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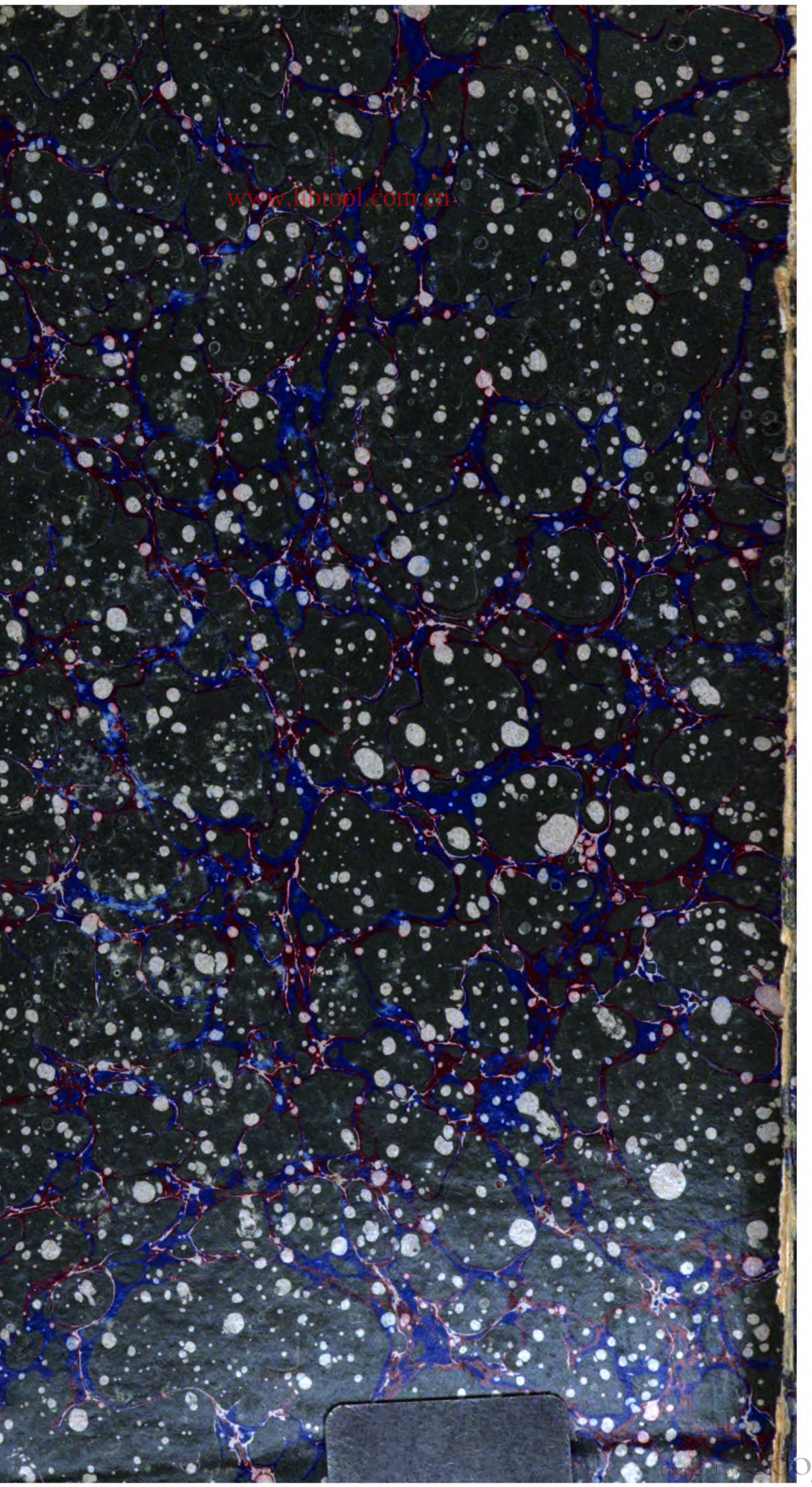
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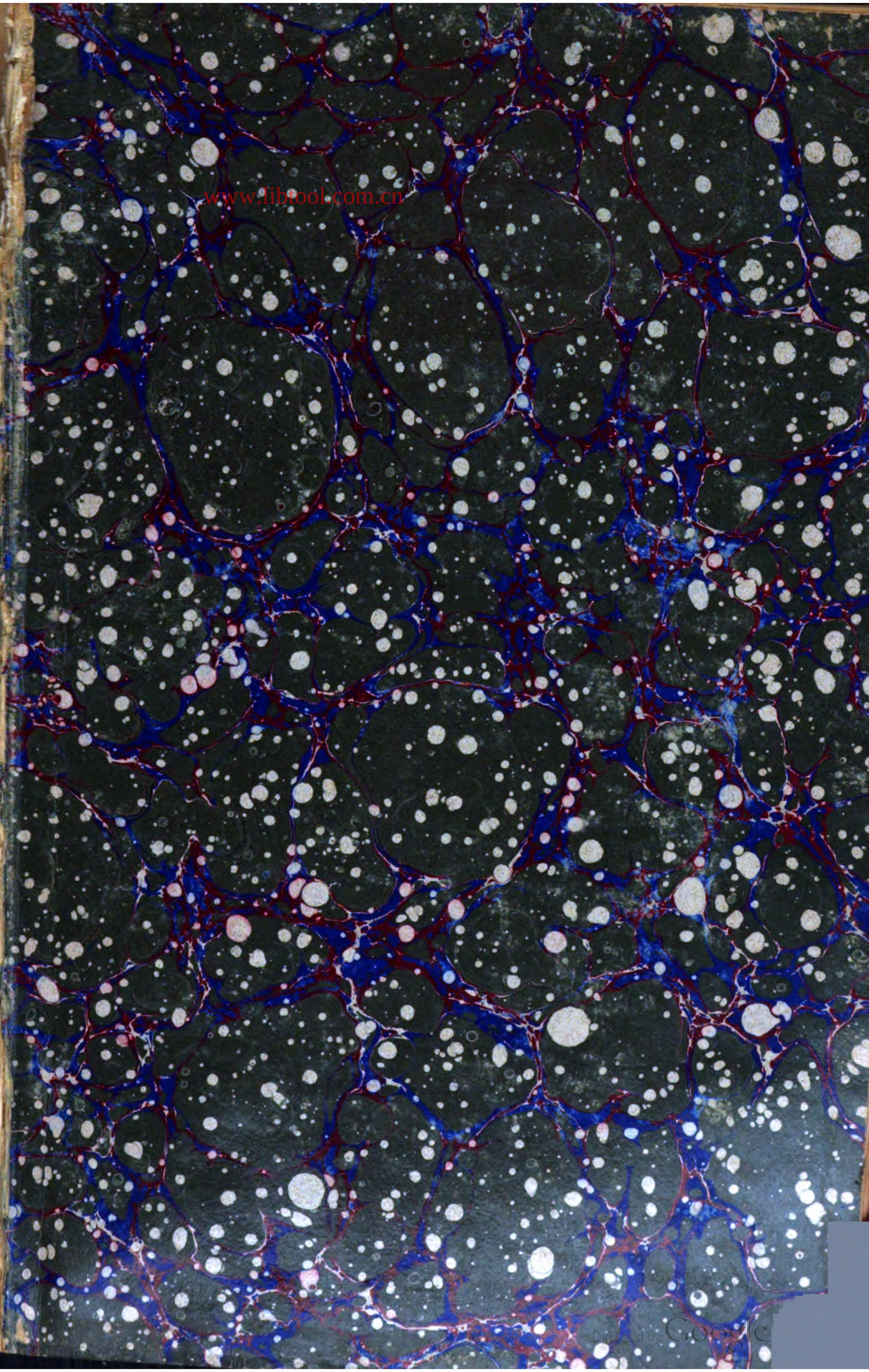
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ATLANTIC MONTHLY

A MAGAZINE OF

Literature, Science, Art, and Politics

VOLUME LXXXIV

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
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ENGLISH IMPERIALISM.

I.

The rise of imperialism has been the natural, the almost inevitable consequence of English experience during the century that is closing. The lessons were so obvious that they were easily learned. Our most important acquisitions are economic truths, in regard to which the people of the United States have been our principal teachers.

(1.) Just seventy years after the Declaration of Independence, the commercial and industrial policy which England had pursued for three centuries was not merely discarded, but totally reversed. We had been consciously endeavoring to build up the power of England as a maritime country by every expedient, — to subordinate all private interests at home and abroad to this end. Industry was guided into the directions that seemed most profitable for the nation; lines of commerce that proved desirable for the nation were fostered; colonial development was controlled in the national interest. Eventually, at the close of the Napoleonic wars, we began to feel that we had been acting rather foolishly; for it appeared as if all the legislation by which our naval power had been promoted was quite unnecessary. The effort to maintain the control of the crown in America had led us into a war of which we were heartily ashamed; attempts to retain exclusive commerce had drawn us into the quarrel of 1812, with all its disastrous results on our industry and trade. Hence, under the influence of the classical economists, we definitely set aside the national economic policy we had pursued, and became consciously and frankly cosmopolitan. Academic writers had demonstrated truths which experience confirmed; and practical men were convinced that the best market for our goods, the best food supply for our people, and the largest field for the employment of our shipping were to be found by encouraging the freest communication with all the world. The leading Englishmen of that date were of opinion that political control was useless for commercial and industrial advance, while it was terribly costly. In 1846, the new movement had its most signal triumph by the repeal of the Corn Laws; national ambition was denounced as an evil, and political entanglements of every kind were dreaded as possible dangers. Cobden and Cobden's ideas became dominant, and the old exclusive policy of nationalism was abandoned, never to be revived subsequently by England. From that time forward, all our economic policy has been, not national, but cosmopolitan in character. And this result has been largely due to experience we acquired in our commercial relations with the United States. Doctrinaires might have written any number of disquisitions without producing much result; practical men are guided by concrete instances. The fact that there had been an expansion of trade between England and America, in the last decade of last century and the beginning of this

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century, exhibited the futility of striving to retain political control as a basis of commercial intercourse.

(2.) Those statesmen who urged the adoption of this cosmopolitanism as the true economic policy for England were conscious that they were taking a course that entailed new and very serious national dangers; but they entered upon it boldly, and the men of later generations have constantly tried to guard against the imminent risk under which we in England habitually live. For our food supply we are dependent on commercial intercourse with other countries, and we must have a navy strong enough to guard our mercantile marine. Cobden, peace-at-any-price man as he appeared, saw this clearly. We are bound to keep up our navy. America can do as she likes in the matter, — for her it is a question of prestige; but for England it is an absolute necessity to maintain intercourse with distant lands at all hazards. The expense of the royal navy is heavy, but it is the premium England has to pay to insure her people against starvation.

II.

This was the standpoint from which Cobden looked hopefully forward, and his attitude was generally adopted in England during the fifties and sixties; but it was a position which could not be permanently maintained. The advocates of free trade believed that the advantages of cosmopolitan intercourse were so great that when the example had once been set, all other countries would soon follow it; they imagined that England, without political expenditure, would have easy access to all the markets of the world. In this they were grievously mistaken; they failed to see that commercial intercourse, which was essential for our very existence, was of far less importance to other nations, and that there might be more pressing interests for which they had to care. Friedrich List showed clearly that though England found it worth while to take up a cosmopolitan policy, other nations were still at a stage of development where the national scheme of economic regulation, which she had pursued so long and then discarded, might be persistently followed with advantage. This has been the view of practical politicians in many countries. As a matter of fact, free trade has not been generally adopted; and England is being gradually excluded from the markets of foreign countries, and of the lands which come under the influence of foreign powers. The attempts of Russia, Germany, and France to acquire great tracts of territory in which our commerce shall be placed at a disadvantage, together with the high tariffs which are imposed in the United States, have wakened us out of our Cobdenite dream. If we are to hold our own and preserve that large trade upon which we depend, we cannot dispense with political influence in distant places. We must have political influence, not to pursue a nationalist policy of our own, but to keep neutral markets open to cosmopolitan trade, and to give our own industry a fair chance. We are driven back into seeking political influence in Asia and Africa by the economic conditions in which we live. We had given up our scheme of national advance, and had believed that we could pursue peaceful commerce and friendly intercourse without political entanglements. But the people of the United States have been among the instructors who have taught us our mistake; we have learned that we must expand the area of our political control, if we are to have fair play for our industry and commerce.

III.

The imperialist policy of England at the present day is easily confused with the nationalist policy which we have abandoned; but the two are absolutely and entirely different. Last century we sought to maintain political power in

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America, so as to continue to control and direct and develop the resources of this territory in the interest of England; we make no such attempt anywhere today. It is the constant complaint of our manufacturers that they have to contend with obstacles in our own dependencies; that Lancashire mills are restricted in their operation by factory acts which do not apply in Bombay; and that our own colonies set up hostile tariffs against us. According to the present economic policy of the English government, we never grasp at exclusive advantages for English producers or consumers, but simply insure fair play for all, English, American, French, and German alike. It is a cosmopolitan policy, — the policy that is necessary for ourselves, but a policy which leaves all others free to take full advantage of the markets and the industrial opportunities afforded by any territory under the government of our Parliament.

The difference between the old nationalism and the new cosmopolitanism comes out very clearly in the attitude we take, in our new possessions, toward the capital and industry of other civilized nations. We are exercising a control in Egypt with considerable difficulty and under great provocation; but the French capitalist does not want to get rid of us. He is taking a large part in the industrial and trading development of the country. We have lately opened up the Nile Valley, at our own expense; but we do not restrict the enjoyment of the industrial advantages of this area to Englishmen. Our government know that the American method of bridge-building is more rapid, and they adopt it; and our own ironmasters get very little sympathy, either from the government or from the public, when they grumble. We think the English engineers had better learn by experience, and that it is good for them to be made to keep up with the times. The English subjugation of India by Clive was of no direct advantage to the colonies in America, for at that time we were working on national lines; but the policy of England in Egypt and on the Nile, at the present day, is just as beneficial to the American as to the English manufacturer. The United States are reaping advantage from our imperialism, and we do not grudge it to Americans.

There is an equal difference in our attitude toward subject races, under the old order of nationalism and the new methods of imperialism. Last century the government of India was conducted on a commercial basis; the colonies were not depleted for the sake of the mother country, but their development was controlled, and to some extent hampered, so as to avoid any risk of impoverishing England. Of India it is true to say that it was partly exploited in the interest of certain Englishmen. The shareholders of the East India Company had a valuable franchise, and the officials of the company had great opportunities of adding to their private income. As the company was unwillingly forced to enlarge its political responsibilities, a greater and greater area of the country and a vast population came under the government of a joint stock company, which made no pretense of considering the good of the natives or any other object than the increasing of trade. There is an extraordinary difference in the attitude of the average Englishman toward India today: there never has been, in the history of the world, such a body of rulers as the Indian Civil Service, — so earnestly anxious as they are to study the people whom they govern, so free from corruption of any kind, so deeply conscious of their responsibilities, and so careful to make the very most not only of that marvelous country, but of all the various races of men who inhabit it. This service offers the finest career to which a British subject can aspire, and a desire to enter it rouses the laudable ambition of the best men in our universities.

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English government in India — from the time when it was conducted in a huckstering spirit to the conditions which we find to-day — was not a sudden thing. The real change in that spirit of administration may perhaps be dated from the sentiment that was roused by the impeachment of Warren Hastings and the governorship of Lord Cornwallis. In the later days of the company, there were many individual officials who had a deep sympathy with native tradition, and attracted to themselves an enthusiastic personal devotion. But the recasting of the system as a system was forced upon us by the most terrible of all our experiences in this century. It was the Indian mutiny which compelled Parliament to take the matter in hand, and has brought the vast populations of India under the direct control of the English Empire; they are subjects of the crown, but they are not, as we see, fit for self-government. We have to keep the mountain tribes from pillaging the peaceful population of the plains; we have to keep the Hindus and the Mahommedans from flying at one another's throats. We give them opportunities for local self-government; we open to them appointments in the Indian Civil Service, and place on them all the responsibility they can bear. We do not expect to assimilate them or make them English; we offer them the opportunity for development in every way; we only deny them the power to oppress and misgovern one another. We furnish effective police control at the expense of the great dependency; we gain nothing for ourselves, but we insure such law and order as India has never known before.

IV.

The contrast between English imperialism and English nationalism may be most clearly seen in our Eastern empire. Neither India nor America gained much from the successes of the East India Company; both have reaped advantages from the expansion of the English Empire. But this work of establishing an effective police control over diverse races and subject populations is not confined to India; it is coming to the front in every part of the globe. It is the modern problem *par excellence* to combine free self-government with effective police control over large areas which are inhabited by men of different races, who have different standards of duty and different capacity for self-government. In the ancient world, when citizenship meant membership of a city, the problem did not arise as it does with us. But as intercourse develops more and more between the highly civilized peoples and the less advanced races, the problem becomes more pressing. It was felt in India long ago, when we had mere commercial settlements, established for export trade. It was felt more decidedly when our merchants began to undertake internal trade; it became necessary that there should be some authority to which they could appeal in civil suits. Systematic commercial intercourse between the white man and the black involves common civil authority of some sort; and if white men are to be allowed to use their capital in developing industries, or in carrying on mining, or in opening up the country, they must have a recognized status. The traders and the capitalists of the West are not to be kept out of undeveloped regions; and wherever they go, they are apt to demand protection for themselves and their property. There is need of effective police control, too, not only to protect the white trader, but to protect the black man. It is not a satisfactory condition of things when the strong man armed takes the law into his own hands, and punishes offenses with indiscriminate ruthlessness. The problem of governing diverse races on the same soil is the political problem of the future; and it is one which England has dealt with in India, with terrible difficulties and many mistakes, but yet with such success that she does not shrink from trying to face

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it in other parts of the globe. This is the meaning of English imperialism. We see that police control is necessary, if the contact of civilization and barbarism is not to be a continued curse to mankind; there must be strong civil authority established to keep the peace and punish the wrongdoer, whether black or white; and Englishmen are ready to undertake this police control wherever they are called on to exercise it.

We do not grasp at it; we know the strain it involves and the jealousy it breeds; but we will not shirk the responsibility when it comes to our hands. The thing must be done; there must be the maintenance of law and order somehow, and we are prepared to do our best. If others will join us in it, good and well. We invited France to share the work in Egypt, and she left us to do it alone; we have combined with Germany and America to attempt it in Samoa, and we wish we had left it to them, or they had left it to us. Conventions do not work quite easily; under the imperialist system there is far less danger that a squabble about the succession to a barbarian chieftainship should endanger the peace of two friendly European powers. The position of the English imperialists is this: it is necessary that some civilized power should exercise effective police control in every part of the globe: if other people like to do it, good and well; if they leave it to us, so much the better. It is preferable, from our point of view, on two grounds: first, because, with our experience of governing conflicting races, we are as likely to set about the task satisfactorily as anybody else; secondly, because any country that is under our political control, and that is not ripe for self-government as our colonies are, will pursue a cosmopolitan economic policy, and so give a fair chance — no preferential advantage, but only a fair chance — to our trade. The spread of English imperialism, with its free play for the commerce of all nations, is the chief factor in diminishing the risks of commercial quarrels between civilized powers. It is the one practical step that is being taken at the present day to secure the peace of the world, and at the same time to afford the greatest possible scope for national self-development. The men of the eighteenth century could not have understood it; and those who are still standing on the eighteenth-century platform, so far as political experience goes, cannot recognize it. But that is what we English think about our empire, and that is why it rouses our enthusiasm.

V.

English imperialism is the outcome of our national experience, and it has a solid basis in our economic condition and requirements: but it is not merely a hand-to-mouth expedient; for it has been to a great extent an academic movement, thought out and advocated by the late Regius Professor of History in the University of Cambridge. Sir John Seeley was a writer whose work was admired on both sides of the Atlantic, but only those who knew him intimately or attended his conversation classes realize the personal influence he exercised. Lord Rosebery recognized the service he was doing to the country, and his writings awakened an eager response throughout the colonies. It is happy for any country when the best intelligence of the land and its ripest scholarship are brought to bear in shaping the political enthusiasms of the day; and that is the work which Seeley did in our English Cambridge. Nor is it only in beautiful and academic prose that these aspirations have found expression. He was a wise man who held that if he wrote the songs of the people, he did not care who made their laws. We English imperialists know that Rudyard Kipling writes our ballads, and we do not much care how the constitutions are devised.

Of course it is a decadent age. We have pessimists among us who warn us

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that this new empire cannot hold together; that it is a great drain on our resources, and so forth; that the colonies gain nothing by their connection with the mother country, and that the whole magnificent polity must break up sooner or later; that as one set of colonies demanded their independence once, so will all other colonies and dependencies in the course of time. We do not much dread it if they do, but we do not think it very likely that they will. There are no bonds of interest, it is true, but there are ties of sentiment which are strengthening and growing; the loyalty to the crown in England has been intensifying very markedly during the last thirty years, but to Londoners it was a surprise to find how strong this feeling was in the colonies, as they saw it in the response that was elicited at the great jubilee of Queen Victoria in 1897. The royal and imperial crown gives a rallying point for English sentiment throughout the world; and our distant colonies value the symbols of authority that connect them still with the great traditions of the past of the Anglo-Saxon race.

On the other hand, the English sentiment of paternity is very deep. We are proud of the achievements of all our colonists, for we count them as indirectly our own; and in that feeling America and American achievements are included. Whatever readiness there is in England to appreciate the triumphs of the industrial development of the United States, and to rejoice in the success of their army and navy, rests, not on any calculation of English interests, but on the sense of kinship, since we feel that Americans come of the old stock. English pride has its advantageous side. There are serious, perhaps widening differences of opinion and interest between the Old England and the New; but the paternal pride we feel in all American successes is the true guarantee, so far as England is concerned, of continued peace and deepening friendship. We believe that England had no small part in making America what she is. The first settlers had a heritage of training in self-government when they landed here, and it was under British leadership that the vital question between French and Anglo-Saxon ascendency on this continent was decided. England may not have been a very wise or a very kindly parent, but after all she did her bare duty by her offspring. She gave her colonies a good education and a start in life; and Englishmen of this generation feel a genuine pride in the great things America has achieved in her independent career. The English parental pride in America is very strong, and it is assuredly no weaker sentiment that attaches us to the more dutiful children of the mother country. The bond of sentiment is increasingly powerful, and the occasions which gave rise to trouble in the past are not likely to recur.

There were two grounds of difference that no longer exist. Loyalty to their religious principles impelled the Pilgrims to cross the water and claim freedom from the Anglican Church. But the Anglican Church is not imposed on English colonists to-day; it has its hold upon some of them, because they find in its services the fullest witness to their Christian faith and the best expression of their religious devotion. Religion and religious association are no longer a badge of differences, but a stronger bond of union.

Then there was that other cause of difference, — the commercial disabilities which had been imposed on our colonies. That too is a thing of the past. Englishmen are not now trying to develop colonies in the interest of the mother country; in this respect we have learned the lesson America taught us.

It is thus that we Englishmen look out on the twentieth century: in no decadent humor; with much anxiety, indeed, but with no misgivings as to the result. We know that our national debt

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is large, and that our coal is being exhausted; our material advantages are not so great as they once were; but for all that we seem to have the men who are fitted to do the very thing the world needs most, and we hope to rise to any new responsibilities that the future may have in store.

William Cunningham.

THE PLOT OF MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.[1]

The text of Much Ado about Nothing in the First Folio is not the earliest. It had already appeared in a Quarto form twenty-three years before it was there printed. Nevertheless, there is in reality but one text, inasmuch as it is from this Quarto that the Folio itself was printed. If this printed text of the Folio, over which we pore so earnestly, had been ever scanned by Shakespeare's eyes, then we might accept it as a legacy where every comma becomes respectable; but since we know that when the Folio was printed Shakespeare had been in his grave seven years, we discover, of a surety, that we are dealing with the skill, intelligent or otherwise, of an ordinary compositor, and that in our minute collation we are devoting our closest scrutiny to the vagaries of a printer.

When we seek to discover the source of the text of the Quarto, we are met by the mystery which seems inseparable from all things connected with Shakespeare's outward life (I marvel that in the four thousand ways, devised by Mr. Wise, of spelling Shakespeare's name no place is found for spelling it "*m-y-s-t-e-r-y*"), and yet, in the present instance, I doubt that "mystery" is the appropriate term. It is merely our ignorance which creates the mystery. To Shakespeare's friends and daily companions there was nothing mysterious in his life; on the contrary, it possibly appeared to them as unusually dull and commonplace. It certainly had no incidents so far out of the common that they thought it worth while to record them. Shakespeare never killed a man, as Jonson did; his voice was never heard, like Marlow's, in tavern brawls; nor was he ever, like Marston and Chapman, threatened with the penalty of having his ears lopped and his nose slit; but his daily life was so gentle and so clear in the sight of man and of Heaven that no record of it has come down to us; for which failure I am most fervently grateful, and as fervently hope that no future year will ever reveal even the faintest peep through the divinity which doth hedge this king.

We are quite ignorant of the way in which any of the Shakespearean Quartos came to be published. Were it not that Heminge and Condell pronounced them all to be "stolne and surreptitious," we might have possibly supposed that Shakespeare yielded to temptation and sold his plays to the press, — a dishonest practice indulged in by some dramatists, as we learn from Heywood's Preface to his Rape of Lucrece, where he says, "Some have used a double sale of their labours, first to the Stage, and after to the Presse." But not thus dishonestly would the sturdy English soul of Shakespeare act, — a trait not sufficiently considered by those who impute to him an indifference to the offsprings of his brain. His plays once sold to the theatre passed forever from his possession, and to all allurements of subsequent money-getting from them he gave an honest kersey no.

[1] Dr. Furness, from the Introduction to Much Ado about Nothing, to be published in his forthcoming edition, gives here as much as relates in general to the plot and the characters. — Ed.

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There is one item in reference to the text which I think worthy of note. When it is asserted that the Folio is printed from the Quarto, we assume that the compositors of the Folio had before them, as "copy," the pages of the Quarto. There was a time when I believed that this was the custom followed by compositors in the days of Elizabeth, as it is by compositors at the present day, and I went even so far as to quote with entire approval Dr. Johnson's remark that the printers who had the manuscript before their eyes were more likely to read it aright than we who saw it only in imagination. Nevertheless, there always remained in my mind an unexplained problem, when it happened, as it unquestionably does happen, that the pages of the Folio were set up from the printed pages of the Quarto. At the present day, when compositors set up from printed copy, they follow that copy slavishly, almost mechanically. Surely, the same must have been true of the less intelligent compositors of Shakespeare's time, and we might expect, as of right, that the printed page of the Quarto which had served as copy would be exactly reproduced in the Folio, in spelling, in punctuation, in the use of capitals and of Italics. Yet this is far, very far, from being the case: "don Peter of Arragon" in the Quarto of the present play becomes "*Don Peter of Arragon*" in the Folio, in Italics, and with a capital *D;* with "happy" before him in print, it is almost unaccountable that the compositor of the Folio should take the trouble of adding another type and spell the word "happie," or that he should change "4 of his fiue wits" into "foure of his fiue wits," or change "lamb" into "Lambe" with a needless capital and a needless *e;* and so we might go on in almost every line throughout the play. Yet it is incontestable that the Folio was printed from the Quarto; the very errors of the Quarto are repeated in the Folio, such as giving the names of the actors, Kempe and Cowley, instead of the names of the characters they impersonated.

The solution of the mystery is to be found, I think, in the practice of the old printing offices, where compositors set up the types, not from copy which they themselves read, but by hearing the copy read aloud to them. We now know that in the printing offices of aforetime it was customary to have a reader whose duty it was to read aloud the copy to the compositors. This will not only explain all these trivial differences in spelling, punctuation, and the use of Italics which I have just mentioned, but will also reveal the cause of that more important class of errors which Shakespearean editors have hitherto attributed either to the hearing of the text delivered by actors, in public, on the stage, or to the mental ear of the compositor while carrying a sentence in his memory. The voice believed to be that of the actor is in reality the voice of the compositors' reader. Be it understood that I here refer mainly to the instances where the Folio was printed from a Quarto. That plays were sometimes stolen by taking them down from the actors' lips on the stage, we know. Heywood denounces the practice in that same address "To the Reader" prefixed to his Rape of Lucrece.

To Shakespeare the plots of his dramas were of trifling importance, be it that they are as involved as the plot of the Comedy of Errors, or be it that the imaginary characters are as few as they are in his Sonnets; he took plots wherever he found them made to his hand. Any situation that would evoke characteristic traits in any dramatis personæ was all that he needed. Dr. Johnson, as we all know, went so far as to say that Shakespeare "has not only shown human nature as it acts in real exigencies, but as it would be found in trials to which it cannot be exposed." What need, then, had Shakespeare to invent plots? Under his hand all stories

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were available, but, apparently, those especially with which his audience was familiar, who, *possibly*, found a certain pleasure in recognizing old friends under new faces, and who could, assuredly, bestow on the characters themselves an attention which would not be distracted by the need of unraveling an unfamiliar plot. Has a comedy ever been written which gives more pleasure than As You Like It? Well may it be called flawless. And yet it contains absurdities in construction so gross that their readiest explanation is the supposition that the original commonplace thing upon which the play is founded has been allowed, by Shakespeare's careless indifference, here and there to obtrude: there are two characters bearing the same name, — it is unthinkable that a dramatist, in devising a play, should have committed such an oversight; in one scene Celia is taller than Rosalind, and in another Rosalind is taller than Celia; the Touchstone of the first act is not the same Touchstone as in succeeding acts, and though he has been the clownish Fool about the old court all his days, neither Jaques nor the exiled Duke has ever before seen him when they meet in the Forest, where the Duke has been in exile only a few months. And can there be any device to end a story more preposterous than that a headstrong, violent tyrant at the head of "a mighty power" should, merely after "some question with" "an old religious man," be "converted," and instantly relinquish a campaign and retire from the world? But what did Shakespeare, or what do we, care for all such things? They are no part of the play. It is Rosalind who enthralls our hearts, and love is blind. Were there oversights ten times as gross, the play would still have power to charm. They are worth mentioning solely as indications that Shakespeare's play is a superstructure. And thus it is, also, with this present Much Ado about Nothing. We may read every story in literature wherein parallels to this play may be traced, and yet the *fons et origo* will not be there. The old, insignificant play (had it been other than insignificant, it would have survived), whereof the dramatic possibilities Shakespeare detected and moulded into living forms, — this old, insubstantial play, discarded as soon as its brighter offspring appeared, has long since faded and left not a wrack behind, except where here and there its cloth of frieze may be detected beneath Shakespeare's seams of the cloth of gold. At the very first entrance of the players on the stage, for instance, there is what I regard as an unmistakable trace of the original play: Innogen, the wife of Leonato and the mother of Hero, is set down as entering with the others, and yet she utters no single word throughout the play, not even at that supreme moment when her daughter is belied before the altar, and when every fibre of a mother's heart would have been stirred. That her name is here no chance misprint is clear; she reappears in the stage direction at the beginning of the second act. Her recorded presence merely shows that for one of the characters with which the original play started Shakespeare found no use, and through carelessness the name was allowed to remain in the manuscript prompt-book, where nobody was likely to see it but the prompter, who knew well enough that no such character was to be summoned to the stage. Then, again, it is likely, or rather, *possible*, that in the old play the paternity of Beatrice was distinctly given. In the present play there is no hint of it; indeed, it is not unreasonable to ask of a dramatist that in developing his action he should give some account of his heroine; a line will be sufficient, and perhaps will save some confusion, which in this instance has really arisen. One able critic speaks of Beatrice as the worthy daughter of "the gallant old Antonio." Undoubtedly Brother Anthony was both gallant and old, but in neither attribute so advanced as

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to be obliged to commit his daughter to the care of a "guardian." We see clearly why, dramatically, Beatrice must be a niece, not a daughter, and an orphan; a father or a mother would have checked that saucy tongue of hers, and where would our pleasure have been then, I should like to know? All I urge is that a dramatist, in writing a new play, and not rewriting an old one, would hardly have failed to refer to the parents of his heroine. Furthermore, many a critic has somewhat plumed himself on what he considers his singular shrewdness in detecting that Beatrice and Benedick are in love with each other at the opening of the play. But the assertion of Beatrice, in the first scene of the second act, is always overlooked, — that "once before" she had possessed Benedick's heart, and he had won hers; which is only one of the many allusions to events which occurred before the opening of the play, — when, for instance, Beatrice had promised to eat all the victims of Benedick's sword, and when Benedick had set up his bills in Messina and challenged Cupid at the flight. In all these allusions I think we may discover traces of the original groundwork of Shakespeare's plot. It is *possible* that in the old play of Benedick and Betteris we have this original, and in it the hero and heroine are acknowledged lovers, but become separated by a lovers' quarrel, in the course of which Beatrice earns the name of "Lady Disdain," and the quarrel is smoothed away by the device which Shakespeare afterward adopted. This, of course, is all pure conjecture; but does it herein differ from the majority of Shakespearean assertions?

In the present play, as in others of Shakespeare, there are two separate actions: there is the false personation of Hero, and the deceit practiced on Beatrice and Benedick. Unless we suppose that there existed a preceding play combining both actions, which I by no means believe to be necessary, Shakespeare must have drawn from two separate sources. For the dual deception of Beatrice and Benedick no parallel has been found; we may therefore concede thus much to Shakespeare's originality, but we must do it on tiptoe lest we waken the commentators, who will not listen to Shakespeare's originality in any direction; but for the former action, the false personation of Hero, it is said that he had but to go to Ariosto, or to Ariosto's translator, Harington, where he might find this false personation of a heroine by one of her ladies in waiting. He would find this there, it is true, but he would find nothing more; there is no feigned death and burial to bring repentance to her lover, but instead a grand tournament whereat the false contriver of the harm is slain by the renowned Rinaldo. When, therefore, Pope said that the plot of the present play was taken from Ariosto, he was only partially correct, — which is, after all, about as exact as Pope is generally in his notes on Shakespeare; so that really no great harm is done. And when we come to look still further into details, we find the discrepancy between Ariosto and Shakespeare becomes still greater. The scene in Ariosto is laid in Scotland; in Shakespeare the scene is in Messina. Genevra in Ariosto becomes Hero in Shakespeare; Ariodante, Claudio; Dalinda, Margaret; Polynesso, Don John. Polynesso is prompted to his wicked stratagem by love of Genevra; Don John, by innate depravity. Polynesso attempts to kill Dalinda, his mistress and the decoy; Don John has no acquaintance with Margaret, who is supposed to have been an unwitting and innocent accomplice. When Ariodante becomes convinced of Genevra's falseness he attempts to drown himself, but changes his mind in the water, unromantically, though not unnaturally, and swims ashore; how very far Claudio's

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thoughts were from suicide we all know, together with his treatment of Hero. Without continuing this comparison further, it is evident, I think, that Ariosto could not have been among the direct sources whence Shakespeare drew this portion of his plot. The sole incident common to both Ariosto and Much Ado about Nothing is a woman dressed in her mistress's garments, at a midnight window; and for this incident Shakespeare might have been indebted to ordinary gossip concerning an actual occurrence, — an explanation which I do not remember to have seen suggested. Harington, in a note at the end of his translation of the fifth book of the Orlando, wherein is set forth the story of Ariodante and Genevra, remarks: "Some others affirme, that this very matter, though set downe here by other names, happened in Ferrara to a kinsewoman of the Dukes, which is here figured vnder the name of *Geneura*, and that indeed such a practise was used against her by a great Lord, and discovered by a damsell as is here set downe." "Howsoever it was," he goes on to say, "sure the tale is a prettie comicall matter, and hath beene written in English verse some few yeares past (learnedly and with good grace) though in verse of another kind, by *M. George Turberuil*."

Here we have the story stated as a fact, and mention of a translation of Ariosto into English; the commentators can now resume their secure nap, which we had like to have disturbed by suggesting that Shakespeare could have originated anything. Turbervil's version, however, has not come down to us, according to Collier, who therefore casts some doubt on its existence, and suggests that Harington's memory played him false. But this need not daunt us: in the same breath Collier tells us of a version whereof the title is given by Warton as The tragecall and pleasaunte history of Ariodante and Jeneura daughter vnto the Kynge of Scots, by Peter Beverley. This evidently points to Ariosto, which is more than can be affirmed of the title as it appears in the Stationers' Registers, under date of 22 July, 1565: "Recevyd of henry Wekes for his lycense for pryntinge of a boke intituled tragegall and pleasaunte history Ariounder Jeneuor the Dougther vnto the kynge of [?] by Peter Beverlay."

All inquiry, however, into these English sources is needless, if Shakespeare never used Ariosto's story at all; and I think it is clear that he did not use it. The one solitary incident of a maid's appearance in her mistress's robes does not form an adequate connection, when that incident might have been well known as a fact within the general knowledge of Italians, or of Italian actors, then in London.

It is to Capell, the learned, discriminating, intelligent, and infinitely uninteresting editor, that we are indebted for the discovery that a story similar in many respects to that of Hero is to be found in a version, by Belle-Forest, of one of Bandello's novels, — the same source to which we owe a version of the story of Romeo and Juliet and of Twelfth Night. We have not, it is true, in this novel by Bandello, a maid personating her mistress, but to offset this we have several springs of action common to both novel and play; and springs of action are more potent in revealing paternity than identity of names or even repetitions of certain words or phrases: these may have occurred by haphazard, but those are of the very fibre of the plot. Bandello and Ariosto were contemporaries, and it is extremely unlikely that the Orlando Furioso was unknown to the Bishop of Agen; and as the latter was fond of imparting to his stories an air of truth by fixing dates and giving well-known scenes and names in them, he may have changed this personation of a lady by her maid, for the very purpose of taking it out of that realm of allegory in which the Orlando is written. Be this as it may, we have

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in Bandello the ascent of a man at night by means of a ladder to the chamber of the heroine, the despair and fury of the lover, his rejection of his mistress, her death, her secret revival, her seclusion, her pretended funeral, with an epitaph on her tomb. At this point there is a divergence in the two stories: in Bandello, the repentance and confession of the villain, whose motive had been jealousy, are brought about by remorse, and, at the tomb of his victim, he proffers his sword to the heart-broken lover, and entreats the latter to kill him; but the lover forgives, and the two disconsolate men mingle their tears over the past, — a situation of such dramatic power and pathos that I cannot but believe that, had Shakespeare ever read it, we should have received Much Ado about Nothing, from his hands, in a shape different from that it now bears. There is one character who figures prominently in Bandello that the elder dramatist adopted, to wit, the heroine's mother; she appears by mistake, as I have just noted, in the stage directions of Shakespeare's play, under the name Innogen. As far as any inference to be drawn from the similarity of names is concerned, Bandello is only very slightly better than Ariosto. The scene, however, is laid in Messina, with both Bandello and Shakespeare; we have Don Pedro and Leonato common to both, and there an end. Hero is Fenecia; Claudio is Don Timbreo di Cardona; Don John is Signor Girondo Olerio Valentiano: and Brother Anthony is Messer Girolamo. The conclusions of the story and the play run parallel, and the end in Bandello is reached amid the gayest of festivities, wherein, *perhaps*, we may see the dance at the end of Much Ado about Nothing, — a jocund ending used nowhere else by Shakespeare.

Here, then, we have what is unquestionably *a* source of *a* Much Ado about Nothing, — whether or not it be Shakespeare's source and Shakespeare's Much Ado about Nothing, who can tell? Bandello's novels had never been translated, I believe, into English until within recent years. For those, however, who would deny Shakespeare any knowledge of Italian, there is a version of Bandello — it cannot be called a translation — by Belle-Forest. But this version is in French, and therefore, to those who would begrudge to Shakespeare any learning whatsoever, is almost as unpalatable as the Italian of the original. But there is no help for it. Shakespeare read it either in French or not at all. I incline to the latter opinion, not by any means because I think Shakespeare could not read French, but because he needed to read nothing but the old play which he remodeled. I would eliminate Belle-Forest entirely from consideration. I do not believe Shakespeare made use of him, nor do I believe that the elder dramatist made use of him. There are dramatic elements in the French version — such as the prolonged wooing of the heroine, accompanied by languishing love songs, and high moral sentiments expressed in return — of which a dramatist with the story before him would be likely to retain some trace.

In brief, the remote source of the plot of Much Ado about Nothing is, I think, Bandello's novel. The immediate source I believe to be some feeble play, which vanished from sight and sound on the English stage the day that Shakespeare's play was first seen and heard.

There still remains another question which deserves consideration in any investigation of the source of the plot. We meet with it in dealing with The Tempest, The Merchant of Venice, The Two Gentlemen of Verona, and others of Shakespeare's plays. To enter into all the details of this question, which concern the history of the German stage far more deeply than the English, would exceed the present limits. It must be suf-

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ficient here to give merely general conclusions.

In 1811, Tieck called attention to the remarkable fact that, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, there was traveling through Germany a troupe of English comedians, who performed plays, in their own language, before German audiences, mainly at court.

From that day to the present, German scholars have been busy ransacking archives and court journals, until now, thanks to Hagen, Koberstein, Cohn, Genée, Trautmann, Meissner, Tittmann, and many others, we know not only the routes traveled by these strolling English players, and the companies into which they were divided, but even their names, and occasionally the titles and subjects of their performances. It is these last two — who the actors were, and what were their plays — which chiefly concern us here.

That the visits of English actors to Germany were well known in England, and that they were actors of repute, though some of them were mere clowns and posturemasters, we learn from an unexpected English source. Heywood, Shakespeare's fellow actor and dramatist, informs us that, "at the entertainement of the Cardinall Alphonsus and the infant of Spaine in the Low-Countreyes, they were presented at Antwerpe with sundry pageants and playes: the King of Denmarke, father to him that now reigneth, entertained into his service a company of English comedians, commended unto him by the honourable the Earle of Leicester: the Duke of Brunswicke and the Landgrave of Hessen retaine in their courts certaine of ours of the same quality." Elsewhere, Heywood refers incidentally to these his strolling countrymen, and to their fair reputation: "A company of our English comedians (well knowne) travelling those countryes [Holland], as they were before the burghers and other chiefe inhabitants, acting the last part of the Four Sons of Aymon," etc., etc. This company commended to the King of Denmark by the Earl of Leicester touches us more nearly than would be at first supposed. It is not unlikely (this unfortunate refrain, which is fated to accompany, as a ground tone, every assertion connected with Shakespeare), — it is not unlikely that at one time Will Kempe was a member of this same troupe, which Leicester took with him on his ill-fated expedition to the Netherlands. Sir Philip Sidney accompanied Leicester, and a few months before his own honorable and pathetic death wrote, under date of 24 March, 1586, to his father-in-law, Mr. Secretary Walsingham: "I wrote yow a letter by Will, my lord of Lester's jesting plaier, enclosed in a letter to my wife," etc. Mr. Bruce shows, by a process of exclusion, that this "Will" can be none other than William Kempe, named in the First Folio as the actor of Dogberry.

The list of names which the records in Germany reveal is scanty; naturally, the names, not of every individual in a troupe, but only of the leaders, are recorded. Among these we find George Bryan and Thomas Pope, all-sufficient to bring us close to Shakespeare: these two are familiar to us in the list of twenty-six actors given in the First Folio. Thus we learn that actors from Shakespeare's own troupe traveled in Germany, and went even further south into Italy (we know that Kempe, for instance, went to Venice), just as Italian companies came to London, where in 1577–78 there was an Italian *commediante* named Drousiano, with his players, — a fact, by the way, disclosing an intimate relationship at that early day between the English and the Italian stage of which far too little account is made by those who wish to explain Shakespeare's knowledge of Italian manners and names. That these foreign trips of English actors to Germany were profitable may be inferred from the comfortable fortune of

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which Thomas Pope died possessed, as shown by his will.

With his fellow actors thus combining pleasure and profit on the Continent, can it be that Shakespeare remained at home? Of course, there are not wanting those who maintain that Shakespeare actually did travel professionally. Mr. Fleay, for instance, says that inasmuch as Shakespeare's company, Lord Strange's, "visited Denmark and Saxony, he [Shakespeare] in all probability accompanied them; we are not told which way they came home, but if Kempe took the same route as he did in 1601, he came through Italy. This would account for such local knowledge of Italy as Shakespeare shows."

This "probable" transportation of Shakespeare into Germany and Italy incites me to say that, profound as are my veneration for Shakespeare and gratitude to him as a poet, they are deeper in regard to him as a man. With that prophetic glance vouchsafed only to the heaven-descended, he foresaw the inexhaustible flood of imaginings which would be set abroach to account for any prolonged obscurity enveloping his life. Clearly, with this end in view, he evaded all public notice for seven long years. From 1585, when his twin children were baptized (common decency must assume that he was present at this ceremony), until 1592, we know absolutely nothing of him. For one momentary flash, in 1587, when the terms of a mortgage given by his father had to be adjusted, we may possibly catch a glimpse of him; but for all the rest a Cimmerian midnight wraps him. And what a priceless boon! It was during these seven silent years, while holding horses at the doors of theatres for a livelihood, that he became, if we are to believe all the critics and commentators, a thorough master of law and practice down to the minutest quillet; a thorough master of medicine, with the most searching knowledge of the virtue of every herb, mineral, or medicament, including treatment of the insane and an anticipation of Harvey's circulation of the blood; he became an adept in veterinary medicine, and was familiar with every disease that can afflict a horse; he learned the art of war, and served a campaign in the field; he went to sea, and acquired an absolute mastery of a ship in a furious tempest, and made only one slight mistake, long years afterward, in the number of a ship's glasses; he studied botany, and knew every flower by name; horticulture, and knew every fruit; arboriculture, and knew the quality and value of all timber; that he practiced archery daily, who can doubt? and when not hawking or fishing, he was fencing; he became familiar with astronomy and at home in astrology; he learned ornithology through and through, from young scamels on the rock to the wren of little quill; he was a pigeon fancier, and from long observation discovered that doves would defend their nest, and that pigeons lacked gall; he was a printer, and not only set up books, but bound them afterward; as we have just seen, he was a strolling actor in Germany and traveled in Italy, noting the tide at Venice and the evening mass at Verona; he got his Bible by heart, including the Apocrypha; he read every translation of every classic author then published, and, possibly, every original in Greek, Latin, Italian, and French (of course he learned German while strolling); and, finally, he read through the whole of English literature, from Chaucer down to every play or poem written by his contemporaries, and as he read he took voluminous notes (sly dog!) of every unusual word, phrase, or idea, to palm it off afterward as his own!

My own private conviction is that he mastered cuneiform; visited America, and spent ten days in Boston, — greatly to his intellectual advantage.

Having discovered who these English comedians are, it behooves us next to

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learn something of the plays they acted. Here a curious fact is revealed. Although nowhere are the plays of these English comedians professedly printed, there yet exist certain German plays, written during the years that these English players were strolling in Germany, whereof the titles and the plots impressively remind us not only of plays then on the English stage, but even of certain plays by Shakespeare himself. Among the earliest of these German plays are those written by a certain Duke Heinrich Julius of Wolfenbüttel, who in 1590 went to Denmark, to marry the sister of that king to whom, four years before, Leicester had handed over his company of actors. It is highly probable (pardon the stereotyped phrase!) that the duke brought away with him some of these former players of Leicester. Be this as it may, certain it is that from this date Duke Heinrich Julius, during eleven years, wrote about as many comedies, tragedies, and tragi-comedies, which remained for a long time unrivaled in the German drama, such as it was; they bear unmistakable signs of English influence. The only one which concerns us here is the Comœdia von Vincentio Ladislao, wherein Hermann Grimm, whose opinions are always worthy of all respect, finds the prototype of Benedick.

As certain critics, mostly German, found the plot of The Tempest in Jacob Ayrer's Die schoene Sidea, so here in the same old ponderous folio of Ayrer (printed at "Nürmberg Anno M DC XVIII." with thirty-six farces added, printed at "Nürnberg. Im Jahr M D C X."), it is alleged, the plot of Much Ado about Nothing is to be found; that is, as much of the plot as relates to Hero and Claudio. If Hermann Grimm be correct, what is lacking in Ayrer is supplied by Duke Heinrich Julius, and Shakespeare's entire plot stands revealed. It is hardly worth while to enter here into a discussion of the date when the excellent Ayrer wrote his comedies. He died in 1605, and Cohn thinks that it is "beyond a shadow of doubt that he wrote nearly all his pieces after 1593." How immaterial Ayrer's date is, in regard to the present play, we shall at once see when we learn the title of the play which is supposed to be the one from which Shakespeare drew his inspiration. The full title of it is: "A Mirror of Womanly Virtue and Honour. The Comedy of the Fair Phœnicia and Count Tymbri of Golison from Arragon, How it fared with them in their honourable love until they were united in marriage. With 17. Characters, and in 6. Acts." There is almost sufficient evidence in this title alone of the direct source of Ayrer's plot. It is not Bandello. In Bandello, Don Timbreo is never once styled a "Count," and far less "Count of Colisano;" that he had received the "County of Colisano" is mentioned only once at the beginning of Bandello's story. It is Belle-Forest, who speaks habitually of the "Comte de Colisan." Moreover, Belle-Forest, within the first few lines of his story, speaks of the conspiracy of Giovanni di Procida, which led to the Sicilian Vespers, and styles the conspirator Jean Prochite. Bandello refers to the Sicilian Vespers, but never mentions Procida. In Ayrer, at the very beginning, when Venus enters and complains of the coldness in love affairs of "Tymborus Graf von Golison," she acknowledges that he fought most bravely "when, in Sicily, that great slaughter was made by Prochyte." The presence of this name, and in its French form, is quite sufficient, I think, to show that Ayrer's source was not Italian, and that it was Belle-Forest. Other parallelisms between Ayrer and Belle-Forest, such as love letters and love songs, are manifest. My present purpose is attained if it be clear that while Ayrer's source was Belle-Forest, Shakespeare's was Bandello; we are hereby made sure that Shakespeare was not indebted to Ayrer. Somewhat a barren conclu-

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sion, it must be acknowledged; but not without its gain, if it set at rest the supposition, held by not a few, that in Ayrer we have the original plays which Shakespeare afterward remodeled. I think it was conclusively proved in the New Variorum Tempest that there is no connection whatever between that play and Ayrer's Schoene Sidea. Nevertheless, Mr. Fleay, in speaking of these plays of Ayrer, together with those contained in another collection, first printed in 1620, four years after Shakespeare's death, says: "A close examination of these German versions convinces me that they were rough draughts by juvenile hands, in which great license was left to the actors to fill up or alter extemporaneously at their option. Successive changes made in this way have greatly defaced them; but enough of the originals remain to show that they were certainly in some cases, probably in others, the earliest forms of our great dramatist's plays. I have no doubt he drew up the plots for them while in Germany."

If this last assurance be correct, it is pleasing to reflect how thoroughly our great dramatist emancipated himself in after years from these juvenile draughts. That these first feeble bantlings of the German drama were the offspring of the plays acted by the English comedians I have no doubt; at times we feel the very whiff and wind of the early London stage; than this there is, I think, nothing more substantial. Nay, does not the very Preface of Ayrer's folio acknowledge that his plays were written after the new English fashion, "*auff di neue Englische manier vnnd art*," and are not four of his operettas — so to call his Singets Spil — sung "to the tune of the English Roland"? These early German dramas will always remain a curious and interesting study to English and German students. But I doubt that we shall ever find among them anything which might be called a translation of an English play, however primitive or rudimentary; there may be here and there scenes, or names, or allusions, like Corambis in Hamlet or like Prochyte in The Fair Phœnicia, but there an end. The original will be recalled, not reproduced. It would be pleasant to think that we might turn to Germany to find the plays, lost to England, which Shakespeare remodeled, but, I fear, it is not to be. Possibly, the connection between Much Ado about Nothing and The Fair Phœnicia is as close as any we shall ever find between the English and the German plays. I have said that Belle-Forest is the direct or indirect source of The Fair Phœnicia. If it be the indirect source, there may have been a play acted by the English comedians, some of whom were Shakespeare's fellow actors, which served as the original both to Ayrer and to Shakespeare. Nearer than this, I think, we shall never get.

Coleridge is recorded to have said that "Dogberry and his comrades are forced into the service, when any other less ingeniously absurd watchmen and night constables would have answered the mere necessities of the action." *Aliquando bonus Homerus*, etc. This remark by him who is, perhaps, our greatest critic on Shakespeare has been, it is to be feared, the cause of much misunderstanding not only of Shakespeare's plays in general, but of this present play in particular. An idea is thereby conveyed that Shakespeare worked, to a certain extent, at haphazard, or at least that at times he lost sight of the requirements of his story, and was willing to vary the characters of his creation at the suggestion of caprice, — to introduce a blundering constable here or a drunken porter there, just to lighten his play or to raise a horselaugh in the groundlings. It would be difficult to imagine a falser imputation on Shakespeare's consummate art. Never for one instant did Shakespeare lose sight of the trending of his story: not a scene, I had almost said not a phrase, did he write that does not

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reveal the true hard-working artist laboring, with undeviating gaze, to secure a certain effect. The opinion is abroad that Shakespeare produced his Dogberry and Verges out of the sheer exuberance of his love of fun, and that in this "star y-pointed" comedy they are the star of comicality merely to give the audience a scene to laugh at. This inference is utterly wrong. They do, indeed, supply endless mirth, but Shakespeare *had* to have them just as they are. He was *forced* to have characters like these, and none other. The play hinges on them. Had they been sufficiently quick-witted to recognize the villainy of the plot betrayed by Borachio to Conrade, the play would have ended at once. Therefore, they had to be stupid, most ingeniously stupid, and show "matter and impertinency" so mixed that we can understand how they came to be invested with even such small authority as their office implies. Men less stupid would never have had their suspicions aroused by what they supposed to be an allusion to "Deformed, a vile thief." Even this allusion is not haphazard: stupid by nature as these watchmen are, no chance must be given them to discern the importance of their prisoners; their attention must be diverted from the right direction to something utterly irrelevant, which shall loom up as significant in their muddled brains. Hence, this "Deformed" is not a mere joke, but a stroke of art, and does not of necessity involve a contemporary allusion, as is maintained. At no previous point in the play could Dogberry and Verges have been introduced; where they first appear is the exact point at which they are needed. Through the villainy of Don John and the weakness of Claudio the sunshine of this sparkling comedy is threatened with eclipse, and the atmosphere becomes charged with tragedy. Just at this point appear these infinitely stupid watchmen, all whose talk, preliminary to the arrest of Borachio and Conrade, is by no means merely to make us laugh, but to give us assurance that the play is still a comedy, and that, however ludicrous may be the entanglement in which these blundering fools will involve the story, the solution, the denouement, will be brought about by their means, and that the plot against Hero which we see is hatching will by them be brought to naught. Had Dogberry been one whit less conceited, one whit less pompous, one whit less tedious, he could not have failed to drop at least one syllable that would have arrested Leonato's attention just before the tragic treatment of Hero in the marriage scene, which would not then have taken place, and the whole story would have ended then and there. Dogberry *had* to be introduced just then to give us assurance that Don John's villainy would come eventually to light, and thereby enable us to bear Hero's sad fate with such equanimity that we can listen, immediately after, with delighted hearts to the wooing of Benedick and Beatrice.

I do by no means say that Shakespeare could have dramatized this story in no other way, — his resources were infinite; but I do say that, having started as he did start, he was *forced*, by the necessities of the action, to have stupidity rule supreme, and no whit less than supreme, at those points where he has given us the immortal Dogberry.

Horace Howard Furness.

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THE TENEMENT: CURING ITS BLIGHT.

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I STOOD at Seven Dials and heard the policeman's account of what it used to be. Seven Dials is no more like the slum of old than is the Five Points to-day. The conscience of London wrought upon the one as the conscience of New York upon the other. A mission house, a children's refuge, two big schools, and, hard by, a public bath and a wash house stand as the record of the battle with the slum, which, with these forces in the field, has but one ending. The policeman's story rambled among the days when things were different. Then it was dangerous for an officer to go alone there at night.

Around the corner there came from one of the side streets a procession with banners, parading in honor and aid of some church charity. We watched it pass. In it marched young men and boys with swords and battle-axes, and upon its outskirts skipped a host of young roughs — so one would have called them but for the evidence of their honest employment — who rattled collection boxes, reaping a harvest of pennies from far and near. I looked at the battle-axes and the collection boxes, and thought of forty years ago. Where were the Seven Dials of that day, and the men who gave it its bad name? I asked the policeman.

"They were druv into decency, sor," he said, and answered from his own experience the question ever asked by faint-hearted philanthropists. "My father, he done duty here afore me in '45. The worst dive was where that church stands. It was always full of thieves," — whose sons, I added mentally, have become collectors for the church. The one fact was a whole chapter on the slum.

London's way with the tenant we adopted at last in New York with the slum landlord. He was "druv into decency." We had to. Moral suasion had been stretched to the limit. The point had been reached where one knock-down blow outweighed a bushel of arguments. It was all very well to build model tenements as object lessons to show that the thing could be done; it had become necessary to enforce the lesson by demonstrating that the community had power to destroy houses which were a menace to its life. The rear tenements were chosen for this purpose.

They were the worst as they were the first of New York's tenements. The double-deckers of which I have spoken had, with all their evils, at least this to their credit, that their death rate was not nearly as high as that of the old houses. That was not because of any virtue inherent in the double-deckers, but because the earlier tenements were old, and built in a day that knew nothing of sanitary restrictions, and cared less. Hence the showing that the big tenements had much the lowest mortality. The death rate does not sound the depths of tenement house evils, but it makes a record that is needed when it comes to attacking property rights. The mortality of the rear tenements had long been a scandal. They are built in the back yard, generally back to back with the rear buildings on abutting lots. If there is an open space between them, it is never more than a slit a foot or so wide, and gets to be the receptacle of garbage and filth of every kind; so that any opening made in these walls for purposes of ventilation becomes a source of greater danger than if there were none. The last count that was made, in 1898, showed that among the 40,958 tenements in New York there were still 2379 rear houses left. Where they are the death rate rises, for reasons that are apparent. The sun cannot reach them. They are damp and dark, and the tenants, who are al-

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ways the poorest and most crowded, live "as in a cage open only toward the front," said the Tenement House Committee. A canvass made of the mortality records by Dr. Roger S. Tracy, the registrar of records, showed that while in the First Ward (the oldest), for instance, the death rate in houses standing singly on the lot was 29.03 per 1000 of the living, where there were rear houses it rose to 61.97. The infant death rate is a still better test: that rose from 109.58 in the single tenements of the same ward to 204.54 where there were rear houses. One in every five babies had to die, that is to say; the house killed it. No wonder the committee styled the rear tenements "slaughter houses," and called upon the legislature to root them out, and with them every old, ramshackle, disease-breeding tenement in the city.

A law which is in substance a copy of the English act for destroying slum property was passed in the spring of 1895. It provides for the seizure of buildings that are dangerous to the public health or unfit for human habitation, and their destruction upon proper proof, with compensation to the owner on a sliding scale down to the point of entire unfitness, when he is entitled only to the value of the material in his house. Up to that time, the only way to get rid of such a house had been to declare it a nuisance under the sanitary code; but as the city could not very well pay for the removal of a nuisance, to order it down seemed too much like robbery; so the owner was allowed to keep it. It takes time and a good many lives to grow a sentiment such as this law expressed. The Anglo-Saxon respect for vested rights is strong in us, also. I remember going through a ragged school in London, once, and finding the eyes of the children in the infant class red and sore. Suspecting some contagion, I made inquiries, and was told that a collar factory next door was the cause of the trouble. The fumes from it poisoned the children's eyes.

"And you allow it to stay, and let this thing go on?" I asked, in wonder.

The superintendent shrugged his shoulders. "It is their factory," he said.

I was on the point of saying something that might not have been polite, seeing that I was a guest, when I remembered that, in the newspaper which I carried in my pocket, I had just been reading a plea of some honorable M. P. for a much-needed reform in the system of counsel fees, then being agitated in the House of Commons. The reply of the solicitor general had made me laugh. He was inclined to agree with the honorable member, but still preferred to follow precedent by referring the matter to the Inns of Court. Quite incidentally, he mentioned that the matter had been hanging fire in the House two hundred years. It seemed very English to me then; but when we afterward came to tackle our rear tenements, and in the first batch there was a row which I knew to have been picked out by the sanitary inspector, twenty-five years before, as fit only to be destroyed, I recognized that we were kin, after all.

That was Gotham Court. It was first on the list, and the Mott Street Barracks came next, when, as executive officer of the Good Government Clubs, I helped the Board of Health put the law to the test the following year. The Health Department kept a list of 66 old houses, with a population of 5460 tenants, in which there had been 1313 deaths in a little over five years (1889–94). From among them we picked our lot, and the department drove the tenants out. The owners went to law, one and all; but, to their surprise and dismay, the courts held with the health officers. The moral effect was instant and overwhelming. Rather than keep up the fight, with no rent coming in, the landlords surrendered at discretion. In consideration of this, compensation was allowed them at the rate of about a thousand dollars a house, although they were really entitled only to

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the value of the old material. The buildings all came under the head of "wholly unfit." Gotham Court, with its sixteen buildings, in which, thirty-five years ago, a health inspector counted 146 cases of sickness, including "all kinds of infectious disease," was bought for $19,750, and Mullen's Court, adjoining, for $7251. They had been under civilized management since, but nothing decent could be made out of them. To show the character of all let two serve; in each case it is the official record, upon which seizure was made, that is quoted: —

No. 98 Catherine Street: "The floor in the apartments and the wooden steps leading to the second-floor apartment are broken, loose, saturated with filth. The roof and eaves gutters leak, rendering the apartments wet. The two apartments on the first floor consist of one room each, in which the tenants are compelled to cook, eat, and sleep. The back walls are defective; the house wet and damp, and unfit for human habitation. It robs the surrounding houses of light."

"The sunlight never enters" was the constant refrain.

No. 17 Sullivan Street: "Occupied by the lowest whites and negroes, living together. The houses are decayed from cellar to garret, and filthy beyond description, — the filthiest, in fact, we have ever seen. The beams, the floors, the plaster on the walls, where there is any plaster, are rotten and alive with vermin. They are a menace to the public health, and cannot be repaired. Their annual death rate in five years was 41.38."

The sunlight enters where these stood, at all events, and into 58 other yards that once were plague spots. Of 94 rear tenements seized that year, 60 have been torn down, 33 of them voluntarily by the owners; 29 were remodeled and allowed to stand, chiefly as workshops; 5 other houses were standing empty, and yielding no rent, in March, 1899. The worst of them all, the Mott Street Barracks, are yet in the courts; but all the judges and juries in the land have no power to put them back. It is a case of "They can't put you in jail for that" — "Yes, but I am in jail." They are gone, torn down under the referee's decision that they ought to go, before the Appellate Division called a halt. In 1888 I counted 360 tenants in these tenements, front and rear, all Italians, and the infant death rate of the Barracks that year was 325 per 1000. There were forty babies, and one in three of them had to die. The general infant death rate for the whole tenement house population that year was 88.38. In the four years following, during which the population and the death rate of the houses were both reduced with an effort, fifty-one funerals went out of the Barracks. With entire fitness, a cemetery corporation held the mortgage upon the property. The referee allowed it the price of opening one grave, in the settlement, gave one dollar to the lessee and one hundred and ten dollars to the landlord, who refused to collect, and took his case to the Court of Appeals, where it is to be argued this summer. The only interest that attaches to it, since the real question has been decided by the wrecker ahead of time, is the raising of the constitutional point, perchance, and the issue of that is not doubtful. The law has been repeatedly upheld, and in Massachusetts, where similar action has been taken since, the constitutionality of it has in no case been attacked, so far as I know.

I have said before that I do not believe in paying the slum landlord for taking his hand off our throats, when we have got the grip on him in turn. Mr. Roger Foster, who as a member of the Tenement House Committee drew the law, and as counsel for the Health Department fought the landlords successfully in the courts, holds to the opposite view. I am bound to say that instances turned up in which it did seem a hardship to deprive the owners of even such

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property. I remember especially a tenement in Roosevelt Street, which was the patrimony and whole estate of two children. With the rear house taken away, the income from the front would not be enough to cover the interest on the mortgage. It was one of those things that occasionally make standing upon abstract principle so very uncomfortable. I confess I never had the courage to ask what was done in their case. I know that the tenement went, and I hope — Well, never mind what I hope. It has nothing to do with the case. The house is down, and the main issue decided upon its merits.

In the 94 tenements (counting the front houses in; they cannot be separated from the rear tenements in the death registry) there were in five years 956 deaths, a rate of 62.9 at a time when the general city death rate was 24.63. It was the last and heaviest blow aimed at the abnormal mortality of a city that ought, by reason of many advantages, to be one of the healthiest in the world. With clean streets, pure milk, medical school inspection, anti-toxin treatment of deadly diseases, and better sanitary methods generally; with the sunlight let into its slums, and its worst plague spots cleaned out, the death rate of New York came down from 26.32 per 1000 inhabitants in 1887 to 19.53 in 1897. Inasmuch as a round half million was added to its population within the ten years, it requires little figuring to show that the number whose lives were literally saved by reform would people a city of no mean proportions. The extraordinary spell of hot weather, two years ago, brought out the full meaning of this. While many were killed by sunstroke, the population as a whole was shown to have acquired, in better hygienic surroundings, a much greater power of resistance. It yielded slowly to the heat. Where two days had been sufficient, in former years, to send the death rate up, it now took five; and the infant mortality remained low throughout the dreadful trial. Perhaps the substitution of beer for whiskey as a summer drink had something to do with it; but Colonel Waring's broom and unpolitical sanitation had more. Since it spared him so many voters, the politician ought to have been grateful for this; but he was not. Death rates are not as good political arguments as tax rates, we found out. In the midst of it all, a policeman whom I knew went to his Tammany captain to ask if Good Government Clubs were political clubs within the meaning of the law, which prohibits policemen from joining such. The answer he received set me to thinking: "Yes, the meanest, worst kind of political clubs, they are." Yet they had done nothing worse than to save the babies, the captain's with the rest.

The landlord read the signs better. He learned his lesson quickly. All over the city, he made haste to set his house to rights, lest it be seized or brought to the bar in other ways. The Good Government Clubs did not rest content with their first victory. They made war upon the dark hall in the double-decker, and upon the cruller bakery. They opened small parks, exposed the abuses of the civil courts, the "poor man's courts," urged on the building of new schools, compelled the cleaning of the Tombs prison and hastened the demolition of the wicked old pile, and took a hand in evolving a sensible and humane system of dealing with the young vagrants who were going to waste on free soup. The proposition to establish a farm colony for their reclamation was met with the challenge at Albany that "we have had enough reform in New York city," and, as the event proved, for the time being we had really gone as far as we could. But even that was a good long way. Some things had been nailed that could never again be undone; and hand in hand with the effort to destroy had gone another to build up, that pro-

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mised to set us far enough ahead to appeal at last successfully to the self-interest of the builder, if not to his humanity; or, failing that, to compel him to decency. If that promise has not been kept, the end is not yet. I believe it will be kept.

The movement for reform, in the matter of housing the people, had proceeded upon a clearly outlined plan that apportioned to each of several forces its own share of the work. At a meeting held under the auspices of the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, early in the days of the movement, the field had been gone over thoroughly. To the Good Government Clubs fell the task, as already set forth, of compelling the enforcement of the existing tenement house laws. D. O. Mills, the philanthropic banker, declared his purpose to build hotels which should prove that a bed and lodging as good as any could be furnished to the great army of homeless men at a price that would compete with the cheap lodging houses, and yet yield a profit to the owner. On behalf of a number of well-known capitalists, who had been identified with the cause of tenement house reform for years, Robert Fulton Cutting, the president of the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, offered to build homes for the working people that should be worthy of the name, on a large scale. A company was formed, and chose for its president Dr. Elgin R. L. Gould, author of the government report on the Housing of the Working People, the standard work on the subject. A million dollars were raised by public subscription, and operations were begun at once.

Two ideas were kept in mind as fundamental: one, that charity that will not pay will not stay; the other, that nothing can be done with the twenty-five-foot lot. It is the primal curse of our housing system, and any effort toward better things must reckon with it first. Nineteen lots on Sixty-Eighth and Sixty-Ninth streets, west of Tenth Avenue, were purchased of Mrs. Alfred Corning Clark, who took one tenth of the capital stock of the City and Suburban Homes Company; and upon these was erected the first block of tenements. This is the neighborhood toward which the population has been setting with ever increasing congestion. Already in 1895 the Twenty-Second Ward contained nearly 200,000 souls. Between Forty-Ninth and Sixty-Second streets, west of Ninth Avenue, there are at least five blocks with more than 3000 tenants in each, and the conditions of the notorious Tenth Ward are certain to be reproduced here, if indeed they are not exceeded. In the Fifteenth Assembly District, some distance below, but on the same line, the first sociological canvass of the Federation of Churches had found the churches, schools, and other educational agencies marshaling a frontage of 756 feet on the street, while the saloon fronts stretched themselves over nearly a mile; so that, said the compiler of these pregnant facts, "saloon social ideals are minting themselves in the minds of the people at the ratio of seven saloon thoughts to one educational thought." It would not have been easy to find a spot better fitted for the experiment of restoring to the home its rights.

The Alfred Corning Clark Buildings, as they were called in recognition of the support of this public-spirited woman, have been occupied a year. When I went through them, the other day, I found all but five of the 373 apartments they contain occupied, and a very large waiting list of applicants for whom there was no room. The doctor alone, of all the tenants, had moved away, disappointed. He had settled on the estate, hoping to build up a practice among so many; but he could not make a living. The plan of the buildings, for which Ernest Flagg, a young and energetic architect, with a very practical interest in the welfare of the Other Half, has the credit, seems to me to realize the ideal of mak-

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ing homes under a common roof. The tenants appeared to take the same view of it. They were a notably contented lot. Their only objection was to the use of the common tubs in the basement laundry, — a sign that, to my mind, was rather favorable than otherwise, though it argued ill for the scheme of public wash houses on the Glasgow plan that has seemed so promising. They were selected tenants as to trustworthiness and desirability on that score, but they were all of the tenement house class. The rents are a little lower than for much poorer quarters in the surrounding tenements. The houses are built around central courts, with light and air in abundance, with fireproof stairs and steam-heated halls. There is not a dark passage anywhere. Within, there is entire privacy for the tenant; the partitions are deadened, so that sound is not transmitted from one apartment to another. Without, the houses have none of the discouraging barrack look. The architecture is distinctly pleasing. The few and simple rules laid down by the management have been readily complied with, as making for the benefit of all. A woman collects the rents, which are paid weekly in advance. The promise that the property will earn the five per cent to which the company limits its dividends seems certain to be kept. There is nothing in sight to prevent it, everything to warrant the prediction.

The capital stock has since been increased to $2,000,000, and the erection has been begun of a new block of buildings in East Sixty-Fourth Street, within hail of Battle Row, of anciently warlike memory. James E. Ware & Son, the architects who, in the competition of 1879, won the prize for the improved tenements that marked the first departure from the boxlike barracks of old, drew the plans, embodying all the good features of the Clark Buildings with attractions of their own. A suburban colony is being developed by the company, in addition. It is not the least promising feature of its work that a very large proportion of its shareholders are workingmen, who have invested their savings in the enterprise, thus bearing witness to their faith and interest in it. Of the entire number of shareholders at the time of the first annual report, forty-five per cent held less than ten shares each.

The success of these and previous efforts at the building of model tenements has had the desired effect of encouraging other attempts in the same direction. They represent the best that can be done in fighting the slum within the city. Homewood, the City and Suburban Homes Company's settlement in the country, stands for the way out that must eventually win the fight. That is the track that must be followed, and will be when we have found in rapid transit the key to the solution of our present perplexities. "In the country" hardly describes the site of the colony. It is within the Greater City, on Long Island, hardly an hour's journey by trolley from the City Hall, and only a short walk from the bay. Here the company has built a hundred cottages, and has room for two or three hundred more. Of the hundred houses, seventy-two had been sold when I was there last winter. They are handsome and substantial little houses, the lower story of brick, the upper of timber and stucco, each cottage standing in its own garden. The purchaser pays for the property in monthly payments extending over twenty years. A plan of life insurance, which protects the family and the company alike in the event of the death of the bread-winner, is included in the arrangement. The price of the cottages which so far have found owners has averaged about $3100, and the monthly installment, including the insurance premium, a trifle over $25. It follows that the poorest have not moved to Homewood. Its settlers include men with an income of $1200 or $1500 a year, — policemen, pilots, letter carriers,

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clerks, and teachers. This is as it should be. They represent the graduating class, as it were, from the city crowds. It is the province of the philanthropic tenement to prepare the next lot for moving up and out. Any attempt to hasten the process by taking a short cut could result only in failure and disappointment. The graduating class is large enough, however, to guarantee that it will not be exhausted by one Homewood. Before the houses were contracted for, without advertising or effort of any kind to make the thing known, more than eight hundred wage earners had asked to have their names put on the books as applicants for suburban homes.

