not observed until he was close at hand. Letitia was first to recognize him, and as she turned toward him, her blue eyes said much, he felt, but in a language that he wot not of. In some sort her inscruta-

bility disconcerted him. He was conscious of being at a loss as he reined up by the river-side. He seemed to forget, to vaguely fumble for the motive that led him here. The dreary indifference on Adelaide's face as she met his gaze restored in some degree his normal mental attitude. He was conscious of a sort of vague wonder that there was no sense of humiliation, of mortified pride in its expression. The supreme calamity of her loss had dwarfed into nullity all the opinion of others, all the bitterness of being the theme of pitying, half-scornful gossip. The Cove was nothing to her, and nothing all it could say. She was bereaved.

As to Moses, he should never feel the loss; she would be to him father and mother too. And if Moses had been unduly pampered heretofore, he bade fair now to break the record of all spoiled babies. Never a gesture was lost upon her, never a tone of his oft inharmonious voice. Now, because the horse which Cheever rode suddenly caught his attention, and his discordant remonstrance with his teeth ceased abruptly, she looked around with a wan, pleased smile curving her lips. The little biped gazed up at the great, overshadowing four-footed creature with a gasp of joy, delighting in his size and the free motion of his whisking tail. A dimple came out in Dagon's pink cheek, although a tear still glittered there. He was suddenly indifferent to his teeth, and showed them all in a gummy smile. Then, with a self-confidence in ludicrous disproportion to his inches, he pursed his lips, and giving an ineffectual imitation of a chirrup, and a flap of the paw, he sought to establish personal relations with the big animal, who took no more notice of the great Dagon than if he had been a way-side weed, but bent down his head and pawed the ground.

"The young un likes the horse," Cheever observed, leniently, conscious of sharing the "young un's" weakness in equine matters, and seizing the opportunity to so naturally open the conversation, for he was not, in a manner, received at the Yates house. "How air ye a-comin' on, Mis' Yates?" he continued, his voice seeking a cadence of sympathy.

"Toler'ble well," replied Adelaide, reticently, scarcely disposed to discuss her sorrows with this interlocutor. She turned her eyes toward the water-fall once

more, and her quiet reserve would have discouraged another man from pursuing the conversation. Cheever, blunt as his sensibilities were, could have hardly failed to apprehend the intimations of her manner, so definite were they, so aided by the expression of her face; but he had his own interest in the premises, and he was not likely to be easily rebuffed.

"I hev been mightily grieved an' consarned ter hear how Steve hev tuk an' done," he went on, his face readily assuming a more sympathetic expression than was normal to it, since, as they were on a lower level, his downcast look seemed but a natural slant, and not the suspicious, sneering, supercilious disparagement from under half-drooped eyelids which his usual survey betokened. "I war powerful grieved," he went on. "I never would hev looked fur sech conduc' from Steve."

She made no answer, but her eyes turned restlessly from one point to another; her face was agitated. It was a critical moment. She could scarcely forgive herself should she weep to the erratic measure of Cheever's shallow commiseration. She felt it an affront to her sacred grief. And she had no pretext to ask him to begone.

Letitia had not been addressed, but she seemed to find that fact no hinderance to assuming a share in the conversation. "Ye war grieved!" she exclaimed, with a keen frosty note in her voice, as she swayed her weight upon the paddle, poised on the wash-bench. "I never war so *tee*-totally delighted with nuthin' in my life. Steve Yates never 'peared so extry ter me. Moses thar air fower times the man he war, an' fower times, I dun'no' but *five* times"—mathematically accurate—"better-lookin'. I never war so glad in all my life ez ter hear he hed vamosed."

A most ingenuously merry face she had, with its red lips curving, and its dimpled cheeks flushing, as she turned her clear sapphire eyes up to the rider, but a duller man than he might have read the daring and the ridicule and the banter in their shining spheres. His look of mingled reproach and anger had, too, a scornful intimation that she had not been spoken to, as he glanced indifferently away, passing her over. This was implied also in the pause. It seemed as if he could not bring himself to make a rejoinder. It was Mrs. Yates evidently

with whom he wished to confer. But conversation with her on this theme was apparently impracticable, and yet on this theme only would he talk. He evidently sought presently to make the best of the situation, and to avail himself of Letitia as a medium for his ideas. He reckoned for a time without his host, for he only received a superfluity of her ideas.

"Waal, sir," he exclaimed at last, in polite reproach, "I dun'no' why ye be glad he is gone. I dun'no', but 'pears ter me ye would be more cornsiderin' o' Mis' Yates."

"Hev ye lived ez long ez ye hev in this life, an' not f'und out yit ez nobody cornsiders nobody else?" she cried, with affected cynicism. "Waal, ye air some older'n me," she continued, blandly smiling—conscious of his grizzled hair, he was a trifle confused by this limited way of putting the difference in years—"but I be plumb overjoyed o' Steve's caper, 'kase I git a chance ter 'company Mis' Yates. Ye know"—looking up gravely at him—"I hev hed a heap o' trouble a-fotchin' up my parents in the way they should go—*specially dad*. They air fractious yit wunst in a while. An' now ef they ain't obejient an' keerful o' pleasin' me, I jes kin run away from home an' 'company Mis' Yates. An' ef Mis' Yates don't treat me right, an' Moses gits *too* rampagious, I kin run away ter my home folks agin, an' fetch up my parents some mo' in the way they should go—*specially dad*."

Mrs. Yates gave a short hysterical laugh, ending in a sob. Cheever, his cheek flushing under this ridicule, looked down at the mocking little creature as she still leaned on the paddle as it rested upon the bench. Her face had grown suddenly grave. Her blue eyes, with a strange far-seeing look in them, seemed to pierce his very soul.

"Thar's nuthin'," she said, slowly—"thar's nuthin' ter improve the health an' the sperits an' the conduc' o' yer fambly like runnin' away. *Tell Steve Yates that fur me!*"

He started as if he was shot. A sharp, half-articulated oath escaped his lips. His manner betokened great anger, and his eyes burned. He could hardly control himself for a moment, and Adelaide, her pale face still more pallid with fear, trembled and sprang to her feet.

"I dun'no' what ye mean by that," he cried, indignantly. "An' ef ye war a

man ye shouldn't say it twicet. I 'ain't seen Steve Yates, an' ain't like ter see him. I hed nuthin' ter do with his runnin' away. Lord! Lord!" he added, bitterly, "I 'lowed some folks in the Cove, specially some o' the name o' Pettingill"—he had forgotten the good corn-dodger—"hed in an' about accused me o' everything, but I didn't expect Steve Yates's runnin' away 'kase he war tired o' his wife ter be laid at my door. Naw, Mis' Yates"—he turned toward her earnestly—"I dun'no' *nuthin'* o' the whar'bouts o' yer husband. Ef I did, I'd go arter him ef 'twar fifty mile, an' lug him home by the scruff o' his neck ter his wife an' chile."

"I b'lieve ye," said Adelaide, in a broken voice, the tears coming at last—"I b'lieve ye. Don't mind what Litt say. She always talks helter-skelter."

Letitia stood there looking from one to the other, her alert, exquisitely shaped head, with the hair smooth upon it, save where it curled over her brow, and hung down from the string that gathered the ringlets together at the nape of the neck, clearly defined against the dark green foliage of the young pines, that brought out, too, in high relief the light blue of her cotton dress. Her glance was full of gay incredulity, and she evidently found food for laughter successively in the mental stand-point of first one and then the other. It is seldom that a creature of so charming an aspect is the subject of so inimical a look as that which he bent upon her. But he replied gently to Mrs. Yates:

"Don't ye pester 'bout that, Mis' Yates. Ye hev got plenty ter pester 'bout 'thout it. I jes kem ter ax ye how ye war a-goin' ter git along 'bout craps an' cuttin' wood an' sech like. I be mighty willin' ter kem an' plough yer corn nex' week ef 'tain't laid by, an' I 'lowed I could haul ye a load o' wood wunst in a while ef ye war so minded. I 'low everybody ougter loan ye a helpin' han', now Steve is gone."

Once more her tears flowed. The generosity and kindness implied in the offer touched her heart as the deed might have done. And yet her gratitude humiliated her in some sort. She was ashamed to have the cause to be beholden to such as Buck Cheever for a kind word and a proffered service. She shook her head.

"Naw," she said, the prosaic words

punctuated by her sobs; "the corn's laid by, an' the cotton an' sorghum an' ter-bacco." She stopped to remember that Steve Yates, constitutionally a lazy fellow, and fonder far of the woods and his gun than of the furrow and the plough, had never failed in any labor that meant comfort to the household, though he did little for profit. She recalled like a flash a thousand instances of this care for her and for Moses. Why, was not one animal of every kind—a calf, and a lamb, and a filly, and a shote—upon the place marked with little Moses's own brand? She wondered how often she had heard Steve say, as he sat meditating before the fire, "By the time he's twenty he'll hev some head o' stock o' his own, ye mark my words." And last year the cotton was soft and clean beyond all their experience, and the flax was fine, and the weaving had been successful out of the common run, and little Moses's homely clothes thus appeared to their unsophisticated eyes very delicate and beautiful, and she had been almost ashamed of Stephen's pleasure in this smart toggery—it seemed so feminine. And now he was gone! And here she, the object of this constant, honest, thrifty care of the thriftless Yates, was weeping because of a kind word, and thanking Buck Cheever for remembering that she might need to have wood hauled.

"We don't need wood," she said, "'kase Cousin Si Anderson sent his nevy, Baker Anderson—he's 'bout sixteen year old—ter haul wood an' be in the house of a night, 'count o' robbers an' sech, though Letishy an' me air nowise skeery."

"Naw," put in Letitia, suddenly; "an' I didn't want him round hyar, nohow. I jes kin view how reedic'lous I'd look axin' the robber ter kem in an' help wake Baker Anderson, 'kase we-uns couldn't wake him—he bein' a hard sleeper, sech ez Gabriel's trump wouldn't 'sturb from his slumber—so ez we could git the boy ter the p'int o' sightin' a rifle. Naw! Steve war perlite enough ter leave one o' them leetle shootin'-irons ye call pistols hyar, an' plenty o' loads fur it. It's handy fur folks o' my size. An' Moses air men folks enough 'bout the house ter suit my taste."

Cheever made no sign that he heard. His eyes still rested with their sympathetic expression—patently spurious—upon Mrs. Yates. To the hard keen lines of his

face the affected sentiment was curiously ill-adjusted. Letitia's eyes were fairly alight as she gazed at him, gauging all the tenuity of this æsthetic veneer.

"I be glad ter know ye air so well provided fur, Mis' Yates," he said; "an' so will all yer friends be. Ye air mighty well liked in the Cove an' the mountings hyarabouts. I dun'no' ez I ever knowed a woman ter hev mo' frien's. Ye hev got a heap o' frien's, shore."

"Lots of 'em hev been hyar jes ter find out how she takes it," remarked the small cynic. "An' fore they go away they air obleeged ter see ez I bear up wonderful."

Letitia had dropped the paddle, and was leaning back against the silver bark of a great beech-tree. She had plucked a cluster of the half-developed nuts from the low-hanging boughs, and as she bent her head and affected to examine them she half hid and half vaunted a roguish smile.

"They hev all kem, sech acquaintances ez I hev got," said Adelaide, flustered by this attack upon the motives of the community, fearful that Cheever might repeat it, and thus eager to set herself right upon the record. "'Folks hev been powerful good; everybody hev kem round-about ez knowed Steve."

"'Ceptin' Mr. Rhodes," observed Letitia. "He war toler'ble constant visitin' hyar whilst in the neighborhood ez long ez Steve Yates held forth. But ez it air agin the religion o' wimmen ter vote, an' they think it air a sin, this hyar wicked Mr. Rhodes, ez air stirrin' up all the men folks ter tempt Satan at the polls, jes bides up thar at some folkses ez be named Pettingill, they tell me, a-nussin' of his nicked head. He knows Adelaide an' me air too righteous ter vote, so he don't kem tryin' ter git us ter vote fur him."

"Whar's Fee Guthrie?" asked Cheever, suddenly, reminded of him by the allusion to the wound he had given to the candidate.

The next moment there was a sneer upon his face, for the young scoffer had changed color. It crept up from the flush in her cheeks to the roots of her hair; but she replied, with her air of mock seriousness,

"I seem ter disremember at the moment."

Adelaide was dulled by the trouble and the preoccupation that had fallen upon her. "He war hyar this mornin', an' yistiddy too," she remarked, all un-

conscious of any but the superficial meaning of what she said. "He 'pears ter be powerful troubled 'bout his soul."

"He seems ter 'low ez he hev got a soul," observed Letitia, casually. "The pride o' some folks is astonishin'."

"He 'lowed he war goin' ter the woods ter pray," said Adelaide.

"An' I tole him," said Letitia, "that the Lord mought like him better ef he went ter the field ter plough. His corn is spindlin', an' his cotton is mightily in the grass. But it takes more elbow grease ter plough corn an' scrape cotton than ter pray, so the lazy critter is prayin'."

Her complexion had recovered its normal tints, and she laughed at this fling with a manifest enjoyment, although the other two failed to respond—Adelaide deprecating its tone, and Cheever with an elaborate manner of ignoring that she had spoken at all.

"Waal, waal, Mis' Yates, I mus' be ridin'," he said, gathering up his reins. "Good-by. Ef ye want me fur enny-thing jes call on me, an' ye'll do me a pleasure. Yes, 'm."

Her recognizant response was lost in the tramp of his horse, keen to be off on the first intimation that progress was in order, and in the wail which Moses set up in logical prescience that the admirable quadruped was to be withdrawn from his enchanted gaze. He lunged forward, bending his elastic body almost double, to see the horse go, mane and tail flying, and with the sun upon his neck and his flanks that had a sheen like satin. As the rider was turning at right angles to cross the rickety bridge, he looked back over his shoulder at the group. Adelaide's dark attire and the diminutive size of Moses rendered them almost indistinguishable, but the faint blue of Letitia's dress defined her figure against the sombre green of the banks as if it was drawn in lines of light. She had not changed her posture; her face was still turned toward him. He knew that she was gazing after him as the fleet hoofs of the horse with the "nigh forelaig crippled" swiftly bore him into invisibility. He could not know her words, but he instinctively felt that she spoke of him, and he could only vaguely guess their import. So unflattering were these divinations that he ground his teeth with rage at the thought.

"I wisht I hed never seen her," he said, as the hollow beat of the slackened hoof sounded upon the bridge. "I wisht I hedn't stopped. But *who* would hev thunk ez that darned leetle consarn would hev been so all-fired sharp ez ter guess it? I wisht I hedn't stopped at all."

An incongruous fear, surely, for a man like this, but more than once, as he rode, he looked over his shoulder with a knitted brow and a furtive eager eye. Naught followed but the long shadows which the sinking sun set a-stalking all adown the valley. The world was still. He heard only here and there the ecstatic burst of a mocking-bird's wonderful roulades. Then the horse, with muscles as strong as steel, distanced the sound. Once, as the woods on either side fell away, he saw the west; it glowed with purest roseate tints, deepening to a live vermilion in the spaces about the horizon whence the sun but now had blazed; the purple mountains near at hand hid the fiery sphere; the northern ranges wore a crystalline, amethystine splendor, with a fine green sky above them that had an opaque hardness of color, which gradually merged into amber, giving way at the zenith to azure. In the midst of all a great palpitating star glistened, so white that with these strong contrasts of the flaunting sky one might feel, for the first time, a full discernment of the effect of white.

Another moment the deep woods had closed around, and it seemed that night had come. He presently ceased to follow the road. The jungle into which he plunged had no path, no sign of previous passing, and the earth was invisible beneath the inextricable interlacings of the undergrowth. But if the sense of man was at fault, the good horse supplied the lack with a certain unclassified faculty, and with the reins on his neck and his head alert pushed on at fair speed, stepping gingerly over the boles of fallen trees, making his way around unsurmountable bowlders, swimming a deep and narrow pool; and finally, in struggling up the opposite bank, he uttered a whinny of triumph and recognition that bespoke his journey's end. The sound rang through the evening stillness of the woods with abrupt effect, repeated a thousand times by the echoes of the huge rocks that lay all adown the gorge. The place might realize to the imagination the myths of magic castles to be summoned into

symmetry out of the craggy chaos by some talismanic word. It was easy to fancy, in the solitude and the pensive hour, castellated towers in those great rugged heights, a moat in the deep pool, even a gateway, a narrow space above which the cliffs almost met. Buck Cheever wot of none of these things, and no fancied resemblance embellished the stolidity of his recognition of the place as "mighty handy" for his purposes. Perhaps the horse had more imagination, for when his owner dismounted and sought to lead him through this narrow space, that seemed a broken doorway to an unroofed tunnel—so consecutive were the crags, so nearly their summits approached each other—he held back, making a long neck, hanging heavily on the bridle, and lifting each hoof reluctantly.

"D— yer durned hide, ain't ye never goin' ter l'arn nuthin', many times ez ye hev been hyar?" cried his master.

Thus encouraged, the horse slowly followed Cheever along the narrow passway between the cliffs, that finally met in a veritable tunnel, which might have seemed an entrance into a cave, save that at its extremity Cheever emerged into a lighted space and the free out-door air, and stood facing the western skies.

Nevertheless, the ledges of the cliff extended, roof-like, far out above; its walls were on either side; the solid rock was beneath his feet. It was a gigantic niche in the crags, to which the subterranean passage alone gave access, one side being altogether open, showing the tops of the trees on the low opposite bank of the river, the stream itself in the deep gorge below, and many and many a league of cloud-land. This unexpected outlook, these large liberties of airy vision, formed the salient feature of the place, dwarfing for the first moment all other properties. On the resplendent background of the sunset, still richly aglow, the slouching figures of a group of half a dozen men about a smouldering fire had an odd dehumanized effect; familiar though he was with these uncanny silhouettes, he started violently, and hesitated, as if about to turn and flee.

VI.

His gesture elicited a guffaw.

"Hold on, Buck," cried one of the men, affecting to clutch him to stay his flight.

"'Stan' the storm; it won't be long." trolled out another, a rich stave, with the

resonance of the echoing walls. "What ye feared o', Buck—the devil? He don't keer ter 'sociate none with we-uns ez long ez ye air abroad an' afoot."

"I dun'no' what ails my eyes," said Cheever, visibly disconcerted, and passing his hand across his brow, as he still stood near the entrance, the bridle in his hand, the fine head of the impatient horse at his shoulder.

"Think ye see the devil?" cried another, jeeringly.

Cheever colored, and frowned heavily. The ridicule elicited what other means might have failed to lead forth. He could not brook this merry insolence, these flouts at his momentary fright. He justified it.

"I 'lowed I seen *another man*, what ain't hyar, an' never war," he said, gruffly, looking out at them from his drooping lids, his chin high in the air. The words seemed to have subtly transferred his transient terror. It took a longer lease in the exchange.

There was a momentary silence, while they stared with sudden gravity at him. A sort of remonstrance, a struggle against credulity, was in the square face of one burly fellow, seeming less a dark, illegible simulacrum of a man than the others, since he stood at an angle where the light fell slanting upon his features.

"What man, now?" Derridge said, in a deep bass voice, and the argumentative accents of one who will tolerate in evidence only fact and right reason. His tone seemed to challenge the name of the rash being who, in corporal absence, should venture similitude among them.

"Dad burn ye, shet up!" cried Cheever. "I couldn't see his face. He turned it away. Whens I looked at him he turned it away."

"In the name o' Gawd!" ejaculated one of the men, in a low-toned quaver.

Another, one Bob Millroy, Cheever's mainstay and lieutenant, glanced over his shoulder. "He ain't hyar now?" he demanded, in expostulatory haste.

"Naw, naw!" exclaimed Cheever, recovering himself, the more quickly since a monition of the possible disintegration of his gang, under the pressure of this mysterious recruit to their number, flitted across his mind. "Naw; he went ez soon' ez I kem. Thar, now!" he exclaimed, more lightly; "I know how it happens." He broke into a laugh that

might have seemed strained, save that the rocks made such fantastic riot in the acoustics of the place. "It's Steve Yates. I'm used ter seein' *six* men, an' whens I count my chickens thar's *seven*. I look ter see jes six!" and he laughed again.

"But Steve air over yander in the shadder!" expostulated Derridge, the disciple of pure reason. "Ye couldn't hev seen him at all."

"Waal, then," sneered Cheever, "I seen double. They say thar air good men, an' ministers o' the gospel, ez kin view a few more snakes 'n air nateral ter thar vision whens the liquor air strong; an' that thar whiskey o' old Pettingill's kin walk a mile. I reckon, ef need war."

The others had hardly recovered from the superstitious thrill induced by the strange agitation that beset him upon his entrance. They were ill-prepared to so summarily cast the subject aside, and stood still, with preoccupied, dilated eyes, mechanically gazing at him as he turned lightly toward Yates, who rose from a saddle on which he had half reclined beside the fire. The young mountaineer's face had a tinge of pallor, despite its sunburn. His dull brown eyes were restless and anxious. He was hardly an apt scholar for scheming and dissimulation, but he sought an air of ease and satisfaction as he asked,

"Waal, did ye hear ennything o' my famby in yer travels?"

Cheever, all himself again, clapped him on the shoulder with a heartiness that made the blow ring through the high stone vault. "I seen 'em, my fine young cock, I seen 'em. I wouldn't take no hearsay on it. I seen Mis' Yates *herself*, an' talked a haffen hour with her. An' I seen Moses."

Steve Yates made shift to glance at him once, then he turned his eyes away toward the western sky, nodding repeatedly, but silently, to the items of news with which Cheever favored him.

"Mis' Yates ain't wantin' fur nuthin', though Moses wants everything, '*ceptin' teeth*'; like ter hev took my horse-critter away from me, willy-nilly! Mis' Yates hev got that thar ugly, leetle, frazzle-headed Pettingill vixen ter 'company her, an' Baker Anderson with his rifle bides thar o' nights. Mis' Yates war cheerful an' laffin'. 'Steve will kem back whens he gits tired,' she say. 'He an' me had words 'fore he lef'. I'll hold out ez long ez he

kin,' she say. 'I don't b'lieve he hev done nuthin' agin the law,' she say. 'But ef he hev,' she say, 'he air better off away than hyar at home, 'kase lynchers air mighty lawless round these parts.' An' she say, 'I know Steve air man enough ter take keer o' hisself an' do fur the bes', an' I'm willin' ter bide by what he do.'"

Alack! that a lie can so counterfeit the truth! To this wily and specious representation Stephen Yates listened with his eyes full of tears, afraid to trust a glance upon the face of his crafty companion.

"She say," Cheever went on, "ef Steve hev done ennything agin the law, I hope he'll make hisself sca'ce."

The other men, now affecting to stroll about in the ample spaces of the cavernous place, busying themselves with replenishing the fire or feeding the horses, of which there were a half-dozen in a shadowy nook that seemed to extend downward to further subterranean regions, all gave furtive heed to these domestic reports. Ever and again they eyed the disingenuous face of the narrator with its half-closed lids and flexible lips. Then they would look at one another, and slyly wink their recognition of his craft. One of them, standing with his hands in his pockets and with a fire-lit face above the blazing logs, after a survey of this sort, grotesquely imitated the speaker's attitude and gesture, and silently worked his jaws with abnormal activity, as if in emulation of Cheever's ready eloquence, shook his head in affected despair, and desisted amid a smothered titter from the rest.

"Moses hev got another tooth; mighty nigh ez long ez a elephant's I seen at Col-bury, I told him; an' it seemed ter make him mad—leastwise madder'n he war at fust. He wouldn't take no notice o' me, 'ceptin' whens I put my finger in his mouth ter view his teeth, an' durned ef he didn't nearly bite it off. Oh, ye needn't ter trouble, Steve; ye air all right, an' hev done the bes' ye could, corno'siderin' all."

"I reckon so! I hope so!" said the plastic Yates, with something very like a sob.

They all sat around the fire late that night, after the supper of venison broiled on the coals, and corn-bread baked in the ashes, and washed down with a plentiful allowance of innocent-looking moonshine whiskey, colorless and clear as spring wa-

ter. The stars seemed very near, looking in at the wide portals of the niche; the tops of the gigantic trees swaying without were barely glimpsed above the verge. The shadows of the men lengthened over the floor, or fluctuated on the wall as the flames rose or fell. Now and again the fire-light was strong enough to show the horses at their improvised manger in the shadowy portion of the niche, where the darkness promised further chambers of the cavern. One steed lay upon the ground, the others stood, some still and drowsing, but more than once the sharp pawing of an iron-shod hoof challenged the abrupt echoes.

Outside, so sweet, so pure was the summer night; the buds of the elder-bush were riven into blooms, the mocking-bird piped for the rising moon, the katydid twanged her vibrant note, and the river sang the self-same song it had learned in the prehistoric days of the pygmies. Even so still, so calmly pensive was the time that the far-away note of the water-fall came to Yates's ears, or it may be to his memory only, which transmitted the fancy transmuted in sound to his sense. He lounged, half pillowed upon his saddle, in the circle about the fire, and strove to drink and laugh and talk with the rest. Many a merry jest had those walls echoed, seeming almost sentient in emulation of the boisterous joy. To-night, somehow, they seemed to have forgotten their jovial wiles. More than once the echo of laughter quavered off into strange sounds that the ear shrank to hear, and one after another of the brawny fellows looked furtively over his shoulder.

A sudden jar—only a screech-owl shrilling in a tree on the river-bank below—but one of the men was on his feet, all a-tremble, crying out, "What's that?" And this was the bold Cheever.

"Put up yer pistol, ye darned idjit!" exclaimed Derridge, the disciple of reason. "Don't ye know a squeech-owel whens ye hear one? Ye must be plumb sodden in Pettingill whiskey."

Cheever, with a half-articulate oath, sank back upon the saddle upon which he half lay and half sat, and presently evolved an excuse for his nervousness. He had something too in his face that implied a doubt, a need of support, a wish for counsel.

"That gal at Yates's, I mean Litt Pettingill, sorter pertended ez she b'lieved ez

I knowed o' Steve's wharabouts. Now Steve's welcome to shelter with we-uns. But I'd hate it powerful ef jes 'kase he fell in with we-uns that night ez he war a-goin' fur the doctor ter patch Len Rhodes's head, 'twar ter be the means o' draggin' the law down on we-uns, an' gittin' it onto our trail."

"Ye mus' hev said suthin'. *She* couldn't jes hev drawed the idee out'n *nuthin'*," reasoned the deep bass voice of Derridge, who wore a severe and reprehensive frown. "Ye air a smart man, Buck, an' I ain't denyin' it none, but whenst a man talks ez much ez you-uns he *can't* gin keerful heed ter *all* his words, an' ye mus' hev said suthin' ez gin her a hint. Folks kin talk too much, specially whenst they set up ter be *smart*." He was a silent man himself, and was accounted slow.

Cheever sneered. "Ye air powerful brigaty ter-night. I reckon I be ekal ter keepin' a secret from enny gal folks. Leastwise I hev knowed a power o' secrets an' cornsider'ble gal folks. An' they never got tergether ez I ever hearn tell on."

This was logic, and it silenced his interlocutor. They all sat musing for a time, while the smoke mounted into the lofty dome of the niche, and the fire leaped fitfully, casting its flicker on all their faces, and the whole interior, a dull red and a dusky brown, seemed a discordant contrast to the white, lucent light of the unseen moon, stretching across the shadowy landscape. Dew there was on the trees without; it scintillated now and then, and far away rose soft and noiseless mists; more than once the night sighed audibly in sheer pensiveness.

"Boys," said Bob Millroy, suddenly, "I be a believer in signs."

There was a motionless interest in every face turned toward him. A contagion of credulity was in the very word.

"Hyar we-uns hev been," he went on, "a-goin' tergether fur many a day in secret, an' sech ez our workin' air they ain't 'cordin' ter law nor the 'pinion o' the Cove. An' I 'ain't felt 'feard nowise, though some mought say the hemp air growed an' spun, an' the rope air twisted, till this evenin', whenst Buck Cheever seen an' extry man 'mongst we-uns, ez turned away his face. Sence then the fire's cold!"

He spread out his hands toward it as he sat beside it, and shook his head in token

of the futility of its swift combustion, with its flashes and sparkle and smoke, and he chafed them together.

"Lord A'mighty, ye durned cowardly fool!" cried the leader of the party, beside himself with anxiety and many a premonition. "Didn't I tell ye agin 'twar jes Steve, ez I never looked ter view, bein' ez he ain't reg'lar 'mongst we-uns?"

"Ye 'lowed he turned his face away," said the believer in signs.

"Waal, hev Steve got enny crick in his neck that disables him from a-turnin' of *his* face away?" demanded Cheever.

"He war in the shadder; ye never seen Steve," said Derridge, slowly shaking his logical head.

"He turned his face away so ez ye mought not view it," said Millroy, with a credulity that coerced responsive conviction.

Cheever was shaken. He suddenly desisted from argument. "Who air ye a-'lowin' 'twar?" he demanded from the opposite side of the fire.