Others had built model tenements and made them pay, but it was left to Mr. D. O. Mills to break ground in the field which Lord Rowton had filled with such signal success in London. The two Mills Houses, in Bleecker and Rivington streets, are as wide a departure as could well be imagined from the conventional type of lodging houses in New York. They are large and beautiful structures, which, for the price of a cot in one of the Bowery barracks, furnish their lodgers with as good a bed in a private room as the boarder in the Waldorf-Astoria enjoys. Indeed, it is said to be the very same in make and quality. There are baths without stint, smoking and writing rooms and games, and a free library; a laundry for those who can pay for having their washing done, and a separate one for such as prefer to do it themselves. There is a restaurant in the basement, in which a regular dinner of good quality is served at fifteen cents. The night's lodging is twenty cents. The dearest Bowery lodging houses charge twenty-five cents. The bedrooms are necessarily small, but they are clean and comfortable, well lighted and heated. The larger house, No. 1, in Bleecker Street, has room for 1554 guests; No. 2, in Rivington Street, for 600. Though this represents more than twelve per cent of the capacity of all the cheap lodging houses in the city, both have been filled since they were opened, and crowds have often been turned away. The Bowery "hotels" have felt the competition. Their owners deny it, but the fact is apparent in efforts at improvements with which they were not justly chargeable before. Only the lowest, the ten-cent houses, are exempt from this statement. These attract a class of custom for which the Mills Houses do not compete. The latter are intended for the large number of decent mechanics, laborers, and men of small means, hunting for work, who are always afloat in a large city, and who neither seek nor wish charity. The plan and purpose of the builder cannot be better put than in his own words at the opening of the first house.

"No patron of the Mills Hotel," he said, "will receive more than he pays for, unless it be my hearty good will and good wishes. It is true that I have devoted thought, labor, and capital to a very earnest effort to help him, but only by enabling him to help himself. In doing the work on so large a scale, and in securing the utmost economies in purchases and in administration, I hope to give him a larger equivalent for his money than has hitherto been possible. He can, without scruple, permit me to offer him this advantage; but he will think better of himself, and will be a more self-reliant, manly man and a better citizen, if he knows that he is honestly paying for what he gets."

Mr. Mills's faith that the business of housing the homeless crowds in decency and comfort could be made to pay just as well as that of housing families in model tenements has been justified. Besides providing a fund sufficient for deterioration and replacement, the two houses have made a clear three per cent profit on the investment of $1,500,000 which they represent. Beyond this, they have borne, and will bear increasingly, their own hand in settling with the sa-

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loon, which had no rival in the cheerlessness of the cheap lodging house or the boarding house back bedroom. Every philanthropic effort to fight it on that ground has drawn renewed courage and hope from Mr. Mills's work and success.

While I am writing, subscriptions are being made to the capital stock of a Woman's Hotel Company, that will endeavor to do for the self-supporting single women of our own city what Mr. Mills has done for the men. It is proposed to erect, at a cost of $800,000, a hotel capable of sheltering over 500 guests, at a price coming within reach of women earning wages as clerks, stenographers, nurses, etc. The number of women whose needs an establishment of the kind would meet is said to exceed 40,000. The Young Women's Christian Association alone receives every year requests enough for quarters to fill a score of such hotels, and can only refer the applicants to boarding houses. Experience in other cities shows that a woman's hotel or club can be managed and made profitable, and there seems to be little doubt that New York will be the next to furnish proof of it. It was the dream of A. T. Stewart, the merchant prince, to do this service for his city, just as he planned Garden City for a home colony for his clerks. It came out differently. The Long Island town became a cathedral city, and the home of wealth and fashion; his woman's boarding house a great public hotel, far out of the reach of those he sought to benefit. It may be that the success of the banker's philanthropy will yet realize the dream of the merchant before the end of the century that saw his wealth, his great business, his very name, vanish as if they had never been, and even his bones denied, by ghoulish thieves, a rest in the grave. I like to think of it as a kind of justice to his memory, more eloquent than marble and brass in the empty crypt. Mills House No. 1 stands upon the site of Mr. Stewart's old home, where he dreamed his barren dream of benevolence to his kind.

Of all these movements the home is the keynote. That is the cheerful sign that shows light ahead. To the home it comes down in the end, — good government, bad government, and all the rest. As the homes of a community are, so is the community. New York has still the worst housing system in the world. Eight fifteenths of its people live in tenements, not counting the better class of flats, though legally they come under the definition. The blight of the twenty-five-foot lot remains, with the double-decker. But we can now destroy what is not fit to stand; we have done it, and our republic yet survives. The slum landlord would have had us believe that it must perish with his rookeries. We knew that to build decently improved a neighborhood, made the tenants better and happier, and reduced the mortality. Model tenement house building is now proving daily that such houses can be built safer and better every way for less money than the double-decker, by crossing the lot line. The dark hall is not a problem in the tenement built around a central court, for there is no common hall. The plan of the double-decker is shown to be wasteful of space and wall and capital. The model tenement pays, does not deteriorate, and keeps its tenants. After the lapse of ten years, I was the other day in Mr. A. T. White's Riverside Buildings in Brooklyn, which are still the best I know of, and found them, if anything, better houses than the day they were built. The stone steps of the stairways were worn: that was all the evidence of deterioration I saw. These, and Mr. White's other block of buildings on Hicks Street, which was built more than twenty years ago, — occupied, all of them, by distinctly poor tenants, — have paid their owner over five per cent right along. Practically, every such enterprise has the same story to tell. Dr. Gould found that only

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six per cent of all the great model housing operations had failed to pay. All the rest were successful. That was the showing of Europe. It is the same here. Only the twenty-five-foot lot is in the way in New York.

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It will continue to be in the way. A man who has one lot will build on it: it is his right. The state, which taxes his lot, has no right to confiscate it by forbidding him to make it yield him an income, on the plea that he might build something which would be a nuisance. But it can so order the building that it shall not be a nuisance: that is not only its right, but its duty. The best which can be made out of a twenty-five-foot lot is not good, but even that has not been made out of it yet. I have seen plans drawn by two young women architects in this city, the Misses Gannon and Hands, and approved by the Building Department, which let in an amount of light and air not dreamed of in the conventional type of double-decker, while providing detached stairs in a central court. It was not pretended that it was an ideal plan, — far from it; but it indicated clearly the track to be followed in dealing with the twenty-five-foot lot, seeing that we cannot get rid of it. The demand for light and air space must be sharpened and rigidly held to, and "discretion" to cut it down on any pretext must be denied, to the end of discouraging at least the building of double-deckers by the speculative landlord who has more than one lot, but prefers to build in the old way, in order that he may more quickly sell his houses, one by one.

With much evidence to the contrary in the big blocks of tenements that are going up on every hand, I think still we are tending in the right direction. I come oftener, nowadays, upon three tenements built on four lots, or two on three lots, than I used to. Indeed, there was a time when such a thing would have been considered wicked waste, or evidence of unsound mind in the builder. Houses are built now, as they were then, for profit. The business element must be there, or the business will fail. Philanthropy and five per cent belong together in this field; but there is no more reason for allowing usurious interest to a man who makes a living by providing houses for the poor than for allowing it to a lender of money on security. In fact, there is less; for the former draws his profits from a source with which the welfare of the commonwealth is indissolubly bound up. The Tenement House Committee found that the double-deckers yield the landlord an average of ten per cent, attack the home, and are a peril to the community. Model tenements pay a safe five per cent, restore the home, and thereby strengthen the community. It comes down, then, as I said, to a simple question of the per cent the builder will take. It should help his choice to know, as he cannot now help knowing, that the usurious profit is the price of good citizenship and human happiness, which suffer in the proportion in which the home is injured.

The problem of rent should be solved by the same formula, but not so readily. In the case of the builder the state can add force to persuasion, and so urge him along the path of righteousness. The only way to reach the rent collector would be for the municipality to enter the field as a competing landlord: doubtless relief could be afforded that way. The Tenement House Committee found that the slum landlord charged the highest rents, sometimes as high as twenty-five per cent. He made no repairs. Model tenement house rents are lower, if anything, than those of the double-decker, with more space and better accommodations. Such a competition would have to be on a very large scale, however, to avail, and I am glad that New York has shown no disposition to undertake it yet. I would rather we, as a community, learned first a little more of the art of governing ourselves without scandal. Present relief

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from the burden that taxes the worker one fourth of his earnings for a roof over his head must be sought in the movement toward the suburbs that will follow the bridging of our rivers, and real rapid transit. On the island rents will always remain high, on account of the great land values. But I have often thought that if the city may not own new tenements, it might with advantage manage the old to the extent of licensing them to contain so many tenants on the basis of the air space, and no more. The suggestion was made when the tenement house question first came up for discussion, thirty years ago, but it was rejected then. The same thing is now proposed for rooms and workshops, as the means of getting the best of the sweating nuisance. Why not license the whole tenement, and with the money collected in the way of fees pay for the supervision of them by night and day? The squad of sanitary policemen now comprises for the Greater City some ninety men. Forty-one thousand tenements in the Borough of Manhattan alone, at three dollars each for the license, would pay the salaries of the entire body, and leave a margin. Seeing that their services are going exclusively to the tenements, it would not seem to be an unfair charge upon the landlords.

The home is the key to good citizenship. Unhappily for the great cities, there exists in them all a class that has lost the key or thrown it away. For this class, New York, until three years ago, had never made any provision. The police station lodging rooms, of which I have spoken, were not to be dignified by the term. These vile dens, in which the homeless of our great city were herded, without pretense of bed, of bath, of food, on rude planks, were the most pernicious parody on municipal charity, I verily believe, that any civilized community had ever devised. To escape physical and moral contagion in these crowds seemed humanly impossible. Of the innocently homeless lad they made a tramp by the shortest cut. To the old tramp they were indeed ideal provision, for they enabled him to spend for drink every cent he could beg or steal. With the stale beer dive, the free lunch counter, and the police lodging room at hand, his cup of happiness was full. There came an evil day, when the stale beer dive shut its doors and the free lunch disappeared for a season. The beer pump, which drained the kegs dry and robbed the stale beer collector of his ware, drove the dives out of business; the Raines law forbade the free lunch. Just at this time Theodore Roosevelt shut the police lodging rooms, and the tramp was literally left out in the cold, cursing reform and its fruits. It was the climax of a campaign a generation old, during which no one had ever been found to say a word in defense of these lodging rooms; yet nothing had availed to close them.

The city took lodgers on an old barge in the East River, that winter, and kept a register of them. We learned something from that. Of nearly 10,000 lodgers, one half were under thirty years old and in good health, — fat, in fact. The doctors reported them "well nourished." Among 100 whom I watched taking their compulsory bath, one night, only two were skinny; the others were stout, well-fed men, abundantly able to do a man's work. They all insisted that they were willing, too; but the moment inquiries began with a view of setting such to work as really wanted it, and sending the rest to the island as vagrants, their number fell off most remarkably. From between 400 and 500 who had crowded the barge and the pier sheds, the attendance fell on March 16, the day the investigation began, to 330, on the second day to 294, and on the third day to 171; by March 21 it had been cut down to 121. The problem of the honestly homeless, who were without means to pay for a bed even in a ten-cent lodging house,

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and who had a claim upon the city by virtue of residence in it, had dwindled to surprisingly small proportions. Of 9386 lodgers, 3622 were shown to have been here less than sixty days, and 968 less than a year. The old mistake, that there is always a given amount of absolutely homeless destitution in a city, and that it is to be measured by the number of those who apply for free lodging, had been reduced to a demonstration. The truth is that the opportunity furnished by the triple alliance of stale beer, free lunch, and free lodging at the police station was the open door to permanent and hopeless vagrancy.

A city lodging house was established, with decent beds, baths, and breakfast, and a system of investigation of the lodger's claim that is yet to be developed to useful proportions. The link that is missing is a farm school, for the training of young vagrants to habits of industry and steady work, as the alternative of the workhouse. Efforts to forge this link have failed so far, but in the good time that is coming, when we shall have learned the lesson that the unkindest thing that can be done to a young tramp is to let him go on tramping, and when magistrates shall blush to discharge him on the plea that "it is no crime to be poor in this country," they will succeed, and the tramp also we shall then have "druv into decency." When I look back now to the time, ten or fifteen years ago, when, night after night, with every police station filled, I found the old tenements in the "Bend" jammed with a reeking mass of human wrecks that huddled in hall and yard, and slept, crouching in shivering files, upon the stairs to the attic, it does seem as if we had come a good way, and as if all the turmoil and the bruises and the fighting had been worth while.

Jacob A. Riis.

THE WOOD THRUSH AT EVE.

At the wood edge, what time the sun sank low,
We lingered speechless, being loath to leave
The cool, the calm, the quiet touch of eve,
And all the glamour of the afterglow.
We watched the purple shadows lengthen slow,
Saw the swift swallows through the clear air cleave,
And bats begin their wayward flight to weave,
Then rose reluctantly, and turned to go.

But ere we won beyond the warder trees,
From out the dim deep copse that hid the swale
Welled of a sudden flutelike harmonies
Flooding the twilight, scale on silvery scale,
As though we heard, far o'er the sundering seas,
The pain and passion of the nightingale.

Clinton Scollard.

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THE TRUE AMERICAN SPIRIT IN LITERATURE.

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I HAVE been seeking for two years for an expression of the American spirit, as it manifests itself in literature as well as in life, in words as well as in works. For it is evident that if the spirit of a people be genuinely creative, it will come out at all points, and will build itself not only into the houses and churches, but also into the poems and dramas, which that people produces. If there be neither church nor poem, or no sign of original life in either, then that lack is an outcome of the nation's spirit, and is as capable of expression as any other characteristic. I think I have found at least a tentative expression for the American spirit, though no one will suppose it is in any way final, or more than a mere indicative word for the future. It falls into two parts, — one positive, the other negative. The negative characteristic of American literature is a total absence of atmosphere; the positive characteristic is the presence of power.

In all the traditional life of Europe, where the Middle Ages yet linger in every field and village, in every palace and cathedral, atmosphere is almost all of life. Let me illustrate this, first for the natural world, then for the human world. The most striking thing about America, taking one part with another, one season with another, is the presence everywhere of floods of sunlight. Though the East is abundantly blessed with rich and glowing sunshine, this is something quite unlike the East. It is a question of light with hardly any shadow; while in the East it is a matter of color rather than of light. The results, too, are quite different. When you come to notice this, you will find the effect of it everywhere through the writings of Americans. Take one of the most genuinely native of them, Bret Harte. What floods of sunlight are everywhere through his books, — the "staring sunlight," as he himself calls it. Yet at the same time, what a poverty of color! I have just gone through a volume of his works, containing some of the best short stories, in search of color, with this result: there are gray granite hills, green pines, red rocks, and blue sky, and that is all. Once he goes so far as to mention an azalea bush in full bloom; but either his sense of color is so rudimentary, or the color itself was so inconspicuous, that he has not even told us what the color of the azaleas was. One could get a hundred stage settings for his stories without going much beyond these four colors; but, on the other hand, no artificial light could bring things into the clear eye of day as does his staring sunlight; it is over everything he writes. Light everywhere, but very little color; and of atmosphere, in the artistic sense, not a trace. So far I speak of Bret Harte only as a landscape painter; but we shall see presently that light without color, and definition without atmosphere, go deeper, and follow him in his portraits and interiors as well.

This is also true when we go from California to Louisiana, from Bret Harte to G. W. Cable. There are white roads lined with dusty willows, sunlit plantations bordered by sunbleached swamp, streets that glare and blink at you in the brightness, but of broad and definite coloring very little. Grant Allen has made a list of the color words in Homer; I should be curious to see this method applied to Bret Harte and Cable. I think the old Greek would come out first, even though Grant Allen quotes him only to show how much more we see of color in these modern days.

If we leave New Orleans, and go up the river, piloted by the greatest writer of them all, the greatest that this New

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World has yet seen, we shall still find ourselves sailing on through abundant sunlight. Everything comes out clear and definite, so that we feel we too shall soon learn the river, — every cape and island, every snag and dead tree on the bank, every swirl and swish and ripple of the water; and human things are not less definite. The one brace that held up Huck Finn's continuations, — you can see it a mile away; and the tuft of hair that comes through the rip in his hat, and Sid Sawyer's Sunday garments, and the broken stump where they went for punk water, and the streaky whitewash on the fence. Everything is defined, as clear as pure sunlight can make it; there is no mistaking anything, even to the smallest detail, no supposing anything to be other than it really is. But the two most definite pieces of color in three volumes are the blue jeans which cover the shanks of fallen royalty, and the pink overspreading the state of Indiana — on the map. Mark Twain has made an attempt to pull one of his books through without weather. He is only following the lead of his land. All books are here pulled through without weather, so far as the quality of the air through which you look at everything is concerned.

Take a writer strongly contrasted with these three, yet very genuinely American for all that, — Miss Mary E. Wilkins. She has, it is true, many symphonies in lilac, many pale purple pictures, as a setting to withered and sentimental old maids who had never discovered the purpose of leap year, — never dreamed that, for an adventurous sex, every year may be a leap year; but these lilacs and pink hollyhocks are used for their moral value, to signify a chastened and contrite spirit, and not for their coloring in the landscape. I remember that she somewhere speaks of a patch of scarlet cardinal weed, and again of the yellow fingers of the goldenrod and the purple eyes of the wild asters. But what meek and subdued colors are these, after all, if you set them against the blaze of red in the Indian forests; the silk-cotton trees lighting up their torches among the green; or the scarlet coral trees with their fingers pointing skywards; or the burning blush that comes over all the hills when the rhododendrons burst into sudden blossom. That is color, while Miss Wilkins has light, — light and east wind, if one must be quite truthful; a very different atmosphere from the broad and generous air that Bret Harte and his free and lusty miners revel in. In her last book, Miss Wilkins speaks of a marsh where all the grass was bent in one direction, from the perpetual blowing of the east winds. I think she has given us an unconscious criticism of her characters: they too are all bent in one direction by the prevailing wind, — bent and chilled, and somewhat gnarled and withered. Yet the achievement of Miss Wilkins is a very notable one, and has this distinctive merit, that it is really true to the soil throughout; it is almost stuff of the conscience to write what may seem an unkind criticism. All the same, one heartily desires to pour some warm air over her people, and have them thaw right through. Bret Harte has so much to spare of that very thing; it seems that Providence had designs in this matter which were never carried out. Yet I suppose New England is not California; and both are true to the atmosphere, or the lack of it, which belongs to the setting of their pictures. The important thing is that Miss Wilkins, like the other writers, comes under the American spirit; floods of light that bring the whole landscape close up to one's eyes, making every detail stand forth strong and definite, with no great richness of color, and no atmosphere at all.

Now, I think, we have got far enough to apply this idea to the human world, which, after all, is the theme of literature rather than mere landscape painting.

In the human world we shall find ex-

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actly the same characteristic of the American spirit: a perfect absence of atmosphere; clear ether, through which pour floods of sunlight, making all things clear and lucid, leaving nothing for fancy to play round, interpreting it this way and that way with the changes of varying moods.

Every age and every land has its own quality of moral atmosphere: of the enfolding veils which wrap up the actual and change it into the imaginary, which come between the stark and open pictures of the senses and the emotional world of feeling and hope and fear. Moral atmosphere includes everything in people and their life beyond what the eye sees; and as life has been infinitely varied for endless ages, so the qualities of moral atmosphere are infinitely varied, too. But for the modern European world, we need only take into account two qualities of moral atmosphere, to illustrate again two things which the American spirit conspicuously has not. These two are the religious and the aristocratic sense, — two things, by the way, which are explicitly ruled out of court by the Constitution.

Let me make clear what I mean here by the religious atmosphere of modern Europe. It is not the atmosphere of the Gospels, or anything like that. To get a visible expression of the spirit of the Gospels, we should have to go to Ireland, — to Ireland, with her pensive and poignant sweetness, her unworldliness and sense of failure; where veils of soft mists shimmer with pale rainbow colors, where the hills are covered with the silvery grayness of doves' wings. There is a subdued coloring about the roses; their leaves have a moist freshness, a gentle greenery, like the colors of old stained glass. There is a faint opalescent lustre about the mists; the damp bark of the trees passes through endless shades and soft half tones. There is a wistfulness in the face of the natural world, speaking of the springs of hidden tears. There are a hundred faint gradations in the grayness of a single valley, a softness and tenderness in the growing buds, when the dawning days are silvered with dew.

This is something like the moral atmosphere of the Gospels. But the spirit of the Church, as it breathes through modern European literature, is an entirely different thing. The atmosphere of the Church is something wholly apart from questions of dogma or morals; it is rather an emotional sense of hidden things which quite alter the outward and visible values of life. It wraps to-day round with a sense of past ages, full of divine dealings with the world, taking us back to the sunlit lands of bygone years, to dim old races that lived in the dawning of the earth. The Church fills life with a sense of the past; it fills life with a sense of the other world, — a brooding divinity, hovering within this world, yet high above it; softening the firm outlines of the actual with the presence of the ideal, just as the shimmering mist softens the outlines of the hills and rocks into something as soft and impalpable as the mist itself.

In its services, the Church brings a sense of solemn music ringing through all life, melting and dissolving the actual world, to show the gleaming apparition of the world invisible to the listening soul. There is the magic of colored light through painted windows, and the added glamour of incense, — all to suggest another sensuous life hidden within the visible world of sense. The Church fills the air with ghosts.

These ghosts throng the whole of European literature, from the Divina Commedia to In Memoriam. Of Dante it may well be said that he is so full of the ghostly world that he paints a hell, a purgatory, a heaven, but no earth; that he depicts demons and half-purged souls and angels, but no natural men and women. This is the atmosphere of the Church. It is everywhere present in European books, tacitly or explicitly.

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It even comes into the English novel, which is less in earnest than anything else in the whole literary cycle of the eastern hemisphere. Fancy an English novel ending in a civil marriage, with the bridal veil, the orange blossoms, the white-robed vicar, the wedding march, and all the rest of it left out: the thing is as impossible as an English village without a parsonage. Yet there have been notable examples of the religious atmosphere in English novels: John Inglesant, Yeast, and Robert Elsmere have, each in its own way, a certain value, though they are studies of the lifting of the mist rather than of the mist itself.

It is enough to speak of the religious sentiment, the great tradition and mystery of the Church, to make evident how wholly these elements of moral atmosphere are absent from the American spirit, and therefore from all genuine American books; and to try to import them is like importing Strassburg Cathedral.

To go back again to the authors we have mentioned, what has Bret Harte to do with the tradition and mystery of the Church? I remember a story of a Western service where the congregation sang Whoa, Emma. In this atmosphere the miners and cowboys of the Californian plains are more at home. In fact, one has a sense of the grotesque in speaking of the tradition and mystery of the Church in the presence of Bret Harte's millionaires of Rough-and-Ready, his unwashed barbarians, his Achilles and Agamemnon of Red Gulch, his Jack Hamlins and Mr. Oakhursts, and his almost unmentionable ladies, who certainly are not prejudiced about the marriage service. So that the moral atmosphere which depends on the tradition and mystery of the Church fades away in his staring sunlight, and leaves us instead a set of red-shirted pagans and unprejudiced barbarians, — whom we find, nevertheless, to be very good company and full of purely human kindliness.

When we go South, it is just the same. In Cable's books we have, it is true, a good deal about the Church, and what is at least by courtesy a Catholic coloring. But set beside them some genuinely Catholic work, like, let us say, the Imitation, and how impassable is the chasm between! One is haunted with a suspicion of parody. Posson Jone's religion is simply an additional comic element, and it is hardly otherwise with the Curé in Madame Delphine; they are not to be taken seriously. And when tradition and mystery are not taken seriously, how much of them is left? One may say of Cable's best books that they show the religious atmosphere of old French America lifting and fading away before the modern spirit of the North; the mists are already so thin that we can see clearly through them, — can see, in fact, that in a moment they will be gone.

To follow the same order as before, let us pass on to Mark Twain. One shudders to write his name in the same line with the words "the tradition and mystery of the Church." The hiatus is awful. Here is a sheer heathen, if ever there was one, whatever may be his opinions in theology. Here, again, there is a suspicion of parody in the use of religion; sometimes a great deal more than suspicion. "Air you the duck that runs the gospel mill next door?" It is almost blasphemy to speak in the same breath of St. Francis of Assisi, yet for the sake of contrast I must do it. Let any one go over all Mark Twain's works, in memory, and see how absolutely devoid they are of the tradition and mystery of the Church, of the endless shades and gradations of religious atmosphere.

I am afraid Miss Wilkins will be greatly shocked at being numbered among the heathen, yet truth will out. Her characters have a good deal of theology, but you do not find them in a Catholic cathedral. I think, if they were given a choice, they would prefer the singularly edifying smell of sulphur to the danger-

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ous fascination of incense; and music, for them, means a psalm tune sung through the nose, or, at best, a cracked spinet played on the sly. They have, it is true, a sense of the other world; but it is a world that is fitted only for comminatory purposes. It is the religion of the east wind, and it bends them all in one way. They tend to display themselves as "odd, perverse, and splenetic," in the words of the great satirist of the Protestant spirit.

One may notice, in passing, that Harold Frederic tried to write a novel of religious atmosphere and the higher culture; just as he tried, later, to write a novel of the higher aristocracy. It seems unkind to say it, but in both he gives me the impression of a boy in a man's hat. What has any free-born citizen to do with these things? Can a genuine countryman of Scotty Briggs meddle with the higher culture? Can Tom Sawyer talk plausibly of the higher aristocracy? One would like to write a chapter on American novels "made in Europe." I mention Harold Frederic's name precisely because he has written one of the very best stories in the American spirit, which one could very well use, to show how new and how excellent that spirit is. But let the higher culture and the higher aristocracy alone; they are not recognized by the American Constitution.

The American spirit is wholly devoid of the Old World atmosphere of religion, the tradition and mystery of the Church. This atmosphere is as out of place in the New World as a Gothic cathedral would be in Red Dog or Poker Flat. A visitor to a Lowland village in Scotland once remarked on the extreme religiousness of the natives, as shown by the presence of nine places of worship, of different denominations. Said his native friend, "'It 's no religion ava'; it 's jist cur-r-sedness of temper." Will Miss Wilkins be offended if I say that the "religion" of many of her stories recalls that anecdote? The American spirit has no religious atmosphere, and all genuine products of the American spirit will have the same character. All really American novelists will have to dispense with it.

There is another element of moral atmosphere, everywhere present in European literature; everywhere absent in America, or present only as a bad imitation. This is the atmosphere of aristocracy. The divine right of kings does not stand alone: it falls, like the descending showers of a fountain, on all the lords of the nobility, endowing them, in the words of the liturgy, with a certain special measure of grace, wisdom, and understanding, beyond the reach of common clay. It is even extended, by a sense of its absence and by a reverence for it, to mere peasants and artisans. A man is not seen as an individual, in a clear light, but, as it were, surrounded with a shimmering haze, an aureole or glory, like the saints of old. There is a haze of shadow, where rank is not, which is not less positive in its atmospheric value. New powers are added to men and their belongings by the aristocratic atmosphere. It hovers over all the centuries of European history, from the days of Agamemnon, king of men. It embodies in the present a sense of an invisible past, but a past very different from the past of the Church. Its powers and accomplishments are quite other than those of the ecclesiastical world; yet they are not less valid and fascinating, within their proper sphere. Aristocracy, also, of which the imperial crown is but the pinnacle, fills all the air with apparitions. But they are the apparitions of Valhalla, not of Golgotha; of the heathen gods of battle, not of saints and martyrs. The Sabbath carries us to Palestine, but the week days are named after the Norse gods.

Europe has two religions: one avowed, drawn from Judea; the other tacitly held, and carried in unbroken continuity from the days of Asgard and the sagas. The

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Normans, who gave a nobility to every country in Europe, from Spain to Russia, from England to Italy, never really rendered up their religion. It is still the aristocratic faith, the atmosphere of nobility, which lingers in democratic England and republican France as obstinately as in imperial Germany and royal Spain. All Europe is still full of the Middle Ages, of the Norman conquests, though the days of these things are already numbered.

It is worth noting that the religious and the aristocratic atmosphere mingle and reinforce each other. They stand or fall together. England made a vigorous attempt to rid herself of the tradition of Rome. The result was that one English king lost his head, and another his throne. France made an attempt, not less vigorous, to sweep away the old aristocracy. And presently came the formal abolition of the Church, the secularization of the state.

France, indeed, made an attempt to get rid of these two things we are speaking of, the atmosphere of royalty and the atmosphere of religion. America, at about the same time, was busy tearing off these two veils. In the case of France the result is nudity. In the case of America it is nakedness, — the nakedness of aboriginal nature. Between nudity and nakedness, as Marion Crawford says, there is a startling difference. Nudity, in literature, will mean a school of realism after the fashion of Zola. The nakedness of nature will mean, for the America of the future, a school, not of realism, but of reality.

For it is so evident as to be not worth illustrating, that American literature will have to dispense with the element of atmosphere which depends on the aristocratic idea; and what an enormous part that idea has played in the literature of Europe one can easily realize by going over a few of the names of European masterpieces: Gerusalemme Liberata, Orlando, The Cid, the plays of Shakespeare, Racine, Corneille, Alfieri, down to the English novels published yesterday, — the aristocratic element is always to be felt. The "county god" is everywhere in English fiction, brooding like the day, a master o'er a slave, a presence that is not to be put by. A good contemporary example of this atmosphere of aristocracy is the historical series of Sienkiewicz; his Pans and counts and princes, who go dashingly through four formidable volumes, are wrapt in this spirit; yet in the cold vision of political economy they are mere robbers, unproductive, living impudently on the bread of others, — idle, but not ashamed.

Of this quality the American spirit can inherit nothing. America has explicitly cut it adrift, and American literature must bear the consequences. We shall still have writers like Marion Crawford, who cannot get away from the Vatican and the Quirinal, with their cardinals and their princes, whether black or white or gray; or writers like Henry James, with his Princess Casamassimas. But these are merely pathetic attempts to fight against fate. The aristocratic atmosphere has no place in American literature, and writers who cling to it are cutting themselves off from their nation. They also should have a place in that chapter on American literature "manufactured abroad;" one wonders whether their work can be legitimately copyrighted here.

I have used the works of four writers as illustrations, not because they are the only examples of the American spirit, but because they are the most remarkable for the absence of what Mark Twain calls "weather." They best illustrate the lack of atmosphere in the natural world. At the same time, it is noteworthy that each of these four writers has written a story explicitly intended to strip off the two elements of moral atmosphere, the religious and the aristocratic idea. In The Luck of Roaring Camp, one of the very best of his stories, Bret

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Harte has deliberately set before himself the task of exhibiting the spiritual element in birth, marriage, and death, without the benefit of clergy: these three occurrences are the Church's great opportunity, the incidents of mortality which she seizes and makes peculiarly her own. And Bret Harte never tires of showing the sterling manhood of his clay-begrimed miners, who have not even legitimate surnames, much less titles. "The man 's the man for a' that" might be taken as the motto of all his tales.

In The Grandissimes Mr. Cable has shown the aristocratic atmosphere of old French America drawn away like the lifting of a veil. The point of the whole story is the human character and force of the white Honoré Grandissime triumphing over his aristocratic birth. In Posson Jone' we have the religious atmosphere deliberately used as an additional element of humor, and quite legitimately so used. And this is also true of Madame Delphine. The novelist has set himself in both cases to show the mere and aboriginal humanity breaking through the religious atmosphere, and giving it whatever real value it has; and there is this rending of veils in everything he has written.

Mark Twain, in his narrative of Buck Fanshaw's funeral, which is, in its own sphere, the finest thing ever written, has used the religious atmosphere much in the same way. It adds to the humor of the story, and merely illustrates once more the fact that spirituality and a truly spiritual way of viewing death are something wholly apart from the tradition and mystery of the Church. In The Yankee at the Court of King Arthur he has set himself to make game of the aristocratic idea; but in this work there is something of the unfitness which attends all parody; every parody, however funny, is in questionable taste. But the really racy and delightful treatment of the aristocratic idea is the story of the two "beats," the episode of royalty on the Mississippi, in Huckleberry Finn. Those kings and dukes, the lost dauphins and Bridgewaters, are inimitable: "Your grace will take the shucks." That is the real American treatment of the feudal idea.

In one of her last books Miss Wilkins too has boldly taken the side of the iconoclasts. Her story A New England Prophet is genuinely humorous, and how terribly severe is its satire! One wonders whether the change of heart and the contrast with Cotton Mather's days therein manifested are personal to the writer, or general and universal among her New England friends. In The Buckley Lady she makes gentle fun of the aristocratic spirit; and one is heartily glad to find any character of hers who gets naturally and comfortably married, and does not go halting down the path of old-maidenhood, with constricted heart and modestly sealed lips. The institution of the go-between would be invaluable to her people, and would save them from many pale tragedies.

We have reached this result, then, in our analysis of the American spirit in literature: floods of light, meagre coloring, no atmosphere at all. The writers of the future must give up everything which depends on the atmosphere of the Church, with its mystery and tradition, and the atmosphere of the palace, the castle, and the court. All these things will be stripped off, as the mist vanishes before the noonday sun; and we shall have plain humanity, standing in the daylight, talking prose. American writers will have to pull their books through without weather, in a larger sense than that meant by Mark Twain. Some of them have already tried to do so, with very notable results.

Charles Johnston.

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A VIRTUOSO OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

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THERE are at least two methods of biographical study. By the first method a notable character is treated as the centre of the reader's interest, and all other characters, whether great or small, become subsidiary. Study on this plan gives us the typical modern biography, an elaborate, ordered, exhaustive treatise, rich in details, garrulous over the question of ancestry, — a book more interesting than a novel, and sometimes, as in the case of Henley's Life of Burns, more shocking than the revelations of a divorce court. It is a classic literary form, orthodox, time-honored. We are familiar with its characteristics. Though subject to infinite variations, it will never be radically changed, and it can hardly be improved upon.

The second method of biographical study takes a character of minor importance, traces his career, and notes the points of contact between his life and the lives of his great contemporaries. We are interested in this minor character partly for himself, and very much because of the people whom he has known.

To be sure, the small man is sometimes handled as if he were of major importance; his life has been written with a minuteness not justified by the quality and amount of his genius. Such application of what I call the orthodox method often spoils a good biographical sketch to make an unwieldy biography. This zeal, untempered by discretion, produces vast "authorized" lives of small though most worthy persons.

The second method of biographical study does not have for its object an overexaltation of modest and slender powers; it aims simply to enlarge our knowledge of a given period by viewing that period as it is expressed in the life of a man who was distinctly of his time; who was normal, observant, unusually sane; and who had sufficient genius to be markedly differentiated from people who have mere yearning and appreciation without potency and knowledge. Biographical study after this plan is most illuminating. At the hands of a scholar equipped for the work it might even yield important results.

Take for illustration such a book as the Letters of Thomas Lovell Beddoes. There would be no great difficulty in making an idol of Beddoes. People have been found prostrating themselves before a less gifted poet than the author of Death's Jest Book. Let us, however, take him at his own low and melancholy estimate, when he trembled at the thought of a fashionable publisher, believed he would have to print at his own expense, and "could hardly expect to get rid of one hundred copies by sale." Let us read the small volume of his letters with a view to finding out how it all struck a contemporary. The first letter, written in February, 1824, shows "three poor honest admirers of Shelley's poetry" trying to see their way financially to print an edition of two hundred and fifty copies of Shelley's Posthumous Poetry. Beddoes was one of the honest admirers; Thomas Forbes Kelsall and Bryan Waller Procter were the other two. Here is a powerful side light on the history of Shelley's poetical reputation. Nearly two years had passed since the great poet's death, and three honest admirers were trying to launch a slender little edition of posthumous verses by the author of the Adonais. The same letter tells us that Simpkin and Marshall were selling a "remainder" of two hundred and fifty copies of Prometheus Unbound — Ollier's edition, of course — "*at a reduction of seventy per cent!*" A copy of that edition will now sell for a hundred dollars.

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A few pages more and we shall again see how it strikes a contemporary. Beddoes wants to know who is to be the reigning celestial attraction, now that Shelley has gone; is it to be "vociferous Darley" or "tender, full-faced L. E. L., the milk-and-watery moon of our darkness"? Beddoes knew poetry when he read it, and could not be deceived into thinking a thing good because the public trooped after it. One needed to know the units of that public, their standards of literary taste, in order to find out whether their rapture meant anything. In those days, L. E. L.'s poetry did not need to be sold at a discount of seventy per cent, and Darley was thought by many good judges to be "more promising" than Tennyson; but to Thomas Lovell Beddoes he was "vociferous Darley."

In a letter written in 1825 Beddoes speaks of "Mr. Thomas Campbell," who has in some newspaper "a paltry refutation of some paltry charge of plagiarism regarding his paltry poem in the paltry Edinburgh," etc.; and in a subsequent paragraph he declares that "we ought to look back with late repentance and remorse on our intoxicated praise, now cooling, of Lord Byron, — such a man to be so spoken of when the world possessed Goethe, Schiller, Shelley!" Beddoes was, I believe, much too good-natured to have printed this remark about Campbell while Campbell was alive. But if we may not say what we think in our letters among our private friends, where *are* we to be at liberty to speak? The quotation shows how one level-headed critic of that time failed not to see that Campbell was paltry, and that Byron had been praised with a praise begotten of intoxication rather than of cool, sane, amiably disposed but rigorously just poetic insight. The criticism is of the more value because it was not written for publication, and because it was not the bitter sneer of a neglected poet, wounded by neglect, and jealous of the attention and the dollars bestowed upon other poets.

If the letters of Beddoes convince me of anything, they convince me of this: that he was a good fellow, pathetic in spite of himself, deeply humiliated in his literary productivity, not because the public refused to like his verses, but because he could not honestly like them himself. Such a man does not sneer at other poets for the bitter pleasure of sneering. We have a right to suspect the motives of men who publicly assail the work of successful colaborers in the same field. For example, Percy Fitzgerald should never have attacked Birkbeck Hill's edition of Boswell; if it needed to be done, it were better done by some man who had not himself an edition of the same book on the market.

We who have survived a late grotesque literary craze cannot but read with deepest interest Beddoes's letter, dated Zurich, 1837, in which he welcomes indications that the English dramatic genius is not, as he supposed, dead. He has read "extracts which certainly indicate a beating of the pulse, a warming of the skin, and a sigh or two from the dramatic lady Muse, as if she were about to awake from her asphyxy of a hundred years." The next sentence shows that the reference is to Browning, whose Strafford was being talked of. The examiner, it seems, was "quite rapturous."

This takes one back to those happy days when a man could read Browning's poetry because he liked it, days before the Furnivalls and the Kingslands had begun shrilly to demand that the public bow the knee, days when a man did not feel that he was the victim of a gigantic conspiracy to *make* him read Browning. It is well not to speak too flippantly of any literary mania productive of as much good, on the whole, as was the Browning craze; yet that movement is hardly in the right direction which looks toward the glorification of So-and-So's

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poetry rather than the glorification of that divine thing Poetry. Browning was not an isolated fact. There are people who have read Sordello, and have never read The Earthly Paradise. This is simple lunacy.

Many suggestive points are brought out by a reading in Beddoes's letters, provided we keep always before us the idea that these letters are the clue by which we learn something about the manners and the contemporaries. The book may be studied for itself, but it will serve its highest purpose when it becomes the key to a better understanding of the literary period in which Beddoes lived.

I have thought that a happy application of this method might be made in the case of Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe. He was, indeed, a virtuoso of the old school, one of the last of his race. In spite of the modern note in his letters, there is yet a quality which suggests old furniture and old books, old hangings and old pictures, faded flowers and mildewed letters, an aroma of now forgotten perfumes, and the breath of ancient scandals which have become historic. He was a man predestined to be quaint and old-fashioned. His garments were venerable, and had apparently come down to him from a former generation. Nobody knew where he got them, and nobody dared to ask. This was true of him, of course, only in the later part of his life; there must have been a time when his dress met the requirements of the arbiters of taste. The secret of good dressing largely consists in conforming with the mode without seeming to conform. Kirkpatrick Sharpe was so far from being a nonconformist that he must have been for years overpunctilious. In course of time, his devotion to cravats declined as his devotion to bricabrac increased. By neglecting one or two points in the change of fashion he fell behind, and the coming generations looked upon him as an oddity, a "character," as we say. The writer of a lively bit of post-mortem portraiture, which appeared in The Scotsman just after the distinguished virtuoso's death, remarks, "We had always the idea that Sharpe never thought he dressed differently from other people." He did so dress. Altogether unlike other people he must have been, "with his green umbrella, its crosier-shaped horn handle and its long brass point; with his thread stockings, and his shoes — of the kind which our fathers called pumps — tied with profuse ribbon; with his ever faded frock coat, and his cravat of that downy bulging character which Brummel repealed. The greater part of the whole costume was exactly as he had worn it in his college days in the preceding century." This was written in 1851.

Such a man might well have seemed an oddity to an irreverent generation which knew not the laws determining the cut of a coat in 1798. People used to speculate on the mystery of Kirkpatrick Sharpe's clothes. It was not wonderful that he should have them, but that he should have *continued* to have them, decade after decade. "It is possible that some profuse wardrobe of early days may have proved a sort of granary to him; but we have sometimes thought that an expert tradesman, who had by accident a reserve of ancestral stock, had found him a useful duct for draining off the unsalable merchandise."

Kirkpatrick Sharpe early acquired a reputation as a letter-writer. People who corresponded with him begged him to write oftener. This was a great compliment, for in those days it cost a man twenty-five cents to receive a letter; the recipient was therefore not to be blamed for desiring the worth of his money. That his friends were willing to invest this sum in anything Sharpe chose to write may be inferred from what John Marriott says, namely, that he has the comfortable assurance that his blood vessels "are all in good repair; for had any of them been in a ticklish situation, they

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must have yielded to the nearly hysterical laughter to which some parts [of your letter] gave rise."

Lady Charlotte Bury called Kirkpatrick Sharpe "the modern Walpole." She even ventured the statement that he surpassed Walpole in the art of letter-writing. "To me," says the Lady Charlotte, "Mr. Sharpe's style is far more agreeable; and the knowledge that his clever and amusing letters are written without any study or correction enhances their merit in a great degree." She was so convinced of his cleverness that she made no scruple about printing a number of his letters while he was yet alive. This led Sharpe to anathematize the lady, and almost entirely to stop writing letters save to people whom he could trust. He had greatly enjoyed the reputation for cleverness, wit, and sarcasm, and there must have been satisfaction in the knowledge that his letters were thought good enough to hand about; but thirty years later, when those letters were dragged into the glare of public print, their author was fain to characterize them as "silly and impertinent."

Why do gossip and scandal of a hundred years ago often have a romantic, mellow, fascinating quality, while, as everybody knows, modern gossip and scandal are unspeakably detestable, brutal, dull? Why is it that we can read with pleasure in old diaries and letters of doings and sayings from which we would turn with disgust were they translated into nineteenth-century equivalents and printed in a newspaper? "It must be," as a critic suggests, "that chroniques scandaleuses, like wine, discard through lapse of time the acridity of newness, and acquire a bouquet."

Without question, Kirkpatrick Sharpe's letters amused his correspondents because they were filled with a type of scandal which we do not put into letters nowadays, and because they were written with a freedom of speech which we explain, when we find it in the handwriting of our forefathers and foremothers, by saying, "That 's the way they used to talk." Probably some of them did talk "that way," and some did not. Even in letters to his mother and sisters Sharpe has allusions and anecdotes which would not be tolerated among us. This will need to be set down to the account of that indefinite something called "the times." Moreover, Sharpe was frequently led into making an unsavory allusion, not from the love of it, but from disgust; just as people with sensitive noses must needs call the attention of others to ill odors which might else have gone unperceived, thanks to beneficent colds and dulled nerves.

Sharpe's correspondence fills two octavo volumes of six hundred pages each. Not a page is lacking in the element of interest. One could wish that in this mass of epistolary composition there had been more letters from Sharpe's pen, even if it had deprived us of a letter or two from Earl This or Lady That. But the student of manners will be grateful for it as it is. Nothing here is useless. Sharpe's life will probably never be written; there is no reason why it should be. But suppose that it were to be written, in a three-hundred-page volume. His ardent admirers would have some difficulty in justifying the existence of those three hundred pages, but the twelve hundred pages of letters justify themselves. They are documents which throw a flood of light on the intimate life of the times. They may be read for amusement, and they will furnish rather more of it than many a novel over which the public is dulling its brain; but they serve their high purpose when they help us to reconstruct now obliterated social conditions. Nothing is more difficult than to fashion in our minds a picture of the past, even when that past is not far distant. Such a conception we must have; otherwise, half our reading goes for naught, and every historical event is liable to distortion. This book is rather

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more useful than a formal tract on conditions of life in the first quarter of this century. It abounds only in hints, but hints such as are believed to be, to the wise, sufficient. The most required is that the reader shall have his mind alert; that he shall view each fact, not as something detached, but as the symbol of a thousand other facts, with each of which it holds an indestructible relation.

Sharpe's own history was without event. He was born at Hoddam Castle in 1781. At the age of seventeen he matriculated at Christ Church College, Oxford. In 1802 he became a Bachelor of Arts, and four years later took his Master's degree. He contributed to The Anti-Jacobin Review, and to the third volume of Scott's Border Minstrelsy. He had a circle of friends who admired him and begged him to write oftener, and he fenced himself in from the vulgar, whom he heartily detested. He made a few visits to London and to the homes of his intimates. He knew Shelley and "loathed" him, but he saw the merit of Shelley's poetry. He was an artist. He made sketches both grave and gay. His work shows immense promise and not a little fulfillment. The same criticism holds with respect to his literary efforts. His failure in either department may be explained on the old theory that Sharpe was too much of a gentleman to be either an artist or an author; that is to say, he who plays the violin in public, or writes books, or puts his paintings on exhibition with a view to selling them, parts with a measure of his self-respect. He exposes his mind, and to do this is shameful. The redeeming feature is that, while the artist is sacrificed, the world may perhaps be benefited. In the majority of cases, however, both the artist and the public are sacrificed. Kirkpatrick Sharpe "felt two natures warring within him," and was equally averse to literary total abstinence and to literary debauchery.

He passed the latter part of his life in Edinburgh, where he accumulated his extraordinary collection of books, pictures, and antiquities. To the people who knew him in the forties he must have appeared like a survival from the days of the Regency dandies. He died in 1851, having outlived his friend Sir Walter Scott by nearly twenty years.

No record of his talk exists, but if his spoken utterances bore any relation to his written style, he was caustic, witty, daring. His letters are filled with light touches which are the salt of such composition. No matter how trivial in themselves, they are flavored with his wit in a way to keep one reading. He speaks of a cold snap at Oxford which carried off so many old people that "there was not a grandfather or grandmother to be had for love or money." He sets forth the sad quandary of his aunt, "driven out into the wide world with a small helpless family of chiffoniers, writing-tables, and footstools." He mentions a certain baronet, whose circumstances are such that "he must surely get a berth in jail if he procureth not one in parliament." He describes a young lady at a ball, "dressed in muslin so thin that it left no room for conjecture."

In his youth Sharpe had a cordial Scots hatred for everything English, except English literature. His letters written home from college are filled with sarcasm at the expense of English manners. He outgrew this, and viewed with positive distress the approach of that time which would put an end to his college life. Young men of this day, with their thick-soled shoes and golf stockings, are a striking contrast to the young exquisites of Oxford in 1802. Sharpe used to look back and marvel that he ever went about Oxford, in winter, "in silk stockings and pumps." They were great dandies. Stapleton, one of Sharpe's friends, performed a certain journey in comfort, with the single misfortune of having "lost his scent bottle." And it was the Honorable

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William Burrell who, having had a fit of sickness, told Sharpe that his nurse was alarmed about him when she saw how his stays had to be taken in every day.

These facts help to an understanding of the external differences. Nothing accentuates more the intellectual differences between university boys of that day and this than their attitude in that olden time toward poetry, or what they firmly believed to be such. All were poets, "and not ashamed." It is laughable to see how gravely they used to exchange copies of their verses, and how courageously they pretended to like one another's bad poetry. With all their solemnity, it is difficult not to suspect them, as the old Shakespearean slang has it, of "kindly giving one another the bob."

Kirkpatrick Sharpe's companions were devoted to him, but I have a suspicion that it is possible to explain a measure of their devotion on the principle of *Agree with thy gifted acquaintance quickly lest he make a caricature of thee.* Sharpe had a caustic pencil as well as a caustic pen. Such a drawing as that of Queen Elizabeth Dancing shows terrible sardonic force. A man might well wish to keep on the good side of an artist who, peradventure, might elect to make game of lesser personages than Queen Elizabeth.

We Americans need to remind ourselves, as we read these letters, of the custom obtaining at Oxford for noblemen to wear gold tassels on their caps. These were called tufts; whence, tuft-hunters. The concourse of titled youths was particularly great during one year; and Sharpe was moved to say that "one's eyes required green spectacles to preserve them from the glare of the golden tufts among these peers." He was often sarcastic over the forms of deference prescribed by the university toward young noblemen, and then he had moments of wishing he wore a tuft himself.

Two of Sharpe's college friends were "Topographical" Gell and the Honorable Keppel Craven. Gell became famous through his explorations in Greece and the Troad, whence he acquired the epithet of "topographical." Keppel Craven wrote books of travel. Both these gentlemen were in after years attached to Queen Caroline's petty court, and, at her trial, were called upon to testify to the propriety of her conduct, which they honorably did.

Shelley dawned on Oxford in 1810. He was then noted chiefly for his eccentricities. Sharpe speaks ironically of him as "a Mr. Shelley who lives upon arsenic, aquafortis, and half an hour's sleep in the night." Sharpe later declared that Shelley *tried* to make people think he lived upon arsenic. Some people would believe it. The poet had "the natural desire to propagate a wonder." It is easy to see how the legendary element began early to assert itself in Shelley's history. When a myth forms concerning a man in his college days, we may be sure that man will furnish interesting problems for his biographers. In a letter written in October, 1811, Sharpe announces to his correspondent that "the ingenious Mr. Shelley hath been expelled from the university on account of his atheistical pamphlet. . . . He behaved like a hero, . . . and declared his intention of emigrating to America." Shelley emigrated, however, no farther than Edinburgh, where Sharpe encountered him again. In a letter to Mrs. Balfour, Sharpe says: "I impudently write this to beg that you will permit me to bring to your party Mr. Shelley — who is a son of Sir Timothy Shelley — and his friend Mr. Hutchinson. They are both very gentlemanly persons, and dance quadrilles eternally."

One striking letter in this collection helps us to form an idea of Walter Scott as he appeared in days before he became famous; when there was as yet neither Lady of the Lake nor Waverley, and

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Scott was known as an enthusiastic collector of old ballads, which ballads he was given to "spouting" rather more than most people cared to hear. In a letter to his mother, dated July, 1803, Sharpe writes: "The Border Minstrel paid me a visit some time since on his way to town, and I very courteously envited him to breakfast. He is dreadfully lame, and much too *poetical*. He spouts without mercy, and pays compliments so high-flown that my self-conceit, tho' a tolerable good shot, could not even wing one of them; but he told me that he intended to present me with the new edition of his book, and I found some comfort in that." Other sentences in the letter indicate that Sharpe did not take to the Border Minstrel. In a year and a half from that visit Scott had become famous through the publication of the Lady of the Lake. Before many years acquaintance became intimacy. Scott had a real admiration for Kirkpatrick Sharpe's powers, and continually urged him to turn the genius and spirit which delighted his friends to the instruction and amusement of the public. This Sharpe never did, because he had the virtuoso temperament.

People who have had to do with victims of the collecting habit will know what I mean. A small boy was once heard to say that his mother was "the greatest collector of busted junk in the state of New York." That mother probably had the virtuoso temperament, while the boy had not. Women are not usually interested in junk. Mrs. Gereth was; but Mrs. Gereth was an exception.[1] The virtuoso temperament is fussy; it busies itself about the marks on china, the niceties of adjectives, the glorifying misprints of first editions. To be a collector means in general to have nerves. This type of mind studies how to avoid shocks, and is itself shocked about things which most people are content not to notice. The virtuoso has a horror of being useful, because to be useful comes pretty near to being vulgar. He plans works, but never carries them out. He is bored by people with a purpose; they are so insistent, and magnify their office. He protects himself from bruises. He publishes his books anonymously, not from the wish to be unostentatious, but from sheer disgust at the thought of the world's coarse abuse or even coarser approval.

[1] The Spoils of Poynton, by Henry James.

The virtuoso temperament will not permit a man to go with the multitude, even if they are bound heavenward. When people stare after a prodigy, whether of celestial origin or the opposite, *he* refuses to look. Kirkpatrick Sharpe would not have read a line of Quo Vadis, nor can you imagine him standing on the curb to look at a squad of returning Rough Riders. He liked the sun, the moon, and the stars, but he disliked comets. He "spoke disrespectfully" of the comet of 1811, which was very popular. "Oh, this tiresome comet; . . . it nightly ruins my temper, for all the people in this mansion have got nothing else of an evening to do but to look at it; so there 's talk about it, too tedious — with every ten minutes a casement cast up, with a current of cold, damp, toothachy air, and a provoking exclamation of 'Dear, how very clear the tail is to-night! do come and look at it' which I never do by any chance." He professed to think that a comet's tail was "the dullest of all possible tails." "I would not give one twinkle of my parrot's for all the comet tails in the universe!" Here is the virtuoso temperament to excess. It sniffs at the peacock splendors which are apparent to all the world, and says, "My parrot has a more interesting tail."

The virtuoso is useful in spite of himself. We may not dismiss him offhand, and thank our stars that we are not as he; for he colors the flat, dull tones of ordinary existence. His cynicism, if that be the word, his peevishness, his acrimony, are a sharp sauce to the boiled

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fish. Quiescent ox-eyed good nature is terribly depressing. I would not have all the world to be cynical, but a world without cynics would be very tedious. It is our duty to discourage the cynicism of vain, dull, affected, and unsuccessful people, but rather to welcome the trait in men of ability and discrimination.

I say that the virtuoso is useful in spite of himself, not alone for the stringent quality of his temper, but because that very defect of taste which prompts him to collect queer and unusual things, to amass scraps of recondite learning, to take a morbid interest in more or less morbid facts, — this very freakishness of taste enables the virtuoso oftentimes to furnish the key to an historical or genealogical mystery. Kirkpatrick Sharpe could give Walter Scott valuable hints now and then, but, if one may emphasize the obvious, it would have been impossible for him to write a Waverley or a Guy Mannering. To his contemporaries, however, he seemed quite capable of such a performance. They looked with near-sighted eyes at the display of antiquarian knowledge and of local geographical information, and said he must certainly have done it. The Marchioness of Stafford wrote to him that she could not contrive to fish out of Walter Scott whether Sharpe was, as had been suspected, the author of Waverley and Guy Mannering. "But this silence with which you have been reproached," continues the marchioness, "led me to suspect something of that kind might have been the case; and many traits in those works encouraged me in the idea. You have, if this is the case, much reason to be satisfied with the success of both [novels], for it is only disputed which is the best, and they are read and studied by people of all kinds, and are so much in fashion that many pretend to understand the dialogue in the latter who cannot possibly comprehend a word of it."

Scott probably enjoyed being catechised on the subject; but I cannot help thinking that Sharpe must have had a pang in realizing how absolutely out of his power was any such literary performance. Sharpe's admirers appear to have been entirely convinced. One of his college friends, E. B. Impey, son of the famous chief justice of Bengal, writes to him in 1821: "I have been for these last five or six years pluming myself upon my sagacity in tracing your style in many passages of the Scots novels which are so deservedly popular, particularly the earlier ones. I don't expect you to set me right if I am in error, and still less to divulge a secret which is so perseveringly withheld from all the rest of the world — tho' I cannot comprehend the motive of it. But I have a right to quarrel with you for not sending me a copy of the books of which you are avowedly the author."

Among the many letters from Sir Walter Scott in this book, one in particular recalls a thrilling chapter in Edinburgh history. Scott, in sending the narrative of Mrs. Macfarlane to Kirkpatrick Sharpe, declares it to be "quite a peaceful, quiet tale to what our doctors can quote! I am told," says Scott, "no prudent maiden walks out a-nights without buttering her mouth, that the black plaister may not adhere."

This is a half-jesting allusion to the gruesome murders by a method called "burking," — after William Burke, who was the most conspicuous adept at it. Burke and his associate Hare smothered their victims, and sold the bodies to Knox, the famous anatomist. Fifteen unfortunates, male and female, died by their hands. The disclosure of the horrible facts threw Edinburgh into a state of terror. People dared not leave their houses after dark. Laborers coming home from work walked in squads for protection. Sharpe testifies to the universal fear which prevailed, but adds that for all that "the murders only made us talk nonsense the more."

Burke was hanged. The public flocked

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to behold the comfortable sight, as they would have gone to a circus. One Robert Seton writes to Kirkpatrick Sharpe: "I respectfully beg leave to mention that I will be happy to give you a share of one window, on the morning of the execution of Burke. Mr. Stevenson, bookseller, wished one window for Sir Walter Scott and yourself, but on account of the number that has applied, that will be out of my power. But I shall be happy to accommodate Sir Walter and yourself with a share of one."

In his latter years Sharpe became a zealous and untiring guardian of the antiquities of Edinburgh. Every proposition to alter or to destroy an historic landmark of the ancient city was sure to arouse his fighting blood. He would write scathing letters in the newspapers, and pleading letters to his friends. He would threaten those influential noblemen who were at ease in Zion with the curses of endless generations of antiquaries, should this great evil be done. His influence was for the best in these matters, and he was the instrument of saving much which might else have been improved out of existence. His taste was catholic, and he was almost equally solicitous for the salvation of an old chair or the house of John Knox.

I have indicated but a few of many points which may be brought out by a reading of these volumes. They illustrate a wide range of topics, from the history of dental surgery to the history of literature; and they illustrate their subject the better because they were not written for such purpose. I read a treatise on the art of stuffing teeth, and am unmoved; I read Kirkpatrick Sharpe's letters, and am deeply sympathetic as I see his teeth dropping away one by one, — and no help for it, — till finally the poor fellow's mouth contains but an unpicturesque dental ruin, a Stonehenge as he calls it, and he looks darkly forward, without resignation, to that time when he must either "mump or live by suction." This reconciles me to modern improvements, makes me understand how much physical misery has been eliminated, and even helps me placidly to endure the announcements of that class of dental operators who innocently describe themselves as painless.

He reads these letters best, I take it, who reads them in order to reconstruct that past which is always interesting simply because it no longer exists; and because when it *did* exist, it was, to the human ephemera who beheld it, the Present, tremendously modern, even marvelous in their eyes.

The reader must throw his mind back into such decades of that past as interest him most. He may legitimately seize on anything that will help to fill out his conception. Let him try to apprehend what life was, minus this or the other material advantage. Let him subtract the ruling interest of to-day, and put in its place the ruling interest of yesterday. He must put Paganini for Paderewski, Duc d'Enghien for Albert Dreyfus, Burke and Hare for the Whitechapel murderer. He must substitute The Heart of Midlothian for (Heaven help us!) The Christian. He must imagine the time when a reference would be made to some fate-concealed Smith, and all the world would know it meant Mr. Smith in Evelina, whereas nowadays it would be Terence Mulvaney, or Tammas Haggart, or the Little Minister. And the reader will perchance find a clue to much worth knowing if he tries to conjure up that day when, instead of laughing, as we do, over the comic progresses of the Emperor William, people would knit the brow over the bloody progresses of Napoleon Bonaparte. By some such process as this, as far-reaching and exhaustive as his time, patience, and insight will permit, may one hope for a substantial reward from reading the letters of Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe and his friends.

Leon H. Vincent.

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A COLONIAL DIARY.

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It is well for us who are interested in colonial days and colonial ways that their leisure gave men and women ample opportunity to keep diaries, and that a modesty, now quite unknown, made them willing to spend long hours in writing pages not destined for publication. There is something very charming about this old-fashioned, long-discarded reticence, this deliberate withholding of trivial incidents and fleeting impressions from the wide-mouthed curiosity of the crowd. Even when the Revolution had awakened that restless spirit of change which scorned the sobriety of the past, there lingered still in people's hearts an inherited instinct of reserve. Men breakfasted with Washington, dined with John Adams, fought by the side of La Fayette, and never dreamed of communicating these details to the world. Women danced at the redcoat balls, or curtsied and yawned at Mrs. Washington's receptions, and then went home and confided their experiences, either to their friends in long gossipy letters, or to the secret pages of their diaries. It was a lamentable waste of "copy," but a saving of dignity and self-respect.

As for the earlier, easier days, when the infant colonies waxed fat on beef and ale, literary aspirations had not then begun to afflict the hearts of men. It is delightful to think how well little Philadelphia, like little New York, got along without so much as a printing press, when she had starved out her only printer, Bradford, — a most troublesome and seditious person, — and sent him over to little Boston, which even then had more patience than her neighbors with books. Yet all this time honest citizens were transcribing in letters and in journals whatever was of daily interest or importance to them; and it is by help of these letters and these journals that we now look back upon that placid past, and realize the every-day existence of ordinary people, nearly two centuries ago. We know through them, and through them only, what manner of lives our forefathers led in Puritan New England, in comfortable Dutch New York, in demure Quaker Pennsylvania, before the sharp individuality of each colony was merged into the common tide, and with the birth of a nation — "a respectable nation," to use the words of Washington, who was averse to glittering superlatives — the old order passed away forever from the land.

"It is to the pages of Judge Sewall's diary," writes Alice Morse Earle, "that we must turn for any definite or extended contemporary picture of colonial life in New England;" just as we turn for the corresponding picture of old England to the diaries of John Evelyn and Mr. Samuel Pepys. Mrs. Earle does not add, though she well might, that it is better discipline to read Judge Sewall's records than those of all the other diarists in Christendom; for, by contrast with the bleak cheerlessness of those godly days, our own age seems flooded with sunshine and warm with the joy of life. And not our own age only. If we pass from ice-bound Massachusetts to colonies less chilly and austere, we step at once into a different world, a tranquil and very comfortable world; not intellectual nor anxiously religious, but full of eating and drinking, and the mildest of mild amusements, and general prosperity and content. Even the Pennsylvania Quakers, though not permitted to dally openly with flaunting and conspicuous pleasures, with blue ribbons, colored waistcoats, or the shows of itinerant mummers, enjoyed a fair share of purely mundane delights. If Judge Sewall's journal tells us plainly and pitilessly the story of Puritanism,

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what it really meant in those early uncompromising days, what virtues it nourished, what sadness it endured, the diary of a Philadelphia Friend gives us a correspondingly clear insight into that old-time Quakerism, gentle, silent, tenacious, inflexible, which is now little more than a tradition in the land, yet which has left its impress forever upon the city it founded and sustained.

Elizabeth Sandwith, better known as Elizabeth Drinker, — though even that name has but an unfamiliar sound save to her descendants and to a few students of local history, — was born in Philadelphia in 1735. She was the daughter of wealthy Friends, and her education, liberal for those days, would not be deemed much amiss even in our own. It included a fair knowledge of French, and a very admirable familiarity with English. She read, "for human delight," books that were worth the reading, and she wrote with ease, conciseness, and subdued humor. Her diary, begun in 1758, was continued without interruption for forty-nine years. It is valuable, not only as a human document, and as a clear, graphic, unemotional narrative of the most troubled and triumphant period in our country's history, but because it contains a careful record of events which — of the utmost importance to the local historian — are often not to be found elsewhere. The entries are for the most part brief, and to this brevity, no doubt, we owe the persevering character of the work. It is the enthusiasm with which the young diarist usually sets about her task that threatens its premature collapse. She begins by being unduly confidential, and ends by having nothing to confide.

Not so this Quaker girl, reticent even with herself; avoiding, even in the secret pages of her journal, all gossip about her own soul, all spiritual outpourings, all the dear and inexhaustible delights of egotism. She notes down, indeed, every time she goes to meeting, and also the date on which she begins to work "a large worsted Bible cover," — which Bible cover is in the possession of her great-great-grandchildren to-day; but neither the meetings nor the worsted work betray her into a complacent piety, and she is just as careful to say when she has been drinking tea or spending the afternoon with any of her young friends. As a matter of fact, tea-drinking and kindred frivolities are evidently more to her liking, though she will not confess it, than serious and improving occupations. Little Philadelphia, dazzled by Franklin's discoveries, was pleased to think herself scientific in those days, and young men and women were in the habit of attending learned lectures, — or what were then thought learned lectures, — and pretending they understood and enjoyed them, a mental attitude not wholly unfamiliar to us now. So keen was the thirst for knowledge that men paid four shillings for the privilege of looking at a skeleton and some anatomical models in the Pennsylvania Hospital. Our Quaker Elizabeth, however, will have none of these dreary pastimes. To electricity and to skeletons she is alike indifferent; but she pays two shillings cheerfully to see a lioness, exhibited by some enterprising showman, and she records without a scruple that she and her family gave the really exorbitant sum of six shillings and sixpence for a glimpse at a strange creature which was carried about in a barrel, and which its owner said was half man and half beast, but which turned out to be a young baboon, very sick and sad. "I felt sorry for the poor thing, and wished it back in its own country," says the gentle-hearted Quakeress, who has ever a pitying word for beasts.

The fidelity with which this delightful journal is kept enables us to know what sober diversions fell to the lot of strict Friends, to whom the famous Philadelphia Dancing Assemblies and the equally famous old Southwark Theatre

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were alike forbidden joys; who never witnessed the glories of the Mischianza nor the gay routs of the redcoat winter; who, though loyal to the crown, shared in none of the festivities of the king's birthday; who were too circumspect even to join the little group of Quaker ladies for whom M. de Luzerne prepared a separate apartment at the beautiful Fête du Dauphin, and who, wistful and invisible, watched through a gauze curtain the brilliant scene in which they had no share.

None of these dallyings with the world, the flesh, and the devil, no glimpses into the fast-growing dissipation of the gayest and most extravagant city in the colonies, find a record in Elizabeth Drinker's diary. Her utmost limit of frivolity is reached in a sleighing party on a winter afternoon; in tea-drinking on winter evenings; in listening to a wonderful musical clock, which cost a thousand guineas in Europe, and played twenty tunes; and in gazing at a panorama of London, which most Philadelphians considered almost as good as visiting the metropolis itself. When she is well advanced in years, she is beguiled by her insatiable curiosity into going to see an elephant, which is kept in a "small ordinary room," in a not very reputable alley. In fact, she is a little frightened, and more than a little ashamed, at finding herself in such a place, until she encounters a friend, Abigail Griffits, who has come to gratify *her* curiosity under pretense of showing the elephant to her grandchildren; and the two women are so sustained by each other's company that they forget their confusion, and proceed to examine the mammoth together. "It is an innocent, good-natured, ugly beast," comments Elizabeth Drinker, "which I need not undertake to describe; only to say it is indeed a marvel to most who see it, — one of the kind never having been in this part of the world before. I could not help pitying the poor creature, whom they keep in constant agitation, and often give it rum or brandy to drink. I think they will finish it before long." The presence of an elephant in a small room, like one of the family, seems an uncomfortable arrangement, even if the "innocent beast" were of temperate habits; but an elephant in a state of unseemly "agitation" must have been — at such close quarters — a singularly vexatious companion.

One pastime there is which dates from the days of Eden, which no creed forbids and no civilization forswears. Elizabeth Sandwith has not recorded many little events in her diary before Henry Drinker looms upon the scene, though it is only by the inexpressible demureness of her allusions to her lover that we have any insight into the state of her affections. Quaker training does not encourage the easy unfurling of emotions, and Elizabeth's heart, like her soul, was a guarded fortress which no one was invited to inspect. There is a good deal of tea-drinking, however, and sometimes an indiscreet lingering after tea until "unseasonable hours," eleven o'clock or thereabouts. Finally, on the 28th of November, 1760, appears the following entry: "Went to monthly meeting this morning, A. Warner and Sister with me. Declared my intentions of marriage with my friend H. D. Sarah Sansom and Sarah Morris accompanied us to ye Men's meeting." Four weeks later this rather formidable ordeal is repeated. She announces in the December monthly meeting that she continues her intentions of marriage with her friend H. D. In January the wedding is celebrated, and then, and then only, H. D. expands into "my dear Henry," and assumes a regular though never a very prominent place in the diary.

After this, the entries grow longer, less personal, and full of allusions to public matters. We learn how sharply justice was administered in the Quaker city; for Benjamin Ardey, being convicted of stealing goods out of a shop

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where he was employed, is whipped for two successive Saturdays, — "once at ye cart's tail, and once at ye post." We learn all about the delights of traveling in those primitive days; for the young wife accompanies her husband on several journeys he is compelled to make to the little townships of the province, and gives us a lively account of the roads and inns, — of the Manatawny Tavern, for example, and the indignation of the old Dutch landlady on being asked for clean sheets. Such a notion as changing sheets for every fresh traveler has never dawned upon her mind before, and, with the conservative instincts of her class, she takes very unkindly to the suggestion. She is willing to dampen and press the bed linen, since these fastidious guests dislike to see it rumpled; but that is the full extent of her complaisance. If people want clean sheets, they had better bring them along.

Most interesting of all, we find in this faithful, accurate, unemotional diary a very clear and graphic picture of Philadelphia on the eve of the Revolution, and after the Declaration of Independence, when deepening discontent and the sharp strife of opposing factions had forever destroyed the old placid, prosperous colonial life. Every one knows how stubborn was the opposition offered by the Quakers to the war; how they were hurled from their high estate by the impetuosity of a patriotism which would brook no delay; and how, with the passing away of the Assembly, they lost all vestige of political power. Scant mercy was shown them after their downfall by the triumphant Whigs, and scant justice has been done them since by historians who find it easier to be eloquent than impartial. There appears to have been something peculiarly maddening in the passive resistance of the Friends, and in their absolute inability to share the emotions of the hour. The same quiet antagonism they had manifested to the Stamp Act, and to the threepenny duty on tea, and to all unconstitutional measures on the part of England, they offered in turn to the mandates of Congress and to the exactions of the Executive Council. They would not renounce their allegiance to the crown; they would not fight for king or country; they would not pay the new state tax levied for the support of the troops; they would not lift their hands when the tax collector carried off their goods and chattels in default of payment; they would not hide their valuables from the collector's eyes; they would not run away when General Howe's army entered Philadelphia in the autumn of 1777, nor when the American troops succeeded it the following June. They would not do anything at all, — not even talk; and perhaps silence was their most absolutely irritating characteristic, at a time when other men found pulpit and platform insufficient for the loud-voiced eloquence of strife.

In reading Elizabeth Drinker's journal, we cannot but be struck with the absence of invective, and for the most part of comment. Anxiety and irritation are alike powerless to overcome the lifelong habit of restraint. Her husband appears to have been a stubborn and consistent Tory, though the restrictions of his creed compelled him to play an idle part, and to suffer for a lost cause without striking a blow in its behalf. He was one of forty gentlemen, nearly all Friends, who were banished from Philadelphia in the summer of 1777; and his wife, with two young children, was left unprotected, to face the discomforts and dangers of the times. She was more than equal to the task. There is as little evidence of timidity as of rancor in the quiet pages of her diary. She describes the excitement and confusion which the news of General Howe's approach awakened in Philadelphia, and on the 26th of September writes: "Well! here are ye English in earnest. About two or three thousand came in through Second street,

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without opposition or interruption, — no plundering on ye one side or ye other. What a satisfaction would it be to our dear absent friends," — of whom one was her absent husband, — "could they but be informed of it."

From this time all public events are recorded with admirable brevity and accuracy, — Cæsar would have respected Elizabeth Drinker: the battle of Germantown, the difficulty of finding shelter for the wounded soldiers, the bombardment and destruction of the three forts which guarded Franklin's chevaux-de-frise and separated General Howe from the fleet, the alarming scarcity of provisions before the three forts fell. Despite her Tory sympathies and her husband's banishment, Elizabeth sends coffee and wine whey daily to the wounded American prisoners; rightly thinking that the English ran a better chance of being looked after in the hospitals than did her own countrymen. She suffers no molestation save once, when, as she writes, "a soldier came to demand Blankets, which I did not in any wise agree to. Notwithstanding my refusal, he went upstairs and took one, and with good nature begged I would excuse his borrowing it, as it was by General Howe's orders."

Annoyances and alarms were common enough in a town overrun by redcoats, who were not infrequently drunk. Elizabeth, descending one night to her kitchen, found a tipsy sergeant making ardent and irresistible love to her neat maid servant, Ann. On being told to go away, the man grew bellicose, flourished his sword, and used the forcible language of the camp. He had reckoned without his host, however, when he thought to have matters all to his own liking under that quiet Quaker roof. A middle-aged neighbor, — a Friend, — hearing the tumult, came swiftly to the rescue, collared the rascal, and wrenched the sword out of his hand; whereupon Elizabeth, with delightful sense and caution, carried the carnal weapon into the parlor, and deliberately locked it up in a drawer. This sobered the warrior and brought him to his senses. To go back to his barracks without his sword would be to court unpleasant consequences. So after trying what some emphasized profanity would do to help him, and finding it did nothing at all, he grew humble, said he had only yielded up his arms "out of pure good nature," and announced his willingness to drink a glass of wine with such peaceable and friendly folks. No liquor was produced in response to this cordial condescension, but he was conducted carefully to the step, the sword returned to him, and the door shut in his face; whereupon poor foolish Ann, being refused permission to follow, climbed the back fence in pursuit of her lover, and returned to her duties no more.

Of the brilliant gayety which marked this memorable winter, of the dinners and balls, of the plays at the old Southwark Theatre, of the reckless extravagance and dissipation which filled the hearts of the fair Tory dames who danced the merry nights away, there is not the faintest reflection in the pages of this sober diary. Even the Mischianza — that marvelous combination of ball, banquet, and tournament — is dismissed in a few brief sentences. "Ye scenes of Vanity and Folly," says the home-staying Quaker wife, though still without any rancorous disapprobation of the worldly pleasures in which she has no share. To withstand steadfastly the allurements of life, yet pass no censure upon those who yield to them, denotes a gentle breadth of character, far removed from the complacent self-esteem of the "unco guid." When a young English officer, whom Elizabeth Drinker is compelled to receive under her roof, gives an evening concert in his rooms, and the quiet house rings for the first time with music and loud voices, her only comment on the entertainment is that it was "carried on with as much quietness and good order as the nature of the thing admitted."

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And when he invites a dozen friends to dine with him, she merely records that "they made very little noise, and went away timeously." It is a good tonic to read any pages so free from complaints and repining.

The diary bears witness to the sad distress of careless merrymakers when the British army prepared to take the field, to the departure of many prominent Tories with Admiral Howe's fleet, and to the wonderful speed and silence with which Sir Henry Clinton withdrew his forces from Philadelphia. "Last night," writes Elizabeth on the 18th of June, "there were nine thousand of ye British Troops left in Town, and eleven thousand in ye Jerseys. This morning, when we arose, there was not one Red-Coat to be seen in Town, and ye Encampment in ye Jerseys had vanished."

With the return of Congress a new era of discomfort began for the persecuted Friends, whose houses were always liable to be searched, whose doors were battered down, and whose windows were broken by the vivacious mob; while the repeated seizures of household effects for unpaid war taxes soon left rigid members of the society — bound at any cost to obey the dictates of their uncompromising consciences — without any vestige of furniture in their pillaged homes. "George Schlosser and a young man with him came to inquire what stores we have," is a characteristic entry in the journal. "Looked into ye middle room and cellar. Behaved complaisant. Their authority, the Populace." And again: "We have taxes at a great rate almost daily coming upon us. Yesterday was seized a walnut Dining Table, five walnut Chairs, and a pair of large End-Irons, as our part of a tax for sending two men out in the Militia." This experience is repeated over and over again, varied occasionally by some livelier demonstrations on the part of the "populace," which had matters all its own way during those wild years of misrule. When word came to Philadelphia that Lord Cornwallis had surrendered, the mob promptly expressed its satisfaction by wrecking the houses of Friends and Tory sympathizers. "We had seventy panes of glass broken," writes Elizabeth calmly, "ye sash lights and two panels of the front parlor broke in pieces; ye Door cracked and violently burst open, when they threw stones into ye House for some time, but did not enter. Some fared better, some worse. Some Houses, after breaking ye door, they entered, and destroyed the Furniture. Many women and children were frightened into fits, and 't is a mercy no lives were lost."

When peace was restored and the federal government firmly established, these disorders came to an end; a new security reigned in place of the old placid content; and a new prosperity, more buoyant but less solid than that of colonial days, gave to Philadelphia, as to other towns, an air of gayety and habits of increased extravagance. We hear no more of the men who went with clubs from shop to shop, "obliging ye people to lower their prices," — a proceeding so manifestly absurd that "Tommy Redman, the Doctor's apprentice, was put in prison for laughing as ye Regulators passed by." We hear no more of houses searched or furniture carted away. Elizabeth Drinker's diary begins to deal with other matters, and we learn to our delight that this sedate Quakeress was passionately fond of reading romances, those alluring, long-winded, sentimental, impossible romances, dear to our great-grandmothers' hearts. It is true she does not wholly approve of such self-indulgence, and has ever ready some word of excuse for her own weakness; but none the less The Mysteries of Udolpho and its sister stories thrill her with delicious emotions of pity and alarm. "I have read a foolish romance called The Haunted Priory; or the Fortunes of the House of Rayo," she writes

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on one occasion; "but I have also finished knitting a pair of large cotton stockings, bound a petticoat, and made a batch of gingerbread. This I mention to show that I have not spent the whole day reading." Again she confesses to completing two thick volumes entitled The Victim of Magical Illusions; or the Mystery of the Revolution of P—— L——, which claimed to be a "magico-political tale, founded on historic fact." "It may seem strange," she muses, "that I should begin the year, reading romances. 'T is a practice I by no means highly approve, yet I trust I have not sinned, as I read a little of most things."

She does indeed, for we find her after a time dipping into — of all books in the world — Rabelais, and retiring hastily from the experiment. "I expected something very sensible and clever," she says sadly, "but on looking over the volumes I was ashamed I had sent for them." Mary Wollstonecraft's Vindication of the Rights of Women pleases her infinitely better; though she is unwilling to go so far as the impetuous Englishwoman, in whom reasonableness was never a predominant trait. Unrestricted freedom, that curbless wandering through doubtful paths which end in social pitfalls, offered no allurement to the Quaker wife in whom self-restraint had become second nature; but her own intelligence and her practical capacity for affairs made her respect both the attainments and the prerogatives of her sex. In fact, she appears to have had exceedingly clear and definite opinions upon most matters which came within her ken, and she expresses them in her diary without diffidence or hesitation. The idol of the Revolutionary period was Tom Paine; and when we had established our own republic, the enthusiasm we felt for republican France predisposed us still to believe that Paine's turbulent eloquence embodied all wisdom, all justice, and all truth. In Philadelphia the French craze assumed more dangerous and absurd proportions than in any other city of the Union. Her once decorous Quaker streets were ornamented with liberty poles and flower-strewn altars to freedom, around which men and women, girls and boys, danced the carmagnole, and shrieked wild nonsense about tyrants and the guillotine. The once quiet nights were made hideous with echoes of "Ça ira" and the Marseillaise. Citizens, once sober and sensible, wore the *bonnet rouge*, exchanged fraternal embraces, recited mad odes at dinners, and played tricks fantastic enough to set the whole hierarchy of heaven to weeping. Naturally, amid this popular excitation, The Rights of Man and The Age of Reason were the best read books of the day, and people talked about them with that fierce fervor which forbade doubt or denial.

Now, Elizabeth Drinker was never fervent. Hers was that critical attitude which unconsciously but inevitably weighs, measures, and preserves a finely adjusted mental balance. She read The Age of Reason and she read The Rights of Man, and then she read Addison's Evidences of the Christian Religion, by way of putting her mind in order, and *then* she sat down and wrote:

"Those who are capable of much wickedness are, if their minds take a right turn, capable of much good; and we must allow that Tom Paine has the knack of writing, or putting his thoughts and words into method. Were he rightly inclined, he could, I doubt not, say ten times as much in favor of the Christian religion, as he has advanced against it. And if Lewis ye 17th were set up as King of France, and a sufficient party in his favor, and Paine highly bribed or flattered, he would write more for a monarchical government than he has ever written on the other side. A time-serving fellow!"

Yet orthodoxy alone, unsupported by intellect, had scant charm for this devout Quakeress. She wanted, as she

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expresses it, thoughts and words put into method. Of a most orthodox and pious little book, which enjoyed the approbation of her contemporaries, she writes as follows: "Read a pamphlet entitled Rewards and Punishments; or Satan's Kingdom Aristocratical, wrote by John Cox, a Philadelphian, in verse. Not much to the credit of J. C. as a poet, nor to the credit of Philadelphia; tho' the young man may mean well, and might perhaps have done better in prose."

Pilgrim's Progress, however, she confesses she has read three times, and finds that, "tho' little thought of by some," she likes it better and better with each fresh reading. Lavater she admires as a deep and original thinker, while mistrusting that he has "too good a conceit" of his own theories and abilities; and the Morals of Confucius she pronounces "a sweet little piece," and finer than most things produced by a more enlightened age.

This is not a bad showing for those easy old days, when the higher education of women had not yet dawned as a remote possibility upon any mind; and when, in truth, the education of man had fallen to a lower level than in earlier colonial times. Philadelphia sank into a hopeless and stagnant mediocrity during those years which followed the Revolution, when her college was robbed of charter and of rooftree, and the old scholarly standard of Franklin's day had been gradually lowered to the dust. And even Franklin, while writing admirable prose, had failed to discover any difference between good and bad verse. His own verse is as cheerfully and comprehensively bad as any to be found, and he always maintained that men should practice the art of poetry only that they might improve their prose. This purely utilitarian view of the poet's office was not conducive to high thinking or fine criticism; and Elizabeth Drinker was doubtless in a very small minority when she objected to Satan's Kingdom Aristocratical on the score of its halting measures.

The most striking characteristic of our Quaker diarist is precisely this clear, cold, unbiased judgment, this sanity of a well-ordered mind. What she lacks, what the journal lacks from beginning to end, is some touch of human and ill-repressed emotion, some word of pleasant folly, some weakness left undisguised and unrepented. The attitude maintained throughout is too judicial, the repose of heart and soul too absolute, to be endearing. Here is an insignificant entry, illustrating as well as any other this nicely balanced nature, which gave just what was due to all, and nothing more: —•

"There has been a disorder lately among ye cats. Our poor old Puss, who has been for some time past unwell, died this morning in ye 13th year of her age. Peter dug a grave two feet deep on ye bank in our garden, under ye stable window, where E. S., Peter and I saw her decently interred. *I had as good a regard for her as was necessary.*"

Was ever affection measured out like this? Was there ever such Quaker-like precision of esteem? For thirteen years that cat had been Elizabeth Drinker's companion, and she had acquired for her just as good a regard as was necessary, and no more. It was not thus Sir Walter spoke when Hinse of Hinsdale lay dead beneath the windows of Abbotsford, slain by the great stag-hound Nimrod. "Ah, my friend, thou hast killed my friend!" sighed Scott to the penitent dog; and when we look at the little picture of Hinse which still hangs in the library of his master, it is with respect for the good gray cat who was Sir Walter's friend.

Agnes Repplier.

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TO HAVE AND TO HOLD.[1]

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V.

IN WHICH A WOMAN HAS HER WAY.

TEN days later, Rolfe, going down river in his barge, touched at my wharf, and finding me there walked with me toward the house.

"I have not seen you since you laughed my advice to scorn — and took it," he said. "Where 's the farthingale, Benedict the married man?"

"In the house."

"Oh, ay!" he commented. "It 's near to supper time. I trust she 's a good cook?"

"She does not cook," I said dryly. "I have hired old Goody Cotton to do that."

He eyed me closely. "By all the gods! a new doublet! She is skillful with her needle, then?"

"She may be," I answered. "Having never seen her with one, I am no judge. The doublet was made by the tailor at Flowerdieu Hundred."

By this we had reached the level sward at the top of the bank. "Roses!" he exclaimed, — "a long row of them new planted! An arbor, too, and a seat beneath the big walnut! Since when hast turned gardener, Ralph?"

"It 's Diccon's doing. He is anxious to please his mistress."

"Who neither sews, nor cooks, nor plants! What does she do?"

"She pulls the roses," I said. "Come in."

When we had entered the house he stared about him; then cried out, "Acrasia's bower! Oh, thou sometime Guyon!" and began to laugh.

It was late afternoon, and the slant sunshine streaming in at door and window striped wall and floor with gold. Floor and wall were no longer logs gnarled and stained: upon the one lay a carpet of delicate ferns and aromatic leaves, and glossy vines, purple-berried, tapestried the other. Flowers — purple and red and yellow — were everywhere. As we entered, a figure started up from the hearth.

"St. George!" exclaimed Rolfe. "You have never married a blackamoor?"

"It is the negress, Angela," I said. "I bought her from William Pierce the other day. Mistress Percy wished a waiting damsel."

The creature, one of the five females of her kind then in Virginia, looked at us with large, rolling eyes. She knew a little Spanish, and I spoke to her in that tongue, bidding her find her mistress and tell her that company waited. When she was gone I placed a jack of ale upon the table, and Rolfe and I sat down to discuss it. Had I been in a mood for laughter, I could have found reason in his puzzled face. There were flowers upon the table, and beside them a litter of small objects, one of which he now took up.

"A white glove," he said, "perfumed and silver-fringed, and of a size to fit Titania."

I spread its mate out upon my palm. "A woman's hand. Too white, too soft, and too small."

He touched lightly, one by one, the slender fingers of the glove he held. "A woman's hand, — strength in weakness, veiled power, the star in the mist, guiding, beckoning, drawing upward!"

I laughed and threw the glove from me. "The star, a will-of-the-wisp; the goal, a slough," I said.

As he sat opposite me a change came over his face, — a change so great that I

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knew before I turned that she was in the room.

The bundle which I had carried for her from Jamestown was neither small nor light. Why, when she fled, she chose to burden herself with such toys, or whether she gave a thought to the suspicions that might be raised in Virginia if one of Sir Edwyn's maids bedecked herself in silk and lace and jewels, I do not know, but she had brought to the forest and the tobacco fields the gauds of a maid of honor. The Puritan dress in which I first saw her was a thing of the past; she clothed herself now like the parrakeets in the forest, — or liker the lilies of the field, for verily she toiled not, neither did she spin.

Rolfe and I rose from our seats. "Mistress Percy," I said, "let me present to you a right worthy gentleman and my very good friend, Master John Rolfe."

She curtsied, and he bowed low. He was a man of quick wit and had been a courtier, but for a time he could find no words. Then: "Mistress Percy's face is not one to be forgotten. I have surely seen it before, though where" —

Her color mounted, but she answered him indifferently enough. "Probably in London, amongst the spectators of some pageant arranged in honor of the princess, your wife, sir," she said carelessly. "I had twice the fortune to see the Lady Rebekah passing through the streets."

"Not in the streets only," he said courteously. "I remember now: 't was at my lord bishop's dinner. A very courtly company it was. I think I heard it whispered that I was the only commoner there."

She met his gaze fully and boldly. "Memory plays us strange tricks at times," she told him in a clear, slightly raised voice, "and it hath been three years since Master Rolfe and his Indian princess were in London. His memory hath played him false."

She took her seat in the great chair which stood in the centre of the room, bathed in the sunlight, and the negress brought a cushion for her feet. It was not until this was done, and until she had resigned her fan to the slave, who stood behind her slowly waving the plumed toy to and fro, that she turned her lovely face upon us and bade us be seated.

An hour later a whippoorwill uttered its cry close to the window, through which now shone the crescent moon. Rolfe started up. "Beshrew me! but I had forgot that I am to sleep at Chaplain's to-night. I must hurry on."

I rose, also. "You have had no supper!" I cried. "I too have forgotten."

He shook his head. "I cannot wait. Moreover, I have feasted, — yea, and drunk deep."

His eyes were very bright, with an exaltation in them as of wine. Mine, I felt, had the same light. Indeed, we were both drunk with her laughter, her beauty, and her wit. When he had kissed her hand, and I had followed him out of the house and down the bank, he broke the silence.

"Why she came to Virginia I do not know" —

"Nor care to ask," I said.

"Nor care to ask," he repeated, meeting my gaze. "And I know neither her name nor her rank. But as I stand here, Ralph, I saw her, a guest, at that feast of which I spoke; and Edwyn Sandys picked not his maids from such assemblies."

I stopped him with my hand upon his shoulder. "She is one of Sandys' maids," I asserted, with deliberation, "a waiting damsel who wearied of service and came to Virginia to better herself. She was landed with her mates at Jamestown a week or more agone, went with them to church and thence to the courting meadow, where she and Captain Ralph Percy, a gentleman adventurer, so pleased each other that they were married forth-

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with. That same day he brought her to his house, where she now abides, his wife, and as such to be honored by those who call themselves his friends. And she is not to be lightly spoken of, nor comment passed upon her grace, beauty, and bearing (something too great for her station, I admit), lest idle tales should get abroad."

"Am I not thy friend, Ralph?" he asked, with smiling eyes.

"I have thought so betimes," I answered.

"My friend's honor is my honor," he went on. "Where his lips are sealed mine open not. Art content?"

"Content," I said, and pressed the hand he held out to me.

We reached the steps of the wharf, and descending them he entered his barge, rocking lazily with the advancing tide. His rowers cast loose from the piles, and the black water slowly widened between us. From over my shoulder came a sudden bright gleam of light from the house above, and I knew that Mistress Percy was as usual wasting good pine knots. I had a vision of the many lights within, and of the beauty whom the world called my wife, sitting erect, bathed in that rosy glow, in the great armchair, with the turbaned negress behind her. I suppose Rolfe saw the same thing, for he looked from the light to me, and I heard him draw his breath.

"Ralph Percy, thou art the very button upon the cap of Fortune," he said.

To myself my laugh sounded something of the bitterest, but to him, I presume, it vaunted my return through the darkness to the lit room and its resplendent pearl. He waved farewell, and the dusk swallowed up him and his boat. I went back to the house and to her.

She was sitting as we had left her, with her small feet crossed upon the cushion beneath them, her hands folded in her silken lap, the air from the waving fan blowing tendrils of her dark hair against her delicate standing ruff. I went and leaned against the window, facing her.

"I have been chosen Burgess for this hundred," I said abruptly. "The Assembly meets next week. I must be in Jamestown then and for some time to come."

She took the fan from the negress, and waved it lazily to and fro. "When do we go?" she asked at last.

"*We!*" I answered. "I had thought to go alone."

The fan dropped to the floor, and her eyes opened wide. "And leave me here!" she exclaimed. "Leave me in these woods, at the mercy of Indians, wolves, and your rabble of servants!"

I smiled. "We are at peace with the Indians; it would be a stout wolf that could leap this palisade; and the servants know their master too well to care to offend their mistress. Moreover, I would leave Diccon in charge."

"Diccon!" she cried. "The old woman in the kitchen hath told me tales of Diccon! Diccon Bravo! Diccon Gamester! Diccon Cutthroat!"

"Granted," I said. "But Diccon Faithful as well. I can trust him."

"But I do not trust him!" she retorted. "And I wish to go to Jamestown. This forest wearies me." Her tone was imperious.

"I must think it over," I said coolly. "I may take you, or I may not. I cannot tell yet."

"But I desire to go, sir!"

"And I may desire you to stay."

"You are a churl!"

I bowed. "I am the man of your choice, madam."

She rose with a stamp of her foot, and, turning her back upon me, took a flower from the table and began to pull from it its petals. I unsheathed my sword, and, seating myself, began to polish away a speck of rust upon the blade. Ten minutes later I looked up from the task, to receive full in my face a red

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rose tossed from the other side of the room. The missile was followed by an enchanting burst of laughter.

"We cannot afford to quarrel, can we?" cried Mistress Jocelyn Percy. "Life is sad enough in this solitude without that. Nothing but trees and water all day long, and not a soul to speak to! And I am horribly afraid of the Indians! What if they were to take my scalp while you were away? You know you swore before the minister to protect me. You won't leave me to the mercies of the savages, will you? And I may go to Jamestown, may n't I? I want to go to church. I want to go to the Governor's house. I want to buy a many things. I have gold in plenty, and but this one decent dress. You 'll take me with you, won't you?"

"There 's not your like in Virginia," I told her. "If you go to town clad like that and with that bearing, there will be talk enough. And ships come and go, and there are those besides Rolfe who have been to London."

For a moment the laughter died from her eyes and lips, but it returned. "Let them talk," she said. "What care I? And I do not think your ship captains, your traders and adventurers, do often dine with my lord bishop. This barbarous forest world and another world that I wot of are so far apart that the inhabitants of the one do not trouble those of the other. In that petty village down there I am safe enough. Besides, sir, you wear a sword."

"My sword is ever at your service, madam."

"Then I may go to Jamestown?"

"If you will it so."

With her bright eyes upon me, and with one hand softly striking a rose against her laughing lips, she extended the other hand.

"You may kiss it, if you wish, sir," she said demurely.

I knelt and kissed the white fingers, and four days later we went to Jamestown.

VI.

IN WHICH WE GO TO JAMESTOWN.

It was early morning when we set out on horseback for Jamestown. I rode in front, with Mistress Percy upon a pillion behind me, and Diccon on the brown mare brought up the rear. The negress and the mails I had sent by boat.

Now, a ride through the green wood with a noble horse beneath you, and around you the freshness of the morn, is pleasant enough. Each twig had its row of diamonds, and the wet leaves that we pushed aside spilled gems upon us. The horses set their hoofs daintily upon fern and moss and lush grass. In the purple distances deer stood at gaze, the air rang with innumerable bird notes, clear and sweet, squirrels chattered, bees hummed, and through the thick leafy roof of the forest the sun showered gold dust. And Mistress Jocelyn Percy was as merry as the morning. It was now fourteen days since she and I had first met, and in that time I had found in her thrice that number of moods. She could be as gay and sweet as the morning, as dark and vengeful as the storms that came up of afternoons, pensive as the twilight, stately as the night, — in her there met a hundred minds. Also she could be childishly frank — and tell you nothing.

To-day she chose to be gracious. Ten times in an hour Diccon was off his horse to pluck this or that flower that her white forefinger pointed out. She wove the blooms into a chaplet, and placed it upon her head; she filled her lap with trailers of the vine that swayed against us, and stained her fingers and lips with the berries Diccon brought her; she laughed at the squirrels, at the scurrying partridges, at the turkeys that crossed our path, at the fish that leaped from the brooks, at old Jocomb and his

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sons who ferried us across the Chickahominy. She was curious concerning the musket I carried; and when, in an open space in the wood, we saw an eagle perched upon a blasted pine, she demanded my pistol. I took it from my belt and gave it to her, with a laugh. "I will eat all of your killing," I said.

She aimed the weapon. "A wager!" she declared. "There be mercers in Jamestown? If I hit, thou 'lt buy me a pearl hatband?"

"Two."

She fired, and the bird rose with a scream of wrath and sailed away. But two or three feathers came floating to the ground, and when Diccon had brought them to her she pointed triumphantly to the blood upon them. "You said two!" she cried.

The sun rose higher, and the heat of the day set in. Mistress Percy's interest in forest bloom and creature flagged. Instead of laughter, we had sighs at the length of way; the vines slid from her lap, and she took the faded flowers from her head and cast them aside. She talked no more, and by and by I felt her head droop against my shoulder.

"Madam is asleep," said Diccon's voice behind me.

"Ay," I answered. "She 'll find a jack of mail but a hard pillow. And look to her that she does not fall."

"I had best walk beside you, then," he said.

I nodded, and he dismounted, and throwing the mare's bridle over his arm strode on beside us, with his hand upon the frame of the pillion. Ten minutes passed, the last five of which I rode with my face over my shoulder. "Diccon!" I cried at last, sharply.

He came to his senses with a start. "Ay, sir?" he questioned, his face dark red.

"Suppose you look at me for a change," I said. "How long since Dale came in, Diccon?"

"Ten years, sir."

"Before we enter Jamestown we 'll pass through a certain field and beneath a certain tree. Do you remember what happened there, some years ago?"

"I am not like to forget, sir. You saved me from the wheel."

"Upon which you were bound, ready to be broken for drunkenness, gaming, and loose living. I begged your life from Dale for no other reason, I think, than that you had been a horse-boy in my old company in the Low Countries. God wot, the life was scarcely worth the saving!"

"I know it, sir."

"Dale would not let you go scot-free, but would sell you into slavery. At your own entreaty I bought you, since when you have served me indifferently well. You have showed small penitence for past misdeeds, and your amendment hath been of yet lesser bulk. A hardy rogue thou wast born, and a rogue thou wilt remain to the end of time. But we have lived and hunted, fought and bled together, and in our own fashion I think we bear each other good will, — even some love. I have winked at much, have shielded you in much, perhaps. In return I have demanded one thing, which if you had not given I would have found you another Dale to deal with."

"Have I ever refused it, my captain?"

"Not yet. Take your hand from that pillion and hold it up; then say after me these words: 'This lady is my mistress, my master's wife, to be by me reverenced as such. Her face is not for my eyes nor her hand for my lips. If I keep not myself clean of all offense toward her, may God approve that which my master shall do!'"

The blood rushed to his face. I watched his fingers slowly loosening their grasp.

"Tardy obedience is of the house of mutiny," I said sternly. "Will you, sirrah, or will you not?"

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He raised his hand and repeated the words.

"Now hold her as before," I ordered, and, straightening myself in the saddle, rode on, with my eyes once more on the path before me.

A mile further on, Mistress Percy stirred and raised her head from my shoulder. "Not at Jamestown yet?" she sighed, as yet but half awake. "Oh, the endless trees! I dreamed I was hawking at Windsor, and then suddenly I was here in this forest, a bird, happy because I was free; and then a falcon came swooping down upon me, — it had me in its talons, and I changed to myself again, and it changed to — What am I saying? I am talking in my sleep. Who is that singing?"

In fact, from the woods in front of us, and not a bowshot away, rang out a powerful voice: —

> "In the merry month of May,
> In a morn by break of day,
> With a troop of damsels playing
> Forth I went, forsooth, a-maying;"

and presently, the trees thinning in front of us, we came upon a little open glade and upon the singer. He lay on his back, on the soft turf beneath an oak, with his hands clasped behind his head and his eyes upturned to the blue sky showing between leaf and branch. On one knee crossed above the other sat a squirrel with a nut in its paws, and half a dozen others scampered here and there over his great body, like so many frolicsome kittens. At a little distance grazed an old horse, gray and gaunt, springhalt and spavined, with ribs like Death's own. Its saddle and bridle adorned a limb of the oak.

The song went cheerfully on: —

> "Much ado there was, God wot:
> He would love and she would not;
> She said, 'Never man was true.'
> He said, 'None was false to you.'"

"Give you good-day, reverend sir!" I called. "Art conning next Sunday's hymn?"

Nothing abashed, Master Jeremy Sparrow gently shook off the squirrels, and getting to his feet advanced to meet us.

"A toy," he declared, with a wave of his hand, "a trifle, a silly old song that came into my mind unawares, the leaves being so green and the sky so blue. Had you come a little earlier or a little later, you would have heard the ninetieth psalm. Give you good-day, madam. I must have sung for that the very queen of May was coming by."

"Art on your way to Jamestown?" I demanded. "Come ride with us. Diccon, saddle his reverence's horse."

"Saddle him an thou wilt, friend," said Master Sparrow, "for he and I have idled long enough, but I fear I cannot keep pace with this fair company. I and the horse are footing it together."

"He is not long for this world," I remarked, eying his ill-favored steed, "but neither are we far from Jamestown. He 'll last that far."

Master Sparrow shook his head, with a rueful countenance. "I bought him from one of the French vignerons below Westover," he said. "The fellow was astride the poor creature, beating him with a club because he could not go. I laid Monsieur Crapaud in the dust, after which we compounded, he for my purse, I for the animal; since when the poor beast and I have tramped it together, for I could not in conscience ride him. Have you read me Æsop his fables, Captain Percy?"

"I remember the man, the boy, and the ass," I replied. "The ass came to grief in the end. Put thy scruples in thy pocket, man, and mount thy pale horse."

"Not I!" he said, with a smile. "'T is a thousand pities, Captain Percy, that a small, mean, and squeamish spirit like mine should be cased like a very Guy of Warwick. Now, if I were slight of body, or even if I were no heavier than your servant there" —

"Oh!" I said. "Diccon, give his reverence the mare, and do you mount his

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horse and bring him slowly on to town. If he will not carry you, you can lead him in."

Sunshine revisited the countenance of Master Jeremy Sparrow; he swung his great body into the saddle, gathered up the reins, and made the mare to caracole across the path for very joy.

"Have a care of the poor brute, friend!" he cried genially to Diccon, whose looks were of the sulkiest. "Bring him gently on, and leave him at Master Bucke's, near to the church."

"What do you do at Jamestown?" I asked, as we passed from out the glade into the gloom of a pine wood. "I was told that you were gone to Henricus, to help Master Thorpe convert the Indians."

"Ay," he answered, "I did go. I had a call, — I was sure I had a call. I thought of myself as a very apostle to the Gentiles. I went from Henricus one day's journey into the wilderness, with none but an Indian lad for interpreter, and coming to an Indian village gathered its inhabitants about me, and sitting down upon a hillock read and expounded to them the Sermon on the Mount. I was much edified by the solemnity of their demeanor and the earnestness of their attention, and had conceived great hopes for their spiritual welfare, when, the reading and exhortation being finished, one of their old men arose and made me a long speech, which I could not well understand, but took to be one of grateful welcome to myself and my tidings of peace and good will. He then desired me to tarry with them, and to be present at some entertainment or other, the nature of which I could not make out. I tarried; and toward evening they conducted me with much ceremony to an open space in the midst of the village. There I found planted in the ground a thick stake, and around it a ring of flaming brushwood. To the stake was fastened an Indian warrior, captured, so my interpreter informed me, from some hostile tribe above the falls. His arms and ankles were secured to the stake by means of thongs passed through incisions in the flesh; his body was stuck over with countless pine splinters, each burning like a miniature torch; and on his shaven crown was tied a thin plate of copper heaped with red-hot coals. A little to one side appeared another stake and another circle of brushwood; the one with nothing tied to it as yet, and the other still unlit. My friend, I did not tarry to see it lit. I tore a branch from an oak, and I became as Samson with the jawbone of the ass. I fell upon and smote those Philistines. Their wretched victim was beyond all human help, but I dearly avenged him upon his enemies. And they had their pains for naught when they planted that second stake and laid the brush for their hell fire. At last I dropped into the stream upon which their damnable village was situate, and got safely away. Next day I went to George Thorpe and resigned my ministry, telling him that we were nowhere commanded to preach to devils; when the Company was ready to send shot and steel amongst them, they might count upon me. After which I came down the river to Jamestown, where I found worthy Master Bucke well-nigh despaired of with the fever. Finally he was taken up river for change of air, and, for lack of worthier substitute, the Governor and Captain West constrained me to remain and minister to the shepherdless flock. Where will you lodge, good sir?"

"I do not know," I said. "The town will be full, and the guest house is not yet finished."

"Why not come to me?" he asked. "There are none in the minister's house but me and Goodwife Allen who keeps it. There are five fair large rooms and a goodly garden, though the trees do too much shadow the house. If you will come and let the sunshine in," — a bow and smile for madam, — "I shall be your debtor."

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His plan pleased me well. Except the Governor's and Captain West's, the minister's house was the best in the town. It was retired, too, being set in its own grounds, and not upon the street, and I desired privacy. Goodwife Allen was stolid and incurious. Moreover, I liked Master Jeremy Sparrow.

I accepted his hospitality and gave him thanks. He waved them away, and fell to complimenting Mistress Percy, who was pleased to be gracious to us both. Well content for the moment with the world and ourselves, we fared on through the alternating sunshine and shade, and were happy with the careless habitants of the forest. Oversoon we came to the peninsula, and crossed the neck of land. Before us lay the town: to the outer eye a poor and mean village, indeed, but to the inner the stronghold and capital of our race in the western world, the germ from which might spring stately cities, the newborn babe which might in time equal its parent in stature, strength, and comeliness. So I and a few besides, both in Virginia and at home, viewed the mean houses, the poor church and rude fort, and loved the spot which had witnessed much suffering and small joy, but which held within it the future, which was even now a bit in the mouth of Spain, a thing in itself outweighing all the toil and anguish of our planting. But there were others who saw only the meanness of the place, its almost defenselessness, its fluxes and fevers, the fewness of its inhabitants and the number of its graves. Finding no gold and no earthly paradise, and that in the sweat of their brow they must eat their bread, they straightway fell into the dumps, and either died out of sheer perversity, or went yelping home to the Company with all manner of dismal tales, — which tales, through my Lord Warwick's good offices, never failed to reach the sacred ears of his Majesty, and to bring the colony and the Company into disfavor.

We came to the palisade, and found the gates wide open and the warder gone. "Where be the people?" marveled Master Sparrow, as we rode through into the street. In truth, where were the people? On either side of the street the doors of the houses stood open, but no person looked out from them or loitered on the doorsteps; the square was empty; there were no women at the well, no children underfoot, no gaping crowd before jail and pillory, no guard before the Governor's house, — not a soul, high or low, to be seen.

"Have they all migrated?" cried Sparrow. "Are they gone to Croatan?"

"They have left one to tell the tale, then," I said, "for here he comes running."

VII.

IN WHICH WE PREPARE TO FIGHT THE SPANIARD.

A man came panting down the street. "Captain Ralph Percy!" he cried. "My master said it was your horse coming across the neck. The Governor commands your attendance at once, sir."

"Where is the Governor? Where are all the people?" I demanded.

"At the fort. They are all at the fort or on the bank below. Oh, sirs, a woeful day for us all!"

"A woeful day!" I exclaimed. "What 's the matter?"

The man, whom I recognized as one of the commander's servants, a fellow with the soul of a French valet de chambre, was wild with terror.

"They are at the guns!" he quavered. "Alackaday! what can a few sakers and demiculverins do against them?"

"Against *whom?*" I cried.

"They are giving out pikes and cutlasses! Woe 's me, the sight of naked steel hath ever made me sick!"

I drew my dagger, and flashed it before him. "Does 't make you sick?"

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I asked. "You shall be sicker yet, if you do not speak to some purpose."

The fellow shrank back, his eyeballs starting from his head.

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"It 's a tall ship," he gasped, "a very big ship! It hath ten culverins, beside fowlers and murderers, sakers, falcons, and bases!"

I took him by the collar and shook him off his feet.

"There are priests on board!" he managed to say as I set him down. "This time to-morrow we 'll all be on the rack! And next week the galleys will have us!"

"It 's the Spaniard at last," I said. "Come on!"

When we reached the river bank before the fort, it was to find confusion worse confounded. The gates of the palisade were open, and through them streamed Councilors, Burgesses, and officers, while the bank itself was thronged with the generality. Ancient planters, Smith's men, Dale's men, tenants and servants, women and children, including the little eyases we imported the year before, negroes, Paspaheghs, French vignerons, Dutch sawmill men, Italian glassworkers, — all seethed to and fro, all talked at once, and all looked down the river. Out of the babel of voices these words came to us over and over: "The Spaniard!" "The Inquisition!" "The galleys!" They were the words oftenest heard at that time, when strange sails hove in sight.

But where was the Spaniard? On the river, hugging the shore, were many small craft, barges, shallops, sloops, and pinnaces, and beyond them the masts of the Truelove, the Due Return, and the Tiger, then in port; on these three, of which the largest, the Due Return, was of but eighty tons burthen, the mariners were running about and the masters bawling orders. But there was no other ship, no bark, galleon, or man-of-war, with three tiers of grinning ordnance, and the hated yellow flag flaunting above.

I sprang from my horse, and, leaving it and Mistress Percy in Sparrow's charge, hastened up to the fort. As I passed through the palisade I heard my name called, and turning waited for Master Pory to come up. He was panting and puffing, his jovial face very red.

"I was across the neck of land when I heard the news," he said. "I ran all the way, and am somewhat scant of breath. Here 's the devil to pay!"

"It looks another mare's-nest," I replied. "We have cried 'Spaniard!' pretty often."

"But this time the wolf 's here," he answered. "Davies sent a horseman at a gallop from Algernon with the tidings. He passed the ship, and it was a very great one. We may thank this dead calm that it did not catch us unawares."

Within the palisade was noise enough, but more order than without. On the half-moons commanding the river, gunners were busy about our sakers, falcons, and three culverins. In one place, West, the commander, was giving out brigandines, jacks, skulls, muskets, halberds, swords, and longbows; in another, his wife, who was a very Mary Ambree, supervised the boiling of a great caldron of pitch. Each loophole in palisade and fort had already its marksman. Through the west port came a horde of reluctant invaders, — cattle, swine, and poultry, — driven in by yelling boys. Behind them men rolled in water casks.

I made my way through the press to where I saw the Governor, surrounded by Councilors and Burgesses, sitting on a keg of powder, and issuing orders at the top of his voice. "Ha, Captain Percy!" he cried, as I came up. "You are in good time, man! You 've served your apprenticeship at the wars. You must teach us how to beat the dons."

"To Englishmen, that comes by nature, sir," I said. "Art sure we are to have the pleasure?"

"Not a doubt of it this time," he an-

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swered. "The ship slipped in past the Point last night. Davies signaled her to stop, and then sent a ball over her; but she kept on. True, it was too dark to make out much; but if she were friendly, why did she not stop for castle duties? Moreover, they say she was of at least five hundred tons, and no ship of that size hath ever visited these waters. There was no wind, and they sent a man on at once, hoping to outstrip the enemy and warn us. The man changed horses at Basse's Choice, and passed the ship about dawn. All he could tell for the mist was that it was a very great ship, with three tiers of guns."

"The flag?"

"She carried none."

"Humph!" I said. "It hath a suspicious look. At least we do well to be ready. We'll give them a warm welcome."

"There are those here who counsel surrender," continued the Governor. "There's one, at least, who wants the Tiger sent downstream with a white flag and my sword."

"Where?" I cried. "He's no Englishman, I warrant!"

"As much an Englishman as thou, sir!" called out a gentleman whom I had encountered before, to wit, Master Edward Sharpless. "It's well enough for swingebuckler captains, Low Country fire-eaters, to talk of holding out against a Spanish man-of-war with twice our number of fighting men, and enough ordnance to blow this island into space! Wise men know when the odds are too heavy!"

"It's well enough for lily-livered, goose-fleshed lawyers to hold their tongues when men and soldiers talk," I retorted. "We are not making indentures to the devil, and so have no need of such gentry."

There was a roar of laughter from the captains and gunners, but terror of the Spaniard had made Master Edward Sharpless bold to all besides.

"They will wipe us off the face of the earth!" he lamented. "There won't be an Englishman left in America! They'll come close in upon us! They'll batter down the fort with their culverins; they'll turn all their swivels, sakers, and falcons upon us; they'll throw into our midst stinkpots and grenades; they'll mow us down with chain shot! Their gunners never miss!" His voice rose to a scream, and he shook as with an ague. "Are you mad? It's Spain that's to be fought! Spain the rich! Spain the powerful! Spain the lord of the New World!"

"It's England that fights!" I cried. "For very shame, hold thy tongue!"

"If we surrender at once, they'll let us go!" he whined. "We can take the small boats and get to the Bermudas. They'll let us go."

"Into the galleys," muttered West.

The base craven tried another feint. "Think of the women and children!"

"We do," I said sternly. "Silence, fool!"

The Governor, a brave and honest man, though of mean descent, rose from the keg of powder. "All this is foreign to the matter, Master Sharpless. I think our duty is clear, be the odds what they may. This is our post, and we will hold it or die beside it. We are few in number, but we are England in America, and I think we will remain here. This is the King's fifth kingdom, and we will keep it for him. We will trust in the Lord and fight it out."

"Amen," I said, and "Amen," said the ring of Councilors and Burgesses and the armed men beyond.

The hum of voices now rose into excited cries, and the watchman stationed atop the big culverin called out, "Sail ho!" With one accord we turned our faces downstream. There was the ship, undoubtedly. Moreover, a strong breeze had sprung up, blowing from the sea, filling her white sails, and rapidly lessening the distance between us. As yet

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we could only tell that she was indeed a large ship with all sail set.

Through the gates of the palisade now came, pellmell, the crowd without. In ten minutes' time the women were in line ready to load the muskets, the children sheltered as best they might be, the men in ranks, the gunners at their guns, and the flag up. I had run it up with my own hand, and as I stood beneath the folds Master Sparrow and my wife came to my side.

"The women are over there," I said to the latter, "where you had best betake yourself."

"I prefer to stay here," she answered. "I am not afraid." Her color was high, and she held her head up. "My father fought the Armada," she said. "Get me a sword from that man who is giving them out."

From his coign of vantage the watch now called out: "She 's a long ship, — five hundred tons, anyhow! Lord! the metal that she carries! She 's rase-decked!"

"Then she 's Spanish, sure enough!" cried the Governor.

From the crowd of servants, felons, and foreigners rose a great clamor, and presently we made out Sharpless perched on a cask in their midst and wildly gesticulating.

"The Tiger, the Truelove, and the Due Return have swung across channel!" announced the watch. "They 've trained their guns on the Spaniard!"

The Englishmen cheered, but the bastard crew about Sharpless groaned. Extreme fear had made the lawyer shameless. "What guns have those boats?" he screamed. "Two falcons apiece and a handful of muskets, and they go out against a man-of-war! She 'll trample them underfoot! She 'll sink them with a shot apiece! The Tiger is forty tons, and the Truelove is sixty. You 're all mad!"

"Sometimes quality beats quantity," said West.

"Didst ever hear of the Content?" sang out a gunner.

"Or of the Merchant Royal?" cried another.

"Or of the Revenge?" quoth Master Jeremy Sparrow. "Go hang thyself, coward, or, if you choose, swim out to the Spaniard, and shift from thy wet doublet and hose into a sanbenito. Let the don come, shoot if he can, and land if he will! We 'll singe his beard in Virginia as we did at Cales!

'The great St. Philip, the pride of the Spaniards,
Was burnt to the bottom and sunk in the sea.
But the St. Andrew and eke the St. Matthew
We took in fight manfully and brought away.'

And so we 'll do with this one, my masters! We 'll sink her, or we 'll take her and send her against her own galleons and galleasses!

'Dub-a-dub, dub-a-dub, thus strike their drums,
Tantara, tantara, the Englishman comes!'"

His great voice and great presence seized and held the attention of all. Over his doublet of rusty black he had clapped a yet rustier back and breast; on his bushy hair rode a headpiece many sizes too small; by his side was an old broadsword, and over his shoulder a pike. Suddenly, from gay hardihood his countenance changed to an expression more befitting his calling. "Our cause is just, my masters!" he cried. "We stand here not for England alone; we stand for the love of law, for the love of liberty, for the fear of God, who will not desert his servants and his cause, nor give over to Anti-Christ this virgin world. This plantation is the leaven which is to leaven the whole lump, and surely he will hide it in the hollow of his hand and in the shadow of his wing. God of battles, hear us! God of England, God of America, aid the children of the one, the saviors of the other!"

He had dropped the pike to raise his

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clasped hands to the blue heavens, but now he lifted it again, threw back his shoulders and flung up his head. He laid his hand on the flagstaff, and looked up to the banner streaming in the breeze. "It looks well so high against the blue, does n't it, friends?" he cried genially. "Suppose we keep it there forever and a day!"

A cheer arose, so loud that it silenced, if it did not convince, the craven few. As for Master Edward Sharpless, he disappeared immediately behind the line of women.

The great ship came steadily on, her white sails growing larger and larger, moment by moment, her tiers of guns more distinct and menacing, her whole aspect more defiant. Her waist seemed packed with men. But no streamers, no flag.

A puff of smoke floated up from the deck of the Tiger, and a ball from one of her two tiny falcons passed through the stranger's rigging. A cheer for the brave little cockboat arose from the English. "David and his pebble!" exclaimed Master Jeremy Sparrow. "Now for Goliath's twenty-pounders!"

But no flame and thunder issued from the large guns aboard the stranger. Instead, from her crowded deck there came to us what sounded mightily like a roar of laughter. Suddenly, from each masthead and yard shot out streamers of red and blue, up from the poop rose and flaunted in the wind the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, and with a crash trumpet, drum, and fife rushed into

"Here 's to jolly good ale and old!"

"By the Lord, she 's English!" shouted the Governor.

On she came, banners flying, music playing, and inextinguishable laughter rising from her decks. The Tiger, the Truelove, and the Due Return sent no more hailstones against her; they turned and resolved themselves into her consort. The watch, a grim old sea dog that had come in with Dale, swung himself down from his post, and came toward the Governor at a run. "I know her now, sir!" he shouted. "I was at the winning of Cales, and she 's the Santa Teresa, that we took and sent home to the Queen. She was Spanish once, sir, but she 's English now."

The gates were flung open, and the excited people poured out again upon the river bank. I found myself beside the Governor, whose honest countenance wore an expression of profound bewilderment.

"What d' ye make of her, Percy?" he said. "The Company does n't send servants, felons, 'prentices, or maids in such craft; no, nor officers or governors, either. It 's the King's ship, sure enough, but what is she doing here? — that 's the question. What does she want, and whom does she bring?"

"We 'll soon know," I answered, "for there goes her anchor."

Five minutes later a boat was lowered from the ship, and came swiftly toward us. The boat had four rowers, and in the stern sat a tall man, black-bearded, high-colored, and magnificently dressed. It touched the sand some two hundred feet from the spot where Governor, Councilors, officers, and a sprinkling of other sorts stood staring at it, and at the great ship beyond. The man in the stern leaped out, looked around him, and then walked toward us. As he walked slowly, we had leisure to note the richness of his doublet and cloak, — the one slashed, the other lined with scarlet taffeta, — the arrogance of his mien and gait, and the superb full-blooded beauty of his face.

"The handsomest man that ever I saw!" ejaculated the Governor.

Master Pory, standing beside him, drew in his breath, then puffed it out again. "Handsome enough, your Honor," he said, "unless handsome is as handsome does. That, gentlemen, is my Lord Carnal, — that is the King's latest favorite."

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VIII.

IN WHICH ENTERS MY LORD CARNAL.

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I felt a touch upon my shoulder, and turned to find Mistress Percy beside me. Her cheeks were white, her eyes aflame, her whole frame tense. The passion that dominated her was so clearly anger at white heat that I stared at her in amazement. Her hand slid from my shoulder to the bend of my arm and rested there. "Remember that I am your wife, sir," she said in a low, fierce voice, — "your kind and loving wife. You said that your sword was mine; now bring your wit to the same service!"

There was not time to question her meaning. The man whose position in the realm had just been announced by the Secretary, and of whom we had all heard as one not unlikely to supplant even Buckingham himself, was close at hand. The Governor, headpiece in hand, stepped forward; the other swept off his Spanish hat; both bowed profoundly.

"I speak to his Honor the Governor of Virginia?" inquired the newcomer. His tone was offhand, his hat already back upon his head.

"I am George Yeardley, at my Lord Carnal's service," answered the Governor.

The favorite raised his eyebrows. "I don't need to introduce myself, it seems," he said. "You 've found that I am not the devil, after all, — at least not the Spanish Apollyon. Zooks! a hawk above a poultry yard could n't have caused a greater commotion than did my poor little ship and my few poor birding pieces! Does every strange sail so put you through your paces?"

The Governor's color mounted. "We are not at home," he answered stiffly. "Here we are few and weak and surrounded by many dangers, and have need to be vigilant, being planted, as it were, in the very grasp of that Spain who holds Europe in awe, and who claims this land as her own. That we are here at all is proof enough of our courage, my lord."

The other shrugged his shoulders. "I don't doubt your mettle," he said negligently. "I dare say it matches your armor."

His glance had rested for a moment upon the battered headpiece and ancient rusty breastplate with which Master Jeremy Sparrow was bedight.

"It is something antique, truly, something out of fashion," remarked that worthy, — "almost as out of fashion as courtesy from guests, or respect for dignities from my-face-is-my-fortune minions and lords on carpet considerations."

The hush of consternation following this audacious speech was broken by a roar of laughter from the favorite himself. "Zounds!" he cried, "your courage is worn on your sleeve, good giant! I 'll uphold you to face Spaniards, strappado, rack, galleys, and all!"

The bravado with which he spoke, the insolence of his bold glance and curled lip, the arrogance with which he flaunted that King's favor which should be a brand more infamous than the hangman's, his beauty, the pomp of his dress, — all were alike hateful. I hated him then, scarce knowing why, as I hated him afterward with reason.

He now pulled from the breast of his doublet a packet, which he proffered the Governor. "From the King, sir," he announced, in the half-fierce, half-mocking tone he had made his own. "You may read it at your leisure. He wishes you to further me in a quest upon which I have come."

The Governor took the packet with reverence. "His Majesty's will is our law," he said. "Anything that lies in our power, sir; though if you come for gold" —

The favorite laughed again. "I 've come for a thing a deal more precious,

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Sir Governor, — a thing worth more to me than all the treasure of the Indies with Manoa and El Dorado thrown in, — to wit, the thing upon which I 've set my mind. That which I determine to do, I do, sir; and the thing I determine to have, why, sooner or later, by hook or by crook, fair means or foul, I have it! I am not one to be crossed or defied with impunity."

"I do not take your meaning, my lord," said the Governor, puzzled, but courteous. "There are none here who would care to thwart, in any honorable enterprise, a nobleman so high in the King's favor. I trust that my Lord Carnal will make my poor house his own during his stay in Virginia — What's the matter, my lord?"

My lord's face was dark red, his black eyes afire, his mustaches working up and down. His white teeth had closed with a click on the loud oath which had interrupted the Governor's speech. Honest Sir George and his circle stared at this unaccountable guest in amazement not unmixed with dismay. As for myself, I knew before he spoke what had caused the oath and the fierce triumph in that handsome face. Master Jeremy Sparrow had moved a little to one side, thus exposing to view that which his great body had before screened from observation, — namely, Mistress Jocelyn Percy.

In a moment the favorite was before her, hat in hand, bowing to the ground.

"My quest hath ended where I feared it but begun!" he cried, flushed and exultant. "I have found my Manoa sooner than I thought for. Have you no welcome for me, lady?"

She withdrew her arm from mine and curtsied to him profoundly; then stood erect, indignant and defiant, her eyes angry stars, her cheeks carnation, scorn on her smiling lips.

"I cannot welcome you as you should be welcomed, my lord," she said in a clear voice. "I have but my bare hands. Manoa, my lord, lies far to the southward. This land is quite out of your course, and you will find here but your travail for your pains. My lord, permit me to present to you my husband, Captain Ralph Percy. I think that you know his cousin, my Lord of Northumberland."

The red left the favorite's cheeks, and he moved as though a blow had been dealt him by some invisible hand. Recovering himself he bowed to me, and I to him, which done we looked each other in the eyes long enough for each to see the thrown gauntlet.

"I raise it," I said.

"And I raise it," he answered.

"A l'outrance, I think, sir?" I continued.

"A l'outrance," he assented.

"And between us two alone," I suggested.

His answering smile was not good to see, nor was the tone in which he spoke to the Governor good to hear.

"It is now some weeks, sir," he said, "since there disappeared from court a jewel, a diamond of most inestimable worth. It in some sort belonged to the King, and his Majesty, in the goodness of his heart, had promised it to a certain one, — nay, had sworn by his kingdom that it should be his. Well, sir, that man put forth his hand to claim his own — when lo! the jewel vanished! Where it went no man could tell. There was, as you may believe, a mighty running up and down and looking into dark corners, all for naught, — it was clean gone. But the man to whom that bright gem had been promised was not one easily hoodwinked or baffled. He swore to trace it, follow it, find it, and wear it."

His bold eyes left the Governor, to rest upon the woman beside me; had he pointed to her with his hand, he could not have more surely drawn upon her the regard of that motley throng. By degrees the crowd had fallen back, leaving us three — the King's minion, the

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masquerading lady, and myself — the centre of a ring of staring faces; but now she became the sole target at which all eyes were directed.

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In Virginia, at this time, the women of our own race were held in high esteem. During the first years of our planting they were a greater rarity than the mocking-birds and flying squirrels, or than that weed the eating of which made fools of men. The man whose wife was loving and daring enough, or jealous enough of Indian maids, to follow him into the wilderness counted his friends by the score and never lacked for company. The first marriage in Virginia was between a laborer and a waiting maid, and yet there was as great a deal of candy stuff as if it had been the nuptials of a lieutenant of the shire. The brother of my Lord de la Warre stood up with the groom, the brother of my Lord of Northumberland gave away the bride and was the first to kiss her, and the President himself held the caudle to their lips that night. Since that wedding there had been others. Gentlewomen made the Virginia voyage with husband or father; women signed as servants and came over, to marry in three weeks' time, the husband paying good tobacco for the wife's freedom; in the cargoes of children sent for apprentices there were many girls. And last, but not least, had come Sir Edwyn's doves. Things had changed since that day — at the memory of which men still held their sides — when Madam West, then the only woman in the town with youth and beauty, had marched down the street to the pillory, mounted it, called to her the drummer, and ordered him to summon to the square by tuck of drum every man in the place. Which done, and the amazed population at hand, gaping at the spectacle of the wife of their commander (then absent from home) pilloried before them, she gave command, through the crier, that they should take their fill of gazing, whispering, and nudging then and there, forever and a day, and then should go about their own business and give her leave to mind her own.

That day was gone, but men still dropped their work to see a woman pass, still cheered when a farthingale appeared over a ship's side, and at church still devoted their eyes to other service than staring at the minister. In our short but crowded history few things had made a greater stir than the coming in of Sir Edwyn's maids. They were married now, but they were still the observed of all observers; to be pointed out to strangers, run after by children, gaped at by the vulgar, bowed to with broad smiles by Burgess, Councilor, and commander, and openly contemned by those dames who had attained to a husband in somewhat more regular fashion. Of the ninety who had arrived two weeks before, the greater number had found husbands in the town itself or in the neighboring hundreds, so that in the crowd that had gathered to withstand the Spaniard, and had stayed to welcome the King's favorite, there were farthingales not a few.

But there were none like the woman whose hand I had kissed in the courting meadow. In the throng, that day, in her Puritan dress and amid the crowd of meaner beauties, she had passed without overmuch comment, and since that day none had seen her save Rolfe and the minister, my servants and myself; and when "The Spaniard!" was cried, men thought of other things than the beauty of women; so that until this moment she had escaped any special notice. Now all that was changed. The Governor, following the pointing of those insolent eyes, fixed his own upon her in a stare of sheer amazement; the gold-laced quality about him craned necks, lifted eyebrows, and whispered; and the rabble behind followed their betters' example with an emphasis quite their own.

"Where do you suppose that jewel went, Sir Governor," said the favorite, —

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"that jewel which was overnice to shine at court, which set up its will against the King's, which would have none of that one to whom it had been given?"

"I am a plain man, my lord," replied the Governor bluntly. "An it please you, give me plain words."

My lord laughed, his eyes traveling round the ring of greedily intent faces. "So be it, sir," he assented. "May I ask who is this lady?"

"She came in the Bonaventure," answered the Governor. "She was one of the treasurer's poor maids."

"With whom I trod a measure at court not long ago," said the favorite. "I had to wait for the honor until the prince had been gratified."

The Governor's round eyes grew rounder. Young Hamor, a-tiptoe behind him, drew a long, low whistle.

"In so small a community," went on my lord, "sure you must all know one another. There can be no masks worn, no false colors displayed. Everything must be as open as daylight. But we all have a past as well as a present. Now, for instance" —

I interrupted him. "In Virginia, my lord, we live in the present. At present, my lord, I like not the color of your lordship's cloak."

He stared at me, with his black brows drawn together. "It is not of your choosing nor for your wearing, sir," he rejoined haughtily.

"And your sword knot is villainously tied," I continued. "And I like not such a fire-new, bejeweled scabbard. Mine, you see, is out at heel."

"I see," he said dryly.

"The pinking of your doublet suits me not, either," I declared. "I could make it more to my liking," and I touched his Genoa three-pile with the point of my rapier.

A loud murmur arose from the crowd, and the Governor started forward, crying out, "Captain Percy! Are you mad?"

"I was never saner in my life, sir," I answered. "French fashions like me not, — that is all, — nor Englishmen that wear them. To my thinking such are scarcely true-born."

That thrust went home. All the world knew the story of my late Lord Carnal and the waiting woman in the service of the French ambassador's wife. A gasp of admiration went up from the crowd. My lord's rapier was out, the hand that held it shaking with passion. I had my blade in my hand, but the point was upon the ground. "I'll lesson you, you madman!" he said thickly. Suddenly, without any warning, he thrust at me; had he been less blind with rage, the long score which each was to run up against the other might have ended where it began. I swerved, and the next instant with my own point sent his rapier whirling. It fell at the Governor's feet.

"Your lordship may pick it up," I remarked. "Your grasp is as firm as your honor, my lord."

He glared at me, foam upon his lips. Men were between us now, — the Governor, Francis West, Master Pory, Hamor, Wynne, — and a babel of excited voices arose. The diversion I had aimed to make had been made with a vengeance. West had me by the arm. "What a murrain is all this coil about, Ralph Percy? If you hurt hair of his head, you are lost!"

The favorite broke from the Governor's detaining hand and conciliatory speech.

"You 'll fight, sir?" he cried hoarsely.

"You know that I need not now, my lord," I answered.

He stamped upon the ground with rage and shame; not true shame for that foul thrust, but shame for the sword upon the grass, for that which could be read in men's eyes, strive to hide it as they might, for the open scorn upon one face. Then, during the minute or more in which we faced each other in silence, he exerted to some effect that will of

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which he had boasted. The scarlet faded from his face, his frame steadied, and he forced a smile. Also he called to his aid a certain soldierly, honest-seeming frankness of speech and manner which he could assume at will.

"Your Virginian sunshine dazzleth the eyes, sir," he said. "Of a verity it made me think you on guard. Forgive me my mistake."

I bowed. "Your lordship will find me at your service. I lodge at the minister's house, where your lordship's messenger will find me. I am going there now with my wife, who hath ridden a score of miles this morning and is weary. We give you good-day, my lord."

I bowed to him again and to the Governor, then gave my hand to Mistress Percy. The crowd opening before us, we passed through it, and crossed the parade by the west bulwark. At the further end was a bit of rising ground. This we mounted; then, before descending the other side into the lane leading to the minister's house, we turned as by one impulse and looked back. Life is like one of those endless Italian corridors, painted, picture after picture, by a master hand; and man is the traveler through it, taking his eyes from one scene but to rest them upon another. Some remain a blur in his mind; some he remembers not; for some he has but to close his eyes and he sees them again, line for line, tint for tint, the whole spirit of the piece. I close my eyes, and I see the sunshine hot and bright, the blue of the skies, the sheen of the river. The sails are white again upon boats long lost; the Santa Teresa, sunk in a fight with an Algerine rover two years afterward, rides at anchor there forever in the James, her crew in the waist and the rigging, her master and his mates on the poop, above them the flag. I see the plain at our feet and the crowd beyond, all staring with upturned faces; and standing out from the group of perplexed and wondering dignitaries a man in black and scarlet, one hand busy at his mouth, the other clenched upon the newly restored and unsheathed sword. And I see, standing on the green hillock, hand in hand, us two, — myself and the woman so near to me, and yet so far away that a common enemy seemed our only tie.

We turned and descended to the green lane and the deserted houses. When we were quite hidden from those we had left on the bank below the fort, she dropped my hand and moved to the other side of the lane; and thus, with never a word to spare, we walked sedately on until we reached the minister's house.

Mary Johnston.

(*To be continued.*)

CHINESE SKETCHES.

I. YELLOW REASON.

A NARROW, ragged street crawled up the side of a hill. At the top was a low Buddhist monastery, creeping just to the ridge, and beyond were two modern houses with two flagstaffs flying foreign colors.

The roadway led abruptly from a dense, swarming town; a flat town, all of one color, — a gray that seemed to swell from roof to roof, like a great blot that finally merged in the distance into a vast gray sea. Low to the west a band of naked hills stood out against the sky, and between the hills and the sea of gray

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rolled the brown Yang-tse, wide as a lake, and lipping on in smooth brown waves. Near the banks huddled a swarming life of junks, and a host of tiny craft skimmed and hurried to and fro, like aimless water bugs. One slender vessel rode at anchor in the stream, — a long, white vessel with colors flying at her masthead, red and white.

All else was brown and gray and sullen: brown waters, brown skies, the great swelling sea of flat gray roofs, and under the gray roofs a restless, murmuring mass of stubborn yellow men.

In the midst of this life dwelt a cripple, a foul-mouthed, worthless creature, who whined and cursed, and begged for rags and food. One day he crept from his dirty passage out into the light. Hobbling and stumbling, lying on the ground to catch his breath, he dragged his wretched body up the narrow roadway. At the gateway of the foreign houses he squatted, huddling in his rags and whining shrilly for alms. All day he stayed there, and all one night, to be stumbled over by every passer-by.

At last, a house coolie, returning from an errand, struck at the beggar as he laid hold of his skirt. The cripple rolled over on his side, and gave out piercing, hideous shrieks. In a minute he was surrounded by a wondering crowd, and to these he screamed forth curses on the white devils whose servant had been sent to take his life. Men came running from every side, seemed suddenly to spring from the ground, coolies stopped their work, and the crowd swelled to a multitude. Still the cripple kept on shrieking, and a low muttering in the crowd began to rise and fall, like the distant rumblings of a storm.

A native doctor was sent for, to stop the creature's noise and to bring reason to the angry mob. The doctor came, and was swallowed up in a seething mass of men. The cripple was dying — was dead. So the word spread abroad. And the foreign devils on the hill, outlanders and disturbers of Chinese peace, were to blame. Then there was no check. The disturbance grew worse, until at night every street and alleyway near the little hill was filled with a surging sea of frenzied life, whose waves rose and fell by a strange internal force. As night crept on the tide pressed in, and crowding up the narrow passage swayed a moving mass of angry yellow faces. On they pushed, threatening, shouting vengeance in a harsh uproar that gained in volume and echoed to the limits of the mob, seething and struggling on in ignorant madness.

Down below, the town lay gray and silent with empty dwellings, waiting for the tide to turn to fill them to their brim. From the little monastery on the hillside came the regular pounding of gongs and tinkling of bells, as the priests moved about their prayers in stolid unconcern. But in the houses on the hill was hideous fear, — fear of the unreasonable brutes surging about their walls, who would torture with the joy of fiends and trample life with merciless heel. Late that night, a shuddering group crept unseen to an outer gate, skulked along behind the town, and fled through the empty streets to the river bank beyond. And there a boat was waiting that took them to the warship lying in the stream.

Fighting, crowding, jamming up the narrow street, the crowd made its way, yelling in hoarse frenzy. Men fought and cursed in the wild surge forward, dug with vicious elbows, and beat and struck at one another. Some were trodden underfoot, and sharp screams of pain cut high above the tumult. On they pushed, — a dense mass of naked limbs, straining muscles, fierce, mad faces; a vast moving sea, swayed by a brutelike instinct.

Nearer the mob surged to the gate, — pressed so close that those in front gasped in terror, as they felt the strength of a resistless force driving from behind. Again shrieks rose, shrill despairing wails

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that broke at last to gurgling sobs, as men strove and fought to turn, in vain. Then the gate gave way, and a maddened, seething mass fell through the gap. With a hoarse shout, those behind sprang forward, and trampled down the wildly struggling heaps of men lying in their path. Through the open way they rushed, and made for the houses standing just beyond.

The vast mob paused, — welled up like a destroying sea, — then burst upon the dwellings. In they swept, flooding every corner, searching with frantic zeal for their trembling prey. Beds were torn open, mirrors and windows smashed, doorways burst through. But still the objects of their quest could not be found. Garments were dragged forth and torn to tatters. Pillows were split, and a rain of feathers was added to the chaos. Cabinets were upturned, ornaments broken in pieces, jewels and silver looted. The crowd jammed and swelled from floor to floor, foiled and desperate in its search. Wine cellars and pantries were entered, and their contents consumed. The riot raged more hotly. Men lay drunk in corners. And the mob, half crazed, turned upon itself and fought for possession. Knives were drawn, blood was spilled, and still life throbbed and beat at doors and windows, striving for admittance.

Then some one struck a light, and curls of smoke began to fill the rooms. There were louder shouts and yells of fear, and a rush was made for stairs and windows. Tiny yellow flames shot up through the dense brown smoke. And again men fought, — fought like wild things for their lives; stumbled, staggered, trod on one another, stamped out life in a fierce dash for liberty.

Out at last, — singed, scorched, bruised and bleeding, half suffocated and blinded by the smoke. So they surged into the bleak gray morn. The ground lay torn and blistered, and smeared with tattered rags and broken fragments from the riot beyond. Men lay bruised and senseless in limp, wretched heaps, and the morning air was thick and close with smoke.

The tide had turned, and the ebb set in. Those on the farther limits of the mob, still unconscious of motive, ceased their yells, and went back to the town. The battle above waged spasmodically. Personal feuds were still pursued, but the mob was broken and its object lost. By night the crowd had swarmed back to fill the empty streets. And life moved on with stolid unconcern.

In three weeks Peking was paying heavily for destruction of property, and promising greater security to foreign life. Six weeks later the houses were practically rebuilt, and the hideous terror of a night was beginning to fade.

And sitting quietly at the foot of the hill was a cripple begging for alms.

II. FATHER AND SON.

Old Sung-Chow made boxes of camphor wood, and in his little shop they were piled high: smooth yellow boxes with neat brass corners, and with beautiful brown veins showing on their sides. They were of all sizes, and from the dark room where the men of Sung-Chow cut and rubbed this wood there came a clean, strong scent.

Sung-Chow no longer worked with his men, but sat beneath the swinging sign of black that bore his name in great gold letters, and watched the children playing in the dirty street. It was a very dirty street, a very narrow street, with many tiny shops crowded on both sides, and at each shop there hung a dangling board of red or black with straggling letters of gold. Some of these shops were filled, shelf on shelf, with square-bowled, long-stemmed pipes, some with silken, glovelike shoes, and others with jade and the work of the silversmiths. In many sat sleek merchants, with rolls and rolls of silk about them, and these chatted together and

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sipped their tea, or talked with the passers-by.

All day this street seethed with a mixed, noisy crowd. Coolies staggered through with heavy burdens on their shoulders, mandarins swayed past in closed sedan chairs, scholars with huge-rimmed goggles and cold, impassive faces stalked along, and whining beggars crouched low in the mud. Coarse coolie women in wide-flapping trousers squatted in the doorways and cooked their stringy, evil-smelling messes. Lepers raised their wretched hands for alms, and venders of strange wares, with boards balanced on their heads, picked a fearful way through the jostling crowd. And all day long was the narrow way filled with a harsh uproar that was made of the calls and screams of a dense, swarming life.

But Sung-Chow sat at his doorway in great unconcern and smoked a long pipe, fondled the bowl with slow old fingers, and watched the children at play. There were many children, with bright threads braided in their little pigtails and gay betasseled caps bobbing on their heads. There were many pigs and white bristling dogs, and these all lived and played in the dirt together. Yet of all the children Sung-Chow saw but the fat-limbed, brown-skinned Chwang: Chwang the pride and idol of his heart; Chwang who ran and screamed with the children in the street. As he puffed, fond, slow thoughts bubbled up in his heart. He felt again the clasp of the little Chwang as he lay in his arms a babe; Chwang the long-looked-for, long-prayed-for son, for whose life the gentle Ta Shi gave her own. And his heart beat quickly with the thought of the clinging touch of the first-born.

Then the mind of Sung-Chow filled with pictures of his son grown to manhood. He saw him master of the shop, with boxes more smooth and beautiful than his own. He saw him in rich gowns of silk, on his hand a heavy ring of gold. Chwang would walk amongst his men with proud and haughty step, and they would bow and cringe before him. Mandarins and wealthy merchants would buy from him his wares, and the neighbors would envy him his trade. But the gods would look with favor upon him, and bless him with many sons. And he would cherish the memory of the old father, and stain his walls with the breath of much incense.

So for many months old Sung-Chow sat at his doorway, and smoked his pipe, and dreamed his fond, foolish dreams. And little Chwang played from morn till night with the children in the crowded street.

At last there came a summer when the street was vacant and men laid aside their work; and all hearts were filled with dread. In the open lands lay nature overripe, and scorching winds hissed through the fields and withered the green earth brown. In the cities the streets were foul with the breath of disease, and low, thick vapors rose slowly from the earth. The temples were filled with throngs of troubled creatures, who dragged themselves before their tarnished gods and begged for succor. The great gods sat in stolid silence amid clouds of incense that rose about them night and day; but they heard not, or would not hear, for often disease crept boldly to the very altars and clutched its wretched victim, and the shriek of the stricken mingled with the prayers and supplications of the fearful.

Sung-Chow sat at his door with cold fear griping at his heart, and listened with tense dread for the boom of cymbals as groups of wailing mourners trailed past his doorway. He watched with straining eyes the fluttering banners, and heard the harsh clang of metal as the weeping troop vanished down the empty street. Then he clasped his trembling hands and prayed to Joss and spirits that his little Chwang be spared. And within the empty room of the boxmakers Chwang played alone, and wondered at

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the sudden harshness of old Sung. Soon the stifling fumes of the doomed city rose thicker, and Sung-Chow crept fiercely to Chwang's side and held him in a desperate grasp that would defy all foes. Men crawled to their homes and died like rats in holes. And many lay dead in the streets, to be seized upon by the loathsome vultures that fell upon their prey with greedy haste. Higher and thicker rose the sickening fumes, more dense and deathlike grew the air. A fearful, gasping silence rested upon the city; and if life stirred there were but few to know, a few who crouched low and moved not from their dead.

One night there came a soft pant in the empty streets, and then another breath, and soon a windstorm broke over the steaming city, and shrieked and tore through the fever-smitten ways, and blew the stifling vapors far away. Then the rains broke, and poured great torrents down upon the blistered, parching earth, and cleansed the putrid air, and fell for days and nights. At last the earth raised her scorched and grateful face, and men drew trembling, fearful breaths of life. Soon those who had fled the city returned, and before long life seethed again in the narrow ways.

Once more Sung-Chow sat at his doorway; but he sat as one dead, and stared before him with glazed, unseeing eyes. The neighbors tapped their heads and pointed to the sunken, ghastly face. But Sung-Chow only mumbled to himself, and called his child in hoarse, muffled whispers. At night he lay upon his couch, and seemed to feel again the tender little head upon his breast; but when he stretched out eager arms, he clasped the empty air. Then he knew he was alone, — alone in the torturing stillness of his hut, — and dry, dumb sobs tore at his soul. A black sorrow filled his heart to bursting, and yet he had no tears, — only a gnawing, desperate want that grew heavier as the days dragged by. At last the brain began to weaken, and Sung-Chow sat upon his stoop, a pitiful old man, and the life and clamor of a dense city moved past him unnoticed.

One night there came to old Sung-Chow this strange, strange dream. He thought that again his hut was in the north, the far north where the river Pei-ho bends through wide green meadows. All about him fell the colors of the gloaming, and the air was soft and sweet and filled with the fragrance of the spring. Fine, tender outlines stood etched against the evening sky, the rushes swayed and stirred, and from the dim, far-reaching meadows came soft, vast sounds of life. But Sung-Chow wandered alone and heavy-hearted in the darkening fields. Before him the Pei-ho twined and twisted, writhed through the meadows like a great serpent; and, as it circled, the sails of many boats caught the last faint glow of twilight, and like a flock of phantom swans turned and drifted into the evening mists. On and on, in this old familiar land, Sung-Chow dragged his weary limbs, till in his path there rose a low red temple. And Sung-Chow paused and wondered at the unfamiliar shape, then slowly entered. All about him lay the silence of unspoken prayers, and the air rose thick with clouds of heavy sweetness. Before him in the dim smoke mists there sat a stranger god upon a throne. And as he looked, a soft light slowly spread and grew, and all the temple glowed as gold.

The lips of the strange god moved, then opened, and full, deep tones rolled out and out upon the thick, sweet waves of darkness. The sorry heart of Sung-Chow trembled, was laid bare, and Joss spoke: —

"Old man, the love of father to son is immortal. This seed planted in the soul of man, with life it grows, till mightier than man, stronger than mortal frame, it becomes. In thy soul this seed has sprouted, borne thee blossom, and of its fragrance thy life has been en-

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riched. All men get not this scent, know not the greatness and sweetness that life may hold. Sung-Chow, thou wast blessed beyond thy understanding. Love entered thy heart and cast its rosy light throughout thy soul.

"Old man, to thee a great truth has been shown. Go thou and preach to men. Tell thou the sad, the weary, the hard-hearted and bitter, all who strive and long for the things of earth, to hearken to the words thou bearest. Tell all that in the heart of every man the Joss has placed a tiny seed. The wise find it and nurture it. But tell thou the foolish and the wise, the vain and the broken, the men of pure desire and of evil course, that there lies in all the world, in all the desires of mind and body, in all the strivings of men's souls, but one immortal breath. All else fades, withers, passes away; but this gives to the weak strength, to the sad hope, to all men courage and the breath of life. Go thou and bear this message."

The deep tones ceased, melted away, were lost, and only waves of incense stirred in the dim temple.

And Sung-Chow stretched his arms before him and broke from his sleep, and heard far down the street the watchman strike the early hour of dawn.

III. AH-SING, THE CAMEL COOLIE.

On his camel sprawls Ah-Sing, — Ah-Sing, the camel coolie. Against the rough warm hump he lays his face, and drifting, shifting dreams play through his mind. He dreams of deserts blazing hot and brown to Siberia. He feels again the stinging sands that burn his eyes, stifle, choke him, and he hides his blistered face in the camel's shaggy hair.