The ligaments of his neck were elongated as he thrust his head forward. The fire-light showed only a glassy glitter where it struck upon the eyeballs beneath his half-closed lids. Bereft of the expression of his eyes, it was wonderful how much of suspense, of petrified expectation, of the presage of calamity, the hard lines of his face conveyed.

"'Twar him we met up with on the road that night," said Millroy, who from the affluence of his resources of conjecture could afford to dispense with mere proof and fact.

Cheever was conscious that the others were watching him with the urgent anxiety of those who have a personal interest at stake. The sense of emergency was substituted for courage.

"I wish 'twar," he said, coolly. "He ain't dead—a mighty pity! I'd give the bes' horse I ever see"—he nodded his head toward the gallant roan—"ef I could view *his* harnt."

There was an evident revulsion in the plastic minds of his followers. They had no sense of consistency to sustain adherence to any dogma. Millroy was in the minority when he said, still mysteriously shaking his head, "I'll bet the minit ye seen him 'mongst we-uns an' he turned his head away war the minit o' his takin' off."

"Ye air always skeered o' yer shadder,

Bob," said Cheever; "an' I never knowed a feller so rich in signs ez kem ter nuthin'. That man would be powerful welcome hyar in the sperit. I be a heap more pestered 'kase we let him git off soul an' body tergether. I know he war shot. I dun'no' who fired it"—he mechanically closed his right hand as upon the handle of a pistol, his first finger extended and crooked upon the imaginary trigger, while the observant Bob Millroy scanned with unspoken deductions the unconscious involuntary gesture. "I never think he war much hurt, though he went scourin' off; he war bowed ter the saddle-bow, but that war ter escape the bullets ez kem arter him. He'll live ter lead a posse an' the sher'ff ter the spot, mos' likely; *I'm* 'feared o' that. I'd delight ter see his harnt."

"Bob oughter hev a muzzle," said the reasonable Derridge, irritably—"ter keep him from spittin' out signs hyar, whilst we-uns oughter be considerin' how the law mought be takin' us, red-handed, with all our plunder ter convict us"—he cast a glance at certain saddle-bags that lay close to Cheever's side. "He jes sets up an' gins us a sign fur this, an' a warnin' fur that, till we air plumb wore out with his foolishness."

"This place be safe enough, I'm a-thinkin'; no use a-worryin' an' a-fuss-in'," said the unctuous voice of Pete Beckett, always full of a hopeful content, and like oil upon the troubled waters.

The others listened with clearing countenances, but Cheever shook his head. "Revenuers know it; they raided a still hyar wunst." The red fire-light on the circle of faces showed their alarm at the recollection, the prophetic suggestion. "Old man Peake run it."

"Ye 'low ef they war ter s'picion enybody roundabouts, they mought s'arch hyar," said Derridge, drawing the logical conclusion.

"Edzac'ly," said Cheever, impatient of the waste of words by so patent a deduction.

"They do say," remarked Millroy, sepulchrally, "that arter Zeb Tait went deranged, he hid hyar whenst they wanted ter jail him ez a crazy."

"Too crazy ter want ter go ter jail," exclaimed Derridge, satirically.

"An'," pursued Millroy, lugubriously, "he starved hisself ter death in this place; leastwise they fund his corpse

hyar, though he mought hev died from his ailment. But I dun'no' ef folks *do* die from jes bein' crazy an' bereft."

"Naw, they don't," said Cheever, suddenly, "else ye'd hev been dead long ago, ez crazy a loon ez ever went a-gibberin' o' foolishness around."

Somehow his magnetic quality was at fault. The others failed to fall in with his humor. They all sat silent, staring at the red coals; the image of the distraught, solitary creature, who had in the secret stronghold of the mountains wrought out his terrible doom, was in the mind of each.

Millroy spoke rather to their thought than to the words of Cheever, when he said, "The buzzards an' the eagles flyin' an' flusterin' round the body led the sher'ff ter the spot."

The prosaic word, full of worldly omen, broke the breathless spell.

"An' the *sher'ff* knows the place, too!" cried Derridge. "Waal"—he turned his eyes, at once furious and upbraiding and full of prescient terror, upon Cheever—"hell-fire be my portion ef I don't think ye hev tuk the mos' public place about the Cove fur these hyar doin's"—he pointed at the saddle-bags. "An' a man in Colbury either dead by this time, with warrants sworn out fur we-uns, or else on our track ter identify us fur the sher'ff."

"I tuk this place 'kase 'twar our reg'lar stampin'-groun'," cried Cheever, lifting his voice to defend himself against the burly, swelling tones of his accuser. "It air ez safe ez enny other. Thar ain't none o' us out o' place 'ceptin' Steve." He winked slyly at the others, for the young mountaineer lay a little in the shadow and a trifle behind him. So blunted was the conscience, the humanity in each, that the sense of possessing a scape-goat, the opportunity of profit on another's injury, had a suave and unctuous influence to heal their dissension. "*We-uns*, why, we-uns air some a-herdin' o' cattle twenty mile away on the balds; some war in Car'liny yistiddy tradin' fur cattle"—he pointed at the mire on the boots of two of the party—"Buncombe County mud! An' *I* hev jes got back from ridin' in open daylight about the Cove, with my mouth an' eyes stretched ter hear how Yates hev disappeared. I be a-goin' home ter-morrer ter git salt fur my cattle"—he put on a waggishly virtuous air. "An' *I*

war thar ter-day, ez my fambly kin testify. 'Tain't safe, though, I know, ter keep this truck hyar long"—he winked at the saddle-bags—"nor ter divide it yit."

The alert expression with which each man hearkened to the allusion of partition was eminently suggestive of the pricking up of ears. Indeed, as they all sat indistinct in the shadow and the flicker, there was something dog-like or wolf-like in the whetted expectancy of their waiting attention.

"I laid off ter hide it hyar fur ter-night an' ter-morrer," continued Cheever, "an' whilst some gyards it, the t'others go off an' show tharsef's in place—'ceptin' Steve"—his thin, expressive lips were slightly elongated. "The news 'ain't got ter the Cove yit, but time it do they will all be fur stringin' him up. *Him—knowed* ter be on that road *that* night at *that* hour, an' 'ain't never showed up no mo'."

A grin of many conceits was upon his countenance, unseen by the subject of conversation, while the men in the full flare of the fire-light had some ado to suppress any facial response of relish. For in this circumstance the dullest amongst them found it easy to discern their safety. Some discussion ensued as to the best method of secreting the treasure until it was safe to divide and use it.

"Jes ter think," remarked Cheever, with jovial hypocrisy, "o' the strange workin's o' Providence. All we-uns war arter war the man's horse—jes ter take the horse-critter an' turn the man a-foot in the road—an' stiddier that we tuk this pile o' money. It 'll buy a hundred sech horses."

Perhaps it was because of the succumbing of their fears in the drowsy influences of the hour, waxing late, perhaps because of the confidence engendered by elation and success, but a new sentiment of security, of capability, was perceptible upon the mere mention of their exploit, and more than one was disposed to dilate upon the future expenditure of his share rather than to devise means to properly secrete it. Here was where they seemed, strangely enough, Yates thought, to misunderstand Cheever. He took little part in the discussion; he listened to each with a sneering negation, half masked beneath his lowered eyelids, and Yates readily divined that none probably would know the hiding-place of the plunder but himself

and Millroy, his loyal henchman, and the only one of them all in whom he really reposed any confidence.

Derridge sat gazing at the embers; once he offered a characteristic observation. "I know 'twouldn't do ter keep it hyar till the s'arch be over," he said, ponderingly, accepting Cheever's suggestion; "an' 'twouldn't do fur all o' we-uns ter light out fur Texas an' sech tergether. The folks would be a-talkin' 'bout our vamosin' like Steve done, an' the sher'ff would be on our track with a requisition. An' it hev ter be hid; not in the woods, 'kase we-uns might lose the spot, or a big rain mought wash the dirt off'n it, or sech."

"I tell ye," interjected Beckett, with a swift look of inspiration. "Ye know old Squair Beamen's fambly buryin'-groun'. Old Mis' Beamen hev got a tombstone like a big box. Lift up the top, and put the truck in thar."

"I'd like ter put ye in thar," replied Cheever, who had stolidly eyed him during this prelection. "I wouldn't hev that truck that close ter a jestic o' the peace fur nuthin'."

"An' I hev hearn o' other truck bein' hid thar," objected Ben Tyson, indignantly. "Them men ez robbed the cross-roads store up on Scolacutto River—thar plunder war fund thar."

"Not fur a long time; 'twar powerful well hid," insisted Pete Beckett, as if stating an essential value. But the other two laughed, and the vexed question seemed hardly soon to be decided.

The waning moon in the skies had swung now so high that her white light lay upon the verge of the niche with a sharply drawn and jagged outline—the shadow of the roofing ledge. Momently this belt grew broader, and the glow of the coals more dully red. The two mountaineers deputed to watch while the others slept, and who beguiled the tedium by a game with a greasy pack of cards, using as a table the seat of a saddle laid between them as they half reclined on the floor, played less by the light of the fire than the clear lustre streaming in at the arched opening of the grotto. The prone figures of the others gave evidence in heavy breathing of their unconscious slumbers. All was silent without; the silver sheen made splendid the woods, although it was invested with some strange yearning melancholy, belonging only to the moon

on its wane. The frogs had ceased their chanting; the katydid was dumb; the earth seemed to sigh no more; the insensate vegetation slept. Once across the white space at the verge on the floor where fell the sharp rugged shadow of the roof there was in the midst of the stillness a sudden movement; it came from the top of the precipice above. The two gamblers sat petrified, the cards in their hands, their burning eyes intent upon the shadow of the summit of the cliff. Nothing—a long moment of suspense. Nothing! And then it came again; the outline of a floating wing—a swift shadow of the nighthawk sweeping in its noiseless flight through the air to seek its unwarned prey. The two men did not so much as glance at one another as they resumed their game; of these thrilling moments, charged with suspense and danger, their lives counted many. So still it was without that it seemed to Yates he might lose in sleep the consciousness of those few momentous hours that had changed the whole current of his life. He went over them again and again in his scanty dreams with a verisimilitude of repetition that sufficed almost to prevent him from discerning his waking thoughts from his slumber. Now and again as he reviewed them he so realized to his imagination a different ordering of their sequence, which might have been so readily effected at the time had he but foreseen, that he had almost the relief of escape. Why had he not refused old Pettingill's request to ride seventeen miles for the doctor? But, indeed, had he not offered the service from the superabundance of his good-nature? "I hope the old man got his horse agin, like Cheever say," he sighed; for in the interim his conscience had been loaded with every ounce that the good bay weighed. And then, again, without the fancy of what he might have done and what he wished, he would recall the circumstances as they had befallen him. Never had impressions been so burned into his consciousness as in those most significant moments of his life. He could even now recollect the glow of friendly feeling with which he said, "I don't b'lieve but what the yerb doctor kin bring Len Rhodes through; but ter pleasure Mr. Shattuck *I'll* ride fur the t'other doctor, Mr. Pettingill—*I'll* ride fur him." He could even feel again his foot in the

stirrup, the quick smooth gallop of the fresh horse beneath him. And then, the winding lengths of the sandy woodland roads, so sweet with the breath of the azaleas, all white and star-eyed in dark bosky places, so fresh with the dew, so idealized by the moon. And thinking no harm! Thinking of Adelaide, with regrets for the harsh words between them, with resolutions that they should be the last. Alack! they were likely to be the last indeed. And of Moses—proteanwise! For he could see Moses as a half-grown lad, tall and strong and straight; and then as a bearded man; sometimes as a justice of the peace; sometimes the elastic paternal ambition pre-empted for him a seat in the State Legislature; and then the image dwindled, best of all, to the small limits of the cradle where he slept, so pink and white and warm, the highest potentate in all the land! Thinking of these things Yates was as the miles sped; hearing once afar, afar, a horn wound in the stillness, and then only his horse's hoofs with the alternate beat of the gallop.

He had ridden hard, since it might be a case of life and death, but there was a bad stretch of road ahead, a long hill to climb, and the horse was blown. It was a saving of time, he thought, as he slackened the pace and went slowly, slowly up the rugged ascent. The grass was thick on the margin; he drew his horse to the side where the hoofs might fall on the smooth dank sward. He could scarcely hear his saddle creak. The animal paused at the summit to snatch a mouthful of cool wet sassafras leaves, munching with relish, despite the hinderance of the bit.

Suddenly a wild hoarse scream rang out, startling the night, a tumult of voices, sounded a pistol shot, another, and, as he looked from the summit of the hill down the declivity, he saw a group of horsemen in a wild altercation in the middle of the road. Scant as the moment was, so bright was the moon that he recognized more than one face. And the moment was scant, for the central figure, his whole pose vigorously resistant, fired again, wide of the mark, the ball whizzing by the ear of Zack Pettingill's bay horse. The animal uttered a sharp neigh, almost articulate, wheeled abruptly, and, heedless of either whip or spur, breaking into an unmanageable run, fled frantically homeward. Behind there were swifter hoofs than his. It was hardly a moment before Cheever's

splendid horse was alongside; his burly strength re-enforced Steve Yates's pull on the reins. Whether in the confusion of the moment Cheever and his gang had mistaken the neighing of Pettingill's horse and the sound of his hoofs for pursuit and incontinently fled, or whether they thus divined that they were discovered, Yates did not then definitely understand, nor was it clearer to him afterward. Certainly they dreaded the escape of the witness who beheld the deed and knew its perpetrators by face and name far more than that of the plundered wayfarer, who upon the diversion effected in his favor made good use of his horse's hoofs upon the road that he had so lately travelled. Beyond a pistol ball or two, one of which Yates thought undoubtedly took effect, they did not offer to pursue him. They rode alongside of their protesting and unarmed captive, and discovering shortly how efficacious was the suggestion that he would doubtless be accused of the deed, since so many knew of his errand at this unusual hour and on this unfrequented road, they had him pondering heavily upon the dreary possibilities of circumstantial evidence before they had gone many miles. Not that he did not offer resistance and seek flight. "What's the use o' swallerin' this bullet whether or no, Steve?" Cheever had demanded, as he presented a pistol to his captive's mouth. "I don't want ye ter eat lead, an' how would that mend the matter fur you-uns?" And when Yates sought to urge his horse into a gallop, it was but a shambling in comparison with the smooth swift gait of the splendid animal that Cheever bestrode. He could do naught at the time, not even by screams arouse a way-side habitation, for they had soon plunged into unfrequented forests, and were far away from the haunts of men.

That they had not used him more unkindly than the interests of their own safety necessitated, made no claim upon his gratitude. Perhaps, although he had not the courage to court it, he would have preferred death. He only took advantage of their leniency to stipulate that Pettingill's horse should be turned loose to return. "He mought be viewed 'mongst our'n some time. He's too close a neighbor ennyhow," said Cheever, and so he consented. Even the trivial detail of the creature's bewilderment was still in the young man's mind—how the horse per-

sistently trotted along in the cavalcade, with his lustrous surprised eyes and his empty saddle, his erstwhile rider mounted behind one of the other men. More than once after he was driven back he reappeared from behind a sharp curve of the road, nimbly cantering and with an appealing whinny. Finally blows prevailed, and from the crest of a ridge they afterward saw him ambling erratically homeward along the white moon-lit road, now and again stopping by the way-side to crop the grass or bushes.

"Ef he keeps on that-a-way he'll git home next week," Cheever had commented.

Even now, reviewing the disaster, Yates could not say definitely what he should have done, but it seemed that some rescue would have waited upon his effort had his slow brain but devised it. More than all, above all, the sight of the saddle-bags containing a considerable sum of money taken from the stranger had a horror for him. He dwelt upon the idea that among the people of the Cove he must be believed to have committed the crime, until he had a morbid sense of implication. His mind was, as he knew, but a poor tool for scheming, but he was imperatively, urgently moved by some inward power to make an effort which might result in the restoration of the money to its proper owner. He began to feel that integrity is not a repute; it is an attribute of the mind and a spontaneous emotion of the heart. "'Tain't ter hev folks say ye're honest; it air ter *be* honest."

He felt himself forever blasted; he doubted if, in any event, he would ever dare to return to his home. He had known of men with far less evidence against them than these perverse lies, that masqueraded as facts in his case, strung up to a tree without judge or jury. He would do himself, his wife, his child scant favor in courting that ignoble doom. He only revolved the robbery for the sake of honesty alone, that he might devise some scheme to frustrate the highwaymen and restore the money.

Somehow, as he lay looking out at the gibbous moon, visible now, all distorted and weird in the purple sky, and no less lustrously yellow because of the sense of dawn gradually stealing upon the air, he could not disassociate Shattuck from his train of ideas despite the lack of logical connection. It was perhaps, he thought

dully in recognizing the fact, because it was upon Shattuck's errand that he had gone to this dreadful fate; perhaps because the mention of a box-like tombstone had suggested to him the strange underground sarcophagi, also box-like and of stone, of the pygmy burying-ground in which Shattuck was interested. And suddenly he caught his breath and lay still, thinking, a long time.

So languid-footed was the night, but he smelled the rose in its morning blossoming! A mocking-bird sang, all faint and sweet and fresh, and dreamed again. Stars were fading; the great valley of East Tennessee was beginning to be outlined, with ridges and smaller valleys and rivers and further mountains, with a sense of space and of large symmetry that outdoes the imagination. And still the moon shone in his face.

"Buck," he said, suddenly, for all the others slept, and it was Cheever's turn to watch, "did you-uns ever hear o' the Leetle Stranger People?"

Cheever, smoking his pipe near at hand, as he lay on the floor, lifted himself upon one elbow. He nodded. "Many a time."

"Folks 'low they useter hev this kentry. They seem sorter small ter hev ter die."

"I dun'no' but what they do," said Cheever, impressed by the hardship of the common fate which overtook even such "leetle people." "An' folks hev fairly furgot they ever lived, too."

Yates nodded his head.

"I dun'no' ez I hev hearn the Leetle People named fur thirty year an' better. My gran'mam tole me 'bout 'em whenst I war a boy. What ailed you-uns ter git a-goin' 'bout 'em?"

"Jes thinkin' 'bout home. Thar buryin'-groun' ain't more'n haffen mile from my house," replied Yates, casually. "Ye hev hearn tell how they coffins the dead

in stone boxes, two feet underground, an' I reckon that fool talk 'bout Mis' Beamen's tombstone bein' like a stone box reminded me of 'em."

Cheever held his pipe in his hand. The coal had dwindled to an ash as he listened. A thought was astir in his crafty brain. Dull at scheming as Yates was, he could almost divine its processes.

"I dun'no' when I hev hearn the Leetle People named afore," Cheever said, meditatively.

"The old folks used ter talk 'bout 'em sometimes," rejoined Steve, apparently inadvertently, "though few knows now they ever lived, nor whar they lie. One grave air right on the south side o' that thar laurel bush—the only laurel on the slope; I know, fur the ground sounds hollow thar; I sounded it one day."

He cast a covert glance at Cheever. The robber's eyes, opened widely for once, were full of light as they glanced swiftly and searchingly at the sleeping men, all unconscious, about them. Then he said, in a casual tone, "I reckon thar's a heap o' lie in all that thar talk 'bout the Leetle People." And his earnest, intent, breathless face belied his words as he spoke them.

Yates sank back upon the improvised pillow of saddle and blanket, breathing quick, feeling alive once more. He had relied on Cheever's ignorance of Shattuck's intention—known, indeed, to few, and infinitely unimportant in their estimation—since the horse-thief's protective seclusion debarred him from much gossip. To this spot beneath the laurel Yates himself had directed Shattuck's attention. Now if the treasure should be concealed there, and Shattuck's enthusiasm should not fail, the discovery would be made and noised abroad, and some right at last would blossom out of all this wrong.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT?

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

IF I lay waste and wither up with doubt
 The blessed fields of heaven where once my faith
 Possessed itself serenely safe from death;
 If I deny the things past finding out;
 Or if I orphan my own soul of One
 That seemed a Father, and make void the place
 Within me where He dwelt in power and grace,
 What do I gain, that am myself undone?

THE FAITH OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

BY L. E. CHITTENDEN.

THE endeavor now to write anything novel about President Lincoln is much like threshing old straw. While he has been gradually rising to the position he now holds in the world's esteem, it is not strange that those who had any acquaintance with him should each wish to contribute his mite to the aggregate of material concerning a man of such distinguished abilities. No American, possibly no public man anywhere, has had so many biographers; no biographers have ever written with a more imperfect knowledge of their subject than some of the authors of the so-called Lives of Lincoln. Some of these writers had private griefs to ventilate, and, not courageous enough to oppose the general opinion of his sterling worth, have descended in a shamefaced way to make public assumed defects in his character; and others, claiming to be his old associates and friends, have hinted at scandals connected with his origin and early life which had no foundation, and which would never have been heard of but for their officiousness. Their poor excuse is a desire to exhibit Mr. Lincoln as he was, and not as the world would have him to be. There have been in the lives of all great men occurrences upon which friendship lays the seal of silence, and it would have been more to the credit of these writers if they had emulated the dignified silence with which Mr. Lincoln treated unfortunate circumstances which he could neither prevent nor control. Examples of both these classes will be found in any collection of the lives of Mr. Lincoln, and conspicuously in one collection claimed to have been written by the "distinguished men of his time."

One consequence of the *cacoethes scribendi* about Mr. Lincoln is that all the events of his life, the incidents of his professional career, the apt stories attributed to him, many of which he never heard, have been rewritten so many times, with such variations as the taste or fancy of the writer at the moment suggested, that the points of some of the best have been lost, and others so mutilated that they are no longer recognizable. The resignation of the Treasury by Mr. Chase in June, 1864, has not escaped the gen-

eral mutilation. It was an important event; its incidents throw a flood of light over the characters of both the principals. As it has been described, it is a quarrel between two politicians, of little consequence to them, of none to anybody else. One of its versions by an ex-Senator actually begins with the nomination of Governor Tod, two or three days after the resignation—after most of its important incidents had passed. All the accounts that I have seen attribute the resignation to Mr. Chase's desire for the Republican nomination in 1864 for the Presidency, when, in fact, he had given up all hope of it for 1864 more than six months previously.

One of these old friends and associates declares that Mr. Lincoln had no faith. If Paul understood the subject, and faith is "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen," then no man ever had a faith more perfect and sincere than Mr. Lincoln. Once, as he lay upon his favorite lounge in the Register's office, whilst the Register and his messenger were engaged in their work, and, as he liked them to do, paying no attention to him, he broke into a magnificent outburst—a word-painting of what the South would be when the war was over, slavery destroyed, and she had had an opportunity to develop her resources under the benignant influence of peace. Twenty years and more afterward this scene flashed upon my memory with the vividness of an electric light as I recognized the word-picture of Mr. Lincoln in the following words of welcome by an eloquent Southerner to a Northern delegation: "You are standing," he said, "at this moment in the gateway that leads to the South. The wealth that is there, no longer hidden from human eyes, flashes in your very faces. You can smell the roses of a new hope that fill the air. You can hear the heart-beats of progress that come as upon the wings of heaven. You can reach forth your hands and almost clutch the gold that the sun rains down with his beams, as he takes his daily journey between the coal mine and the cotton field; the highlands of wood and iron, of marble and granite; the lowlands of tobacco, of sugar and rice, of corn and kine, of wine, milk, and honey." Such was the picture of the

South presented to the eye of Mr. Lincoln's faith.

I have written the following account largely from personal knowledge, from what I myself saw and heard. The principal incidents were written in my journal about the time they occurred. It has been the regret of my subsequent life that I did not at the time know how great a man Mr. Lincoln was; that I did not at the time write out and preserve an account of many other things said and done by him. This occurrence was an exception. I felt at the time that Mr. Lincoln was revealing himself to me in a new and elevated character, and I undertook to record the words in which that revelation was made.

The resignation by Secretary Chase of his position as the chief financial officer of the United States closed his prospects as a Presidential candidate with the Republican, and did not improve them with the Democratic party. It was an act which was calculated to embarrass the President, for which there was no good excuse. He inferred from past events that his resignation would not be accepted; he hoped that it would demonstrate to the country that he had become a necessity of the financial situation, and thereby secure to him its more perfect control.

A question of forgery had arisen in the Assistant Treasury in New York. The Auditor, who signed checks for the payment of money, pronounced two checks returned to him as paid, amounting to nearly \$10,000, to be forgeries. The responsibility for the money lay between Mr. Cisco and the Auditor. If the checks were genuine, the Auditor—if they were forged, Mr. Cisco, must bear the loss.

Mr. Cisco claimed to *know* that the checks bore the genuine signature of the Auditor. He so testified in an examination which took place before a commission of the United States. He declined to admit a possibility that he could be mistaken. His experience, he said, enabled him to identify a genuine or to detect a forged signature with unerring certainty. No one could imitate his signature so as to cause him to hesitate. He was as certain that the disputed signatures were genuine as though he had seen them written.

Friends of the Auditor who were confident of his integrity, finding that the mind of Mr. Cisco was closed to all the presumptions arising from the long ser-

vice and the unblemished character of the accused, availed themselves of the assistance of experts and of photography. An expert wrote an imitation of the Assistant Treasurer's name, which that official testified was his own genuine signature. He was as certain of it as he was of the genuineness of the disputed checks. The evidence of the expert who wrote the imitation, and the enlarged photograph of the signatures to the checks, made their traced, painted, false, and spurious character so apparent that the Auditor was at once discharged, notwithstanding the positive evidence of his chief. The result so intensely mortified him that he promptly resigned his office of Assistant Treasurer, declaring that nothing should induce him to withdraw his resignation.

Secretary Chase was fond of those who recognized his eminence, and were ready to serve him as their acknowledged superior. Those especially who were watchful of his convenience, and of opportunities to contribute to his personal comfort, secured a strong position in his esteem. Maunsel B. Field, an attaché in the office of the Assistant Treasurer of New York, was conspicuously a person of this class. From the first visit of the Secretary to New York after he took office, Mr. Field had attached himself to his personal service. His devotion to that service was perfect; so that afterward, as the visits of the Secretary increased in frequency, Mr. Field attended to his social engagements, and became the authorized agent for communication with him. Mr. Field was a person of polished manners, who had the *entrée* into society. He was also a writer for the newspapers and a Democrat, without much position or following in his party. His service was so attentive that the Secretary came to regard him as a kind of personal society representative. The office of Third Assistant Secretary of the Treasury was created for him. He was appointed to it, and removed to Washington, where he was afterward employed in a confidential relation near the Secretary's person. There were facts of which it is impossible that the Secretary long remained ignorant, which, though not reflecting upon his personal integrity, it was represented, necessarily disqualified him for any position of trust or pecuniary responsibility. From time to time he absented himself from the Treasury, sometimes for weeks

together. No one seemed to know whither he retired, or to have any knowledge of the cause of his absence.

Mr. Cisco had filled his important office of Assistant Treasurer with great fidelity to the country and credit to himself. The fact that he was a member of the Democratic party, most earnest in his co-operation with the administration in all its measures for the suppression of the rebellion, had enabled him to contribute to the success of Mr. Chase's financial measures more powerfully, probably, than any Republican could have done in the same position, while his personal influence upon members of his own party had been strong, and always exerted to promote the cause of the Union. Very strong Republican influences were therefore brought forward to induce Mr. Cisco to reconsider his resignation, but he had apparently determined to return to private life, and preemptorily insisted upon its acceptance.

Always having great responsibility from the amount of public treasure entrusted to his care, the Assistant Treasurer at New York was at that time the most important public officer in the republic, next after the members of the cabinet. The bank presidents of New York city, Boston, and Philadelphia then represented the money of the nation, and acting together, as they usually did, they could promote the early success or delay and obstruct the financial measures of the government. That they had always hitherto supported the Secretary, and co-operated in the execution of his plans, had been largely due to the influence of Mr. Cisco. There had been occasions when these bank officers had attempted to defeat some of these plans, or, at least, to limit their success. But the strength of the Secretary was re-enforced by the persistent influence of Mr. Cisco, always discreetly but constantly operating, so that when Mr. Chase met these gentlemen in the Assistant Treasurer's office, as he so frequently did, his personal magnetism usually brought them to his support. It was therefore most desirable that Mr. Cisco's successor should, so far as practicable, possess his qualities, sustain his relations to the banks, and continue to exercise his good judgment. Such a man was not readily found. Ex-Governor Morgan, then a Senator from New York, a financier of wide experience, and intimately acquainted with all the conditions which

controlled financial movements in that city, took an active interest in the New York appointments. He was, perhaps, the most influential Republican in Congress, who was upon every ground entitled to be consulted in regard to those appointments. He suggested Mr. John A. Stewart, the president of the oldest and wealthiest trust company in the city, an able financier of ripe experience, a pure and patriotic man, as Mr. Cisco's successor. Secretary Chase approved, and the suggestion met with universal favor. But Mr. Stewart would not accept the appointment. He was unwilling to sacrifice his permanent position for one the tenure of which was uncertain, and this consideration was found to be controlling with other eminent financial men possessed of similar qualifications.