Swinging, swaying, he sees the ragged camels move on with fatelike, noiseless tread. He sees them in great yellow lines, as they herd at rest in the noonday sun, chewing, gazing proudly indifferent before them. At night they lie at rest, and Ah-Sing, on his back, hears the noises of the night, hears the low bells and steady tramp of camels treading through the sleeping hours. Morning comes, and on again; early morning, sweet and green and tender. From the brown fields come fresh earthy breaths, and ever before stretch the wide green plains. On tramps the endless string, calm and indifferent to the sweetness of the land. Blue crocuses and ghosts of dandelions blow in the little breezes, hold up their heads all wet with dew. But Ah-Sing dangles, dozes, indifferent too, unconscious of all beauty.

Beyond the meadows, through the mountains again, and then the great wall rears its head, cresting the hills and dragging its huge weight across the land, — cutting Manchuria, Mongolia, China. Far down the valley spread the plains, brown and sere. Farther and farther still, for hundreds and yet hundreds of miles writhes the great jagged wall, with the wide, sad plains at its feet. Stretching off, far down the valley runs a footpath, trodden for centuries by these same silent yellow messengers. On they go, — on through plains, over mountains, again through green valleys; and then there creeps up, brown and hot, the blazing desert.

Ah-Sing slips from his perch and walks beside his soft, sure-stepping beast. Slowly they move on, with blazing heat above and blistering heat beneath. Hot winds, hot sands, the sun's scorching breath, prey upon the beasts. In this heat, in the torture of its grasp, men's minds shrivel up, thoughts burn out, the spirit gasps and dies, and the bodies of the men move on as slowly, indifferently, as the ragged beasts treading by their side. Days, weeks, months, — they know not. The sun glares up red and hot over the stretch of sands behind them. It sinks before them with an angry flush, to rise again to-morrow. Steeped in the sun, burned in it, washed in it, they become one with the beasts and the sands.

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So this yellow, sunburned life drags its yellow weight across the endless plains. A fatelike, awful march; no hope, no halt for man or beast; but on, on, over the spreading billows of biting sands, of glowing, shifting, sinking sands, with overhead the hot sky, blue and hard, and blazing in the midst of it the scorching eye that burns and blisters with its sight.

Ah-Sing dangles from his seat, limp and blistered, no longer dreaming, in his mind a blank, great nothing. Sands slip by him, under him; all around they stretch. A fearful heat, breathless and dry, closes upon the desert. In agony the camels stumble on, beat at the dense hot wall. Desperately the coolies hide their faces in the hot, swaying hunches before them; but through their stupor there beats a wave of consciousness. A shudder brings them to a knowledge of a something awful. Through the sun-steeped, sun-bleached minds there cuts a keener stab. They are awake to what?

Into the coarse camel hair they dig their fists; tighter they press to the living things beneath them; they look not to one another; words they have not. In the presence of this heat they dare not breathe. Convulsively they cling to the stumbling beasts; and in low, dry sobs the anguish of body breaks forth. Between the two, the brute and the man, there strikes a flash of mutual pain and torment. An instant, and down the camel line there breaks the brutes' shrill, soullike cry. In it they voice their all, — the pent-up spirit of the wretched yellow beasts, burdened and tortured for life. In it comes a question for the shrinking wretches lying on their humps. The bitter sounds fall on the parched, tense air, and die out.

Far and away comes a gasp, a hot, vicious pant. Again it comes, — a breath of fire that touches and is gone. The great line halts as one. A blank, dead moment; in it the bosom of the desert heaves, and a breath rolls toward the waiting line. With broken moans the creatures bend their knees and wait the coming of the storm. Another scorching breath, — a timeless wait.

Far to the east it starts; across the sands it whirls in circling hoops that form at last a wall. On it curls swiftly, silently; with a hot, fierce lurch it falls upon the crouching backs, stinging with fangs of fire, pelting, blinding, the gasping, panting creatures; with its dry lash whipping out the lives of men and beasts. Faster, thicker, hotter, fall the sands, crushing and burying with a merciless weight, — an ocean of burning fire, pouring wrath and strength upon these wretches as it hurls its mad force across the desert. The billows toss and heave, and break at last, to sweep on, — on for other prey.

On — and gone. And behind is left a great dead stillness.

Elizabeth Washburn.

THE RIGHT APPROACH TO ENGLISH LITERATURE.

The statement has been made and reiterated in these pages that our best machinery of culture is antiquated and unpractical, not because it is Latin and Greek, but because it is not English; and it has been maintained that English studies, if properly organized and intelligently pursued, will yield us, at a far less cost of time and effort, the same culture that we now get from Latin and Greek, and will bring with them the added gain of a juster perception of the proportions of the life that we lead in the world of "here" and "now." And an

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attempt has been made to show in a rough and general way the unusual richness of the English language, and its fitness to be one of the chief means of such culture. In this discussion, English literature in its broader bearings has been given little attention. This was not on account of its lack of importance, nor yet on account of the difficulty of fitting it into a systematic plan of study: it was solely because the study of the English language is fundamental to English culture, and had, therefore, the prior claim to attention.

But if we consider the matter frankly, we shall find that the study of our literature is in a state quite as unsatisfactory as that of our language. For our notions of English literature are conditioned at every turn by that mixture of opinion and prejudice which we call "taste." English criticism has continued to reflect it with varying moods of petulance and arrogancy from Shakespeare's day to ours. The formal teaching of English literature, which is of comparatively recent date, has taken its cue from criticism. When the independent teacher has attempted to escape the critic's tyranny, it has been by flight into the bypaths of history and philology rather than by open revolt. At its best, therefore, our teaching of literature is imperfect, resting now on the study of biography, now on the study of history, now on the study of sources, now on the study of foreign influences, now on the study of style, now on the study of a metaphysical æsthetic turned wordward, — always on some partial aspect of the subject. At its worst, it is unworthy the name of teaching, being merely a generous dole of opinions gathered from various books of critical essays, and salted with the teacher's own prejudices, or larded with that transcendental vaporing to which students have not unaptly given the name of "drool."

Our teaching is thus entirely inadequate. A clear idea of the part literature has been playing in the lives of the English-thinking people is not to be found in it. There is equally little in the way of a concrete statement of what literature is. Some of the most fundamental distinctions, such as that of the difference between poetry and prose, are left unexplained. The student who has enjoyed the benefit of such training is not much better off than he who has had to get his understanding of literature by dint and stress of journalism. Indeed, the self-made scholar in literature is really the better, for he will read more of literature itself, and his thinking upon it will be more original.

The system has already been much criticised on the ground that it is not teaching, but mere talk. It does not make men understand literature, it does not teach them to write literature, it does not train them either to clear thinking or to clear expression. Progress in these directions is made in spite of it through sheer force of native endowment. It holds its own only because it is thought to be a means of culture, culture being here synonymous with literary emotion. But it is no more a means of real culture than running through Europe with a Baedeker is. Guidebooks are necessary, and second-hand opinion accepted at third hand or fourth hand has its uses. But the true end of culture is sound judgment and healthy emotion, and these things are not attained unto in this way. For a number of years attempts have been made to escape from this slough, and they have been partially successful. But such attempts are naturally "poohpoohed" by those to whom dicta are of more consequence than facts, and far easier to get. The simple declaration that there is nothing in these methods, or the cheaper sneer at their so-called "low ideals," has thus been sufficient to keep them from getting the serious attention such attempts should have. The problem, therefore, still remains unsolved.

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What follows is not set forth as a solution, — that is too large a task to be compassed here; it is rather an attempt to clear the ground, and to suggest a method which, in connection with a sensible and practical study of English, will bring some order into this chaos.

One of the chief sources of vagueness and confusion confronts us at the start. It is the word "literature." Any term which men use to describe or explain mental phenomena not capable of definite measurement, but assigned to the operation of vaguely denoted metaphysical forces, is bound to come to cover vastly different areas of thinking, according to the conditions under which it is used, and the peculiar prejudice of the person who uses it. And "literature" is just such a term. Associated with all manner of enthusiasms, religious and secular, entering into and shaping the convictions of all sorts of men under all sorts of conditions, satisfying a want so fundamental and general as to come within the range of economic study, it is not strange that the scope of its definition should be at once so vague and so various. Let us take down a dictionary and see how vague and various it is. We read: "Literature: Learning;[1] instruction in letters. The use of letters for the promulgation of thought or knowledge; the communication of facts, ideas, or emotions by means of books or other modes of publication; literary work or production. Recorded thought or knowledge; the aggregation of books and other publications, in either an unlimited or a limited sense" (the breadth of it!); "the collective body of literary productions in general, or within a particular sphere, period, country, language, etc." (the eloquence of that "etc."!). "In a restricted [!] sense, the class of writings in which expression and form, in connection with ideas of permanent and universal interest, are characteristic or essential features, as poetry, romance, history, biography, and essays, in contradistinction to scientific works, or those written expressly to impart knowledge."

You cannot use a definition like this for the practical purposes of teaching. It includes too much of universality. Even in the restricted sense, it tells us that "expression and form" (that is, mode of expression and form) "are characteristic or essential [which?] features" of literature. But what mode of expression? What form? If it is the manner in which the thought is expressed that is the essential element, what manner, pray, is it? Or perhaps "any manner" or "any form"? "Ideas of permanent and universal interest expressed in some form," then, is the definition of literature. Are scientific works to be considered as without form and void, and are scientific ideas not of permanent or universal interest, mere vain imaginations?

Nor have the less formal definitions given by critics helped much to correct this vague idea of what literature is. They are not accurate, and most of them violate the very criteria of good definition; for they do not define absolutely, but relatively, and they do not delimit accurately any field of tangible phenomena. Ideas of goodness and badness, beauty and ugliness, relative notions as far as literature is concerned, dependent upon individual judgment and differing in different minds according to previous training, are of constant recurrence in them. They assume something metaphysical in the writer of literature, an inspiring "genius," something that flows out of the blue sky into the mind of the man and transfuses his thought into pleasing forms. The makers of such definitions start with literature as the product of the single mind endowed with

[1] Not obsolete in this sense, though the dictionary says it is. We still use it when we speak of the Department of Literature and the Arts in a university, or confer the degree of Litt. D. for distinguished services in the field of letters.

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powers different in quality or degree from those of other minds, and carry the man and his genius through all their study of literature.

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With such an assumption at the bottom of it, literature at the outset falls under a tyranny of personal opinion varying and fluctuating with mood and caprice. No one has yet discovered what this "genius" is. We are agreed that some men who have written what has come to be literature have possessed it in a marvelous degree; but others who seem to have made literature have possessed it or not according to the opinion of the critic. It is not strange that these definitions leave the subject of literature in as much of a haze as they find it, for they are the result of reasoning in a circle. Genius in respect to literature is defined as that which makes literature, and literature is defined as that which is written by men of genius. We say that literature is the best thought of the best men in the world, assuming that the men whose thought is best are those who have made literature. Suppose we adopted the same sort of definition for economics, and should say that economics was the thought of the wisest men in the world; and if asked who were the wisest men in the world, should answer, "Why, those who have thought out the best system of economics." What sort of economics would it be that was raised on such a foundation?

Clearly, then, in defining literature we must escape from relative terms. We must get away from genius, that "idol of the market place" which works this mischievous confusion in our thinking. We must reach some conclusion which opinion does not affect. We must rise into a clearer air, where things are seen by the dry light of the understanding, not by the refracted beams of personal experience, rainbow-hued though they be.

In formulating a definition of literature, the first thing we have to remember is that, as students of literature, we stand in a dual relation to the phenomena we propose to study: on the one hand, we are part and parcel of our day and generation, and therefore subject to the appeal which literature makes to it; on the other, we are seekers after truth, who should be unbiased by prejudices of time and place. We must beware of confusing these two positions. In the one capacity we may follow where fancy leads, enjoying or not enjoying as we see fit; but in the other our personal likes and dislikes go for naught. It is hard to take this impersonal view of literature; our power of understanding it springs from appreciations, is fostered by them, and gains confidence in their exercise, until we are prone to put on prophetic function, and thus pass unaware from study to criticism. We are then no longer students, — we are critics; and our work, though at first partly judicial, is in the end wholly prophetic. We become espousers of causes, and, forming cults of select spirits like ourselves, devote ourselves to propaganda or exclusive worship, as the case may be. Those who are not of us are Philistines. Such study does not affect literature at all; it only affects ourselves. The Philistines care not for us: they go about their business as their fathers did, seeking their literary food where they sought theirs, and literature keeps a-making as if we had never been.

It is easy for the teacher to let his study of literature take the same turn. His ambition is often that of reaching the wider circle that the prophet-critics have made name and fame by appealing to; and he often consoles himself, in his never very cheerful position, with the thought that he may some day escape from the meaner round of toil into the wider circle of influence. Often he is already a critic, eking out his scanty means by book-reviewing.

The very first step, then, in the study of literature as distinct from reading it, is the one that separates the appreciа-

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tive function from the critical and leaves appreciation behind. After we gain a standpoint unclouded by prejudice, opinion, or so-called "taste," the next step is to get a clear idea of the phenomena to be dealt with. This brings us to the question of definition.

Considering literature as a great fact in the life of man, how shall we define it? If we attempt to take in at one sweeping view the whole history of our own literature, beginning with the earliest traces of it that show a tendency among English-thinking people to generalize the thought of a single English-thinking mind, and ending with the last work offered to us as literature from the bookstall, we shall note one characteristic, namely, this: *it is intended to be read.* This seems very obvious, but it is a fact frequently lost sight of by those who assume that literature is written only to be "appreciated" by the discriminating critic. And it involves, too, the cardinal distinction of literature. For under modern conditions literature is an appeal to the public to justify the expense of recording and reproducing thought by paying something to the author and publisher for recording and reproducing it; and under all conditions these elements appear in some form. The author expects to gain something by his appeal, either satisfaction, or influence, or fame, or some personal advantage; and to gain enough of these things to pay him for the trouble or expense of reproducing his thought. Men may respond to the appeal or not, but the offer implies a hope that they will; and if they do not respond, the thought does not become literature. If they do, the meed of the author of the thought may be utterly incommensurate with the real worth of the thought; it may be meat and drink, or it may be mere attention, but it is nevertheless a reward, and the appeal is made in the hope of it. The point to be kept clear is that the offer of literature implies a general want, — else literature would not exist; and thought is not literature until it has satisfied, partially at least, some aspect of this general want. It exists, not for the man whose brain thought it out, but for those who make it their thought; and it is literature because they make it their thought. It does not become literature until it has been thus generalized, however high its literary potential, so to speak, may be.

Literature is thus due to a desire inherent in the minds of men, impelling them to select from the mass of expressed thought made accessible to them through writing or tradition some portion to make more or less abiding. This portion selected possesses common interest for them because they are men; that is, because all minds think more or less in the same way, are interested more or less in the same things, record in successive generations more or less the same experiences. We might therefore call this interest "generic" or "human" interest. It is characteristic of the earliest as well as of the latest literature. A few words scratched in runes on a piece of wood and handed about among our Germanic ancestors possess it in kind as much as the latest popular novel in the pages of this magazine. In the days of primitive culture before thought has had time to specialize, what we should think of as special religious or special scientific interests are general interests, and almost all things written are literature. To-day, when thought is specialized until the writing of literature is itself a profession, a very small part of things written possess this generic human interest. But all the way through there is this one quality separating literature from what is not literature, using the word "literature" according to the common consent of men. If, then, we are to understand the real nature of literature, we must consider this vital fact, and not try to formulate principles of literary art without having first established a science of literature itself.

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We have, therefore, right at our hand a means of definition. If we use it, we shall easily escape from vagueness and intangibility; we shall be able to delimit a certain field of human mental activity that presents a general characteristic; and furthermore, we shall bring before our minds a group of concrete facts which are the interconnected evidences of the operation of a general law.

Our definition will run something like this: *Literature is that part of recorded human thought which possesses, or has possessed, a more or less general and abiding human interest.*

By "recorded thought" is meant thought that is repeated or preserved in any way, through tradition as well as writing. "Recorded" is to be understood, therefore, in this wider sense, though usually it amounts to preservation by writing.[1] By "human interest" is meant interest for men as men, and not as historians, lawyers, scientists, and the like. "General" and "abiding" are terms which explain themselves, and are absolutely and quantitatively determinable: we can limit them as suits the convenience of the special purposes we may have in our study.

Let us examine this definition for a moment. In the first place, it is inclusive. We have marked off by it a definite range of interrelated phenomena. Whatever of recorded thought possesses, or has possessed, this abiding and general human interest, no matter what our opinion of its quality may be, must be considered as literature and be studied as literature. Whatever part of it has not, or has not had, this abiding and general human interest, no matter how "good" it may have been according to any standard of judgment, has no place in literature.

In the second place, it is exclusive. It does not trespass on the field of history, history being recorded thought which has interest for the person who desires to know about particular facts or events that have "made history;" nor on the field of social science, which has to do with the social activities of men which have an abiding human interest; nor on the field of ethics, which has to do with the moral activities of men which have an abiding human interest. It is possible, however, for thought to possess, besides a special, a general human interest, so that a work primarily of ethical, economic, historic, or indeed any special interest may come into the category of literature through its having the wider human interest that makes literature.

In the third place, it is absolute and positive. It imputes no relative metaphysical qualities to literature, such as goodness or badness (except in so far as violations of natural tendencies are good or bad). It has nothing to do with genius or the lack of it. Its prime concern is literature, and not the literary man. What A or B, or this journal or that journal, may approve of or may disapprove of, is as immaterial to literature itself as A's or B's, or this journal's or that journal's, disapproval or approval of the eohippus is to biology.

With such a definition, we at once escape from the domain of personal opinion and caprice. Our facts are before us, clear, tangible, and presenting the evidence of law. All we have to do is to study them frankly and honestly, and discover their causes and relations. The only special means required to understand the facts is a perfect understanding of all English speech. Those powers of observation and judgment that develop other fields of study will do the rest. Nor need the student of literature be able to write literature in order to understand it. That is not required of him any more than it is required of the chemist that he shall be able to make all the elements he discovers; or of the

[1] The word had in Middle and Early New English just the connotation which is here arbitrarily given to it for purposes of definition.

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economist that he shall be able to earn money because he understands the use of it; or of the physician that he shall keep himself in sound health because he claims to be able to cure disease. Indeed, when such men base their claim to attention on such grounds, we know that they are quacks. The teacher of literature need not worry, therefore, about his unfitness for his work because he does not make literature. If his conclusions are valid as thought and clear as English, his duty is done.

The student's field, then, is the recorded thought of men that has, or has had, human interest. How shall he proceed? Evidently, by studying the causes and nature of human interest.

Considering human interest as an appeal to the mind and to the experience stored there, and fixing his attention upon that which has most generally and most continuously been held by men to be literature, he will find that the most obvious appeals have been directed to the imagination and to the reason.

The interest which makes its appeal to the imagination he may right fitly call representative interest. Any thought which takes the thinker of it outside his temporal and local limitations possesses representative interest. It may be a representation of something unfamiliar, or it may be the representation of a new aspect or relation of something familiar; it may have character, or action, or nature as its subject. It may be involved in the turn of a phrase, or elaborated in the plot of a story, or unfolded in the description of a landscape.

The interest which makes its appeal to the reason he may call interpretative interest. Any thought which offers the solution of a problem of man's relation to himself, to his fellows, or to the world he lives in possesses an interpretative interest; nay, more, the very statement of the problem or suggestion of a relation can have interpretative interest. It too may lie in the turn of a phrase, or in the course of a tragedy, or in an elaborated system of philosophy.

So far, however, the student will have discovered nothing new; he will be merely stating to himself, in somewhat sharper terms, perhaps, two fundamental points of criticism that are to be found in every theory of literature that is worthy the name, from Aristotle with his *mimesis* to De Quincey with his distinction between the "literature of knowledge" and the "literature of power." The first of them widens the range of our experience, the second widens the scope of our knowledge. Their relation to literature is clear and fundamental.

A third interest, equally obvious, is the one which is concerned with what is called beauty. Here, however, the history of criticism will not help much, for this interest is almost always confused with representative or interpretative interest, according to the point of view of the critic. Aristotle, with his assumed "instinct for rhythm," made one aspect of it fundamental, but Plato regarded it merely as a means of securing interpretative interest. We know now that this interest is directed neither to the reason nor to the imagination, but to that faculty of the mind which is known as the æsthetic sentiment. It may therefore be called the æsthetic interest. Nor have we now to narrow ourselves to Aristotle's "genius for rhythm;" we can widen out this appeal to take in every interest of literature that is based upon formal arrangement, either of thought, like that of plot, parallelism, contrast, and harmony, or of sound, like that of syllable groups, or line groups, or stanza groups, in some definite or fixed order.

The student of literature has, then, his representative, interpretative, and formal interests, three aspects of his subject that appeal respectively to the imagination, the reason, and the æsthetic sentiment. As has been said before, these interests have been repeatedly recognized in the history of criticism, sometimes explicitly,

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more often implicitly, yet almost always severally, according to the point of view of the critic. But it is always the man of "genius" who engages attention; it is he who paints the pictures, interprets the life, and arranges the thought in pleasing forms. Rarely has it occurred in the history of criticism that the relation these interests stand in to literature have been set forth and made clear. Aristotle came as near doing so as any, but Aristotle's criticism, instead of being seized on and elaborated in the spirit in which Aristotle conceived it, was narrowed and twisted, until it assumed the very shape that its author was most anxious it should not assume. For the Poetics, fragmentary though it is, if we remember Aristotle's limitations as a Greek in matters of art, presents the clearest, most sensible, and most scientific theory of literature that has ever been devised. It is the only one that fits Shakespeare, though Shakespeare was once excluded from literature by Aristotelian canons partially understood and wrongly applied. Indeed, it only remains for modern thought to pass beyond Aristotle's limitations and supplement his theory in the light of modern knowledge, that we may have not only a philosophy of literature, but a working basis for a science of literature.

The thing that the student must keep ever before him, then, is literature, and not the literary man, even though the literary man be Shakespeare. Of course, when he comes to study everything connected with literature, the question of the author's relationship to the work he produced becomes an important one: where he went to school, how he came to write, how much he knew, where he got his material, who published his first book and how much the publisher paid for it, what effect the accidents of his life had upon his thinking. But such things lie on the skirts of literature proper, and are connected rather with the history of its environment than with the study of literature itself. So with the so-called history of literature, bibliographies and the like, and all those things that the Germans call *Realien*.

But even with this proper point of view and his three interests, the student has not yet got into the vital part of his subject. The great question — how do these interests lay hold on the attention of men? — is still untouched. There is a deal of interpretative interest in writing that has never become literature; much representative interest has made its appeal to deaf ears; much æsthetic interest lies embalmed in still-born poems and "rejected addresses." These interests, too, are found outside of literature: in painting, for instance, and in sculpture. What is the special relation they have to literature? How do they touch the experience to which literature makes its appeal? Here criticism does not help the student, for it has not answered this question. Aristotle assumed an instinct to which these three interests appealed, but his "instinct" was associated with his philosophy and took shape from his notion of forms; it was a special philosophic instinct, not a natural one. Since Aristotle's time the student has been referred to an "instinct for the beautiful."

But it is not necessary to assume any special instinct to account for the influence of literature. If we examine the matter carefully, we shall find that there is an important aspect of literature which we have overlooked.

It is an obvious fact, and one implied in our definition of literature, that most men who can read and think are capable of literary appreciation. In other words, literature is not the production of any particular class of men, but is a concomitant fact of human life. How does this come about? It has been pointed out elsewhere [1] that any word is potentially the component part of a thought; that in each mind it is connected with a bundle

[1] See Atlantic Monthly for April, 1898, pp. 467, 468; October, 1898, pp. 463, 464.

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of associations gathered up from personal experience, and corresponding to similar though not identical bundles of associations in other minds. The using of the word thus entails the associations corresponding to it, and these associations involve past experiences of the individual. Now if the word has been connected with experiences which the individual recognizes as critical, the thought expressed by it will involve his personality, though the thought itself may not be logically connected with his experience at all. We have here an explanation of one of the chief causes of human interest in literature, and of the means by which the other interests we have been speaking of are kindled with emotion and lay hold on personality.

Let us cite as an illustration Lady Macbeth's soliloquy (Macbeth, I. v. 35ff.): —

"The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance [1] of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits [2]
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe [3] top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood;
Stop up the access [4] and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect [5] and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering [6] ministers,
Wherever in your sightless [7] substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry 'Hold, hold!'"

Look at the words: raven, hoarse, croak, unsex, from crown to toe, top-full, dire, thick blood, remorse, visitings of nature, shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace (that is, make war), woman's breasts, milk, gall, murder, mischief, thick night, pall, dun, smoke, hell, keen knife, wound.

[1] *enterance* is also Elizabethan English.
[2] *sprights* is also Elizabethan English.
[3] Read *to th' toe.*
[4] Read *th' access*, as in Folio.

These words, apart from the representative and æsthetic interest they have when wrought into this passage of poetry, are of themselves pregnant with experience to any English mind. By themselves they are loaded with associations, and just such associations as those Shakespeare wants to appeal to in order to represent the warring elements of Lady Macbeth's heart in such a way that the representation will affect us with a sense of personal dread. In the climax, when heaven is represented as peeping through the blanket of the dark to see the awful deed, and crying, "Hold, hold," there is an association, not directly presented, but indirectly suggested, in the words "peep," "blanket," "dark," which calls to mind a child's terror of the night, and drives the thought home to the very soul of the awestruck reader. Shakespeare uses the same means of making the interest personal when he comes to Macbeth's soliloquy, a little later in the play (I. vii. 21ff): —

"And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind."

It is here again childhood's simple innocency that is suggested to the reader's mind to make a foil for Macbeth's intended villainy, and the suggestion is by "pity," "naked babe," "blast," "horrid deed," "tears," "drown," "wind." Such things are on every page of Shakespeare; nay, in almost every line. They give his writing universal validity.

Any change in Shakespeare's words which impairs this associative interest will weaken its literary quality. Take the first few words of Hamlet's soliloquy,

"To be or not to be: that is the question,"

and alter them to

"Shall I exist or not: there 's my dilemma."

[5] Read *Th' effect*, as in Folio.
[6] Read *murth'ring*, as in Folio.
[7] "invisible."

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The fundamental interpretative interest of the line is still there. Its æsthetic interest is unchanged, for its rhythm is the same, and the formal interest arising from its place in the action is even sharper. But the phrase is spoiled completely. Others in the context might lay hold on our experience, but this one has surely lost its grip. Why? Is it not solely because its associative interest has been weakened? The experience behind the words "I am" is not appealed to: Hamlet's question has lost its personality and become academic. Or take the opening of Hamlet, Barnardo's "Who 's there?" The thought just in that form is the one that always comes to an English-thinking mind when startled out of sleep at night. I need not elaborate the association and its connection with the tragedy which is to follow. Suppose Shakespeare had written, "I hear some sound!" or worse, "Methinks another 's here besides myself!" or had made Francisco say, "Halt! and give the password of the night!"

Other literature that is like Shakespeare in the universality and permanence of its interest will be found to be equally full of this associative interest, as we may call it. The Bible is the instance that comes to every mind: its universal interpretative interest has become so personal through the richness of the English words into which it has been translated that the translation itself is part of our literature, and very few of us realize that the Bible was not written expressly for us. It seems so much a part of our experience that it is hard for us to think of a German Bible or of a French Bible without unconsciously assuming it to be a translation of an original English one, and therefore without that authority that the English Bible has. It is our Book, and we practically think ourselves, English Gentiles, the Chosen People, and the Jews are to us the Having-Been-Chosen People, whom we, by our superior merits, have displaced.

The absence of this kind of associative interest is too well illustrated in current scientific writing to make it necessary to cite concrete instances of it here. Words which have conventional meanings can never make literature, no matter how well they be put together; and though much of the truth of modern science, with its enormous imaginative and interpretative interests, ought to be of human interest, it quite fails of it. And it will continue to be more or less devoid of literary interest on account of its vocabulary, until some one with the power that Browning and Tennyson at times display puts it into language that has experience behind it. When that is done, and done adequately, we shall have a new era in poetry.

But not only words, syntax too has an associative interest, and any violation of it robs literature of power. It is one of the chief reasons why English classical poetry takes so little hold on the popular mind, that its syntax is so artificial. Word order, which English habit has made serve the purpose of inflection, is constantly violated to secure a monotonous and regularly recurring word-stress. The interpretative and representative interests of this literature may be strong, but they make little appeal to personal experience. It is possible to appreciate such poetry by that process through which we appreciate all art, and to make the æsthetic interest which comes from the arrangement of the thought atone in a measure for the lack of the others, but the appreciation is still an artificial product. It was literature in its time, for people had developed an artificial æsthetic sentiment which demanded that sort of stimulus, but it is the literature of an artificial stage of society. It is not in the same class with the Canterbury Tales, or Shakespeare, or the Pilgrim's Progress.

There is an associative interest, too, that goes with rhythm, for rhythm is conditioned by heredity; and it is an interest that is capable of arousing deep

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emotion. In the case of the Bible, the associative interest developed by habitual repetition makes it difficult for us to reconcile ourselves to a revision which entails the disturbing of the rhythm we have been used to. We find ourselves substituting the old familiar accents when we go to quote the new words, because they have become fixed in our minds in childhood. It is quite impossible to appreciate to the full in English literature this form of associative interest without an historical knowledge of English poetry based upon the nature of English accent, and unconditioned by foreign notions of "longs" and "shorts." And this is obtainable only in a few university lecture rooms, not having yet made its way to popular hearing. Generally speaking, the subject of English versification is in much the same confusion that it was in the days of Gabriel Harvey and the seventeenth-century verse reformers. Treatises on Shakespeare's verse are mere dry catalogues of so-called "irregularities," though Shakespeare's verse is the very norm of English poetic expression, and the laws of it can be made evident to any one who can think in English. Indeed, if you take the trouble to make the test, you will find the ordinary reader of Shakespeare's blank verse cannot tell it from prose, if it is printed as prose. Through the same ignorance of the laws of English verse, Whitman's poetry, with the aid of the typographer, becomes a puzzle that criticism cannot unravel.

But besides the associative interest that the component parts of a thought may have, the thought itself may possess associative interest. A representation can therefore possess an additional interest through its association. A character we have come in contact with in actual life has thus stronger interest for us when we meet it in literature. So with interpretative interest: a problem that we ourselves have attempted to solve is always more interesting when we meet it in a new aspect in literature. Hamlet's "to be or not to be" is a fundamental one that we have all tried our hands at solving some time or other, in this course our experience runs which we call life. It has therefore an additional interest for us; and when we come to —

> "For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
> The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
> The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
> The insolence of office, and the spurns
> That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
> When he himself might his quietus make
> With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
> To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
> But that the dread of something after death,
> The undiscover'd country from whose bourn
> No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
> And makes us rather bear those ills we have
> Than fly to others that we know not of?"

it is our own troubles that we feel the weight of, not Hamlet's. Indeed, they are not Hamlet's in the first instance, but William Shakespeare's.[1] For Ophelia had neither "despised" nor "disprised" Hamlet's love, nor had Hamlet brought the question of his uncle's guilt to an issue in the courts, nor had Polonius been insolent to him, — the shallow courtier had good reason to complain of Hamlet on that score, — nor had his patient (!) merit been spurned of unworthy men. The "calamities" of Hamlet's life were of other making. But we do not think of that. Life, any life, is at some time calamitous, and that we know, and that is enough for us. So the verses, though open to criticism on the ground of formal interest, have such an enormous associative interest that they dwarf all criticism.

Wordsworth's inability to see the importance of this kind of associative interest, and the necessity of choosing subject material which will awaken it, is the one conspicuous error of his theory of poetry, and is the source of his one conspicuous failure when he tries to live up to the Preface of the Lyrical Ballads.

[1] See Shakespeare's Sonnets, LXVI.

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So long as he limited himself to the lives of rustics, it was impossible for him, if he represented their character faithfully, to touch a wide range of human experience. As Wordsworth the poet, with his

> "blessed mood,
> In which the affections gently lead us on,
> Until the breath of this corporeal frame
> And even the motion of our human blood
> Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
> In body, and become a living soul,"

he is incomparable. But the creator of Peter Bell, Michael, The Waggoner, is another Wordsworth, who works in clay, and what he fashions has little use save as a pathetic memorial of the poet's fealty to his literary theory.

Even that formal interest which comes from the arrangement of parts of thought in certain groups or sequences, whether in prose or in poetry, may get this associative interest from continuous repetition of certain types of it. Periodic sentences, absolute participle constructions, epigram, antithesis, may thus get to be chronic in literature. Can we not now recognize such symptoms in the writing of our own day? They come to arouse, or "superinduce" as the physicians say, an artificial interest. We must thus be careful, when we study the sort of literature whose abiding qualities endure but for a generation, that we make ourselves part of the period we are studying, and look not only for general human interest, but for the special associative interest which conditioned the thinking of the time.

It is associative interest, therefore, that the student of English literature must get hold of. But it will not always be easy for him to find it. He must first of all be a thorough student of English, and English in all its forms. He must escape from the idea that there is no English but that which is written in books. He must understand English as thought, not as grammar. He must hear it in all its sinuous rhythm, not trace the cold words of the printed page through a tangle of meaningless signs. He should be able to read with understanding anything ever written in English. If then he separates himself from prejudice and opinion, and bases his thinking on evident fact; if he ceases to concern himself with mysterious "influences," and begins to observe, classify, correlate, and generalize, we shall have a study of literature that will be better than soothing opinion, and a teaching of literature will follow that will be more than talk.

With such an equipment, and with the catholic conception of his task we have here suggested, whole fields of work lie open to him. He can follow the various interests through a single piece of literature like Hamlet, where all their forms are to be found on every page, or particular interests like the rhythm in Paradise Lost, or the representative interest of Shelley's Prometheus, or the interpretative interest of Wordsworth's Sonnets. Studying literature in this way, as a fact of human experience, something thrown off by the race, he has a subject as wide in its bearings as economics or ethics, and one of as much importance.

Nor is this method of study unpractical. It starts where such study should begin, with the English language, and it leads straight to English culture. What better culture can there be than one that is based on right understanding of one's own language and literature? At any rate, the teaching and study of literature should be more catholic, more systematic, more scientific, than it is now, if the subject is not to be pushed aside by newer and more vigorous claimants for the student's time and energy. That it is a science, resting on a solid foundation and bearing a definite relation to human activity, is as little to be doubted as that ethics or economics is a science. While the presentation of the subject in its scientific aspect demands a fuller, more consecutive, and withal a more discursive and technical treatment than can be attempted here, these suggestions, derived

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chiefly from experience with university classes, and so far practical, may be of some help to those who are seeking for a more solid ground than that furnished by the current books of criticism and history of literature.

The tendency of a system of teaching based upon arbitrary opinion is not only unscientific, it is vicious. For what but evil can result from the cultivation of morbid or sensuous imaginations under the guise of developing so-called appreciation? And what but moral weakness will follow from the debauching of sound and healthy judgment by the pampering of these artificial appreciations? Have n't we, alas, seen it already? Did not the English law courts show it with relentless clearness a few years ago? What else can the cult of the monstrosities of this so-called decadence we hear so much of bring in its train but weak intellects and perverted morals? How many heart-strings have been wrung in the last few years by the spread of this intellectual sensuousness in our colleges! How many patient fathers have been amazed at degenerate sons coming back to them, with weak intellects and mawkish sensibilities, the result of training in "appreciation"! Let us be devoutly thankful for the physical training that has so far checked it, and kept the manly English virtues to the front in spite of insidious influences at work to sap them. And let us get more of the soundness of our literature into our study of it.

We need not fear that if we devote less time to what is now called criticism, literature will fall from its high plane and grovel in vulgarity. It can take care of itself, as it has always done. It owes no great debt to the critics. There will always be plenty of it and good enough for the best of us without help from them. If only it is sound and healthy and ringing with honest and earnest life, we shall not take harm of it. Though its vocabulary reek with lard oil, and savor of sweat, and grit with grime, if it 's the English of sweaty, grimy, gritty men, they get it from life, and they and it are part of the life we have to live and know. It is living English we want, an infusion of Shakespeare. And Falstaff will be in it, you may be sure, — you cannot keep him out because his words are not heard in ladies' boudoirs. We need not fear him: there is more real vulgarity in some of our modern sonnets than there is in both parts of Henry IV. put together. Our danger is not in this quarter. It is from not knowing we are thinkers of English, and not knowing the life of English letters. It is drawing-room criticism and lecture-room twaddle combined with ignorance of our mother tongue that we have most to fear from. It is in the divorce of the study of English literature from our English-thinking life that the danger lies. And our English-thinking life will never be clear to us until we understand our English speech. There is where we must start, and down in our common schools. So that every American, whether he can think the thought of Plato or not, will know that his own speech is the speech of Chaucer and Shakespeare and Milton still living and vital, perfected in efficiency and fineness by centuries of daily use.

And when there comes to us that rich development of literature that usually follows a period of intense political, social, and intellectual activity by a third of a century or so, we shall be ready to recognize it and welcome it. And our recognition will be a help and a stimulus to make it richer and stronger than it would otherwise have been. Nay, may we not hope for another such burst of thought as the one that gave us Shakespeare, and look for another Shakespeare to crown it all, — another Shakespeare to whom some patient teacher in a public school may even now be giving his first instruction in English?

Mark H. Liddell.

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A PARNASSIAN SCRAMBLE.

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JOHN BRACE sat at the breakfast table, gazing reflectively at a bulky envelope opened at one end. The superscription recited his address. The imprint in the upper left-hand corner was that of a well-known periodical.

To his world — the world of business — Brace was a common soldier in the great army of traffic. To his wife, who knew him rather better than he knew himself, he was that and more. For example, she knew that under the enthusiastic exterior of the man of business there dwelt a deep-seated love for such unmarketable trumpery as literature and music and art.

It was this love which had made it easy for him, when brought face to face with a business reverse, to try his hand at story-writing. The first story was sent to the periodical whose return envelope Brace was thoughtfully regarding at the breakfast table.

He was the first to break the silence which followed the reading of the politely worded circular of declination. "It 's pretty carefully non-committal, is n't it? It suggests a stack of reasons, from which the snubbed one may take his choice, and so let himself down easy."

"It is designed to fit a good many different kinds of cases, I suppose," rejoined the wife.

"Doubtless. Well, thus endeth the first lesson. Now I 'll go to work and write something worth while."

Clara Brace knew her husband too well to remonstrate, and she held her peace when he got out the writing materials and plunged recklessly into a second attempt. She feared the difficulties for him vicariously. And yet, womanlike, she put reason aside, and from that moment John Brace the aspiring had an ally whose loyalty was not measured by the facts in the case.

Every evening for a week found Brace at the writing table, turning off page after page of the new story with the easy fluency which is the birthright of beginners. He read some of it to his wife as it progressed; and when it was finished, he settled himself comfortably in his chair and asked her to listen to the whole of it.

"Is n't that a good story?" he demanded, facing the last sheet of manuscript upon the pile.

"Ye-es; it 's much better than I thought you could do. But" —

"But what? Don't consider it as the production of your nearest relative. Just rise above all that, and criticise it coldly, as you would a story in print."

Her eyes met his with a look of half pleading in them. "I can't do that, John; please don't ask me to. Your work will always be a part of yourself to me."

Brace gave a low whistle. "So be it. I 've done the best I could with it; but now that you 've refused to slash it, I 'll admit that it seems peculiarly weak and tasteless."

"In what way?"

"If I knew, I 'd change it. That 's what fazes me."

"Can't you learn to criticise your own work?"

"I suppose I 'll have to. But it 's very evident that the self-critical faculty has n't begun to sprout yet. If it had, I could tell what is the matter with this thing," Brace rejoined, clasping his hands at the back of his head, and relapsing into a posture of ease before the crackling wood fire on the hearth. "I 'm afraid I 've started up a long hill, this time."

"Will you send this story out?"

"Assuredly. Why else have I wrought upon it? It 'll come back, to a dead

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moral certainty, — if I don't forget to put in return postage; but I hope there 'll be a word — just one word — of criticism, to enable me to get the trajectory for the next shot."

"You have determined to go on, then?"

Brace laughed. "I could n't stop now, if I wanted to. I never did have sense enough to let go of anything. But there 's one thing about it: I 've got to scrape an acquaintance with somebody who can give me a few points on the mechanical details. I 'm too fresh to know where to sign my name on a manuscript as yet."

"Have you ever met Mr. Talford, over at the Palmettos?"

"Yes, casually. He was on the train, coming over from the city yesterday."

"Mrs. Allison says he writes for the magazines. Perhaps he would help you."

"That 's the idea. I 'll drop in on him to-morrow and give him a chance to try."

Following his card up to Mr. Talford's room, the next morning, he stated his errand frankly, and with a naïve disregard for the congruities which brought a smile to the face of the real maker of books. But the journeyman was too kindly to discourage the apprentice.

"You will have to find out most of it for yourself," he said, when Brace had made an end. "If the gift is in you, you can develop it. Such advice as any one could give you now would be chiefly about the mechanical part of the work, and I presume you don't need that."

"But I do," admitted the tyro shamefacedly. "I thought of a point this morning. Is a writer expected to punctuate his manuscript?"

The amused smile came again. "Certainly. You are expected to present it as it should appear in type."

The apprentice grimaced his dismay. "That 's my failing, — or one of them," he confessed. "I sent a story to the Adytum last night, in which I 'm afraid the punctuation is conspicuous by its absence. You see, I 've been writing business letters all my life, with a dash or two here and there, and a period at the end."

The author caught at the name of the periodical. "The Adytum, did you say? You aim high, don't you? But that is right; hitch your wagon to a star, and don't be discouraged if you find there is no thoroughfare. I happen to know that the Adytum has a great many manuscripts ahead."

"Oh, I shan't mind if it comes back," said the apprentice magnanimously. "I know an editor can't buy everything in sight. But I thought I might get a word or two of criticism which would help out."

"You must n't expect that, either. Last year, one of the leading magazines was required to pass upon rather more than ten thousand manuscripts, and" —

Brace rose and found his hat. "That will do," he said. "I 'm only one of the ten thousand, and the worst equipped of the lot; but I 'll have to fight it out to a finish, now. I don't begin to have sense enough to let go."

As a result of this interview, Brace went back to his business journeyings with a large and increasing respect for the difficulties of the vocation which had been taken up as a side issue. He foresaw that he must prepare for a long and patient struggle, with the odds against the chances of ultimate success.

"I 've gone into this fight just about barehanded," he said to his wife, while he was packing his valise for a journey. "I have n't any of the munitions of war, and I don't know what I need. How will this do to begin on?" thrusting a small volume of Shakespeare into the traveling bag. "Have you any pointers to give me?"

"No, dear; only that you don't work too hard over it."

"Over what, — the Shakespeare or the fad?"

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"You know what I mean. You are earning a good living now, and there is no necessity for such a strenuous effort as you are making."

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"Only the necessity of succeeding in that whereunto I have laid my hand. Be good to yourself and the babies. I 'll be back Saturday."

For some weeks the tyro adhered steadfastly to a resolution he had made to read and study much, and to let composition severely alone. Within this period the story was returned, without comment.

"That 's a weight off my mind," he said, with a sigh of relief, when the package appeared in the mail. "I should have had a fit if it had by any chance gotten into print, — though I fancy there was n't much danger of that."

Clara laughed. "Do you think you could criticise it now?"

"I don't want to. It would have to be rewritten before it could be criticised. I had mighty little to say when I wrote it, and I did n't know how to say that little."

"Did Shakespeare tell you that?"

"Possibly. He 's had a good bit to say to me in the last few weeks. I 've been catching on to a few things: one of them is that something more than a fair knowledge of the rules of English grammar and the ability to spell correctly is needful to the building of a readable story."

The lack of material — a lack which, in the first fervor of composition, seems the most remote among the future exigencies — began to make itself apparent with the gradual overcoming of the mechanical difficulties. From having the beginner's plethora of stories and no words in which to tell them, he came by easy stages to that valley of vacuity where the very air is rife with forms of expression, but where everything conceivable seems too banal to write about.

For many days, and over endless miles of railway journeys, Brace sought diligently for a theme worthy of the name, and found it not. The daily panorama and the archives of memory were alike barren. It was a period of soul-searching trial, and the Delectable Mountains of fruition were dimming to the vanishing point, when a word from his loyal ally set him at work again. He had been digging in the archives, rejecting incident after incident, with the plaint that none of them had any literary value.

"Is n't that the artist's art, John, — to take the bones of fact and clothe them with the flesh and blood of verisimilitude?" asked the ally.

"By Jove, Clara, I believe you 've hit it! I 've been hunting for an incident that had all the attachments, — something that I could photograph. I forgot that incidents are not typical. Imagination is the brick and mortar of the thing, with a stone or two of fact for the foundation."

Brace thrust his hands deep into his pockets, and began the digging of another pit in the quarry of memory. Well below the detritus of later years he came upon a gruesome incident marking a day in a summer outing among the Colorado mountains. On one of its exploring trips, the party of which he was a member had come upon an abandoned "prospect" tunnel high up on the tonsure of Uncompahgre. Propped against one of the entrance shores was the mummy of a man, with the skeleton of a pistol beside it; and in the heading of the tunnel, prone upon its face in the débris brought down by the blasting, was a second mummy. Inquiry at the nearest mining camp had left the mystery still unexplained; and Brace had suffered his imagination to construct, upon the foundation of visible fact, a story of avarice and murder and remorseful suicide. Here was a starting point, and he lost no time in making a beginning.

"How does that strike you, Clara?" he asked, when something like a con-

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nected narrative had grown out of the ghastly memory.

"Mercy! it's simply horrible! How could you think of such a thing, John?"

Brace chuckled at the unconscious tribute to his descriptive powers. "It has to be horrible to agree with the after fact."

"Yes, but"—

"But what?"

"Is n't it a little too much on the 'penny dreadful' order?"

"Perhaps it is; but we 'll give it a trial, anyway."

It was tried, accordingly, not once, but many times, and it finally found lodgment in a periodical whose literary standing compensated somewhat the scanty figures of the check.

When it had gone upon the first of its journeys, Brace began to rummage again, this time with suspended pen,—an expectant attitude in which an entire evening was wasted.

"The more I think about it, the more I am convinced that fiction is n't my best hold, Clara," he said, tearing up the twentieth beginning and dropping the paper ribbons into the wastebasket.

Mistress Clara looked up from her sewing with the light of a new sympathy in her eyes.

"What else can you try, John?"

"I don't know. I used to be pretty good at essays in my undergraduate days. I believe I 'll try something in an argumentative way; something meaty and solid, you know, like a leader in an English newspaper."

"But I always supposed that kind of work required a special knowledge of the subject."

"I guess it does; but I can cram for it, if I can find a timely subject. How would the lottery question do? There 's a lot of word-spinning about that in everything you pick up, nowadays."

"You might try it," said the ally, in loyal acquiescence, bending lower over the garment she was making, and shedding inward tears of compassion for the sublime obstinacy which would rise above such petty obstacles as the mere lack of a starting point.

"I believe I will. But first I 'll write to one of the magazines to find out if such a paper would be timely. If the editor says 'yes,' I 'll begin to fish for facts."

The editor said "yes," hedging the affirmative about with chevaux-de-frise of a cautionary nature, designed to prevent the possible construing of his letter into an order; and Brace plunged into the study of his subject. Old M'sieu' Bougard drove him to the railway station that morning, into whom the sounding line of investigation was dropped haphazard.

"W'at I s'all t'ink 'bout da lott'ry? Bien, he 's not much 'count. Me? I 'll juz buy da tick' two, t'ree year, reg'lar, an' I don't get nutting back. Ha! da morale, you h-ask? I 'll t'ink dat 's not da good morale; tek da mona from poor h-ol' man lak me. Yes, sir, I 'll t'ink dat 's not da good morale, non?"

That was the barren beginning; and the middle part and the ending were scarcely more fruitful. None the less, Brace raked patiently in the rubbish heaps of statistics, and made shift to grind out a dissertation whose periods alternated between commonplace matters of fact and spread-eagle bursts of denunciation; these last in spite of the author's best efforts to hold the argument down to the level of a fair-minded discussion.

"It 's no use; it does n't march, Clara," he admitted ruefully, folding the manuscript and addressing it. "I 'll have to come down a peg and try something easier."

"You always have an alternative, dear. What is it this time?"

"I 've thought of trying a gossipy letter for the newspapers, using it as an entering wedge to get my name before the public. Anything for the sake of practice and a little advertising. I can't

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afford to stick at trifles, at this stage of the game."

"I don't believe you would be satisfied with anything of that kind, John."

"Probably not; but it seems to be the last resort."

The "gossipy letter" was carefully written, and was a model of its kind, — stately, dignified, and somewhat over-exact as to matters of fact. It went to a Western newspaper, and brought a courteous letter of declination, unaccompanied, however, by the manuscript. Brace thought no more of it until, some weeks later, a friend sent him a marked copy of the paper in which the declined "letter" occupied the post of honor, specialized by the enticing headline, "From our special correspondent."

Brace carried the paper home and showed it to his ally. "If these be the ethics of journalism, I 'm done with the newspapers," he said wrathfully. "If the thing were worth the trouble, — which it is n't, — I 'd try to get even with that fellow."

Clara laid the paper aside, and came and stood behind his chair. "The American Monte Carlo is back with a printed slip," she said gently, trying to temper the bad news with a caress.

"Is it? Well, that 's the end of that experiment, too. It 's the end of all of them, by Jove!"

"The end of them?" she faltered. "Oh, John!" Time was when she would have rejoiced; but now vicarious ambition sat in the seat of reason, and there was sharp disappointment in her voice.

"Don't mistake me. The fight is still on, and it shall continue until I win or wear out. But there is n't going to be any more dabbling in experiments. I shall take one line and stick to it through thick and thin. No more timely potboilers, or letters 'from our special correspondent.' We 're going into the house of literature through the front door, or not at all."

"Bravo!" she said, clapping her hands softly. And then, in an uprising of tender solicitude: "But I do so wish I could help you. It hurts me to see you working so hard, and alone."

"You do help me. You believe in me."

"It does n't keep you from looking worn and tired."

"Never mind about that. I 've an idea for another story, — suggested by the face of a mountain girl whom I saw up in Alabama the other day. I 'm going to tramp the beach and develop the plot. Won't you come along?"

"No. You can think better if you are alone."

In the course of the plot-making jaunt Brace came upon Talford, who asked him to report progress.

Brace laughed. "There is n't much to report. I 'm desperately in earnest, by this time; so far into it that retreat means more discomfiture than I 'm equal to. You did n't say much about the stumbling-blocks, but I 'm finding them, all right."

Talford caught step and linked arms with him. "Then you have n't given it up?"

"No, I can't now. That 's one of the things I don't know how to do. I suspect I 'm a natural-born idiot for having gone into it, but that 's neither here nor there; I 'm in for it, and nothing short of defeat positive and proscriptive will drive me out of the field."

"I like that," said the man of letters. "It 's refreshing in this day of dilettantism. Are you working on anything now?"

"Of course. I came out this morning for the express purpose of gathering up the threads of an elusive plot. It moves after a fashion, but I 'm afraid the scheme 's pretty badly overworked."

"Give me the line. Perhaps I can help you."

"It 's about like this: Scene, the Alabama mountains. Hero, a young fellow

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off on a hunting trip. He is mistaken for a revenue officer, and captured by the moonshiners. They hold him for a few days, and the boss moonshiner's daughter falls in love with him. She is that impossible combination of all the feminine graces and virtues wrapped up in no end of ignorance and simplicity; beautiful as a black-eyed dream, and all that. You get the idea?"

"Yes; go on."

"Well, the hero can't identify himself, and he is condemned to walk the plank. That's in secret session; but the girl overhears, and purchases a chance to save her lover by promising to marry the villain. Whereupon succeeds the flight of the hero and heroine through the moon-washed forest at midnight. Pursuit of same by the baffled mountaineers — and I have n't quite decided yet whether I shall violate all of the unities by letting the two escape together, or whether I shall turn on the blue lights and end it with a couple of rifle shots."

Talford laughed. "Your commercial training is worth something to you even in literature. I've known a man work a week to get a notion into such terse form as that. The scheme is a bit hackneyed, as you intimate; but you can redeem it by original treatment."

Their walk had led them back to the village, and Talford shook hands with Brace at parting. "I wish you abundant success," he said. "Come to me when I can help you."

"Thank you. That 's the first Godspeed I 've had, outside of the family."

"Don't be discouraged. You 've got to learn the trade, and it 'll take time. And don't work too hard; you 're showing the marks of it already. There is no mental labor included in Adam's curse so exhausting as the creative."

Brace went home and began again. This time he put impatience aside, and wrote and rewrote until he could do no more. When The Moonshiner's Daughter was launched upon the first of its many voyages, he went on writing other stories of Southern folk life, sending them adrift one by one on the heaving ocean of competition.

As the struggle went on, the patient tenacity which was the strong thread in the warp of his character was strained to the utmost. His daily life became an eager quest for knowledge. Every chance word of dialect or quaint idiom, stumbled upon in his journeys, was carefully written out for future use. Every tale of folk life, heard on the trains or over the evening pipe in country inns, was remembered and summarized. And gradually, with a growth so slow as to be almost imperceptible, there came a juster appreciation of the things that go to the making of a story; what was better, there came also the genesis of a deep love of the art for its own sake.

While he studied he wrote, not now with the easy fluency of the beginnings, but rather with a painful exactness wearying alike to writer and to reader. Brace recognized this as a new stone of stumbling, and strove patiently to acquire an easier style. That too promised to come in time; but meanwhile his little argosies came back to him from each succeeding voyage, bringing always the same courteously worded stereotyped letter of refusal.

"Are n't you getting dreadfully weary, dear?" asked the ally one evening, when Brace had settled himself at his desk. He had just returned from a journey, and the inevitable plethoric envelope was awaiting him.

"Of failure, yes; of the effort, not in the least. But I should be grateful if some fellow who knows would stop the machinery long enough to point out a few of the weak places. Take this story: it 's been everywhere, and not a man of them all has said anything more to the purpose than this last. Hear him: 'We sincerely regret that we are compelled to decline the manuscript you

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were good enough to submit to us. Accept our thanks for your kindness in allowing us to examine it,' — facsimile stereo., with date and signature written in. It 's all right, I suppose, but I wish he 'd told me in so many words that I 'm a botch, and no carpenter. Then I could go about my legitimate business with a clear conscience."

"But you know you would n't, John. You 'd work yourself into a brain fever trying to produce something which would make him retract."

"Should I? I don't know but you 're right. Which goes to prove that the Sphinxlike editor knows his business, after all."

"You say the story has been everywhere. Your list is very small; would n't it pay to go a little farther down the scale and enlarge it?"

Brace shook his head. "No; the second-rate periodicals can't afford to bring out new people. They can better afford to take poor work from writers of repute, as many of them do. It 's different with those on my list. Their position is assured. Instead of banking upon the name of a writer, they make him a name if his work is worthy."

Wherein spake chiefly the optimistic pertinacity of the tyro, not wholly uncolored, perhaps, by a tinge of logic. Every fresh suggestion to change his plan of campaign only served to make him fight more strenuously upon the line he had drawn for himself. All through the long Southern summer he toiled on with a dogged perseverance which seemed to gather fresh inspiration from each succeeding failure. In the sanguine desperation which is sometimes a consequent of hope long deferred, he came to reckon atoms as weighing upon one side or the other in the scale of success. A manuscript kept long gave rise to the hope that it had been found worthy of a more critical examination; and when some editor, touched, perhaps, by the pathetic persistence of the man, added a written word of regret or criticism, Brace found fuel therein to keep alive the fires of perseverance through another period of working and waiting.

Such strenuous and unsparing effort, joined to the wear and tear of business, could scarcely fail of its effect upon the health of the toiler. With the reddening of the sweet-gum leaves in autumn came a weariness which refused to be ignored. Brace fought it fiercely, and would not desist, though the weariness was presently emphasized by failing eyesight and a clouded brain.

Clara Brace saw, with vision sharpened by affection, the symptoms of approaching collapse; and one evening, when her husband announced his intention of making a long-deferred business trip into Florida, with a complete rest from literary work, the sudden relaxing of the strain upon her sympathy brought the tears to her eyes.

"It is what you need more than anything in the world, John, dear," she said. "I 've been waiting so anxiously for you to find it out for yourself."

Brace threw down the pen and rose stiffly. "I guess you 're about right, Clara, as you usually are. I have n't much sense when it comes to climbing the hill Difficulty."

She got up and stood beside him, with her cheek on his shoulder. "It 's a fine ambition, dear, and I love you for it; but it will make me a widow some day, if you don't control it. When will you go?"

"To-morrow morning. The trip will take two weeks, and a fortnight's rest ought to have something to say to my addled brain. Just now it seems as if I could never think another thought that would be worth putting in black on white."

"The thoughts will come again; but you must make the rest absolute."

"I mean to. I 'm going to try to forget that I was ever bitten by the scribbling tarantula."

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So ran the good intention. But the shackles of habit are not so easily broken, and the first night out found Brace working far into the small hours, heedless of reluctant brain and smarting eyes; his good resolution forgotten in the genesis of a new train of ideas fostered by a quiet writing room in a comfortable hotel.

That was the beginning of the end, and the catastrophe did not tarry. Never before had he had such far-sighted glimpses into the heart of things; and never had he striven so vainly to catch and crystallize into fitting words the thoughts which slipped and glided from his grasp like globules of quicksilver. Night after night he renewed the struggle, only to sink deeper in the mire of bafflement. He gave up at last, heartsick and ill, and turned his face homeward; but he could not stop the mazy dance of the half-formed mental pictures weaving themselves in and out to the clicking of the car wheels.

As he neared home, he tried to interest himself in the familiar panorama flitting past the car window, but the effort only added fresh complications to the figures in the relentless mental kaleidoscope. The colonnades of stately pines; the quaint Old-World architecture in the villages; the bright bits of color in the dooryards, thrown out into vivid relief against the white of the limewash on the cottages, and the sombre green backgrounds of Chinese umbrella trees and wax-leafed magnolias; the broad bands of snowy sand on the beaches; the sudden reaches of open water, stretching away to invisible horizons, — all the homely and tangible realities became component parts of the devils' dance of thought images.

Turning his back to the window in a fit of despair, he drew out the worn notebook, and tried once more to catch and fix the outlines of the story which clamored for expression. It was useless. The effort only quickened the phantasmagoric medley, and the pencil shared the helplessness of his faculties.

At such times, when the failing will is bent like a strained bow toward the accomplishment of a single purpose, small irrelevancies pierce like luminous spears through the mists and vapors of the sick brain, until their keen points touch the reason. Brace remarked two of these curiously obtrusive facts, and was conscious of an effort to ignore them. One was the dancing of a group of microscopic meteors on the page of the notebook, and the other was the inability to gauge the distance from the pencil point to the open page.

The autumn afternoon was waning when the train rumbled over a long bridge and across the shell road into the hamlet which Brace called home. When the brakeman shouted the name of the station, Brace started to his feet and stumbled down the aisle. The next moment there was a shriek from the locomotive; the air brakes ground viciously on the flying wheels, and the train stopped with a jolt that scattered the piled-up wares of the newsvender. Brace was near the door when the shock came, and he fell clumsily, striking his head against the iron arm of a seat. He was unconscious when they took him up and carried him home; and an hour later, when he came out of the swoon, he was delirious.

The village doctor, summoned quickly, shook his head and hinted at brain fever when Clara questioned him.

"Get him to bed and keep him quiet," he said. "He's been working himself to death, and that cut on his head is only the exciting cause. I hope it is n't going to be serious, but he 's in bad shape to fight a fever."

Through the early part of the night the sick man talked incoherently; but toward morning he sank into a deep sleep, from which he did not awaken until after the physician had made his morning call. Clara was at the bedside when he awoke, and a vague foreboding

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seized upon her when he rose on one elbow and stared at her.

"Where am I?" he asked.

"You are here, at home, John. Don't you know me?"

Brace fell back upon the pillow and tried to rally his wits. "What has happened to me, Clara?" he asked, after a little.

"You were thrown down in the collision, yesterday, and you struck something in falling. Do you remember it?"

"I don't think I do; at least, not very clearly. Was it yesterday, did you say?"

"Yes; in the afternoon. You were on Number Four, coming from the east."

"I do remember something about it, but it seems as if it might have been ages ago. What time is it now, Clara?"

Her heart gave a great bound, and then stood still. The clock on the mantel was measuring the final half hour of the forenoon, and the wide-open eyes of the sick man were staring fixedly at its face. The dreadful truth overwhelmed her for a moment; but when she answered him, there was infinite tenderness in her voice and her hand sought his.

"It is nearly noon, dear," she said.

"Nearly noon! Why have you made the room so dark?"

She held his hand in both of hers now, and he felt a warm tear plash upon it.

"I know," he said. "I 'm blind. I 'll never see you or the babies again." Then he turned his face to the wall and tried to pull himself together to fight the horrors of darkness.

Only He who was acquainted with grief could know the silent agony of those first few moments: the sudden plunge into endless night, the insurmountable barrier closing all the avenues of study, the swift transition from ambitious activity to the monotonous half life of the blind.

When he turned his face again toward her, the wife read with grief-quickened eyes the sharply graven history of the fierce struggle. She laid her hand on his forehead. "I 'll be eyes and hands to you, John. Can't you trust me?"

"If that were all, yes. But how are we to live?"

"Don't think about that yet, dear. We 'll consider ways and means when you are stronger. Shall I bring the children in?"

"Not now. I think I 'd like to be alone for a while, if you don't mind. And before you go, I wish you 'd draw the curtains and darken the room. It hurts me to know that the place is full of things that can stare at me when I can't see them. It 's terribly new yet, and I 'll have to get used to it by degrees."

When Dr. Turnley came again, that afternoon, he listened to the story of the gradual failure of his patient's sight, and inquired minutely concerning the symptoms attending it.

"You 've been something worse than heedless," he said, when Brace had made an end of his confession. "Of course, we all knew you were in training for literary work, but I had no idea you were burning the candle at both ends at this rate. I 'll be frank with you. The case is beyond me, now. You 'd better call in the best oculist you can find in New Orleans, and do it at once."

"Don't be too hard on me, doctor. I know I 've been an ambitious idiot, but you should n't hit a man when he 's down. About the oculist, I wish you 'd send for him — and come with him, yourself. I shall need some good friend to rail at, if he tells me I 'm done for."

The oculist came the next day, and Dr. Turnley drove him to the cottage. The examination was brief. When it was over, Brace asked the verdict.

"You have about one chance in ten of recovering your sight," said the great man curtly.

"And the treatment?"

"I will arrange with Dr. Turnley about that. But you must make up your mind to obey orders. You must have perfect rest in a darkened room, till a cure is

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effected, or until we know that you can't be cured."

"How long shall I have to lie by?"

"I said until you're cured. It may be six weeks, but it's more likely to be six months." And the oculist bowed to Mrs. Brace, and left the room with Dr. Turnley.

Brace groaned as he heard the door close behind them. "That settles it, Clara. You're there, are n't you?"

"Yes, dear."

"Well, call a meeting of the ways and means committee, and let's see what's to be done. So far as I'm concerned, it might as well turn itself into a coroner's jury and be done with it."

"That is n't like you, John. You must n't give up, if only for the sake of the children and me."

"I know it. I ought to be sufficiently grateful for the tenth chance, but I'm not. I'm afraid you'll have to administer another dose of solitude, and give me a chance to argue myself into a better frame of mind."

She darkened the room and left him, returning in an hour with a dainty luncheon.

"Has the better frame of mind arrived?" she asked.

"Let us hope so. But the ways and means trouble me. I suppose I'm definitely out of business. The company won't hold my place unfilled for six months or six weeks; and I'd like to know how I'm to earn anything."

"You don't need to earn anything for a while," she rejoined. "For what rainier day have we been saving, all these years?"

"That's all right; but the bank account is no widow's cruse, — it won't last forever."

"Never mind about the bank account, now; I'm going to feed you. You'll feel better after you've had your luncheon."

Brace wedged a pillow behind his shoulders and submitted. "Think of it," he said. "Two days ago I was a man among men, able to do for myself and for the rest of us. To-day I can't find the way to my own mouth. I'd actually starve to death if you were n't good to me. Eheu!"

Halfway through the meal he caught her hand and held it. "Say, little woman, I've an idea! If I can learn to dictate, will you do the amanuensis act?"

"Dictation would be work; and the doctor said perfect rest."

"Perfect rest implies some sort of safety valve. I shall swell up and burst in less than a week, if I have to lie here and think thoughts that I can't get rid of."

"That would be sad. We might try the amanuensis plan; but if it tires you, you must n't insist."

"I'll be simply cherubic. When shall we begin?"

"Perhaps some day next week, if you are strong enough."

"Oh, Clara, dear, don't be despotic! Think how wicked it is to bully a blind man! Now listen. Last week — or was it last year, or a century ago? — the making of the best story I've ever thought of was dodging about in my head. It was too slippery, and I went foolish trying to write it out; but now it has come back, clothed and in its right mind. Won't you please help me to put it in black on white?"

She said "no," and then went for the writing materials, propping the window shade open an inch, and sitting where the narrow ray of light fell across the page in her lap; and thereupon another experiment, more exacting than any of its forerunners, was begun.

But the obstacles were chiefly of a mechanical nature. The art of dictating is not to be acquired without practice; and success bespeaks active and comprehensive work on the part of the author, and infinite patience in the amanuensis. It was days before Brace could formulate a sentence, and keep the balance of its component parts in a clear field of mental vision while dictating it;

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but once he was able to do this, the compensations of his affliction began to be evident in his work. With the mandatory banishment of business cares came a return of the diverted rivulets of thought to the main stream. For hurried moments, snatched at irregular intervals, there were peaceful hours for consecutive work in preparation; mental revision became the natural substitute for manual rewriting; and there was time for indulgence in that luxury of expression, the choosing and fitting of apposite words, — that part of composition which is comparable to the art of the lapidary selecting his gems so that the reflected brilliance of each shall increase the lustre of its neighbor.

The story was completed after many patient days; and whatever its shortcomings in depth of motif and intricacy of plot, it set forth in unmistakable phrase the careful work of the craftsman.

"I wish I could see it," Brace said. "I can't tell how it looks from hearing it. Is it any better than the others?"

"It is hardly to be compared with anything else you have done; it is very different. It tells of leisure and uninterrupted trains of thought; and you have put much of yourself into it."

"That last is a consequence, is n't it? I wonder if a writer is quite free from the charge of impudence, if he goes before his public without having first tasted for himself something of the joys and sorrows he attempts to depict. It 's no light thing to speak to a multitude, and yet I fancy most beginners think little of that."

The story went the way of its predecessors; and when it was gone, Brace settled down to await the outcome. The days dragged wearily enough without occupation, but he felt that he had put his best into this last experiment, and that more fuel must be added before the fire would burn higher. Just how it was to be added, with all the means of self-help lacking, was a problem which the loyal ally undertook to solve by reading aloud to him from his favorite books.

One evening Clara had bandaged his eyes and led him to a seat on the veranda, leaving him to enjoy the cool breeze sweeping in from the Gulf. The harmony of the plashing waves, chiming with the gentle rustling of leaves and the small voices of insects, charmed the sense which so soon begins to lift the heavy burden of the blind; and Brace fell into a reverie, in which the vanishing point led up to devout gratitude for the gift of the keener mental vision which had followed so closely upon the heels of his affliction.

A familiar step on the shell-paved walk brought him back to a realization of things present.

"Have you been to the post office?" he inquired, as Clara came up the steps.

She went to him and stood behind his chair. "John, dear," she said softly, "have you — have you been counting much upon the success of A Borrowed Conscience?"

He knew what was coming, and bent his head as one who faces a wintry storm.

"You were quite prepared to have it returned two or three times, were n't you? It was hardly to be expected that it would find a place on its first journey."

"No; I did n't dare hope for that — and yet" — He turned his face eagerly toward her. "Did he say anything? Did he write a letter?"

She bent over him till her lips touched his brow. "He did, dear; and this is what he says: 'We have read with much pleasure your story, A Borrowed Conscience, and are glad to accept it for publication in the magazine. It will be put into galleys within a few weeks, and payment for it will be sent you about the time the proofs are forwarded. Thanking you for having permitted us to see your work, and trusting that we shall see more of it, we are very truly yours.'"

Francis Lynde.

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AN ENGLISH WRITER'S NOTES ON ENGLAND.

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I.

BACK again in England. Early morning: the sea and downs in gray, misty sunlight; everything inexpressibly clean, refined, pure, and in a way (how express it otherwise?) *general*. This country in fine weather, like its inhabitants when in happy circumstance, has a singular look of newness and good breeding.

This impression grows on me during these few days in Sussex and Kent. Everything is swept and garnished, like the interior of a daintily kept house. The hop-poles make a pale green pattern on the violet ploughed ground. In the streams, the long willow-like weeds are combed out and starred with jasmine-looking blossoms. Fish dart like ghosts in the sunlit, bright golden water. And then the gardens of the old cottages, — cottages, some of them, of the time of Elizabeth, nay, almost of the Black Prince, with scalloped weather-tiles of delicate peach-bloom color, and brilliant whitewashed walls, against which stand out geraniums, and pink and white mallows, and even an exquisite Japanese lily. What dainty prosperity! And, characteristically English, through the midst of it runs the past, in the shape of an old Roman highway. You can still see slabs of it, along the downs, among immense nut-laden beeches, past duckponds and haystacks. What a strange mixture of a very present present with a past which seems scarcely past at all!

Strolling yesterday through the little Kentish village of Charing, which lies along the Pilgrims' Way to Canterbury, and seems barely altered since their days, I realize why England is England; or rather, why the English country is what it is. The explanation is virtually given, though not explicitly, in Thorold Rogers's book on the Economic Interpretation of History: England is the only country which was not merely prosperous, but on the whole peaceful, during the Middle Ages. Hence its sort of bourgeois-bucolic (*not* Theocritan idyllic) character even nowadays. Note the fact that the Elizabethan playwrights had to fetch their tragic subjects (save Arden of Feversham) from abroad, — their Othellos, Measure for Measures, Duchesses of Malfy, and Giovanni and Annabellas. England inspires As You Like It, Midsummer Night's Dream, Comus, L'Allegro, and Spenser's Epithalamium. There is no trace of bloodshed and tragedy in this English past, as everywhere on the Continent; 't is the past of yeomen and burgesses and cottagers and quiet country squires, not of kings and princes. There are no scars of fire on blackened stones in this country. Compare the past of places like Perugia, Volterra, Verona! The prosperity of mediæval Italy was passionate and terrible; that of mediæval England, peaceful and idyllic, of a land of shepherds providing the foreign looms with wool.

Such is the impression made by the past; that of the present, for one just come from the Continent, is as special in its way. In years spent abroad I had almost forgotten what it was like, and it came on me all of a sudden, yesterday evening, with the sight of the daisy heads and red sorrel stalks standing out in the low sunlight, with the note of the unseen lark over the bracken, the scent of universal green; the conversation, also, of the daughters of the house and their friends. For it is an impression of moral characteristics even more than of physical, or of such physical characteristics as suggest moral ones: the well-ordered large house, neither raised to higher importance nor convulsed by any individual spirit, but produced, so

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to speak, by a whole family, you might say almost a whole nation (at least a whole class thereof), acting harmoniously, if a trifle dully, together. This landscape, pale grass rounded by dark green trees till it merges into folds and folds of blue; all sloping up to the very doorstep, gently, not aggressively or theatrically, opposite the low, wide windows; this house, with its comfort and prosperity subdued into delicacy and almost simplicity (nothing showy in these pale wall papers and chintzes so immaculately fresh, in this well-polished furniture), — this landscape, this house, seem to carry the same meaning as these young women: we are pure, good, high-bred; we are carefully selected away from vulgarity and evil. But when you think of the towns — Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, especially London — at whose expense all this exists, you feel what I fancy underlies not a few of the secret feelings of these young women: the world to which all this good belongs is, in itself, most strangely full of evil.

II.

For England, alas, is not all country, is not all old world, is not altogether composed of well-appointed houses and well-bred persons. I am in the train again, going Londonwards. The line passes through the same delicate, intimate landscape of green cliffs just scarred with chalk; of green fields of short grass, dotted with sheep and cricketers: all wrapped in a tender mist, such as Carrière envelops his personages in, which makes one understand, as it were, the tender dewy freshness of the scene. This country seems as *new* as when the Romans landed: oak woods barely in leaf, meadows reddened with sorrel, great tufts of daisies, white, pure, even among the cinders of the railway embankment; neat flowery stations and comfortable-looking flowery cottages. Who would guess that London, of all places on earth, is at the end of the line? The horror of Bermondsey and the like, with its millions of squalid houses the train looks down upon, and its sickly smell of kiln and beer; the Thames, with its great barges and shipping, which, from the railway bridge, is so evidently a magnificent gigantic drain.

III.

In London. Across the Park, where there are beds of the most lovely flowers (things worthy of a show) along the path; close to that beautiful house which has, inside, the brass staircase and marble incrusted walls, and many fine pictures, I notice two persons on a bench, asleep, — black, draggled, and in heavy sleep: the man thrown back, the woman forward, her head low over her knees; the one in a high hat, the other in a bonnet! My friend, to whom I point them out, says they are probably asleep because they are drunk, and drunk because drink is the cheapest thing to buy. Everywhere here is Nemesis, saying "Enjoy not" at the elbow of those who enjoy.