While it was generally understood that the Republican Congressmen of New York were looking for a suitable successor to Mr. Cisco, they were amazed by the discovery that Secretary Chase had sent the name of Maunsel B. Field to the President for appointment to that responsible office. The fact became public through Mr. Field himself, who disclosed it to Republicans to whom he applied for recommendations. It produced something like an explosion of indignant opposition.

It seemed impossible to account for this nomination upon the ordinary motives which control human action. It was one which Secretary Chase should have known was unwise to be made. The nominee had not one of the qualities which had made Mr. Cisco strong, or which had led to the selection of Mr. Stewart. He had no financial or political standing, and his natural abilities were of a literary rather than an executive character. It was not surprising, therefore, that Senator Morgan and other Republicans hurried to the President, and indignantly protested against Mr. Field's nomination. They did not measure their words. They claimed that such an appointment would be an insult to the Union men of New York; that it would injure the party and disgrace the administration; and finally they offered to procure a written protest against the nomination, to be signed by every Republican Senator and member of the House in the present Congress.

From the time the opposition to him was made public, the nomination of Mr.

Field became impossible. The natural course obviously was for the President to assume that Secretary Chase had suggested him in ignorance of the objections now urged against him; to request the Secretary to withdraw Mr. Field and make another nomination. But there had already been friction between the President and the Secretary on the subject of nominations, the latter insisting that as he was held responsible for the administration of the Treasury, he should hold the unrestricted power of appointment and removal. The President conceded his claim, but maintained that it should be reasonably exercised, and that he should not be requested to make an appointment to an office in a State the whole Congressional delegation of which opposed it, which would prove injurious to the party, or which was contrary to the traditions of the administration. In other instances the Secretary had shown himself unwilling to admit even these restrictions, and in the case of one appointment made against the wishes of the Republicans of a State, and rejected by the Senate, he threatened to resign his office unless the President renominated the rejected candidate a second time. Although the difficulty in the case referred to was compromised, the President anticipated that Secretary Chase would insist upon Mr. Field's appointment, notwithstanding all the objections—an opinion in which he was confirmed by the fact that the Secretary neither called upon nor communicated with him after some of the New York Republicans had remonstrated against the nomination to Mr. Chase in person.

After twenty-four hours' delay the President, waiving all ceremony, sent a polite note to the Treasury asking his Secretary to *oblige him* by sending him the nomination of some one who was not objectionable to the Senators from New York. Instead of withdrawing Mr. Field's name, Secretary Chase replied by note, asking for an interview. When two parties are seated actually in sight of, and begin to write formal notes to each other, they are neither very likely nor very desirous to agree. The President declined the interview, on the ground that the difference between them did not lie within the range of a conversation. In the mean time the ingenuity of Mr. Field himself devised a way out of the difficulty. Finding that

he would lose the appointment, he brought certain Democratic influences to bear to induce Mr. Cisco temporarily to withdraw his resignation, so that he (Field) might take a place in the New York office, nominally under Mr. Cisco, but really to prepare the way for his own appointment after the adjournment of Congress, and when the defeat of Mr. Lincoln should have been indicated by the early fall elections. Mr. Cisco unexpectedly complied, and the subject of contention was for the moment apparently removed.

Secretary Chase had many subordinates who regarded it as their duty to magnify his office and exalt his name. He was firmly of opinion that no one but himself could maintain the national credit; these subordinates assured him that such was the prevailing opinion, and it had become an article of faith in the department. He had no doubt whatever that the President had embraced it. He believed that his offer of resignation would create a general public demand that he should continue at the head of the Treasury, and upon a recent occasion the President had confirmed his belief in that respect by urgently requesting him to change his purpose to resign. Although there was no adequate occasion for it, he thought the present an excellent opportunity to repeat both the resignation and his former experience. He therefore again tendered his resignation, accompanying it with an intimation that the failure to nominate Mr. Field had rendered his position one of embarrassment, difficulty, and painful responsibility.

The resignation was written and forwarded on the 29th of June. It was not unexpected to President Lincoln, and he dealt with it with wise deliberation. During the day he requested me to call at the White House at the close of business. I found him undisturbed, and apparently in a happy frame of mind.

"I have sent for you," he said, "to ask you a question. How long can the Treasury be 'run' under an acting appointment? Whom can I appoint who will not take the opportunity to run the engine off the track, or do any other damage?"

I was too much troubled and surprised to answer him directly. "Mr. President," I exclaimed, "you will not let so small a matter as this New York appointment separate yourself and Governor Chase? Do not, I beg of you! Tell me where the

trouble lies, and let me see if I cannot arrange it."

"No; it is past arrangement," he said. "I feel relieved since I have settled the question. I would not restore what they call the *status quo* if I could."

"But," I continued, "think of the country, of the Treasury, of the consequences! I do not for a moment excuse the Secretary. His nomination of Field was most unaccountable to me. But Secretary Chase, with all his faults, is a great financier. His administration of the Treasury has been a financial miracle. Who can fill his place? There is not a man in the Union who can do it. If the national credit goes under, the Union goes with it. I repeat it—Secretary Chase is to-day a national necessity."

"How mistaken you are!" he quietly observed. "Yet it is not strange; I used to have similar notions. No! If we should all be turned out to-morrow, and could come back here in a week, we should find our places filled by a lot of fellows doing just as well as we did, and in many instances better. As the Irishman said, 'In this country one man is as good as another; and, for the matter of that, very often a great deal better.' No; *this government does not depend upon the life of any man*," he said, impressively. "But you have not answered my question. There"—pointing to the table—"is Chase's resignation. I shall write its acceptance as soon as you have told me how much time I can take to hunt up another Secretary."

"The Treasury can be run under an acting appointment two or three days," I answered. "It ought not to be run for a day. There is an unwritten law of the department that an acting Secretary should do nothing but current business. No one whom you would be likely to appoint would consciously violate it."

"Whom shall I appoint acting Secretary?" he asked. "I have thought it would be scarcely proper to name one of the Assistant Secretaries after their chief is out."

"If you ask my opinion," I replied, "I should advise the appointment of the First Assistant. I fear the effect of this resignation upon the country, and it would be unwise to increase its evils by departing from the usual course. An intimation from you that nothing but current business should be transacted will certainly be respected."

"That seems sensible; I thank you for the suggestion," he said. "But I shall have to put on my thinking cap at once, and find a successor to Chase."

"Where is the man?" I exclaimed. "Mr. President, this is worse than another Bull Run defeat. Pray let me go to Secretary Chase, and see if I cannot induce him to withdraw his resignation. Otherwise I shall not sleep to-night."

I shall carry the memory of his next words as long as I live. Every time I think of them, Mr. Lincoln will seem to grow greater as a man—to be the greatest American who ever lived. Consider the circumstances. The country was in the fiercest throes of civil war; the President was weighted with the heaviest responsibilities; his Secretary of the Treasury was tendering his resignation when there was no good excuse for the act, manifestly to embarrass him and to increase his difficulties. Then weigh these words:

"I will tell you," he said, leaning back in his chair, and carelessly throwing one of his long legs over the other, "how it is with Chase. It is the easiest thing in the world for a man to fall into a bad habit. Chase has fallen into two bad habits. One is that to which I have often referred. He thinks he has become indispensable to the country, that his intimate friends know it, and he cannot comprehend why the country does not understand it. He also thinks he ought to be President; he has no doubt whatever about that. It is inconceivable to him why the people have not found it out—why they don't, as one man, rise up and say so. He is, as you say, an able financier; as you think without saying so, he is a great statesman, and, at the bottom, a patriot. Ordinarily he discharges a public trust, the duties of a public office, with great ability—with greater ability than any man I know. Mind, I say *ordinarily*, for these bad habits seem to have spoiled him. They have made him irritable, uncomfortable, so that he is never perfectly happy unless he is thoroughly miserable and able to make everybody else just as uncomfortable as he is himself. He knows that the nomination of Field would displease the Unionists of New York, would delight our enemies, and injure our friends. He knows that I could not make it without seriously offending the strongest supporters of the government in New York,

and that the nomination would not strengthen him anywhere or with anybody. Yet he resigns because I will not make it. He is either determined to annoy me, or that I shall pat him on the shoulder and coax him to stay. I don't think I ought to do it. I will not do it. I will take him at his word."

Here he made a long pause. His mobile face wore a speaking expression, and indicated that he was thinking earnestly; but with perfect coolness he continued: "And yet there is not a man in the Union who would make as good a Chief Justice as Chase." There was another pause; his plain homely face was illuminated as he added: "And if I have the opportunity, I will make him Chief Justice of the United States."

I thought at the time, and I have never since changed the opinion, that a man who could form such a just estimate and avow such a purpose in relation to another who had just performed a gratuitous act of personal annoyance intended to add to his responsibilities—already the greatest which any American had ever undertaken—who seemed wholly incapable of any thought of punishment or even reproof, must move upon a higher plane and be influenced by loftier motives than any man I had before met with. In the entire interview there was not an indication of passion or prejudice; there was a complete elimination of himself from the situation. There was nothing but the impartiality of a just judge, the disinterestedness of a patriot, the stoicism of a philosopher. I was silenced, and about to take my leave, when he said:

"Well, then, I understand I can take three days of grace. In that time I shall find somebody who will fit the notch and satisfy the nation. Perhaps I shall find him to-night. My best thoughts always come in the night. As soon as I find him, you shall know. I must first write my acceptance of Chase's resignation."

On the following day, June 30th, the President sent the nomination of Ex-Governor Tod, of Ohio, as Secretary of the Treasury to the Senate for confirmation. There is no occasion now to inquire after his motives. Undoubtedly his first thought was of an Ohio man, his opinion being settled that it was better not to select a Secretary from any of the Atlantic States. The nomination was not well received, and it was a relief to his friends

when, during the evening, Mr. Tod, by telegraph, peremptorily declined it.

Before sunrise the next day I was again sent for. I rode to the White House in the dawning light of an early summer morning, and found the President in his waistcoat, trousers, and slippers. He had evidently just left his bed, and had not taken time to dress himself. As I entered the familiar room, he said, in a cheerful, satisfied voice:

"I have sent for you to let you know that we have got a Secretary of the Treasury. If your sleep has been disturbed, you have time for a morning nap. You will like to meet him when the department opens."

"I am indeed glad to hear it," I said. "But who is he?"

"Oh, you will like the appointment, so will the country, so will everybody. It is the best appointment possible. Strange that I should have had any doubt about it. What have you to say to Mr. Fessenden?"

"He would be an eminently proper appointment," I answered. "The chairman of the Senate Committee on Finance; perfectly familiar with all our financial legislation; a strong, able man, and a true friend of the Union. He is also next in the direct line of promotion. But he will not accept. His health is frail, and his present position suits him. There is not one chance in a thousand of his acceptance."

"He will accept; have no fear on that account. I have just notified him of his appointment, and I expect him every moment."

At this moment the door suddenly opened, and Mr. Fessenden almost burst into the room, without being announced. His thin face was colorless; there was intense excitement in his voice and movements.

"I cannot! I will not! I should be a dead man in a week. I am a sick man now. I cannot accept this appointment, for which I have no qualifications. You, Mr. President, ought not to ask me to do it. Pray relieve me by saying that you will withdraw it. I repeat, I cannot and I will not accept it."

The President rose from his chair, approached Mr. Fessenden, and threw his arm around his neck. It may seem ludicrous, but as I saw that long and apparently unstiffened limb winding like a ca-

ble about the small neck of the Senator from Maine, I wondered how many times the arm would encircle it. His voice was serious and emphatic, but without any assumption of solemnity, as he said:

"Fessenden, since I have occupied this place, every appointment I have made upon my own judgment has proved to be a good one. I do not say the best that could have been made, but good enough to answer the purpose. All the mistakes I have made have been in cases where I have permitted my own judgment to be overruled by that of others. Last night I saw my way clear to appoint you Secretary of the Treasury. I do not think you have any right to tell me you will not accept the place. I believe that the suppression of the rebellion has been decreed by a higher power than any represented by us, and that the Almighty is using His own means to that end. You are one of them. It is as much your duty to accept as it is mine to appoint. Your nomination is now on the way from the State Department, and in a few minutes it will be here. It will be in the Senate at noon, you will be immediately and unanimously confirmed, and by one o'clock to-day you must be signing warrants in the Treasury."

Mr. Fessenden was intellectually a strong man, one of the last men to surrender his own judgment to the will of another, but he made no effort to resist the President's appeal. He cast his eyes upon the floor, and murmured, "Well, perhaps I ought to think about it," and turned to leave the room.

"No," said the President; "this matter is settled here and now. I am told that it is very necessary that a Secretary should act to-day. You must enter upon your duties to-day. I will assure you that if a change becomes desirable hereafter, I will be ready and willing to make it. But, unless I misunderstand the temper of the public, your appointment will be so satisfactory that we shall have no occasion to deal with any question of change for some time to come."

At this point the conversation terminated, and all the persons present separated. The result is well known. Mr. Fessenden's appointment was entirely satisfactory, and the affairs of the Treasury went on so smoothly that no change in the financial policy of Secretary Chase was attempted; and from this time until

the resignation of Mr. Fessenden there was no further friction between the Treasury Department and the Executive.

Chief Justice Taney died in the following October. The friends of Secretary Chase immediately put forth the strongest effort possible to secure for him an appointment to the vacancy. They were assured that no such effort was necessary, that he would receive the appointment without asking for it. They would not and could not accept the assurance. They said that Mr. Chase had made some very harsh observations about Mr. Lincoln which must have come to his knowledge; that nothing would induce him to overlook those remarks, unless there was practically a united demand from all the leaders of the Republican party for the appointment. I am sincerely grateful that I had at that time so true an appreciation of Mr. Lincoln's character that I knew that such remarks would make no impression whatever upon his mind. I was confirmed in my opinion by the information I received of the experience of the friend of another candidate, who attempted to improve his chances by repeating to the President some of these remarks of his former Secretary. The President at first replied that the Secretary was probably justified in his observations, but when the advocate pressed the point more earnestly, he received a reproof from the President which permanently suppressed further effort in that direction.

The appointment was made in November, as speedily as was appropriate after the vacancy occurred. The only direction of the President I ever consciously violated was when, after the appointment, I had the satisfaction of informing the Chief Justice that his appointment had been decided upon on the 30th of the previous June, after which the President had never contemplated any other. Not many days afterward I was shown a copy of a letter such as Mr. Chase alone could have written, in which he expressed his gratitude for the appointment, which he said he desired more than any other. Thus was the *entente cordiale* restored between these two eminent Americans, never again to be broken or interrupted. Among the sorrowing hearts around the dying bed of the republic's greatest President there was none more affectionate than that which beat in the bosom of his Chief Justice.

THE HEART OF THE DESERT.

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

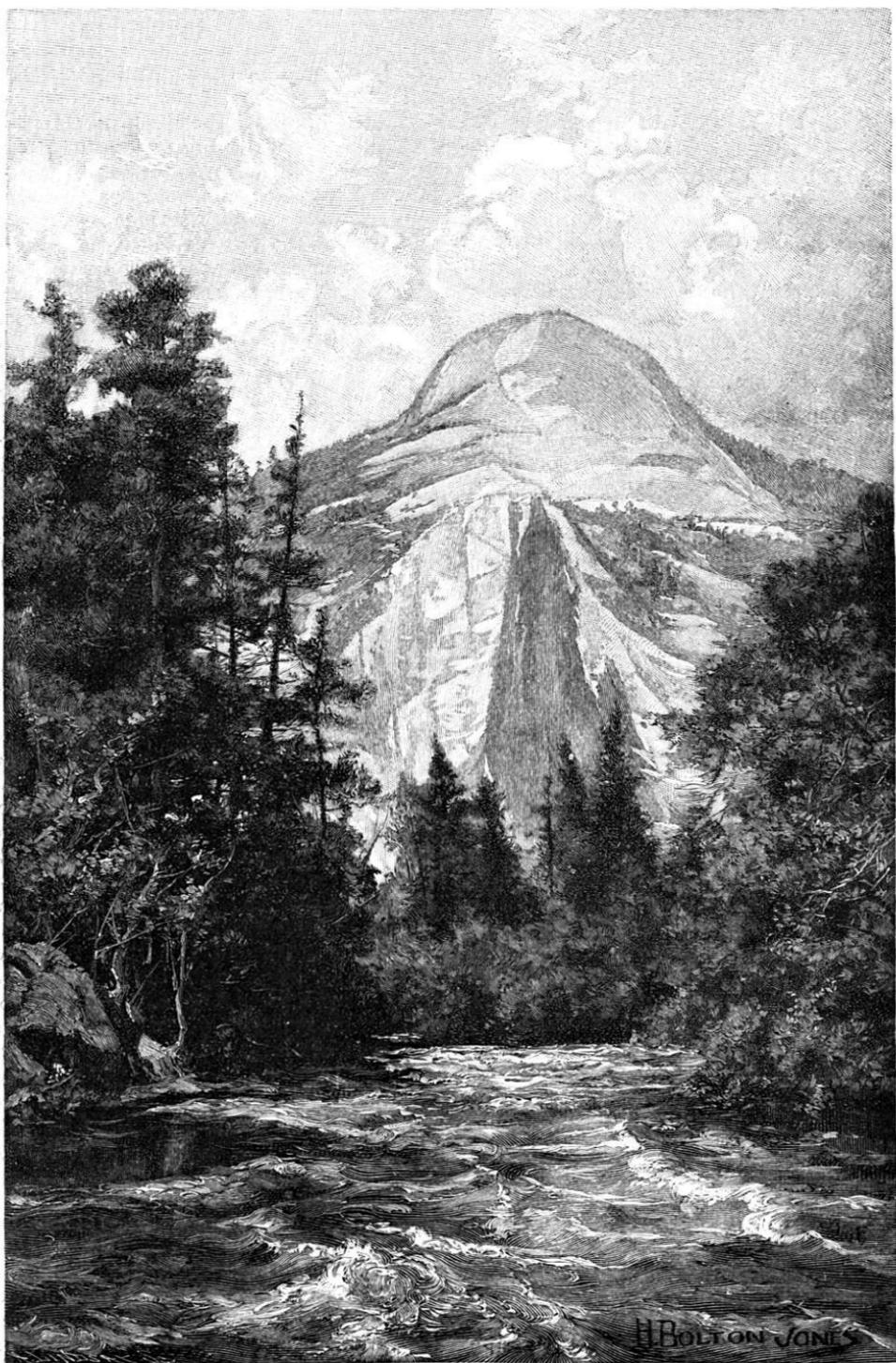
I WENT to it with reluctance. I shrink from attempting to say anything about it. If you knew that there was one spot on the earth where Nature kept her secret of secrets, the key to the action of her most gigantic and patient forces through the long eras, the marvel of constructive and destructive energy, in features of sublimity made possible to mental endurance by the most exquisite devices of painting and sculpture, the wonder which is without parallel or comparison, would you not hesitate to approach it? Would you not wander and delay with this and that wonder, and this and that beauty and nobility of scenery, putting off the day when the imagination, which is our highest gift, must be extinguished by the reality? The mind has this judicious timidity. Do we not loiter in the avenue of the temple, dallying with the vista of giant plane-trees and statues, and noting the carving and the color, mentally shrinking from the moment when the full glory shall burst upon us? We turn and look when we are near a summit, we pick a flower, we note the shape of the clouds, the passing breeze, before we take the last step that shall reveal to us the vast panorama of mountains and valleys.

I cannot bring myself to any description of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado by any other route, mental or physical, than that by which we reached it, by the way of such beauty as Monterey, such a wonder as the Yosemite, and the infinite and picturesque deserts of New Mexico and Arizona. I think the mind needs the training in the desert scenery to enable it to grasp the unique sublimity of the Grand Cañon.

The road to the Yosemite, after leaving the branch of the Southern Pacific at Raymond, is an unnecessarily fatiguing one. The journey by stage—sixty-five miles—is accomplished in less than two days—thirty-nine miles the first day, and twenty-six the second. The driving is necessarily slow, because two mountain ridges have to be surmounted, at an elevation each of about 6500 feet. The road is not a "road" at all as the term is understood in Switzerland, Spain, or in any highly civilized region—that is, a graded, smooth, hard, and sufficiently broad track. It is

a makeshift highway, generally narrow (often too narrow for two teams to pass), cast up with loose material, or excavated on the slopes with frequent short curves and double curves. Like all mountain roads which skirt precipices, it may seem "pokerish," but it is safe enough if the drivers are skilful and careful (all the drivers on this route are not only excellent, but exceedingly civil as well), and there is no break in wagon or harness. At the season this trip is made the weather is apt to be warm, but this would not matter so much if the road were not intolerably dusty. Over a great part of the way the dust rises in clouds and is stifling. On a well-engineered road, with a good road-bed, the time of passage might not be shortened, but the journey would be made with positive comfort and enjoyment, for though there is a certain monotony in the scenery, there is the wild freshness of nature, now and then an extensive prospect, a sight of the snow-clad Nevadas, and vast stretches of woodland; and a part of the way the forests are magnificent, especially the stupendous growth of the sugar-pine. These noble forests are now protected by their inaccessibility.

From 1855 to 1864, nine years, the Yosemite had 653 visitors; in 1864 there were 147. The number increased steadily till 1869, the year the overland railroad was completed, when it jumped to 1122. Between 4000 and 5000 persons visit it now each year. The number would be enormously increased if it could be reached by rail, and doubtless a road will be built to the valley in the near future, perhaps up the Merced River. I believe that the pilgrims who used to go to the Yosemite on foot or on horseback regret the building of the stage road, the enjoyment of the wonderful valley being somehow cheapened by the comparative ease of reaching it. It is feared that a railway would still further cheapen, if it did not vulgarize it, and that passengers by train would miss the mountain scenery, the splendid forests, the surprises of the way (like the first view of the valley from Inspiration Point), and that the Mariposa big trees would be further off the route than they are now. The traveller sees them now by driving eight miles from Wawona, the end of the



THE YOSEMITE DOME.

first day's staging. But the romance for the few there is in staging will have to give way to the greater comfort of the many by rail. The railway will do no more injury to the Yosemite than it has done to Niagara, and in fact will be the means of immensely increasing the comfort of the visitor's stay there, besides enabling tens of thousands of people to see it who cannot stand the fatigue of the stage ride over the present road. The Yosemite will remain as it is. The simplicity of its grand features is unassailable so long as the government protects the forests that surround it and the streams that pour into it. The visitor who goes there by rail will find plenty of adventure for days and weeks in following the mountain trails, ascending to the great points of view, exploring the cañons, or climbing so as to command the vast stretch of the snowy Sierras. Or, if he is not inclined to adventure, the valley itself will satisfy his highest imaginative flights of the sublime in rock masses and perpendicular ledges, and his sense of beauty in the graceful water-falls, rainbow colors, and exquisite lines of domes and pinnacles. It is in the grouping of objects of sublimity and beauty that the Yosemite excels. The narrow valley, with its gigantic walls, which vary in every change of the point of view, lends itself to the most astonishing scenic effects, and these the photograph has reproduced, so that the world is familiar with the striking features of the valley, and has a tolerably correct idea of the sublimity of some of these features. What the photograph cannot do is to give an impression of the unique grouping, of the majesty, and at times crushing weight upon the mind, of the forms and masses, of the atmospheric splendor and illusion, and of the total value of such an assemblage of wonders. The level surface of the peaceful park-like valley has much to do with the impression. The effect of El Capitan, seen across a meadow and rising from a beautiful park, is much greater than if it were encountered in a savage mountain gorge. The traveller may have seen elsewhere greater water-falls, and domes and spires of rock as surprising, but he has nowhere else seen such a combination as this. He may be fortified against surprise by the photographs he has seen and the reports of word painters, but he will not escape (say at Inspiration Point, or Artist Point, or other

lookouts) a quickening of the pulse and an elation which is physical as well as mental, in the sight of such unexpected sublimity and beauty. And familiarity will scarcely take off the edge of his delight, so varied are the effects in the passing hours and changing lights. The Rainbow Fall, when water is abundant, is exceedingly impressive as well as beautiful. Seen from the carriage road, pouring out of the sky overhead, it gives a sense of power, and at the proper hour before sunset, when the vast mass of leaping, foaming water is shot through with the colors of the spectrum, it is one of the most exquisite sights the world can offer; the elemental forces are overwhelming, but the loveliness is engaging. One turns from this to the noble mass of El Capitan with a shock of surprise, however often it may have been seen. This is the hour, also, in the time of high-water, to see the reflection of the Yosemite Falls. As a spectacle it is infinitely finer than anything at Mirror Lake, and is unique in its way. To behold this beautiful series of falls, flowing down out of the blue sky above, and flowing up out of an equally blue sky in the depths of the earth, is a sight not to be forgotten. And when the observer passes from these displays to the sight of the aerial domes in the upper end of the valley, new wonders opening at every turn of the forest road, his excitement has little chance of subsiding. He may be even a little oppressed. The valley, so verdant and friendly with grass and trees and flowers, is so narrow compared with the height of its perpendicular guardian walls, and this little secluded spot is so imprisoned in the gigantic mountains, that man has a feeling of helplessness in it. This powerlessness in the presence of elemental forces was heightened by the deluge of water. There had been an immense fall of snow the winter before, the Meneed was a raging torrent, overflowing its banks, and from every ledge poured a miniature cataract.

Noble simplicity is the key-note to the scenery of the Yosemite, and this is enhanced by the park-like appearance of the floor of the valley. The stems of the fine trees are in harmony with the perpendicular lines, and their foliage adds the necessary contrast to the gray rock masses. In order to preserve these forest trees, the underbrush, which is liable to make a conflagration in a dry season, should be re-



1. COAST OF MONTEREY. 2. CYPRESS POINT. 3. NEAR SEAL ROCK.

moved generally, and the view of the great features be left unimpeded. The minor cañons and the trails are of course left as much as possible to the riot of vegetation. The State commission, which labors under the disadvantages of getting its supplies from a Legislature that does not appreciate the value of the Yosemite to Cali-

fornia, has established a model trail service. The Yosemite, it need not be said, is a great attraction to tourists from all parts of the world; it is the interest of the State, therefore, to increase their number by improving the facilities for reaching it, and by resolutely preserving all the surrounding region from ravage.

This is as true of the Mariposa big tree region as of the valley. Indeed, more care is needed for the trees than for the great chasm, for man cannot permanently injure the distinctive features of the latter, while the destruction of the sequoias will be an irreparable loss to the State and to the world. The *Sequoia gigantea* differs in leaf, and size and shape of cone, from the great *Sequoia semper virens* on the coast near Santa Cruz; neither can be spared. The Mariposa trees, scattered along on a mountain ridge 6500 feet above the sea, do not easily obtain their victory, for they are a part of a magnificent forest of other growths, among which the noble

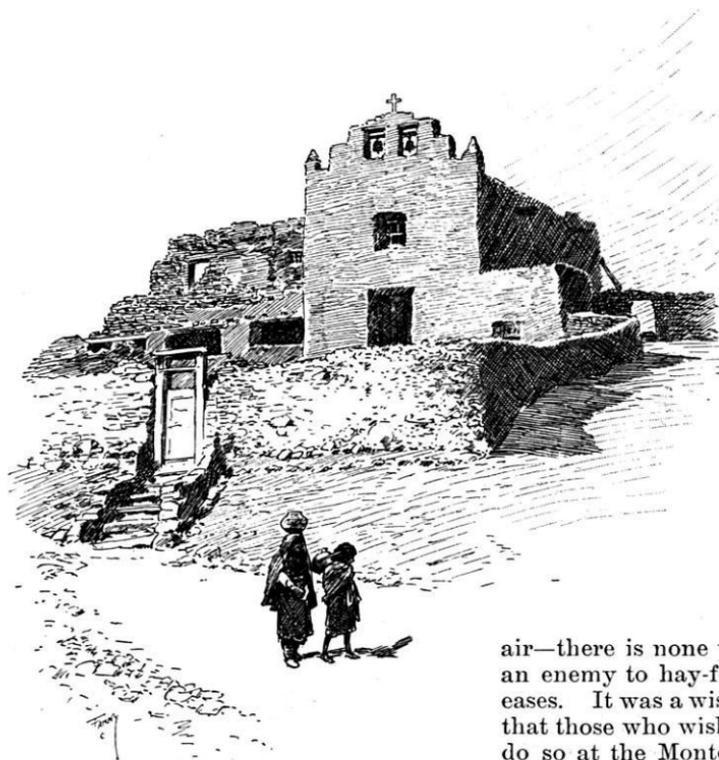
sugar-pine is conspicuous for its enormous size and graceful vigor. The sequoias dominate among splendid rivals only by a magnitude that has no comparison elsewhere in the world. I think no one can anticipate the effect that one of these monarchs will have upon him. He has read that a coach and six can drive through one of the trees that is standing; that another is thirty-three feet in diameter, and that its vast stem, 350 feet high, is crowned with a mass of foliage that seems to brush against the sky. He might be prepared for a tower one hundred feet in circumference, and even four hundred feet high, standing upon a level plain. But this living growth is quite another affair. Each tree is an individual, and has a personal character. No man can stand in the presence of one of these giants without a new sense of the age of the world and the insignificant span of one human life; but he is also overpowered by a sense of some gigantic personality. It does not relieve him to think of this as the Methuselah of trees, or to call it by the name of some great poet or captain. The awe the tree inspires is of itself. As one lies and looks up at the enormous bulk, it seems not so much the bulk, so lightly is it carried, as the spirit of the tree, the elastic vigor, the patience, the endurance of storm and change, the confident might, and the soaring, almost contemptuous pride, that overwhelm the puny spectator. It is just because man can measure himself, his littleness, his brevity of existence, with this growth out of the earth, that he is more personally impressed by it than he might be by the mere variation in the contour of the globe which is called a mountain. The imagination makes a plausible effort to comprehend it, and is foiled. No, clearly it is not mere size that impresses one; it is the dignity, the character in the tree, the authority and power of antiquity. Side by side of these venerable forms are young sequoias, great trees themselves, that have only just begun their millennial career—trees that will, if spared, perpetuate to remote ages this race of giants, and in two to four thousand years from now take the place of their great-grandfathers, who are sinking under the weight of years, and one by one measuring their length on the earth.

The transition from the sublime to the exquisitely lovely in nature can nowhere else be made with more celerity than from

the Sierras to the coast at Monterey. California abounds in such contrasts and surprises. After the great stirring of the emotions by the Yosemite and the Mariposa, the Hotel del Monte Park and vicinity offer repose, and make an appeal to the sense of beauty and refinement. Yet even here something unique is again encountered. I do not refer to the extraordinary beauty of the giant live-oaks and the landscape-gardening about the hotel, which have made Monterey famous the world over, but to the sea-beach drive of sixteen miles, which can scarcely be rivalled elsewhere either for marine loveliness or variety of coast scenery. It has points like the ocean drive at Newport, but is altogether on a grander scale, and shows a more poetic union of shore and sea; besides, it offers the curious and fascinating spectacles of the rocks inhabited by the sea-lions, and the Cypress Point. These huge uncouth creatures can be seen elsewhere, but probably nowhere else on this coast are they massed in greater numbers. The trees of Cypress Point are unique, this species of cypress having been found nowhere else. The long, never-ceasing swell of the Pacific incessantly flows up the many crescent sand beaches, casting up shells of brilliant hues, sea-weed, and kelp, which seems instinct with animal life, and flotsam from the far-off islands. But the rocks that lie off the shore, and the jagged points that project in fanciful forms, break the even great swell, and send the waters, churned into spray and foam, into the air with a thousand hues in the sun. The shock of these sharp collisions mingles with the heavy ocean boom. Cypress Point is one of the most conspicuous of these projections, and its strange trees creep out upon the ragged ledges almost to the water's edge. These cypresses are quite as instinct with individual life and quite as fantastic as any that Doré drew for his "Inferno." They are as gnarled and twisted as olive-trees two centuries old, but their attitudes seem not only to show struggle with the elements, but agony in that struggle. The agony may be that of torture in the tempest, or of some fabled creatures fleeing and pursued, stretching out their long arms in terror, and fixed in that writhing fear. They are creatures of the sea quite as much as of the land, and they give to this lovely coast a strange charm and fascination.



LAGUNA, FROM THE SOUTHEAST.



CHURCH AT LAGUNA.

The traveller to California by the Santa Fe route comes into the arid regions gradually, and finds each day a variety of objects of interest that upsets his conception of a monotonous desert land. If he chooses to break the continental journey midway, he can turn aside at Las Vegas to the Hot Springs. Here, at the head of a picturesque valley, is the Montezuma Hotel, a luxurious and handsome house, 6767 feet above sea-level, a great surprise in the midst of the broken and somewhat savage New-Mexican scenery. The low hills covered with pines and piñons, the romantic glens, and the wide views from the elevations about the hotel, make it an attractive place; and a great deal has been done, in the erection of bath-houses, ornamental gardening, and the grading of roads and walks, to make it a comfortable place. The latitude and the dryness of the atmosphere insure for the traveller from the North in our winter an agreeable reception, and the elevation makes the spot in the summer a desirable resort from Southern heat. It is a sani-

tarium as well as a pleasure resort. The Hot Springs have much the same character as the Töplitz waters in Bohemia, and the saturated earth—the *Mutter-lager*—furnishes the curative “mud baths” which are enjoyed at Marienbad and Carlsbad. The union of the climate, which is so favorable in diseases of the respiratory organs, with the waters, which do so much for rheumatic sufferers, gives a distinction to Las Vegas Hot Springs. This New-Mexican

air—there is none purer on the globe—is an enemy to hay-fever and malarial diseases. It was a wise enterprise to provide that those who wish to try its efficacy can do so at the Montezuma without giving up any of the comforts of civilized life.

It is difficult to explain to one who has not seen it, or will not put himself in the leisurely frame of mind to enjoy it, the charms of the desert of the high plateaus of New Mexico and Arizona. Its arid character is not so impressive as its ancientness; and the part which interests us is not only the procession of the long geologic eras, visible in the extinct volcanoes, the *barrancas*, the painted buttes, the petrified forests, but as well in the evidences of civilizations gone by, or the remains of them surviving in our day—the cliff dwellings, the ruins of cities that were thriving when Coronado sent his lieutenants through the region three centuries ago, and the present residences of the Pueblo Indians, either villages perched upon an almost inaccessible rock like Acamo, or clusters of adobe dwellings like Isleta and Laguna. The Pueblo Indians, of whom the Zuñis are a tribe, have been dwellers in villages and cultivators of the soil and of the arts of peace immemorially, a gentle, amiable race. It is indeed such a race as one would expect to find in the land of the sun and the cactus. Their manners and their arts attest their antiquity and a long refinement in fixed

dwellings and occupations. The whole region is a most interesting field for the antiquarian.

We stopped one day at Laguna, which is on the Santa Fe line west of Isleta, another Indian pueblo at the Atlantic and

zontal ledges in the distance. Laguna is built upon a rounded elevation of rock. Its appearance is exactly that of a Syrian village, the same cluster of little, square, flat-roofed houses in terraces, the same brown color, and under the same pale



TERRACED HOUSES, PUEBLO OF LAGUNA.

Pacific junction, where the road crosses the Rio Grande del Norte west of Albuquerque. Near Laguna a little stream called the Rio Puerco flows southward and joins the Rio Grande. There is verdure along these streams, and gardens and fruit orchards repay the rude irrigation. In spite of these watercourses the aspect of the landscape is wild and desert-like—low barren hills and ragged ledges, wide sweeps of sand and dry gray bushes, with mountains and long lines of hori-

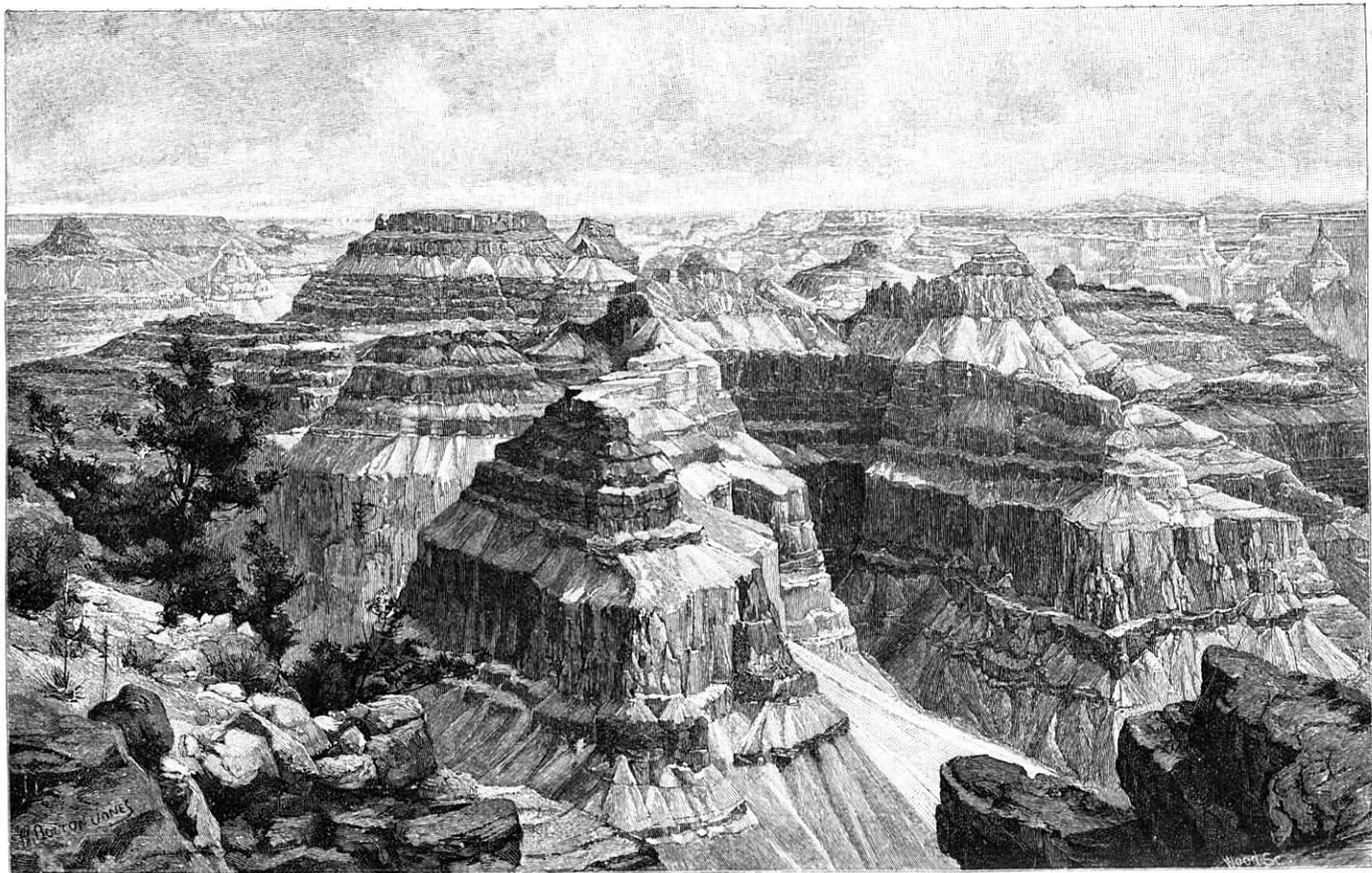
zontal ledges in the distance. And the resemblance was completed by the figures of the women on the roofs, or moving down the slope, erect and supple, carrying on the head a water jar, and holding together by one hand the mantle worn like a Spanish *rebozo*. The village is irregularly built, without much regard to streets or alleys, and it has no special side of entrance or approach. Every side presents a blank wall of adobe, and the entrance seems quite by chance. Yet the way we went

over, the smooth slope was worn here and there in channels three or four inches deep, as if by the passing feet of many generations. The only semblance of architectural regularity is in the plaza, not perfectly square, upon which some of the houses look, and where the annual dances take place. The houses have the effect of being built in terraces rising one above the other, but it is hard to say exactly what a house is—whether it is anything more than one room. You can reach some of the houses only by aid of a ladder. You enter others from the street. If you will go further, you must climb a ladder, which brings you to the roof, that is used as the sitting-room or door-yard of the next room. From this room you may still ascend to others, or you may pass through low and small doorways to other apartments. It is all hap-hazard, but exceedingly picturesque. You may find some of the family in every room, or they may be gathered, women and babies, on a roof which is protected by a parapet. At the time of our visit the men were all away at work in their fields. Notwithstanding the houses are only sundried bricks, and the village is without water or street commissioners, I was struck by the universal cleanliness. There was no refuse in the corners or alleys, no odors, and many of the rooms were patterns of neatness. To be sure, an old woman here and there kept her hens in an adjoining apartment above her own, and there was the litter of children and of rather careless house-keeping. But, taken altogether, the town is an example for some more civilized, whose inhabitants wash oftener and dress better than these Indians.

We were put on friendly terms with the whole settlement through three or four young maidens who had been at the Carlisle school, and spoke English very prettily. They were of the ages of fifteen and sixteen, and some of them had been five years away. They came back, so far as I could learn, gladly to their own people and to the old ways. They had resumed the Indian dress, which is much more becoming to them, as I think they know, than that which had been imposed upon them. I saw no books. They do not read any now, and they appear to be perfectly content with the idle drudgery of their semi-savage condition. In time they will marry in their tribe, and

the school episode will be a thing of the past. But not altogether. The pretty Josephine, who was our best cicerone about the place, a girl of lovely eyes and modest mien, showed us with pride her own room, or "house," as she called it, neat as could be, simply furnished with an iron bedstead and snow-white cot, a mirror, chair, and table, and a trunk, and some "advertising" prints on the walls. She said that she was needed at home to cook for her aged mother, and her present ambition was to make money enough by the sale of pottery and curios to buy a cooking stove, so that she could cook more as the whites do. The house-work of the family had mainly fallen upon her; but it was not burdensome, I fancied, and she and the other girls of her age had leisure to go to the station on the arrival of every train, in hope of selling something to the passengers, and to sit on the rocks in the sun and dream as maidens do. I fancy it would be better for Josephine and for all the rest if there were no station and no passing trains. The elder women were uniformly ugly, but not repulsive like the Mojaves; the place swarmed with children, and the babies, aged women, and pleasing young girls grouped most effectively on the roofs.

The whole community were very complaisant and friendly when we came to know them well, which we did in the course of an hour, and they enjoyed as much as we did the bargaining for pottery. They have for sale a great quantity of small pieces, fantastic in form and brilliantly colored—toys, in fact; but we found in their houses many beautiful jars of large size and excellent shape, decorated most effectively. The ordinary utensils for cooking and for cooling water are generally pretty in design and painted artistically. Like the ancient Peruvians, they make many vessels in the forms of beasts and birds. Some of the designs of the decoration are highly conventionalized, and others are just in the proper artistic line of the natural—a spray with a bird, or a sunflower on its stalk. The ware is all unglazed, exceedingly light and thin, and baked so hard that it has a metallic sound when struck. Some of the large jars are classic in shape, and recall in form and decoration the ancient Cypriote ware, but the colors are commonly brilliant and barbaric. The designs seem to be indigenous, and to betray



GRAND CAÑON OF THE COLORADO—VIEW FROM POINT SUBLIME.

little Spanish influence. The art displayed in this pottery is indeed wonderful, and, to my eye, much more effective and lastingly pleasing than much of our cultivated decoration. A couple of handsome jars that I bought of an old woman, she assured me she made and decorated herself; but I saw no ovens there, nor any signs of manufacture, and suppose that most of the ware is made at Acoma.

It did not seem to be a very religious community, although the town has a Catholic church, and I understand that Protestant services are sometimes held in the place. The church is not much frequented, and the only evidence of devotion I encountered was in a woman who wore a large and handsome silver cross, made by the Navajos. When I asked its price, she clasped it to her bosom, with an upward look full of faith and of refusal to part with her religion at any price. The church, which is adobe, and at least two centuries old, is one of the most interesting I have seen anywhere. It is a simple parallelogram, 104 feet long and 21 feet broad, the gable having an opening in which the bells hang. The interior is exceedingly curious, and its decorations are worth reproduction. The floor is of earth, and many of the tribe who were distinguished and died long ago are said to repose under its smooth surface, with nothing to mark their place of sepulture. It has an open timber roof, the beams supported upon carved corbels. The ceiling is made of wooden sticks, about two inches in diameter and some four feet long, painted in alternated colors—red, blue, orange, and black—and so twisted or woven together as to produce the effect of plaited straw, a most novel and agreeable decoration. Over the entrance is a small gallery, the under roof of which is composed of sticks laid in straw pattern and colored. All around the walls runs a most striking dado, an odd, angular pattern, with conventionalized birds at intervals, painted in strong yet *fade* colors—red, yellow, black, and white. The north wall is without windows; all the light, when the door is closed, comes from two irregular windows, without glass, high up in the south wall. The chancel walls are covered with frescoes, and there are several quaint paintings, some of them not very bad in color and drawing. The altar, which is supported at the sides by twisted wooden pil-

lars carved with a knife, is hung with ancient sheepskins brightly painted. Back of the altar are some archaic wooden images, colored; and over the altar, on the ceiling, are the stars of heaven, and the sun and the moon, each with a face in it. The interior was scrupulously clean and sweet and restful to one coming in from the glare of the sun on the desert. It was evidently little used, and the Indians who accompanied us seemed under no strong impression of its sanctity; but we liked to linger in it, it was so *bizarre*, so picturesque, and exhibited in its rude decoration so much taste. Two or three small birds flitting about seemed to enjoy the coolness and the subdued light, and were undisturbed by our presence.

These are children of the desert, kin in their condition and the influences that formed them to the sedentary tribes of upper Egypt and Arabia, who pitch their villages upon the rocky eminences, and depend for subsistence upon irrigation and scant pasturage. Their habits are those of the dwellers in an arid land which has little in common with the wilderness—the inhospitable northern wilderness of rain and frost and snow. Rain, to be sure, insures some sort of vegetation in the most forbidding and intractable country, but that does not save the harsh landscape from being unattractive. The high plateaus of New Mexico and Arizona have everything that the rainy wilderness lacks—sunshine, heaven's own air, immense breadth of horizon, color and infinite beauty of outline, and a warm soil with unlimited possibilities when moistened. All that these deserts need is water. A fatal want? No. That is simply saying that science can do for this region what it cannot do for the high wilderness of frost—by the transportation of water transform it into gardens of bloom and fields of fruitfulness. The wilderness shall be made to feed the desert.

I confess that these deserts in the warm latitudes fascinate me. Perhaps it is because I perceive in them such a chance for the triumph of the skill of man, seeing how, here and there, his energy has pushed the desert out of his path across the continent. But I fear that I am not so practical. To many the desert in its stony sterility, its desolateness, its unbroken solitude, its fantastic savageness, is either appalling or repulsive. To them it is tiresome and monotonous. The vast



INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH AT LAGUNA.

plains of Kansas and Nebraska are monotonous even in the agricultural green of summer. Not so to me the desert. It is as changeable in its lights and colors as the ocean. It is even in its general features of sameness never long the same. If you traverse it on foot or on horseback, there is ever some minor novelty. And on the swift train, if you draw down the curtain against the glare, or turn to your book, you are sure to miss something of interest—a deep cañon rift in the plain, a turn that gives a wide view glowing in a hundred hues in the sun, a savage gorge with beetling rocks, a solitary butte or red truncated pyramid thrust up into the blue sky, a horizontal ledge cutting the horizon line as straight as a ruler for miles, a pointed cliff uplifted sheer from the plain and laid in regular courses of

Cyclopean masonry, the battlements of a fort, a terraced castle with towers and esplanade, a great trough of a valley, gray and parched, enclosed by far purple mountains. And then the unlimited freedom of it, its infinite expansion, its air like wine to the senses, the floods of sunshine, the waves of color, the translucent atmosphere that aids the imagination to create in the distance all architectural splendors and realms of peace. It is all like a mirage and a dream. We pass swiftly, and make a moving panorama of beauty in hues, of strangeness in forms, of sublimity in extent, of overawing and savage antiquity. I would miss none of it. And when we pass to the accustomed again, to the fields of verdure and the forests and the hills of green, and are limited in view and shut in by that which we love, after

all, better than the arid land, I have a great longing to see again the desert, to be a part of its vastness, and to feel once more the freedom and inspiration of its illimitable horizons.

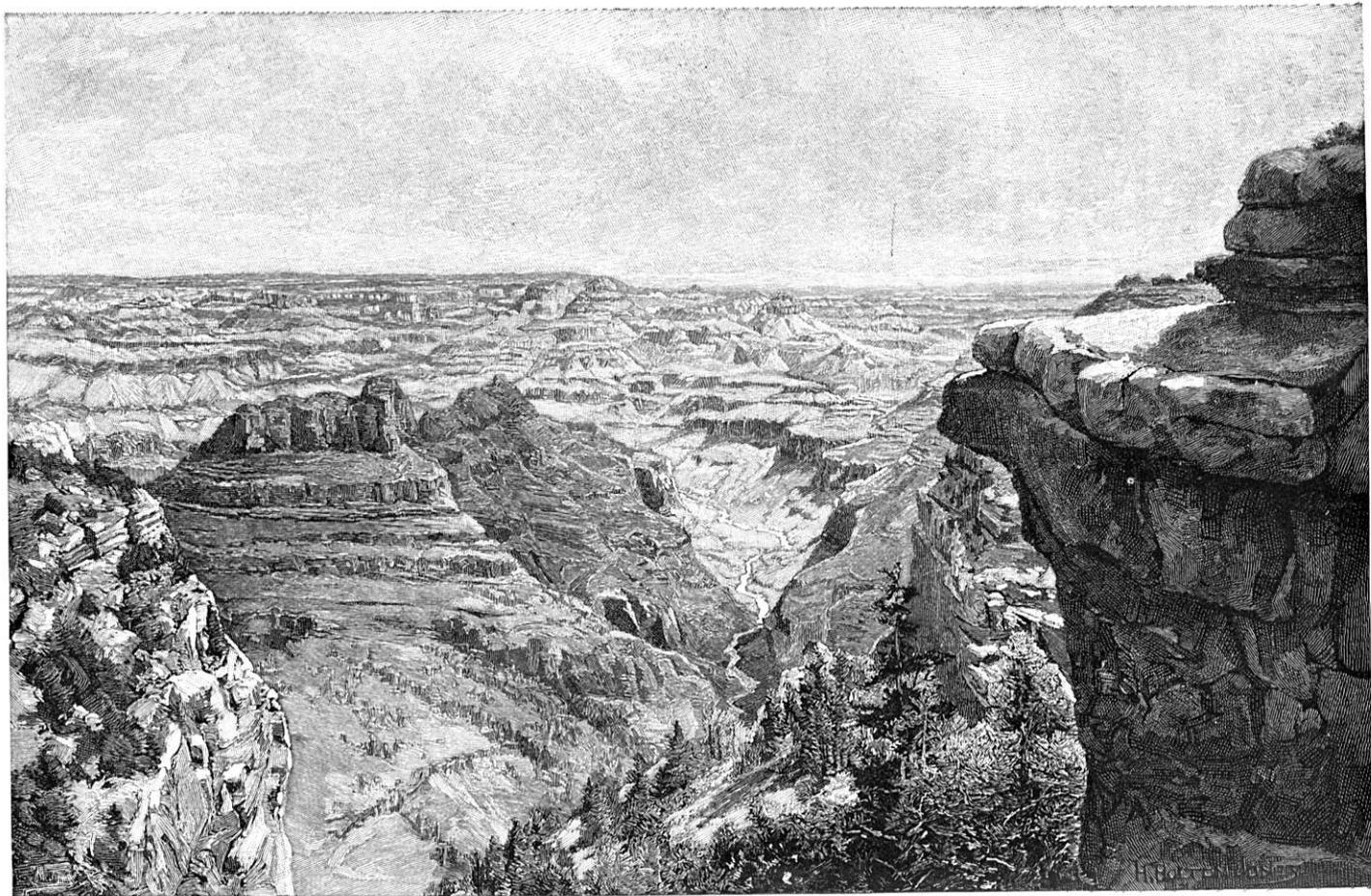
There is an arid region lying in northern Arizona and southern Utah which has been called the District of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. The area, roughly estimated, contains from 13,000 to 16,000 square miles—about the size of the State of Maryland. This region, fully described by the explorers and studied by the geologists in the United States service, but little known to even the travelling public, is probably the most interesting territory of its size on the globe. At least it is unique. In attempting to convey an idea of it the writer can be assisted by no comparison, nor can he appeal in the minds of his readers to any experience of scenery that can apply here. The so-called Grand Cañon differs not in degree from all other scenes; it differs in kind.

The Colorado River flows southward through Utah, and crosses the Arizona line below the junction with the San Juan. It continues southward, flowing deep in what is called the Marble Cañon, till it is joined by the Little Colorado, coming up from the southeast; it then turns westward in a devious line until it drops straight south, and forms the western boundary of Arizona. The centre of the district mentioned is the westwardly flowing part of the Colorado. South of the river is the Colorado Plateau, at a general elevation of about 7000 feet. North of it the land is higher, and ascends in a series of plateaus, and then terraces, a succession of cliffs like a great stairway, rising to the high plateaus of Utah. The plateaus, adjoining the river on the north and well marked by north and south dividing lines, or faults, are, naming them from east to west, the Paria, the Kaibab, the Kanab, the Uinkaret, and the Sheavitz, terminating in a great wall on the west, the Great Wash fault, where the surface of the country drops at once from a general elevation of 6000 feet to from 1300 to 3000 feet above the sea-level—into a desolate and formidable desert.

If the Grand Cañon itself did not dwarf everything else, the scenery of these plateaus would be superlative in interest. It is not all desert, nor are the gorges, cañons, cliffs, and terraces, which gradually prepare the mind for the compre-

hension of the Grand Cañon, the only wonders of this land of enchantment. These are contrasted with the sylvan scenery of the Kaibab plateau, its giant forests and parks, and broad meadows decked in the summer with wild flowers in dense masses of scarlet, white, purple, and yellow. The Vermilion Cliffs, the Pink Cliffs, the White Cliffs, surpass in fantastic form and brilliant color anything that the imagination conceives possible in nature, and there are dreamy landscapes quite beyond the most exquisite fancies of Claude and of Turner. The region is full of wonders, of beauties, and sublimities that Shelley's imaginings do not match in the "Prometheus Unbound," and when it becomes accessible to the tourist it will offer endless field for the delight of those whose minds can rise to the heights of the sublime and the beautiful. In all imaginative writing or painting the material used is that of human experience, otherwise it could not be understood, even heaven must be described in the terms of an earthly paradise. Human experience has no prototype of this region, and the imagination has never conceived of its forms and colors. It is impossible to convey an adequate idea of it by pen or pencil or brush. The reader who is familiar with the glowing descriptions in the official reports of Major J. W. Powell, Captain C. E. Dutton, Lieutenant Ives, and others, will not save himself from a shock of surprise when the reality is before him. This paper deals only with a single view in this marvellous region.

The point where we struck the Grand Cañon, approaching it from the south, is opposite the promontory in the Kaibab Plateau named Point Sublime by Major Powell, just north of the 36th parallel, and 112° 15' west longitude. This is only a few miles west of the junction with the Little Colorado. About three or four miles west of this junction the river enters the east slope of the east Kaibab monocline, and here the Grand Cañon begins. Rapidly the chasm deepens to about 6000 feet, or rather it penetrates a higher country, the slope of the river remaining about the same. Through this lofty plateau—an elevation of 7000 to 9000 feet—the chasm extends for sixty miles, gradually changing its course to the north-west, and entering the Kanab Plateau. The Kaibab division of the Grand Cañon



GRAND CAÑON OF THE COLORADO—VIEW OPPOSITE POINT SUBLIME.



TOURISTS IN THE COLORADO CAÑON.

is by far the sublimest of all, being 1000 feet deeper than any other. It is not grander only on account of its greater depth, but it is broader and more diversified with magnificent architectural features.

The Kanab division, only less magnificent than the Kaibab, receives the Kanab Cañon from the north and the Cataract Cañon from the south, and ends at the Toroweap Valley.

The section of the Grand Cañon seen by those who take the route from Peach Springs is between 113° and 114° west longitude, and, though wonderful, presents few of the great features of either the Kaibab or the Kanab divisions. The Grand Cañon ends, west longitude 114° , at the Great Wash, west of the Hurricane Ledge or Fault. Its whole length from Little Colorado to the Great Wash, measured by the meanderings of the surface

of the river, is 220 miles; by a median line between the crests of the summits of the walls with two-mile cords, about 195 miles; the distance in a straight line is 125 miles.

In our journey to the Grand Cañon we left the Santa Fe line at Flagstaff, a new town with a lively lumber industry, in the midst of a spruce-pine forest which occupies the broken country through which the road passes for over 50 miles. The forest is open, the trees of moderate size are too thickly set with low-growing limbs to make clean lumber, and the foliage furnishes the min-

imum of shade; but the change to these woods is a welcome one from the treeless reaches of the desert on either side. The cañon is also reached from Williams, the next station west, the distance being a little shorter, and the point on the cañon visited being usually a little further west. But the Flagstaff route is for many reasons usually preferred. Flagstaff lies just southeast of the San Francisco Mountain, and on the great Colorado Plateau, which has a pretty uniform elevation of about 7000 feet above the sea. The whole region is full of interest. Some of the most remarkable cliff dwellings are within 10 miles of Flagstaff, on the Walnut Creek Cañon. At Holbrook, 100 miles east, the traveller finds a road some 40 miles long, that leads to the great petrified forest, or Chalcedony Park. Still further east are the villages of the Pueblo Indians, near the line, while to the northward is the great reservation of the Navajos, a nomadic tribe celebrated for its fine blankets and pretty work in silver—a tribe that preserves much of its manly independence by shunning the charity of the United States. No Indians have come into intimate or dependent relations with the whites without being deteriorated.