Great cities are places where mankind live upon pleasures and excitements which are compensations for the loss of what nature is prevented from giving them. Yet even in London nature does take the trouble to provide a performance once in a way. This morning, though only the 5th of August, there was a fog. The air outside gradually became a positive, real thing, thickening, growing gray and at the same time luminous; the room became dusky, all things in it shadowy; but on these shadowy, vaguely looming things the fog-enwrapped sun dabbed broad high lights, brilliant and blinding in this penumbra, a strange Rembrandt etching. Outside, also, a Rembrandt effect, but this time in color. The visible atmosphere now changed into a wonderful tawny luminousness; a mist of palest orange, bright, dazzling, in which all nearer objects start into violent relief, blaze out, green, orange, scarlet, like lacquer; while all the further things stand flat like theatre

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scenes, separate, layer by layer, against the smokelike layers of air. And over it all, the magnificence and mystery of a luminous, veined, and suffused smoked-amber sky.

Little by little the strange high lights disappear from the furniture, leaving an unnatural twilight. The air outside thickens; the sky descends; the suffused gold dies away into solid lead. The intervening distances are effaced, the further objects disappear entirely; only tree-tops, rows of chimney-stacks (fantastic like castle battlements), loom unsubstantial against the gray substantial sky, and every now and then a preternatural dash of yellow or green or scarlet across the grayness, — a passing omnibus, or a fire-escape being wheeled along the street. Certainly, nature's chief performance in London is impressive and not without beauty. But it leaves one with aching eyes and head, and an intolerable sense of dreariness and degradation.

IV.

Just returned from two days' stay at a Settlement in the extreme east of London, the home of the dock laborers. The walk we took the first evening made me understand Miss Beatrice Potter's words about the attractions, the æsthetic and imaginative attractions, which a great city has for the poor. Within doors, I am told, blackness and inexpressible squalor; within the houses, and also within the district, the immense blocks of brick and mortar and human life hidden away by their own compassionate darkness and by the brilliant light of the thoroughfares which inclose them. For it *is* brilliant, in the one or two wide streets, crowded with people buying at the open stalls and barrows, and strolling about in the mild evening, children dancing and turning somersaults to the barrel-organ music, venders vociferating, sounds of harp and banjo from behind the white ground-glass effulgence of the publics; gas everywhere, in great sheets and in little flamelets, among the cheap high-colored clothes of the shops, the tinware, the stacked-up fruit and spread-out fish, the great staring pink carcasses at the butchers'. Bright signal lights, also, red and green against the blue starlit sky, and every minute or two a long train, like a snake filled with fire, flashing and rattling along the side of the road. Undoubtedly a spectacle, a performance, every part of it, for these poor squalid, often hungry people; no mere place for use, like *our* shop streets, but a place also for imaginative pleasure, a Crystal Palace, Kursaal, St. Mark's Square.

The day impression is very different. Yet despite the sadness of bands of able-bodied loiterers (ninety men of a hundred only can get a job) at the dock gates, where a horrible shanty eating-house, against the background of green marsh and distant factory obelisks and bulbs, calls itself grimly Peace and Plenty, — despite all this, the impression of the dockers' district is that of life, of sound, of participation in the great movement of the world, rather than of anything we can regret. A stranger and finer impression than any to be got in well-to-do, philistine western London. There is something of the universal and eternal in it, of the great give-and-take which constitutes life. The immense ships, on either side of the big basin, sunk to the wharf edge with their freight still in them; or riding high up, waiting for cargo to ballast them; or stranded, being painted scarlet or black in the dry dock; an interminable line, with the corresponding line of wooden sheds, cases and bales and boxes in front, and inside, black sticky baskets of raw sugar, painted boxes of tea, piles and piles of sweet-smelling Japanese matting. Strong men wheeling and carrying the wares about among the railway lines; cranes rising and falling, with clank of chain and whir of engine; coal-heavers, black to their hair, in the flat-bottomed coal-boats; and all about the place, groups

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of red-turbaned Lascars sweeping the wooden wharf, and single Lascars walking barefoot like statues, — bringing in a note, as it were, from antiquity as well as from the East; the immensely distant, the past and present, seeming to work together under the fresh sea breeze.

All this, seen superficially and with the fancy, is a piece of life as it should be, — of the life of body and of soul, of near and distant, of complexity and simplicity, in which we would all of us fain participate, — and therefore, as much as anything in field or mountain, church or study, a piece of the ideal. But the ideal a little, I fear, as a delusion; the ideal in the same sense, for instance, as Tangier: horror behind it, quite as much as good; a bit, in short, of that barbarism which our one-sided progress has isolated and accentuated, — barbarism which contains so much we would gladly have for ourselves, and so much which we shrink from perceiving.

v.

Westminster Abbey, about five P. M. A fine grayish-blue sky outside, and enormous rumble of traffic. The first impression is of the extremely narrow vaulting, and of the lovely meeting of the sheaves of pillars of the aisle with those of the main vault; tapering boles, springing higher, higher, and spreading like palm trees into the roof spandrils. One's attention is caught at first, owing to the incongruity, by the tombs of the barelegged, tunicked heroes in full-bottomed wigs, often opposite painted robed Shakespearean worthies kneeling among delicate colored Renaissance moulding; here and there a Gothic knight or lady; and, specially colossal and dramatic, Charles James Fox collapsing between a negro and a goddess. One likes, however, the rough-and-ready liberalism of it all: Wesley commemorated in this Anglican abbey, although the founder of a sect, and Garrick in most unecclesiastic way disporting himself between Comedy and Tragedy. Near him also is "G. Handel Esqre," with his wig off and dressing-gown on, posing among musical instruments, with a green laurel crown. The strangest is Poets' Corner; the most conspicuous, the poets that are forgotten. Prior, for instance, standing grandly like a general, with a bandanna round his head; and Phillips (yes, I remember a Life of Ambrose Phillips in Johnson's Lives), more forgotten still. There is a lovely tender piece of Gothic lace carving with effaced inscription and a loose label inscribed "Poet Chaucer;" but Mr. Somebody (with wigged bust and 1780 fireplace sculpture), "Secretary to Lord Pelham, minister of King George III" has been triumphantly built into Chaucer's resting-place. A bust of Milton is here; and a modest inscription, "the Poet Spenser," and a monument with the one line, "O rare Ben Jonson." One no longer smiles, but feels something like what one felt a minute ago while following that highest shaft to its palm branchings, or as one would feel if suddenly the organ played. What thoughts and images and melodies in those names, — Milton, Handel, "Poet Chaucer," Spenser, Ben Jonson! What names to conjure with! And meanwhile, outside, where once (as the Morte d'Arthur tells us) the green fields and hawthorn hedges were, the 'buses cross and recross; and the Aquarium, with its Diving Man and Boxing Kangaroo, offers "the greatest variety of entertainment in London."

The Abbey again: this time the apse. Beautiful effect (in Henry VII.'s Chapel especially), of much glass and little masonry and groined ceiling in imitation of woodwork, what masonry there is reduced to sculpture. The stone saints have remained, and, in the vaults, numbers of those very English, Burne-Jonesian angels with Tudor roses and portcullis. Everything black, tarnished; everything seeming endlessly old, even the banneret helmets, which are really mod-

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ern, hanging over the stalls, converted to thorough antiquity. Through the open chapel doors one sees, a fantastic vista, the spring of the arches in the main church, beyond the Confessor's tomb. This whole apse, with its innumerable tucked-away chapels, and tombs of all times crammed in every corner, is singularly touching in its neglected, yet inhabited, its "old-house" character. Into this lumber-room — one feels it almost more here than in Poets' Corner — is crowded all England's greatest past; all that England was before the advent of machinery and commercialism. Here lie the great soldiers, from Henry V.'s knights of Agincourt to the great navigators and buccaneers; and Shakespeare's kings and queens and dukes and regents, stone or bronze, all equally blackened, equally exiled from this life, under the bower of stonework, the chipped, smoked sculpture, the torn banners, colorless like black cobwebs, hanging from the roof; and round these is a spiritual atmosphere, a silent afflatus, in which one feels one's soul quiver. This world of glory and pathos and poetry (poor brass Richard II., and the Confessor under his chipped half-Byzantine canopy, and the urn of the little Princes murdered in the Tower), all thrust out of sight, with the old Shakespearean England, with the old mediæval religion, into that blackened lumber-room at the back, by the smug modern Protestant England, which bids the pilgrim "use both the scraper and mat" before entering, and then "keep with the guide" when going round. It is strange that the most conservative and, on the whole, most poetical of nations should endure to see the tombs of its kings and great men in company with vergers bellowing dates of birth and death; should feel, apparently, so little inclination, or have so little time, to muse thereon.

VI.

And this is what, for the imagination and emotion, at present replaces it: I am speaking of the Crystal Palace, where we had supper yesterday. All the centuries have been called upon, here also, to bring their gifts; and there they are, higgledy-piggledy: casts of antiques and Michelangelos; Innsbruck bronze knights; switchback railways and aerial flights; a colossal organ with the list of *all* Handel's oratorios round it; moreover, on this occasion, the Dahomey warriors parading and dancing in the midst of it all. People meanwhile eating cold pie and ham on bare tables, sitting on nailed-together stools, and drinking American drinks; umbrellas and hats stowed away on fire-engines and pails, and on the base of Parthenon statues; family parties with babies held on high to see the savages dance, and parties of numerous 'Arriets entertained by less numerous 'Arries. Here a space is cleared, and the Dahomey warriors dance, — magnificent, like bronze athletes, with kilts of tiger skins, — and play with knives, and work themselves up into a rhythmic fury which anywhere else means killing. A tremendous impression of the splendor and terror of savagery. Then, when they have disappeared, the crowd streams down the gigantic flights of steps into the gardens. In the blue darkness stands out the great ribbed huge hall-of-Eblis palace, made of beams of moonlight, one would say, lilac, dim, with absurd mediæval towers; in front great descents and pits and open spaces pricked out in colored lights, mysterious, scarce visible, among which the crowd circulates silently, to vague strains of music. Later fireworks, the gold dust of rockets in the deep blue sky! The smoke (with stifling smell of powder) making a gray, lurid background for exquisite showers of silver sparks and trails of orange and grass-green filaments of fire. Then the return home. The immense train, darkness, other trains racing by one's side, full of uproarious cads, — a ribbon of light; rushing through stations with their tin advertisement plates flashing in the

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haze and beams of electric light. And suddenly a few moments' stoppage by the dimly lit up Thames. Altogether a confused impression of soiled, hustled, joyless beauty and wonder.

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VII.

One of the most curious things, surely, about England, is its amount of wild country, and of wild country in close proximity to London. In a way it is London which is responsible for its existence, or the spirit which London typifies. For it is the industrialism, the race for wealth, of England which sucks the inhabitants out of the rural districts to the great towns; and which, at the same time, leaves miles and miles of land uncultivated that would be made to produce poor crops in a country where the demand for labor and the supply of riches were less. Be it as it may, the fact is a very curious one. Take, for instance, the district near Hindhead, not fifty miles from London. There are ridges and ridges of magenta heather, slopes on slopes of high green bracken, great vague valleys, marked with dark green woods and light green meadows, a distance of pale blue mist, out of which sometimes rises a white glint of far-off chalk cliff, so welcome with its suggestion of something which is not mere vegetation. The roads among the heather a violent chrome yellow, sandy, desolate.

This landscape has immense charm, far more than itself can account for: the charm of the smell of wild greenness, of the abundance and bracingness of the air (unbreathed air, suggestive of much greater heights than we are really on); and above all, charm of the vast extent and great movement of clouds.

The moral aspect is equally wild. In one of the roads is a stone with an inscription "in detestation of a barbarous murder committed on an unknown sailor" by three men, who were taken and hanged on that spot, in chains, in 1787. (The chains, by the way, I am almost sure, I have seen hanging up in Lady D——'s drawing-room, among other old iron.) To this is added a bloodthirsty text, "He who spilleth blood," etc., and very elaborately, on both sides of the stone, the name and address of the pious person who put it up. Evidently in these desolate places, and in the year 1787, a gallows hung with tarred malefactors was considered a sane and pleasant subject of contemplation, and the person who perpetuated the memory of those hanged men, after the birds and storms had worked them toward oblivion, thought of himself much as if he had erected a drinking-fountain in a more prosaic time and spot. Indeed, had he not furnished the world with a salutary draught of decocted vengeance? Such places explain Hardy's tales and some of Stevenson's, and explain why we English, even if we live in Bloomsbury or Kensington, feel that they express our country.

But there are nobler impressions of wildness than this. Oddly enough, one of the strongest I have got even nearer London, on the Chiltern downs, near Aylesbury, — long, low ridges above the fields and beech woods, here and there seamed with chalk pits and scars; tall, steep hillsides, dotted only with stunted junipers; and on the top a flat strip of grass opposite the moving inky storm sky, only a hawk or two in it. These little ridges of solitariness, narrow domains of clouds and winds, utterly aloof from man, explain much that is finest and most delicate in the English soul, a certain primeval quality, the power of being moved and chastened by the free contact of the elements, a possibility of dispensing with vain talk and worthless properties, of finding companionship in silence.

Vernon Lee.

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THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A REVOLUTIONIST.

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THE FORTRESS; THE ESCAPE.

I.

THIS was, then, the terrible fortress where so much of the true strength of Russia had perished during the last two centuries, and the very name of which is spoken in St. Petersburg in a hushed voice.

Here Peter I. tortured his son Alexis and killed him with his own hand; here the Princess Tarakánova was kept in a cell which filled with water during an inundation, — the rats climbing upon her to save themselves from drowning; here the terrible Minich tortured his enemies, and Catherine II. buried alive those who objected to her having murdered her husband. And from the times of Peter I. for a hundred and seventy years, the annals of this mass of stone which rises from the Nevá in front of the Winter Palace were annals of murder and torture, of men buried alive, condemned to a slow death, or driven to insanity in the loneliness of the dark and damp dungeons.

Here the Decembrists, who were the first to unfurl in Russia the banner of republican rule and the abolition of serfdom, underwent their first experiences of martyrdom, and traces of them may still be found in the Russian Bastille. Here were imprisoned the poets Ryléeff and Shevchénko, Dostoévsky, Bakúnin, Chernyshévsky, Písareff, and so many others of our best writers. Here Karakózoff was tortured and hanged.

Here, somewhere in the Alexis ravelin, is still kept Nechàieff, who was given up to Russia by Switzerland as a common-law criminal, but is treated as a dangerous political prisoner, and will never again see the light. In the same ravelin are also two or three men whom rumor says Alexander II., because of what they know, and others must not know, about some palace mystery, ordered imprisoned for life. One of them, adorned with a long gray beard, was lately seen by an acquaintance of mine in the mysterious fortress.

All these shadows rose before my imagination. But my thoughts fixed especially on Bakúnin, who, though he had been shut up in an Austrian fortress for two years, chained to the wall, after 1848, and then handed over to Nicholas I., who kept him here, yet came out, when the Iron Tsar's death released him after an eight years' detention, fresher and fuller of vigor than his comrades who had remained at liberty. "He has lived it through," I said to myself, "and I must, too: I will *not* succumb here!"

My first movement was to approach the window, which was placed so high that I could hardly reach it with my lifted hand. It was a long, narrow opening, cut in a wall five feet thick, and protected by an iron grating and a double iron window frame. At a distance of a dozen yards from this window I saw the outer wall of the fortress, of immense thickness, on the top of which I could make out a gray sentry box. Only by looking upward could I perceive a bit of the sky.

I made a minute inspection of the room where I had now to spend no one could say how many years. From the position of the high chimney of the Mint I guessed that I was in the southwestern corner of the fortress, in a bastion overlooking the Nevá. The building in which I was incarcerated, however, was not the bastion itself, but what is called in a fortification a *reduit;* that is, an inner two-storied pentagonal piece of masonry which rises a little higher than the walls

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of the bastion, and is meant to contain two tiers of guns. This room of mine was a casemate destined for a big gun, and the window was an embrasure. The rays of the sun might never penetrate it; even in summer they must be lost in the thickness of the wall. The room held an iron bed, a small oak table, and an oak stool. The floor was covered with painted felt, and the walls with yellow paper. However, in order to deaden sounds, the paper was not put on the wall itself; it was pasted upon canvas, and behind the canvas I discovered a wire grating, back of which was a layer of felt; only beyond the felt could I reach the stone wall. At the inner side of the room there was a washstand, and a thick oak door in which I made out a locked opening, for passing food through, and a little slit, protected by glass and by a shutter from the outside: this was the "Judas," through which the prisoner could be spied upon at every moment. The sentry who stood in the passage frequently lifted the shutter and looked inside, — his boots squeaking as he crept toward the door. I tried to speak to him; then the eye which I could see through the slit assumed an expression of terror and the shutter was immediately let down, only to be furtively opened a minute or two later; but I could get not a word of reply from the sentry.

Absolute silence reigned all round. I tried to catch some sound from the Nevá, or from the town on the opposite side of the river; but I could not.

"The main thing," I said to myself, "is to preserve my physical vigor. I *will* not fall ill. Let me imagine I am compelled to spend a couple of years in a hut in the far north, during an arctic expedition. I will take plenty of exercise, practice gymnastics, and not let myself be broken down by my surroundings. Ten steps from one corner to the other is already something. If I repeat them one hundred and fifty times, I shall have walked one verst" (two thirds of a mile). I decided to walk every day seven versts, — about five miles: two versts in the morning, two before dinner, two after dinner, and one before going to sleep. "If I put on my table ten cigarettes, and move one of them each time that I pass the table, I shall easily count the three hundred times that I must walk up and down. I must walk rapidly, but turn slowly in the corner to avoid becoming giddy, and turn each time a different way. Then, twice a day I shall practice gymnastics with my heavy stool." I lifted it by one leg, holding it at arm's length. I turned it like a wheel, and soon learned to throw it from one hand to the other, over my head, behind my back, and across my legs.

A few hours after I had been brought into the prison the governor came to offer me some books, and among them was an old acquaintance and friend of mine, the first volume of George Lewes's Physiology, in a Russian translation. I asked, of course, to have paper, pen, and ink, but was absolutely refused. Pen and ink are never allowed in the fortress, unless special permission is obtained from the Emperor himself. I suffered very much from this forced inactivity, and began to compose in my imagination a series of novels for popular reading, taken from Russian history, — something like Eugène Sue's Mystères du Peuple. I made up the plot, the descriptions, the dialogues, and tried to commit the whole to memory from the beginning to the end. One can easily imagine how exhausting such a work would have been if I had had to continue it for more than two or three months.

But my brother Alexander obtained pen and ink for me. One day I was asked to enter a four-wheeled cab, in company with the same speechless Georgian gendarme officer of whom I have spoken before. I was taken to the Third Section, where I was allowed an interview with my brother, in the presence of two gendarme officers.

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Alexander was at Zürich when I was arrested. From early youth he had longed to go abroad, where men think as they like, read what they like, and openly express their thoughts. Russian life was hateful to him. Veracity — absolute veracity — and the most open-hearted frankness were part of his creed; he could not bear deceit or even conceit in any form. The absence of free speech in Russia, the Russian readiness to submit to oppression, the veiled words to which our writers resort, were utterly repulsive to his frank and open nature. Soon after my return from Western Europe he removed to Switzerland, and decided to settle there. After he had lost his two children — one from cholera in a few hours, and another from consumption — St. Petersburg became doubly repugnant to him.

My brother did not take part in our work of agitation. He did not believe in the possibility of a popular uprising, and he conceived a revolution only as the action of a representative body, like the National Assembly of France in 1789. As for the socialist agitation, he knew it only by means of public meetings and public speeches, — not as the secret, minute work of personal propaganda which we were carrying on. In England he would have sided with John Bright or with the Chartists. If he had been in Paris during the uprising of June, 1848, he would surely have fought with the last handful of workers behind the last barricade; but in the preparatory period he would have followed Ledru Rollin or Louis Blanc.

In Switzerland he settled at Zürich, and his sympathies went with the moderate wing of the International. Socialist on principle, he carried out his principle in his very frugal and laborious manner of living, and toiled on passionately at his great scientific work, — the main purpose of his life, — a work which was to be a nineteenth-century counterpart to the famous Tableau de la Nature of the Encyclopædists. He soon became a close personal friend of the old refugee Colonel P. L. Lavróff, with whom he had very much in common in his Kantian philosophical views.

When he learned about my arrest, Alexander immediately left everything, — the work of his life, the life itself of freedom which was as necessary for him as free air is necessary for a bird, — and returned to St. Petersburg, which he disliked, only to help me through my imprisonment.

We were both very much affected at this interview. My brother was extremely excited. He hated the very sight of the blue uniforms of the gendarmes, — those executioners of all independent thought in Russia, — and expressed his feeling frankly in their presence. As for me, the sight of him at St. Petersburg filled me with the most dismal apprehensions. I was happy to see his honest face, his eyes full of love, and to hear that I should see them once a month; and yet I wished him hundreds of miles away from that place to which he came free that day, but to which he would inevitably be brought some night under an escort of gendarmes. "Why did you come into the lion's den? Go back at once!" my whole inner self cried; and yet I knew that he would remain as long as I was in prison.

He understood better than any one else that inactivity would kill me, and had already made application to obtain for me pen and ink. The Geographical Society wanted me to finish my work on the glacial period, and my brother turned the whole scientific world in St. Petersburg upside down to move them to support his application. The Academy of Sciences was interested in the matter; and finally, two or three months after my imprisonment, the governor entered my cell and announced to me that I was permitted by the Emperor to complete my report to the Geographical Society, and that I should be allowed pen and

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ink for that purpose. "Till sunset only," he added. Sunset, at St. Petersburg, is at three in the afternoon, in winter time; but that could not be helped. "Till sunset" were the words used by Alexander II. when he granted the permission.

II.

So I could work!

I could hardly express now the immensity of relief I then felt at being enabled to resume writing. I would have consented to live on nothing but bread and water, in the dampest of cellars, if only permitted to work.

I was the only one to whom writing materials were allowed. Several of my comrades spent three years and more in confinement before the famous trial of "the hundred and ninety-three" took place, and all they had was a slate. Of course, even the slate was welcome in that dreary loneliness, and they used it to write exercises in the languages they were learning, or to work out mathematical problems; but what was jotted down on the slate could last only a few hours.

My prison life now took on a more regular character. There was something immediate to live for. At nine in the morning I had already made the first three hundred pacings across my cell, and was waiting for my pencils and pens to be delivered to me. The work which I had prepared for the Geographical Society contained, beside a report of my explorations in Finland, a discussion of the bases upon which the glacial hypothesis ought to rest. Now, knowing that I had plenty of time before me, I decided to rewrite and enlarge that part of my work, which accordingly grew in the fortress to the size of two large volumes. The first of them was printed by my brother and Polakóff (in the Geographical Society's Memoirs); while the second, not quite finished, remained in the hands of the Third Section when I ran away. The manuscript was found only in 1895, and given to the Russian Geographical Society, by whom it was forwarded to me in London.

At five in the afternoon, — at three in the winter, — as soon as the tiny lamp was brought in, my pencils and pens were taken away, and I had to stop my work. Then I used to read, mostly books of history. Quite a library had been formed in the fortress by the generations of political prisoners who had been confined there. I was allowed to add to the library a number of staple works on Russian history, and with the books which were brought to me by my relatives I was enabled to read almost every work and collection of acts and documents bearing on the Moscow period of the history of Russia. I relished, in reading, not only the Russian annals, especially the admirable annals of the democratic mediæval republic of Pskof, — the best, perhaps, in Europe for the history of such cities, — but all sorts of dry documents, and even the Lives of the Saints, which occasionally contain facts of the real life of the masses which cannot be found elsewhere. I also read during this time a great number of novels, and even arranged for myself a treat on Christmas Eve. My relatives managed to send me then the Christmas stories of Dickens, and I spent the festival laughing and crying over these beautiful creations of the great novelist.

III.

The worst was the silence, as of the grave, which reigned about me. In vain I knocked on the walls and struck the floor with my foot, listening for the faintest sound in reply. None was to be heard. One month passed, then two, three, fifteen months, but there was no reply to my knocks. We were only six then, scattered among thirty-six casemates. When the non-commissioned officer entered my cell to take me out for a walk, and I asked him, "What

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kind of weather have we? Does it rain?" he cast a furtive side glance at me, and without saying a word promptly retired behind the door, where a sentry and another non-commissioned officer kept watch upon him. The only living being from whom I could hear even a few words was the governor, who came to my cell every morning to say "good-morning" and ask whether I wanted to buy tobacco or paper. I tried to engage him in conversation; but he also cast furtive glances at the non-commissioned officers who stood in the half-opened door, as if to say, "You see, I am watched, too."

There were no sounds whatever except the squeak of the sentry's boots, the hardly perceptible noise of the shutter of the Judas, and the ringing of the bells on the fortress cathedral. They rang a "Lord save me" ("Gospodi pomilui") every quarter of an hour, — one, two, three, four times. Then, each hour, the big bell struck slowly, with long intervals between successive strokes. A lugubrious canticle followed, chimed by the bells, which at every sudden change of temperature went out of tune, making at such times a horrible cacophony which sounded like the ringing of bells at a burial. At the gloomy hour of midnight, the canticle, moreover, was followed by the discordant notes of a "God save the Tsar." The ringing lasted a full quarter of an hour; and no sooner had it come to an end than a new "Lord save me" announced to the sleepless prisoner that a quarter of an hour of his uselessly spent life had gone in the meantime, and that many quarters of an hour, and hours, and days, and months of the same vegetative life would pass, before his keepers, or maybe death, would release him.

Every morning I was taken out for a half hour's walk in the prison yard. This yard was a small pentagon with a narrow pavement round it, and a little building — the bath house — in the middle. But I liked those walks.

The need of new impressions is so great in prison that, when I walked in our narrow yard, I always kept my eyes fixed upon the high gilt spire of the fortress cathedral. This was the only thing in my surroundings which changed its aspect, and I liked to see it glittering like pure gold when the sun shone from a clear blue sky, or assuming a fairy aspect when a light bluish haze lay upon the town, or becoming steel gray when dark clouds obscured the sky.

Winter is gloomy at St. Petersburg for those who cannot be out in the brightly lighted streets. It was still gloomier, of course, in a casemate. But dampness was even worse than darkness. In order to drive away moisture the casemate was overheated, and I almost suffocated; but when I obtained my request at last, that the temperature should be kept lower than before, the outer wall became dripping with moisture, and the paper was as if a pail of water had been poured upon it every day, — the consequence being that I suffered a great deal from rheumatism.

With all that I was cheerful, continuing to write and to draw maps in the darkness, sharpening my lead pencils with a broken piece of glass which I had managed to get hold of in the yard; I faithfully walked my five miles a day in the cell, and performed gymnastic feats with my oak stool. So time went on. Then sorrow crept into my cell and nearly broke me down. My brother Alexander was arrested.

Toward the end of December, 1874, I was allowed an interview with him and our sister Hélène, in the fortress, in the presence of a gendarme officer. Interviews, granted at long intervals, always bring both the prisoner and his relatives into a state of excitement. One sees beloved faces and hears beloved voices, knowing that the vision will last but a few moments; one feels so near to the other, and yet so far off, as

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there can be no intimate conversation before a stranger, an enemy and a spy. Besides, my brother and sister felt anxious for my health, upon which the dark, gloomy winter days and the dampness had already marked their first effects. We parted with heavy hearts.

A week after that interview, I received, instead of an expected letter from my brother concerning the printing of my book, a short note from Polakóff. He informed me that henceforward he would read the proofs, and that I would have to address to him everything relative to the printing. From the very tone of the note I understood at once that something must be wrong with my brother. If it were only illness, Polakóff would have mentioned it. Days of fearful anxiety came upon me. Alexander must have been arrested, and I must have been the cause of it! Life suddenly ceased to have any meaning for me. My walks, my gymnastics, my work, lost interest. All the day long I went ceaselessly up and down my cell, thinking of nothing but Alexander's arrest. For me, an unmarried man, imprisonment was only personal inconvenience; but he was married, he passionately loved his wife, and they now had a boy, upon whom they had concentrated all the love that they had felt for their first two children.

Worst of all was the incertitude. What could he have done? For what reason had he been arrested? What were they going to do with him? Weeks passed; my anxiety became deeper and deeper; but there was no news, till at last I heard in a roundabout way that he had been arrested for a letter written to P. L. Lavróff.

I learned the details much later. After his last interview with me he wrote to his old friend, who at that time was editing a Russian socialist review, Forward, in London. He mentioned in this letter his fears about my health; he spoke of the many arrests which were occurring then in Russia; and he freely expressed his hatred of the despotic rule. The letter was intercepted at the post office by the Third Section, and they came on Christmas Eve to search his apartments. They carried out their search in an even more brutal manner than usual. After midnight half a dozen men made an irruption into his rooms, and turned everything upside down. The very walls were examined; the sick child was taken out of its bed, that the bedding and the mattresses might be inspected. They found nothing, — there was nothing to find.

My brother very much resented this search. With his customary frankness, he said to the gendarme officer who conducted it: "Against you, captain, I have no grievance. You have received little education, and you hardly understand what you are doing. But you, sir," he continued, turning toward the procureur, "you know what you are doing. You have received a university education. You know the law, and you know that you are trampling all law, such as it is, under your feet, and covering the lawlessness of these men by your presence; you are simply — a scoundrel!"

They swore hatred against him. They kept him imprisoned in the Third Section till May. My brother's child — a charming boy, whom illness had rendered still more affectionate and intelligent — was dying from consumption. The doctors said he had only a few days more to live. Alexander, who had never asked any favor of his enemies, asked them this time to permit him to see his child for the last time. He begged to be allowed to go home for one hour, upon his word of honor to return, or to be taken there under escort. They refused. They could not deny themselves that vengeance.

The child died, and its mother was thrown once more into a state bordering on insanity when my brother was told that he was to be transported "for an undetermined term" to East Siberia, to

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a small town, Minusinsk. He would travel in a cart between two gendarmes, and his wife might follow later, but could not travel with him.

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"Tell me, at least, what is my crime," he demanded; but there was no accusation of any sort against him beyond the letter. This transportation appeared so arbitrary, so much an act of mere revenge on the part of the Third Section, that none of our relatives could believe that the exile would last more than a few months. My brother lodged a complaint with the minister of the interior. The reply was that the minister could not interfere with the will of the chief of the gendarmes. Another complaint was lodged with the Senate. It was of no avail.

A couple of years later, our sister Hélène, acting on her own initiative, wrote a petition to the Tsar. Our cousin Dmitri, governor-general of Khárkoff, aide-de-camp of the Emperor and a favorite at the court, also deeply incensed at this treatment by the Third Section, handed the petition personally to the Tsar, and in so doing added a few words in support of it. But the vindictiveness of the Románoffs was a family trait strongly developed in Alexander II. He wrote upon the petition, "Pust posidit" (Let him remain some time more). My brother stayed in Siberia twelve years, and never returned to Russia.

IV.

The countless arrests which were made in the summer of 1874, and the serious turn which was given by the police to the prosecution of our circle, produced a deep change in the opinions of Russian youth. Up to that time the prevailing idea had been to pick out among the workers, and eventually the peasants, a number of men who should be prepared to become socialistic agitators. But the factories were now flooded with spies, and it was evident that, do what they might, both propagandists and workers would very soon be arrested and hidden forever in Siberia. Then began a great movement "to the people," when several hundred young men and women, disregarding all precautions hitherto taken, rushed to the country, and, traveling through the towns and villages, incited the masses to revolution, almost openly distributing pamphlets, songs, and proclamations. In our circles this summer received the name of "the mad summer."

The gendarmes lost their heads. They had not hands enough to make the arrest nor eyes enough to trace the steps of every propagandist. Yet not less than fifteen hundred persons were arrested during this hunt, and half of them were kept in prison for years.

One day in the summer of 1875, in the cell that was next to mine I distinctly heard the light steps of heeled boots, and a few minutes later I caught fragments of a conversation. A feminine voice spoke from the cell, and a deep bass voice — evidently that of the sentry — grunted something in reply. Then I recognized the sound of the colonel's spurs, his rapid steps, his swearing at the sentry, and the click of the key in the lock. He said something, and a feminine voice loudly replied: "We did not talk. I only asked him to call the non-commissioned officer." Then the door was locked, and I heard the colonel swearing in whispers at the sentry.

So I was alone no more. I had a lady neighbor, who at once broke down the severe discipline which had hitherto reigned amongst the soldiers. From that day the walls of the fortress, which had been mute during the last fifteen months, became animated. From all sides I heard knocks with the foot on the floor: one, two, three, four, . . . eleven knocks, twenty-four knocks, fifteen knocks; then an interruption, followed by three knocks and a long succession of thirty-three knocks. Over and over again these knocks were repeated in the same succession, until the

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neighbor would guess at last that they were meant for "Kto vy?" (Who are you?) the letter *v* being the third letter in our alphabet. Thereupon conversation was soon established, and usually was conducted in the abridged alphabet; that is, the alphabet being divided into six rows of five letters, each letter is marked by its row and its place in the row.

I discovered with great pleasure that I had at my left my friend Serdukóff, with whom I could soon talk about everything, especially when we used our cipher. But intercourse with men brought its sufferings as well as its joys. Underneath me was lodged a peasant, whom Serdukóff knew. He talked to him by means of knocks; and even against my will, often unconsciously during my work, I followed their conversations. I also spoke to him. Now, if solitary confinement without any sort of work is hard for educated men, it is infinitely harder for a peasant who is accustomed to physical work, and not at all wont to spend years in reading. Our peasant friend felt quite miserable, and having been kept for nearly two years in another prison before he was brought to the fortress, — his crime was that he had listened to socialists, — he was already broken down. Soon I began to notice, to my terror, that from time to time his mind wandered. Gradually his thoughts grew more and more confused, and we two perceived, step by step, day by day, evidences that his reason was failing, until his talk became at last that of a lunatic. Frightful noises and wild cries came next from the lower story: our neighbor was mad, but was still kept for several months in the casemate before he was removed to an asylum, from which he never emerged. To witness the destruction of a man's mind, under such conditions, was terrible. I am sure it must have contributed to increase the nervous irritability of my good, true friend Serdukóff. When, after a four years' imprisonment, he was acquitted by the court and released, he shot himself.

One day I received a quite unexpected visit. The Grand Duke Nicholas, brother of Alexander II., who was inspecting the fortress, entered my cell, followed only by his aide-de-camp. The door was shut behind him. He rapidly approached me, saying, "Good-day, Kropotkin." He knew me personally, and spoke in a familiar, good-natured tone, as to an old acquaintance. "How is it possible, Kropotkin, that you, a page de chambre, a sergeant of the corps of pages, should be mixed up in this business, and now be here in this horrible casemate?"

"Every one has his own opinions," was my reply.

"Opinions! So your opinions were that you must stir up a revolution?"

What was I to reply? Yes? Then the construction which would be put upon my answer would be that I, who had refused to give any answers to the gendarmes, "avowed everything" before the brother of the Tsar. His tone was that of a commander of a military school when trying to obtain "avowals" from a cadet. Yet I could not say No: it would have been a lie. I did not know what to say, and stood without saying anything.

"You see! You feel ashamed of it now" —

This remark angered me, and I at once said in a rather sharp way, "I have given my replies to the inquiring magistrate, and have nothing more to say."

"But understand, Kropotkin, please," he said then in the most familiar tone, "that I don't speak to you as an inquiring magistrate. I speak quite as a private person, — quite as a private man," he repeated, lowering his voice.

Thoughts went whirling in my head. To play the part of Marquis Posa? To tell the Emperor through the grand duke the desolation of Russia, the ruin of the peasantry, the arbitrariness of the officials, the terrible famines in prospect?

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To say that we wanted to help the peasants out of their desperate condition, to make them raise their heads, — and by all this try to influence Alexander II.? These thoughts followed one another in rapid succession, till at last I said to myself: "Never! Nonsense! They know all that. They are enemies of the nation, and such talk would not change them."

I replied that he always remained an official person, and that I could not look upon him as a private man.

He then began to ask me indifferent questions. "Was it not in Siberia, with the Decembrists, that you came to such ideas?"

"No; I knew only one Decembrist, and with him I had no talks worth speaking of."

"Was it then at St. Petersburg that you got them?"

"I always was the same."

"Why! Were you such in the corps of pages?"

"In the corps I was a boy, and what is indefinite in boyhood grows definite in manhood."

He asked me some other similar questions, and as he spoke I distinctly saw what he was driving at. He was trying to obtain avowals, and my imagination vividly pictured him saying to his brother: "All these examining magistrates are imbeciles. He gave them no replies, but I talked to him ten minutes, and he told me everything." That began to annoy me; and when he said to me something to this effect, "How could you have anything to do with all these people, — peasants and people with no names?" — I sharply turned upon him and said, "I have told you already that I have given my replies to the examining magistrate." Then he abruptly left the cell.

Later, the soldiers of the guard made quite a legend of that visit. The person who came in a carriage to carry me away at the time of my escape wore a military cap, and, having sandy whiskers, bore a faint resemblance to the Grand Duke Nicholas. So a tradition grew up amongst the soldiers of the St. Petersburg garrison that it was the grand duke himself who came to rescue me and kidnapped me. Thus are legends created even in times of newspapers and biographical dictionaries.

V.

Two years had passed. Several of my comrades had died, several had become insane, but nothing was heard yet of our case coming before a court.

My health gave way before the end of the second year. The oak stool now seemed heavy in my hand, and the five miles became an endless distance. As there were about sixty of us in the fortress, and the winter days were short, we were taken out for a walk in the yard for twenty minutes only every third day. I did my best to maintain my energy, but the "arctic wintering" without an interruption in the summer got the better of me. I had brought back from my Siberian journeys slight symptoms of scurvy; now, in the darkness and dampness of the casemate, they developed more distinctly; that scourge of the prisons had taken hold of me.

In March or April, 1876, we were at last told that the Third Section had completed the preliminary inquest. The "case" had been transmitted to the judicial authorities, and consequently we were removed to a prison attached to the court of justice, — the house of detention.

It was an immense show prison, recently built on the model of the French and Belgian prisons, consisting of four stories of small cells, each of which had a window overlooking an inner yard and a door opening on an iron balcony; the balconies of the several stories were connected by iron staircases.

For most of my comrades the transfer to this prison was a great relief.

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There was much more life in it than in the fortress; more opportunity for correspondence, for seeing one's relatives, and for mutual intercourse. Tapping on the walls continued all day long undisturbed, and I was able in this way to relate to a young neighbor the history of the Paris Commune from the beginning to the end. It took, however, a whole week's tapping.

As to my health, it grew even worse than it had lately been in the fortress. I suffocated in the close atmosphere of the tiny cell, which measured only four steps from one corner to another, and where, as soon as the steam pipes were set to work, the temperature changed from a glacial cold to an unbearable heat. Having to turn so often, I became giddy after a few minutes' walk, and ten minutes of outdoor exercise, in the corner of a yard inclosed between high brick walls, did not refresh me in the least. As to the prison doctor, who did not want to hear the word "scurvy" pronounced "in his prison," the less said of him the better.

I was allowed to receive food from home, it so happening that one of my relatives, married to a lawyer, lived a few doors from the court. But my digestion had become so bad that I was soon able to eat nothing but a small piece of bread and one or two eggs a day. My strength rapidly failed, and the general opinion was that I would not live more than a few months. When climbing the staircase which led to my cell in the second story, I had to stop two or three times to rest, and I remember an elderly soldier from the escort once commiserating me and saying, "Poor man, you won't live till the end of the summer."

My relatives now became very much alarmed. My sister Hélène tried to obtain my release on bail, but the procureur, Shúbin, replied to her, with a sardonic smile, "If you bring me a doctor's certificate that he will die in ten days, I will release him." He had the satisfaction of seeing my sister fall into a chair and sob aloud in his presence. She succeeded, however, in gaining her request that I should be visited by a good physician, — the chief doctor of the military hospital of the St. Petersburg garrison. He was a bright, intelligent, aged general, who examined me in the most scrupulous manner, and concluded that I had no organic disease, but was suffering simply from a want of oxidation of the blood. "Air is all that you want," he said. Then he stood a few minutes in hesitation, and added in a decided manner, "No use talking, you cannot remain here; you must be transferred."

Some ten days later I was transferred to the military hospital, which is situated on the outskirts of St. Petersburg, and has a special small prison for the officers and soldiers who fall ill when they are under trial. Two of my comrades had already been removed to this hospital prison, when it was certain that they would soon die of consumption.

In the hospital I began at once to recover. I was given a spacious room on the ground floor, close by the room of the military guard. It had an immense grated window looking south, which opened on a small boulevard with two rows of trees; and beyond the boulevard there was a wide space where two hundred carpenters were engaged in building wooden shanties for typhoid patients. Every evening they gave an hour or so to singing in chorus, — such a chorus as is formed only in large carpenters' *artels*. A sentry marched up and down the boulevard, his box standing opposite my room.

My window was kept open all the day, and I battened in the rays of the sun, which I had missed for such a long time. I breathed the balmy air of May with a full chest, and my health improved rapidly, — too rapidly, I began to think.

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I was soon able to digest light food, gained strength, and resumed my work with renewed energy. Seeing that by no means should I finish the second volume of my work, I wrote a résumé of it, which was printed in the first volume.

In the fortress I had heard from a comrade who had been in the hospital prison that it would not be hard for me to escape from it, and I made my presence there known to my friends. However, escape proved far more difficult than I had been told. A stricter supervision than had ever been heard of before was exercised over me. The sentry in the passage was placed at my door, and I was never let out of my room. The hospital soldiers and the officers of the guard who occasionally entered it seemed to be afraid to stay more than a minute or so.

Various plans were made by my friends to liberate me, — some of them very amusing. I was, for instance, to file through the iron bars of my window. Then, on a rainy night, when the sentry on the boulevard was dozing in his box, two friends were to creep up from behind and overturn the box, so that it would fall upon the sentry and catch him like a mouse in a trap, while I, in the meantime, was to jump out of the window. But a better solution came in an unexpected way.

"Ask to be let out for a walk," one of the soldiers whispered to me one day. I did so. The doctor supported my demand, and every afternoon, at four, I was allowed to take an hour's walk in the prison yard. I had to keep on the green flannel dressing gown which is worn by the hospital patients, but my boots, my vest, and my trousers were delivered to me every day.

I shall never forget my first walk. When I was taken out, I saw before me a yard full three hundred paces long and more than two hundred paces wide, all covered with grass. The gate was open, and through it I could see the street, the immense hospital opposite, and the people who passed by. I stopped on the doorsteps of the prison, unable for a moment to move when I saw that yard and that gate.

At one end of the yard stood the prison, — a narrow building, about one hundred and fifty paces long, — at each end of which was a sentry box. The two sentries paced up and down in front of the building, and had tramped out a footpath in the green. Along this footpath I was told to walk, and the sentries walked beside me, — so that I was never more than ten or fifteen paces from the one or the other. Three hospital soldiers took their seats on the doorsteps.

At the opposite end of this spacious yard wood for fuel was being unloaded from a dozen carts, and piled up along the wall by a dozen peasants. The whole yard was inclosed by a high fence made of thick boards. Its gate was open to let the carts in and out.

This open gate fascinated me. "I must not stare at it," I said to myself; and yet I looked at it all the time. As soon as I was taken back to my cell I wrote to my friends to communicate to them the welcome news. "I feel well-nigh unable to use the cipher," I wrote with a tremulous hand, tracing almost illegible signs instead of figures. "This nearness of liberty makes me tremble as if I were in a fever. They took me out to-day in the yard; its gate was open, and no sentry near it. Through this unguarded gate I will run out; my sentries will not catch me," — and I gave the plan of the escape. "A lady is to come in an open carriage to the hospital. She is to alight, and the carriage to wait for her in the street, some fifty paces from the gate. When I am taken out, at four, I shall walk for a while with my hat in my hand, and somebody who passes by the gate will take it as the signal that all is right within the prison. Then you must return a signal: 'The street is clear.'

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Without it I shall not start: once beyond the gate I must not be recaptured. Light or sound only can be used for your signal. The coachman may send a flash of light, — the sun's rays reflected from his lacquered hat upon the main hospital building; or, still better, the sound of a song that goes on as long as the street is clear; unless you can occupy the little gray bungalow which I see from the yard, and signal to me from its window. The sentry will run after me like a dog after a hare, describing a curve, while I run in a straight line, and I *will* keep five or ten paces in advance of him. In the street, I shall spring into the carriage and we shall gallop away. If the sentry shoots — well, that cannot be helped; it lies beyond our foresight; and then, against a certain death in prison, the thing is well worth the risk."

Counter proposals were made, but that plan was ultimately adopted. The matter was taken in hand by our circle; people who never had known me entered into it, as if it were the release of the dearest of their brothers. However, the attempt was beset with difficulties, and time went with terrible rapidity. I worked hard, writing late at night; but my health improved, nevertheless, at a speed which I found appalling. When I was let out into the yard for the first time, I could only creep like a tortoise along the footpath; now I felt strong enough to run. True, I continued to go at the same tortoise pace, lest my walks should be stopped; but my natural vivacity might betray me at any moment. And my comrades, in the meantime, had to enlist more than a score of people in the affair, to find a reliable horse and an experienced coachman, and to arrange hundreds of details which always spring up like mushrooms around such conspiracies. The preparations took a month or so, and any day I might be moved back to the house of detention.

At last the day of the escape was settled. June 29, old style, is the day of St. Peter and St. Paul. My friends, throwing a touch of sentimentalism into their enterprise, wanted to set me free on that day. They had let me know that in reply to my signal "All right within" they would signal "All right outside" by sending up a red toy balloon. Then the carriage would come, and a song would be sung to let me know when the street was open.

I went out on the 29th, took off my hat, and waited for the balloon. But nothing of the kind was to be seen. Half an hour passed. I heard the rumble of a carriage in the street; I heard a man's voice singing a song unknown to me; but there was no balloon.

The hour was over, and with a broken heart I returned to my room. "Something must have gone wrong," I said to myself.

The impossible had happened that day. Hundreds of children's balloons are always sold at St. Petersburg, near the Gostinoi Dvor. That morning there were none; not a single balloon was to be found. One was discovered at last, in the possession of a child, but it was old and would not fly. My friends rushed then to an optician's shop, bought an apparatus for making hydrogen, and filled the balloon with it; but it would not fly any better: the hydrogen had not been dried. Time pressed. Then a lady attached the balloon to her umbrella, and, holding the umbrella high over her head, walked up and down in the street along the high wall of our yard; but I saw nothing of it, — the wall being too high, and the lady too short.

As it turned out, nothing could have been better than that accident with the balloon. When the hour of my walk had passed, the carriage was driven along the streets which it was intended to follow after the escape; and there, in a narrow street, it was stopped by a dozen or more carts which were carrying wood to the hospital. The horses of the

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carts got into disorder, — some of them on the right side of the street, and some on the left, — and the carriage had to make its way at a slow pace amongst them; at a turning it was actually blocked. If I had been in it, I should have been caught.

Now a whole system of signals was established along the streets through which we should have to go after the escape, in order to give notice if the streets were not clear. For a couple of miles from the hospital my comrades took the position of sentries. One was to walk up and down with a handkerchief in his hand, which at the approach of the carts he was to put into his pocket; another was to sit on a stone and eat cherries, stopping when the carts came near; and so on. All these signals, transmitted along the streets, were finally to reach the carriage. Friends had also hired the gray bungalow that I had seen from the yard, and at an open window of that little house a violinist stood with his violin, ready to play when the signal "Street clear" reached him.

The attempt had been settled for the next day. Further postponement would have been dangerous. In fact, the carriage had been taken notice of by the hospital people, and something suspicious must have reached the ears of the authorities, as on the night before my escape I heard the patrol officer ask the sentry who stood opposite my window, "Where are your ball cartridges?" The soldier began to take them in a clumsy way out of his cartridge pouch, spending a couple of minutes before he got them. The patrol officer swore at him. "Have you not been told to-night to keep four ball cartridges in the pocket of your coat?" And he stood by the sentry till the latter put four cartridges into his pocket. "Look sharp!" he said as he turned away.

The new arrangements concerning the signals had to be communicated to me at once; and at two on the next day a lady — a dear relative of mine — came to the prison, asking that a watch might be transmitted to me. Everything had to go through the hands of the procureur; but as this was simply a watch, without a box, it was passed along. In it was a tiny cipher note which contained the whole plan. When I read it I was seized with terror, so daring was the feat. The lady, herself under pursuit by the police for political reasons, would have been arrested on the spot, if any one had chanced to open the lid of the watch. But I saw her calmly leave the prison and move slowly along the boulevard.

I came out at four, as usual, and gave my signal. I heard next the rumble of the carriage, and a few minutes later the tones of the violin in the gray house sounded through our yard. But I was then at the other end of the building. When I got back to the end of my path which was nearest the gate, — about a hundred paces from it, — the sentry was close upon my heels. "One turn more," I thought; but before I reached the farther end of the path the violin suddenly ceased playing.

More than a quarter of an hour passed, full of anxiety, before I understood the cause of the interruption. Then a dozen heavily loaded carts entered the gate and moved to the other end of the yard.

Immediately, the violinist — a good one, I must say — began a wildly exciting mazurka from Kontsky, as if to say, "Straight on now, — this is your time!" I moved slowly to the nearer end of the footpath, trembling at the thought that the mazurka might stop before I reached it.

When I was there I turned round. The sentry had stopped five or six paces behind me; he was looking the other way. "Now or never!" I remember that thought flashing through my head. I flung off my green flannel dressing gown and began to run.

For many days in succession I had practiced how to get rid of that immea-

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surably long and cumbrous garment. It was so long that I carried the lower part on my left arm, as ladies carry the trains of their riding habits. Do what I might, it would not come off in one movement. I cut the seams under the armpits, but that did not help. Then I decided to learn to throw it off in two movements: one casting the end from my arm, the other dropping the gown on the floor. I practiced patiently in my room until I could do it as neatly as soldiers handle their rifles. "One, two," and it was on the ground.

I did not trust much to my vigor, and began to run rather slowly, to economize my strength. But no sooner had I taken a few steps than the peasants who were piling the wood at the other end shouted, "He runs! Stop him! Catch him!" and they hastened to intercept me at the gate. Then I flew for my life. I thought of nothing but running, — not even of the pit which the carts had dug out at the gate. Run! run! full speed!

The sentry, I was told later by the friends who witnessed the scene from the gray house, ran after me, followed by three soldiers who had been sitting on the doorsteps. The sentry was so near to me that he felt sure of catching me. Several times he flung his rifle forward, trying to give me a blow in the back with the bayonet. One moment my friends in the window thought he had me. He was so convinced that he could stop me in this way that he did not fire. But I kept my distance, and he had to give up at the gate.

Safe out of the gate, I perceived, to my terror, that the carriage was occupied by a civilian who wore a military cap. He sat without turning his head to me. "Sold!" was my first thought. The comrades had written in their last letter, "Once in the street, don't give yourself up: there will be friends to defend you in case of need," and I did not want to jump into the carriage if it was occupied by an enemy. However, as I got nearer to the carriage I noticed that the man in it had sandy whiskers which seemed to be those of a warm friend of mine. He did not belong to our circle, but we were personal friends, and on more than one occasion I had learned to know his admirable, daring courage, and how his strength suddenly became herculean when there was danger at hand. "Why should he be there? Is it possible?" I reflected, and was going to shout out his name, when I caught myself in good time, and instead clapped my hands, while still running, to attract his attention. He turned his face to me — and I knew who it was.

"Jump in, quick, quick!" he shouted in a terrible voice, calling me and the coachman all sorts of names, a revolver in his hand and ready to shoot. "Gallop! gallop! I will kill you!" he said to the coachman. The horse — a beautiful racing trotter, which had been bought on purpose — started at full gallop. Scores of voices yelling, "Hold them! Get them!" resounded behind us, my friend meanwhile helping me to put on an elegant overcoat and an opera hat. But the real danger was not so much in the pursuers as in a soldier who was posted at the gate of the hospital, about opposite to the spot where the carriage had to wait. He could have prevented my jumping into the carriage or could have stopped the horse by simply rushing a few steps forward. A friend was consequently commissioned to divert this soldier by talking. He did this most successfully. The soldier having been employed at one time in the laboratory of the hospital, my friend gave a scientific turn to their chat, speaking about the microscope and the wonderful things one sees through it. Referring to a certain parasite of the human body, he asked, "Did you ever see what a formidable tail it has?" "What, man, a tail?" "Yes, it has; under the microscope it is as big as that." "Don't tell me any of

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your tales!" retorted the soldier. "I know better. It was the first thing I looked at under the microscope." This animated discussion took place just as I ran past them and sprang into the carriage. It sounds like a fable, but it is a fact.

The carriage turned sharply into a narrow lane, past the same wall of the yard where the peasants had been piling wood, and which all of them had now deserted in their run after me. The turn was so sharp that the carriage was nearly upset, when I flung myself inward, dragging toward me my friend; this sudden movement righted the carriage.

Two gendarmes were standing at the door of a public house, and gave to the military cap of my companion the military salute. "Hush! hush!" I said to him, for he was still visibly excited. "All goes well; the gendarmes salute us!" The coachman thereupon turned his face toward me, and I recognized in him another friend, who smiled with happiness.

Everywhere we saw friends, who winked to us or gave us a Godspeed as we passed at the full trot of our beautiful horse. Then we entered the large Nevsky Perspective, turned into a side street, and alighted at a door, sending away the coachman. I ran up a staircase, and at its top fell into the arms of my sister-in-law, who had been waiting in painful anxiety. She laughed and cried at the same time, bidding me hurry to put on another dress and to crop my conspicuous beard. Ten minutes later my friend and I left the house and took a cab.

In the meantime, the officer of the guard at the prison and the hospital soldiers had rushed out into the street, doubtful as to what measures they should take. There was not a cab for a mile round, every one having been hired by my friends. An old peasant woman from the crowd was wiser than all the lot. "Poor people," she said, as if talking to herself, "they are sure to come out on the Perspective, and there they will be caught if somebody runs along that lane, which leads straight to the Perspective." She was quite right, and the officer ran to the tramway car that stood close by, and asked the men to let him have their horses to send somebody on horseback to the Perspective. But the men obstinately refused to give up their horses, and the officer did not use force.

As to the violinist and the lady who had taken the gray house, they too rushed out and joined the crowd with the old woman, whom they heard giving advice, and when the crowd dispersed they went also.

It was a fine afternoon. We drove to the islands where all the St. Petersburg aristocracy goes on bright spring days to see the sunset, and called on the way, in a remote street, at a barber's shop to shave off my beard, which operation changed me, of course, but not very much. We drove aimlessly up and down the islands, but, having been told not to reach our night quarters till late in the evening, did not know where to go. "What shall we do in the meantime?" I asked my friend. He also pondered over that question. "To Donon!" he suddenly called out to the cabman, naming one of the best St. Petersburg restaurants. "No one will ever think of looking for you at Donon," he calmly remarked. "They will hunt for you everywhere else, but not there; and we shall have our dinner, and a drink too, for the success of your escape."

What could I reply to so reasonable a suggestion? So we went to Donon, passed the halls flooded with light and crowded with visitors at the dinner hour, and took a separate room, where we spent the evening till the time came when we were expected. The house where we had first alighted was searched less than two hours after we left, as were also the apartments of nearly all our friends. Nobody thought of making a search at Donon.

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A couple of days later I was to take possession of an apartment which had been engaged for me, and which I could occupy under a false passport. But the lady who was to go with me took the precaution of visiting it first by herself. It was thickly surrounded by spies. So many of my friends had come to inquire whether I was safe there that the suspicions of the police had been aroused. Moreover, my portrait had been printed by the Third Section, and hundreds of copies had been distributed to policemen and watchmen. All the detectives who knew me by sight were looking for me in the streets; while those who did not were accompanied by soldiers and warders who had seen me during my imprisonment. The Tsar was furious that such an escape should have taken place in his capital in full daylight, and he had ordered, "He *must* be found."

It was impossible to remain at St. Petersburg, and I concealed myself in country houses in its neighborhood. In company with half a dozen friends, I stayed at a village frequented at this time of the year by St. Petersburg people bent on picnicking. Then it was decided that I should go abroad. But from a foreign paper we had learned that all the frontier stations and railway termini in the Baltic provinces and Finland were closely watched by detectives who knew me by sight. So I determined to travel in a direction where I would be least expected. Armed with the passport of a friend, I crossed Finland, and went northward to a remote port on the Gulf of Bothnia, whence I crossed to Sweden.

After I had gone on board the steamer, and it was about to sail, the friend who was to accompany me to the frontier told me the St. Petersburg news, which he had promised our friends not to tell me before. My sister Hélène had been arrested, as well as the sister of my brother's wife, who had visited me in prison once a month after my brother and his wife went to Siberia.

My sister knew absolutely nothing of the preparations for my escape. Only after I had escaped a friend had told her the welcome news. She protested her ignorance in vain: she was taken from her children, and was kept imprisoned for a fortnight. As to the sister of my brother's wife, she had known vaguely that something was to be attempted, but she had had no part in the preparations. Common sense ought to have shown the authorities that a person who had officially visited me in prison would not be involved in such an affair. Nevertheless, she was kept in prison for over two months. Her husband, a well-known lawyer, vainly endeavored to obtain her release. "We are aware now," he was told by the gendarme officers, "that she has had nothing to do with the escape; but, you see, we reported to the Emperor, on the day we arrested her, that the person who had organized the escape was discovered and arrested. It will now take some time to prepare the Emperor to accept the idea that she is not the real culprit."

I crossed Sweden without stopping anywhere, and went to Christiania, where I waited a few days for a steamer to sail for Hull, gathering information in the meantime about the peasant party of the Norwegian Storthing. As I went to the steamer I asked myself with anxiety, "Under which flag does she sail, — Norwegian, German, English?" Then I saw floating above the stern the union jack, — the flag under which so many refugees, Russian, Italian, French, Hungarian, and of all nations, have found an asylum. I greeted that flag from the depth of my heart.

P. Kropotkin.

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THE LAME BOY.

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LATHAM was about to take the aisle seat; but he remembered his wife and stood aside, smiling a good-natured confession of his absent-mindedness.

When they were seated Mrs. Latham said, "How did you come to think of me?" She looked up at him, her eyes shining over the joke of his abstraction.

The man smiled again, but more vaguely. A light reply occurred to him; but his thoughts were running too strongly back to the absorbing coil of that problem which he had left, evidenced by a wide litter of papers and law books on his study table.

He was well enough aware of the scene, — the theatre-like hall, the stage in front prodigally framed in flowers, the people filling the seats about. He nodded here and there, and he was aware that other people glanced at him.

His face was easily recognized even from these variously caricaturing portraits which appeared in the newspapers from time to time. The short sandy hair, inclining from each side, ran together in a sort of snarl above the centre of his broad, sloping, aggressive brow. This odd snarl was repeated in miniature in the meeting of his heavy eyebrows. The eyes themselves looked dim behind the gold-bowed glasses. From each side of his wide, blunt nose a deep furrow ran down, and a welt of tough colorless flesh lay over the furrow. The mouth was rather small; the chin square, with a cleft in the middle. His strong, well-made hands lay one on each arm of the seat. Mrs. Latham dropped her wrist across the hand which monopolized the arm between their seats, and instantly drew it away, leaning a little to the other side so as not to disturb him. Latham was trying to recall the precise language of that decision in the 32d Illinois, — a bore to be away from one's books. But he again supposed, in an undercurrent consciousness, that a Commencement was an affair demanding some sacrifice, if one had a son.

Music began, and banished the slight, superficial annoyance of the stirring and chattering about him. He approved of music. It made a good atmosphere to think in. Some other affairs went forward on the stage, to which he gave at moments a cursory attention.

Ah, the boy! Latham made a strong winking with both eyes. His big frame slid further down in the seat. He softly laid the tips of his fingers together. He was ready to listen.

A slight lad, about eighteen, was coming to the front of the stage, walking with a distinct limp. Abruptly, quite unexpectedly, a dull pang touched Latham's heart. Such a misfortune to be lame in youth!

The boy's stiff leg had always been a sorrow, naturally; but for years a familiar, accepted sorrow, like a death that had happened long ago. Now, as the slender young figure stood forth so conspicuously in a moment when youth should be triumphant — Oddly, Latham recalled the girl who had lately stood there singing; even out of his mental remoteness there emanated a sense of the joy of her young, vigorous, beautiful limbs, like a perfume remembered after it has passed. His boy's lameness became vitally of the present. There were his own huge, tireless limbs, his own bodily vigor that was equal to anything. He felt an impotent, pitying wish to give the boy a fairer endowment. Another thing struck him with new force, — it was the mother's face up there.

The lad was speaking. His subject was The Duties of Citizenship. Latham had smiled over it vaguely when his wife told him.

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At first, as he listened, there was a slight movement of his lips, like the beginning of a smile. But very soon that ceased, and slowly, step by step, a large wonder took possession of him.

This essay was callow enough in the main, sophomorical enough, romantic enough. Latham knew that he could blow the thing over with a breath; that he could riddle it with a gibe; that a movement of his finger would be enough to shatter it. But he was not thinking of that. The emotion in his mind amounted to this: Where had the boy come by those thoughts? This boy, who half an hour before had seemed so familiar, as thoroughly imbedded in the intimate environment of his life as the chair in his study, in respect of whom his indefinite and unformulated impression had been that he could draw his finger around the whole circumference of the younger existence, — by what miracle had he suddenly developed the universe of an independent mind?

For there was thought here. The lawyer's mind, without conscious analysis, recognized the independent intellectual force. Much was taken at second hand, much was false, much was flimsy; but the boy had thought. The father perceived, with extreme surprise, that the son had been standing apart in his individuality, trying, considering, pondering. Latham sympathetically translated himself to the lad's place. He understood that this speaker had been weighing and judging his father, and his father's world.

It occurred to Latham that he must have known this would happen, — but only "some time," a time far off. Again he felt a kind of immense pity. He had always proposed vaguely to do what he could about forming the boy's mind; and behold! while he slept the forming had taken place.

It touched his affection, and at the same time, indistinctly, it stirred a self-pity in him, as though he had irreparably lost something. He looked around at his wife, moving his hand a little to touch her arm with an unwonted softness. But at the first light contact she drew her arm away, and bent a little further to the other side, just as she had at first when her arm disturbed his hand. Instantly, in the play of new-wrought emotion, Latham saw that this was simply her habitual, long-schooled, sweet sacrifice to the inexorable demands of his preoccupation. Then he saw her face more fully, and his hand slipped back from the arm of the seat. In a queer flash he felt a fear of disturbing her.

She sat well forward. Her rapt face was fixed upon the speaking boy so intently that she seemed to have entered into his being, to be speaking with him.

It was in a way the boy's face, with its soft dark eyes, short straight nose, and gentle mouth and chin, — still a well-preserved, pretty face, its comeliness dignified by the slight powdering of gray in the smooth brown hair. Her hands rested in her lap. Now and then they stirred with a slight unconscious nervous motion. Her lips, too, moved a little now and then. In a moment Latham perceived that she was in fact speaking with the boy. It came to him with sudden insight how the boy had often gone to her with this essay; how she had read and listened to it; how she had absorbed it as a part of his life. The words from the stage failed to impress him as he hung on this new wonder.

Soon he saw something else, — that it was the moment of the woman's tenderest and completest triumph. She had heard him speak a few times. He had humored her wish with good-natured tolerance. But now he knew that nothing he could do would ever move her as this boy's speech did. Though he should lay a new corner stone of law or compel a senate, her heart would not be suffused with this tender exultation. He felt strangely lonely.

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Getting into the carriage, he wished to sit by his wife, to feel her beside him, to touch her. But she and the lad took the back seat as a matter of course. He had already patted the boy's shoulder and mumbled something about the essay. As the carriage wheeled around, the boy said, with a kind of gentle boldness, "Did n't you like Rose's singing, father?"

"Yes," replied Latham absently, engrossed in his surprises. At once the mother and son fell to talking together in low tones. It wounded the man, although he knew well enough it was his own work.

When they entered the house, Latham went at once stolidly up the ample curving stairs, while the other two loitered in the hall. On the second floor he mechanically pushed through the door to his study, turned on the electric lights, and sat down in the big leather-covered chair before the long table, covered with its professional litter, from which he had torn himself reluctantly. His wife had appeared at the door putting on her gloves, and said, "It 's time now, Edward," and he had got up quickly, for she always gave him the last second.

Now, as he looked down at the pile of papers and the opened books, a singular repugnance filled his mind. How long he had toiled at those things! How many days!

He had succeeded. The house was spacious. There was money enough. His name was a host. But at this moment he felt a kind of disgust, a kind of anger, toward that admirable mind of his; that splendid, tireless, insatiable machine, which wrought ceaselessly day and night, and ground up his life. He was lonely. He got up and stepped to the small secretary in the corner. He explored a little drawer, then another, and drew out a yellow cabinet photograph of his wife, taken in the year they were married. It came to him just how she used to sit at the piano and play lightly and sing softly to herself in the evening, while he pored over his law books. There was not this spaciousness in their appointments then. He was just struggling up to his first small successes. He had not looked at this photograph for years.

Where had those years gone? He could count them in lawsuits fought, in fees won. They were written deep in those yellow-backed books about him. But he was getting old. He was old. His son had grown up unawares. His own wife, — how had that sprinkling of gray come into her hair, when it was only yesterday that she was like this picture?

Suddenly that solid world of affairs in which he had lived seemed phantasmagorial, hollow, a dream in which somehow he had lost his life. For the better part of it was lost. Soon he would be bent, decrepit, joy would be forever behind him.

He slipped the photograph into his inner coat pocket. He turned to the door with a kind of anxious despair, as though he felt the strength going out of his rugged limbs, as though he felt age overwhelming him. He wished most of all to take his wife's hand, to sit beside her, to feel himself again loving and beloved, to warm away the frost that touched his heart.

He crossed the hall, pushed open the door of his wife's room, and hesitated on the threshold. The boy sat beside his mother. They were talking together.

The son's presence was a shock. Somehow, to Latham's perception, that presence made his own simple, ardent outflowing of tenderness half grotesque, half silly, as though the lad had caught him in something unseemly. He felt embarrassed, almost sheepish.

The mother and son had stopped talking the moment he appeared. The woman looked up at him, serene, gentle, loyal, half ready to rise, expecting that he would ask for something.

Latham pulled a chair over, and sat

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down before them. He wished to say: "I am very lonely; go on talking; let me hear what it is that you always have to say to each other." But what he did say was: "I thought I'd come in and see how the young orator felt after his effort." He spoke smilingly; but the words struck him as patronizing, as possibly suggesting a sarcasm.

The boy glanced down. The mother looked at him fondly. "He feels very well, I guess," she said. Her hand brushed the hair back from his forehead.

The boy turned with a shy eagerness. "Did you think I was right, father?"

Latham smiled tolerantly, and replied at once: "Oh, bless you, no. You were quite wrong. But you spoke very well, and it was fairly original. That is the main thing at your age."

The lad's eyes fell quickly. He put his hand, as by an unconscious motion, to the arm of his mother's chair. She put her hand over it caressingly.

Then Latham saw that he had hurt the boy; that the youth's thought was as precious to him as the man's to him. This perception wounded him. "Why can they not understand me?" he asked himself bitterly, half resentfully.

"I thought it was very good, Edward," said the mother, more to the lad than to him; and comfortingly, not contentiously.

Latham saw again how close they were to each other. It came to him that if she no longer played and sung to herself softly, it was because the boy had filled up her life. Long ago she had been lonely many a time, just as he was tonight. But the human nature in her had taken its perfect revenge. The boy was all she required. The husband was left to the preoccupations on which he had insisted.

"Very likely it was altogether good. I am apt to be mistaken — about many things," said Latham. He felt that he spoke dryly, even that it sounded somewhat bitter. His wife looked at him with a faint surprise. There was a brief, awkward pause. Something else came to his lips; but it was not the right thing. He sat a moment, embarrassed, helpless.

"Have you finished your work so early?" Mrs. Latham asked.

He felt it to be simply a politeness, — the sort of speech that one makes when nothing else comes to one.

"No, I have more to do," he answered, and he rose from his chair.

For an instant the woman glanced up at him. The momentary sense of a loss, of an affectionate desire, stirred in her. But he had taken one look at her, and was turning away. It was the law of their lives. She said nothing.

It had come to Latham that, after all, he had nothing to say to these dear strangers in his house. His thought and their thought were a world apart, and he had lost the trick of interpretation, — lost it somehow in those years of intense application that had worn his mind in grooves, so that, however well it went along its own path, a distraction had come to be painful to him.

He took his loneliness back to his den. His will was set now, and he bent grimly over his task.

Two hours later he stood up, wiping his glasses. He was tired, but content. The brief lay outlined before him. He knew the men were few who could have done it so well and so quickly. The old mill ground!

He touched something in his pocket, and drew out his wife's picture. He smiled over it a little mournfully, but without any bitterness. His manner of life was fixed. He was Latham. A sense of his capacity, of his power, stirred in him. He felt the solid structure of his success. Thank God, at any rate, he had made an enduring rock, in the shadow of which their lives were secure. Let him be the rock. There were not too many of them.

Will Payne.

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IN THE ORCHARD.

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THE thick grass, and the blue, blue sky,
The clover and the timothy,
And, overhead, July;
Bird echoes sounding faint and fine,
And your heart beating close to mine.

Slow whispers in the apple boughs
Of murmuring leaves a-drowse,
That passing breezes rouse;
And flickering webs of silver, spun
By the white fingers of the sun.

Dim silences beneath the trees,
Lulled sometimes by the hum of bees
Afloat on summer seas;
The dry air sparkling up like wine,
And your heart pulsing close to mine.

The sense of living, keen as pain,
When the tense heartstrings seem to strain
While golden moments wane;
In near-by fields the song of birds,
And now no need nor wish for words.

Now nothing matters; each for each
With the long lessons love can teach
Without or sound or speech;
And soft winds blow, and far suns shine,
With your heart leaping, close to mine.

Ernest McGaffey.

UNMARKED, A GLORY.

I HEARD two youths make moan, and say
Each his wish, upon a day.
Stood the first beside his plough:
Angrily he wiped his brow,
And, "Ah!" he cried, "that I might be
What else I might, so I were free
To live my life, and cast behind
These mindless tasks that cramp the mind,
These shackles of the commonplace
That crush out all life's finer grace!"

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The second lifted up his head,
Heavy with toil, and sadly said:
"Would I might leave the town for aye!
Surely, beneath the open day,
Among the hills, I should not pine
That naught worth having might be mine;
That all that life to me could give
Was to make ready still to live!"
Then saw I how about them lay,
Unmarked, a glory, all the day.
The one scarce looked beyond his plough,
Although it seamed a mountain's brow,
And half the world, below, outspread
Its mystic meanings, all unread!
The other let mankind go by,
Nor dreamed the things he sought were nigh;
He saw a thousand faces shine,
With eyes that knew not the divine;
And walked the streets where life was lived,
Longing for life — and hopeless grieved!

F. Whitmore.

AT NIGHTFALL.

SUNK is the sun behind the western trees,
And the long shadows melt into the dusk;
The garden flowers look palely through hushed leaves,
Freighting the air with heavy-scented sweets.
Sleep.

Now falls the night, down sifting through the air
Lulled waftures of soft-dropping silences;
And slumber-breathing darkness shrouds thine eyes.
Sleep.

The idle hands lie folded in the lap,
Forgetting the long travail of the day;
The playthings we call work are all put by;
And all the rankling of the bitter world,
Like a dull snake, coils up itself to sleep;
And peace falls, like a flutter of white doves.
Sleep.

For sin, and pain, and passion, and all ills
That tear the unshielded weakness of our souls,
The power that bids us suffer gives us sleep;
And he that says he has no faith lies down

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And in all faith resigns his soul to sleep.
Sure of the morning and the light again,
Forth ebbs the soul upon the tide of dreams.
Sleep.

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And all alike are folded in one love;
And all alike are guided by one will;
And on each heart fall the cool dews of rest.
Sleep.

Love, thou art weary, and thine eyes are wet —
Sleep.

Albert Phelps.

LETTERS BETWEEN TWO POETS.

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF BAYARD TAYLOR AND SIDNEY LANIER.

II.

In the early part of July, 1876, Mr. Lanier was in Philadelphia for a few days, at the time when his first volume of poems (containing Corn, The Symphony, The Psalm of the West, In Absence, Acknowledgment, Betrayal, Special Pleading, To Charlotte Cushman, Rose-Morals, and To ——, with a Rose, with the dedicatory stanzas To Charlotte Cushman) was published by the Lippincotts. He was just recovering from a sharp attack of the disease which he was to fight continuously for the next five years, but the cheerful serenity brought him by his growing power in his art is written large over the hint of physical distress in the next letter: —

July, 1876.

My dear Mr. Taylor, — I write a mere note to say, in answer to your kind inquiry about my volume, that Mr. Peacock brought up a copy yesterday which had just been sent to the Bulletin office, from which I presume that the book is now published. I 've been here (at the Peacocks') for several days, very ill, and have not seen the publishers in a long time, — which accounts for my lack of more precise knowledge. The book is called simply Poems By S. L. I 'll have a copy sent you as soon as I get out. . . .

I found pleasure in learning from your letter that the Eve. Post had copied the sonnets. I can't tell you with what ravishing freedom and calmness I find myself writing, in these days, nor how serene and sunny the poetic region seems to lie, in front, like broad upland fields and slopes. I write all the time, and sit down to the paper with the poems already done. I hope to have out another volume soon of work which will show a much quieter technique than this one. A modern French writer has spoken of the works of the great artists of the world as being like the high white clouds which sail calmly over a green valley on a summer day. This seems to me very beautiful. . . .

West Chester, Pa., *July* 19, 1876.

My dear Mr. Taylor, — I 'm just crawling back into some sort of shambling activity after a very depressing illness; and my congratulations on the suc-

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cess of your Ode will therefore not be considered by you as too late to enter in.

I found that General Hawley had been kind enough to send me an invitation to the platform; but it did not arrive until some days after the event, having been sent to Baltimore, and forwarded from several other addresses, before finally reaching me. I hear, however, the most pleasant accounts of the complete success both of your matter and your manner on the "stately day" from Mr. Peacock. My retired position — we are boarding at a farmhouse about a mile from West Chester, Mr. Thompson's — has rather taken me out of range of the newspapers, and I have seen no newspaper account of the ceremonies except the Pha. Bulletin's. I sincerely hope that the malice which you thought likely might seize this opportunity to vent itself has recoiled before the calm and noble front of your Ode. I have not seen or heard any evidences of its activity. . . .

NEW YORK, *July* 21, 1876.

MY DEAR LANIER, — I 'm very glad to hear from you. Am really dead from heat and unending work, and can only thank you for your kind congratulations. The Ode made an impression which amazed me; it is something worth living for. Of course all sneers are powerless now; but they are on hand! . . .

Fluidly, yet faithfully,

B. T.

WEST CHESTER, PA.

MY DEAR MR. TAYLOR, — In spite of the rejected poem which your letter contained, I was glad — O Might of Friendship (for I fondly expected twenty-five dollars instead of this manuscript!) — to get your little message. I don't at all know why they sent it to *you:* the poem contained my address plainly written on the last page. It was making you *particeps criminis.* In order that you may see the unrelieved blackness of their (*i. e.*, Dr. Holland's) guilt, I send you the poem and message accompanying, which you can read in some little by-time when you 've nothing better to do.

As to the pen and ink and all toil, I 've been almost suppressed by continual illness. I can't tell you how much I sigh for some quiet evenings at the Century, where I might hear some of you talk about the matters I love, or merely sit and think in the atmosphere of the thinkers. I fancy one can almost come to know the dead thinkers too well: a certain mournfulness of longing seems sometimes to peep out from behind one's joy in one's Shakespeare and one's Chaucer, — a sort of physical protest and yearning of the living eye for its like. Perhaps one's friendship with the dead poets comes indeed to acquire something of the quality of worship, through the very mystery which withdraws them from us, and which allows no more messages from them, cry how we will, after that sudden and perilous Stoppage. I hope those are not illegitimate moods in which one sometimes desires to surround one's self with a companionship less awful, and would rather have a friend than a god. . . .

September 23, 1876.

MY DEAR LANIER, — I 've read your poem over several times, and am quite clear about it. The title, The Waving of the Corn, is slightly fantastic, rather than fanciful, and the word, or act, of waving is too weak for a refrain. The last stanza is quite unnecessary: it drops out of the tone of the three preceding ones, forces a moral where none is needed, and is in no sense poetical. *Voilà tout!* I don't know that precisely these things decided Dr. Holland; but I feel pretty sure that he would have accepted the poem had they not been. The rest is so sweet, tranquil, and beautiful that it has the best right *to be*, without a moral. Now, don't take offense, but let me make the changes in your manuscript

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and send it with this, just to show you, not how I should have written it (our ways are not the same, you know), but how I think you should have written it. The feeling of peace and blissful pastoral seclusion is so exquisitely expressed that the poem should be restricted to that only. . . .

Ever faithfully,

BAYARD TAYLOR.

I think I could get The Galaxy to take the poem.

October 6, 1876.

MY DEAR MR. TAYLOR, — I 've been absent in Baltimore, and this will explain my delay in writing to thank you for the evident trouble you were at in behalf of my poem. Your somewhat serious defense of Dr. Holland leads me to fear, a little, that you misunderstood my allusion to his "criminality," etc., in rejecting the poem, — which I meant for the merest joke. A good deal of experience in these matters renders it quite impossible for me to have any *feeling* as to the judgment of any given person upon the merits of a poem, or its availability for magazine purposes; for I have seen that these judgments depend upon two elements which are infinitely variable: the mood of the person judging, and the particular idea which he may have formed in his mind of that phantasm called the General Public. Certainly, nothing can be more striking than the perpetual reversal of such decrees by time and the popular tide; and the day is quite past when I could be in the least disturbed by any contemporary judgment either as to the artistic quality or probable popularity of a poem.

I am thus didactically particular for the reason that you really seemed to think I was cherishing enmity against the —— gentlemen, whereas the fact is that I feel greatly obliged to them for a general reception of my little offerings far more heartily than I could expect, in view of our wholly different ways of looking at things.

And as for your prefacing your own suggestions with "Now don't take offense, but," etc., nothing could be more absurd: offense, indeed!

I find myself agreeing with two of your verbal criticisms on The Waving of the Corn (the "haply undainty" and the equivocal "faint"), and though not agreeing at all with your condemnation of the last stanza, I think I will strike it out, as likely to produce a disagreeable impression of moralizing. In reality it is a vigorous carrying out of the idea of *personal* tranquillity; advancing beyond that to the conception of the larger tranquillity of *Society*.

It 's very good of you to offer to try The Galaxy; but I would n't like the poem to win a place in print upon any influence save its own merits: and if this objection were disposed of, I could not bear to think of giving such trouble to so busy a man as I know you to be.

Pray tell me of Deucalion and Pyrrha. Have the world, the flesh, and the devil completely crowded the sweet typic Man and Woman to the wall? I hope you manage to escape into their larger realm sometimes. . . .

October 22, 1876.

DEAR MR. TAYLOR, — I hope you 'll like these inclosed sonnets,[1] from the November number of Lippincott's, just out. I believe I think more of the two first than of anything I have done; the last two are redactions of two earlier ones which I think you have seen in manuscript. . . .

Your friend, S. L.

November 15, 1876.

MY DEAR LANIER, — . . . It 's very pleasant to get such good news (barring the illness) of your poetic activity. All poets have *periods*, and you are just passing from one into another. I have seen and felt this, but did not say so, because I was not sure whether you quite knew it yourself; but *now* I may

[1] Acknowledgment.

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freely say that I comprehend the change, and rejoice in it for your sake. I am especially glad to hear that you are thinking already of a new volume: the technique is really an important matter, — as much so in verse as in sculpture.

I await the volume with real interest, although I probably know the whole of it already. But poems, somehow, have a different atmosphere when they are collected and placed side by side; so I shall be sure to get new views of your achievements.

As for myself, the lectures are not overabundant. If I save enough during the whole winter to take me to the Sulphur Springs of Virginia for two months next summer, I must be satisfied. I am quite fagged and wearied, — incapable of poetry, hardly capable of my routine work on the Tribune. . . . I am not naturally despondent, but it 's a little hard to keep cheerful when one is physically depressed. . . .

I have lately found a new friend in the Portland Press (apparently a woman), a critic of rare insight and sympathy. But I have also a word of cheer for you: I see that you are finding quiet friends, genuine appreciators — therefore *Sursum corda!* All will be right in the end.

December 6, 1876.

My dear Mr. Taylor, — My physician has become alarmed at the gravity and persistence of my illness, and orders me immediately to Florida, denouncing death unless a warm climate is speedily reached. He might as well talk to the stars whose light has n't yet reached us as try to persuade me that any conceivable combination of circumstances could induce me to die before I 've written and published my five additional volumes of poems; nevertheless, it is decided that my wife is to leave here with me on Monday night next for Florida, and I 'm scratching this hasty note in the possibility that your nomadic habits might bring you to Philadelphia within that time, simply to ask that you won't fail — if they should bring you here — to give me a final sight of you. .

Tampa, Fla., *January* 11, 1877.

Dear Mr. Taylor, — What would I not give to transport you from your frozen sorrows instantly into the midst of the green leaves, the gold oranges, the glitter of great and tranquil waters, the liberal friendship of the sun, the heavenly conversation of robins and mocking-birds and larks, which fill my days with delight!

But if I commence in this strain I shall never have done; and I am writing in full rebellion against the laws now in force over the land of Me, — which do not yet allow me to use the pen by reason of the infirmity of my lung; yet I could not help sending you some little greeting for the New Year, with a violet and a rose, which please find herewithin. The violet is for purity, — and I wish that you may be pure all this year; and the rose is for love, — and I 'm sure I shall love you all the year.

We are quite out of the world, and know not its doings. The stage which brings our mail (twice a week only) takes three days to reach the railroad at Gainesville; and it is a matter of from nine days to any conceivable time for a letter to reach here from New York. Nevertheless, — nay, all the more therefor, — send me a line, that I may know how you fare, body and soul.

I received a check for fifteen dollars from Mr. Alden, Ed. Harper's, for the poem you sent to him; and I make little doubt that I owe its acceptance to the circumstance that you sent it. I hear of an International Review, but have not seen any copy of it: do you think it would care for anything like the inclosed? — a poem which I have endeavored to make burn as hotly as, yet with a less highly colored flame than, others of mine. If you do, pray direct the envelope; if not, address it to The Galaxy,

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unless you think that inadvisable: in which last event, keep the copy, if you like.

I had a very cordial letter from Mr. Eggleston about my volume of poems, which gave me pleasure.

I 'm sure you 'll be glad to know that I improve decidedly; I see no reason to doubt that I shall be soon at work again. In truth, I "bubble song" continually during these heavenly days, and it is as hard to keep me from the pen as a toper from his tipple. . . .

January 27, 1877.

MY DEAR LANIER, — I have been away, lecturing and snow-bound, cold and hungry, among the drifts of Central New York, and come back to find your most welcome letter, written on my birthday (though you did n't know it!), with the smell of the violet and rose as fresh — for about five minutes — as when you gathered them. Something of the endless summer of Tampa came to me in your letter, and I am still full of the longing to be beside those blue waters and where "im dunklen Laub die Gold-Orangen glühn."

Last night I spent with Stedman and Dudley Buck, and we talked much of you. Buck played the accompaniment, and Mr. Brown (a barytone) sang your last song in Scribner's, the Cleopatra Night; so that I have heard it before you! It is simply superb. . . .

I shall send your poem immediately to The Galaxy. The International Review is a mean concern, — publishes little poetry, pays its authors next to nothing, and has n't much circulation. I know Church, of The Galaxy, and am free to ask him not only to publish the poem, but also to pay you properly. If I see him to-night at the Century, I can settle the matter in two minutes. If you have anything more, of a simple, melodious quality, send it to me, and I 'm much mistaken if I can't get it into The Atlantic.

Your song in Scribner's was much copied. In the New Library of Song, to which Bryant's name is attached as editor, — though he does n't edit it much, — your Cantata is published beside Whittier's Hymn and my Ode. So pluck up heart, and don't be discouraged! We must all wait.

I wish I had time to send you the manuscripts of two late poems I have written, An Assyrian Chant and Peach-Blossom. I have two or three more waiting for the lucky hour — but alas! Ah me! Eheu! Ay de mi! I am ground to the dust with work and worry. I live from day to day, on the verge of physical prostration. Nothing saves me but eight to ten hours of death-like sleep every night. Of course everything must wait, — my Life of Goethe, my lyrical drama, everything that is solely and dearly mine. . . .

Ever affectionately,

BAYARD TAYLOR.

February 5, 1877.

MY DEAR LANIER, — I inclose Sheldon & Co.'s (Galaxy) check for $25, for your Beethoven. I tried hard to get $40 for it, but failed. I have also carefully read the proof, and was much tempted to change a word, —

The slanders *told* by sickly eyes, —

but it seemed too great a liberty. However, I did make one or two necessary changes in punctuation. . . .

I wish you could have been here Saturday evening to hear Wagner's Götterdämmerung — not that *I* liked it! I 'm through with my outside lecturing. We have soft airs and clear spring skies, and all my fatigues are falling off me like a snake's old skin. I hope to come out (poetically) in new and shining scales. Send me a poem for The Atlantic! Pardon haste: we both greet you both.

TAMPA, FLA., *February* 7, 1877.

MY DEAR MR. TAYLOR, — Your letter, bringing many pleasant words, came

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on my birthday; which I consider a fair reciprocation for mine, written (as you tell me) on yours. My wife had managed to arrange my room, with the help of some cunning female friends, without my knowledge; and when I awoke in the morning I found myself in the midst of a very brave array of flowers. During the day our apartment was further hung with wreaths of gray moss, bamboo vines, and fragrant spruce pine tassels to such a degree that I felt like a whole Sunday-school celebration all by myself; and in the afternoon, among a lot of pleasant mail matter, came your letter.

I was never able to stay angry in my life; and I should meet —— without ever letting him know how much pain he had given me. . . . It only increased the pain of the wound that it was given in this advisory way which would have made me seem very truculent to resent it; and there was nothing to do but get off into some brake of silence, like a deer with a shot in the flank, and lick mine own wound. This seems extravagant, but it is not, compared with the real suffering: it was *such* a fall for my vanity, to think that any human being could have dreamed me capable of such a thought, after having seen me twice!

Voilà tout. As for forgiveness: the summer and the silence here have been very medicinal to me: since I have been here I 've thought over the few people that ever wrong'd me, and I don't find in my heart the least speck of hard feeling against anybody in the world.

Pray keep the inclosed little poem, and send it anywhere you think it might be accepted. I should mention that Scribner's, Harper's, and Lippincott's, each has a poem of mine on hand (and you 'll care to hear that Scribner's paid me twice as much as ever before for the last one, bought a couple of weeks ago). Don't charge your mind with it; and pray don't be at the trouble of writing any recommendations, or the like. I cannot bear to think of taking your time. . . .

Have you seen a somewhat elaborate notice of me in The Graphic, by Orpheus C. Kerr?

I should like to see your Assyrian Chant, and specially Peachblossom. If you could only see the plum trees, the roses, the orange blossoms, here!

God bless you.

TAMPA, FLA., *February* 11, 1877.

MY DEAR MR. TAYLOR, — In the poem I 've just sent you, — The Bee, — it occurs to me that I have carelessly used the pronoun "him" referring to the bee, — forgetting that, although the worker bees were formerly thought to be sexless, they have recently been found to be imperfectly developed females. Pray let me trouble you, therefore, to substitute "its" for "his" in the sixteenth line from the beginning, —

Thrust up its sad-gold body lustily;

and also "it" for "him" in the thirty-sixth line from the beginning, —

Perceived it poising o'er a fresh new cup.

I am, too, in some little doubt about the words "*on his wings*," six lines further on from the last quoted, —

He hath a sense of pollen on his wings.

While I know that the pollen used by the bee *for food* is carried in the "pollen baskets" of the legs, I am not sure whether any of the pollen used in crop fertilization is carried *on the wings;* my impression is that it mostly adheres *to the body.* Perhaps, therefore, it would be better to substitute for this line the following: —

Some sense of pollen every poet brings.
(Of pollen for to make thee fruitful, etc., etc.)

To how many sins one leadeth . . . is shown in all this trouble I 'm giving you in consequence of failing to be strictly accurate at first.

I write in great haste, to save a mail.

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TAMPA, FLA., *February* 25, 1877.

MY DEAR MR. TAYLOR, — Yours with The Galaxy check came safely, bringing me heaviness of purse and lightness of heart, — for both of which pray hold yourself thankful.

About the piece for the ——, I am afflicted with doubts which I find myself unable to solve. Once, in my early pleiocene epoch, before the man had appeared in any of my formations to supplant the crude monsters of earlier periods, I sent Corn to Mr. ——; and, upon his refusing it, I tried, some time afterwards, a couple of sonnets, accompanied by a note asking (poor green goose that I was! As if an editor had time for such things! — but I really knew no better) if he would not do me the favor to point out in these a certain "mysticism" of which he had complained in Corn. This he did not answer; only returning the two poor little sonnets with the usual printed refusal.

This looked so much like a pointed invitation to me to let him alone that I have never had the courage to trouble him since. I thought his treatment was very cold at that time and wrote so once to ——, who had been friends of mine. Of course I now see how absurdly callow and unreasonable were my views then; but this does not diminish the mortification with which I remember the ignominious termination of my efforts in that direction; and while I do not retain the least spark of feeling against Mr. ——, I do not feel at all sure but *he* may remember *me* as an absurd person whom he was obliged to rebuff by silence. What would *you* do? I'm sure I do not want to be finical. . . .

I have occasional backsets, due to the warm climate; but there is now no doubt the lung is healing rapidly, and I am much better. I hope your project for the German lectures (which I saw announced in the Evening Post) has been successful. What a foolish noise is this about Deirdré! It is just a poor dull piece of orthodox verse. I do not find an *idea* in it, from beginning to end; and the imitations of Homer's ideas affect me unpleasantly. Moreover, the story is too little for an epic. There is n't wind enough for so much canvas; whereby the latter is pot-bellied, and bags absurdly.

My wife joins me in affectionate messages to you and Mrs. Taylor. I wish I could gossip a little, but mine infirmity of the pen arm saith, Forbear.

TAMPA, *March* 4, 1877.

MY DEAR MR. TAYLOR, — I earnestly hope you 'll like this:[1] it is written with a very full heart! I wanted to say all manner of fair things about you; but I was so intensely afraid of appearing to plaster you that I finally squeezed them all into one line, —

> In soul and stature larger than thy kind;

which in truth has kept saying itself over within me ever since it was written, until I have come to take infinite satisfaction in it.

If you like this well enough to be willing that I should print it, pray give me a hint in what direction I had better send it; I mean, where you would best like it to appear.

I have just seen the Beethoven in The Galaxy. A queer mistake in punctuation occurs when it says, —

> When luminous lightnings blindly strike;
> The sailor praying on his knees
> Along with him that 's cursing God, etc.

The semicolon marked is an error. The verb "strike" governs "The sailor," etc., in the following line: the luminous lightnings blindly strike (not only) the sailor praying, etc., but also the sailor cursing, etc. I speak of it as a queer error, because I am amused to see that a sort of dim sense may be evolved out of it even as it stands. On seeing the poem in print, I find it faulty: there 's too much matter in it; it is like reading the dic-

[1] Under the Cedarcroft Chestnut.

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tionary, — the meanings presently become confused, not because of any lack of distinctness in each one, but simply because of the numerous and differing specifications of ideas.

Did you get a letter from me inclosing a poem called The Bee?

But I must stop writing. God bless you.

NEW YORK, *March* 12, 1877.
(You know the address.)

MY DEAR LANIER, — Drudgery, drudgery, drudgery! What else can I say? Does not that explain all? Two courses of twelve lectures on German Literature, here and at Brooklyn, daily work on the Tribune, magazine articles (one dismally delayed), interruptions of all sorts, and just as much conscience as you may imagine pressing upon me to write to you and other friends! The fact is, I am so weary, fagged, with sore spots under the collar bone, and all sorts of indescribable symptoms which betoken lessened vitality, that I must piteously beg you to grant me much allowance.

I got your second letter about The Bee just in time; for I had meant to send it to —— that very morning. What you said made me pause for a few days; but I have at last decided to send it none the less, and it will go to-morrow morning! I see no other place for it. The poem is very charming. I shall make the changes you desire, although *je n'en vois pas la nécessité.* You see I admit your full right; but not one man in 10,000,000 will know enough about bees to notice any scientific mistake. I must send you a long magazine article I have just written on Tennyson, to illustrate the fault of overattention to details. You are right about the Beethoven: it is too crowded, and the ideas are not clearly expressed. I must say frankly ("which I should not") that The Chestnut Tree is very fine: only *do* say something else instead of "colic." Three hundred years ago a poet could say that: not now. And I would not put the stanzas in *Italic:* it is so far from the fashion of the day that people will think it equivalent to the author saying, "Mark how fine this is!" We must yield something to the custom, just as we wear horrid stovepipe hats. I return it, because, as you will understand, I can't offer it anywhere; yet I am sure Scribner would publish it. Why not change the title to The Chestnut Tree at (or of) Cedarcroft? It seems a little less personal. The line you mention *is* fine, apart from mine own interest in it; too good as applied to me. Somehow, I feel as if such things might be said after a man is dead, — hardly while he is living. But that *you* feel impelled to say it now gives me a feeling of dissolving warmth about the heart. You must not think, my dear friend, simply because I recognize your genius and character, and the purity of the aims of both, that I confer any obligation on you! From you, and all like you, few as they are, I draw my own encouragement for that work of mine which I think may possibly live. . . .

Ever faithfully and affectionately your friend, BAYARD TAYLOR.

April 15, 1877.

MY DEAR LANIER, — I am very glad to get yours of March 29th, from which I infer (though you don't say so) that you must be better. Since my two lecture courses are over and I have stopped magazine work, I am getting fresher and stronger, and have decided to go to Cedarcroft instead of Florida! . . .

—— returned The Bee along with my Assyrian Night Song, having no mind for either. But for this fact I should regret having sent yours. I have several times half resolved never to send him another poem; but now I wholly resolve. He has personal whim in place of clear critical judgment. I shall next try —— with a better hope of success.

Pray let me know what your plans are, — especially what your physical condition is, — where you expect to pass the

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summer, etc. I must go to Cornell University for ten days in May; shall work here until July 1st, then take a holiday for July and August, spending the former month at the White Sulphur, Virginia. My overwork comes solely from the necessity of providing means for this necessary summer rest. But now the end is secured, and I shall take life more easily. . . .

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BRUNSWICK, GA., *April* 26, 1877.

DEAR MR. TAYLOR, — Pray don't trouble to send The Bee to ——. I have n't the least idea of letting you act as poem-broker for me any longer. I 'm now getting well enough to write a little, and May (that 's my wife) is becoming a capital secretary.

If you should not have sent off The Bee before this reaches you, I 'll trouble you to inclose it to me. I 've kept no copy, and am not sure that I remember it exactly.

Have you happened to see the illustrations to an extravaganza of mine[1] (a sort of story which one "makes up as he goes along," to a lot of importunate youngsters) in the May number of St. Nicholas? They seem to me, who am but little of a critic, however, in such matters, to be very charming. Mrs. Dodge appears not to have received the proof sheets, which I returned from Tampa, in time; for in them I carefully corrected some very disagreeable repetitions and faults of punctuation which appear in the publication.

I believe there is a little scrap of a poem of mine in Scribner's for May, but I have n't seen it.

I take real delight in thinking of you at Cedarcroft among the leaves. How fares my Master, the Chestnut-tree? If you only had there the infinite sweetness of spring which is now in full leaf and overflowing song all about us here! I have at command a springy mare, with ankles like a Spanish girl's, upon whose back I go darting through the green overgrown woodpaths like a thrasher about his thicket. The whole air seems full of fecundity: as I ride, I 'm like one of those insects that are fertilized on the wing, — every leaf that I brush against breeds a poem. God help the world, when this now hatching brood of my Ephemeræ shall take flight and darken the air. . . .

Tell Mrs. Taylor I wish we could send her a rose from the little garden of the house where we sojourn; though we don't dare to pick one often, by reason that a mocking-bird is sitting on her eggs in the spirea bush, and we shrink from disturbing the tranquillity of her mind at this interesting period.

Your friend, S. L.

[1] A Fairy Tale for Grown People.

May 9, 1877.

MY DEAR LANIER, — I return your Bee with a sense of discouragement at my inability to find a place for it. I went to Harpers' meaning to read it aloud to Alden, but did n't find him. I thought I could thus make more impression, and get a prompt decision. I read it the other day to Boker, who was here, and he said the —— does n't have more than two as good poems in a year. . . .

In your last letters you say very little about your physical condition. I should like to hear that you are getting back strength, and overcoming, no matter how slowly, the persistent trouble. To be sure, your hint of poetic activity is an encouraging sign, and I hope it has its source in more vigorous blood.

As for me, I do nothing but "loaf and invite my soul," when I am not at work. My soul does n't respond to the invitation, as yet. . . .

Ever faithfully,

BAYARD TAYLOR.

MACON, GA., *May* 25, 1877.

MY DEAR MR. TAYLOR, — Yours with The Bee — my poor little bee, my humblest of humble-bees — came to me here,

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Within two weeks from now I hope to see you, and the anticipation gives me a great deal of pleasure. I seem to be fairly on the high road to health, — almost within the boundaries, indeed, of that most lovely state, — and am quite agog with all manner of matters, about many of which I desire greatly to talk with you.

The talk here is of the advance of corn, and of the failure of our City Bank; and, so far as concerns any man I have yet conversed with, there is absolutely nothing in heaven or earth or the waters under the earth but corn and the City Bank. Perhaps if I had several thousand bushels of the former, or a large deposit in the latter, these topics might interest me more. But I have n't; and when I think how I shall enjoy tackling you about something or other, — say Emerson, whom I have been reading all the winter, and who gives me immeasurable delight because he does not propound to me disagreeable systems and hideous creeds, but simply walks along high and bright ways where one loves to go with him, — then I am ready to praise God for the circumstance that if corn were a dollar a bushel I could not, with my present finances, buy a lunch for my pony. .

My dear Lanier, — Just back from giving six lectures at Cornell University, and your letter from Macon awaits me. It is most welcome, for *at last* you give me a word about your physical state, and a good word it is.

I can't write much, for there is a pile of unanswered letters at my left hand. We shall be here until July 1st; then we go directly to the White Sulphur Springs for a month, and shall divide August between Cedarcroft and a visit to some friends at Newport. I long with inexpressible longing for the release from work; for although somewhat of the work seems to tell, — to give me a slight increase of influence in literary circles, — it is not what I would choose to do, were I free.

As you say "two weeks from now," I count on seeing you here soon. I shall be very glad to see you taking my thin claret and cheap cigars again, and to talk over your new plans, — for I suppose they are *new*. I also need a change in my way of living, and a few possibilities have lately turned up. We all need to live at least twenty-five years longer, to get our reward. But mine, as yet, is only half earned: all I care for is leisure *to labor*. . . .

Philadelphia, Pa., *July* 9, 1877.

My dear Mr. Taylor, — I am merely writing a line to inclose the two slips which you will find herein, and which I thought might interest you apropos of what you were telling me the other day. The Philadelphia Ledger, from which the slip of July 7th is cut, is so reliable in these matters that I suppose there can be no doubt of the substantial fact as therein stated; though it seems wonderful that the originators of such a movement should not have been immediately struck with the propriety of sending the translator of Goethe to Germany instead of to Russia or to Belgium.

But is n't Russia *or Belgium* a somewhat queer alternative, — something like offering a man either the presidency of the United States *or* the postmastership of Kennett Square?

I send you to-day a Boston magazine containing a portrait of me which I think will amuse you, particularly the smutched one accompanying the biographical sketch inside. This, this is Fame: to have your "visnomy" transformed into that of a keen blue-nosed New England manufacturer of shoe pegs.

I have not often seen anything more tragic than my wife's indignation over this woodcut; nor have I succeeded in allaying her resentment by my sympathetic assurance that I think it the unkindest cut of all.

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My wife joins me in friendly messages to you both. With earnest wishes that you may be drawing strength from the dear mountains, as it were from the very breasts and big nipples of our Mother Earth,

Faithfully your friend,

S. L.

CHADD'S FORD, PA., *August* 26, 1877.

DEAR MR. TAYLOR, — . . . I should have been inclined to think you a very shabby Colossus indeed, — to stay away for a week when there were so many Rhodes from here to Kennett, — if I had not gathered from your brief note that you were either very busy or very worried, or both. I do hope you are now more at ease from whatever may have troubled you.

In truth, I particularly longed for one whole free day about this lovely house with you. Do you know the place, — old Mr. George Brinton's? To the west is a vista running for miles along the Brandywine: it 's so fine that you can fancy, every sunset, that the sun has gone that way on purpose to see the country over there. A long green hill in front of the house slopes down to the river; and within a few feet is a wild ravine, through which a stream runs down to the great rock-built milldam.

Tell me how fare our friends Pro- and Epi-metheus, as also Deucalion and Pyrrha, with attendant Spirits and Voices. As for me, all this loveliness of wood, earth, and water makes me feel as if I could do the whole universe into poetry; but I don't want to write anything large for a year or so: and thus I content myself with throwing off a sort of spray of little songs, whereof the magazines now have several. . . .

Faithfully yours,

SIDNEY L.

BALTIMORE, MD., *October* 6, 1877.

MY DEAR MR. TAYLOR, — I have been in the unsettled state of a bear who goes poking about the logs and coverts in search of a place to hibernate; and this nomadic condition has kept me from answering your letter. I had thought of being in Washington during the winter. There was some prospect that either a small consulate or some minor place in one of the Departments would be given me. But, from what I can gather, places of this sort are rarely obtained except by *personal* application and persistence. Of course I cannot come down to that, and so have let the matter go. If anything should be offered I will cheerfully take it, but I will do no urging or solicitation of any sort. . . .

The editors of The Galaxy write me that a poem of mine, called A Dream of the Age: To Richard Wagner, will appear in the November number. As it is about time for that to be in print, — and as they are sometimes slow in remitting when I write, — will you take the trouble to call at Sheldon's (I think it is 8 Murray St.) and get the check and send it to me? The poem is about seventy-five or eighty lines, if I am not mistaken. I would n't bother you with this, but I really need the money. . . .

My Bee is in the October Lippincott's. Tell me what you are doing with Deucalion. Have you seen a poem by Swinburne, of which the refrain is, "*Villon*, our sad mad bad glad brother's name"? Sad mad bad glad is not intended for a joke. It 's a wild panegyric of Villon.

Will you squelch the Atlantic contributor who is unhappy about Goethe?

With cordial messages to Mrs. Taylor,

Your friend, SIDNEY L.

33 DENMEAD ST., BALTIMORE, MD., *January* 6, 1878.

MY DEAR MR. TAYLOR, — When I tell you that since I saw you I have searched the city of Baltimore for a dwelling suitable to my little flock, have found one, have cajoled the landlord into

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a hundred repairs and betterments, have painted, whitewashed, weather-stripped, and new-locked-and-bolted the entire establishment, have furnished it with all manner of odds and ends purchased from all manner of cheap Johns, have got in my coal and my wood, have provided a lot of oatmeal and hominy against the wolf, have hired a cook and general domestic, have arranged with the daily milkman and all his peripatetic tribe, have done at least a million and sixteen other things, and have finally moved in and settled, you will understand why both Christmas and New Year passed without greetings from me to you. Though it has been a desperate piece of work, it seems a mere bagatelle when looked back upon from the serene delight with which we all find ourselves at last in something like a home. I think I could wander about the house — we have nine rooms! — for a month, with my hands in my pockets, in supreme content with treading upon my own carpets and gazing at my own furniture. When I am on the street, there is a certain burgher-like heaviness in my tread; why should I skip along like a bladdery Bohemian? I am a man of substance. I am liable, look you, for water rates, gas bills, and other important disbursements incident to the possession of two gowns and everything handsome about me.

Let me have some news of yourself, — "yourself" being a term which of course includes Mrs. Taylor and the poem.

I send you part of a Christmas poem [1] which I wrote specially for the purpose of giving an engraver a good chance for four fine woodcuts. Don't you think a sheep painter could make four lovely pictures by carrying into detail the mere hints given in the poem? . . .

Accept my loving wish for the New Year, — that it may be full of new creations from your hand; for this, to the artist, is supreme happiness.

[1] The Hard Times in Elf-Land.

January 20, 1878.

My dear Lanier, — I was wondering what had become of you, when your letter arrived. It was pleasant to find you so active and well contented in your new home, and I relished your delight in it, having had exactly the same sensation here, three years ago, after living so long in trunks and satchels.

The Baltimore papers have no literary criticism, — not a particle. Can't you persuade the best of them to try the experiment with you? There 's such a *stay* in having regular work of some kind. I think your New Year poem charmingly quaint and fanciful; and so do several persons to whom I have shown it. I wanted to get it into the Weekly Tribune, and the editor only declined because New Year was ten days past, and there was a stock of poetry impatiently waiting. . . .

Baltimore, Md., *February* 3, 1878.

My dear Friend, — I was sorry to miss you and Mrs. Taylor when I called on Monday. My cold had taken such possession of me on Sunday evening that I found it prudent to keep my room. I delivered your books to the servant. I read through the three volumes on Sunday; and upon a sober comparison I think Walt Whitman's Leaves of Grass worth at least a million of Among My Books and Atalanta in Calydon. In the two latter I could not find anything which has not been much better said before; but Leaves of Grass was a real refreshment to me, — like rude salt spray in your face, — in spite of its enormous fundamental error that a thing is good because it is natural, and in spite of the world-wide difference between my own conceptions of art and its author's.

I did not find a fitting moment to mention to you a matter in which I am much interested. I have an unconquerable longing to stop all work for a few months except the study of botany, French and German, and the completion

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of a long poem which I have been meditating. In order to do this, I hoped it might be possible to utilize a tract of timberland, containing about a thousand acres, which I own in Georgia. I have somewhere heard that there was an association or institution of some sort in New York for helping literary people; and it occurred to me that such a corporation might take my lands in pledge for a loan of five or six hundred dollars. I should want it for twelve months. The lands lie immediately on a railroad which runs to Savannah, and whose main business is the transportation of lumber and timber to that port. They are in a portion of the state which is now attracting much attention from the North Carolina turpentine distillers and lumbermen, and which has recently developed great capacities for sheep-raising. They are also valuable for agricultural purposes, after all the timber is cut off.

Tell me if any such institution exists. I asked Mr. Bryant about it while in New York: he did not know of it at all. He added that if he were now as prosperous as he was five or six years ago, he would have offered to advance the money himself on the lands, — which was a very kind thought.

Don't give yourself the least concern about this. Of course it is n't at all probable that any such association exists, if Mr. Bryant does not know of it; and I don't suppose I would mention it to you at all except for the anxiety with which I long to draw my breath after a hard fight, and to get the ends of my thoughts together, as Carlyle says.

I hope Mrs. Taylor is quite recovered from her cold. As for you, you range over such an enormous compass both of literary and terrestrial ground that I would not be at all surprised to hear at any moment that you were off for

The long wash of Australian seas,

in order to deliver a lecture at Sydney upon Limoges Enamel, thence to Cape Town for the purpose of reading a dissertation on the Elohistic Division of the Book of Genesis, thence home by way of Reikiavik (I deny any obligation to spell this dreadful word correctly), where you were to recite an original poem (in Icelandic) on the Relation of Balder to Pegasus.

Your friend, SIDNEY L.

The succeeding letter is a congratulatory one from the same hand: —

February 11, 1878.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — It is long since I have had a keener pleasure than the announcement of your nomination[1] brings me. I have just read it; and without having time for more than a word I devote that to the practical question, — can I be of any service in the matter of the confirmation by the Senate? Will there be any opposition at all there? The Senator from Alabama is a dear friend of mine, and I can ask *any*thing of him; besides, the Senators from Georgia and one from Mississippi — Mr. Lamar — are all gentlemen with whom my relations are very friendly. If there is the least likelihood of necessity for arraying your friends, please let me know, so that I may have the pleasure of telling these Senators what I know about you.

God speed your final appointment. Is n't it simply too delightful? I could kiss Mr. Hayes, in behalf of the Fitness of Things, — which was never more graciously worshiped than by this same nomination.

My wife joins me in hearty congratulations to you both.

Your friend, SIDNEY L.

February 19, 1878.

MY DEAR LANIER, — There 's a rewarding as well as an avenging fate! What a payment for all my years of pa-

[1] As Minister to Germany.

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tient and unrecognized labor! But you know just what the appointment is to me. It came as a surprise, after all; and a greater amazement is the wonderful and generous response to it from press and people. I feel as if buried under a huge warm wave of congratulation.

I heard indirectly, yesterday, that the Southern Senators are delighted, and will not fail to vote for confirmation. Still, if you could say a word to Lamar, it might be a further assurance; as a Southern man, your indorsement would certainly strengthen me. But pray don't go to any special trouble, for Bryant and Reid think the confirmation certain. I can only write a word to-day, for there is no end to the kindly telegrams and letters, and I wish to answer them all. . . .

BAYARD TAYLOR.

March 4, 1878.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — The inclosed letter from Mr. Lamar came this morning. Its expressions are so cordial towards you that I thought you might care to see it.

With new delight each day I regard the prospect before you. I shall begin to love Mr. Hayes! A man who appoints you Minister to Germany and who vetoes the Silver Bill . . . is a man who goes near to redeem the time.

But I cannot now do more than send you a violet. I 'm making some desperate efforts to get steady work, of any kind; for I find I cannot at all maintain our supplies of daily bread by poetry alone. So far I have failed in getting any constant work, but I keep trying for it, and I do not doubt it will come.

My wife sends hearty messages to you and Mrs. Taylor. As for me, you know how I am always your grateful and affectionate S. L.

March 25, 1878.

MY DEAR MR. TAYLOR, — Some time when you 're riding in a street car, and have n't anything important to think about, — or rather, don't *want* to think of anything important, — won't you be kind enough to read this sonnet[1] (if you can) and find out if it is quite too absurd? Of course it is merely meant to please a friend here, — a woman who plays Beethoven with the large conception of a man, and yet nurses her child all day with a noble simplicity of devotion such as I have rarely seen; being withal, in point of pure technique, the greatest piano-player I ever heard.

I have been studying German in the wee minutes allowed by other occupations, without a teacher, and don't want you to think I would with malice prepense try to write a poem in that tongue.

I mark a thousand pleasant things about you in the newspapers, and rejoice heartily in them all. God speed you in your whole work.

Your friend, S. L.

There is here a gap of over six months in the correspondence, Mr. Taylor having left the United States to enter upon his duties as Minister to Germany. The last letter of the series is from Mr. Lanier: —

180 ST. PAUL ST., BALTIMORE, MD.,
October 20, 1878.

MY DEAREST MINISTER, — always a minister of grace to me, — I have long forborne to write you, because I knew your whole mind would be occupied with a thousand new cares, and I could not bear to add the burden of a letter thereto. But you must be getting easy in the new saddle by this; and somehow I feel that I can't wait longer before sending you a little love letter that shall at least carry my longing over the big seas to you. Not long ago I was in New York for some days; but you were in Germany, and the city seemed depopulated. There were multitudes of what Walt Whitman calls Little plenti-

[1] To Nannette Falk-Auerbach.

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ful manikins skipping about in collars and tailed coats; but my Man, my *haeleða leofost* (as it is in Beówulf), was wanting, and I wandered disconsolately towards 142 E. 18th St., — where I used so often and so ruthlessly to break in upon your labors, — as if I could *wish* you back into your chair, rolling out the prophecy of Deucalion. Even the Westminster Hotel had new proprietors, and I felt a sense of intentional irony in its having changed from the European to the American plan, — as if for pure spite because you had left America and gone to Europe. My dear, when *are* you coming back?

A short time ago, I found in a second-hand bookstall a copy of Sir Henry Wotton's works and letters printed in 1685, and bought it — with about all the money I had; for a joke of old Sir Henry's on a minister carried my mind to you. Having been asked (he narrates the story himself, being then on a ministerial journey through Germany) to write in an album, he chose to define a Minister, and said, *a Minister is a man sent to lie abroad for the good of his country.*

I have seen your Deucalion announced, but nothing more. Indeed, I have been so buried in study for the past six months that I know not news nor gossip of any kind. Such days and nights of glory as I have had! I have been studying Early English, Middle English, and Elizabethan poetry, from Beówulf to Ben Jonson; and the world seems twice as large. I inclose a programme of lectures I am going to give before a class of subscribers at the Peabody Institute this winter, from which you will see the drift of my work.

You will also care to know that Scribner's has accepted three papers of mine on The Physics of Poetry, in which I have succeeded in developing a complete system of prosody for all languages from the physical constitution of sound. It has given me indescribable pleasure to be able, through the principles therein announced, to put formal poetry on a scientific basis which renders all its processes perfectly secure.

If you should see an Appletons' Journal for the current month, — November, — you may be interested in an experiment of mine therein with logaœdic dactyls, called The Revenge of Hamish. Another freer treatment of the same rhythm by me will appear in a book to be issued by Roberts Brothers in the No Name Series (called the Masque of Poets), under the heading The Marshes of Glynn, — though all this last is as yet a secret, and not to be spoken of till the book shall have been out and been cast to the critics for a while. I hope to find a publisher for my book on English prosody[1] next spring; also for my historical and critical account, in two volumes, of The English Sonnet-Makers from Surrey to Shakspere; and I am in treaty with Scribner's Sons for a Boy's Froissart which I have proposed to them, and which they like the idea of, so far. By next autumn I trust I will have a volume of poetry (The Songs of Aldhelm) in print, which is now in a pigeon-hole of my desk half jotted down. During the coming week I go to Washington and Philadelphia, to arrange, if possible, for delivering my course of lectures before classes in those cities.

There! I have reported progress up to date. Who better than you — who looked so kindly upon my poor little beginning — has the right to know how far I 've gone? . . .

God bless you and keep you ever in such fair ways as follow the fair wishes of

Your faithful SIDNEY L.

Mr. Taylor died at Berlin a few weeks after this letter reached him.

Henry Wysham Lanier.

[1] The Science of English Verse.

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THE devices to which the writer of to-day resorts for securing a proper emotional attitude toward a crisis remind one rather strongly of the artifices of the melodramas of cheap theatres. In these there is a general tendency of the minor characters to explain at considerable length what a truly heroic hero their particular hero is; and when he performs any deed of valor or self-sacrifice or magnanimity, the whole company is quite obtrusively overcome with admiration. The current novelist approaches a climax in the same fashion, carefully providing some kind of explanatory chorus whose business it is to make sure that the public shall not fail to realize the impressiveness or the strangeness or the pathos.

The methods of doing this differ widely. In the old days the characters themselves frankly called our attention to what they wished us to notice. "Lucy says," observes Miss Byron, describing an agitating scene in which she took part, "that she never saw me appear more to my advantage;" but few modern writers are so ingenuous as Richardson, and generally we receive such information less directly, though no less surely. When anything approaching a climax is in prospect, Mr. Henry James becomes unusually microscopic, and Mr. Howells provides relatives and friends to talk the situation over and impress it upon the reader. When the Lady of the Aroostook finds herself the only woman on board the vessel, we are informed through the mouths of the captain, two fellow passengers, an aunt, a great-uncle, a village minister, and still another aunt that the situation is peculiar. It is perhaps not surprising to find Mr. Richard Harding Davis checking the course of a whole revolution, — to be sure it was only a South American revolution, but still it had some momentum, — that we may realize the impressiveness of his young soldier lying dead in the stately dining hall; and Mrs. Deland, having made her hero explain to his unsuspecting and astonished wife that their marriage is a failure, and that on the very highest moral grounds they must instantly seek a divorce, pauses at the climax of the situation to remark that "it was a strange scene." Surely even in Oklahoma such marital experiences cannot be so common that any reader would be in danger of mistaking this for an every-day occurrence.

And what makes this habit of our authors peculiarly irritating is its entire ineffectiveness; for, with the natural perversity of human nature, we persist in not being impressed with what is so carefully pointed out to us. Any reader will admit that the scenes which live longest in his memory are not those which have been pointed out with guide-board and finger-post. Fancy one of the Drumtochty villagers dying with no more in the way of a chorus about his bed than Dame Quickly; yet who will ever forget that Falstaff "babbled o' green fields" as the shadows closed in around him? Would Beatrix Esmond coming down the dark old staircase, with the candle gleaming on her bravery of scarlet ribbon and tiny high-heeled shoes, haunt us as she does, had Thackeray devoted several pages to assuring us of the picturesqueness of the scene? Or would even the adventures of the much-enduring Ulysses have lived, had they been set forth in modern style, with conscious and conscientious attention to dramatic effect?

In this tendency, I am inclined to think, both author and reader are the victims of our Zeitgeist. This is an age of introspection and self-consciousness,

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and writers cannot escape the common mood. Inspiration is apt to disappear when examined under the microscope; and then what is left but to elaborate details, and make sure that the reader knows at least what was intended? Most of us find it difficult to lose ourselves in the genuine emotions of actual life. How, then, can we expect the writer to forget himself in the phantom woes of an imagined world? It is too much to ask. And yet — this is an age of experiment, too. If only some enterprising author would at least assume unconsciousness, and, merely telling his story, leave us to discover what he has attempted and how he has succeeded, with what astonished relief we should welcome him!

Why have we no Satire?

A CLEVER English writer, with his eye on Aristophanes and Lowell, recently suggested that Americans would do well to cultivate satire. The advice is not new. It was an early surmise of Americans themselves that this form of literature was agreeable to their temper. Freneau chose it with deliberation in Revolutionary times, and defended his choice critically. Poe, in one of his book reviews, maintained a similar opinion, though the book of which he wrote had scarcely any fame except what he gave it. The success of Lowell, who attained a moral accuracy of the judgment which was unknown to Aristophanes and to Juvenal, might seem conclusive. But satire of the kind praised by Poe failed, and Freneau long ago ceased to be read by the many. So there must be something in this matter besides national aptitude.

It may be that the moods of an age have somewhat to do with the development of satiric power. The satirist must have that which arouses his ire and his wit, and of this mankind gives him a superfluity in every age. But he may need also a background of earnest feeling in the people who group themselves, with all their peculiarities, around him.

The question is whether we are in earnest now to the degree required. Of course we are full of ideas, good, bad, and indifferent. Nothing is too trivial for our pursuit. On the other hand, nothing is powerful enough to centralize all our thoughts. Our conduct shows that we are looking for a thought capable of dominating us. We have a downright mania for organization and experiment. We start new kinds of societies every hour in the day. We are interested in religions, and genealogies, and social hobbies, and literary will-o'-the-wisps. Half the crowd of persons who gain what is called distinction do so by starting a so-called "movement," and getting a constituency that will sneeze every time they take snuff. We are very much like that flying multitude which Dante found this side of the Styx, chasing every banner that rose. We are so nearly conscious of this fatuous vagrancy of intellect that we have coined words to mark its absurd effects. Ours is the age of "fads."

Naturally we overflow with satirical suggestion. The poet who can gather up the odds and ends of our reflections upon one another, and can combine them in one view striking enough to fix our vagabond mentality, will be read long after the journals with jokes on Jews and Irish and tramps and politicians and mothers-in-law, which furnish him with much of his material, shall have gathered the dust of oblivion. His readers will know nothing of his sources. They will wonder at his keenness of vision which sees so many peculiarities of human nature beneath the general uniformity. For the uniformity is going to be hard to penetrate. The tendency of modern life is to reduce all mankind, externally, to rigid similarity. In this process the eccentricities of life must be sacrificed, or at least concealed. People would then be conscious of traits as hidden which are now public and salient, just as we are conscious of the characteristics which would have made us in

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another age knights and squires and serving men, but which are now hidden in clothes all of one pattern.

It is certain that life will have to become strenuous instead of merely busy, before such a poet can gain an audience. He will not be able to rely on caricature. The day for describing Hudibras with one spur or Quixote with a pasteboard helmet, or even for outlining such a starveling figure as Ichabod Crane, is long past. The exaggerated Hebrew features of contemporary prints have already ceased to be humorous. The presages of future satire are seen in those glimpses of inner nature, which, rare as they are, show that the genius of satire is not dead. It is the poet's audience that is dead, — dead to everything but its "fads."

A Theme for Novelists.

It is noticeable that the Revolution, the greatest of themes from our early history, still awaits adequate treatment in fiction; yet one may remind himself that where great events of history are to be dealt with in fiction, rather than spiritual experiences or a peculiar mode of life poetical in itself, a certain lapse of time is required to add glamour to the hard reality; and in the case of our Revolution there are special reasons why an adequate treatment has been impossible hitherto. The events of that war were small in appearance, and their real magnitude can be rightly appreciated only now that the prophetic enthusiasm of the leaders of the period has become a living truth. Other causes are at work. The large inroads of strange peoples into the land, the threatened dissolution of the old homogeneous life, the longing to escape the dead level of democracy, have turned men, and especially women, to contemplate the heroic age of national creation with something of extravagant patriotism. Sons of the Revolution, Daughters of the Revolution, Colonial Dames, and what not, seem at times a somewhat wearisome travesty of the sober Society of the Cincinnati; yet the movement is due to the same feeling that is reflected in recent literature.

In the case of the Revolution, moreover, there is need of rather delicate handling in the use of humor. It is impossible to lend the Tory society of the colonies anything like the color and stateliness of an ancient aristocracy; but it is susceptible of humorous treatment; its mingled provinciality and pretension are the proper material for kindly irony. So, too, on the Whig side, to produce any strong impression the real democratic homespun character of the movement must be accepted; and here again there is room for irony. Valley Forge will never be vividly portrayed until the vast incongruity of the scene is grasped. The ragged mob of disheartened soldiers, the utter mismanagement of the commissariat, on the one side, and on the other side the blustering debates of Congress, — there is a motive whose picturesque humor Hugh Wynne, the best novel we have yet had on the period, quite fails to seize. But the humorous must be duly mixed with the grave. There was in the hearts of these men such a settled rage as could lead John Adams to write that he thought "medals in gold, silver, and copper ought to be struck in commemoration of the shocking cruelties, the brutal barbarities, and the diabolical impieties of this war; and these should be contrasted with the kindness, tenderness, humanity, and philanthropy which have marked the conduct of Americans towards their prisoners." Nor, if we read the relations of Freneau and others who suffered imprisonment, shall we be inclined altogether to condemn this indignation. And in the breasts of wise men there was such a hope and assurance as could lead the prudent Franklin to foresee in vision the mighty realm then founding, and to predict that by the loss of her colonies the British Empire would be brought to dissolution. The hero of the story we look for must have indignation like Adams's, and assurance like Franklin's.

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THE YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK.

OF all the mountain ranges I have climbed, I like the Sierra Nevada the best. Though extremely rugged, with its main features on the grandest scale in height and depth, it is nevertheless easy of access and hospitable; and its marvelous beauty, displayed in striking and alluring forms, wooes the admiring wanderer on and on, higher and higher, charmed and enchanted. Benevolent, solemn, fateful, pervaded with divine light, every landscape glows like a countenance hallowed in eternal repose; and every one of its living creatures, clad in flesh and leaves, and every crystal of its rocks, whether on the surface shining in the sun or buried miles deep in what we call darkness, is throbbing and pulsing with the heartbeats of God. All the world lies warm in one heart, yet the Sierra seems to get more light than other mountains. The weather is mostly sunshine embellished with magnificent storms, and nearly everything shines from base to summit, — the rocks, streams, lakes, glaciers, irised falls, and the forests of silver fir and silver pine.

And how bright is the shining after summer showers and dewy nights, and after frosty nights in spring and autumn when the morning sunbeams are pouring through the crystals on the bushes and grass, and in winter through the snow-laden trees! The average cloudiness for the whole year is perhaps less than ten hundredths. Scarcely a day of all the summer is dark, though there is no lack of magnificent thundering cumuli. They rise in the warm midday hours, mostly over the middle region, in June and July, like new mountain ranges, higher Sierras, mightily augmenting the grandeur of the scenery while giving rain to the forests and gardens and bringing forth their fragrance. The wonderful weather and beauty inspire everybody to be up and doing. Every summer day is a workday to be confidently counted on, the short dashes of rain forming, not interruptions, but rests. The big blessed storm days of winter, when the whole range stands white, are not a whit less inspiring and kind. Well may the Sierra be called the Range of Light, not the Snowy Range; for only in winter is it white, while all the year it is bright.

Of this glorious range the Yosemite National Park is a central section, thirty-six miles in length and forty-eight miles in breadth. The famous Yosemite Valley lies in the heart of it, and it includes the head waters of the Tuolumne and Merced rivers, two of the most songful streams in the world; innumerable lakes and waterfalls and smooth silky lawns; the noblest forests, the loftiest granite domes, the deepest ice-sculptured cañons, the brightest crystalline pavements, and snowy mountains soaring into the sky twelve and thirteen thousand feet, arrayed in open ranks and spiry pinnacled groups partially separated by tremendous cañons and amphitheatres; gardens on their sunny brows, avalanches thundering down their long white slopes, cataracts roaring gray and foaming in the crooked

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rugged gorges, and glaciers in their shadowy recesses working in silence, slowly completing their sculpture; newborn lakes at their feet, blue and green, free or encumbered with drifting icebergs like miniature Arctic Oceans, shining, sparkling, calm as stars.

Nowhere will you see the majestic operations of nature more clearly revealed beside the frailest, most gentle and peaceful things. Nearly all the park is a profound solitude. Yet it is full of charming company, full of God's thoughts, a place of peace and safety amid the most exalted grandeur and eager enthusiastic action, a new song, a place of beginnings abounding in first lessons on life, mountain-building, eternal, invincible, unbreakable order; with sermons in stones, storms, trees, flowers, and animals brimful of humanity. During the last glacial period, just past, the former features of the range were rubbed off as a chalk sketch from a blackboard, and a new beginning was made. Hence the wonderful clearness and freshness of the rocky pages.

But to get all this into words is a hopeless task. The leanest sketch of each feature would need a whole chapter. Nor would any amount of space, however industriously scribbled, be of much avail. To defrauded town toilers, parks in magazine articles are like pictures of bread to the hungry. I can write only hints to incite good wanderers to come to the feast.

While this glorious park embraces big, generous samples of the very best of the Sierra treasures, it is, fortunately, at the same time, the most accessible portion. It lies opposite San Francisco, at a distance of about one hundred and forty miles. Railroads connected with all the continent reach into the foothills, and three good carriage roads, from Big Oak Flat, Coulterville, and Raymond, run into Yosemite Valley. Another, called the Tioga road, runs from Crocker's Station on the Yosemite Big Oak Flat road, near the Tuolumne Big Tree Grove, right across the park to the summit of the range by way of Lake Tenaya, the Big Tuolumne Meadows, and Mount Dana. These roads, with many trails that radiate from Yosemite Valley, bring most of the park within reach of everybody, well or half well.

The three main natural divisions of the park, the lower, middle, and alpine regions, are fairly well defined in altitude, topographical features, and vegetation. The lower, with an average elevation of about five thousand feet, is the region of the great forests, made up of sugar pine, the largest and most beautiful of all the pines in the world; the silvery yellow pine, the next in rank; Douglas spruce, libocedrus, the white and red silver firs, and the *Sequoia gigantea*, or "big tree," the king of conifers, the noblest of a noble race. On warm slopes next the foothills there are a few sabine nut pines; oaks make beautiful groves in the cañon valleys; and poplar, alder, maple, laurel, and Nuttall's flowering dogwood shade the banks of the streams. Many of the pines are more than two hundred feet high, but they are not crowded together. The sunbeams streaming through their feathery arches brighten the ground, and you walk beneath the lofty radiant ceiling in devout subdued mood, as if you were in a grand cathedral with mellow light sifting through colored windows, while the flowery pillared aisles open enchanting vistas in every direction. Scarcely a peak or ridge in the whole region rises bare above the forests, though they are thinly planted in some places where the soil is shallow. From the cool breezy heights you look abroad over a boundless waving sea of evergreens, covering hill and ridge and smooth-flowing slope as far as the eye can reach, and filling every hollow and down-plunging ravine in glorious triumphant exuberance.

Perhaps the best general view of the pine forests of the park, and one of the

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best in the range, is obtained from the top of the Merced and Tuolumne divide near Hazel Green. On the long, smooth, finely folded slopes of the main ridge, at a height of five to six thousand feet above the sea, they reach most perfect development, and are marshaled to view in magnificent towering ranks, their colossal spires and domes and broad palm-like crowns, deep in the kind sky, rising above one another, — a multitude of giants in perfect health and beauty, — sun-fed mountaineers rejoicing in their strength, chanting with the winds, in accord with the falling waters. The ground is mostly open and inviting to walkers. The fragrant chamæbatia is outspread in rich carpets miles in extent; the manzanita, in orchard-like groves, covered with pink bell-shaped flowers in the spring, grows in openings facing the sun, hazel and buckthorn in the dells; warm brows are purple with mint, yellow with sunflowers and violets; and tall lilies ring their bells around the borders of meadows and along the ferny mossy banks of the streams. Never was mountain forest more lavishly furnished.

Hazel Green is a good place quietly to camp and study, to get acquainted with the trees and birds, to drink the pure water and weather, and to watch the changing lights of the big charmed days. The rose light of the dawn creeping higher among the stars changes to daffodil yellow; then come the level enthusiastic sunbeams pouring across the feathery ridges, touching pine after pine, spruce and fir, libocedrus and lordly sequoia, — searching every recess, until all are awakened and warmed. In the white noon they shine in silvery splendor, every needle and cell in bole and branch thrilling and tingling with ardent life; and the whole landscape glows with consciousness, like the face of a god. The hours go by uncounted. The evening flames with purple and gold. The breeze that has been blowing from the lowlands dies away; and far and near the mighty host of trees baptized in the purple flood stand hushed and thoughtful, awaiting the sun's blessing and farewell, — as impressive a ceremony as if it were never to rise again. When the daylight fades, the night breeze from the snowy summits begins to blow, and the trees, waving and rustling beneath the stars, breathe free again.

It is hard to leave such camps and woods; nevertheless, to the large majority of travelers the middle region of the park is still more interesting, for it has the most striking features of all the Sierra scenery, — the deepest sections of the famous cañons, of which the Yosemite Valley, Hetch-Hetchy Valley, and many smaller ones are wider portions, with level parklike floors and walls of immense height and grandeur of sculpture. This middle region holds also the greater number of the beautiful glacier lakes and glacier meadows, the great granite domes, and the most brilliant and most extensive of the glacier pavements. And though in large part it is severely rocky and bare, it is still rich in trees. The magnificent silver fir (*Abies magnifica*), which ranks with the giants, forms a continuous belt across the park above the pines at an elevation of from seven to nine thousand feet, and north and south of the park boundaries to the extremities of the range, only slightly interrupted by the main cañons. The two-leaved or tamarack pine makes another, less regular belt along the upper margin of the region, while between these two belts, and mingling with them in groves or scattered, are the Patton hemlock, the most graceful of evergreens; the noble mountain pine; the Jeffrey form of the yellow pine, with big cones and long needles; and the brown, burly, sturdy Western juniper. All these except the juniper, which grows on bald rocks, have plenty of flowery brush about them, and gardens in open spaces.

Here, too, lies the broad, shining, heavily sculptured region of

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granite, which best tells the story of the glacial period on the Pacific side of the continent. No other mountain chain on the globe, as far as I know, is so rich as the Sierra in bold, striking, well-preserved glacial monuments, easily understood by anybody capable of patient observation. Every feature is more or less glacial, and this park portion of the range is the brightest and clearest of all. Not a peak, ridge, dome, cañon, lake basin, garden, forest, or stream but in some way explains the past existence and modes of action of flowing, grinding, sculpturing, soil-making, scenery-making ice. For, notwithstanding the postglacial agents — air, rain, frost, rivers, earthquakes, avalanches — have been at work upon the greater part of the range for tens of thousands of stormy years, engraving their own characters over those of the ice, the latter are so heavily emphasized and enduring that they still rise in sublime relief, clear and legible through every after inscription. The streams have traced only shallow wrinkles as yet, and avalanche, wind, rain, and melting snow have made blurs and scars; but the change effected on the face of the landscape is not greater than is made on the face of a mountaineer by a single year of weathering.

Of all the glacial phenomena presented here, the most striking and attractive to travelers are the polished pavements, because they are so beautiful, and their beauty is of so rare a kind, — unlike any part of the loose earthy lowlands where people dwell and earn their bread. They are simply flat or gently undulating areas of solid resisting granite, the unchanged surface over which the ancient glaciers flowed. They are found in the most perfect condition at an elevation of from eight to nine thousand feet above sea level. Some are miles in extent, only slightly blurred or scarred by spots that have at last yielded to the weather; while the best preserved portions are brilliantly polished, and reflect the sunbeams as calm water or glass, shining as if rubbed and burnished every day, notwithstanding they have been exposed to plashing corroding rains, dew, frost, and melting sloppy snow for thousands of years.

The attention of hunters and prospectors, who see so much in their wild journeys, is seldom attracted by moraines, however regular and artificial-looking; or rocks, however boldly sculptured; or cañons, however deep and sheer-walled. But when they come to these pavements, they go down on their knees and rub their hands admiringly on the glistening surface, and try hard to account for its mysterious smoothness and brightness. They may have seen the winter avalanches come down the mountains, through the woods, sweeping away the trees and scouring the ground; but they conclude that this cannot be the work of avalanches, because the striæ show that the agent, whatever it was, flowed along and around and over the top of high ridges and domes, and also filled the deep cañons. Neither can they see how water could be the agent, for the strange polish is found thousands of feet above the reach of any conceivable flood. Only the winds seem capable of moving over the face of the country in the directions indicated by the lines and grooves.

The pavements are particularly fine around Lake Tenaya, and have suggested the Indian name Py-we-ack, the Lake of the Shining Rocks. Indians seldom trouble themselves with geological questions, but a Mono Indian once came to me and asked if I could tell him what made the rocks so smooth at Tenaya. Even dogs and horses, on their first journeys into this region, study geology to the extent of gazing wonderingly at the strange brightness of the ground, and pawing it and smelling it, as if afraid of falling or sinking.

In the production of this admirable hard finish, the glaciers in many places

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exerted a pressure of more than a hundred tons to the square foot, planing down granite, slate, and quartz alike, showing their structure, and making beautiful mosaics where large feldspar crystals form the greater part of the rock. On such pavements the sunshine is at times dazzling, as if the surface were of burnished silver.

Here, also, are the brightest of the Sierra landscapes in general. The regions lying at the same elevation to the north and south were perhaps subjected to as long and intense a glaciation, but because the rocks are less resisting their polished surfaces have mostly given way to the weather, leaving here and there only small imperfect patches on the most enduring portions of cañon walls protected from the action of rain and snow, and on hard bosses kept comparatively dry by boulders. The short steeply inclined cañons of the east flank of the range are in some places brightly polished, but they are far less magnificent than those of the broad west flank.

One of the best general views of the middle region of the park is to be had from the top of a majestic dome which long ago I named the Glacier Monument. It is situated a few miles to the north of Cathedral Peak, and rises to a height of about fifteen hundred feet above its base and ten thousand above the sea. At first sight it seems sternly inaccessible, but a good climber will find that it may be scaled on the south side. Approaching it from this side you pass through a dense bryanthus-fringed grove of Patton hemlock, catching glimpses now and then of the colossal dome towering to an immense height above the dark evergreens; and when at last you have made your way across woods, wading through azalea and ledum thickets, you step abruptly out of the tree shadows and mossy leafy softness upon a bare porphyry pavement, and behold the dome unveiled in all its grandeur. Fancy a nicely proportioned monument, eight or ten feet high, hewn from one stone, standing in a pleasure ground; magnify it to a height of fifteen hundred feet, retaining its simplicity of form and fineness, and cover its surface with crystals: then you may gain an idea of the sublimity and beauty of this ice-burnished dome, one of many adorning this wonderful park.

In making the ascent, one finds that the curve of the base rapidly steepens, until one is in danger of slipping; but feldspar crystals, two or three inches long, that have been weathered into relief, afford slight footholds. The summit is in part burnished, like the sides and base, the striæ and scratches indicating that the mighty Tuolumne Glacier, two or three thousand feet deep, overwhelmed it while it stood firm like a boulder at the bottom of a river. The pressure it withstood must have been enormous. Had it been less solidly built, it would have been ground and crushed into moraine fragments, like the general mass of the mountain flank in which at first it lay imbedded; for it is only a hard residual knob or knot with a concentric structure of superior strength, brought into relief by the removal of the less resisting rock about it, — an illustration in stone of the survival of the strongest and most favorably situated.

Hardly less wonderful, when we contemplate the storms it has encountered since first it saw the light, is its present unwasted condition. The whole quantity of postglacial wear and tear it has suffered has not diminished its stature a single inch, as may be readily shown by measuring from the level of the unchanged polished portions of the surface. Indeed, the average postglacial denudation of the entire region, measured in the same way, is found to be less than two inches, — a mighty contrast to that of the ice; for the glacial denudation here has been not less than a mile; that is, in developing the present

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landscapes, an amount of rock a mile in average thickness has been silently carried away by flowing ice during the last glacial period.

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A few erratic boulders nicely poised on the rounded summit of the monument tell an interesting story. They came from a mountain on the crest of the range, about twelve miles to the eastward, floating like chips on the frozen sea, and were stranded here when the top of the monument emerged to the light of day, while the companions of these boulders, whose positions chanced to be over the slopes where they could not find rest, were carried farther on by the shallowing current.

The general view from the summit consists of a sublime assemblage of ice-born mountains and rocks and long wavering ridges, lakes and streams and meadows, moraines in wide-sweeping belts, and beds covered and dotted with forests and groves, — hundreds of square miles of them composed in wild harmony. The snowy mountains on the axis of the range, mostly sharp-peaked and crested, rise in noble array along the sky to the eastward and northward; the gray-pillared Hoffman spur and the Yosemite domes and a countless number of others to the westward; Cathedral Peak with its many spires and companion peaks and domes to the southward; and a smooth billowy multitude of rocks, from fifty feet or less to a thousand feet high, which from their peculiar form seem to be rolling on westward, fill most of the middle ground. Immediately beneath you are the Big Tuolumne Meadows, with an ample swath of dark pine woods on either side, enlivened by the young river, that is seen sparkling and shimmering as it sways from side to side, tracing as best it can its broad glacial channel.

The ancient Tuolumne Glacier, lavishly flooded by many a noble affluent from the snow-laden flanks of Mounts Dana, Gibbs, Lyell, Maclure, and others nameless as yet, poured its majestic overflowing current, four or five miles wide, directly against the high outstanding mass of Mount Hoffman, which divided and deflected it right and left, just as a river is divided against an island that stands in the middle of its channel. Two distinct glaciers were thus formed, one of which flowed through the Big Tuolumne Cañon and Hetch-Hetchy Valley, while the other swept upward five hundred feet in a broad current across the divide between the basins of the Tuolumne and Merced into the Tenaya basin, and thence down through the Tenaya Cañon and Yosemite Valley.

The maplike distinctness and freshness of this glacial landscape cannot fail to excite the attention of every observer, no matter how little of its scientific significance he may at first recognize. These bald, glossy, westward-leaning rocks in the open middle ground, with their rounded backs and shoulders toward the glacier fountains of the summit mountains and their split angular fronts looking in the opposite direction, every one of them displaying the form of greatest strength with reference to physical structure and glacial action, show the tremendous force with which through unnumbered centuries the ice flood swept over them, and also the direction of the flow; while the mountains, with their sharp summits and abraded sides, indicate the height to which the glacier rose; and the moraines, curving and swaying in beautiful lines, mark the boundaries of the main trunk and its tributaries as they existed toward the close of the glacial winter. None of the commercial highways of the sea or land, marked with buoys and lamps, fences and guideboards, is so unmistakably indicated as are these channels of the vanished Tuolumne glaciers.

The action of flowing ice, whether in the form of river-like glaciers or broad mantling folds, is but little understood as compared with that of other sculptur-

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ing agents. Rivers work openly where people dwell, and so do the rain, and the sea thundering on all the shores of the world; and the universal ocean of air, though unseen, speaks aloud in a thousand voices and explains its modes of working and its power. But glaciers back in their cold solitudes work apart from men, exerting their tremendous energies in silence and darkness. Coming in vapor from the sea, flying invisible on the wind, descending in snow, changing to ice, white, spirit-like, they brood outspread over the predestined landscapes, working on unwearied through unmeasured ages, until in the fullness of time the mountains and valleys are brought forth, channels furrowed for the rivers, basins made for meadows and lakes, and soil beds spread for the forests and fields that man and beast may be fed. Then vanishing like clouds, they melt into streams and go singing back home to the sea.

To an observer upon this adamantine old monument in the midst of such scenery, getting glimpses of the thoughts of God, the day seems endless, the sun stands still. Much faithless fuss is made over the passage in the Bible telling of the standing still of the sun for Joshua. Here you may learn that the miracle occurs for every devout mountaineer, — for everybody doing anything worth doing, seeing anything worth seeing. One day is as a thousand years, a thousand years as one day, and while yet in the flesh you enjoy immortality.

From the monument you will find an easy way down through the woods and along the Big Tuolumne Meadows to Mount Dana, the summit of which commands a grand telling view of the alpine region. The scenery all the way is inspiring, and you saunter on without knowing that you are climbing. The spacious sunny meadows, through the midst of which the bright river glides, extend with but little interruption ten miles to the eastward, dark woods rising on either side to the limit of tree growth, and above the woods a picturesque line of gray peaks and spires dotted with snow banks; while, on the axis of the Sierra, Mount Dana and his noble compeers repose in massive sublimity, their vast size and simple flowing contours contrasting in the most striking manner with the clustering spires and thin-pinnacled crests crisply outlined on the horizon to the north and south of them.

Tracing the silky lawns, gradually ascending, gazing at the sublime scenery more and more openly unfolded, noting the avalanche gaps in the upper forests, lingering over beds of blue gentians and purple-flowered bryanthus and cassiope, and dwarf willows an inch high in close felted gray carpets, brightened here and there with kalmia and soft creeping mats of vaccinium, sprinkled with pink bells that seem to have been showered down from the sky like hail, — thus beguiled and enchanted, you reach the base of the mountain wholly unconscious of the miles you have walked. And so on to the summit. For all the way up the long red slate slopes that in the distance seemed barren you find little garden beds, and tufts of dwarf phlox, ivesia, and blue arctic daisies that go straight to your heart, blessed fellow mountaineers kept safe and warm by a thousand miracles. You are now more than thirteen thousand feet above the sea, and to the north and south you behold a sublime wilderness of mountains in glorious array, their snowy summits towering together in crowded bewildering abundance, shoulder to shoulder, peak beyond peak. To the east lies the Great Basin, barren-looking and silent, apparently a land of pure desolation, rich only in beautiful light. Mono Lake, fourteen miles long, is outspread below you at a depth of nearly seven thousand feet, its shores of volcanic ashes and sand, treeless and sunburned; a group of volcanic cones, with well-formed, unwasted craters, rises to the south of the lake; while up from

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its eastern shore innumerable mountains with soft flowing outlines extend range beyond range, gray and pale purple and blue, — the farthest gradually fading on the glowing horizon. Westward you look down and over the countless moraines, glacier meadows, and grand sea of domes and rock waves of the upper Tuolumne basin, the Cathedral and Hoffman mountains with their wavering lines and zones of forest, the wonderful region to the north of the Tuolumne Cañon, and across the dark belt of silver firs to the pale mountains of the coast.

In the icy fountains of the Mount Lyell and Ritter groups of peaks, to the south of Dana, three of the most important of the Sierra rivers — the Tuolumne, Merced, and San Joaquin — take their rise, their highest tributaries being within a few miles of one another, as they rush forth on their adventurous courses from beneath snow banks and glaciers.

Of the small shrinking glaciers of the Sierra, remnants of the majestic system that sculptured the range, I have seen sixty-five. About twenty-five of them are in the park, and eight are in sight from Mount Dana.

The glacier lakes are sprinkled over all the alpine and subalpine regions, gleaming like eyes beneath heavy rock brows, tree-fringed or bare, embosomed in the woods, and lying in open basins with green and purple meadows around them; but the greater number are in the cool shadowy hollows of the summit mountains not far from the glaciers, the highest lying at an elevation of from eleven to nearly twelve thousand feet above the sea. The whole number in the Sierra, not counting the smallest, can hardly be less than fifteen hundred, of which about two hundred and fifty are in the park. From one standpoint, on Red Mountain, I counted forty-two, most of them within a radius of ten miles. The glacier meadows, which are spread over the filled-up basins of vanished lakes, and form one of the most charming features of the scenery, are still more numerous than the lakes.

An observer stationed here, in the glacial period, would have overlooked a wrinkled mantle of ice as continuous as that which now covers the continent of Greenland; and of all the vast landscape now shining in the sun, he would have seen only the tops of the summit peaks, rising darkly like storm-beaten islands, lifeless and hopeless, above rock-encumbered ice waves. If among the agents that nature has employed in making these mountains there be one that above all others deserves the name of Destroyer, it is the glacier. But we quickly learn that destruction is creation. During the dreary centuries through which the Sierra lay in darkness, crushed beneath the ice folds of the glacial winter, there was a steady invincible advance toward the warm life and beauty of to-day; and it is just where the glaciers crushed most destructively that the greatest amount of beauty is made manifest. But as these landscapes have succeeded the preglacial landscapes, so they in turn are giving place to others already planned and foreseen. The granite domes and pavements, apparently imperishable, we take as symbols of permanence, while these crumbling peaks, down whose frosty gullies avalanches are ever falling, are symbols of change and decay. Yet all alike, fast or slow, are surely vanishing away.