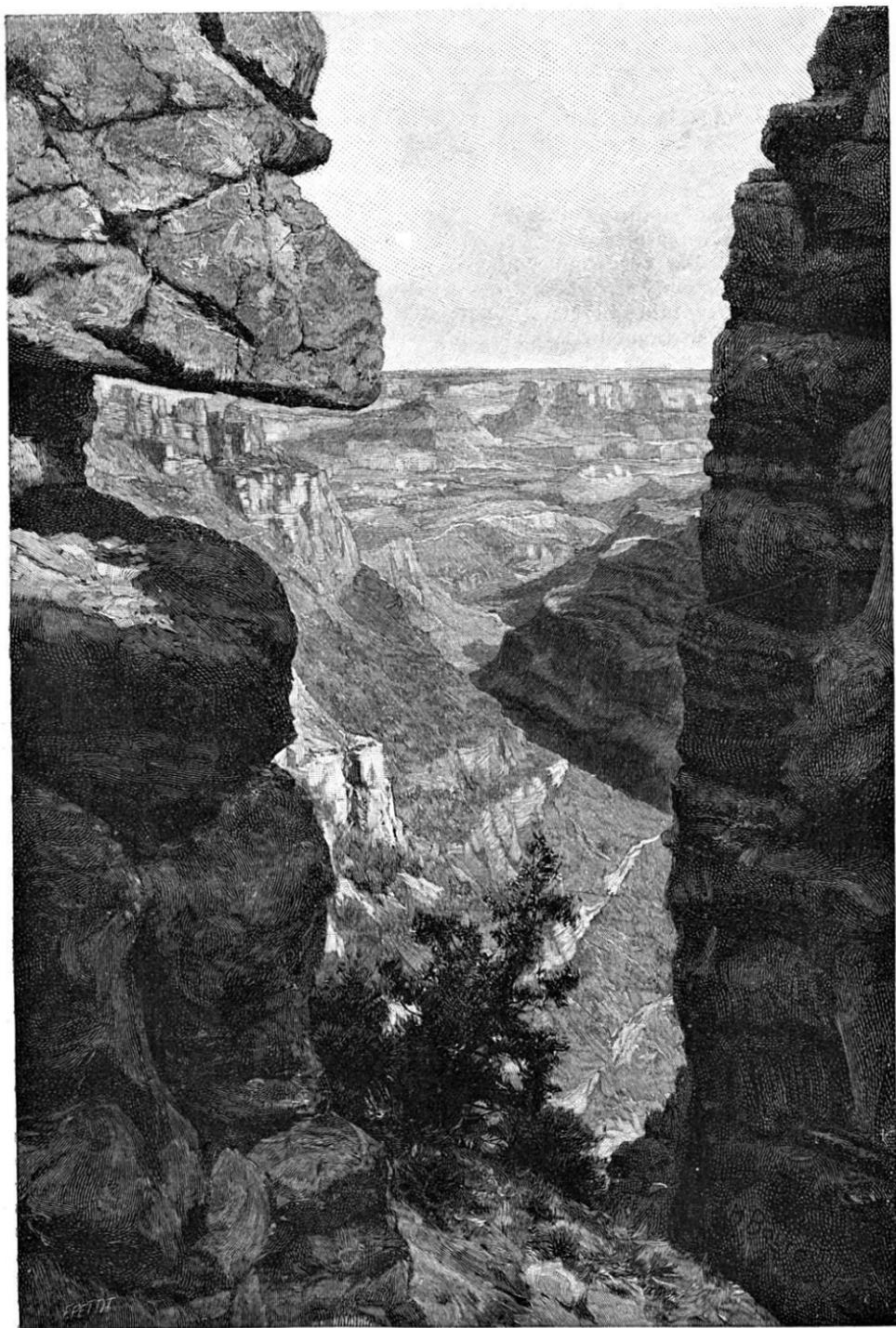
Flagstaff is the best present point of departure, because it has a small hotel, good supply stores, and a large livery-stable, made necessary by the business of the place and the objects of interest in the neighborhood, and because one reaches from there by the easiest road the finest scenery incomparably on the Colorado. The distance is 76 miles through a practically uninhabited country, much of it a desert, and with water very infrequent. No work has been done on the road; it is made simply by driving over it. There are a few miles here and there of fair wheeling, but a good deal of it is intolerably dusty or exceedingly stony, and progress is slow. In the daytime (it was the last of June) the heat is apt to be excessive; but this could be borne, the air is so absolutely dry and delicious, and breezes occasionally spring up, if it were not for the dust. It is, notwithstanding the novelty of the adventure and of the scenery by the way, a tiresome journey of two days. A day of rest is absolutely required at the cañon, so that five days must be allowed for the trip. This will cost the traveller, according to the size of the party made up, from forty to fifty dollars. But a much longer sojourn at the cañon is desirable.

Our party of seven was stowed in and on an old Concord coach drawn by six horses, and piled with camp equipage, bedding, and provisions. A four-horse team followed, loaded with other supplies and cooking utensils. The road lies on the east side of the San Francisco Mountain. Returning, we passed around its west side, gaining thus a complete view of this shapely peak. The compact range is a group of extinct volcanoes, the craters of which are distinctly visible. The cup-like summit of the highest is 13,000 feet above the sea, and snow always lies on the north escarpment. Rising about 6000 feet above the point of view of the great plateau, it is from all sides a noble object, the dark rock, snow-sprinkled, rising out of the dense growth of pine and cedar. We drove at first through open pine forests, through park-like intervals, over the foot-hills of the mountain, through growths of scrub cedar, and out into the ever-varying rolling country to widely extended prospects. Two considerable hills on our right attracted us by their unique beauty. Upon the summit and side of each was a red glow exactly like the tint of sunset.

We thought surely that it was the effect of reflected light, but the sky was cloudless and the color remained constant. The color came from the soil. The first was called Sunset Mountain. One of our party named the other, and the more beautiful, Peachblow Mountain, a poetic and perfectly descriptive name.

We lunched at noon beside a swift, clouded, cold stream of snow water from the San Francisco, along which grew a few gnarled cedars and some brilliant wild flowers. The scene was more than picturesque; in the clear hot air of the desert the distant landscape made a hundred pictures of beauty. Behind us the dark form of San Francisco rose up 6000 feet to its black crater and fields of spotless snow. Away off to the northeast, beyond the brown and gray pastures, across a far line distinct in dull color, lay the *Painted Desert*, like a mirage, like a really painted landscape, glowing in red and orange and pink, an immense city rather than a landscape, with towers and terraces and façades, melting into indistinctness as in a rosy mist, spectral but constant, weltering in a tropic glow and heat, walls and columns and shafts, the wreck of an Oriental capital on a wide violet plain, suffused with brilliant color softened into exquisite shades. All over this region Nature has such surprises, that laugh at our inadequate conception of her resources.

Our camp for the night was at the next place where water could be obtained, a station of the Arizona Cattle Company. Abundant water is piped down to it from mountain springs. The log house and stable of the cow-boys were unoccupied, and we pitched our tent on a knoll by the corral. The night was absolutely dry, and sparkling with the starlight. A part of the company spread their blankets on the ground under the sky. It is apt to be cold in this region toward morning, but lodging in the open air is no hardship in this delicious climate. The next day the way part of the distance, with only a road marked by wagon wheels, was through extensive and barren-looking cattle ranges, through pretty vales of grass surrounded by stunted cedars, and over stony ridges and plains of sand and small boulders. The water having failed at Red Horse, the only place where it is usually found in the day's march, our horses went without, and we had recourse to our canteens. The



GRAND CAÑON OF THE COLORADO—VIEW FROM THE HANCE TRAIL.

whole country is essentially arid, but snow falls in the winter-time, and its melting, with occasional showers in the summer, creates what are called surface wells, made by drainage. Many of them go dry by June. There had been no rain in the region since the last of March, but clouds were gathering daily, and showers are always expected in July. The phenomenon of rain on this baked surface, in this hot air, and with this immense horizon, is very interesting. Showers in this tentative time are local. In our journey we saw showers far off, we experienced a dash for ten minutes, but it was local, covering not more than a mile or two square. We have in sight a vast canopy of blue sky, of forming and dispersing clouds. It is difficult for them to drop their moisture in the rising columns of hot air. The result at times was a very curious spectacle—rain in the sky that did not reach the earth. Perhaps some cold current high above us would condense the moisture, which would begin to fall in long trailing sweeps, blown like fine folds of muslin, or like sheets of dissolving sugar, and then the hot air of the earth would dissipate it, and the showers would be absorbed in the upper regions. The heat was sometimes intense, but at intervals a refreshing wind would blow, the air being as fickle as the rain; and now and then we would see a slender column of dust, a thousand or two feet high, marching across the desert, apparently not more than two feet in diameter, and wavering like the threads of moisture that tried in vain to reach the earth as rain. Of life there was not much to be seen in our desert route. In the first day we encountered no habitation except the ranch-house mentioned, and saw no human being; and the second day none except the solitary occupant of the dried well at Red Horse, and two or three Indians on the hunt. A few squirrels were seen, and a rabbit now and then, and occasionally a bird. The general impression was that of a deserted land. But antelope abound in the timber regions, and we saw several of these graceful creatures quite near us. Excellent antelope steaks, bought of the wandering Indian hunters, added something to our "canned" supplies. One day as we lunched, without water, on the cedar slope of a lovely grass interval, we saw coming toward us over the swells of the prairie a figure of a man on a horse. It rode to us straight as the

crow flies. The Indian pony stopped not two feet from where our group sat, and the rider, who was an Oualapai chief, clad in sacking, with the print of the brand of flour or salt on his back, dismounted with his Winchester rifle, and stood silently looking at us without a word of salutation. He stood there, impassive, until we offered him something to eat. Having eaten all we gave him, he opened his mouth and said, "Smoke 'em?" Having procured from the other wagon a pipe of tobacco and a pull at the driver's canteen, he returned to us all smiles. His only baggage was the skull of an antelope, with the horns, hung at his saddle. Into this he put the bread and meat which we gave him, mounted the wretched pony, and without a word rode straight away. At a little distance he halted, dismounted, and motioned toward the edge of the timber, where he had spied an antelope. But the game eluded him, and he mounted again and rode off across the desert—a strange figure. His tribe lives in the cañon some fifty miles west, and was at present encamped, for the purpose of hunting, in the pine woods not far from the point we were aiming at.

The way seemed long. With the heat and dust and slow progress, it was exceedingly wearisome. Our modern nerves are not attuned to the slow crawling of a prairie wagon. There had been growing for some time in the coach a feeling that the journey did not pay, that, in fact, no mere scenery could compensate for the fatigue of the trip. The imagination did not rise to it. "It will have to be a very big cañon," said the Duchess.

Late in the afternoon we entered an open pine forest, passed through a meadow where the Indians had set their camp by a shallow pond, and drove along a ridge, in the cool shades, for three or four miles. Suddenly, on the edge of a descent, we who were on the box saw through the tree-tops a vision that stopped the pulse for a second, and filled us with excitement. It was only a glimpse, far off and apparently lifted up—red towers, purple cliffs, wide-spread apart, hints of color and splendor; on the right distance, mansions, gold and white and carmine (so the light made them), architectural habitations in the sky it must be, and suggestions of others far off in the middle distance, a substantial aerial city, or the ruins of one, such as the prophet saw in a vision. It

was only a glimpse. Our hearts were in our mouths. We had a vague impression of something wonderful, fearful, some incomparable splendor that was not earthly. Were we drawing near the "City"? and should we have yet a more perfect view thereof? Was it Jerusalem, or some Hindoo temples, there in the sky? "It was builded of pearls and precious stones, also the streets were paved with gold; so that by reason of the natural glory of the City, and the reflection of the sunbeams upon it, Christian with desire fell sick." It was a momentary vision of a vast amphitheatre of splendor, mostly hidden by the trees and the edge of the plateau.

We descended into a hollow. There was the well, a log cabin, a tent or two under the pine-trees. We dismounted with impatient haste. The sun was low in the horizon, and had long withdrawn from this grassy dell. Tired as we were, we could not wait. It was only to ascend the little steep, stony slope—300 yards—and we should see! Our party were straggling up the hill. Two or three had reached the edge. I looked up. The Duchess threw up her arms and screamed. We were not fifteen paces behind, but we saw nothing. We took the few steps, and the whole magnificence broke upon us. No one could be prepared for it. The scene is one to strike dumb with awe, or to unstring the nerves; one might stand in silent astonishment, another would burst into tears.

There are some experiences that cannot be repeated—one's first view of Rome, one's first view of Jerusalem. But these emotions are produced by association, by the sudden standing face to face with the scenes most wrought into our whole life and education by tradition and religion. This was without association, as it was without parallel. It was a shock so novel that the mind, dazed, quite failed to comprehend it. All that we could grasp was a vast confusion of amphitheatres and strange architectural forms resplendent with color. The vastness of the view amazed us quite as much as its transcendent beauty.

We had expected a cañon—two lines of perpendicular walls 6000 feet high, with the ribbon of a river at the bottom. But the reader may dismiss all his notions of a cañon, indeed of any sort of mountain or gorge scenery with which he is familiar. We had come into a new world. What

we saw was not a cañon, or a chasm, or a gorge, but a vast area which is a break in the plateau. From where we stood it was 12 miles across to the opposite walls—a level line of mesa on the Utah side. We looked up and down for 20 to 30 miles. This great space is filled with gigantic architectural constructions, with amphitheatres, gorges, precipices, walls of masonry, fortresses terraced up to the level of the eye, temples mountain size, all brilliant with horizontal lines of color—streaks of solid hues a few feet in width, streaks a thousand feet in width—yellows, mingled white and gray, orange, dull red, brown, blue, carmine, green, all blending in the sunlight into one transcendent suffusion of splendor. Afar off we saw the river in two places, a mere thread, as motionless and smooth as a strip of mirror, only we knew it was a turbid boiling torrent, 6000 feet below us. Directly opposite the overhanging ledge on which we stood was a mountain, the sloping base of which was ashy gray and bluish; it rose in a series of terraces to a thousand feet wall of dark red sandstone, receding upward, with ranges of columns and many fantastic sculptures, to a final row of gigantic opera-glasses 6000 feet above the river. The great San Francisco Mountain, with its snowy crater, which we had passed on the way, might have been set down in the place of this one, and it would have been only one in a multitude of such forms that met the eye whichever way we looked. Indeed, all the vast mountains in this region might be hidden in this cañon.

Wandering a little away from the group and out of sight, and turning suddenly to the scene from another point of view, I experienced for a moment an indescribable terror of nature, a confusion of mind, a fear to be alone in such a presence. With all this grotesqueness and majesty of form and radiance of color, creation seemed in a whirl. With our education in scenery of a totally different kind, I suppose it would need long acquaintance with this to familiarize one with it to the extent of perfect mental comprehension.

The vast abyss has an atmosphere of its own, one always changing and producing new effects, an atmosphere and shadows and tones of its own—golden, rosy, gray, brilliant, and sombre, and playing a thousand fantastic tricks to the vi-

sion. The rich and wonderful color effects, says Captain Dutton, "are due to the inherent colors of the rocks, modified by the atmosphere. Like any other great series of strata in the plateau province, the carboniferous has its own range of colors, which might serve to distinguish it even if we had no other criterion. The summit strata are pale gray, with a faint yellowish cast. Beneath them the cross-bedded sandstone appears, showing a mottled surface of pale pinkish hue. Underneath this member are nearly 1000 feet of the lower Aubrey sandstones, displaying an intensely brilliant red, which is somewhat marked by the talus shot down from the gray cherty limestone at the summit. Beneath the lower Aubrey is the face of the Red Wall limestone, from 2000 to 3000 feet high. It has a strong red tone, but a very peculiar one. Most of the red strata of the west have the brownish or vermilion tones, but these are rather purplish-red, as if the pigment had been treated to a dash of blue. It is not quite certain that this may not arise in part from the intervention of the blue haze, and probably it is rendered more conspicuous by this cause; but, on the whole, the purplish cast seems to be inherent. This is the dominant color of the cañon, for the expanse of the rock surface displayed is more than half in the Red Wall group."

I was continually likening this to a vast city rather than a landscape, but it was a city of no man's creation nor of any man's conception. In the visions which inspired or crazy painters have had of the New Jerusalem, of Babylon the Great, of a heaven in the atmosphere with endless perspective of towers and steeples that hang in the twilight sky, the imagination has tried to reach this reality. But here are effects beyond the artist, forms the architect has not hinted at. And yet everything reminds us of man's work. And the explorers have tried by the use of Oriental nomenclature to bring it within our comprehension, the East being the land of the imagination. There is the Hindoo Amphitheatre, the Bright Angel Amphitheatre, the Ottoman Amphitheatre, Shiva's Temple, Vishnu's Temple, Vulcan's Throne. And here indeed is the idea of the pagoda architecture, of the terrace architecture, of the *bizarre* constructions which rise with projecting buttresses, rows of pillars, recesses, battlements, esplanades, and low

walls, hanging gardens, and truncated pinnacles. It is a city, but a city of the imagination. In many pages I could tell what I saw in one day's lounging for a mile or so along the edge of the precipice. The view changed at every step, and was never half an hour the same in one place. Nor did it need much fancy to create illusions or pictures of unearthly beauty. There was a castle, terraced up with columns, plain enough, and below it a parade-ground; at any moment the knights in armor and with banners might emerge from the red gates, and deploy there, while the ladies looked down from the balconies. But there were many castles and fortresses and barracks and noble mansions. And the rich sculpture in this brilliant color! In time I began to see queer details: a Richardson house, with low portals and round arches, surmounted by a Nuremberg gable; perfect panels 600 feet high, for the setting of pictures; a train of cars partly derailed at the door of a long low warehouse, with a garden in front of it. There was no end to such devices.

It was long before I could comprehend the vastness of the view, see the enormous chasms and rents and seams, and the many architectural ranges separated by great gulfs, between me and the wall of the mesa twelve miles distant. Away to the northeast was the blue Navajo Mountain, the lone peak in the horizon; but on the southern side of it lay a desert level, which in the afternoon light took on the exact appearance of a blue lake; its edge this side was a wall thousands of feet high, many miles in length, and straightly horizontal; over this seemed to fall water. I could see the foam of it at the foot of the cliff; and below that was a lake of shimmering silver, in which the giant precipice and the fall and their color were mirrored. Of course there was no silver lake, and the reflection that simulated it was only the sun on the lower part of the immense wall.

Some one said that all that was needed to perfect this scene was a Niagara Falls. I thought what figure a fall 150 feet high and 3000 long would make in this arena. It would need a spy-glass to discover it. An adequate Niagara here should be at least three miles in breadth, and fall 2000 feet over one of these walls. And the Yosemite—ah! the lovely Yosemite! Dumped down into this wilderness of

gorges and mountains, it would take a guide who knew of its existence a long time to find it.

The process of creation is here laid bare through the geologic periods. The strata of rock, deposited or upheaved, preserve their horizontal and parallel courses. If we imagine a river flowing on a plain, it would wear for itself a deeper and deeper channel. The walls of this channel would recede irregularly by weathering and by the coming in of other streams. The channel would go on deepening, and the outer walls would again recede. If the rocks were of different material and degrees of hardness, the forms would be carved in the fantastic and architectural manner we find them here. The Colorado flows through the tortuous inner chasm, and where we see it, it is 6000 feet below the surface where we stand, and below the towers of the terraced forms nearer it. The splendid views of the cañon at this point given in Captain Dutton's report are from Point Sublime, on the north side. There seems to have been no way of reaching the river from that point. From the south side the descent, though wearisome, is feasible. It reverses mountaineering to descend 6000 feet for a view, and there is a certain pleasure in standing on a mountain summit without the trouble of climbing it. Hance, the guide, who has charge of the well, has made a path to the bottom. The route is seven miles long. Half-way down he has a house by a spring. At the bottom, somewhere in those depths, is a sort of farm, grass capable of sustaining horses and cattle, and ground where fruit trees can grow. Horses are actually living there, and parties descend there with tents, and camp for days at a time. It is a world of its own. Some of the photographic views presented here, all inadequate, are taken from points on Hance's trail. But no camera or pen can convey an adequate conception of what Captain Dutton happily calls a great innovation in the modern ideas of scenery. To the eye educated to any other, it may be shocking, grotesque, incomprehensible; but "those who have long and carefully studied the Grand Cañon of the Colorado do not hesitate for a moment to pronounce it by far the most sublime of all earthly spectacles."

I have space only to refer to the geologic history in Captain Dutton's report

of 1882, of which there should be a popular edition. The waters of the Atlantic once overflowed this region, and were separated from the Pacific, if at all, only by a ridge. The story is of long eras of deposits, of removal, of upheaval, and of volcanic action. It is estimated that in one period the thickness of strata removed and transported away was 10,000 feet. Long after the Colorado began its work of corrosion there was a mighty upheaval. The reader will find the story of the making of the Grand Cañon more fascinating than any romance.

Without knowing this story the impression that one has in looking on this scene is that of immense antiquity, hardly anywhere else on earth so overwhelming as here. It has been here in all its lonely grandeur and transcendent beauty, exactly as it is, for what to us is an eternity, unknown, unseen by human eye. To the recent Indian, who roved along its brink or descended to its recesses, it was not strange, because he had known no other than the plateau scenery. It is only within a quarter of a century that the Grand Cañon has been known to the civilized world. It is scarcely known now. It is never twice the same, for, as I said, it has an atmosphere of its own. I was told by Hance that he once saw a thunder-storm in it. He described the chaos of clouds in the pit, the roar of the tempest, the reverberations of thunder, the inconceivable splendor of the rainbows mingled with the colors of the towers and terraces. It was as if the world were breaking up. He fled away to his hut in terror.

The day is near when this scenery must be made accessible. A railway can easily be built from Flagstaff. The projected road from Utah, crossing the Colorado at Lee's Ferry, would come within twenty miles of the Grand Cañon, and a branch to it could be built. The region is arid, and in the "sight-seeing" part of the year the few surface wells and springs are likely to go dry. The greatest difficulty would be in procuring water for railway service or for such houses of entertainment as are necessary. It could, no doubt, be piped from the San Francisco Mountain. At any rate, ingenuity will overcome the difficulties, and travellers from the wide world will flock thither, for there is revealed the long-kept secret, the unique achievement of nature.

BOTH THEIR HOUSES.

A Story of True Love.

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

I.

"I SHALL not go, old fellow; that is the whole of it."

"I shall be awfully lonely," said Fritz, in reply.

"Of course you will, and of course I shall. But some time or other we must be lonely. Each of us has been lonely before."

"But what will mother say?"

"That I have to find out this morning," said Romayne. "And I will put it through before I am an hour older. I tell you, old fellow, the way is to make up your mind, and then hold on. Wax in your ears, like that old fellow we had to do in the Greek; 'no such word as fail,' and all that. I thought all this out at church, when he was talking about something else. The minute I heard Lucia say that mother was going to turn that black gown again, I said, 'Why should she turn it?' I have seen it turned four times already. And then, of course, it came over me that the gown was to be turned so that she need not buy a new gown. And she did not want to buy a new gown because she wanted me to go to Princeton. Then I said: 'Princeton be hanged! I will go into business.'"

"And you never thought of me, Ro," said Fritz, a little sadly.

"Dear old fellow, yes, I thought of you. But the difference is, you like it and I hate it. You know the difference between an abscissa and a horseshoe when you see them; I have to look in a book to see which is which. You will have your part, which is harder than mine. You will have to live alone in those college barracks, and we shall only have good times together in vacation. I shall stay, and do something I like every blessed day of my life. Do not make it any harder for me. I am going to see mother now."

"In short, my dear mother, for this once I must have my way." And he kissed her tenderly, and stroked her smooth cheek with his hand.

His mother was crying; but when she paused before answering those words, he felt that she yielded the point. He knew

how she hated to give it up; he hated to pain her; but he had determined the night before. He had gone on his knees in prayer that he might carry through his wish; and though he had often prayed before, he had never knelt to pray. The boy determined; he meant to succeed; and he succeeded.

Their father had died so long ago that there was little left to either boy of his presence but the memory of his form. Three little girls and two boys had cowered around Mrs. Montague on the day of the funeral. Of these, the younger did not remember their father at all, and Romayne and Fritz only remembered that he kissed them when they went to bed, and told them how he used to ride to mill with a bag of corn. Then had come happy years to them, and even to their mother—not so desolate and black as she had imagined they would be, in foresight. The girls grew up cheerful and light-hearted. The boys were shifty, obedient, well-meaning, unselfish, and brave. They breakfasted on milk and oatmeal, where, had their father lived, they would have breakfasted on beefsteak, with an omelet. But they were as sturdy and strong on the one diet as on the other. They enjoyed life: they made life cheerful in the household; and, had Mrs. Montague known it, the mere necessity that they should go on all her errands, should split the wood for the fires and kindle them in the morning, should black their own boots, and in general be their own servants, was giving them an education which they would certainly have lost, had not Mr. Montague been thrown from his horse, and had not the handsome salary stopped which he had received as treasurer of the Kosciusko Rolling-Mill.

"Fritz shall study enough for him and me, dear mother; and I will work enough for me and him, and for you and Effie and Lucia and Poll."

"I do not know what you will do," said she, and she kissed him heartily. "But I do know you are a good boy, and for just this once, I suppose, you must have your way."

But she had a good crying fit after she

left him. She did come down to tea, but she said little. She left them all at their evening occupations very early, and said she had something to do upstairs. This was a thing which had never happened before; nor did it ever happen again. For years, with bated breath, it was spoken of as "the night mamma went up stairs."

But indeed it marked an epoch. The next morning, when they met for breakfast, Romaine had gone down town. He had "gone into business," whatever that meant. He had made the fire; the teakettle boiled—if the proof-reader will let us say so—but he was not there. They breakfasted without Romaine.

II.

For after the boy had milked the cow himself, as he always did, and had made his breakfast of a quart, more or less, of milk and a dozen biscuit more or less, he had left a line for his mother, to say that she might not see him till evening. Nor did she. Every evening, at a late supper, he turned up, always with some amusing tales of the day's experience in this difficult matter of "finding a place." His sisters and Fritz observed, among themselves, that these stories were rather vague, and did not hang very closely together. But Mrs. Montague was somewhat preoccupied. So the boy must "go into business," he must; what "business" was she scarcely knew; but she did know that he might be trusted to do nothing dishonorable, and that when anything permanent came to his hand, she would know as soon as any one. If he were not to answer the wish and prayer of her heart by going to college, it was of little account to her whether he went to work with Mr. Black or Mr. White, Mr. Green or Mr. Brown, or whether he sold stocks or sugar, coffee or coal. She knew that some of her nicest friends were "in business," and that some of the nicest of them had a good deal of money. If this should happen to Romaine, why, there would be some compensation for her distress that he would not go to the university.

Accordingly her distress was all the more agonizing, and the first blow the boy had given her was repeated in one twice as hard, when, at the end of the month, he told her that for all those thirty-one days, Sundays excepted, he had been at work with Mr. Galen, the plumber.

That his father's son should be a plumber! She thought her heart would break; but she was sure it would.

But when people think their hearts will break, they do not. The very fact that they can stop to think about it shows that the shock is not fatal. And Mrs. Montague did survive this disgrace, as she called it, to her family for many years. Oddly enough, as will happen to people of her build, she came to persuade herself that she had seen the advantages of the plumber's business, and had been the person to suggest it to Romaine. She sometimes even wondered if it would not have been better if Fritz had gone to the Galens' with his brother—Fritz, who, after some years, was a leading professor in the University of New Padua. The introductory section of this story was needed only that the reader might understand better the relations in which Romaine lived with the people of the little city which was their home, and so might follow intelligently the details of this little story.

The boy had that heavenly gift with tools with which some people are born, and some, alas, are not, like this author, and possibly this reader. It is a gift as distinct as that for music or for painting. From the first moment when he offered himself on trial to old Galen, old Galen loved him, he held the pipe in such a loving way, and used the solder so that hardly a drop fell upon the tiles. Both the younger Galens took to him also. He was not afraid of work; he was not in the least above his business. If the work were dirty, why it was dirty, that was all; there was water enough and soap enough when he chose to be clean. So was it that when he had passed that first month of experiment which old Galen had insisted on, he knew more of the business than nine boys out of ten would have known in three months, and old Galen then gladly made with him the permanent agreement the announcement of which had so distressed his mother.

Then in the evening he was forever reading—hydraulics, hydrostatics, any book on physics in the public library, he devoured them all. If he understood them, well. If he did not understand them, he knew that he did not, and highly resolved that some day he should. By the time his two years with the Galens were up he knew as much of their busi-

ness as they did, and of its principles and theory he knew a great deal more; and he had money enough of his own in the savings-bank to be able to go to New Haven, and for six months to take such a course as he had blocked out to himself at the Sheffield School.