Nature is ever at work building and pulling down, creating and destroying, keeping everything whirling and flowing, allowing no rest but in rhythmical motion, chasing everything in endless song out of one beautiful form into another.

John Muir.

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THE TENANT.

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We have considered the problem of the tenement. Now about the tenant. How much of a problem is he? And how are we to go about solving his problem?

The government "slum inquiry," of which I have spoken before, gave us some facts about him. In New York it found 62.58 per cent of the population of the slum to be foreign-born, whereas for the whole city the percentage of foreigners was only 43.23. While the proportion of illiteracy in all was only as 7.69 to 100, in the slum it was 46.65 per cent. That, with nearly twice as many saloons to a given number, there should be three times as many arrests in the slum as in the city at large need not be attributed to nationality, except indirectly in its possible responsibility for the saloons. I say "possible" advisedly. Anybody, I should think, whose misfortune it is to live in the slum might be expected to find in the saloon a refuge. I shall not quarrel with the other view of it. I am merely stating a personal impression. The fact that concerns us here is the great proportion of the foreign-born. Though the inquiry covered only a small section of a tenement district, the result may be accepted as typical.

We shall not, then, have to do with an American element in discussing this tenant, for even of the "natives" in the census by far the largest share is made up of the children of the immigrant. Indeed, in New York only 4.77 per cent of the slum population canvassed were shown to be of native parentage. The parents of 95.23 per cent had come over the sea, to better themselves, it may be assumed. Let us see what they brought us, and what we have given them in return.

The Italians were in the majority where this census taker went. They were from the south of Italy, avowedly the worst of the Italian immigration which in the eight years from 1891 to 1898 gave us more than half a million of King Humbert's subjects. The exact number, as registered by the Emigration Bureau, was 502,592. In 1898, 58,613 came over, 36,086 of them with New York as their destination. The official year ends with June. In the six months from July 1 to December 31, the immigrants were sorted out upon a more intelligent plan than previously. The process as applied to the 30,470 Italians who were landed during that term yielded this result: from northern Italy, 4762; from southern Italy, 25,708. Of these latter a number came from Sicily, the island of the absentee landlord, where peasants die of hunger. I make no apology for quoting here the statement of an Italian officer, on duty in the island, to a staff correspondent of the Tribuna of Rome, a paper not to be suspected of disloyalty to United Italy. I take it from the Evening Post: —

"In the month of July I stopped on a march by a threshing floor where they were measuring grain. When the shares had been divided, the one who had cultivated the land received a single *tumolo* (less than a half bushel). The peasant, leaning on his spade, looked at his share as if stunned. His wife and their five children were standing by. From the painful toil of a year this was what was left to him with which to feed his family. The tears rolled silently down his cheeks."

These things occasionally help one to understand. Over against this picture there arises in my memory one from the Barge Office, where I had gone to see an Italian steamer come in. A family sat apart, ordered to wait by the inspecting officer; in the group an old man,

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worn and wrinkled, who viewed the turmoil with the calmness of one having no share in it. The younger members formed a sort of bulwark around him.

"Your father is too old," said the official.

Two young women and a boy of sixteen rose to their feet at once. "Are not we young enough to work for him?" they said. The boy showed his strong arms.

It is charged against this Italian immigrant that he is dirty, and the charge is true. He lives in the darkest of slums, and pays rent that ought to hire a decent flat. To wash, water is needed; and we have a law which orders tenement landlords to put it on every floor, so that their tenants may have the chance. And it is not yet half a dozen years since one of the biggest tenement house landlords in the city, the wealthiest church corporation in the land, attacked the constitutionality of this statute rather than pay a couple of hundred dollars for putting water into two old buildings, as the Board of Health had ordered, and came near upsetting the whole structure of tenement house law upon which our safety depends. He is ignorant, it is said, and that charge is also true. I doubt if one of the family in the Barge Office could read or write his own name. Yet would you fear especial danger to our institutions, to our citizenship, from these four? He lives cheaply, crowds, and underbids even the Jew in the sweatshop. I can myself testify to the truth of these statements. Only this spring I was the umpire in a quarrel between the Jewish tailors and the factory inspector whom they arraigned before the Governor on charges of inefficiency. The burden of their grievance was that the Italians were underbidding them in their own market, which of course the factory inspector could not prevent. Yet, even so, the evidence is not that the Italian always gets the best of it. I came across a family once working on "knee-pants." "Twelve pants, ten cents," said the tailor, when there was work. "Ve work for dem sheenies," he explained. "Ven dey has work, ve gets some; ven dey has n't, ve don't." He was an unusually gifted tailor as to English, but apparently not as to business capacity. In the Astor tenements, in Elizabeth Street, where we found forty-three families living in rooms intended for sixteen, I saw women finishing "pants" at thirty cents a day. Some of the garments were of good grade, and some of poor; some of them were soldiers' trousers, made for the government; but whether they received five, seven, eight, or ten cents a pair, it came to thirty cents a day, except in a single instance, in which two women, sewing from five in the morning till eleven at night, were able, being practiced hands, to finish forty-five "pants" at three and a half cents a pair, and so made together over a dollar and a half. They were content, even happy. I suppose it seemed wealth to them, coming from a land where a Parisian investigator of repute found three lire (not quite sixty cents) *per month* a girl's wages.

I remember one of those flats, poor and dingy, yet with signs of the instinctive groping toward orderly arrangement which I have observed so many times, and take to be evidence that in better surroundings much might be made of these people. Clothes were hung to dry on a line strung the whole length of the room. Upon couches by the wall some men were snoring. They were the boarders. The "man" was out shoveling snow with the midnight shift. By a lamp with brown paper shade, over at the window, sat two women sewing. One had a baby on her lap. Two sweet little cherubs, nearly naked, slept on a pile of unfinished "pants," and smiled in their sleep. A girl of six or seven dozed in a child's rocker between the two workers, with her head hanging down on one side; the mother propped it up with her elbow as she sewed. They

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were all there, and happy in being together even in such a place. On a corner shelf burned a night lamp before a print of the Mother of God, flanked by two green bottles, which, seen at a certain angle, made quite a festive show.

Complaint is made that the Italian promotes child labor. His children work at home on "pants" and flowers at an hour when they ought to have been long in bed. Their sore eyes betray the little flowermakers when they come tardily to school. Doubtless there are such cases, and quite too many of them; yet, in the very block which I have spoken of, the investigation conducted for the Tenement House Committee by the University Department of Sociology of Columbia College, under Professor Franklin H. Giddings, discovered of 196 children of school age only 23 at work or at home, and in the next block only 27 out of 215. That was the showing of the foreign population all the way through. Of 225 Russian Jewish children only 15 were missing from school, and of 354 little Bohemians only 21. The overcrowding of the schools and their long waiting lists occasionally furnished the explanation why they were not there. Professor Giddings reported, after considering all the evidence: "The foreign-born population of the city is not, to any great extent, forcing children of legal school age into money-earning occupations. On the contrary, this population shows a strong desire to have its children acquire the common rudiments of education. If the city does not provide liberally and wisely for the satisfaction of this desire, the blame for the civic and moral dangers that will threaten our community, because of ignorance, vice, and poverty, must rest on the whole public, not on our foreign-born residents." It is satisfactory to know that the warning has been heeded, and that soon there will be schools enough to hold all the children who come. After September 1, this year, the new factory law will reach also the Italian flowermaker in his home, and that source of waste will be stopped.

He is clannish, this Italian; he gambles and uses a knife, though rarely on anybody not of his own people; he "takes what he can get," wherever anything is free, as who would not, coming to the feast like a starved wolf? There was nothing free where he came from. Even the salt was taxed past a poor man's getting any of it. Lastly, he buys fraudulent naturalization papers, and uses them. I shall plead guilty for him to every one of these counts. They are all proven. Gambling is his besetting sin. He is sober, industrious, frugal, enduring beyond belief, but he will gamble on Sunday and quarrel over his cards, and when he sticks his partner in the heat of the quarrel the partner is not apt to tell. He prefers to bide his time. Yet there has lately been evidence once or twice in the surrender of an assassin by his countrymen that the old vendetta is being shelved, and a new idea of law and justice is breaking through. As to the last charge: our Italian is not dull. With his intense admiration for the land where a dollar a day waits upon the man with a shovel, he can see no reason why he should not accept the whole "American plan" with ready enthusiasm. It is a good plan. To him it sums itself up in the statement: a dollar a day for the shovel; two dollars for the shovel with a citizen behind it. And he takes the papers and the two dollars.

He came here for a chance to live. Of politics, social ethics, he knows nothing. Government in his old home existed only for his oppression. Why should he not attach himself with his whole loyal soul to the plan of government in his new home that offers to boost him into the place of his wildest ambition, a "job on the streets," — that is, in the Street-Cleaning Department, — and asks no other return than that he shall vote as directed? Vote! Not only he, but

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his cousins and brothers and uncles will vote as they are told, to get Pietro the job he covets. If it pleases the other man, what is it to him for whom he votes? He is after the job. Here, ready-made to the hand of the politician, is such material as he never saw before. For Pietro's loyalty is great. As a police detective, one of his own people, once put it to me: "He got a kind of an idea, or an old rule: an eye for an eye; do to another as you 'd be done by; if he don't squeal on you, you stick by him, no matter what the consequences." This "kind of an idea" is all he has to draw upon for an answer to the question if the thing is right. But the question does not arise. Why should it? Was he not told by the agitators whom the police jailed at home that in a republic all men are made happy by means of the vote? And is there not proof of it? It has made him happy, has it not? And the man who bought his vote seems to like it. Well, then?

Very early Pietro discovered that it was every man for himself, in the chase of the happiness which this powerful votee had in keeping. He was robbed by the padrone — that is, the boss — when he came over, fleeced on his steamship fare, made to pay for getting a job, and charged three prices for board and lodging and extras while working in the railroad gang. The boss had a monopoly, and Pietro was told that it was maintained by his "divvying" with some railroad official. Rumor said, a very high-up official, and that the railroad was in politics in the city; that is to say, dealt in votes. When the job gave out, the boss packed him into the tenement he had bought with his profits on the contract; and if Pietro had a family, told him to take in lodgers and crowd his flat, as the Elizabeth Street tenements were crowded, so as to make out the rent, and to never mind the law. The padrone was a politician, and had a pull. He was bigger than the law, and it was the votes he traded in that did it all. Now it was Pietro's turn. With his vote he could buy what to him seemed wealth. In the muddle of ideas, that was the one which stood out. When citizen papers were offered him for $12.50, he bought them quickly, and got his job on the street.

It was the custom of the country. If there was any doubt about it, the proof was furnished when Pietro was arrested through the envy and plotting of the opposition boss last fall. Distinguished counsel, employed by the machine, pleaded his case in court. Pietro felt himself to be quite a personage, and he was told that he was safe from harm, though a good deal of dust might be kicked up; because, when it came down to that, both the bosses were doing the same kind of business. I quote from the report of the State Superintendent of Elections of January, this year: "In nearly every case of illegal registration, the defendant was represented by eminent counsel who were identified with the Democratic organization, among them being three assistants to the Corporation counsel. My deputies arrested Rosario Calecione and Giuseppe Marrone, both of whom appeared to vote at the fifth election district of the Sixth Assembly District; Marrone being the Democratic captain of the district, and, it was charged, himself engaged in the business of securing fraudulent naturalization papers. In both of these cases Farriello had procured the naturalization papers for the men for a consideration. They were subsequently indicted. Marrone and Calecione were bailed by the Democratic leader of the Sixth Assembly District."

The business, says the State Superintendent, is carried on "to an enormous extent." It appears, then, that Pietro has already "got on to" the American plan as the slum presented it to him, and has in good earnest become a problem. I guessed as much from the statement of a Tammany politician to

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me, a year ago, that every Italian voter in his district got his "old two" on election day. He ought to know, for he held the purse. Suppose, now, we speak our minds as frankly, for once, and put the blame where it belongs. Will it be on Pietro? And upon this showing, who ought to be excluded, when it comes to that?

The slum census taker did not cross the Bowery. Had he done so, he would have come upon the refugee Jew, the other economic marplot of whom complaint is made with reason. If his Nemesis has overtaken him in the Italian, certainly he challenged that fate. He did cut wages by his coming. He was starving, and he came in shoals. In fourteen years more than 400,000 Jewish immigrants have landed in New York.[1] They had to have work and food, and they got both as they could. In the strife they developed qualities that were anything but pleasing. They herded like cattle. They had been so herded by Christian rulers, a despised and persecuted race, through the centuries. Their very coming was to escape from their last inhuman captivity in a Christian state. They lied, they were greedy, they were charged with bad faith. They brought nothing, — neither money nor artisan skill, — nothing but their consuming energy, to our land, and their one gift was their greatest offense. One might have pointed out that they had been trained to lie, for their safety; had been forbidden to work at trades, to own land; had been taught for a thousand years, with the scourge and the stake, that only gold could buy them freedom from torture. But what was the use? The charges were true. The Jew was — he still is — a problem of our slum.

And yet, if ever there was material for citizenship, this Jew is such material. Alone of all our immigrants he comes to us without a past. He has no country to renounce, no ties to forget. Within him there burns a passionate longing for a home to call his, a country which will own him, that waits only for the spark of such another love to spring into flame which nothing can quench. Waiting for it, all his energies are turned into his business. He is not always choice in method; he often offends. But he succeeds. He is the yeast of any slum, if given time. If it will not let him go, it must rise with him. The charity managers in London said it, when we looked through their slums some years ago: "The Jews have renovated Whitechapel." I, for one, am a firm believer in this Jew, and in his boy. Ignorant they are, but with a thirst for knowledge that surmounts any barrier. The boy takes all the prizes in the school. His comrades sneer that he will not fight. Neither will he when there is nothing to be gained by it. But I believe that, should the time come when the country needs fighting men, the son of the despised immigrant Jew will resurrect on American soil, the first that bade him welcome, the old Maccabee type, and set an example for all the rest of us to follow.

For fifteen years he has been in the public eye as the vehicle and promoter of sweating, and much severe condemnation has been visited upon him with good cause. He had to do something, and he took to the clothesmaker's trade as that which was most quickly learned. The increasing crowds, the tenement, and his grinding poverty made the soil, wherein the evil thing grew rank. Yet the real sweater is the manufacturer, not the workman. It is just a question of expense to the manufacturer. By letting out his work on contract, he can save the expense of running his factory and delay longer making his choice of styles. The Jew is the victim of the mischief quite as much as he has helped it on. Back of the manufacturer there

[1] According to the register of the United Hebrew Charities, between October 1, 1884, and March 1, 1899, the number was 402,181.

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is still another sweater, — the public. Only by its sufferance of the bargain counter and of sweatshop-made goods has the nuisance existed as long as it has. I am glad to believe that its time is passing away. The law has driven the sweatshops out of the tenements, and so deprived them of one of their chief props: there was no rent at all to pay there. Child labor, which only four years ago the Reinhard Committee characterized as "one of the most extensive evils now existing in the city of New York, a constant and grave menace to the welfare of its people," has been practically banished from the tailoring trade. What organization among the workers had failed to effect is apparently going to be accomplished by direct pressure of an outraged public opinion. Already manufacturers are returning to their own factories, and making capital of the fact among their customers. The new law, which greatly extends the factory inspector's power over sweatshops, is an expression of this enlightened sentiment. It will put New York a long stride ahead, and quite up to Massachusetts. The inspector's tag has proved, where the law was violated, an effective weapon. It suspends all operation of the shop and removal of the goods until the orders of the inspector have been obeyed. But the tag which shall finally put an end to sweating, and restore decent conditions, is not the factory inspector's, I am persuaded, but a trades union label, which shall deserve public confidence and receive it. We have much to learn yet, all of us. I think I can see the end of this trouble, however, when the Italian's triumph in the sweatshop shall have proved but a barren victory, to his own gain.

In all I have said so far, in these papers, I have not gone beyond the limits of the old city, — of Manhattan Island, in fact. I want now to glance for a moment at the several attempts made at colonizing refugee Jews in this part of the country. Brownsville was one of the earliest. Its projector was a manufacturer, and its motive profit. The result was the familiar one, — as nasty a little slum as ever the East Side had to show. We have it on our hands now in the Greater City, — it came in with Brooklyn, — and it is not a gain. Down in southern New Jersey several colonies were started, likewise by speculators, in the persecution of the early eighties, and these also failed. The soil was sandy and poor, and, thrown upon their own resources in a strange and unfriendly neighborhood, with unfamiliar and unremunerative toil, the colonists grew discouraged and gave up in despair. The colonies were approaching final collapse, when the managers of the Baron de Hirsch Fund in New York, who had started and maintained a successful colony at Woodbine, in the same neighborhood, took them under the arms and inaugurated a new plan. They persuaded several large clothing contractors in this city to move their plants down to the villages, where they would be assured of steady hands, not so easily affected by strikes. For strikes in sweatshops are often enough the alternative of starvation. Upon the land there would be no starvation. The managers of the Fund built factories, bought the old mortgages on the farms, and put up houses for the families which the contractors brought down with them. This effort at transplanting the crowd from the Ghetto to the soil has now been going on for a year. At latest account, eight contractors and two hundred and fifty families had been moved out. The colonies had taken on a new lease of life and apparent prosperity. While it is yet too early to pass sober judgment, there seems to be good ground for hoping that a real way out has been found that shall restore the Jew, at least in a measure, to the soil from which he was barred so long. The experiment is of exceeding interest. The hopes of its project-

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ors that a purely farming community might be established have not been realized. Perhaps it was too much to expect. By bringing to the farmers their missing market, and work to the surplus population, the mixed settlement plan bids fair to prove a step in the desired direction.

Some 18,500 acres are now held by Jewish colonists in New Jersey. In the New England states, in the last eight years, 600 abandoned farms have been occupied and are cultivated by refugees from Russia. As a dairy farmer and a poultry raiser, the Jew has more of an immediate commercial grip on the situation and works with more courage. At Woodbine, sixty-five boys and girls are being trained in an agricultural school that has won the whole settlement the friendly regard of the neighborhood. Of its pupils, eleven came out of tailor shops, and ten had been office boys, messengers, or newsboys. To these, and to the trade schools now successfully operated by the de Hirsch Fund, we are to look in the next generation for the answer to the old taunt that the Jew is a trader, and not fit to be either farmer or craftsman, and for the solution of the problem which he now presents in the slum.

I have spoken at length of the Jew and the Italian, because they are our present problem. Yesterday it was the Irishman and the Bohemian. To-morrow it may be the Greek, who already undersells the Italian from his pushcart in the Fourth Ward, and the Syrian, who can give Greek, Italian, and Jew points at a trade. From Dalmatia a new immigration has begun to come, and there are signs of its working further east in the Balkan states, where there is no telling what is in store for us. How to absorb them all safely is the question. Doubtless the Irishman, having absorbed us politically, would be glad to free us from all concern on that score by doing a like favor for them. But we should not get the best of the slum that way; it would get the best of us, instead. Would I shut out the newcomers? Sometimes, looking at it from the point of view of the Barge Office and the sweatshop, I think I would. Then there comes up the recollection of a picture of the city of Prague that hangs in a Bohemian friend's parlor, here in New York. I stood looking at it one day, and noticed in the foreground cannon that pointed in over the city. I spoke of it, unthinking, and said to my host that they should be trained, if against an enemy, the other way. The man's eye flashed fire. "Ha!" he cried, "here, yes!" When I think of that, I do not want to shut the door.

Again, there occurs to me an experience the police had last summer in Mulberry Street. They were looking for a murderer, and came upon a nest of Italian thugs who lived by blackmailing their countrymen. They were curious about them, and sent their names to Naples with a request for information. There came back such a record as none of the detectives had ever seen or heard of before. All of them were notorious criminals, who had been charged with every conceivable crime, from burglary to kidnapping and "maiming," and some not to be conceived of by the American mind. Five of them together had been sixty-three times in jail, and one no less than twenty-one times. Yet, though they were all "under special surveillance," they had come here without let or hindrance within a year. When I recall that, I want to shut the door quick. I sent the exhibit to Washington at the time. But then, again, when I think of Mrs. Michelangelo in her poor mourning for one child run over and killed, wiping her tears away and going bravely to work to keep the home together for the other five until the oldest shall be old enough to take her father's place; and when, as now, there strays into my hand the letter from my

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good friend, the "woman doctor" in the slum, when her father had died, in which she wrote: "The little scamps of the street have been positively pathetic; they have made such shy, boyish attempts at friendliness. One little chap offered to let me hold his top while it was spinning, in token of affection," — when I read that, I have not the heart to shut anybody out.

Except, of course, the unfit, the criminal and the pauper, cast off by their own, and the man brought over here merely to put money into the pockets of the steamship agent, the padrone, and the mine owner. We have laws to bar these out. Suppose we begin by being honest with ourselves and the immigrant, and enforcing our own laws. In spite of a healthy effort at the port of New York, — I can only speak for that, — under the present administration, that has not yet been done. When the door has been shut and locked against the man who left his country for his country's good, whether by its "assistance" or not, and when trafficking in the immigrant for private profit has been stopped, then, perhaps, we shall be better able to decide what degree of ignorance in him constitutes unfitness for citizenship and cause for shutting him out. Perchance then, also, we shall hear less of the cant about his being a peril to the republic. Doubtless ignorance is a peril, but the selfishness that trades upon ignorance is a much greater. He came to us without a country, ready to adopt such a standard of patriotism as he found, at its face value, and we gave him the rear tenement and slum politics. If he accepted the standard, whose fault was it? His being in such a hurry to vote that he could not wait till the law made him a citizen was no worse, to my mind, than the treachery of the "upper class" native, who refuses to go to the polls for fear he may rub up against him there. This last let us settle with first, and see what remains of our problem. We can approach it honestly, then, at all events.

When the country was in the throes of the silver campaign, the newspapers told the story of an old laborer who went to the subtreasury and demanded to see the "boss." He undid the strings of an old leathern purse with fumbling fingers, and counted out more than two hundred dollars in gold eagles, the hoard of a lifetime of toil and self-denial. They were for the government, he said. He had not the head to understand all the talk that was going, but he gathered from what he heard that the government was in trouble, and that somehow it was about not having gold enough. So he had brought what he had. He owed it all to the country, and now that she needed it he had come to give it back. The man was an Irishman. Very likely he was enrolled in Tammany and voted her ticket. I remember a tenement at the bottom of a back alley over on the East Side, where I once went visiting with the pastor of a mission chapel. Up in the attic there was a family of father and daughter in two rooms that had been made out of one by dividing off the deep dormer window. It was midwinter, and they had no fire. He was a peddler, but the snow had stalled his pushcart and robbed them of their only other source of income, a lodger who hired cot room in the attic for a few cents a night. The daughter was not able to work. But she said, cheerfully, that they were "getting along." When it came out that she had not tasted solid food for many days, was starving, in fact, — indeed, she died within a year, of the slow starvation of the tenements that parades in the mortality returns under a variety of scientific names which all mean the same thing, — she met her pastor's gentle chiding with the excuse: "Oh, your church has many poorer than I. I don't want to take your money."

These were Germans, ordinarily held to be close-fisted; but I found that in

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their dire distress they had taken in a poor old man who was past working, and had kept him all winter, sharing with him what they had. He was none of theirs; they hardly even knew him, as it appeared. It was enough that he was "poorer than they," and lonely and hungry and cold.

It was over here that the children of Dr. Elsing's Sunday school gave out of the depth of their poverty fifty-four dollars in pennies to be hung on the Christmas tree as their offering to the persecuted Armenians. One of their teachers told me of a Bohemian family that let the holiday dinner she brought them stand and wait, while they sent out to bid to the feast four little ragamuffins of the neighborhood who else would have gone hungry. I remember well a teacher in one of the Children's Aid Society's schools, herself a tenement child, who, with breaking heart, but brave face, played and sang the children's Christmas carols with them rather than spoil their pleasure, while her only sister lay dying at home.

I might keep on and fill many pages with instances of that kind, which simply go to prove that our poor human nature is at least as robust on Avenue A as up on Fifth Avenue, if it has half a chance, and often enough to restore one's faith in it, with no chance at all; and I might set over against it the product of sordid and mean environment which one has never far to seek. Good and evil go together in the tenements as in the fine houses, and the evil sticks out sometimes merely because it lies nearer the surface. The point is that the good does outweigh the bad, and that the virtues that turn the balance are after all those that make for good citizenship anywhere, while the faults are oftenest the accidents of ignorance and lack of training, which it is the business of society to correct. I recall my discouragement when I looked over the examination papers of a batch of candidates for police appointment, — young men largely the product of our public schools in this city and elsewhere, — and read in them that five of the original New England states were "England, Ireland, Scotland, Belfast, and Cork;" that the Fire Department ruled New York in the absence of the Mayor, — I have sometimes wished it did, and that he would stay away awhile; and that Lincoln was murdered by Ballington Booth. But we shall agree, no doubt, that the indictment of these papers was not of the men who wrote them, but of the school that stuffed its pupils with useless trash, and did not teach them to think. Neither have I forgotten that it was one of these very men who, having failed, and afterward got a job as a bridge policeman, on his first pay day went straight from his post, half frozen as he was, to the settlement worker who had befriended him and his sick father, and gave him five dollars for "some one who was poorer than they." Poorer than they! What worker among the poor has not heard it? It is the charity of the tenement that covers a multitude of sins. There were thirteen in this policeman's family, and his wages were the biggest item of income in the house.

Jealousy, envy, and meanness wear no fine clothes and masquerade under no smooth speeches in the slums. Often enough it is the very nakedness of the virtues that makes us stumble in our judgment. I have in mind the "difficult case" that confronted some philanthropic friends of mine in a rear tenement on Twelfth Street, in the person of an aged widow, quite seventy I should think, who worked uncomplainingly for a sweater all day and far into the night, pinching and saving and stinting herself, with black bread and chicory coffee as her only fare, in order that she might carry her pitiful earnings to her big, lazy lout of a son in Brooklyn. He never worked. My friends' difficulty was a very real one, for absolutely every at-

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tempt to relieve the widow was wrecked upon her mother heart. It all went over the river. Yet one would not have had her different.

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Sometimes it is only the unfamiliar setting that shocks. When an East Side midnight burglar, discovered and pursued, killed a tenant who blocked his way of escape, a few weeks ago, his "girl" gave him up to the police. But it was not because he had taken human life. "He was good to me," she explained to the captain whom she told where to find him, "but since he robbed the church I had no use for him." He had stolen, it seems, the communion service in a Staten Island church. The thoughtless laughed. But in her ignorant way she was only trying to apply the standards of morality as they had been taught her. Stunted, bemuddled, as they were, I think I should prefer to take my chances with her rather than with the woman of wealth and luxury who, some years ago, gave a Christmas party to her lapdog, as on the whole the sounder of the two, and by far the more hopeful.

All of which is merely saying that the country is all right, and the people are to be trusted with the old faith in spite of the slum. And it is true, if we remember to put it that way, — in spite of the slum. There is nothing in the slum to warrant that faith save human nature as yet uncorrupted. How long it is to remain so is altogether a question of the sacrifices we are willing to make in our fight with the slum. As yet, we are told by the officials having to do with the enforcement of the health ordinances, which come closer to the life of the individual than any other kind, that the poor in the tenements are "more amenable to the law than the better class." It is of the first importance, then, that we should have laws deserving of their respect, and that these laws should be enforced, lest they conclude that the whole thing is a sham. Respect for law is a very powerful bar against the slum. But what, for instance, must the poor Jew understand, who is permitted to buy a live hen at the market, yet neither to kill nor keep it in his tenement, and who on his feast day finds a whole squad of policemen detailed to follow him around and see that he does not do any of the things with his fowl for which he must have bought it? Or the day laborer, who drinks his beer in a "Raines law hotel," where brick sandwiches, consisting of two pieces of bread with a brick between, are set out on the counter, in derision of the state law which forbids the serving of drinks without "meals"? (The Stanton Street saloon keeper who did that was solemnly acquitted by a jury.) Or the boy, who may buy fireworks on the Fourth of July, but not set them off? These are only ridiculous instances of an abuse that pervades our community life to an extent that constitutes one of the gravest perils. Insincerity of that kind is not lost on our fellow citizen by adoption, who is only anxious to fall in with the ways of the country; and especially is it not lost on his boy.

We shall see how it affects him. He is the one for whom we are waging the battle with the slum. He is the to-morrow that sits to-day drinking in the lesson of the prosperity of the big boss who declared with pride upon the witness stand that he rules New York, that judges pay him tribute, and that only when *he* says so a thing "goes;" and that it is all for what he can get out of it, "just the same as everybody else." He sees corporations to-day pay blackmail and rob the people in return, quite according to the schedule of Hester Street. Only there it is the police who charge the peddler twenty cents, while here it is the politicians taking toll of the franchises, twenty per cent. Wall Street is not ordinarily reckoned in the slum, because of certain physical advantages; but, upon the evidence of the day, I think we shall

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have to conclude that the advantage ends there. The boy who is learning such lessons, — how is it with him?

The president of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children says that children's crime is increasing, and he ought to know. The managers of the Children's Aid Society, after forty-six years of wrestling with the slum for the boy, in which they have lately seemed to get the upper hand, say in this year's report that on the East Side children are growing up in certain districts "entirely neglected," and that the number of such children "increases beyond the power of philanthropic and religious bodies to cope properly with their needs." In the Tompkins Square Lodging House the evening classes are thinning out, and the keeper wails: "Those with whom we have dealt of late have not been inclined to accept this privilege; how to make night school attractive to shiftless, indifferent street boys is a difficult problem to solve."

Perhaps it is only that he has lost the key. Across the square, the Boys' Club of St. Mark's Place, that began with a handful, counts five thousand members to-day, and is seeking a place to build a house of its own. The school census man announces that no boy in that old stronghold of the "bread or blood" brigade need henceforth loiter in the street because there is not room in the public school, and the brigade has disbanded for want of recruits. The shop is being shut against the boy, and the bars let down at the playground. But from Tompkins Square, nevertheless, came Jacob Beresheim, whose story I shall tell you presently.

Jacob A. Riis.

THE VITALITY OF MACAULAY.

I.

THE reign of Queen Victoria has been the golden age of English prose. The royal masters lived earlier, — the makers of the English Bible, Milton, and Burke. Other masters of great fame — Hooker, Browne, Addison, Bolingbroke — have been scattered over other generations; but the prose of Victoria's reign has Newman, Ruskin, Carlyle, and Macaulay. Such diverse excellences of so high a reach have never appeared in England at one time before. In these men manner has so well matched matter that it seems the order of nature for a priest to write like Newman, a poet like Ruskin, a prophet like Carlyle, an historian like Macaulay. The diversity of these four, one from another, forbids any comparison; do you prefer a horseshoe, a salt-cellar, or a bottle of cologne? Nevertheless, time has thrown out some hints concerning their enduring quality. Tract number 90 is already old with hoary age; Sartor Resartus is powerless to arouse the youth of to-day; the period of Ruskin's tyranny is past; and still Macaulay's essays, though it is fifty years since they were first published, are read continually, from London to Melbourne, from New York to Singapore.

It is the fashion at present to speak of Newman, Ruskin, and Carlyle with the utmost deference, even for those who dissent from their opinions; but many, both they who are fond of books and they who simulate such an affection, feel at liberty to speak of Macaulay as a sort of literary demagogue. The objects of admiration by a poet, a prophet, and a priest are more to the taste of the dainty than is the resolute, matter-of-fact man of business whom Macaulay celebrates.

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For Macaulay's popularity there is one principal reason, — that he was a typical Englishman. All his English critics agree — and they ascribe it to him as a great limitation — that he was a man who represented his generation, who believed their beliefs, hoped their hopes, and feared their fears. Whether that charge be serious or not, Macaulay was far more than that; he had much of the permanent English in him. He did hold the political opinions of the men who emancipated the Catholics and reformed the House of Commons. Yet those political ideas of 1830 were not transitory, but English; they were merely the nineteenth-century form of the ideas which have been working at the social and political constitution of England ever since Magna Carta. Englishmen have always been zealous to obtain what they have deemed their rights. Those rights have not been creations of the imagination, not children of theory, but certain definite powers to be enjoyed, certain definite restraints to be cast loose. Macaulay's speeches on the Reform Bill are characteristic of the English mind. He instinctively employs only English arguments; he disclaims any symmetrical theory, he courts property, he shouts warning of instant danger. His voice sounds like the voice of England calling to her children in a good set English speech.

At Runnymede Macaulay would have had passionate delight. King John would have looked as big a fool as King James, and as bad as Jeffreys. Macaulay would have argued for the plaintiff in Taltarum's case; he would have cited endless precedents for the Petition of Right; he would have written hexameters for the Writ of Habeas Corpus; he would have championed any remedy for an immediate distemper of the body politic. He had no relish for the discomforts of subordination; he never believed that submission and asceticism were the will of God.

Macaulay had no religious quality; the English have never had the peculiar grace of Latin piety. Dunstan and à Becket have been their saints. Thomas à Kempis, St. Francis, Joan of Arc, St. Theresa, never could have been English. English piety trickles like "a rivulet in a meadow" of common sense and respectability. The Established Church calls to mind that picture of an English milord in Brown, Jones, and Robinson who is reading in a foreign railway carriage; some peasants are chattering under his window: "How rude in those people to disturb his lordship!" Emerson says: "The doctrine of the Old Testament is the religion of England. It believes in a Providence which does not treat with levity a pound sterling. They are neither transcendentalists nor Christians. They put up no Socratic prayer, much less any saintly prayer for the Queen's mind; ask neither for light nor right, but say bluntly, 'Grant her in health and wealth long to live.'"

Macaulay had none of the artist's temperament. England has never produced one of the world's great painters. England has never given birth to a great musician or to a good sculptor. There has been no great English architect since the French influences ceased. Sir Christopher Wren was not a great architect, but a great Englishman.

Common sense is the great English characteristic; Macaulay was filled with it. Macaulay did not care for philosophy. "The philosophy of Plato," says he, "is the philosophy of words." "The brilliant Macaulay, who expresses the tone of the English governing classes of the day, explicitly teaches that *good* means good to eat, good to wear, material commodity; that the glory of modern philosophy is its direction on 'fruit;' to yield economical inventions; and that its merit is to avoid ideas and avoid morals. He thinks it the distinctive merit of the Baconian philosophy, in its triumph over the old Platonic, its disen-

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for the Old Testament; in English politics they are Whigs and Liberals. They made the revolution of 1688; they passed the Act of Settlement, a formal declaration of an accepted principle that no king had divine rights in Great Britain; they maintained the house of Hanover.

This cautious, industrious, peering-round-the-corner class is not attractive to everybody. We miss the glitter and the purple of ostentatious heroism; we feel the absence of luxury, of recklessness, of epigram, of sangfroid. Nevertheless, that class constitutes most of the machinery of the civilized world, calling itself the party of progress, known to its enemies as Mr. Gradgrind, Mr. Worldlywise, and their friends. This difference between the manufacturer and the country squire, the artisan and the soldier, the practical man and the idealist, an eye fixed on the present and an eye roaming over the past or future, between Whig and Tory, is the line of demarcation between two kinds of minds: the Benjamin Franklin character, inclined to wise saws, wise doubts, wise practices and experiments; and the Dr. Johnson temperament, bowing to authority, custom, the ways of grandfathers, the traditions of grandmothers, full of crotchets, prejudices, beliefs, and idealism.

If one looks at these classes from the point of view of the reader on winter evenings, the attractions of Tory history (to use the political epithet), English conquests, English empire, English traditions, English poetry, are beyond comparison more entertaining than histories of the common law, of Presbyterian synods, of factory acts, of Manchesters and Birminghams. But when the world is quiet, and the politics of England can regulate themselves by private morality and by the maxims of Poor Richard's Almanac, the outwardly uninteresting class is sure to be in power. The great wealth of England, the moral tone of her literature, the humane standard among her common clergy, the saving ballast in her ship of state, are all triumphs of the Whigs.

Two generations ago, the chief historians of England, Clarendon, Hume, Lingard, had done little justice to the achievements of utility and progress; it was time that an advocate should arise to show the real value of the work of the middle classes. Justice demanded that at the bar of public opinion a zealous believer should plead the cause of the Whigs. Up rose Thomas Babington Macaulay, and first in the Edinburgh Review, and afterward in his History, eulogized their political achievements with amazing eloquence. All that he has written on the subject has been a splendid repetition of his words on his election as member for Edinburgh: "I look with pride on all that the Whigs have done for the cause of human freedom and of human happiness."

III.

It would be easy to find fault with any story of past events, even if it were written by Minos and Rhadamanthus together. The historian must tell in a chapter the events of years; he must compress into a page the character of a hero; he must cram into a paragraph an episode which brought life or death to a thousand men. With innumerable facts to choose from, he is bound to make choice. By the law of individuality he will not choose just the facts that Tom, Dick, or Harry sets store by. That Stubbs, Freeman, Hallam, Gardiner, do not have as many fault-finders as Macaulay is due in a measure, at least, to the fact that they have not one fiftieth part of his readers; and the readers whom they have belong to certain general classes. Macaulay's readers are of every kind and description: of crabbed age and fiery youth; grave seniors, reckless ne'er-do-wells; obstinate men, reasonable men; choleric men, meek men; pinched men, pampered

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men; misers, prodigals; saints, sinners; cynics, believers; the melancholy man, the curious man, the mean man, the envious man, — all kinds, from Brabantio to Autolycus, from Major Pendennis to Mr. Winkle; and every one a critic, caring not who knows his mind.

There are, however, several classes of men to whom Macaulay's History wears an essentially false aspect. These are, first, the men of Tory cast of thought: men who have been taught from babyhood to look upon the cause represented by Tories in the history of politics as the only true and just cause; men who sit at ease in the *status quo*, and wonder why other men squirm in their seats; men whose minds, clinging to the past,

"Sois-moi fidèle, ô pauvre habit que j'aime!"

look askance at the future and possible change, who face to-morrow in the posture of self-defense. Naturally, they look upon the liberal type with an unjust eye. Men who are strong party men bestow harsh criticism (even Montaigne says, "Il faut prendre party"); they strive to strike their buffets home, and expect hard blows back.

In the second place, there are men of religious nature: men who give as little ear to daily happenings as they do to unknown tongues; who care not for the reputed meaning of things; who read Plato, Spinoza, Wordsworth; who roam about seeking something that shall satisfy their sense of bigness; who plunge into learning, bigotry, or sacrifice as headlong as a boy dives into a summer pool. These men cannot take the Whig interpretation of life. Macaulay's facts are to them incoherent, meaningless; he might as well hold out to them a handful of sand. What are those gay-faceted little facts to them? What care they for machinery, parliamentary reform, progress, Manchester prints? They delight not in gaudy day; they are servants to darkness: —

"Hail, thou most sacred, venerable thing!"

Then there is a third class of men susceptible to delicate and indefinite sensations. They demand chiaroscuro, twilight, "shadows and sunny glimmerings." They are of a sensitive, skeptical quality. They hold that the meaning of one solitary fact cannot be exhausted by the most brilliant description; they must needs go back to it continually, like Claude Monet to his haystack; every time they find it different. They live in mystery and uncertainty. The past is to them as doubtful as the future. For them some infinite spirit hovers over life, continually endowing it with its own attribute of infinite change; forever wreathing this misty matter into new shapes; making all things uncommon, wonderful, and strange. For them the highest of man's nature is in his shudder of awe. For them all life has fitful elements of poetry, music, and art. They are sensitive to little things; moving about like children in a world unrealized. They are sympathetic with seeming mutually exclusive things. Such men seek poetry everywhere, and find it; they contemplate life as an aggregate of possibilities, not of facts. At common happenings, like opium eaters they fall into strange dreams. They live on symbols. To such an aspect of life as these men behold, Macaulay was utterly strange. Of a chapel in Marseilles he says: "The mass was nearly over. I stayed to the end, wondering that so many reasonable beings could come together to see a man bow, drink, bow again, wipe a cup, wrap up a napkin, spread his arms, and gesticulate with his hands; and to hear a low muttering which they could not understand, interrupted by the occasional jingling of a bell."

Macaulay seems to have felt his estrangement in a childlike way whenever he had to do with those matters of beauty which peculiarly call out the distinctive character of this class of men. "I have written several things on histori-

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cal, political, and moral questions, of which, on the fullest reconsideration, I am not ashamed, and by which I should be willing to be estimated; but I have never written a page of criticism on poetry or the fine arts which I would not burn if I had the power." And yet Macaulay had strong feelings for two great idealists of the world, Dante and Cervantes. In Florence, his rooms looked out on a court adorned with orange trees and marble statues. His diary reads: "I never look at the statues without thinking of poor Mignon: —

'Und Marmorbilder stehn und sehn mich an:
Was hat man dir, du armes Kind, gethan?'

I know no two lines in the world which I would sooner have written than those." In another part of his diary he writes: "I walked far into Herefordshire, and read, while walking, the last five books of the Iliad, with deep interest and many tears. I was afraid to be seen crying by the parties of walkers that met me as I came back, — crying for Achilles cutting off his hair, crying for Priam rolling on the ground in the courtyard of his house; mere imaginary beings, creatures of an old ballad maker who died near three thousand years ago." To such sentiments few have been as susceptible as Macaulay, but beyond that, into the realm of spiritual sensitiveness, into the borderland where the senses cease to tyrannize, he could not go.

Then there are men of individual idiosyncrasies: one does not like the popularity of Macaulay's History, — he prefers that which is caviare to the general, a privacy of glorious light must be his; a second is troubled by antitheses and rhetoric; a third, hazy with old saws, thinks that in so much glitter there can be no gold; a fourth wants humor, — he misses the "tender blossoming" of Charles Lamb; others are Quakers zealous for William Penn, doctors of philosophy tender of Bacon's good name, grandsons of Scotch cavaliers warm for Dundee, militiamen valiant for Marlborough; then there are Mr. Churchill Babington, Sir Francis Palgrave, and Gladstone himself, defenders of the Anglican Church, and, not least, Macaulay's fellow historians. How can a just man please men of such varying humors? How shall a man write history for a fellow scholar? How hold the balances between yesterday and to-morrow? How can a man be neither for the party of change nor for the party that says, "Tarry awhile"? "C'est une plaisante imagination de concevoir un esprit balancé justement entre deux pareilles envyes."

Macaulay's History suits the majority of Englishmen, by its virile directness, its honest clearness, its bold definiteness. Macaulay is never afraid; he never shirks; he never dissembles or cloaks; he never says "perhaps" or "maybe," nor "the facts are obscure," nor "authorities differ." He makes the reader know just what effect the evidence has produced on his mind. To be sure, there is danger in that brilliant rhetoric. The glow of declamation disdains the sickly hue of circumspection. The reader of the year 3000, for whom Macaulay winds his horn, cannot hear the shuffling syllables of shambling uncertainties. Men go to the window when a fire engine gallops through the street; a gentler summons might not fetch them. There is something of martial music about Macaulay's prose. There is that in it which excites a man. It belongs to a great advocate, not to blindfolded Justice holding her cautious scales and doling out "ifs," "buts," "howevers," as she balances probabilities with all the diffidence of Doubt.

IV.

In former times, when readers disagreed with an historian, they said politely that he had fallen into error, or rudely that he lied. Such people sincerely entertained great devotion to truth; they had in it the pleasure of

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proprietors; they were proud of a standard by which they should judge and condemn. The more zealous among them were stoutly attached to what they called "God's truth." Their successors, in these latter days, are too cautious to use the word "truth." Therefore they cloak their criticism in hooded phrases. They say that Macaulay is narrow; that he understands only what all liberals of his generation understand; that he sees clearly, but not deep; that he is blinded by prejudice; that he beholds the outward aspect of life, but that the inner things escape him; or that he knows literature, and not life. There are many other phrases which, peeled and pared, signify that Macaulay does not tell facts as they are, does not narrate the truth.

If these persons were cross-examined as to their meaning, they would end by saying that a man such as Macaulay, of strong beliefs, of definite views, of one-sided knowledge, must by his own nature be especially unfit to arrive at just and evenly balanced conclusions upon disputed points of history. And if they were pressed home as to what shall determine the justice and nice balance of such conclusions, they would answer, The standard of the man free from prejudice.

This noble conception, this unprejudiced Cæsar to whom they appeal, must declare himself; and there are but three parts in which he can appear. First, as a cosmopolitan; second, as the average man; third, as a skeptic. Let us turn upon him a little of the light that beats fiercely upon the unprejudiced.

To Macaulay's critics the cosmopolitan appears crowned with impersonality, untouched by prejudice, unstained by violence. He never dreams the fanatic's dreams, he never strides the hippogriff; he neither bends to yesterday nor bows to to-morrow. The blood of twenty races mingles in his veins; seventy times seven cities lay claim to his birth. He is the embodiment of humanity, the personification of twentieth-century mankind; careless of his native speech or of the spot where stood his father's house.

The average man is a little different. His views are those which in course of time have been gradually accepted. They are such as a jury would adopt. There is a large element of compromise in a verdict; and it is this very element of compromise which enables the average to exist. Beliefs which are now regarded as self-evident are verdicts which were once reached by means of general concession. Ideas which once were acceptable to nobody have now the stamp and superscription of universal consent. Scholars tell us that the English translation of the Bible bears traces of the cleavage between Presbyterian and High Churchman; nevertheless, every sentence has been accepted by ten generations as the language of divine truth. So it has been with all creeds, religious, political, social, and moral. One man receded here, another gave way there; exchange was made, concessions were granted; a belief was nominated, and acknowledged as a belief *de facto;* in the next generation it became a belief *de jure.* So it has been with the facts of history. Protestant and Catholic, Teuton and Latin, Republican and Tory, the man of statistics and the man of letters, have gradually reached a compromise on a large number of historical facts. One chief motive for these mutual concessions appears to have been a paradoxical deference to the theory of absolute truth. The only attribute of truth to which everybody agreed was fixedness; and by making mutual concessions that one quality of truth was approximately reached. In recent years another motive has been at work. The definiteness and positiveness of the sciences have stirred the envy of historians. They affect to look on history as a science, and desire that the facts of history should be as well settled as the composition of chemical sub-

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stances; nevertheless, accepted historical facts are constantly changing. New materials throw new light on old subjects, and new generations unconsciously color old subjects with their own pigments. Those elements in an accepted historical fact which were incorporated out of respect to violent beliefs little by little fade away, vanishing with the vanishing belief; necessarily the fact is modified. In this way the processes of change go on. New generations have new interests, new desires, new problems; they find the historian of the last generation old-fashioned, and his facts somewhat mouldy.

Sometimes facts are established, not by compromise, but by victory. Truth has often been decided by wager of battle and by duel. The stronger side has established its view of the truth; yet it may have conquered by a very slight excess of strength, by a narrow majority, as in the case of the triumph of the Athanasian creed over the Arian at the council of Nicæa. A fact established in this way can hardly be said to have received the sanction of the common human mind; it has not been fashioned by the handling of the thoughts of a whole people. It remains the fact of a dominant party, and it bears witness to conquest on one side, and to the desire for peace and quiet on the other.

In such ways, the views, beliefs, and facts of the average man have become what they are. They are accepted as established, in that it is for general weal that they be settled, and that they be comfortably settled. Protestants show gentleness to Mary, Queen of Scots, Catholics are deferent to Elizabeth; Whigs pretend sympathy with the idea of empire, Tories are polite to the man who does not wish to be distraught from business. These compromised views, opinions, and historical facts, as substitutes for truth, have many practical advantages, but they cannot lay claim to any very close relation to truth nor to any of that enthusiastic support which has always come forth when the motto *Truth with us* has been hoisted.

The skeptic approaches facts as an honorable man lays his wagers; he always deals with probabilities, never with certainties. He will not tumble into any partisan pitfalls; he is equally indifferent to Puritan and to Cavalier, to William and to James. He lends ear to all witnesses alike; he believes that their testimony is false. He looks over records with a mechanical eye, for they are but embodiments of the doctrine of chances. He has no theory that the chapter of history told by fate was worse or better than that which might have been told had facts been changed. He makes no guesses at unseen motives; he does not grope after general laws operating from some great hiding place. He puts forth handfuls of dust, saying, This once had life; but how it looked, or whether blood flowed when you pricked it, he cannot tell.

Brilliant skeptics have written history known to all the world. Hume's history of England, however, bears few signs of skepticism. Renan's Histoire des Origines du Christianisme has not commanded universal assent; his history of Israel describes David as a Highland robber or a Sicilian brigand. The truth is that Hume and Renan, when they came to history, ceased to be philosophers and became men.

The skeptic must always face alternate difficulties. Either he will adhere to his principles, and free himself from religion and country, from longitude and latitude, from sex, from youth and age, and see history as no man ever saw life; or he will share the weaknesses of our common humanity, and espouse a cause, comfort it and live with it, and be persecuted for its sake. The latter choice all historians who have been skeptics have made. How could they help themselves? How can the skeptic tell of love, of loyalty, of passion, of all the unreasoning

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affections that flesh is heir to? What does Ishmael know of a father and a home?

The skeptical history is a fiction of the imagination; and if it were not, we should find that the skeptic no better than the cosmopolitan or the average man can lead us to truth. We must be content to see facts through one of the colors of the spectrum. The cold white light of truth is the dismal dream of the poet.

The conclusion is full of comfort. We find that life is far too big to be comprehended by one man or by a hundred thousand men. It partakes of the vast nature of the universe, and has some of the awfulness of infinity. History will always be written by one of a sect for the adherents of that sect. Why should not Whigs have their scribe? The sect has the outward appearance of vitality. Macaulay has spoken for them vigorously and well. Hundreds of years may go by before the Whig, or rather, one may say, the English idea of history, will be so admirably stated again.

V.

Macaulay's collected essays fill several volumes. All but a few were published in the Edinburgh Review from 1825 to 1845. Of his first essay, that on Milton, he himself says it "contains scarcely a paragraph such as my matured judgment approves, and is overloaded with gaudy and ungraceful ornament." Howbeit, a gay livery becomes the opinions of youth. The essay on Milton is boyish, not with the ordinary immaturity of four-and-twenty, but with the boyishness of Macaulay's own schoolboy of twelve; he who at fifteen, in the Seminary of Douai, learned enough theology to outweigh the Jesuit counselors of Charles II. and James II., and whose private library would be incomplete without a full edition of Burnet's pamphlets. Nevertheless, of all blame laid upon Charles I., most people best remember the famous summing up: "We charge him with having broken his coronation oath; and we are told that he kept his marriage vow." The essay is boyish; but fifty years after it was published, Mr. Gladstone, at the age of sixty-five, deemed it worthy of criticism.

In the essays many little mistakes of fact have been discovered by careful seekers. Froude charges Macaulay with error upon error; in that Macaulay makes accusation that Alice Perrers was mistress of Edward III., that Strafford debauched the daughter of Sir Richard Bolton, that Henry VIII. was the murderer of his wives. These allegations savor a little of the technical knowledge of an advocate at the criminal bar retained for the defense. Macaulay's statements may technically not be proved; as jurymen we may say not guilty, but as individuals we are convinced of the justice of his charge. Froude, champion of the Protestant cause, accuses Macaulay of wrong to the English Reformation and to Cranmer, and of espousal of the Catholic cause in 1829, but disarms himself by adding, "The Ethiopian, it was said, had changed his skin." Froude also finds fault that Macaulay was too severe in his essay on Robert Montgomery's bad poems. What place has generosity in matters of art?

Froude says Macaulay "was the creation and representative of his own age; what his own age said and felt, whether it was wise or foolish, Macaulay said and felt." In this judgment Mr. John Morley and Mr. Leslie Stephen concur. It may be that to be the representative of the age is no very serious fault. Shakespeare bears witness to the high renaissance of England; Dante embodies the Middle Ages; Cervantes represents the chivalry of Spain; Abraham Lincoln is the flower of American democracy. Macaulay, it is true, never tires telling of the growth of population and the increase of wealth; and many men, whose minds, like his, are, as Froude says, "of

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an ordinary kind," think exactly as he does. But their creed is the creed of England. Is it surely wrong? We are taught to rejoice at the increase of wisdom, and not at multiplying numbers; but what of a hundred thousand mothers who rejoice over a hundred thousand children? Whose new-born son shall be handed to Herod as the price of wisdom? And what becomes of the sneer at commercial prosperity when we think of food for the hungry, shelter for the ragged, schools for the ignorant, homes for the aged? It is not the beliefs, but the skepticisms of the utilitarian which are to be blamed.

It may be asked if Froude's fame is the triumph of accuracy; if Mr. Morley has been wholly free from the popular positivist creed of his generation, if he has in Voltaire and Rousseau betrayed an unquiet sympathy with an alien faith; and whether Mr. Leslie Stephen is in danger lest he be flung from the saddle of common sense by the caracoling of his rhetoric. They all complain that Macaulay lacks sensitiveness. The complaint is just; but are they in a position to claim that their own title to distinction is *d'avoir quelquefois pleuré*?

Macaulay's essays taken one by one can be splintered and chipped, but bound together they furnish part of the strength of English literature. Their subjects have great range of historical interest; vast knowledge of literature has been crammed into their compass; mastery of rhetoric colors page, paragraph, and sentence. Picture follows picture, till the reader fancies that he is whirled by spring floods from Shalott castle down to many-towered Camelot. Like a genie to the lord of his lamp, Macaulay fetches the wealth of all the literature of the civilized world and lays it before his readers. He goes through a volume for an anecdote; he ransacks a library for an impression.

There is one danger into which Macaulay's critics often fall. In the picture of a man, in the narration of an episode, they find an error of fact, and conclude that the picture is unjust, that the episode is false. But Macaulay is so steeped in information that, although he may be wrong as to a particular fact, he is justified in his conclusion. In the case of Henry VIII., there may be legal error and moral truth in the epithet "murderer." If some future Macaulay shall describe our great Rebellion and the President of the Southern Confederacy, would a critic be justified in denying his authority because he shall say that current in the North was a proposition to hang Jefferson Davis on a *sweet* apple tree?

The essays are the work of a rhetorician, — the greatest, perhaps, in English literature. One defect in that literature, as compared with Latin literatures, has been a lack of rhetoric. The great masters of English prose, Milton and Burke, appeal to the imagination; their language is sensuous and adorned, but they address themselves to the intellect; they charge their speech with thought; they are careless that they lay burdens upon their readers; they are indifferent that they outstride the crowd. The rhetorician — a Cicero, a Bossuet — tries to spare his readers; he wishes to be always thronged by the multitude. So it is with Macaulay. He says nothing that everybody cannot comprehend, and at once. He exerts all his powers to give the reader as little to do as possible; he drains his memory to find decorations to catch their eye and fix their attention. He presents everything in brilliant images. He writes to the eye and the ear. He has in mind the ordinary Briton; he does not write for a sect nor for a band of disciples. He is always the orator talking to men who are going to vote at the close of his speech. He never stops with a suggestion; he never pauses with a hint; he is never tentative, never is rendered august by the clouds of doubt.

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Macaulay was a born orator fit to speak to the multitude at the cross-roads, not to the individual in his closet. He was also a man of letters, a man of the library; no living being ever had such a mass of information in his head at one time. These two qualities explain his devotion to literature, his admiration of the Greeks, his love of the world's great poets, and the seemingly inconsistent fact that he never exceeded the stature of a rhetorician. He had a skilled, delicate, and educated taste in literature; but his ear to listen and his voice to speak were far apart. His ear is the cunning ear of Jacob listening to the sweet voice of Rachel, but his voice is the voice of Esau calling afar to his shepherds.

Macaulay's poetry is himself set to metre and rhyme. It has the swing, the vigor, the balanced sentences, of his prose. It has the awakening power of brass instruments playing the reveille. It used to be a subject of debate whether Macaulay's poems were poetry or not; and there are men to whom those poems have not and never can have the significance of poetry native to them. But they are the poetry of a strong, healthy, typical Englishman. It may be doubted if there be any other English poetry which bears in itself half so much evidence that it was written by an Englishman. The metre is good, the rhyme is good, the narrative is excellent. Everybody knows how the strenuous rush of Horatius dints itself on the memory; everybody can name the cities which sent their tale of men to Lars Porsena.

Macaulay, in his verse as in his prose, presents one definite picture after another. Each character comes on the stage in exact portraiture, whether it be Horatius, Herminius, Halifax, Sunderland, or Somers. There they are in the blaze of high noon: there is no twilight for them; never do their outlines blend in the shades of doubt. Macaulay saw the world as one vast picture book. This is the reason why his essays stand on the Australian's shelf next to the Bible and to Shakespeare. There is nothing in English literature comparable to them; there is nothing of the kind in foreign literatures. Each essay is a combination of history and literature, of anecdote and learning, of incident and portraiture, of advocacy and party spirit, — such as are commonly found separate and distinct in the essays of a dozen different men. There is somewhat of the constructive element of imagination here; as the mechanical mind brings together the odds and ends of its recollection, the remainder baggage of its memory, and works and fashions them into an invention, so Macaulay from his vast stores unites and combines scattered materials and creates an imaginative picture. There is nothing to be found in his work which the world did not possess before; but most of the world was not aware of those possessions until Macaulay gathered them together.

H. D. Sedgwick, Jr.

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HIS BROTHER'S BROTHER.

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It is now some years since I spent a certain agreeable evening, at the house of a Cambridge neighbor, with the celebrated Père Hyacinthe and his accomplished American wife. They had with them their only child, a little boy eight or ten, who had been described in some of the French journals as a monster of deformity inasmuch as his father had been a priest, but who was in reality beautiful in form and face, and altogether attractive. The child was in his first enthusiasm of autograph-collecting. He had a pile of little squares of paper, neatly cut, and whenever a new guest entered the room he would run to his mother or to the hostess, asking eagerly in respect to the latest visitor, "Est-il célèbre?" If he was told that the newcomer was at least sufficiently celebrated for autographic purposes, the child would come shyly and gracefully up to him and ask in the sweetest of voices for his signature. At last there entered a short, squarely built man, with white hair, white mustache, and thick eyebrows still black, — with erect figure, fine carriage of the head, and a bearing often described as military. The hostess, after the usual inquiry, explained to the little boy that this new guest, though not personally famous, was the only brother of the celebrated Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. The newly arrived guest, being therefore offered one of the little pieces of paper, and having presumably heard the consultation, wrote upon it this brief inscription, "John Holmes, *frère de mon frère.*"

The statement, however felicitous under the circumstances, would not bear more than a general acceptance as to the facts. Few brothers so gifted were less alike in looks and habits, and although without the slightest visible disagreement, and residing but a few miles from each other, they had practically lived much apart. In their personal habits, indeed, they covered the whole range from the most vivacious and companionable existence to the most reticent and reserved. The elder brother was born to live among cheery, social groups. He was fond of society, not averse to admiration, always ready for new acquaintances and novel experiences. The younger brother, while the more distinguished and noticeable in appearance of the two, was in the last degree self-withdrawing and modest; more than content to be held by the world at arm's length, yet capable of the most devoted and unselfish loyalty to the few real intimates he loved. Perhaps my first vivid association with him is when my elder brother, one of his especial cronies and then a law student, came home with two volumes of a newly published set of the Waverley novels, the first American edition. He said to my mother, "Johnnie has just given me these, and he says he is going to give me the whole set." "But you ought not to accept them," she protested. "He cannot afford such a gift." "But he has already subscribed for them," was the reply, "and he says if I don't take them he 'll put them in the fire; and it would be just like Johnnie to do it." From this there was no appeal, and it would be difficult to tell how much of the enjoyment of my boyhood I owe to this imprudent generosity on the part of John Holmes.

Born at Cambridge (March 29, 1812), in the "gambrel-roofed house" made famous by his brother; graduating at Harvard in 1832, and at the Harvard Law School in 1839, he was for years of early life kept by chronic lameness a prisoner in his chair, with one foot on a footrest. He never practiced law, nor did he attempt any other profession, and

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he never married, his betrothed having died of consumption in his early youth. He lived alone for many years with his aged mother, who died at the age of ninety-three, on August 19, 1862. A quaint portrait of her will be found engraved in Morse's life of Dr. Holmes (ii. 164). Her elder son describes her as "keeping her lively sensibilities and sweet intelligence to the last," and goes on to add: "My brother John had long cared for her in the most tender way, and it almost broke his heart to part with her. She was a daughter to him, she said, and he had fondly thought that love and care could keep her frail life to the filling up of a century or beyond it. It was a pity to look on him in his first grief; but Time, the great consoler, is busy with his anodyne, and he is coming back to himself." (Morse's Holmes, ii. 165.)

Not long after Mrs. Holmes's death the old house became the property of Harvard University, and John Holmes lived for the rest of his life in a little cottage on the short street called Appian Way. Here he boarded with an excellent and faithful woman who had been for many years in the service of the Holmes household. His mode of life, always blameless and abstemious, was now almost Spartan in its simplicity; few college students at the present day have rooms so bare, and he would allow himself no indulgence beyond occasional carriage-driving with old friends. His circle of intimates included only six or eight persons in Cambridge: James Russell Lowell, John Bartlett, Dr. Estes Howe (Holmes's classmate and Lowell's brother-in-law), Professor James B. Thayer, and for a time James Murray Howe, Dr. Howe's younger brother. With these he used to take walks on Cambridge Common, which he called the "philosopher's camp," and with the first three of them he used regularly to play whist. There were included in his circle also a few ladies whom he had known from youth, and the late Robert Carter, Lowell's associate in editing The Pioneer, whom the poet had christened Don Roberto Wagonero, or, more briefly, the Don. Holmes owned a little real estate in Cambridge, yielding him a modest support and freeing him from pecuniary anxiety. He had at intervals recurrences of the old lameness and also of weak eyes, but his buoyancy of temperament made these quite subordinate. His friends read aloud to him a great deal. His neighbor and legal adviser, George C. Lawrence, Esq., tells me that he read to Holmes nearly the whole series of the Erckmann-Chatrian historical novels; the reader receiving from his friend the brevet name of Cobus, from a sergeant in one of the stories, and being habitually called on for the countersign before entering the door. Lowell's Letters, on the other hand, Holmes never wished to have read to him, saying that he "knew it all before." He had plenty of such little whims, as for instance in disliking to have flowers sent to him, and saying he did not enjoy their odor. He was never prominent in the circle of his brother's friends, except in the case of Lowell. His name does not once occur in the index to Longfellow's memoirs, though the two men lived within a few blocks of each other, and Miss Alice Longfellow was afterward his faithful friend; and it is found but four times in the index to Morse's Life of Dr. O. W. Holmes. In the two volumes of Lowell's Letters, on the other hand, John Holmes appears nearly as often as his more famous brother.

The main incidents of John Holmes's eighty-seven years of life — for he died on January 27, 1899 — consisted of two visits to Europe: one made when he was a law student; and again when he went with Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Lowell in July, 1872, remaining this time until June of the following year, having spent most of the period in Paris, but also a month in Italy and a short time in Germany. He

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was never a profuse letter writer, and even his brief European epistles give us little beyond routine. In spite of the companionship of Lowell, he was restrained by his own infirmities in respect to sight and locomotion; so that he says in one of these letters to Mr. Bartlett (Paris, November 26, 1872): "You see that it is by no means a gay life that I lead away from home, though now a very comfortable one, and so far as domestic life is concerned a very pleasant one, except that I am necessarily a great deal alone. J. L. [Lowell] has to go out a good deal, and I cannot of course accompany him. Paris is more beautiful than I remembered it to be, and a more solid city than London, if stone is considered more massive than brick." Compare with this, on the other hand, the endless amusement he extracts in Cambridge from the midsummer desertion of a college town: —

"Solitude reigns here. The average number of people that pass for twelve hours from 6 to 6, per hour is $\frac{1}{12}$. At 10^{5} P. M. the travel (of pedestrians) is 0, and from that time till 6 the next morning, you can hear a small dog bark, over the river. I should like to hear a hand-organ, or some firecrackers, or some saw-filing, or something. The only amusement we have is the burglaries. You would be surprised to see how cheerful everybody looks when there has been a 'breaking and entering' (Legal expression). But they are very rare. Of course we can't count the funerals that pass through town as gaieties: but I fear that some people — I hesitate to express my thought — yes, I will say it — that some people begin to enjoy them. The city government foresaw the dullness & melancholy of midsummer and by a happy thought, they instituted repairs on the old burial ground to keep people's spirits up. There are no mosquitoes nor bugs and I confess I miss them, — they make things lively, at any rate."

Then follows: —

DIARY OF A CITIZEN OF CAMBRIDGE.

August 1. Repairs of meetinghouse & burying ground going on — a dorbug flew in at a window — caused alarm of burglars — great excitement in the town.

August 2. Repairs still going on; a man who had n't left enough in his bottle fell off his cart, but escaped without broken legs — a great deal of excitement in the town.

August 3. Repairs still going on.

August 4. Repairs continued.

August 5. Repairs on the meetinghouse going on.

August 6. Repairs of meetinghouse & burial ground very considerably advanced.

August 7. Workmen still busy on the meetinghouse.

August 8. The repairs of the church are continued.

August 9. The meetinghouse still under repair.

Later in the season he notes the premonitions of the autumnal return of his Cambridge neighbors: "You see at dusk a little procession move wearily along Appian Way. The smallest child has something or other to carry. It does n't look like a jubilant return."

While in Paris Holmes studied French most faithfully, though perhaps tardily, and he used every summer afterward to work away at his French grammar, on the piazza of my brother's house at Cohasset, or that of Dr. Charles Ware, their classmate and boyish playmate, at Rindge, New Hampshire. My sister-in-law described him as the pleasantest of inmates, always able to amuse himself even in the intervals of French grammar; a little whimsical and old-bachelorish, but never taking offense and never moody or suffering from ennui. This was all in keeping. The mere wit is lost without a companion with whom to cross swords; but the humorist finds a companion in the passing stranger, in a

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stray dog, in a butterfly, or in a canker-worm. This, at least, was true of John Holmes.

I do not suppose that there was ever a moment in John Holmes's peaceful and prolonged existence when he could really have been said to feel envious of his famous brother. The "cool sequestered vale of life" was the choice of his temperament, and he certainly had it. When Ralph Waldo Emerson once said of him, "John Holmes represents humor, while his elder brother stands for wit," he really placed the younger the higher of the two; but it is doubtful whether the latter ever heard the remark, or would have paid much attention to it had it reached him. Wits are not uncommon and are seldom unappreciated; but the inborn humorist, for whom daily life furnishes its own entertainment, is less recognized by the public, yet seldom suffers by the omission. The most commonplace event, the most uninteresting tramp who wandered through the little street, was enough to feed John Holmes's thoughts and to supply his conversation with spice. He kept piles of assorted coins on his window seat with which to supply, according to his whim, the stray passers-by, sometimes questioning them and getting an ample money's worth before they left him. Next to them in his confidence were his friends' children, to whom also the intrinsic charm of a little bit of silver must be taught. His devices in overcoming their scruples were varied and indeed endless. I have heard him say to one of them, "My dear, did you know that a toll has to be paid for every child who passes through this street?" And when met by an anxious and wondering glance, he would persevere: "Yes, it is true, it always must be paid, but it makes no difference who pays it; you may pay it to me, or I will pay it to you. It will be the same thing. So you will have to take this quarter of a dollar," — a sum which the child would then receive and bear away with a vague sense of that virtue which is its own reward.

His humor was singularly spontaneous, and took oftenest the form of a droll picture culminating in a little dramatic scene in which he enacted all the parts. A grave discussion, for instance, as to the fact, often noticed, that men are apt to shorten in size as they grow older, suggested to him the probable working of this process in some vast period of time like the longevity of the Old Testament patriarchs. His busy fancy at once conjured up a picture of Methuselah in his literally declining years, when he has shrunk to be less than knee-high compared with an ordinary man. The patriarch is running about the room, his eyes streaming with tears. "What 's the matter, Thuse?" says a benevolent stranger. "Why are you crying?" "I ain't crying," responds the aged patriarch, brushing away the drops. "It 's these plaguy shoestrings that keep getting into my eyes." Again, in answer to an inquiry about a child, I made some commonplace remark on the tormenting rapidity with which one's friends' children grow up, and he said eagerly: "That 's it! That 's it! It is always the way! You meet an old friend, and say to her in a friendly manner, 'By the way, how is that little girl of yours?' and she answers: 'Very well, I thank you. She is out in Kansas, visiting her granddaughter.'" Did any other man ever concentrate four whole generations of human life into so brief a formula?

These odd fancies were never worked up in advance, rarely duplicated, often forgotten. You might tell him his own bits of humor six months after, and he would credit them to you, as your own. Often the fun consisted merely in an expression of surprise, a drawing up of the mouth, a shutting of the eyelids, so whimsical that in any other hands the story would have failed. Such was one that he was sometimes called upon to duplicate, where a young man at a party, having

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been served with tea and cake, and finding the tea too hot to drink and no table near on which to rest it, seeks in vain to pour it into his saucer for cooling. He is unable to do it because of the piece of cake in his hand. At last a happy thought occurs to him. He will put the cake in his mouth, and leave his hands free. The tea is poured with success, and he is about to drink it, when he remembers all at once that he still has the cake in his mouth, and is as far off as ever from relief. John Holmes's look of sudden despair and hopelessness, when the young man makes this discovery, is something which no one else could equal. Hopeless, also, was the attempt of any one else to render the look which he gave to the betrayed mother, when her boy, again and again replenished with ice cream before company, still obtains new supplies by the threat, "If you don't give it to me, I'll tell." On being finally met with refusal, he shouts forth to the embarrassed guests the awful domestic mystery, "My new breeches are made out of the old window curtains!" Stories that in themselves were nothing rose to dramatic episodes when acted out by Holmes.

Another of John Holmes's spontaneous dramatic pictures was this. Something was said about the increasing number of students who failed to complete their undergraduate course in the accustomed four years, but had to be dropped from class to class before they could finish it. It was admitted that the number of these unfortunates was increasing, and Holmes predicted, without hesitation, that a race of Harvard students would be ultimately developed who would never get through at all, but might perhaps die, at the age of ninety, on the very day before Commencement, thus depriving the institution of the glory of their final diploma. In his lively imagination, a group of President and Faculty was seen gathered around the bed of the aged man, imploring him to make the final effort necessary to hold out just one day longer. "Think," they said, "what an honor it would be to the university to have graduated you at last, and what a disappointment should you expire an undergraduate after all! Rouse yourself! Make one more effort! Live until to-morrow, and die a Bachelor of Arts!"

John Holmes was an admirable mimic, which his brother Wendell was not, and he had a favorite story of a Yankee farmer of his acquaintance who used to preface a sentence by five different enunciations of the word "well." The first would come lightly, as if finding the question trivial, "Well!" The second more drawlingly, on beginning to see the importance of the matter, "We-ell!" The third more drawlingly still, but solemnly, as if grappling meditatively with the whole extent of the subject, "We-e-ell!" The next impatiently, relapsing into the vernacular and bringing the whole thing emphatically into the field of action, "Wal!" as if to be settled now or never. And then at last decisively, as if the case were made up, and no human power could overrule it, "Well!"

This creative and dramatic quality of John Holmes's humor is vividly shown in his comment — made in a private letter to his friend John Bartlett — on the appendix to that gentleman's well-known Shakespeare Phrase Book, in which the careful editor gives by way of appendix eighty pages of "comparative readings," faithfully setting down all the Shakespearean lines from various editors, preserved because rejected by him. Holmes thus portrays the probable mental conflicts of his friend in deciding which reading to adopt in each case, and which to assign to what he calls "the wastebasket:" —

"I am glad that the brief episode of the wastebasket is attached to the *magnum opus*. The bold emancipation of the author from his own tyranny, the ferocious hurling of his work to apparent destruction, the savage exultation of

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the mob (of one), the calm resistance of the conservative party (of one), the return of the mob to reason and of the tyrant to power, when the outcast of the night before is raised and hugged by the repentant populace, . . . it is altogether an admirable dramatic arrangement, in which a terrific combination of tragic elements (all that the supposed spectator can bear) suddenly culminates in wise resolution, unanimous action, and general happiness. Had not the insensate mob changed its mind,

" 'You had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work.' "

To appreciate the following extract from Lowell's Letters, it must be remembered that in the rural days of Cambridge the Holmes parsonage and its surrounding acres constituted a considerable farm, with all the accompaniments of garden lot, mowing lot, large barn, corn barn, horse stable, cow stable, and dog kennel: "Cambridge boasts of two distinguished farmers, John Holmes of Holmes Place, and him who would be, in the properly constituted order of things, the Marquess of Thompson Lot with a *p*." (That is, Lowell himself, the character being taken from a then favorite play of Toodles.) Lowell goes on: "The Marquess, fearing that (since Squire Holmes cultivated his own estate with his own hands and a camp stool) his rival might be in want of food and too proud to confess it, generously resolved to give him a dinner, which, to save his feelings, he adroitly veiled with the pretense of an agricultural festival and show of vegetables." In the subsequent narrative, the chairman gives the toast "Speed the Plough," which is "acknowledged by Mr. Holmes in a neat speech;" but the speech as given is so thoroughly Lowell's, and so remote from Holmes, by reason of its multitude of poor but ingenious puns, that the personal Holmes evidently disappears from the scene. John Holmes's humor sometimes, however, took the form of puns, but always with an apology, while Lowell never spared anything but the apology. Holmes was Lowell's favorite guest, and when he asks Howells in 1869 to eat roast pig with him on Saturday at half past four P. M. — an abnormal dinner hour, now happily obsolete — he says to him: "Your commensals will be J. H. [John Holmes], Charles Storey [father of Moorfield Storey], and Professor [George M.] Lane, — all true blades who will sit till Monday morning, if needful. The pig is just ripe, and so tender that he would fall from his tail if lifted by it, like a mature cantaloupe from its stem." (Letters, i. 313.) These were all clever men, and Lowell must have had his fill of that "Lambish quintessence of John" which he described in verse. Again, on Christmas Day, 1876, Lowell writes: "I had expected my two grandsons to dinner, but the weather will not let them run the risk, so I am to have my friend John Holmes (the best and most delightful of men) and a student whom I found to be without any chance at other than a dinner in Commons."