Meanwhile, every house-keeper understands how it was that Mrs. Montague became reconciled to his career. Actually in the house with her was some one who understood the unintelligible—nay, who could do the impossible. This mysterious cobweb of pipes beneath her feet, which modern civilization hides so carefully, because it is all-important that it should be visible—her own son knew about it all. As some sainted “beloved hearer,” sitting Sunday after Sunday in her pew, admires the esoteric wisdom of the dear “rector,” who understands all about foreknowledge and evolution and Gnosticism and sanctification and Tract No. 90 and the fall of man and the Isidorian degrees, of which she knows nothing—nay, is in that second or third power of ignorance that she knows that she knows nothing—so Mrs. Montague admired as she loved this more than prophet, who knew where the traps were and why they were there, who never mistook an outlet pipe for an inlet pipe, and to whom a self-acting valve was as little mysterious as a waffle-iron was to her. More than this, the prophet could do the thing he said should be done. More than this, he was her own dear, handsome boy, who was so sweet and cunning when he was a baby. Most of all—for there was a climax—he sent in no bill at the end of the quarter. All house-keepers will now understand why Fritz’s college charges were paid so easily; all sanitarians will understand why the doctor’s visits became so few. And when Romaine returned from New Haven, when he went into partnership with young Mol. Galen, and they took the old stand, with the new title of “Sanitary Engineer,” one understood how Mrs. Montague delighted in the new rugs Romaine gave her for a birthday present, and how she enjoyed the bays and the landau in which he insisted she should ride on Saturday and go to church on Sunday.

Romaine had been a favorite in the town since those days when he was such a cunning baby. As why should he not

be, indeed? People do not give their plumbing orders to a young man because he was a pretty baby; but when they have always known him and always liked him, and now he understands his business, they are glad they can give him their plumbing orders. The town was growing like fury in wealth and population—growing faster than any town in the State—as every American town always is that one ever hears of. Business came to the sanitary engineers on the right hand and on the left. The State insane asylum was established in Verona, and Montague and Galen’s bid was a mile below anybody else’s bid. And when the work was done, Dr. Berzelius spoke of it in the Convention of Alienists at Saratoga as a miracle of intelligent engineering. Simplicity and strength are as possible in plumbing as in a pyramid; and Romaine said in all quarters that they proposed to finish every job so that they might never see it again. He had an excellent staff under him. His own success attracted young fellows like him from the high-school, who saw now that the profession on which depends the purity of every cup of cold water which one Christian gives another is a profession quite as well worth following as any. So the firm of Montague and Galen was a prosperous firm, extending its business not only over all that State, but over all the region around it.

III.

And while every one with whom we have to do was virtuous, they still had cakes, and what they liked better than ale; that is to say, the plumbers and the plumbers’ boys did their work well for eight hours a day; they slept nine hours every night, and this left them seven hours to each for his meals, for his dressing and undressing, and for any avocations which he might pursue outside his vocation. Saturday afternoon nobody plumbed at all—no, nor soldered. So there was plenty of opportunity for “a little conversation.” “What is it all for,” says Mr. Emerson, “but a little conversation?” And on very much the same lines of time, Romaine’s sisters studied their French verbs, practised their music, kneaded the bread on Wednesday, and attended to their other duties, while they also found several hours a day for “a little conversation.” And the young

people of New Padua also had discovered many agreeable methods for using the conversation hours. Indeed, it was as pleasant a place as I have ever known. There were horseback parties and picnic parties, pond-lily parties and bathing parties; there was a Chautauqua Circle and an Exclamation Society and a Frank Stockton Club. They had everything except hornets' nests to make them comfortable, and they enjoyed life, or, as the vernacular says, they "had a good time," as young people know how. Years went on, and the business of the firm extended with every year—you might almost say that it extended itself. That early phrase of Romayne's, "We never want to see a job a second time," went far and wide, and eventually the firm took it as a sort of trade-mark. It made the heading of their note-paper, so that they had not to seek for business in general. It was only on a great occasion, like that of the completion of the hospital, that they appeared as competitors for a contract. Indeed, after their reputation was established, builders and contractors came to seek them.

Nobody enjoyed this popularity more than Mrs. Montague. Indeed, as has been said, she came to think that it was largely of her own making. She early persuaded herself that it was she who had sent Romayne to Mr. Galen, and had conceived the idea of training him as a sanitary engineer. And now, as her household cares diminished under Romayne's almost lavish provision for her comfort, she felt it her duty to give her leisure time to enlarging the business of the firm. Romayne would have gone wild had he known that such touting and solicitation was going on in his interest as his mother carried forward all the time. But, in truth, it came to be considered a sort of joke among the people of the county. Mr. Whitbread could not stake out the corners of a new wing to the bakery, but Mrs. Montague's bays would be seen at Mrs. Whitbread's door. Mrs. Montague would make a state call on that lady, and before she had gone, would say she hoped Mr. Whitbread would not forget old friends in contracting for the water-works. All this eagerness of hers was bred by a passionate love of Romayne; from her conscientious determination, formed on that first night when he "went into business," and she went up stairs,

that, in every way in which a mother could, she would go into business too, and would loyally support him.

To her point of view all public institutions were accounted as the best conceivable, or of the lowest degradation, according as they did or did not use the traps and faucets in which our firm was interested. She made herself a life member of the Indian Association because when she called at the office in Philadelphia she saw that Mr. Welsh had the right faucets and water bowls; and she threw her whole influence against the State administration because in the Capitol at Harrisburg she saw that theirs were all wrong.

Romayne had to caution her once and again, as far as a son can caution a mother whom he loves. For the rest, when some ill-natured person brought him a bit of gossip about one or another success of hers as a drummer, he had to make as light of it as he could, to persuade himself that the story was an exaggeration, and to hope that such things did not happen often.

IV.

It was necessary to explain Mrs. Montague's methods and her enthusiasm in the cause of sanitary reform that the reader may understand a breach which she brought about, wholly unintentionally, in the social life of our little community. We have always been on good terms with the people in what we call the other village, although, in a way, we pity them. Their population is not so large as ours by five or six hundred; indeed, had our census been as well taken as theirs, there would have been more difference. But they are always fussy about such things, and took more pains with theirs than we did with ours. They have their own post-office, which is foolish in them, and they are apt to drive to the O. and C. depot instead of coming over to our station, which is all a piece of their independent nonsense, for which we do not care a straw. But they are good people all the same, though none of them come to our churches; and when they have to come to our stores, as they do, we are always glad to see them. Some of our ladies exchange calls with some of their ladies. Well, there was a Mrs. Hood over there, a lady indeed, and she had established a seminary for girls. It was a good plan, we all thought, for she had been left at her husband's death with

several young daughters of her own, and we thought they could help in the school, and would count more in the catalogue. Mrs. Hood made a very good school of it; she advertised it in our county paper, which was a good move of hers, and it became very popular. The other village—they call it New Padua, though it should really be only another ward of our city—is but a mile and a half from us. So that from the Montague house, which stands quite high, you could see perfectly easily when Mrs. Hood built a brick L to her husband's old house, and, indeed, the *Argus* announced that this new building was necessary as a dormitory for the seminary. Then was it that Mrs. Montague reflected, for the first time, that Mrs. Hood was a stranger in the neighborhood, that she was a Presbyterian like herself, and that everything made it proper that she should go and call on her, and pay her the civilities which one of the old families ought to be ready to offer. Mrs. Hood's children, it is true, had all been born in New Padua, and it had never occurred to Mrs. Montague before that she owed these courtesies. But she had not had this carriage long, and she had more time now than she once had.

So she made her visit, and was very pleasantly received. Mrs. Hood is a charming person, and she sent for that pretty girl Rosaline French, one of the scholars, when she proved to be a second-cousin of the Montagues. There was some sponge-cake and some phosa, which was then a new brew, to which Mrs. Montague was not accustomed. So the visit went off very nicely, and Mrs. Hood had said she should be glad to be the collecting agent for the Indian Association in New Padua, and Mrs. Montague rose to go. It was then that Mrs. Hood said that Michael had better drive out by the back way, because the front avenue was so lumbered up with timber for the new wing; and then that Mrs. Montague, availing herself of the chance, said so graciously:

"When you come to the finishing, and put in your bath-tubs and your pipes, you must come and make my boy a visit. Here is his card. Perhaps you do not know that Montague and Galen are all my boys. I call the Galens so, for they are very nice fellows. And really, Mrs. Hood, when health is at stake one cannot be too careful."

To which last remark Mrs. Hood assented very cordially, and indeed a little at length, as a school-mistress should.

"And then," said Mrs. Montague, when she described the interview to Fritz, "she had the impudence to say that she should take great care of the plumbing; that she had consulted Professor Thingamy about it, and had made her contract already. Impudent minx! I could have struck her."

It was this interview, more important in village politics than can be imagined, which made a certain division in the social relations which I have described as so harmonious before. Fritz thought best not to tell his brother of it at the time, but Romaine found it out soon enough for all that. As it happened, indeed, I think Romaine knew quite as much about the Hood affair as Mrs. Montague did. For though he had never seen Mrs. Hood, he had seen her oldest daughter, and had liked her very much. There was a party at the Hoods', and in a frolic somebody had proposed blind-man's-buff, and Romaine had been blinded, and had caught Miss Hood. For him that was the beginning. He guessed her—well, I do not know how, for he had really never seen her to know her before. Afterward there happened one of those queer accidents which bring people together. He bought the resin for the firm, and such paints and whiting and chemicals as they used a good deal of, at an old-established drug-store. It had grown up to be a large wholesale business from being the little variety store of the village. A queer place it was. It had the little six by eight panes to the windows which it had in Mad Anthony's time, when Utrecht was laid out—long before the name was changed. When you went in, it was a perfect curiosity shop. There was a tortoise-shell which Hugh had brought up from the pond when he was a boy; there was an alligator which he had shot in the St. John's River years afterward; and scattered along on the shelves the dusty relics of two generations of village shop-keeping—boxes, flower-pots, jugs—all without a label or a mark, but remembered, I suppose, somewhere in old Roger's brain. A shop without a sign, which never advertised, and yet which did half the business of the manufacturers of the county in chemicals and other drugs.

At the door of this museum Romaine

drew up one day, held the reins in his hand as he pushed the door open, and cried, "Mr. Roger, you may as well wire for half a ton of copperas; we haven't as much as I thought." And he had just taken his seat again in his wagon, when a lady called to him from the steps, and to his surprise he saw his pretty friend Miss Hood.

"I beg your pardon," said she, "but Mr. Roger isn't in. I was waiting for him. But I will leave your order with him if you like. He cannot be gone far, for I found the door unlocked as you did."

No, Romaine would not think of troubling her with the order. Indeed, he remembered that he must see Mr. Roger about some resin. He left the horses, and for twenty minutes had a nice talk with her in the snuffy old shop. It was astonishing how well they knew each other when Roger came in from the post-office, where fortunately the mail had been late. And this was only their second time of meeting!

The second time, but not the last. Fortune favors the brave and the young. Romaine was hand in glove with our new Presbyterian minister. He was a very good fellow, who had come to us about the time when the new firm was established. He liked Romaine, and Romaine had frozen to him at once. He was in and out at Lawrence's every other day, to talk about the Christian Endeavor Society and the Sunday-school and the Board of Charities, and he was very fond of Mrs. Lawrence, who often made him stay to lunch. At lunch one day whom should he meet but Miss Hood. It proved that Mrs. Lawrence had been a scholar at the seminary and knew her. Afterward he met her there again, and one day he walked home with her. I do not say that Lawrence tried to make a match between them, or that his wife did. Let us hope they had other business in hand, and left such matters to take care of themselves, which is generally safe. But I do know that, without any arrangement on anybody's part, Romaine was a little apt to find out the days when Miss Hood made Mrs. Lawrence a visit. And if he had then known that his mother had been over to see her mother, and to ask for a job for him, his wrath would have been awful.

He was destined to find it out, however,

by slow degrees. When his mother gave a great party to the Sullys, who came up to Verona when their son was married, she invited half the county and nine-tenths of the New Padua people, but sent no cards to the Hoods. It was a regular out-of-door fête, where there was, as Red Jacket would say, all the room there was; and really, to ask the Higginsons and not ask the Hoods was a very marked thing. But Mrs. Hood was even with her, and when, in June, Dr. Witherspoon came to make the annual address at the exhibition, and the seminary sent out an elegant invitation card engraved in Philadelphia, there was one of these cards exhibited in every parlor in Verona except at Mrs. Montague's. And yet, I suppose that there was not a man in the village who wanted so much to be invited in a regular way to the exhibition as poor Romaine Montague. But young people cannot always have what they want, and so he had to sit in the gallery as the exhibition went on, just as all the uninvited towns-people did. And he could not show his face at the reception, as every other young man did, whether he hailed from Verona or New Padua.

V.

But Romaine was not the man to be turned from a plan by one bit of pasteboard more or less—no, not though the pasteboard bore upon it an engraving from Philadelphia. He had found out that he liked Miss Hood better than he liked any other girl that he ever saw; and he did not care if her mother was such a fool as to leave plumbers out from her parties. As to his mother, he had asked no questions when she had omitted the Hoods and the seminary girls from her lists. He had thought it a pity that twenty or more of the young people whom every fellow wanted to see should not be at his mother's party. But he had long since learned that her ways were past his finding out. He would have been glad if he could have had a card to Mrs. Hood's. But if he could not—why, he could not. And he would find out whether her daughter had any objection. He followed up such chances as Mrs. Lawrence's cordiality gave him. He knew he could make other chances. And it was not long, indeed, before he had an opportunity.

Oddly enough, it was all about copperas again. The half-ton had all gone in

some purification that was needed at the town-house, and, with a pleasant memory of the day he ordered it, Romaine drove round again to Roger's. The old fellow came out on the steps as the bays stopped in their quick career. He was still holding in his hand a great bunch of lavender he had brought in from the garden. Under his heavy beetling brow there was a good-natured smile, for Romaine was one of his favorites; and would have been one had he not been so good a customer. He told him to come in, that he had a new line of goods to show him, and Romaine readily assented. To his surprise he found Miss Hood there again, and, for the first time, he united her and Roger in his thought, supposing now that there was some relationship of which he had never heard. The old fellow must be her grand-uncle.

What was the new "line of goods," I never heard. I know that Romaine never knew. What with the lavender, and some thyme and sweet-marjoram which old Roger went and bought, and a botanical discussion about the *didynamia* and *labiate*, and the microscope which was produced, and the length of some doubtful stamens, half an hour went by, and the new line of goods was never produced. Then Miss Hood rose and said she must go. To Roger she said, "Tomorrow morning, if you please, Mr. Roger." And Montague was watchful enough to observe that she did not say "Uncle George" or "Cousin George." Then, as she went to the door, and he with her, it was impossible that they should not see the high black cloud in the west. It was impossible that he should not protest against her walking home. He did protest; he begged her to let him take her home under the protection of his buggy; and she very prettily and very pleasantly acceded.

I do not know whether she had any idea of what was going to happen. I do know he did. He did not care a cent for the shower after she was fairly in the carriage with a rug and the boot over her knees. And he drove very slowly.

Then he said, squarely: "I was mortified and sorry that my mother and I were not asked to your mother's party, Miss Hood. Plumbers have dirty hands while they are at work, but they are very necessary people in modern civilization."

The girl was astonished, as well she

might be; but she was quick and well-bred, and she rallied in time to say that he must not hold her responsible for her mother's visiting list. He observed with interest and with a certain pleasure that she made no pretence of mistake or omission.

"I do not care much for your mother's visiting list," said he, in reply. And then he added: "I leave my mother's severely alone. But I care a great deal about yours, Miss Hood. You are good enough to let me take you home now. I wish I might have the honor and pleasure of calling to-morrow, as the old-fashioned people did, to be sure that you have taken no cold."

She was again surprised. But, as before, she was self-possessed when she answered, and her answer was a difficult one. For she knew that, after what had passed between their mothers, Mrs. Hood would not let him come into the house. She did what was wise, therefore. She answered one part of the question, and let the other go.

"Indeed, Mr. Montague, I rate your profession very highly. I have cause to—have I not?—from the moment I take my bath in the morning till I turn off the cold water when the girls go to bed. You do not know that I have the gymnastics in charge. And with sixty girls there is a deal of hot and cold water. It was Eve's cosmetic, you know."

But he would not laugh; he would have an answer to his question, and he said so. And she, poor child, had to face the music, as our national proverb says.

"Mr. Montague, my mother and your mother do not understand each other, so that I cannot ask you to the house. It is not my house. But—" And she paused, for she ought not to have said "but."

He waited thirty seconds, and the bays walked slowly.

"But?" said he then, with a tone of inquiry.

And now there was a pause of a minute.

"But?" he said again, as before.

"You ought not to make me say, Mr. Montague," said she. "But we are not fools, either of us. I have a great respect for plumbers; I have said that. I will add that I am always glad to see the head of the profession in this county, though I must not invite him to my mother's house. I am glad to see him at the Chautauqua, at Mr. Roger's, at Mrs. Lawrence's. I am

glad to accept his invitation to ride in his buggy when it rains, although I observe that he does not ask me to his mother's house."

This was bravely said and well said. And from that moment all things went well with Romaine and Miss Hood. She had not permitted any nonsense of the novels to stand between her and one of the most intelligent young men of the region. She had not been unwomanly; she had not made any advances. But, as she said herself when the conversation began, she had not acted like a fool, or as the average novel of the first half of the century would have required her to act.

It may be observed here that one difficulty which the American novelist has in creating a plot for his country which would pass muster in Europe is, that the greater part of his country men and women do not act like sheer fools in delicate or difficult circumstances. Now half the received plots require action of this sort, or there is no story. This observation, thrown out by a friend of the court, is commended to the critics.

So, as I said, the affairs of these two people sped well, notwithstanding the objections of the two mothers. If they did not meet at his home or at hers, there were a plenty of places where they did meet. They met at the Chautauqua Circle and at the Exclamation Club. When the young people made a horseback party, and the Hood girls joined, it seemed natural that Romaine, on the Iowa gray, should take care of Miss Hood on that pretty pacer she had bought from Miss Vernon. When Romaine spoke at the town meeting which Mr. Garfield had set agoing, the Hood girls were there; and when Mol. Galen walked home with Bianca and Tom with Portia, who were both grown-up young ladies now, it was quite of course that Romaine should walk home with their sister. In such rides and walks and talks they found out everything about each other. She found that he was generous, impetuous, and true. He found that she was true, impetuous, and generous. They had common tastes, which came out in their botanizing, in her water-colors and his scientific draughtsmanship, in his study of physics and hers of the higher mathematics, where she had the school professors to help her. They read the same books; she knew the last half of stanzas where he could quote

only the first. They had the same memories of Rollo, and had wondered together about the lady and the tiger. Severest test of all, and most charming, she was perfect in her Miss Austen, and in any competitive examination would have done as well as Romaine, if questioned about Mr. Knightley, John Knightley, Isabella, and Mr. Elton. With these like regards for little things, who shall wonder if they agreed on the greatest thing of all? One happy day, as they returned together from an excursion to the Mountain Club, in which, indeed, they had early been lost, so that they heard little of the stratification, and nothing of the erosion—when, as they returned, he asked her the central question, whether she would receive him in her house if she had one, or would come and live in his if he had one, then, without a "but," she said she would, as frankly as he had asked her. And it was not long before she said to him that from that first day at Roger's she had seen how different he was from other men. "From the blindfold day? Did it begin with the blindfold day?" It did with him; he was sure of that. She would not say it did with her, but there was a charming blush when she said nothing. And what "IT" was was clear to both of them.

VI.

If Romaine had a hard task when, at sixteen, he told his mother that for one month her son had been a plumber, he had a harder task when, as a young man of position in the town and respected of all men, he had to tell her that he was engaged to be married to the daughter of Mrs. Hood of the "Female Seminary." She did not stop to ask whether a seminary could be male, or how it could be female; she did not devote herself to any such side issue. She cried, with scorn, "One of those Hood girls!" and then declared that she would hear no explanation. There was no excuse and could be none. For her, she should leave the county, or would do so if she could sell the house. No, she did not know the girls apart; she did not know how many of them there were; and none of them should come into her house. If, on these terms, Romaine chose to marry her, he might marry, that was all.

Whether Mrs. Hood expressed herself with a like severity did not appear. So far as the social politics or interests of our

village went, it was of the less importance. We had a strong party, led by the Lawrences and by old Mr. Roger, who thought well of the Hoods, and who repeated Mrs. Montague's ejaculations only with amusement, not to say ridicule. For Romaine himself, he did not seem to suffer so much under his mother's displeasure as she might have wished. Perhaps he remembered that other outburst of displeasure, when he had taken Saturn for the star of his fortune, and had gone into the mysteries of lead and solder.

He told his ladylove of his mother's wrath, in terms as much modified as the truth would permit, as they took a charming drive one day up that pretty pass of Winnococks River, where he knew they would meet nobody. She was tender and sympathetic and wise. So sympathetic was she, and so sorry that she should come in between him and his mother, that he pressed her a little to know precisely what did pass on that fatal first interview, when the peace of two houses was interrupted and the course of true love ruffled. He had never heard the story from his mother—indeed, he had never heard it at all, though he had often heard of it. To his surprise the dear girl seemed confused by his request, and answered it but lamely. Why, indeed, should they not have had their plumbing done by our home talent? Why should they send to Philadelphia, or Lancaster, or wherever they did send to? He did not know who his rival was, and he did not care—or he said to himself that he did not care. All the same, he was surprised, not to say annoyed, that Juliet, who was so frank about everything else, should not answer a plain question. And he said so to her, bluntly.

Juliet was more confused than before. For a minute she said nothing. But after a minute she rallied. She turned in the carriage, so that she could look him in the face, and said: "Romaine, you do not want me to give my mother away, as you boys say in your horrid slang. Really, I do not know just what either of our mothers said to the other. It is better that I should not know, and I think better that you should not know. And I am sure you and I have much more important things to talk of." And she looked so pretty that he could not help kissing her. How could he be expected to? And why should the bays be in such a

hurry? They would not often be in a shady pass as lovely as this. The bays were made to walk more demurely; Juliet and Romaine made their peace under the shade of the maples and in the echoing of the babble of the brook.

But when Romaine gathered up the reins again, and let the eager bays resume their trot, he said, with a good-natured laugh, "All the same, there is a mystery, I see, and I suppose I shall never, never know what it is."

"Mystery there is," said Juliet, "if you choose to call it so. But if you command it, rash boy—as the people in the *Arabian Nights* do always, though for their own ruin—if you demand it, I will reveal it to you that night when your dear Father Lawrence makes us one."

"If that night ever comes," said Romaine, impatiently. "I never knew days pass by so slowly."

"Do not say that of to-day, dear boy. I am sure the sun is setting only too soon."

VII.

Of course Mrs. Hood had to let Romaine come into her house now. There was a certain stiffness about her welcome at first, but Bianca and Portia and the other sisters were always cordial, and Romaine would not be made a stranger. The whole establishment might be called wellnigh perfect of its kind. Romaine did not wonder, after he had seen the arrangements, that the school was so popular. The school-girls seemed to come and go as if they were at home, and surely no one of them could ever have had a home more comfortable, not to say more luxurious. Everything was on that scale of generous living which the true American likes, not to say is used to; and everything had a certain elegance which the true American does not always know how to maintain. It was not that the things were expensive, though some of them were. It was not that they were pretty, though most of them were. The charm of the place was that whoever was the lady director—and director it was clear there was—had put in just what she chose, just what she liked. She had not thought of money one way or the other.

"Wealth, as wealth, is of course simply vulgar," said Mrs. Hood one day, putting in eight words what Romaine felt was the spirit or essence of her vigorous use of money. But, all the same, it was clear

that there was in this establishment money enough to use, and this was another mystery to him. People who had a million in the new four per cents were not apt to keep boarding-schools. And people who lived by keeping boarding-schools were not apt, so far as he knew, to have a dozen good horses in the stables, to have Corots and D'Aubignés on the walls, to have orchids and allemandias from their own greenhouses, and early strawberries from their own hot-beds. But as to the origin of all these things, Romayne asked no questions, not even of Juliet. He was going to take her, priceless as she was, for her own dear sake. He asked no questions about dowries or settlements, and nobody asked him any. He gave little thought to these mysteries. His only eagerness was to have a day appointed for the wedding, and then to drag along the hours by what strength he could till that day should come. He had bought his own house on the Willow Road, just as you drive out from the town to the Bromwich turnpike. Mrs. Hood and Juliet were making visits to Philadelphia to select the furniture. When he could go with them, all went well. When they would not let him go, or when he had to go off to see the work at McGraw College or at Titusville, all was horribly gray and cold. Still the world turned on its axis and revolved around the sun at the rate, for the first movement, of about eleven miles a minute in that latitude, and for the other movement at the rate of sixteen thousand six hundred and sixty-six miles a minute. So that Master Romayne was scarcely within the truth when he said that time went slowly. It did not go as fast as he wished. But it did move with the same rapidity which is observed by mercantile men when they have large notes falling due.

Meanwhile he was attentive to all the ladies at the seminary. He made friends with Mrs. Hood and all Juliet's nice sisters. He tried to devise little attentions which he could pay to each of them. In a hundred ways he made the sisters understand that it was a good thing to have a new brother. It is said that women despise the girl whom their brother marries, because they never wanted to marry him themselves. This is not always true. And far less is it true, as Miss Brooks could tell us, that sisters despise the man who is going to marry their sister.

"What is that everlasting book?" said Portia one day to Bianca.

"The book fortunately is not everlasting; it is *Geology in Thirteen Lessons*. My class is at the seventh, and I am at the tenth. I have to be well up, for that Beryl Hitchcock is as quick as a flash, and knows much more than the book does."

"It is just so with Rose and Lily in the botany," said poor Portia. "But I switch them off on analyzing, and they go to work on that, and forget that I have not asked any questions. Now you cannot switch them off on analyzing; it would not do to put a pound of dynamite under the school-house to see if the foundations are on a rock. Poor dear Juliet, who will do the hydrostatics when she is away? She is in the experiment-room now."

"Portia, you do not want to talk about experiments," said Bianca, resolutely, for she knew very well that Portia had something on her mind. For herself, therefore, she must postpone the study of the ice sheet till she was alone. "Do you remember what the child said in *Venetia*: 'I do not want to talk of butterflies, nurse. I want to talk of widows.'"

"But, Portia," continued Bianca, knowing her sister was the least bit slow, "I am sure you do not want to talk about widows. You want to talk about brides or bridegrooms, or one bride or one bridegroom."

"I don't," said Portia. "I want to talk about wedding presents. It is so hard to get anything for a man. You know I had made up my mind—" And there followed all the pros and cons about a landscape by Richards, which she had seen, about a complete outfit for a traveling artist, all because poor Romayne had brought to Portia a little water-color sketch of his own; and then about a facsimile of the folio Shakespeare. As Bianca knew, Portia had fully resolved, as much as four times, to buy each of these, for this part of this discussion was not new.

Bianca gently intimated that the things cost no more and no less than they did when Portia made her last decision, and that probably Romayne's tastes and wishes had not changed.

"He has not changed, but I have changed." Bianca looked up, amazed at Portia's tragic air. "You know, mamma said we must economize. Mamma said I could not take Juliet's place, and you could not. She did not know who could.

And she said something about reefing sails which I did not understand. Only this I do understand, and that made me wonder why you bought the caramels yesterday—that we may be poor, very, very poor. Mamma said this about the sails Sunday, and I have walked to the village every day since, to train myself to do so when we give up the coupé.”

Bianca tried to be sympathetic, but she could only scream. “You poor darling, good girl!” said she; “is this your mystery? Dear mamma must be more careful in her oracles. Why, my child, the school will be fifty times as prosperous when we have a man on the home staff. I should not wonder if it ceased to be a seminary and became an institute.”

VIII.

Terror in Portia's heart, rage in Mrs. Montague's heart, in Romayne's heart wonder whether the week would never end—these are the emotions to be depicted by those who act in our little tragedy. For Bianca's heart, I think a willingness to let things take their course; and for Juliet's, who shall tell “a maiden's meditations, fancy bound”? And the world spun round, though Romayne thought it did not; the moon rushed round a quarter of her revolution; the week came to an end; even the day came to an end.

They had no minister at New Padua, or rather he had a sore throat, and was studying evolution at Halle. So our Father Lawrence went over there to marry them. All the people went over. Strangest of all, Mrs. Montague went over.

“Not that I go willingly,” she said to Effie at the last moment, as the girl arranged some magnificent diamonds which Romayne had given his mother; “I do not go willingly, and no one thinks I go willingly. But who knows? They may be married by the bishop. They were never very sound. There must be some one to give my son away.”

For Mrs. Montague leans to the third primitive secession, and is doubtful about other rituals than her own. So she went to her martyrdom. She herself saw to the toilets of her daughters, in a fashion, so that those wretched girls at the Hoods' should not in any sort eclipse them. How many there were she did not know, she said; she believed they made up most of the scholars. Her own

“exhibit,” as the managers of fairs say, was perfect. Her coachman Michael was in a new livery with an immense favor. Otto was on the box with Michael, with a bigger favor. Only Fritz was in Mrs. Montague's carriage; and the girls, with Romayne, were in their own carriage behind, with Anders as grand as Michael, and François with him on the box, each with gorgeous favors. Even the horses had favors covering the blinders, which the grooms had compelled the chambermaids to make for them. Then, in that great drag which the Montagues sent to the station for their guests, followed every man and woman of the staff of the house. Actually old Katy, the house-keeper, who had carried Romayne to the font when he was baptized, locked the side door and put the key in her pocket. For there was not one person in that house who would stay away from Romayne's wedding. Had Mrs. Montague staid, I do not know who would have got her supper.

“I should have been frightened out of my skin,” said she.

And at the seminary everything was elegant and just right. It was “ever so pretty.” Since Mrs. Hood had bought the Flinders lot, and made her own avenue through the maples, the approach to the house has been “about as fine as they make.” To-night this was blazing with electric light, and the designs for the illumination, without being showy, were all convenient, pretty, and, to us country people, wholly new. The greenhouse must have been emptied, I should have said, such was the show of plants at the entrance. But afterward, when I took Bianca in there to get a part of this story from her and to have “a little conversation,” I did not see but it was as brilliant as ever. Anyway, we entered through a tropical garden. I saw that dried-up Mr. Roger from the apothecary store, and Hugh Roger by him. Juliet had not forgotten her old friends.

We were shown to various disrobing rooms by pretty maids, who had little favors of orange blossoms. Strauss's orchestra from New York was playing music so ravishing that I would have pardoned Father Lawrence if the service all went out of his head as he listened. Romayne came up with me and some of the other fellows. He made his sister carry in for Juliet the great blue box which held her bouquet.

A minute more and Effie came out again, blushing her prettiest, and said, "Juliet wants to see you, Ro."

And Ro went into that mysterious bride-chamber, which he had never seen before. And there stood his own dear girl, wonderful and gracious. Her veil lay across a great table waiting for the bridemaid to put it on her at the last moment. The damask in which Madam Mifflin, her great-grandmother, had been married had been dug out of a Ginevra chest. Madam Mifflin's skeleton was not found with it, for she lived to dance at Madison's second inauguration. This brocade was to be worn to-night. And Romaine said, "Oh, my darling, I am afraid to kiss you."

"Never fear that," said she. "We will do it again when I am ninety to remember to-night by."

"It seemed to me," said he, "that the day would never be done."

"But it is, you see. When will you learn to be reasonable? Romaine, when you say such things I am afraid for you."

"Afraid for me, Juliet?"

"I am afraid that you forget that the pressure increases with the squares, and even with the cubes, and if your lower

ranges are to stand it long, you must put in heavier tubing."

"Oh, now you can laugh; you may say anything," said the happy fellow, only wondering that she chose to chaff him just now.

"You goose!" said she; "do you not know why I have called you?"

"I hoped you called me to marry me," said he, ruefully.

"I called you to explain to you the mystery."

"My darling, you are so beautiful, I forgot there was a mystery."

"That is enough," said Juliet. "I thought you were perfect; now I know you are. All the more shall you know." Then, with a tragic pause: "Do you see this key? Do you see yon door? Open it." And she stood silent, not quite daring to look up.

Romaine opened the door. Within was a perfect plumber's equipment—pincers, clippers, big solderers, little solderers, bismuth strip, super-strip, sub-strip, saws, augers, test bottles, cinnamon and rose-water, piping of every size—all were there.

"Romaine, your own Juliet does the plumbing for the seminary. This is my mystery—and my mother's."

THE MINSTREL.

BY CHRISTOPHER P. CRANCH.

HE thought he once could sing
A song of love and spring,
But stammered, though he held a full-strung lyre;
Because he lacked the art
Which later years impart;
Because the skill was less than the desire.

And now he seems to know
Just how the tune should flow,
But misses the young ardor once so strong.
The impulse of the heart
Is slower than the art;
The skill to sing is better than the song.

The sobering touch of time
Holds back the hasty rhyme
That in the heat of youth once spurned control;
For snared in webs of thought
His flying dreams are caught;
Age looks beyond the senses to the soul.

Ah, could the singer's art
Assume the loftier part
As once the lowlier in the realm of song!
Ah, could life's grander themes
Flow like the early streams,
What minstrel then would say he had lived too long?

"PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE" FIFTY YEARS AGO.

BY ELLEN MACKAY HUTCHINSON.

IN March, 1839, Mr. N. P. Willis began the publication in New York of *The Corsair*, "a Gazette of Literature, Art, Dramatic Criticism, Fashion, and Novelty." While it had some special contributions of its own, it was chiefly used as the vehicle for conveying the cream of the foreign periodicals to the American public. It was, in fact, a saucy pirate, flying the black flag with the most admirable frankness and coolness. It was, for the short time it lived, a good thing of its kind—gay, gossiping, and tasteful. There are still a few bound volumes of the paper, hidden away in great libraries, but it is marked as "very scarce."

A journey through *The Corsair* of 1839-40 brings up the people of that time with picturesque vividness, for Willis was fond of personalities, and never hesitated about copying and writing them. Here in the first number stands Rachel "—, seventeen years old, rather tall, pale, and thin, with a striking though melancholy expression of countenance; she uses little action, rarely moves her arms, evinces the deepest emotions, and elicits deafening applause in passages where the ranting and gesticulation of other celebrated actresses have scarcely extorted an exclamation." In the next number poor L. E. L. rises from the pen of the editor. Looking for a slender, melancholy-eyed poetess in a London drawing-room, he approaches a table "where a smart, lively, gayly dressed girl seemed entertaining a half-dozen persons with some merry game. Her laugh was more hearty than refined, but I soon found it infectious, and though I had not the honor of an acquaintance with a single person of the circle, I could not resist a very keen enjoyment of the lady's wit and humor. She was telling fortunes with apple seeds, and after I had admired for some time the simplicity with which so fashionable a party found means of entertainment, our hostess accidentally approached and electrified me by addressing the merry fortune-teller as Miss Landon." The bright face bore no trace of melancholy; her lips were sharply cut, but still expressive of affectionateness, and nothing was striking in her countenance except that at a flash of wit there was a lift of her eyelids and a gleam of bright-

ness through her eyes, like the effect of a lighted window suddenly thrown open on the night. Her own repartee was expressed under a sort of appealing gravity and *espièglerie* infinitely amusing.

There is a glimpse near of the venerable Earl Grey, who, after dressing for dinner, sits down on the sofa in his dressing-room, whereupon the great picture of his wife and babies hanging over his head falls from its nail and wounds his forehead. Here is a pretty little paragraph from Paris concerning the King of Bavaria, who "lately made a decree that none in his dominions should wear mustaches except military men. The King, travelling into Italy under the *incognito* of Count d'Au, was stopped by his own guard at the frontiers, and ordered to shave off his own magnificent hirsute appendages. Nothing but a declaration of his rank saved him from the calamity."

The untold wealth of the Iron Duke is illustrated in the next item, referring to the *trousseau* of Lady Elizabeth Hay, the nineteen-year-old bride of the Marquis of Douro. "Wellington, having found in his cabinets quantities of diamonds which he had forgotten or never thought of till now, has declared that the bride shall have them all. Amongst them is an order given to his Grace by Louis XVIII., worth \$250,000." A great deal of wealth to forget!

By-and-by comes the announcement of Lady Bulwer's novel of *Cheveley*, and the editor writes: "Sir Edward married a pale, delicate, poetical, consumptive girl, who soon after marriage grew rosy, large, haughty, imperious, and splendid. A handsomer or more showy woman than Lady Bulwer could scarce be found in the world, but it would appear, by her own showing, that her temper did not improve with her health." The story of the marriage is told elsewhere in the volume. "Miss Wheeler was the daughter of a most worthy and respectable widow, living some three years ago in May Fair. Mrs. Wheeler was early left a widow with one daughter, a pale, handsome, slender girl, who chanced to attract the attention of Edward Bulwer, then fresh from college. The attachment was a romantic one, and soon discovered and strenuously

opposed by Mr. Bulwer's mother. We have many times listened to the story of their meeting to drink tea with a sympathizing lady who occupied a three pair of stairs back in Fleet Street, and who ultimately succeeded in marrying two persons who were neither, as she then thought, long for this world. The aristocratic mother was soon reconciled to the match, but, as the novel shows, the daughter-in-law continued to live at swords' points with every member of the family, her husband included. Bulwer bore her 'incompatibility' as long as he could in form, and finally bought a beautiful house in the country, not far from London, furnished it exquisitely, and supplying her every earthly want but that of his own society, left her to expend her eccentricities on her dogs, which, to the number of a round dozen, are her perpetual companions. They (the dogs) are immortalized, collectively and individually, in *Cheveley*."

On the next sheet is a story of Mr. Mathias, the queer little old author of the *Pursuits of Literature*. A few days before he had been dining at a Neapolitan café, and a violent shower beginning to fall, Sir William Gull observed that it was raining cats and dogs; as he spoke, a dog rushed in at one door of the café, and a frightened cat at the other. "God bless my soul," exclaimed Mathias, gravely, "so it does, so it does! Who would have believed it?" This exclamation excited no little merriment; and Mathias resented it by not speaking to the laughers for some days.

Will it not stir the memory of some ancient opera-goer to read in a Paris letter of that incomparable tenor who knew how to "charm the souls in purgatory"? Behold Mario, Chevalier de Candia, in his youth: a young man about twenty-two, with handsome features, large, black, sparkling eyes, well-shaped limbs, stature a little above the middle size, graceful and gentlemanly carriage, and a voice all that could be desired in compass, flexibility, melody, freshness, limpidness. The royal family of Naples go to the opera; and one reads that Princess Christine looked exceedingly pretty, and many a furtive glance was cast toward her—a homage that did not seem offensive to her feelings, if one might judge by her countenance, although it is strongly disapproved by the elders of the family. Curious sto-

ries are told on this subject at Naples; and it is asserted that more than one young noble has been advised to travel for his health because detected in looking too often toward the pretty Christine. For contrast comes a "personal" about Marie Louise, widow of Napoleon, who comes visiting Naples. A most uninteresting-looking woman is she; her face must always have been plain, for neither the features nor expression are such as constitute good looks. The first are truly Austrian—the nose rather flat, the forehead anything but intellectual, the eyes unmeaning, of a very light blue, and the mouth defective. Her figure is bad, and there is neither elegance nor dignity in her air or manner.

Another woman as disenchanting walks through the ballroom of the Tuileries on an evening of this same April—the Countess Guiccioli. "She was a woman to whom you would involuntarily apply the descriptive word 'dumpy.' She had not even the merit of an Italian black eye, for hers was of a light blue; and as for the hair, it was auburn horridly approaching to red. Her form was short and thickish, and as for her bearing, it was extremely unimpressive." In a column of personal news is a joke lately made by Sydney Smith. "On this witty clergyman observing Lord Brougham's one-horse carriage, he remarked to a friend, alluding to the 'B' surrounded by a coronet on the panel, 'There goes a carriage with a B outside and a *wasp* within.'"

Queen Victoria is pictured in many ways all through the year; oftenest as the "pretty young Queen," "her pretty Majesty of England," and "the high-born maiden." Mr. Sully's portrait of the royal girl comes to New York, and the editor goes to see it. "There she stands revealed before you," he says, "a maiden youth, of an aspect so lovely and innocent, and with a step so firm yet sylph-like, that, republicans as we are, we were half inclined to bow the knee in homage." In this year the young lady is married.

It is gravely related that Prince Albert is a tolerably comely youth, about the middle height, with mustaches in a very promising state of cultivation. In complexion he is neither very fair nor very dark. He is at present rather guarded in his attentions to the Queen, the only thing

very decided being that Prince Ernest, his elder brother, always takes an airing in a pony phaeton separately, leaving him to ride on horseback *tête-à-tête* with her Majesty, the suite, of course, keeping a respectable distance. Here is a gallant Frenchman's description of the Queen while still the unmarried ruler: "The Queen is charming; *petite*, it is true, but with pretty white shoulders, and a person that would make the most humble maiden lovely. Her head is noble and graceful; her pretty light hair was separated in bandeaux on her forehead, and surmounted by a coronet of diamonds. Her eyes, which are soft and large, have spirit and kindness in them; it is pretended that on some occasions they are severe. Her nose is slender and well-formed; her mouth small, and remains habitually open. It appeared to me several times that in smiling with her ladies at the maladdress of some of her subjects she was not deficient in archness."

Mr. Willis meets at Almack's a pretty and titled English woman, who tells him some trifles about the young Queen. She thought Victoria fancied herself very beautiful, "which she was not," and a very good horsewoman, "which she was not decidedly," and that she was very impatient of a difference of opinion when in private with her ladies. She admitted, however, that "her pretty Majesty" was generous, forgiving, and cleverer than most girls of her age. When alone with two or three of her maids, she said, the Queen was "no more like a Queen than anybody else," and was "very fond of a bit of fun or a bit of scandal, or anything that would not have done if other people were present."

A shuddering story is to be found on another page, one that the present disturbances in Russia make doubly interesting. When the Emperor Nicholas ascended the throne, among those punished for attempting to proclaim his elder brother Emperor were three gentlemen, by name Pestel, Bylejeff, and Bestuzeff; they were hanged and quartered. A few weeks before the issue of this particular *Corsair* the Grand Duke—the son and successor of Nicholas—had visited Paris, and was called upon by a large number of gentlemen. Three, apparently persons of rank and fortune, came in a carriage, and wrote down their names like others in the visiting book. Great was the dismay

of the aide-de-camp, who in the evening began to read the list of visitors aloud to the Grand Duke, to find in it these three names written in succession: Pestel, Bylejeff, Bestuzeff! Who were they? This paper bears date June 22, 1839.

Here is a sketch of Nicholas, then reigning with military severity. In person the Emperor is tall and well made. Few men of his height—six feet two inches—display such graceful freedom of carriage. He is called by many "the handsomest man in Europe." He is seen to special advantage in the saddle. He has the air and mien of majesty more completely than any sovereign of the age; his eye has a singular power; its fierce glance, it is said, has disarmed the assassin. Where he wishes to please, nothing can be more charming and winning than his manners. He is deeply attached to his children, and very kind and playful with them. To an English guest he said one evening, with a stamp of his foot as the unpleasant thought rose in his mind: "I know that I am unpopular in England. They hate me, because they think me a tyrant; but if they knew me they would not call me so. They should see me in the bosom of my family." And he was delightful there; but that did not keep him from being, as a ruler, the hardest of the hard.

In an article on "Recollections of Germany" there is this little sketch of Goethe: "From a private door came forward Goethe at a slow, majestic pace," an old man "with a costume doubtless modern, yet which notwithstanding looked perversely antique, owing perhaps to the powdered hair of the wearer and a gross mismanagement of the neck-cloth. His figure was tall and gaunt, and his attire a long blue surtout, considerably too wide—in fact, it fitted no better than a dressing-gown. His features in their cast generally had considerable resemblance to those of the late John Kemble, though with a very different expression, Goethe's being much more grave and stern. As to his own works and literary fame he would not utter one syllable, and seemed wholly immovable either by praise or blame."

A visitor at the grave of Byron asks the clerk who keeps the key whether he has seen there either the poet's widow or his daughter. "Not to my knowledge," answers the clerk. "The Duke of Orleans,

and, I rather think, the Duke of Sussex, asked me the same question. His sister, Mrs. Leigh, visited his grave soon after the erection of the tablet, and wept over him long and silently. She loved him fondly, sir; and so does Colonel Wildman, of the Abbey (Newstead). He buried old Joe Murray, the boatman, an old retainer of my lord's, very near him, because he recollected my lord's partiality for old Joe."

Further on is a charming little anecdote of Lamb as recorded by Hood, which will assuredly bear repetition. Lamb was a sound hater of carping, evil-speaking, and petty scandal. Some Mrs. Candor telling him, in expectation of an ill-natured comment, that Miss —, the teacher at the Ladies' School, had married a publican, "Has she so?" said Lamb. "Then I'll have my beer there."

Mr. Willis went to the National Gallery — new then — and sat upon a bench with an acquaintance, who pointed out to him a portrait of Lord Lyndhurst in his Chancellor's wig and robes, a very fine picture of a man of sixty or thereabouts. "When this dandy gets out of the way with his eye-glass," said Willis, "I shall be able to see the picture." His friend smiled. "Whom do you take the dandy to be?" It was a well-formed man, dressed in the top of the fashion, with a very straight back, curling brown hair, and the look of perhaps thirty years of age. It was Lord Lyndhurst himself, rejuvenated by a new brown wig and a very youthful hat and neck-cloth! On his arm leaned his new wife, formerly Miss Goldsmith, a small pale woman, dressed very gaudily. The noble couple might have passed for a comedian from the Surrey pleasuring with the tragic heroine.

There is a pretty description of that queen of dancers, Taglioni, in the *ca-chucha*. In it is a succession of flying movements expressive of alarm, in the midst of which "she alights, and stands poised upon the points of her feet, with a look over her shoulder of *fierté* and animation possible to no other face. It was like a deer standing, with expanded nostril and neck uplifted to its loftiest height, at the first scent of his pursuers in the breeze. It was the very soul of swiftness embodied in a look." Looking on at the fairy creature is Lord Brougham, "dressed very young, with a black stock and no collar, and rattling away at the operatic

gossip very brilliantly and gayly, evidently quite forgetting the woolsack. There are Bulwer and D'Orsay too, the only men in the opera-house wearing a white cravat. D'Orsay has a look of melancholy, but he is still beautiful, his complexion as clear and faultless as a boy's. He drinks milk, and goes to bed now at ten o'clock." Mr. Webster is at this time in England, and Willis mentions the sensation produced in London society by the American's magnificent head. "I do not say 'by his reputation,'" adds Willis, "because three persons out of four who have spoken to me of him take him to be the Noah Webster of the Dictionary." They meet at Hallam's in a group of distinguished men, and a lady is heard to say of Webster to two others who were discussing him phrenologically: "Well, I should never think of wasting time at the top of his head. He is the handsomest man I ever saw, bumps or no bumps! Look at his smile!" There are many American ladies in London in this summer of '39, and they are very much in the fashion. Mrs. Van Buren's quiet and high-bred manners are much talked of, and the major himself, like his brother, has been received quite as a prince royal — admitted to the floor of the House of Lords, etc. Miss Sedgwick is in London, but she seems to require a trumpeter.

Here is a glimpse of Milman, the poet: "A man a little above the middle size, plump, and of a very dark Jewish physiognomy. His eye is fine, his nose more aquiline than that of that literary Jew, Hayward, the translator; but Hayward is all a Hebrew in expression, which Milman is not." Below is a picture of the orator O'Connell. The great Dan looked like a rollicking Irish Boniface. He was dressed in an entire suit of black, with no shirt visible; his cravat very loose about his neck, accommodating itself to a full and rather unctuous-looking dewlap, his foxy wig a little askew, and on the side of his head a broad-brimmed, cheap, long-napped black hat. His eyes were very oily and sly, but his mouth looked the seat of fun and good-nature.

In August Mr. Willis sends a letter, the first paragraph of which announces the engagement of Mr. William Makepeace Thackeray as Paris correspondent of *The Corsair*. "Thackeray is a tall, athletic man of about thirty-five," writes

Mr. Willis, "with a look of talent that could never be mistaken. He has taken to literature after having spent a very large inheritance, but in throwing away the gifts of fortune he had cultivated his natural talents very highly, and is one of the most accomplished draughtsmen in England, as well as the cleverest and most brilliant of periodical writers. He has been the principal critic for *The Times*, and writes for *Fraser* and *Blackwood*." Mr. Thackeray does proceed thereafter to write regularly for *The Corsair* "letters from London, Paris, Pekin, Petersburg, etc."—the letters which in the shape of sketches are published in *The Paris Sketch-Book*. The same letter in which Mr. Willis announces his acquisition mentions also that Disraeli is to be married in a few days to Mrs. Wyndham Lewis, a very fashionable and rather pretty widow. One of the first things he proposes to himself after his marriage "is a trip to Niagara," a journey which he never made. "Mrs. Wyndham Lewis has been one of the most distinguished party-givers in May Fair for several years, and living on Hyde Park, in one of the most superb houses in London, her breakfasts on review days were very celebrated. She knows the world and is a very prudent person, and Disraeli's horoscope, on the whole, promises very brightly from the conjunction." This lady was, before her first marriage, Marian Evans, daughter of Captain Viney Evans, R.N. On another page a groundless social rumor is chronicled—that of the proposed marriage of Miss Burdett-Coutts to Mr. J. Gibson Lockhart.

Lady Hester Stanhope died in obscurity and loneliness in July of 1839, and a biographical sketch appears in which this picture of her in Syria is given: "Her head was covered with a turban made of red and white cashmere. She wore a long tunic, with open, loose sleeves; large Turkish trousers, the folds of which hung over yellow morocco boots, embroidered with silk. Her shoulders were covered with a sort of burnous, and a yataghan hung to her waist. Lady Hester Stanhope had a serious and imposing countenance; her noble and mild features had a majestic expression, which her high stature and the dignity of her movements enhanced."

In October a report runs through England that Lord Brougham has been killed

in a carriage accident. Before its falsity can be ascertained, the London papers break out into spasms of regret and eulogy, and the noble lord has an opportunity of reading countless agreeable obituaries of himself. Even *The Morning Chronicle*, who surely does not love him, speaks in grievous fashion of his "variety of attainment," his "facility of expression," "energy of purpose," "grandeur of forensic eloquence," and his "untiring continuance of intellectual labor." Elsewhere in the volume appears an amusing story of his lordship during a political tour in Scotland a few years before. He had stopped in his journey at the Highland residence of the Duke of B—. The Duchess, always full of fun and frolic, got up a dance on the green, at which all the Donalds and Janets of the district figured in their best. Brougham was tired, and being an early riser, slipped off soon to bed. He was missed, upon which one of the party, whose word could not be gained, insisted that they should all go and see how he looked in his nightcap. A procession was formed. Mr. Edward E— led the way, carrying two large lighted candles, and the dormitory of the Chancellor was fairly stormed and carried. He bore the siege with good-humor. A mock deed was drawn up, constituting the fair Duchess governor of some imaginary island, and Brougham was forced, after a good deal of bantering, to tell his secretary to unpack the great seal (which he kept in his bedroom), and affix it to the document. The party then retreated amidst peals of laughter.

Here is a picture of Dr. Lyman Beecher in Boston: "In the pulpit he is all action—angular, abrupt, graceless, forcible. His arms, head, feet, spectacles all in motion, with 'apostolic blows and knocks' he fells whole platoons of adversaries at once. Dr. B. is very careless of facts and statistics, hating the drudgery of their collection. On his way some years since to a public meeting of one of our benevolent societies, where he and a plodding scrap-book friend in company with him were to deliver addresses, said the doctor to him, 'You gather the facts into a pile, and I'll set them on fire.'"

These be the days of Palmerston; and "Palmerston," says a critic, "is a man made to be laughed at, but not to be despised. Tall, handsome, dark, and well dressed, he thinks himself still. In the

House of Commons Palmerston is an idler; he does not inflict his eloquence indiscriminately, and when he is obliged to get up and defend some bungling colleague about some matter upon which he is profoundly ignorant, he hammers and stammers in a most exemplary manner."

A rambler up the Thames visits Eel-pie Island, a place near Twickenham, which was the favorite resort of Edmund Kean for a few months before his death. The boatman the rambler hires is the one generally employed by the great actor, and the fellow relates that after the fatigues of the night were over at the theatre he often caused himself to be rowed to Eel-pie Island, and there left to wander about by moonlight till two or three o'clock in the morning. The tavern used at that time to be frequented by a poetical sawyer of Twickenham, whose poetry Kean greatly admired. The first time he heard the sawyer's rhymes he was so delighted that he made him a present of two sovereigns, and urged him to venture upon the dangerous seas of authorship. By his advice the sawyer rushed into print, and published a twopenny volume upon the beauties of Eel-pie Island, the delights of pie-eating, and various other matters of local and general interest. Kean at this time was so weak that it was necessary to lift him in and out of the wherry, a circumstance which excited the boatman's curiosity to go and see him in *Richard the Third* at the Richmond Theatre. "There was some difference there, I reckon," says the honest fellow to the rambler; "so much so that I was almost frightened at him. He seemed on the stage to be as strong as a giant, and strutted about so bravely that I could scarcely believe it was the same man. Next morning he would come into my boat, with a bottle of brandy in his coat pocket, as weak as a child until he had drunk almost half the brandy, when he plucked up a little. Many's the time that I have carried him in my arms in and out of the boat, as if he were a baby. But he wasn't particularly kind. He always paid me my fare, and never grumbled at it, and was very familiar and free like. But all the watermen were fond of him. He gave a new boat and a purse of sovereigns to be rowed for every year." When Kean died a great many of these watermen contributed toward his monument.

Thus looked Charles Dickens in the summer of 1839: "In person he is a little above the standard height, though not tall. His figure is slight without being meagre, and is well-proportioned. His face is peculiar, though not remarkable. An ample forehead is displayed under a quantity of light hair, worn in a mass on one side of his head rather jauntily, and this is the only semblance of dandyism in his appearance. His brow is marked; his eye, though not large, bright and expressive. The most regular feature is the nose, which may be called handsome—an epithet not applicable to his lips, which are too large. Taken altogether, the countenance, which is pale without sickness, is in repose extremely agreeable, and indicative of refinement and intelligence. Mr. Dickens's manner and conversation, except perhaps to the *abandon* among his familiars, have no exhibition of particular wit, much less of humor. He is mild in the tones of his voice and quiescent, evincing habitual attention to the etiquette and conventionalisms of polished circles. His society is much sought after, and possibly to avoid the invitations pressed upon him he does not reside in London, but with a lovely wife and two charming children he has a retreat in the vicinity."

Mr. Willis gives expression to a poetical admiration for Mrs. Caroline Norton, whom he meets at Lady Morgan's. She is above, he says, even the *beau ideal* of fancy. "No engraving has ever done justice to this lady, because the mere light and shade of the burin cannot give the purity of that opaque white, magnolia-leaf complexion, which, in contrast with her raven-black hair, forms one striking peculiarity of her face. Hers is a countenance, too, which, with all the perfection of the features, is more radiant in intellect and expression even than in feature and complexion."

The romance of Guizot's marriage is related in one of the numbers of that summer. Mlle. Pauline de Meulan was a woman of brilliant and original mind, to whose editorship the *Publiciste* owed most of its well-merited reputation. Her work was long and severe, and her health failing, her doctors ordered absolute idleness. Her pen was the only support of herself and her old parents, who had once enjoyed an immense fortune. In the midst of all this agony of poverty, debt,

and illness, Mlle. de Meulan received an anonymous letter offering in the most respectful fashion to supply her regularly with articles for the *Publiciste* until her health could be restored. The letter was accompanied by an article so much in her own style that she did not hesitate to add her initial and to publish it. The contributions of the unknown continued to arrive until the fair writer was again able to take up her pen. Mademoiselle and all the members of her literary circle lost themselves in conjectures as to the authorship of the articles, but none suspected the grave young orator who listened to their suppositions with an air of perfect indifference. At last Pauline, through the *Publiciste*, begged her unknown friend to present himself to her. The twenty-year-old Guizot obeyed, and five years after, the pair, in spite of the disparity of their ages, were married. It was a beautiful union; and when, after fifteen years, the devoted wife died, she begged, though a Catholic, to be buried as a Protestant, that she might die with the belief of being reunited to her beloved husband in another world. Quietly "her soul passed" as Guizot sat reading to her a sermon of Bossuet's.

In November, 1839, Horace Vernet goes to Egypt, and is presented to the famous Pasha Mehemet Ali. The French painter makes, in a letter home, this sketch of the Egyptian ruler: "Mehemet Ali is short, his beard is white, his complexion brown, his skin tanned, his eye lively, his movement prompt, his speech brief, his look witty, and very malicious. He laughs outright when he has uttered some sarcasm—an amusement in which he frequently indulged in our presence whenever the conversation turned upon politics." A pleasanter picture of the Pasha is given by another writer, to whom the old man said one day: "I have been very happy in my children; there is not one of them who does not treat me with the utmost deference and respect—except," he added, laughing outright, "that little fellow, the last and least, Mehemet Ali." The boy was then five or six years old, and called by his father's name—the son of his old age, his Benjamin, his best-beloved. "I see how it is," said the visitor; "your Highness spoils the boy. You encourage the little rogue." Mehemet Ali laughed again. It was an acknowledgment of a little paternal weakness. Not

long after, the Pasha's friend found him in the centre of his divan, surrounded by all his sons and grandsons; he had been listening to the accounts of their studies, their amusements, and their employments. At last he told them that they might withdraw, and one after another they rose, knelt before him, kissed the hem of his garment, and retired. Little Mehemet Ali came last; he was dressed in military costume, with a tiny golden-cased cimeter dangling at his side. He advanced toward his father, looking in his face; he saw the accustomed, the involuntary smile; and when he was about a yard from the Pasha, instead of bending or saluting him, he turned on his heels and laughingly scampered away like a young colt. The old man shook his head, looked grave for a moment, another smile passed over his countenance—"Peki, peki!" said he, in a low tone (Well, well!). It is good to remember in the renowned warrior this graceful bit of fatherly pride and fondness.

Those were the days in which much fun was made of that amiable and ingenious person whom Mrs. Oliphant calls the "Pecksniff of monarchs"—Louis Philippe. An anecdote which drifted from Germany and France into *The Corsair* shows that the fat king was not without admirers. "There is living at Dessau an old gardener of the ducal court who in his youth was employed at Versailles, where he was in the habit of presenting his finest fruits to the young prince now King of France, who in thanking him always addressed him as his dear cousin. This gardener, having a grandson who wished also to be a gardener, recalled to mind his illustrious relationship to Louis Philippe, and lately wrote to the King to entreat him to give a place to his grandson in one of the royal gardens. The King has replied to the old gardener in his own hand and in German, beginning his letter with 'My dear cousin,' and ending with 'Your affectionate cousin, Louis Philippe,' informing him that he has a place of 2000 francs a year and a lodging for his grandson. The old gardener shows the letter to everybody who wishes to see it, but holds it fast with both hands lest the precious missive should be lost."

The reigning royalties of Naples were in 1839 a picturesque pair. An English writer attending a reception at court describes the King as a tall, stout man, who,

though not quite thirty, had a circumference that few men of sixty could equal. The Queen, on the contrary, was a minute creature, her height not being more than that of most young ladies of twelve or thirteen. Her expression was pretty; her eyes splendid. But the contrast between the royal couple was amusing as remarkable. During the ceremony of having his hand kissed by his loving subjects the apparently disgusted King wore the expression of one who is approached by some revolting spectacle. The Queen's hand was held out and touched without her being, it seemed, the least aware of the fact. When the foreigners were presented the King bowed, but not a word did he speak. The Queen was talkative enough; but when at last she took her husband's offered hand and retired, she made a grimace at him expressive of "Thank goodness, it is all over!" Her Majesty was then only nineteen.

It was in the latter part of this year that the papers printed startling reports of the alarming illness of the Duke of Wellington. Properly sifted, these reports proved to be the result of an attempt by the old soldier to cure a cold after the fashion of the Dr. Tanner who lately tried in New York the dangers of starvation. His Grace went without food for two whole days, and finding himself better, mounted his horse to follow the hounds. He returned home after a day's sport to faint on the door-step from inanition. So Great Britain went straightway into an uproar over his "attack of apoplexy" in large letters, while the Iron Duke was calmly bathing his feet and placidly going off to sleep.

It was during the last weeks of '39 that Knowles brought out his play of *Love*, and Bulwer his drama of the *Sea-Captain*.

Mr. Willis attends the third performance of the *Sea-Captain*, and finds the house not more than half filled, in spite of the popular liking for the piece and for Helen Faucit and Macready, who play the heroine and hero. He gives an odd statement of Bulwer's position at the time. "Why, Bulwer is but thirty-two, I believe, and without one word of praise from the great tribunals of criticism, he stands in the very plenitude of renown and popularity; his plays depreciated by every magazine and newspaper of the day, yet perfectly successful; his novels received in killing silence by the reviewers, yet

seized on and read by all classes with the greatest avidity; his person and his character and his family the subjects of constant detraction, yet himself courted in society and honored by his sovereign with a baronetcy, and living in a charmed circle of luxury, admiration, and literary emolument."

As a writer of personal "intelligence," Mr. Willis has had few rivals. Perhaps he modelled himself somewhat after Walpole. But it must be said that if his notes were not invariably in perfect taste, they were never malicious. It is worth while to quote here what he himself says about the "personal" in one of his *Corsair* letters:

"There is no question, I believe, that pictures of living society where society is in very high perfection, and of living persons where they are 'persons of mark,' are both interesting to ourselves and valuable to posterity. What would we not give for a description of a dinner with Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, of a dance with the maids of Queen Elizabeth, of a chat with Milton in a morning call? We should say the man was a churl who, when he had the power, should have refused to 'leave the world a copy' of such precious hours. Posterity will decide who are the great of our time, but they are at least *among* those I have heard talk, and have described and quoted. And who would read without interest a hundred years hence a character of the second Virgin Queen, caught as it was uttered in a ballroom of her time; or a description of her loveliest maid of honor by one who had stood opposite her in a dance, and wrote it before he slept; or a conversation with Moore or Bulwer, when the Queen and her fairest maid and Moore and Bulwer have had their splendid funerals, and are dust like Elizabeth and Shakespeare?"

"The harm, if harm there be in such sketches, is in the spirit in which they are done. If they are ill-natured and untrue, or if the author says aught to injure the feelings of those who have admitted him to their confidence or hospitality, he is to blame, and it is easy, since he publishes while his subjects are living, to correct his misrepresentations, and to visit upon him his infidelities of friendship. For myself I have the best reason to know that I have never offended either host or acquaintance."

THE BOND.

BY GERALDINE BONNER.

EDWARD RILEY was twenty-seven years old when he became a thief. It fell out in this way: Six years of grinding office-work, with wretched pay and dreary toil, had eaten into his endurance and sapped his courage. Hopelessness was growing upon him, when one morning the purser of the Hong-Kong steamer, just arrived in San Francisco, placed in his hand a roll of Bank of England notes, amounting in American money to about fourteen thousand dollars.

This was to be delivered by Riley to the wife of one Manning, a former friend of his, but for five years a resident in China, and now reported to be dying of an incurable ailment. Mrs. Manning lived at a town some twelve hours' distance from San Francisco. Riley had never seen her, but he had heard of her often from Manning, who, after a few years of married unhappiness, had parted from her in anger, and had gone to China, vowing never to see her again. At intervals he corresponded with Riley, but not with his wife, with whom his quarrel had been bitter, and who was provided against want by a fortune in her own right.

A letter came with the money, giving the reason for the peculiar mode of transfer, and requesting Riley to take the sum to Mrs. Manning, and place it in her hands as a last remembrance from one who had loved her to the end. The bearer of the packet and letter had seen Manning a short time before the steamer left China, and judged that his illness must already have terminated fatally. Recovery was impossible. The money thus sent to his wife was his entire fortune, and it was handed to Riley just as it had been handed to the purser, in Bank of England notes wound round a small piece of wood, and making a little cylindrical packet that could be easily held in the closed hand.

That night Riley, shut in his room with the money, had wild thoughts. He knew Mrs. Manning to be well provided for. He knew Manning to be dead. The man who had given him the packet would probably never think of it again. The woman for whom it was destined had not expected it, and would therefore never raise a question about it. In a whole life-

time such a chance as this might not occur again. The purser had told him that in twelve days the steamer would return to China, and he with it. When he was gone, there was not one person in the world from whom to fear detection.

Riley was a man of a refined and sensitive nature, but weak and timid; and before this, the first great temptation of his life, he fell. Clever and adaptive, but unstable as water, his mind was filled with splendid dreams of wealth and success, which he lacked the force and daring to try and realize. He revelled in visions of greatness and luxury, and woke from his reveries to see the squalid walls of the office about him, his desk and ledgers below him, the coarse and common faces of his fellow-clerks on either hand, and he cursed his fate. He loathed his life, and was too faint-hearted, too shrinking and fearful, to attempt any other. He girded against the destiny that had placed him among this sordid lot, and yet was afraid to rise in his might and throw down his challenge to the world. Too dejected and disheartened to fall to the brutal level to which men of his temperament will sink under the blows of fortune, he lived on in a sort of dreary torpor, sometimes dreamily happy in following out the fruitless schemes of his evening meditations, sometimes numbed by a creeping self-despair, always turning the dull eyes of a sick mind on the world about him, as if in a pleading which had once been pitiful, but was now only spiritless.

He was a man made for wealth. Under the warmth of prosperity all the charms and graces of his effeminate nature would have bloomed into beauty. He could then have cultivated his talents, suppressed now by thankless toil. Idleness and plenty, relief from care and responsibility, would not have spoiled him as they do more strenuous characters, but would have encouraged and stimulated all his latent abilities and finer qualities. Money, instead of opening the way to still greater temptations, would have raised barriers to those that now assailed him. Where stronger men would have failed and fallen, this weakling would rise triumphant.

This was the life that allured him, not

because through it he could gratify the lower nature, but because it would enable him to develop the higher. He would make it a life of beauty and of peace. It would be full of kindness, of charity, of grace, and subdued splendor. And some gentle and loving woman would glorify it with him. Sitting in his miserable room, his glance riveted on the red eye of his small stove, he dreamed of her, shining through the dimness of his reverie with the softened radiance of a star. She would share his joys and defeats and triumphs. In his hour of sadness he would feel her hand in his, and the touch of her lips would have power to brush away his gloom. All the trouble and sorrow of the world would melt from his memory, his head pillowed on a heart that beat only for him.

Morbid, solitary, and hopeless, the sudden temptation to take the money struck him a blow that benumbed his conscience. He waited until a few days before the Hong-Kong steamer sailed, then resigned his position, drew his small savings from the bank, and fled. All through the journey he was upborne by a tingling sense of exhilaration and exultation. Wild schemes for the investment of the money flitted through his head. At one moment he would go north to Manitoba and the grain lands; at the next, south to Florida and the orange groves. He speculated on the chances offered at the Cape of Good Hope, and the openings in Farther India. He would go somewhere where no sign or sound from his old life could intrude. He would change his name and begin anew. If his schemes succeeded he would devote most of his income to charity and good works. He would forget the hell of the past, and try to make a heaven of his future. He felt no remorse, for he thought that he had wronged no one, and he burned with high hopes and eager expectations when he speculated on the possibilities of the days to come. He talked brilliantly and gayly with the people on the train, for no fears of pursuit or detection harassed him.

When he arrived in New York there was a snap in the tension, and then a terrible collapse. He had put up at a small hotel for economy, and here, alone, tired, and irresolute, he had time to see what he had done. In the solitude of his wretched room his sin rose up and looked him in the face. He had betrayed the trust

of his dead friend; he had robbed the widow and the orphan. Thinking over the situation with the deceptive clearness of vision which comes of an abnormally irritated condition of the nerves, he suddenly realized that he knew literally nothing of Mrs. Manning's present circumstances. Years before, when Manning had married her, she had been rich, but since then reverses of fortune might have dissipated her income. At this moment, while he sat in a hotel in New York, with her money in his hand, she and her children might be in grinding need of it. He was a thief—a pariah among men.

Horror seized upon him. He could find no rest. At night he lay broad awake, his eyes staring into the dark. In the day he sat in his little room, his elbows on the table, and his face in his hands. Outside or inside, alone or in a crowd, he could find no release from his growing remorse and shame.

It seemed to him that he read disgust and scorn in the eyes of the passers in the street; that the waiter at table spoke to him with a hardly veiled contempt; that the chamber-maid who cleaned his room touched his boots and clothes reluctantly, as pertaining to one utterly despicable, and looked at him with furtive, disdainful curiosity from the ends of her eyes. Everybody seemed drawn a great way from him, and he felt as if he was looking wistfully at their dwindling figures from a huge distance. He was alone in a world of men, who all seemed to point a finger at him as he, the thief, slouched by.

A week of sleeplessness, of solitary brooding, of haunting remorse, broke him down as completely as a three months' illness would have done. On the evening of the seventh day, sitting in his room, in the heavy torpor of dogged hopelessness, he came to the conclusion that he would make the only reparation possible, by returning the money to Mrs. Manning. By continually dwelling on the idea that she might have lost her fortune, he had come to believe it as an absolute certainty, and day and night was pursued by the thought of her in dire poverty, waiting for word from her absent husband. He had at first thought of writing her a letter acknowledging everything. But this was too hard—the words looked so brutal on paper. With curses and groans he tore the sheet up, and in despair flung his arms and head on the table, wishing for death.

Then an inspiration came to him, and on a blank sheet he wrote the words, "Be merciful, and keep my secret," wrapped the paper round the money, and sealed the ends with wax. She had seen his writing, and he thought she would understand.

But even now he was reluctant to part with it. Not so much because he wanted the money, as because he could not bear the thought that one unknown woman might brand him with the name of thief. In after-years he might meet her, and he would read her knowledge and her scorn in her eyes as he seemed to now in the eyes of the waiter. He thought he would wait till the morning before a final decision. One's thoughts were so much clearer in the morning. To-night he felt exhausted and sick, sick to the heart with self-loathing and shame, sick with a sense of oppression that amounted to physical pain. He was too weary to think, and too overwrought to sleep. He would go out, go out and try to divert his mind; see people, hear them talk, listen to them laugh; forget, forget, if only for one half-hour; go somewhere where they would not all seem to know he was a thief, and stare at him with wolfish eager curiosity. A theatre would be the best place, and taking up the morning paper, he looked over the advertisements of the different playhouses. At the head of the list he saw the announcement that a great prima donna would sing at the opera-house that night. He had never heard any of the more celebrated singers, and, as he was fond of music, this would be the best calculated to engross his attention. He put on his dress suit, and without directing the packet, thrust it in his pocket and went forth.

When he reached the opera-house it was past nine. The prices of the seats being too high for his purse, he paid the admission fee, and walked in. There was a great confused mass of people, and lights and color and heat. He saw it all dimly, and dimly over it, through it, holding it together like a cord, glancing in and out, and winding over and under it like a golden thread, he heard a voice, a dreamy, melting voice, so rich, so soft, so liquidly tender that even he was wooed into forgetfulness.

At one place, where many men like himself were leaning against a balustrade, he stood back near the wall, and,

with his eyes downcast, listened. The voice rose higher, and, like a bird's, the song seemed to compress itself into an ecstasy of rapture, as though the singer tried to crowd all the joy of life into one perfect moment. And then it died softly, like a sigh, a little sigh, half pain, half pleasure, breathed suddenly from between parted lips, with a throb in the throat, and a turn of the cool white neck. It made Riley think of his old dreams when he looked at the stove's red eye, and while the last note melted into the after-hush, he seemed to feel the love of those dreams pressing with spectral softness against his side.

With the applause he woke to memory and remorse. People about him spoke excitedly, and men ejaculated and stamped. Some one accidentally jostled him, and made him turn faint and gray with a sudden throttling spasm of fear. As he recovered, two men passed near him, one remarking,

"Actually scraggy, and with eyebrows that met over her nose, and—"

The other, his eye catching Riley, interrupted with, "That fellow's ill."

They both stared at him with curious and somewhat touched interest. Riley moved away rapidly, but he knew that they were standing and looking after him. He felt despairingly that if people noticed him like that he would have to leave, and he longed to hear the voice again, and to try and forget.

By ascending a flight of broad, shallow stairs, he found himself in another wide corridor, carpeted softly to the foot, cool and silent. But here, again, were more men, tall and well dressed, lounging about or walking swiftly by in twos and threes. They seemed in high spirits, laughed, and called out jokes to each other in passing. Riley, slouching along by the wall, felt again miles off and like a shadow, alone with his sin. Then he caught the eye of one of them—a keen and piercing glance fixed upon him with a sort of suspended suspicion—and again he slunk away with his heart beating thickly.

On one side of the corridor were the doors of the boxes, some of them open, and through the aperture he could catch glimpses of the occupants, women in bare arms and neck, dark almost as silhouettes against the blaze of the house beyond. But most of the doors were

closed. Riley wished with all his soul that he could get away from what he supposed to be the suspicions of those lounging men, and sit down and listen for a moment to that angel voice. If only one of these boxes were empty, and he could rest there for a little space! As the thought entered his mind he heard the laughing voices of two men who were coming round the bend of the corridor. They would stare suspiciously too. He looked about for escape, feeling suddenly tremulous and sick. One of the box doors near was ajar. He pushed it open, stole into the anteroom, peering fearfully ahead, saw the box was empty, and fell into a chair in the shadow.

Then, for the moment, a brief and almost heavenly sense of rest encompassed him, and leaning his head against the chair back, he closed his eyes, and lay motionless, lulled into dreamy passivity. It was the second *entr'acte*, and from the orchestra seats below rose a hum of voices, occasionally broken into by the snorting cry of a wind instrument, or the protesting whine of violin strings, responding to preparatory sweeps of the bow. There were people in the boxes to his right and left who talked and laughed as if happy and gay. He could not see them, for he sat back in the shadow, but his head was close to the partition on his right, and through the stupor that had deadened him he could faintly hear the soft laughter of well-bred women and the deeper tones of men. These sounds seemed like threads that held him to the world of human beings, and they came and went through the haze of his darkened consciousness, vague and indistinct as the voices in a dream, sudden sparklings of mingled mirth, ejaculations of wonder or surprise, splitting a jagged way across the chaos of his mind, then darkness again, and through it a brilliant zigzag of girlish laughter, ending, as the song had ended, in a soft, exhausted sigh.

Suddenly he was broad awake again; a plaint from the violins breathed over him like the breeze of a summer forest which brushes the edges of the leaves and bends the stalks of sun-warmed flowers. He sat up, listening in silent ravishment. He drew his chair further and further forward, till he finally stopped in the right-hand angle of the box, in the full glare of the house. Dazed and apprehensive, longing to listen to the music, yet fearing a

prying eye, he took furtive surveys of his environment, each glance accompanied by a spasmodic quickening of the pulse and the breaking out of moisture across his temples and the palms of his hands.

In the glittering sweep of the boxes there were numberless faces, and the mingled glimmer and sheen of diamonds twinkling above the fluttering of fans, radiance of crushed glossy fabrics, lights splintering on the facets of moving jewels, and shimmering in broken shafts through moonbeam films of gauze. None of these people noticed him, and with the sudden relief of this thought came an equally sudden dread of those close about him, and he shot a glance of terror into the left-hand box. He could see only a woman there, sitting facing him, a slender and ethereal blonde, her shoulders seeming to rise up out of a froth of pale pink, like the edges of the mist, her long throat bent backward to enable her to whisper to the man who sat behind her chair, and who had moved his head forward till it came within Riley's line of vision. When she had whispered, she looked into her companion's eyes, and they both laughed slightly and as if embarrassed. Ever after, when Riley saw a woman's head in that position, the throat so bent that the large tendon from the ear to the collarbone started out into relief, he felt a sudden tightening at his heart, and a deadening sense of sinking and oppression.

On the other side—he looked over his shoulder—he could see nothing but the arm of the woman who sat with her back to the same place in the partition as his. It was a small arm, and her hand lay on the red velvet ledge, the fingers un bent limply, like the tentacles of a sea-anemone when partially dry. In the rows of the orchestra seats he saw the backs of the spectators' heads, or the faces of men who had turned in their chairs, and were looking through glasses at the boxes. Occasionally they put down the glasses and bowed, and sometimes got up and walked out into the corridors. Most of the people were light-hearted and happy, and that was so horrible while he suffered in this way.

The music swelled solemnly upward, and reluctantly subsided. It seemed inextricably mingled with his consciousness. All the edges of his thoughts seemed to lose themselves in it in a strange, unreal manner that made him feel as if he

was living in a dream. Sometimes it obtruded itself positively upon his notice, and in a clear, bright moment he caught the innermost meaning of the interwoven harmonies revealed to him without effort or confusion. Again it faded into murmurous indistinctness, dying down to a continuous, level hum, seeming to be slowly, sleepily receding to a far, dim distance. It was during one of these moments that the woman with her back to his broke into his stupor for the second time with a rippling run of laughter. In its fresh reality it shook him into a tremor of palpitating alertness, forcing him to send another look over his shoulder at her.

She had moved slightly. He could see her whole arm, and he noticed what had not struck him before, that her glove was off. With the heaviness that follows on a shock, he stared dully at the hand, his brain again confused by the music, which rising, tender as a caress, once more soothed him into dreamful indifference. It was a delicate hand, the taper fingers up-curved like a sleeping baby's, and looking as if their touch would be as light and soft as the fall of rose petals. Riley watched it mechanically, without thinking of it; but, unknown to himself, every detail of its appearance produced an indelible image on his mental vision—the crumpled, cushiony look of the pink palm, the manner in which the points of the nails curved downward over the tips of the fingers, the contraction in the second joint of the thumb called by students of palmistry “a waist.” Then, even as he gazed, it seemed to blend with another wave of melody, its outlines mingled with the pleading of the violins, it dissolved into the harmonies breathing through the air, and swam before his eyes like a white mist. Again came the lull, the drooping of sound toward silence, its pensive decline into annihilation, and again the hand seemed to condense and take shape, growing, as the hush absorbed the fading music, into a real hand, warm and white against the cushioned ledge. It was so close to him that he could have easily touched the curved fingers, but his own were deep in his pocket, clinched round Mrs. Manning's money.

The fall of absolute if momentary silence roused him. He turned his eyes away, and let his glance wander over the heads in the orchestra chairs till it was

arrested by a trim hat high with bows of ribbon and lace, a sweep of blond hair drawn up from the whitest of necks, against which a few golden filaments, curling downward, shone in glistening semicircles. There was something extremely attractive and dainty about the back of this girl's head, and wondering whether the face would be equally pretty, Riley continued to watch her. Presently she half turned to speak to some one beside her, pursing her lips, and letting some slow monosyllable fall reluctantly from them. It might be “Yes,” and it might be “No.” She was pretty, with her richly curved cheek, and her fine, slightly *retroussé* nose. Now she was smiling, and looking at her companion from beneath her eyelashes in a coquetish way. He was a large, brown-haired man, with the back of his neck red above his white collar. His face, as he slowly turned it toward her, was red too, sun-burned it seemed, and—great God!—Riley felt the whole theatre rise and fall and sway like a ship in a heavy sea, and all the heads seemed to seethe together suddenly into a bubbling blur—it was the purser of the Hong-Kong steamer!

For a moment Riley was unable to move. He sat there frozen, ghastly, gray-faced, and looked. The purser said something to the girl beside him, in answer to which she made a little pouting grimace. He half rose, sat down again, and felt under his chair for his hat. Then he drew it forth, and rising, backed slowly into the aisle. He was coming out!

Riley shrank into the shadow, but still sat rigid, with his brain on fire. In his pocket his hand tightened on the money. The musicians were playing again, and his thoughts began to blur as the people's heads had done a few moments before. But from the turmoil of his mind one flicker of reason kept leaping up like a jet of flame in a draught—he was trapped. The man had seen him and was coming. He would be at the door in a moment. He would catch him here in this box, like a rat in a hole, with the money in his pocket. It must be thrown away, hidden, and now on the instant. He looked wildly about. There was not a crevice, not a cranny, not a chink where he could conceal it.

The music rose higher and higher, throbbing like a heart in a frenzy of exultation and triumph, and like a muffled

undertone, came the soft, regular fall of footsteps in the corridor. Riley's soul went up in a sudden passion of prayer for delivery. Then came the thought of rushing out, beating his way through, killing his pursuer, trampling him to blood and oozing pulp. The desperation of the animal driven to bay was on him. Before yielding to the madness of this thought he cast a last look about him, and his eyes fell on the hand resting idle and white on the ledge beside him. For an instant he gazed at it. The answer to his prayer had come. He noiselessly thrust out his arm, pushed the roll of money inside the up-curved fingers, and was gone with the stealth and swiftness of a thief.

Next day Riley sailed for Liverpool, and ten days later was on the deck of an Australian liner bound for Melbourne. When he reached his destination he was penniless. Then began a life of toil, of struggle, and of triumph. He changed his name to Parker, and strove to banish from his mind all memories of his old life. He tried to forget it, to blot it out as though it had not been. Nothing existed for him anterior to the day of his landing upon Australian soil. He worked hard, and, by degrees, saw himself grow rich and prosperous. Success, surprising and continual, crowned his enterprises. People began to allude to his luck as something marvellous. The golden touch of King Midas seemed to have become his.

In the eyes of his world he was a generous, just, fearless man, but underneath his quietly self-confident exterior the in-born weakness of his nature cowered in secret. It now lay in a horror of the old days, in a haunting fear of betrayal. With slow toil he had built up fortune and name, and he valued the latter as only a man can who knows himself a criminal. He wanted to be respected and honored as one whose record is spotless. He cherished a longing to be well thought of that was almost pitiful in its wistful intensity, and he hoped, by the rigid honesty of his present life, to pay off the debt of his past.

When his fortune began to increase, and he saw himself suddenly rich, all the pleasure he felt rose from the thought that now he could make retribution, now he could shower money on charity, on desolate women and homeless children,

and so make amends for his theft. The first atonement was of course to Mrs. Manning. Search proved that she had died a year after her husband. To her children, though already well provided for, the money was restored, and this gave to Parker the first real happiness of his life.

But he hated to remember. This kind and honest man, who seemed to find no pleasure in life outside the doing of good deeds, feared the memory of one epoch in his career as a nervous child fears the ghost that is always at its heels when it mounts a dark staircase. He was afraid of the hours of reverie; he dreaded the wakeful moments in the night. He lived in hideous apprehension of some turn of destiny revealing him to the world that honored him, sweeping away with one swift, sudden movement the little place he had made for himself with such patience and care. As the years passed and still no revelation betrayed him, he gradually felt more secure, and a sort of dull peace settled on his spirit.

His fears of the purser had soon died out. The fellow's presence in the opera-house on that particular night could have had no connection with his. Any one less distraught than Parker would have seen this at the time from the man's gay and *insouciant* demeanor, which was certainly not that of one who pursues a criminal. When the turbulence of his mind had subsided, Parker remembered having heard the man say that some day he intended leaving the steam-ship company's service, as he could hope for no further advancement there. He must have resigned his position some time before the steamer sailed, come directly to New York, and happened by chance to choose that very night to go to the opera. How needless, how purposeless, all that outlay of agony! So Parker mused, and smiled bitterly at the memory of his causeless despair.

Occasionally, too, his vagrant thoughts flew back and touched the woman into whose hand he had thrust the money. And these were ghastly thoughts. He felt as if he had a compact with a ghost or a devil, so impalpable, so unreal, seemed the personality behind that slender hand. In wakeful hours of the night he felt that it had only existed in his imagination, that it was a delusion of his overstrained brain. But at other times—

sitting over his wine at his lonely dinner table, watching the sunset from the steps of his deep balconies—he knew that it was real, and closing his eyes, he could call up again the feeling of that soft, cool hand as it moved under his.

Eight years after his arrival in Australia he left the country for the first time, intending to spend a year in European travel. He now felt perfectly safe, and able to look the world in the face, for he knew that the world did not know what he did. He had got as far as London when he met Helen Adair, an American girl travelling with her father, and fell in love with her on the first meeting. She seemed to him the ideal of his dreams. He had never before felt real love for any woman, and when it came, all the pent-up tenderness, the suppressed passion, of his nature burst into life. His heart, narrowed and compressed by hardship and self-abasement, opened like a flower under a warming sun.

His sweetheart was worthy of his love. She was an exquisite woman, lovely, gentle, intelligent, sweet. She was twenty six or seven years of age, but seemed much younger, partly by reason of her extremely youthful appearance, partly through her manner, which had in it a sort of girlish gravity, a serious intentness, such as one sometimes notices in the manner of a thoughtful child. She was slender and graceful, with a fine air of distinction, and a gracious bearing free from all coquetry or caprice. In the expression of her earnest, almost sombre, brown eyes, looking out gravely from under a straight line of heavy eyebrow, in the firmness of her curved mouth, in the bold sweep of her jaw, one saw sincerity, fortitude, and courage. It did not take a physiognomist to discover that this was a woman made to be leant against, not to lean, a wife to sustain and uphold, a mother to comfort and protect. All her latent tenderness lay hidden under the still reserve of her manner, and it fell to Edward Parker, ex-thief and coward, to arouse it.

There was something almost pathetic in their love. Both vaguely realized the superiority of the woman, and both, to hide this realization, redoubled their tenderness. The feet of the idol were of clay, and idol and worshipper knew it, yet tried, with utmost cunning, to make each think that the other was blind to the

flaw. To the woman this discovery was keen pain, stinging her heart as a secret disloyalty to the man she loved, and lending to her attitude toward him something at once of fostering protection and impassioned solicitude, while between him and the world she seemed to stand proudly defiant. He, on the other hand, was too cowardly even to admit to himself his inferiority, or to openly own it to her, and, in a tremor of fear, he strove to deceive both. He could not bear to think that through any defect of his own, one grain, one fraction of her love should be withheld.

Thus in their efforts to blind each other perfect confidence was lost, and a constraint existed between them which oppressed them, and yet which neither could banish. Parker felt this most, for it was heightened by his morbid vanity and sensitiveness. If he had longed for the esteem of his fellows while in Australia, how much more deeply did he long for the complete love and confidence of this woman! He wanted her to believe and trust in him as she did in her God. The thought of her ever finding out the stain on his career was a nightmare to him. The thought that he would ever see a shade of suspicion or reproof dim the clear trustfulness of her glance filled him with a sick dread. He hated his sin with renewed intensity because it seemed to be the one hinderance to the perfect fusion of their two lives. By reason of it his life could only touch hers at occasional points, not blend with it from now till death. That one wild act lay like a naked sword between their souls. Yet had he thought that it might be revealed to her, there would, in his desperation, be no deceit too mean for him to practise to withhold it from her.

Six weeks from the day of their meeting they were married, and went on the Continent for a tour. While travelling in Italy they fell in with some American friends whom they afterward met in Paris, and who, on learning of her arrival, sent Mrs. Parker a box for the opera. She was overjoyed, being passionately fond of music. Parker had excused himself from taking her before on the ground that opera bored him. He was afraid of evoking memories of the ugly past. This time, however, escape was impossible, and he promised to go.

He was dressed before his wife, and sat