It was but two or three times in John Holmes's life that he trusted himself in print, and here too he kept carefully on his own ground, Old Cambridge. One may have faithfully perused Lowell's delightful Fireside Travels without getting the very inmost glimpse of village life in the earlier Cambridge, unless he has also read John Holmes's Harvard Square in the Harvard Book. Here live again, for instance, P. & S. Snow, the veteran oyster dealers whom Lowell has immortalized in delicious rhyme; but John Holmes's imagination goes beyond the dealers to the articles in which they dealt, and says of them, "The oysters seemed to know the brothers personally as old familiars of their element, and appeared satisfied and serene when they saw who had forced their doors." Lowell speaks of the old First Church, but no one has ever described like Holmes the outlet given to youthful vivacity, even in Puritan strongholds, by the drop-

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ping of the pew seats: "The seats, which were independent of one another, were made to fold back, that their occupants might find support against the wall or the side of the pew during the time of prayers, when, at that day, all stood up; and leaves, suspended on the side of the pew, which could be extended and supported by an appropriate pine rod, seemed to recall an older Puritan time, when taking notes was an important part of the exercises. When the seats were let down, at the close of prayer, the effect was much like that of the abrupt discharge of a load of boards from a cart, but with more numerous percussions. They were lowered every way but quietly. Childhood was quick and energetic, age was slow, and between them were all modes of sublapsarianism. Perhaps they came down more violently after a very long prayer than at other times. It was a phenomenon, and the only one I recollect, at variance with the very strict decorum observed. It drew no attention whatever."

Lowell himself has not described so graphically as John Holmes the great colonial festival which the Harvard Commencement Day furnished in the middle of the eighteenth century: —

"A day or two beforehand, the agent charged with that duty measured the spaces on the Common allotted by the town, for a consideration, to the occupants of tents, and scored the number of each in the sod. Grave citizens watched the numerals; children circulated their reports with increase. The popular test of Commencement was the number of tents erected. When the work of construction began, fathers led out little children that they might themselves, without reproach, loiter near the delightful tumult. Selectmen are said to have hovered around the spot in a semi-official attitude. The inhabitants of the town, alive to their responsibility, prepared, and tradition says worthily, to bestow their hospitalities. And truly it was time to be up and doing. A man might pass the whole year, until Commencement, without knowing the number and value of his friends. Then everybody and everything turned up. A prodigal son, supposed on a voyage up the Straits, arrived on Monday by coaster from Chappequiddick, to eat the fatted calf. In the afternoon, an unappreciated relative, presumed to have perished in the late war, appeared, with an appetite improved by open-air residence among the Indians. The more remote affinities at this period revealed their strength. On Tuesday, after the nearer relatives had arrived, there might drop in at evening a third cousin of a wife's half-brother from Agawam, or an uncle of a brother-in-law's step-sister from Contoocook, to re-knit the family ties. The runaway apprentice, who was ready to condone offenses and accept hospitality, was referred to the barn, as well as the Indian from Mr. Wheelock's Seminary, whose equipment was an Indian catechism and a bow and arrow, with which latter he expected to turn a fugitive penny by shooting at a mark on the morrow. The wayward boy, over whose watery grave Mr. Sam Stedman had so many times fired his long ducking-gun (cannon being scarce in those days), returned from a truant visit to his uncle on the 'New Hampshire Grants' [Vermont]. The College sloop, that shadowy craft which floats in time indefinitely, always arrived in time for the flood tide on Tuesday. The Watertown lighter was uniformly driven ashore on Tuesday evening by the perils of the seas; that is, by the strong current that prevailed in the river about Commencement time. The captain and crew, like judicious men, made it a point to improve their minds while detained, and always attended the literary exercises on the Common."

We may be sure that John Holmes describes in full the Commencement procession of 1750 and its accompanying

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services: "The sober academic colors were relieved by occasional gold-laced hats and coats, by a sprinkling of his Majesty's uniforms, and by the scores of silver shoe-buckles which glistened in the sun at every footstep, to the delight of the public and of the wearers of them. . . . The President occupied the pulpit, and the Governor the great chair in front; the rest, with mutual *congées*, self-sacrificing offers, and deprecatory acceptances of seats, distributed themselves on the stage. The cocked hats were hung on the brass-headed nails which lined the beams projecting from the wall between the pulpit and the galleries. . . . The [Latin] Salutatory goes off brilliantly, — that is to say, nobody seems depressed by it; the audience chats in a lively manner. A Latin thesis is called for, which goes rather heavily, but is relieved by the arrival of old Judge Trowbridge, who comes up the outside stairs, and with multiplied attentions is seated on the stage. He is the most famous recondite old lawyer in the Province, and has lost himself in a lucubration this morning, so as to forget the time. Another Latin thesis is helped off by a row at the west door of the church, at the sound of which young James Winthrop slips out and witnesses the victory of the 'constable and six men' over two drunken English sailors."

In describing the Commencement dinner he draws a new moral from the creation of the mosquito. "There was," he says, "no great affinity between the English gentleman, or courtier, of that day and the average New England colonist. . . . Two topics, under these circumstances, did excellent service, — the heat of to-day and the mosquitoes of last night. On these points there was a cordial unanimity, with an amount of circumstantial difference that extended the conversation most profitably. The patient who tosses and kicks under the lancet of the mosquito, or, worse, listens to his hum, as he selects the spot for puncture, is not in a mood for reflection. Let him, however, remember that the torment of the night will become a social medium on the morrow to draw him nearer friends and soften his relation to strangers."

In those days, there was in the afternoon a separate series of addresses and a separate procession. "The afternoon audience, we may suppose, was largely composed of those who attend everything on principle. All reasonable people were now in a blissful state. The excellent Dr. Appleton, the minister of the parish, walking in the afternoon procession, smiled unconsciously on the collective license of the crowd. The rough village doctor, though witnessing the abominable breach of hygienic law everywhere, felt the cheering influence of the day, and his old mare with perplexity missed half her usual allowance of cowhide. The dry, skeptical village lawyer, returned from his dinner at Miss Chadbourne's to his dusty office in his best mood, prepared to deny everything advanced by anybody, and demand proof. On the Common, the Natick Indians, having made large gain by their bows and arrows, proceeded to a retired spot, and silently and successfully achieved the process of inebriation."

For one to whom the past was thus vivid, it might seem that the present must be shadowy in comparison; yet the latest visitor, the most recent passer-by, was to him a figure equally animated; nor was any picture of past or present so characteristic and original, after all, as was the inexhaustibly fertile mind from which it came. It is this which gives to those who knew John Holmes a sense of loss so unique and irreparable. Men and events will come and go, but we shall no longer listen to hear what he will say about them; it is as if the art of instantaneous photography had perished with its inventor.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

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GREEK HISTORY AND GREEK MONUMENTS.

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I.

THE notion of the antiquary current among many educated people is still that which Scott has illustrated and immortalized in the person of Mr. Oldbuck of Monkbarns, a man full of trifles and hobbies, of old-world lore and scraps of pedantry, who loves to keep about him everything that is old because it is old, and who is out of harmony with all modern progress. The figure is charming and picturesque; but an antiquary of this kind has clearly no claim to be called a man of science on the one hand, or a man of high culture on the other. He is a pleasing and harmless oddity.

The antiquarian of the popular fancy and the instructed antiquary or archæologist of to-day are beings as different one from the other as can well be imagined. The modern archæologist is nothing if not scientific, nothing if not progressive. He regards a textbook a few years old in the same way in which a chemist or a biologist would regard it, as quite out of date. He must have the last edition, the newest light. The objects with which he deals are indeed ancient, though not so ancient as the subject matter of the geologist and the astronomer. But his theories are new, sometimes painfully so, and he is as modern as possible in his habit of mind.

The force which has changed older antiquarianism into newer archæology is the same force which has revolutionized all the fields of physical and biologic science, and which is beginning to revolutionize the historic sciences also. It is the power of the idea of evolution or development, which has come in to bind into a compact body of knowledge the scattered facts of excavation and discovery, and to range into an ordered whole the monuments preserved in the museums of various countries. Some people are tired of hearing of evolution: I fear that they have a bad time in prospect. No doubt about 1789 many French people were tired of the word "*revolution;*" but still, for good and for evil, the Revolution had to take its course, and it was mostly those who objected to the word who lost their heads in its process.

The methods by which we now deal with all the results of excavation are comparative. It has been said of Greek vases, "He who has seen a few has seen none; he who has seen many has seen one." And the same principle applies universally: only through the many does the one become really visible. For example, a statue is found on some classic site. The material, the date of origin, the artistic school to which it belongs, the particular one among all its aspects in which the artist has regarded his subject, — these questions at once occupy our attention, and to answer them we have to refer to all similar statues in all the museums of Europe. It is to be hoped that we shall not regard the statue without admiration and enjoyment, but the intellectual process is independent of such enjoyment. It proceeds by the comparative method, and assumes the course of ancient art to be an historic process, every point of which can only be rightly studied in relation to what came before and what follows after.

Fortunately, we are now saved from the dangers of excessive skepticism in this field by two things. In the first place, the introduction of the idea of evolution has acted with a purely constructive force. When we have determined certain fixed points in any field of ancient history, we are able to draw the line from one to the other with firm and steady [illegible], the course of events [illegible] the other

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might well seem like the course of a river in a great plain, devious and unmeaning; now it will seem like the course of a river which is pent in by two great ranges of hills, and so limited by bounds which it cannot pass. Instead of being incalculable, the line of history is seen to be governed by ascertainable laws, and to follow the trend of traceable tendencies.

II.

The great advantage possessed by archæology in an age of investigation and of skepticism is that it deals with things which can be seen and felt, can be examined and reëxamined, measured and weighed, regarded in this light and in that, and left to work slowly on intellect and imagination. A theoretic view is one thing, a fact is quite another thing; and when the fact is embodied in an actually existing monument, it becomes hard and definite as marble or bronze. It is a great relief sometimes to escape from books, and to turn one's attention to facts which do not change, — hard ground which owes nothing to theories, though it may serve as a basis for many.

In its methods and material, prehistoric archæology may be compared closely with geology. Dealing with flints and potsherds and other relics of primitive man, it endeavors to determine the nature of his abodes, his habits, and his arts. It has no records to examine or correct, no inscriptions to guide its researches. Its methods are those of comparison and classification, and its procedure is purely inductive.

In dealing with Egypt, Babylon, Assyria, and other old-world lands, archæology does not run parallel to the statements of ancient historians, but almost entirely supersedes them. Herodotus or Berosus, Diodorus or Ctesias, may sometimes give us a useful suggestion or hint; but Greek knowledge of lands other than Greece was very limited, and we cannot trust except where we can test. On the other hand, the excavations of the present century have brought us an almost infinite wealth of inscribed stones and bricks from the seats of these ancient empires; and out of these documents a fixed and objective history is being gradually built up, which now reaches back to the fourth or fifth millennium before the Christian era. At the same time, the cylinders, the wall paintings and sculptures, the tombs of Egypt and Mesopotamia, have furnished us with materials for a vivid restoration of the life of the peoples of those regions, of their appearance, their customs, their buildings, their wars, and their employments in time of peace. Thus, in the case of Egypt and Assyria, archæologic investigation has provided us not only with a background to history, but with a history and a background as well.

For the sake of contrast we turn at once to modern days, — say the time since the invention of printing. In this field it is evident that the details of all events of importance have been so fully recorded, from so many points of view, that it is unlikely that we need go to the material records of archæology for any important additions to our knowledge of the facts of history. But our churches and town halls, our portraits and works of art, our relics of all kinds, are of the greatest possible value to the spirit of historic study, to those who wish to construct in imagination the life of the past in its detail. There can be no doubt that these surroundings of ours act daily beyond our consciousness on heart and imagination, producing a reverent spirit, and a sense of oneness with our ancestors which enters deeply into the lives of all who have leisure and imagination.

Greece lies midway between Egypt and the modern world; and Greek archæology lies midway between that of Egypt and that of modern Europe. The main outlines of Greek history are traced for us by historians such as the world has scarcely again produced, — Herodotus and Thucydides and Polybius.

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In comparison with the narratives of these great writers, the additions of positive fact which archæology can make to the fabric of history may well seem of small importance. Here and there our excavations and researches may correct a date or add detail to a statement. In some cases they reach beyond this, but only in comparatively few. Yet in filling up the background of the historic drama, in giving us a vivid sense of Greek life, religion, and art, the facts with which archæology deals are of untold value. These facts combined with the imaginative literature of ancient Hellas, the works of her poets and orators, vivify in an extraordinary degree the bare historic fact, and make the Greek race, the most gifted which the world has ever seen, seem to us near and clear, far nearer than our own ancestors of half a millennium ago. Of course, besides this historic value of the extant monuments of Greece, we have to consider their intrinsic value as works of supreme beauty and interest. But even apart from æsthetic appreciation, we must allow the data with which Greek archæology deals to be of high value, if the study of history itself be of value; if there is any good in escaping from the tyranny of the present, and in refreshing the emotions by dwelling with sympathy on the hopes and fears of a bygone age; or if there is any intellectual gain in realizing human history as a whole, as a progress from one phase of culture to another.

Probably no modern can fully realize the part played in Greece by the plastic arts; and perhaps we of England, Old and New, with our Puritan traditions, can realize this less than other peoples. Our architecture is eclectic, and not spontaneous; among us sculpture can hardly be said to exist; even painting is in the service of private persons, not of the state. We express our emotions, religious and patriotic, in poetry and in music rather than by means of the plastic arts. But with the Greeks it was one of the first necessities of their nature to utter in some visible form, in monument and sculptured group, their strongest emotions. Their surroundings expressed them as clearly as the shell of the snail indicates its species. They were always, so to speak, blossoming in works of art: they thought and felt in stone or marble, or in the great national pictures which adorned all the places of public resort. Some appreciation of these facts is necessary to any full understanding of Hellenic life.

III.

The aid which archæology confers on Greek history is rendered in two ways. Partly it is the result of travel and excavation: travel by which new districts are searched through, excavation whereby the sites of ancient cities are discovered and their remains laid bare. Partly it is the result of more leisurely and detailed attention to the monuments which are thus brought to light, when they are scientifically analyzed, or examined in the great museums of Europe. In England we are perhaps too ready to think that excavation is the one road to archæological discovery. But quite as important services as those rendered to knowledge by the excavator are performed by the highly trained scholars who assimilate the facts which come from the freshly opened sites, and extract from the mass of new material the grains of gold which give it most of its value. In the progress of physical science the explorer and the worker in the laboratory both have a share: it is just the same in the growth of archæological knowledge.

Some of the most notable work of recent times has been done in numismatics. I can remember the time, scarcely a quarter of a century ago, when Greek coins were commonly called medals, and valued only as works of art or as interesting documents of mythology, or per-

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haps as serving to illustrate some passage in Sophocles or Euripides. The idea of placing the coins of every Greek city in a strict chronological sequence, so that at every point they could be brought into relations with the recorded history of that city, was foreign to earlier numismatists. It was like the letting out of water when Mr. Barclay Head, now keeper of coins in the British Museum, published his modest work on the chronological sequence of the coins of Syracuse, in which for the first time a rigorous and logical method of arranging the coins was followed. This work made its appearance in 1874; and in the score of years which have since elapsed the entire procedure in Greek numismatics has been changed, and we regard coins as documents always to be placed in the strictest relation to history, in a series which runs parallel to the civil and military transactions of every city, and often casts on these a light which is by no means to be despised.

It would take us too far afield if I tried to show in any detailed fashion how the modern numismatist works, how he tries to bring into one focus the facts which are offered him by the monuments with which he has to deal and the statements of ancient writers; sometimes checking and correcting the writers by means of the monuments, more often using the monuments to illustrate and make vivid the statements of the historians. Instead of attempting that which circumstances render impossible, I will pass on to consider the results of one or two lines of research in Greek vases and statues, which no less than coins are real historical documents.

It is well known that while works of Greek sculpture survive in abundance, the equally beautiful and important creations of the great painters of Greece have utterly perished. Our knowledge of great masters of the brush in Greece is very scanty; we even have to fall back on the stories, often silly and always untrustworthy, told of them by the elder Pliny. But we are now slowly working back to them from the designs of Greek vases, which cannot indeed give us any notion of the coloring which they used, but may serve to enlighten us in regard to their treatment of subjects, their grouping and perspective, and their drawing. In regard to the greatest of early Greek painters, Polygnotus, who probably exercised much influence even on the genius of Pheidias, we have lately gained fresh light. Comparing the elaborate descriptions of his works by the traveler Pausanias with the designs of extant vases, we have by degrees, Professor Robert, of Halle, leading the way, at length reached a point at which we may claim to have recovered the general character of Polygnotan art.

I do not know that at the moment there is any more promising field for study in museums than that offered by Greek and Roman portraits. An extensive series of photographs of ancient portrait sculptures has been produced at Munich by Professor Brunn and his pupil von Arndt. By studying it, we are able for the first time to survey the mass of material relative to the subject, and to judge both what the Greeks and Romans were like, and what they wished to be thought like. As yet ancient portraits have been but little studied since the days of Visconti; but the first man who applies to them the methods and resources of modern archæology is likely to reap a rich harvest. Our knowledge of history, our understanding of mankind, our skill in art, will all alike profit.

Let us, however, now pass from museum work to the more stirring pursuits of excavation. The last few years have seen a far more rigorous method introduced into excavation. They have seen an attack made upon many of the important sites of Greece, — Olympia, Epidaurus, the Athenian Acropolis, Delphi. And the result has been the withdrawal

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of curtain after curtain which hid from us the background against which the drama of Greek history was played. The Greek nature was so essentially articulate and plastic that every mood of the people and every event of their history left in these great religious centres traces in trophy and statue, in dedication and inscription. At the end of two thousand years only a small gleaning from the rich harvest remains to us. But even that gleaning is of inestimable value, since it enables us, by study and care, to reconstruct in imagination what has passed away, and to judge of the surroundings — the very beautiful and very characteristic surroundings — of ancient Hellenic life.

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IV.

Some day it may be possible to set forth in detail the main results of the most recent of the great excavations in Greece, those which are now being carried out by the French at Delphi. That, however, must be reserved for the future. The French savants engaged in the excavation are very slow in publishing their results; and we must wait for accurate knowledge of their discoveries until they are prepared themselves to describe them in full. Yet, since I was able, in 1895, myself to pay a brief visit to the site, I may venture to give in a few words the general impressions which it made on me.

Delphi lay aloft, and apart from the ordinary ways of commerce and intercourse in Greece. On a terrace on the southern slope of Mount Parnassus, where the mountain breaks down in ledges to the Gulf of Corinth, the fair site is perched like an eagle's nest, some two thousand feet above the sea. Behind it rise the Phædriades, rocks which front the east and catch the earliest rays of the rising sun; paths lead up from the sacred spot to the wild mountain fastnesses above, from whence one can see the whole of Greece, which from his Delphic home Apollo seems to survey. Delphi can be reached by a long road from Bœotia, but the natural approach is from the beautiful gulf which divides Peloponnesus from northern Greece; and we know that it was by way of this gulf that the votaries of Apollo commonly came to his presence. Toiling up steep after steep, the traveler feels a cooler and a keener air blowing as he draws near to Delphi; and there comes over him, unavoidably, something of the feeling of religious awe which from the earliest times men have felt in the vicinity of great mountains, and which still inspires poetry, the ghost of religion, in sonnets like those of Wordsworth and rhapsodies like those of Ruskin.

"The site of Delphi is one of the most beautiful spots in Greece:" thus writes M. Homolle, the director of the French excavations. "I scarcely know another which produces an impression more profound and more truly religious: it has mystery, grandeur, divine awe. The sanctuary is as it were hidden in the recess of a rocky theatre; a colossal precipice bounds and dominates it, and the wings of the semicircle seem to shut it in from the world. The wild ridge of Kirphis closes the horizon to the south. Around are rocks of brilliant whiteness on which the sun pours its hot rays; lofty peaks where the great storm clouds assemble; narrow and mysterious gorges whence sounds reëcho, multiplied and magnified; ravines bordered by deep precipices; a soil subject to frequent earthquake shocks; exhalations which rise from the earth and produce ecstasy; streams of clear water which seem made to remove impurity. What clearer signs could there be of the presence and working of the gods? What place could be more suitable for prayer and prophecy?"

At Delphi religion and poetry were inextricably intertwined. Apollo was most at home as god of song and prophecy, among his attendant Muses. The

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heights of Parnassus, the spring of Castalia, were equally sacred to religion and to poetry. The oracles of Apollo were given in verse; for the Pythian priestess, however uneducated, received, while she ministered to the god, something of the gift of song, and was able to write good verse.

A few years ago, the site of the temple of Apollo and the sacred inclosure where it stood were covered by the houses of a squalid Greek village. These have, fortunately, now been removed, and the French explorers, supported by liberal government grants and by every advantage of science, are engaged in the work of laying bare, foot by foot, all that remains to testify of the past splendors of the shrine.

From the Castalian spring, beside which now stands a chapel of St. George, we soon reach the ancient gate of the sacred precinct, the wall of which is in most places still preserved. Through this gate we enter the beginning of the Sacred Way, trodden by all who wished to approach the temple. Still paved almost throughout its length, this road winds up the hill in a circuitous course, amid the foundations of treasuries and of trophies, and amid inscriptions which stand on every side, written in the characters of all periods.

Just inside the gate stood the remains of two great trophies, close together, — that set up by Pheidias for the Athenians after the battle of Marathon, and that erected by Lysander after he had defeated the Athenian fleet at Ægos Potami. The Marathonian group consisted of Apollo and Athena and the general Miltiades, together with the legendary heroes of Attica, who by a pious imagination were chosen to represent the Attic tribes which took part in the battle. Far more extensive and magnificent was the group which Lysander set up, and in which all the greatest contemporary sculptors had a share. It contained forty figures, — the brethren Castor and Pollux, the chief patrons of the Dorian race, Lysander receiving a wreath from Poseidon, other deities, and the principal officers of Lysander.

It is worth while to pause for a moment, to notice a point of contrast between these two historic trophies. The difference between them is not merely one of scale and splendor. It consists also in a changed view of religion. In the Marathonian trophy, it is the gods and heroes who are conspicuous, Apollo, Athena, and the ancestors of the Attic tribes. One man only, Miltiades, stands among them. To them the honors of the day are duly accorded. In the group set up by Lysander, it is himself and his principal officers who are central and conspicuous. Poseidon is there, but it is that he may hand a wreath to the victorious general. As Greek art rises, the gods are more and more prominent, men fade more and more into the background. As Greek art decays, men once more claim the front rank, while the gods fall back; and even in persisting, the gods take more and more of the nature of men.

Of the Spartan group the bases remain. A trophy which stood near by, commemorating a victory of the Tegeans over Spartan foes, has also bequeathed to us some fragments of foundation and a few inscriptions. It is curious to think with what feelings a passing Athenian or Spartan must have regarded these records of victory and defeat, of glory and humiliation. We can scarcely fancy the existence of a great European cathedral which should contain sculptural memorials of Jena and Sedan, of Austerlitz and Waterloo. Yet in the sacred shrines of Greece military trophies, once erected, were safe. In the peace of Zeus and of Apollo they remained, to instruct and to stimulate the descendants of both victor and vanquished. They were the property of the gods, who gave victory now to this city, and now to that. So the Greeks built up records of their history,

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— records the value and character of which we first realize when, on the spot, we trace their very bases and the inscriptions which identified their statues.

From this group of trophies the Sacred Way leads between two semicircular buildings, fronting it one on each side, wherein the sculptor Antiphanes had ranged figures of the early kings of Argos and of the warriors who had taken part in the mythic siege of Thebes. A little further on the road broadens into a square, about which stand a number of treasure houses. The cities which were most liberal in their gifts to the Delphic shrine not only presented statues and tripods and sacred vessels to the god, but also erected small museums in which they could be safely housed. The sites of some of these, the treasuries of Sicyon and Syracuse, of Athens, Potidæa, and Thebes, can be identified with more or less confidence. And in the case of three treasuries, at least, those of Sicyon, Cnidus, and Athens, we have recovered not only the foundations, but remains of the sculptures with which they were adorned, — sculptures considerable in extent and of a high order of merit. In date they range from the middle of the sixth to the middle of the fifth century. The sculptures of the Athenian treasury, wrought in fine Parian marble, are of exceptional interest as well as beauty, as they exactly fill a gap in our knowledge of Athenian art. We are well acquainted with the art of Athens before the Persian invasion, and we are well acquainted with the art of Athens during the great age of Pericles and of Pheidias. But our knowledge of Athenian art during the period B. C. 480 to 450 hitherto has been gathered mainly from the paintings of vases. The sculpture at Delphi belongs precisely to that time. The interest of the Sicyonian and Cnidian sculptures is scarcely inferior. Of all these doubtless photographs will be shortly published.

From the place of the treasuries the Sacred Way turns upward, bordered not only by the bases of dedications of all kinds, but also by outcropping fragments of virgin rock. It was seldom the Greek way to level and plan a great surface to be slowly filled by buildings. They allowed each new edifice to find a place as it could, whence arose infinite variety. The rocky ground allowed such proceeding. The rocks of Delphi were sacred, and any spot not actually occupied by a building or a dedication remained as nature had originally formed it. The way soon reaches another open space, called the area, a place surrounded by exedræ, or covered seats, furnishing an opportunity to the processions to halt and form anew before passing on to the temple. In this place once in eight years was acted a sort of miracle play, representing the battle between Apollo and the dragon Python, who had tried to exclude him from Delphi. In the immediate neighborhood stood many dedications, in part extant, such as the pyramid of the Messenians, a lofty three-sided basis whereon alighted a figure of Victory; a tall column dedicated by the Naxians, surmounted by a sphinx; and other memorials. Near by was the stoa, or portico of the Athenians, erected, as Pausanias says, in memory of the naval victories of Phormio over the ships of many of the Greek states. It was adorned with the prows of ships and with bronze shields. The inscription written in huge letters on the basis of this portico is still extant: these letters are certainly too archaic for the age of Phormio, and it must be some earlier victory which is commemorated. The background to these monuments is formed by one of the most characteristic of the features of the site, which has indeed been known for a long time, — a wall sixteen feet high, formed of polygonal stones cleverly fitted together in a compact mass, and engraved with innumerable inscriptions recording many acts of the people of Delphi, documents announcing the

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emancipation of slaves, and the like. This inscribed wall, itself a perfect treasury of historic documents, supports also the terrace whereon the temple of Apollo is erected. One mounts the wall by a steeply sloping ramp, and arrives in front of the great altar of sacrifices. These great altars in Greece always stood outside the temples, which must not be polluted by the shedding of blood. The smoke of the burning rose day by day, through the clear air of Greece, to the presence of Apollo above. Just by the altar is a record of a dedication of exceptional interest, made to Apollo by Gelon, king of Syracuse, after his great victory over the Carthaginians at Himera in B. C. 480, on the very day of the victory over Xerxes at Salamis. The offering consisted of a golden Victory and a tripod. With this dedication stood two others, offered by the brothers of Gelon, and all round the ground is covered with the bases of monuments and trophies. These are nearly all of early date, some earlier than the Persian wars; a tithe from the people of Gortyna in Crete; offerings by the people of Metapontum, and even by the non-Hellenic races of Italy; a chariot dedicated by a Battus king of Cyrene; an extant bull presented by a man of Cleitor in Arcadia; three dancing women who supported on their heads a tripod, intended perhaps to hold the lustral water with which those who came into the presence of Apollo removed their ceremonial uncleanness.

We must not pass in silence what is, from the artistic point of view, the most important relic of ancient Delphi, — the archaic bronze charioteer. This fine statue of a youth, clad in a long robe reaching to the feet, and grasping in his hands the bronze reins of the chariot which he was driving, is a new and startling example of the freshness of Greek art. The lines of the drapery are severe, but the arms and feet, as is often the case in archaic art, are closely naturalistic. The small head, with its clear and strong outline, is almost uninjured. M. Svoronos has tried to prove that this charioteer belonged to the votive chariot dedicated by the people of Cyrene; but M. Homolle, with greater probability, maintains that he comes from a chariot erected at Delphi by the rulers of Syracuse in B. C. 482–472. In the days of Gelon and Hieron Syracuse was one of the most interesting and artistic cities of Greece, and in future we shall always have this beautiful statue to recall the city to our minds.

The head of the Sacred Way is a magnificent spot, commanding a view not only of the whole precinct of Apollo with its rich dedications, but of a circle of mountains all round, while far below in the valley runs the stream fed by the Castalian spring.

We are now in front of the temple itself. And here for the first time we have to confess to a little disappointment. The French excavators had hoped to find the temple with marble front erected by the Alcmæonidæ of Athens in a sumptuous fashion soon after the Persian wars. They had hoped to find at least some considerable part of the sculptures wherewith Praxias of Athens had adorned that temple. They had not been without some expectation of tracing the external machinery of the great oracle, of discovering the sacred adytum and the fissure whence issued the gas which inspired the Pythian prophetess. But it has been clearly made out that the temple built by the Alcmæonidæ, with its sculptures, perished, probably by an earthquake, in the fourth century, to be succeeded by another less interesting and splendid shrine. At first, as was natural, the explorers were ready to give the credit of its destruction to the Phocian robbers who occupied the site about B. C. 355, but an inscription recently discovered proves that it took place at least fifteen years earlier; so that we must blame the vandalism of nature rather than that of man. Some

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fragments of the earlier temple have at length been found; one of its pediments was of marble, the other of tufa stone. But the subjects, and even the style, can scarcely be recovered.

As regards the oracular shrine, also, our expectations have been disappointed. At first the foundations of the temple seemed to have an air of mystery: there is quite a network of crossing walls inclosing underground spaces. But a close examination shows that there is no definite plan in these underground labyrinths, nor do the chambers appear to have any communication one with another; thus it would seem that the walls must be merely a substruction built to support the floor of the temple. And the oracular cave does not anywhere appear. This disappointment is the greater because, in the excavation of the oracular temple of Apollo Didymæus at Miletus, an oracular chamber deep under the foundations of the temple was actually found.

Since good photographs of the Delphic discoveries are not yet to be had, we are obliged to fill up the defects in our evidence by turning to plans and restorations of the kindred site of Olympia, which has been so well worked out and so amply illustrated by the magnificent publications of the German Archæological Institute. At Delphi, as at Olympia, we have a great altar, older than the temple, and a noble temple built when the growing anthropomorphism in religion made it necessary that the deity should have an abode worthy of him. At Delphi, as at Olympia, there were numerous treasuries, erected by the cities of Greece; inscriptions of all periods, unnumbered dedications to the gods. At Delphi, as at Olympia, there were a stadium, porticoes, and exedræ. From the athletic point of view, Olympia was the more important site; but at Delphi there were contests in poetry and music as well as in physical strength and address.

It is scarcely necessary to insist on the gain which has come to the student of Greek history from the excavations of Olympia. We are now able to reconstruct, in imagination, the background of one very important side of Greek life, — the side connected with the great athletic contests of Greece, and the religious shrines about which they revolved. For the first time the festival of Olympia becomes real to us. We see the vast crowd issuing in the morning from the porticoes where it has snatched a hasty sleep, and moving on to the stadium to see the chosen athletes of the age struggle for the mastery. We see the long procession of victims passing on to the altar of Zeus, accompanied by the bands of delegates from the Greek colonies of Italy, Sicily, and Asia Minor. We pore over the trophies of many a battle, and the records of many a treaty. We accompany the traveler Pausanias as he wanders with his guide over the sacred ground, from statue to statue, till he reaches the noblest embodiment of the religious feeling of the Greeks, the colossal Zeus of Pheidias in gold and ivory. Soon we shall be able to make Delphi as vivid in our imaginations as Olympia is now. The sacred home of Apollo will not be to us, as it was to our ancestors, the site of a squalid modern village, but a body to which the soul can be in a measure restored. We shall be able to follow up the Sacred Way the processions which came from Athens and Thebes and Sparta to ask for those decisions of Apollo on which the history of the world depended. With them we shall pass from treasury to treasury and trophy to trophy, till we stand by the great altar, in the presence of the temple which the indwelling deity had made the source of the noblest inspirations of the Hellenic race. Apollo will speak to us no longer from mere books, but from his own shrine on the slopes of the mountain which is for all time the sacred home of poetic fervor.

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There will be gains of a more special character for the historian and the archæologist. The historian will doubtless recover copies of treaties and of wars but slightly recorded, or even unrecorded, by the ancient writers. The archæologist will acquire a vast accession of material, new lights on architecture, new sculptural groups and friezes. The epigraphist will find new forms of letters and new grammatical peculiarities. But the highest and most real gain which will accrue to all those interested in Hellenic studies in their various branches is the sudden breath of fact and reality which will blow through the whole field of Hellenic culture, stirring the air, and invigorating the pulses of all who feel it. The study which ceases to advance must surely retrograde. And whatever advantage the improved critical methods of modern days may secure us in the mastery and interpretation of known documents and the admirable works of the Greek historians, yet a far sharper spur to the mind is to be found in the discovery of what is altogether new material. In recent years, all scholars have felt the impulse given to Greek studies by the discovery of the Athenian Constitution of Aristotle and the poems of Bacchylides. This fact should open their eyes to the solid advantage to be derived from new discoveries in other fields than that of literature. We are by degrees excavating the tomb not merely of Hellenic men, but of Greek civilization itself, and we find that tomb richly stored with all that Hellas held most dear. What would our ancestors, who so highly valued third-rate Græco-Roman sculpture and Roman sarcophagi, have thought of the treasures brought to light at Pompeii and Athens, Olympia and Delphi? It is for us that these treasures have been reserved; and if we fail to appreciate and to use them, we shall deserve to lose our sense of beauty in the vulgarity of modern surroundings, and to lose our sense of the dignity of human life amid the materialism produced by the rapid spread of all kinds of physical invention and discovery. Only fact can weigh against fact; and if we would not be overborne by the facts which surround our daily life, we must seek a remedy in the appeal to less obvious facts, — of history, of art, and of human nature.

Percy Gardner.

THE FLAIL OF TIME.

THE June air was flooding through open window and door in a high tide of rapture; birds rioted and frolicked in excess of joy; butterflies hovered above their storehouses of nectar, and bees harvested royally. Work of any kind seemed sacrilegious on such a morning. Tacitly agreeing to take a holiday, we wandered into the garden, where lilies and roses and flowers-de-luce sang midsummer hymns of praise, — the roses above and beyond all: heavy-headed yellow ones, clinging to a mouldering wall; regal la Frances; and clustering white brides that clambered up a corner of the house, wreathing about a casement window. We passed out by the little wicket beneath the heaven-pointing poplar into the road which bounds the garden. On its other side a wheat field was waving, and we lingered to watch the bearded grain sway to the touch of the wind.

Then we crossed the highway and plunged into the river lane, the dogs capering ahead of us. In the shade of

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some spreading beeches we sat down on the short dry turf. Women were washing their clothes in the river at a little distance, and the sound of laughter came to us, pleasantly softened, mingling with the blows of their flat wooden pallets. As the Norman peasant inevitably brings up memories of Millet, so does the more prosperous, large-limbed Touraine peasant speak of Jules Breton. Some hint of the laughter-loving south has crept into this land of vineyards, and there is a gentle comradeship in its inhabitants unlike the austerity one finds further north. These people are children, for the most part; rather incredulous children, to be sure, but quite unsophisticated, so that there is a pathos in the situation when one considers the ever encroaching march of what we call civilization.

We sat there by the river, idly throwing pebbles into the stream and drinking in the fullness of beauty about us. The faint violet mist that crept over even the middle distance had a glamour in its vague suggestiveness, and lent color to every object. The trunks of the poplars were a dull amethyst crusted with golden moss, and the cluster of cottages on the opposite bank was softened into a work of art. There was no sharp outline; one delicious tint melted into another in the lazy air. So our very talk came lazily, interspersed with contented silences.

"Sometimes you get a Millet here, — look at that old woman," said one among us, and turning we saw a peasant bending beneath a huge bag of herbs and weeds. She did not see us, and as she drew near groaned, shifted her burden from her back, let it fall to the ground, and then stiffly seated herself on a little mound.

"Eh, bon jour, Mère Robin," I said, recognizing her. I had not seen her for a long time, although she lives not far from us, and I was sorry to notice how changed she was. A year or two ago she was a handsome creature, in spite of the wrinkles carved on her statuesque features by age, sorrows, and hard work; her head was held high, her cheeks had a warm glow, her eyes shone and sparkled, and her teeth gleamed white when her lips parted in a ready smile. On this morning she sat bent and weary, and at first no flash of welcome came into her gray face. Some curious association brought to my mind an evening when I stood without a cathedral. A service was going on, and the rich harmonies of the pealing organ blending with the priests' singing came clearly to me, while the brilliant lights shone through the windows which gleamed like jewels. A louder burst that rose through the brown dusk of the winter twilight brought the music to an end. The handful of worshipers filed out, and the sacristan extinguished the lights. In a moment all the glowing jewels became dead glass: there was nothing behind them. Poor old Mère Robin! Had her joy-lamps gone out?

We drew near, and one of us said with kindly meaning: "Your bundle is too heavy for you; leave it here, and I will send some one to carry it for you."

She brightened up somewhat, and there was a memory of her old spirit as she replied: "M'sieu' is too kind! But I can't be making all the gossips jealous of me, as they would be should m'sieu' have my rabbits' dinner taken home to them. It is not the bundle that is heavy, but the heart — and the back is old," she ended piteously.

"Your pretty granddaughter should carry it for you," I insisted, "or your jolly grandson. By the way, it 's many a day since I have heard him whistling in the lane," I added.

"He is serving his three years," she replied tersely.

"And Jeannette?"

She shook her head.

I sat by her side in silence. I saw the others rise, and heard the dogs' eager reply to a whistle summoning them; but I waved my hand in token that I would

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join them later, and waited. At last the old woman spoke: —

"Yes, Marc is taken from me, as his father was twenty-five years ago. If I were the boy's mother, they would leave him to provide for me; but I am only his grandmother, so off he goes, — fine uniform, a gun to shoulder, and the town life to teach him how we poor folk live out of the world. Ah! they talk to us about kings and emperors and republics! But what do we care about all those things? We want a kind curé, a good harvest, and our children to close our eyes at the last. Not much, is it, madame? Yet they don't give us even that."

"The enforced service comes hard on every one," I answered.

"Yes," she rejoined, "but hardest on the poor. Marc is a good boy, — a good boy. So was his father. Oh, they are so alike that sometimes when the lad is whistling among the vines and the sun shines straight, dazzling me, I forget the years between, and I put up my hand to shade my old eyes, thinking my husband must be somewhere near by. Then it all comes back to me. Marc's father and my husband are in their graves — and now I have lost them all."

"But surely Jeannette" —

The old face grew stern. "I can say no harm of the girl when I recollect her mother. I understand that she is not only my granddaughter, but has other blood in her. I want to be just, but pardie! Justice is easy when we love; when we don't — ah!"

She seemed to be wondering whether to open her heart or not, and I remained very still, my sympathies flowing silently toward her. In a moment she took up the thread of her memories: —

"It is like this, madame. My own son did not fight against the Prussians, being only nineteen, but he was conscripted soon after, and went away just as Marc has gone. A handsome boy, madame, like me; his father was stout and light, but our Jean had my dark eyes and straight legs. While he was away those weary three years, we old ones used to talk only about him. We saved a little every month, and we planned how he should come back and take care of us when we were too feeble to work, and we chose a nice wife for him, — a good girl, not too ugly. Ah, la la! She married the rich farmer on the upland afterward. Well, the last part of the time came; Jean was to get home in August, and we thought how he would help with the vintage. It was a fine hot summer; the grapes were splendid. Every time my old man and I looked at them we would laugh and say, Jean will press out the wine, and we will put by a pièce (madame understands? A barrel, then), — half for his wedding, half for his first baby's christening. We had a good grain crop that year, too, and there was a quantity to thresh. There were no new-fangled machines to drum the ears out of you, in those days, but all was done by hand. My husband hired two lads to help him in our barn, and he would tire out first one and then the other before he gave way. I was getting dinner for the three; it was a terrible hot day, and the sound of the flails somehow got into my head. I was n't well that year; it seemed too good to be true that my boy was coming home to me. I could n't sleep nights, and, God forgive me, I spoke sharp and ugly-like to my old man at times. He never answered me as I deserved. He would only look at me as my poor Coco does sometimes when I jerk his bridle, his eyes pained-like, and go quiet out of the house. Well, this day, flip-flop, flip-flop, went the flails, hour after hour; the court was full of dust, and it sifted in and made me impatient. The fire burned into my brain, I thought. I flung out to get a breath of air, with an impatient word on my lips. 'I would like never to hear that flail fall again,' I said, and like a miracle

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the sound stopped; then came a sort of thud and a rush inside the barn. I went to see what it was, and there — Oh, my God! I see him now! My old man, my Jean's father, fallen in the chaff. The lads were trying to pick him up, but he was too heavy for them. I ran to him, undid his collar, and sent them for the doctor. It was no use. 'An apoplexy,' they said, and he died twenty hours later."

"Poor Mère Robin!" I murmured.

She smiled a little, and resumed more briskly: "At any rate, it was not a costly sickness; the doctor only came twice, and there was no apothecary's bill. My sister-in-law had to pay nearly three hundred francs for her husband's last illness; but he was a lingering, putting-off sort of creature. My man was prompt and ready; living and dying he never kept me waiting, and not many wives can say that."

"No, indeed," I assented cordially; adding, "Did your son come home then?"

"Yes, but he did n't seem the same. He was handsomer than ever, but masterful, almost like a gentleman in his ways. He frightened me. He did n't take on about his father, as I had expected. I suppose the three years away had helped him to forget a good deal. But I 'd have minded nothing if he had n't got him a wife. Of course I could have refused my consent and made him put off his marriage; but he could get his way in the end, especially as I had nothing against her but that she was town-bred. So I said yes, contrary to my heart. There were only hired hands at our vintage, for Jean went off and stayed a fortnight. Her people had no land nor nothing, and they had their wedding in an inn. I would not go. I worked that day like any other, and when the night came I got the graveyard key from the sacristan, and went and sat by my man's grave. I thought of the pièce of wine we had made plans over, and I cried, — ah, madame, I cried my heart out."

"Did you never grow to like your daughter-in-law?"

"Ah pardie! What would you have? Jean was mad about her, and there was no harm in the girl. She brought no money, and all her idea was to dress herself, and later the children. She never wore a cap, but a hat like a lady's, and she had a sewing machine. I am not patient with noises, madame; every new thing sent by the devil to disturb the world is noisy, — except the worst of all, the bicycle. Bad for men are they, but for women destruction! Well, my daughter-in-law would have gone whirling over the country on one of these cursed wheels, if there had been any; as it was, she only sat whir-whir-whirring away at her frills and furbelows. Jean said at first that the house was too small for us; that he meant to build an addition for his wife and give me a servant. But it was all her fault, and the army's too. He 'd lost the taste for the land; he sold fields his father and I had bought bit by bit, he took to going to the café every night to play billiards, and then the poor boy — Oh well, well, it 's a sad tale altogether. Enough that when Marc was twelve and Jeannette eight they were orphans, with only me to look to. That is nine years ago, and I did my very best. Marc was a good boy to his grandam, and Jeannette as neat and handy about the house as you would ask."

"Besides being the prettiest girl in the commune," I put in, thinking to please the old woman; but she thrust out her lower lip.

"Every one according to his taste," she said. "For me she is too pale and slim. Give me a good buxom lass with red cheeks."

"But you had an easy time during those years, did n't you, ma mère?" I asked.

"Yes, madame, as far as affection and home comfort go, easy enough. I

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made my little economies; the children helped, and it did not take much to dress and feed them. I never had enough to buy back any of the land that was sold, but I kept out of debt. Coco has been a heap of use to me; I got him six years ago, and paid on the spot. At first I was shaken, now with one thing, now with another. Everything new scared me. The drum of the threshing machine used to get into my ears like a big bee; the scream of the locomotives from across the river; the weary click of Jeannette's sewing machine; even — madame will laugh — but even the wind singing in the telegraph wires used to torment me. I dreamt that all these steel things were the devil's work, and were sent to crush out us poor peasants. I imagined the earth cried and bled when a steam plough was sent to dig it up, and even now I cannot drink wine pressed out in the new ways. No, I keep to the honest sabots of the village lads. Let them tread out the good wine; it is honest then. Well, well, madame may think me a little crazed about all these things; perhaps I am, but they have brought all my woes. First the conscription stole my son and grandson; then the little needle that the devil makes work so fast that any girl, almost, may have her fineries stole my granddaughter."

"But Jeannette is doing well, is n't she?"

"Who can tell, who can tell?" she said sadly, shaking her head. "The girl is in a shop in Tours. She is pretty. Tours is full of officers. She will be filled with nonsense and vanity. Her mother left her nothing but her own share of folly and some of her ruffled petticoats. Marc is not there to see after her; he is at Orleans. Ah me, ah me!" She struggled to her feet, and, lifting up one thin arm, broke forth into a sort of prophetic chant. "I see it coming! It is the future, and it frightens me. We are simple folk, and the new things are too strong for us. The young are willing to hurry, hurry! They must write fast, travel fast, sew fast, plough, plant, and harvest fast. We have been content to go softly, but they must gallop. They are blind and can't see the dangers; but I see them crushing down on us. It is only the rich and great who can escape; we must go under, we weak ones."

Solitude and grief had troubled the poor brain. I rose also.

"Yes, my rabbits and Coco will be wondering where I am. It used to be the children who looked out for me, but now it 's only dumb beasts," she said bitterly.

We walked silently to the highroad where our ways parted. She paused at the opening in the dike, and said: "Hark! The wind is whispering an evil message over the wires. They only telegraph bad things."

I listened, and heard the sad strains as of an Æolian harp above my head. The air was as full of fragrance and melody as an hour before, but it seemed to me that all the radiance had faded. I watched the poor bent figure as it moved slowly away, and I pondered on this result of the iron march of progress. Ah well! some must submit, while others profit by it. A sudden whir of wheels, and a boy flashed by me on a bicycle. I recognized him as one of the telegraph office messengers, and felt an instinctive relief that he had passed me by. I sat in the garden until the rusty bell swinging against the north tower warned me that it was time to go in.

On my way through the shrubbery I met the farmer's wife.

"I am running to find Denis," she panted. "The doctor is needed. Mère Robin got a message with bad news about her granddaughter, and has fallen like one dead."

The wind had told the truth when it moaned along the wires.

Helen Choate Prince.

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IN A MUTTON-HAM BOAT.

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THE sailboat Jessie lay alongside the wooden pier, with ballast stowed amidships and her mutton-ham unclewed.

The Jessie was a trig, span little boat, painted a clover green outside and a pale straw color within. She had been freshly swabbed that day, and her mutton-ham fluttered as white as new cotton around her single mast. I more than once sought to learn why Albemarle and Pamlico fishing smacks call their huge sails "mutton-ham," and was invariably assured, in slow Southern gutturals, that "they was jes' named that-a-way, an' reckon tha' wa'n't no reason fo' it."

Though nominally a fisher, in summer the Jessie carried on a brisk trade as private yacht to predatory tourists who annually invade the beautiful south tidewater regions, armed with rod, reel, and trolling line, and upon this particular occasion was under promise to ferry a life-saving station house keeper and his little family across the sound to their station on Kitty Hawk ocean side. I was merely an uninvited guest, having managed to establish a sort of freemasonry with the captain, — a wiry, tanned mariner, with a keen blue eye and a ginger-colored mustache, — by means of which I voyaged wherever the Jessie voyaged; and where the Jessie anchored, there I hung up my sailcloth cap, and ate my cakes and drank my bottled ale.

The passengers had been comfortably settled, and the painter hauled in; the captain, tiller in hand, was shouting alternately to his sail boy to "give 'er head," and to "shove 'way" and "look what yo' 'bout, an' ease 'er off," when a series of loud halloos on shore arrested action. Then we saw a cart whirl around the corner by what is politely termed on the island "th' Co'te House," and come tearing down the sandy lane toward the wharf. The cart was drawn by a brisk little island horse. A young man and a girl sat perilously on the single seat, jigging up and down as the vehicle bounded along. The young man was lashing the horse and shouting; the girl held her sunbonnet on with one hand, and her short skirts down with the other; for although, as the captain had remarked several times that morning, "tha' wa'n't no win' to speak uv," the rapidity of the pony's gait had evidently raised a breeze.

"Wha-at — yo' — want?" shouted the captain in his sea voice, so hoarse that it started the herons from the marsh, half a mile off.

"Wa-ait!" hallooed the young man in the cart, and he frantically lashed the pony. "We — want — to go — 'long!"

The brisk little horse pattered to the wharf side. The young man leaped out, and tenderly helped the girl to descend. He also took out a satchel and a square pasteboard box, which articles of luggage he deposited carefully on the sand, and then deliberately, albeit nervously, proceeded to fasten the pony to a convenient stake at the water side.

"Look hyuh," said the captain in his land voice, "this ain' no fe'eyboat."

The young man did not answer at once. He finished fastening the pony's reins, tucked the girl's hand within his arm, gathered up satchel and box, then came quickly upon the wharf, and looked the captain in the eyes. He was a very young man; the apple bloom of his cheek was girlishly fresh, and his lip was guiltless of even gosling down.

"I did not suppose it was a ferry-boat," he answered, with Bostonian precision, "but I thought that doubtless you would not object to taking two more passengers."

His boyish face, in spite of an obvious effort to appear unconcerned, betrayed lively anxiety.

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"No, suh," returned the captain severely. "I 'd like mighty well to accom'date yo', but I 've hi'ud my boat to this hyuh gentleman" — indicating the life-saving station keeper — "fo' th' day; it consequently b'longs to him, an' I can't take nobody else in."

At these heartless words, delivered in Captain Jo West's most nautical manner, a manner which could be grim upon occasion, the boy looked crestfallen, and the girl burst into tears.

The tears drew our interested attention. She was a mere child, hardly more than fourteen at the most, and she wept very much as a child weeps, — in unstifled sobs, smearing the tears away with the tips of her fingers. Her flaxen hair hung in two braids, one on either shoulder; she wore a short blue calico skirt, and her round little ankles and feet were bare. Her face was framed in a blue gingham sunbonnet, and beneath the twinkling tears it was the face of a wood nymph, as wood nymphs are pictured by French Impressionists. The mouth was especially charming; the tender chin curved softly to a round little throat; the brow was low and broad; and the eyes were adorable.

"Oh, now, don't, don't!" said the passenger, with unfeigned compassion.

"Tha' 'll be some othuh boat, little gyurl," added the captain, letting all his grimness go, and a fresh deluge poured from the child's gentian eyes. The boy put his arms around her.

"Yo' ain' in any gre't hu'ey, air yo'?" asked the captain.

"Yes," replied the boy mournfully; "we 're boun' to get 'cross befo' — that is, soon 's we can." He forgot to be precise. "It will be awful hawd on us if we don't."

The passenger looked at the captain; the captain looked at the passenger, and the station keeper's wife, with her baby at her breast, nudged her husband with her elbow. The station keeper cleared his throat.

"Wha'h do yo' want to go?" he asked, with polite ceremony.

"Across," answered the boy vaguely, with eyes straining over the silver-blue bay.

"Oh, to Nag's Head, prob'ly?"

"We want — to get the firs' steamer for — Newbern, I reck'n." There was a queer hesitancy in the boy's speech.

"Tha' ain' any steamuh fo' Newb'n tell day aftuh to-moh'aw." The three men spoke at once. Boy and girl looked aghast.

"Anyhow, we 'd like awf'l well to get across — somewha'," said the boy earnestly.

"I don' see as tha' 'd be any objection to lettin' 'um go 'cross with us," remarked the station keeper.

"If yo' have n't got no objection, I have n't," replied the captain sententiously. He seized an oar. "Pile in, will yo'! Tha' ain' no win' to speak uv, nohow, an'" —

Boy and girl were already in the boat, and further words would have been superfluous.

"Let go!" The captain, standing in the stern with a huge oar, slowly shoved off; the mutton-ham filled; we cleared the spit of sand at the harbor mouth and stood out to sea, the Jessie's nose pointed nor'east and her jib sniffing the breeze.

It proved, as Captain Jo had predicted at the start, a hot day and a light wind, — "no win' to speak uv," — and we were presently afloat on water as burnished, as vivid, as liquid turquoise, and under a turquoise concave of sky wherein the sun orb stood brassy yellow. There was as yet no tacking to be done, and the captain, lazily holding the tiller, easily fell to relating fish yarns, — a form of fiction no longer new to me, and not at any time nor in any circumstances comparable in interest with romance narratives and the love stories of real life. I made overtures to the boy and girl, who sat amidships, looking happy and half scorched. I invited them into the

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bow, where the mutton-ham threw a cool shadow and spray dashed into one's face.

The pair settled side by side with me in the bow. They preserved a dignified silence and an attitude of uncompromising correctness; still there was a latent something in their timidly exchanged glances which aroused all the interest of a romance seeker. The girl wore a frightened look, too; her eyes were always turning back to the shores we had left, while the boy looked fearlessly forward to the shores we neared.

The longer I studied them, the more I felt my compassion warming toward this unknown callow pair, cast like wreckage upon the summer sea, and I sought for a conventional entering wedge of conversation; for even superficial observation assured me that the boy respected the conventions, and believed in wearing stiff linen collars in the hottest weather. I could think of nothing better than the awkward and seemingly spy-out question, "You are a public school teacher, are you not?"

"Yes." His eyes sought the girl's. "I taught a six-month term last winter, and a summer session afterward, on the West Side."

"And do you return for the fall term?"

"No." Again his eyes sought the girl's. "I think not."

The girl blushed.

At this moment we came within hail of Nag's Head Hotel, and the captain interrupted the propitious beginnings of friendship with the mysterious weanlings. I could not help feeling that he was too rudely realistic and uncompromisingly practical.

"Yo' an' yo'w sistuh want t' go asho' hyuh?" he called from the stern.

"Do you land anyhow?" asked the boy, peeping round the corner of the mutton-ham.

The captain said he did not; he was sailing to Kitty Hawk with as much speed as "no win' to speak uv" would allow, and Nag's Head would not be of record in his logbook that day.

"Very well; if you don't mind, we 'll go on with you to Kitty Hawk."

The captain silently turned the Jessie's nose two points west'ard, and we lazed along, hardly seeming to move at all, yet steadily gaining upon a break in the shoreward wall of giant pines, which was the mouth of the creek we were presently to explore on our course to Kitty Hawk Bay.

A big shape, as black as a rock and as shiny as ebony, suddenly hove out of the placid sea, creaming the bright level with foam. The creature blew, with a noise like the escape of steam from an engine, and fell back into the deep. Bubbles, spray, and small waterspouts glittered for half a mile about our fragile bark; similar black shapes were wallowing everywhere.

"Porpoise," said the captain briefly.

The boat's attention was centred in the monsters.

"Now is my time," I thought, and I drew Miss close to me in the shadow of the sail. I assumed a grandmotherly stateliness and rigidity of manner.

"What is your name, dear?"

The face under the edge of the blue sunbonnet was so like a flower that I half expected to hear the child lisp, in reply to my question, "Rose" or "Pink." Shyly, like a baby, she inserted her small brown forefinger into her lovely arch mouth, and, with a downward glance, just murmured no louder than a wood dove's coo, "Cynthie."

It was not a poetic name!

I stroked the little sunburned hand, and smiled reassuringly. "You and your brother are off for home to enjoy the summer holidays, I dare say?"

She looked startled. "My brother?" She tried to withdraw her hand from mine.

"He is your brother, of course?"

The boy had forgotten reserve so far as to go astern and enter into animated

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— animated for the climate — conversation with Captain Jo and the life-saving station keeper concerning porpoises. Cynthie winced and reddened piteously. Of course he was n't! I had known it all the time. But how truly delicious to have my suspicions confirmed! Nevertheless, I assumed a great sternness of manner.

"Who is he, then?"

Cynthie did not reflect that she was not in duty bound to submit to my cross-examination. Two distressful large tears arose and hung in her babyish eyes without dropping from the golden lashes, and her lips widened with grief; her plump little fingers played nervously with the blue bonnet strings.

"He is" — and there she hesitated, overcome with bashfulness.

"Who, Cynthie?"

"Dickie."

I broke into a laugh, finding myself so naïvely headed off, and the laugh was the overthrow of that awe with which I had contrived to inspire the girl. She laughed with me, and the bright drops hanging by the lashes in either eye dripped unhindered down her ruddy cheeks. Our mirth drew the boy's attention from the porpoise.

"Cynthiana!" he uttered, in the tenderest of love calls.

I shook my head at him, and held Miss close at my side. "Cynthiana," I said, glad to make use of a name more musically befitting this beautiful shy young sylvan creature than its rustic diminutive, "quick, tell me all about it. Is Dickie your sweetheart?"

Cynthiana stole me a swift glance and nodded slowly; she inserted her brown forefinger into her mouth, and a blush swept her face, fading quickly, like the fitful flush of an ember in the gloom of twilight.

"You are a pair of runaways. Oh, Cynthie!"

Cynthiana was wide-eyed at my discernment of occult mysteries. She nodded again, timidly, with some return of awe.

"But why do you run away? Don't your papa and mamma approve of your marrying Dickie?"

"I have n't any papa," said Cynthiana, "nor any mamma." Her tender tones were touched with melancholy.

Poor Cynthiana! I smoothed a curling flaxen tress from her fine white brow; my heart melted with pity.

"Have n't you any friends, Cynthiana?" I asked.

"T-tha' 's uncle Jeems Dannil and aunt Ginnie Lou. But they 're not my reel folks, — just foster."

"And they did n't want you to marry Dickie?"

"No 'm!"

"Why not?"

Cynthiana gazed reflectively over the glowing meadow of blue water. "I don't know. They jes' did n't, I reckon."

Cynthiana's confidences were uphill matters; yet she was not altogether averse to them; she would probably have given me the whole story, with judicious leading, had not her bare toes unfortunately encountered my patent-leather shoes. The contrast between bare toes and polished leather was too much for the incipient woman in little Cynthiana's breast. She did not see the wide slit along the instep of the left shoe, nor was she aware of the worn spot in the sole of the right one, or the contrast would certainly have been less oppressive. As it was, she tried to draw her short blue calico skirt entirely over her naked brown feet, and closed her lips in a silence that seemed to indicate the irrevocable.

I determined to try the effect of feminine wheedling on the boy. He was looking toward us now with wistful discontent, and it required no more than a nod and a smile to bring him quickly. I shall not attempt to rehearse my delicate manœuvres with him.

"If you won't give us away, I don't mind telling you about it," said Dickie,

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"because," and his tone assumed a protecting manliness, perfectly delicious to hear, "I reck'n Cynthiana does need a kind of frien' some older than she is. Cynthiana 's not fifteen yet."

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I promised with the utmost solemnity not to "give them away" even by the winking of an eye, and he thereupon related the loves of Richard and Cynthiana in due sequence of facts, while our clover-colored bark swayed to the blue and went loafing along the sparkling meadows of the sea.

"I was teachin' public school ovuh on th' Wes' Side," said the boy, easily dropping into the vernacular as the more spontaneous and natural form of speech, "an' I bo'ded at Mr. Jeems Dannil's house. Cynthiana was raised in his fambly; she calls them uncle and aunt. They were always right kin', wa'n't they, Cynthiana?"

Cynthiana murmured, "Yes, right kin'."

"Exceptin' this partic'lar: Mr. Jeems Dannil an' Miss Ginnie Lou are awful hawd wo'kers; an' they wo'ked Cynthiana too hawd, fo' a girl no bigguh th'n Cynthiana is. Mr. Jeems Dannil's place — you might know it, on th' Wes' Side, atop th' bluff, an' close to th' soun'? Yes, it 's a right lawge fawm; an' th' vineyawd 's th' bigges' on th' island, they seh. Beside that, he owns sev'al oystuh beds, an' a sloop, an' th'ee 'r fo' fishin' boats. He takes a gre't 'eal uv salm'n an' ships no'th. Mr. Jeems Dannil 's a rich man. But I mus' seh he does wo'k too hawd, — gettin' up at th'ee a'clock summuhs, an' five wintuhs! An' th' women folks have to keep right 'long up with th' men. When I bo'ded tha' Cynthiana stawted in to school; but she was always havin' to stop fo' this thing an' that, — 'bout th'ee days out uv ev'y week; an' I saw she was wo'kin' too hawd, an' not gettin' th' right kin' uv education. Beside, it was boun' to break her down. I thought to myse'f," — here the boy grew bashful and blushed a good deal, — "I was lovin' her right along, yo' know, — an' so I thought tha' wa'n't any use waitin'; I jes' awsked Mr. Jeems Dannil an' Miss Ginnie Lou squa' out to let me maw'y Cynthiana, come close uv summuh term. Yo' might n't believe it, but they both got mad, an' said they would n't allow any such thing!"

"What possible reason could they have for refusing?" I asked, feeling a glow of indignation at the heartlessness of Mr. Dannil and the equally culpable Miss Ginnie.

"Th' only reason Miss Ginnie Lou gave was that Cynthiana 's too young. Mr. Jeems Dannil did n't give any reason 't all, — he is n't a reasonin' kin' uv man, Mr. Jeems Dannil is n't; he jes' refused, squa' out 'n' out; an' he would n't listen to a wo'd I wanted to seh. But," added the boy, with cynicism worthy of a Schopenhauer, "I b'lieve 't was jes' 'cause Cynthiana was a cheap han' on th' plantation, an' helpin' with th' fishin', — cheapuh 'n he 'd likely fin' anothuh good one, an' bettuh th'n mos' any othuh he could fin'. She 's been at it since she was sev'n years old, have n't yo', Cynthiana?"

"Yes. I c'n catch salm'n, clean an' salt 'um down as well as uncle Jeems Dannil, an' mos' as fas'." Her face brightened with the triumph of the thought.

"Surely they could n't be so heartless!" I said.

"Mr. Jeems Dannil is right down close an' hawtless," Dickie affirmed, sticking to his cynicism. "Not that I 'd like to seh he an' Miss Ginnie Lou wa'n't fond uv Cynthiana, but they were too hawd on her. I could n't stan' it! An' so, when they would n't give in, I jes' said: 'Cynthiana, school 's out Friday, an' I 'm goin' away Satuhday mawnin'. Will yo' come 'long?' An' we came away."

"How did you manage it, though?"

"Mr. Jeems Dannil went off fishin' with the men at th'ee a'clock. It was easily managed. Cynthiana was up giv-

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in' them a bite to eat befo' they got off. It 's usual, is n't it, Cynthiana ? "

"Yes," said Cynthiana timidly, as though she feared Mr. Jeems Dannil might overhear.

"Aftuh th' boats hauled off, Cynthiana stepped outside to watch th' sail an' give wawn'n'. I was by that time slippin' easy inside th' stable lot an' catchin' th' pony. We jes' bowrrowed Mr. Jeems Dannil's hawse an' cya't ! Cynthiana helped me hitch up soon 's th' boats got under sail good. Tha' wa'n't re'ly anybody to hinduh ; Miss Ginnie Lou was in bed fo' ha'f an hour yet, an' *she* thought Cynthiana was gone to th' pasture lot to drive up th' cows. Uv co'se we di'n't make any noise ; Miss Ginnie Lou could 'a' heard ; but th' stable bein' on th' othuh side, th' little passel uv sugar-cawn groun' made it easier. We were dreadfully afraid, though, drivin' down th' lane f'om th' house yawd to th' road. It 's a long lane ; an' th' moon was bright as day, wa'n't it, Cynthiana ? "

"Yes. Old Briskie's feet made such a awful noise pattin' down th' san' ! An' th' gate sagged so, did n't it, Dickie ? Seemed like uncle Jeems Dannil was boun' to hear it draggin' op'n, 'way off tha' in th' bay." Cynthiana had forgotten all about her bare feet.

"You don' want to go back, do you, Cynthiana ? " Dickie looked anxiously into her face.

"Oh *no*, Dickie ! " Cynthiana edged nearer to Dickie in a frightened way. Their hands came innocently together, quite regardless of me. I considerately glanced somewhere else.

"We got a nice stawt uv 'um, anyhow," said Dickie presently. "Mr. Jeems Dannil's boats won' be back home much befo' sunset ; an' Miss Ginnie Lou won' prob'ly think but what Cynthiana 's gone along with 'um."

"I of'n do," murmured Cynthiana.

"An' if we c'n only get ovuh to Kitty Hawk an' get th' ministuh to maw'y us, they cawn't do anything to us ! "

I asked him if he was certain there was a resident clergyman at Kitty Hawk.

"No, I nevuh was ovuh tha'," Dickie answered cheerfully, — "I 'm rather strange in this pawt uv th' country, — but tha' are ministuhs almos' everywha'."

"If there is n't one there," I questioned, "what then ? "

Dickie looked thoughtful. "Well," he said finally, with hoary wisdom, "I 've always foun' it th' bes' plan not to cross bridges till yo' come to 'um. Th' main thing now is to get *somewha'*, away f'om th' islan' an' Mr. Jeems Dannil, because " — Dickie's tones grew stern and resolute — "tha' 's no gettin' roun' it, Mr. Jeems Dannil was too hawd on Cynthiana. I could n't stan' it. I got to get her away."

We loitered through the creek, — a sinuous stream full of floating seaweed, the long brown tendrils of which resembled "a drowned maiden's hair," — and it was a lazy time, a time for summer dreams. Dickie and Cynthiana leaned over the side of the boat, and Cynthiana was so much the child that she allowed her hands to drag in the serene flood, laughing when seaweed caught her fingers. Never, perhaps, had the girl enjoyed so long a period of tranquil do-nothingness. The station keeper's small son gravitated toward her, with the instincts of infancy, and the pair were presently playing together, fishing with a crooked pin and a bit of cotton twine. They babbled like amicable babes, while Dickie looked on in silence, his youthful eyes dreamy with a thought I could only surmise, — some fancy which glowed through and through his countenance like the radiance that fills a sanctuary.

In that strange sylvan region of yellow sand hills and blue lilies, our clover-colored boat with its cottony sail seemed the embodiment of a dream, drifting through a shadow river toward a visionary Island of the Blessed.

"We 'll soon be to Kitty Hawk," said the captain ; and there was nothing

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dreamlike in his tones. The voyage had been no vision to him, tacking around a hundred bends and scraping seaweed off the keel.

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Suddenly the canvas bulged, a strong spurt of salt air smacked us in the face, the boom of surf near at hand shook the sultry midafternoon silences with splendid orchestral thunders; the creek widened, and between two round green myrtle-browed capes the mutton-ham emerged into Kitty Hawk Bay.

The boy drew a profound sigh. Just across the shining blue water the hamlet was plainly visible, — a white farmhouse, a fisher's log cabin, and a low-roofed country shop set beneath the pines. But there was no church spire pointing heavenward, no awning of pleached oak boughs shading a group of rude benches. Kitty Hawk was pastorless!

We tied up at the shackling wooden wharf, where the post boat — Uncle Sam delivers the mail at Kitty Hawk in a romantic blue-hulled sloop with sail as white as a sea gull's breast — was already anchored. We disembarked, and a solitary old man, with a sensible countenance and no collar, came out of the shop and bade us welcome. Dickie wistfully inquired of him whether there was a justice of the peace at Kitty Hawk. The old man looked surprised.

"No," he said in soft gutturals. "We ain' nevuh had occasion to make use uv any squire at Kitty Hawk. What 's wanted?"

"Nothing, thanks," replied Dickie, blushing, and resuming the Boston manner.

Fortunately, the company's attention was diverted by the arrival of a pony cart driven by a barefoot boy, who stood upright on the shafts and held a quite useless rein. This was the coach sent to convey the station keeper's family home, — the ocean beach is always "on the other side" in this region. It was rather small for the load, but the station keeper's good wife did not mind that a bit, nor did the babies; they crowded in along with the luggage, and were trotted off, smiling and waving good-by in the pleasantest manner possible, the station keeper walking at the pony's head in true patriarchal style.

Dickie was looking very grave. He had come to the bridge. He drew Miss apart, and they sat on the grassy slope among the myrtles in a ragged circumference of shade, and conferred earnestly together. The captain winked at me.

"Reckon 't ain't his sistuh, aftuh all," he said; and he presently sauntered carelessly to the edge of the myrtle thicket.

"Seems to me," he said to Cynthiana in an offhand way, "I ought to kin' o' know yo'. Ain't yo' Mr. Jeems Dannil's little gyurl?"

Cynthiana quailed; she pulled the blue sunbonnet over her face and was silent.

"Thought I ought to 'a' knowed yo'," continued the captain. "Now jes' le' me ast yo' one thing: ain't yo' two young ones runnin' away?"

The boy looked reproachfully at me. I shook my head in denial. I had not given them away.

"I guessed yo' was," went on Captain Jo. He selected a soft spot where iris thickly tufted the long grass, and seated himself between the boy and the girl. "I got daughtuhs uv my own, — an' sons too, fo' that mattuh; an' now I 'm goin' to reas'n with yo' two, jes' fatherly."

He proceeded to reason with them. I sat on a cypress knee, not far distant, and heard it all.

"'T ain't exactly right," said the captain, "fo' a little gyurl to be trapsin' ovuh th' country with a young man, all by tha'selves."

The boy assented mournfully; the girl had nothing to say; she was terrorized by the belief that she was forthwith to be torn from Dickie's side, and returned to the iron-bound custody of Mr. Jeems Dannil and Miss Ginnie Lou; it numbed her into silence.

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"Reasoning like a father, I 'd seh," continued the captain relentlessly, "Cynthie ought to go back home to her unc' Jeems, an' yo' continny on to 'Liz'beth City aw Newbern, whichevuh place yo'w business call yo' to."

"Do you *want* to go back home, Cynthiana?" asked Dickie, leaning across the captain in order to look into the girl's woe-stricken face.

Cynthiana's budlike lips could only frame a sobbing "Oh *no*, Dickie!"

"Then you shan't!" said Dickie, with a stoutness of protecting determination which increased my respect for him to the pitch of admiration. He sprang to his feet.

"If we can't be maw'ied at Kitty Hawk, we can somewha' else," he said resolutely. "I 've promised Cynthiana that I 'd maw'y her an' take ca'h uv her, an' I 'm goin' to do it." He had let go of Brahminism once more. "Come, Cynthiana."

He took the girl's hand in his, and side by side they walked up the slope toward the dingy store. I do not exactly know what he meant to do next, but I think he would have claimed the protection of the old storekeeper for the girl. At this moment, however, what some people would have called Providence intervened to change the course of events. The little horse and the two-wheeled pine box which had lately pattered over to the ocean side with the station keeper's family now came pattering back around the corner of the store. In the box was seated a slender dark man, young in years and hoary in aspect, with a thin, smooth-shaven face and a stoop in the shoulders. He was dressed in decent, even new long alpaca coat and trousers that bagged at the knees, a careless white cravat, and a black slouch hat. The gravity of his countenance was almost phenomenal, and his voice was sonorous with the sonorousness of the echo in a sepulchre.

"Well, Brothuh Mayhew, do you meditate takin' advantage uv th' present opportunity to leave us all?" asked the storekeeper in an affable tone.

At the word "brother" my heart gave a queer sudden bound, and I looked at Cynthiana and the boy. The boy straightened his shoulders and drew a breath of relief and emotion. Cynthiana put her right forefinger into the corner of her mouth.

The slim, pale, old young man descended with deliberate dignity from the cart, set a sleek black leather traveling bag upon the doorsill, took off his bell-crown hat, and wiped his brow with a sheetlike handkerchief. Then he cleared his throat.

"Yes," said he in what must have been his pulpit voice, "I have, with th' Lawd's help, done what I could ovuh hyuh lookin' to th' savin' uv precious souls, an' I believe my mission is at an end."

It was with difficulty that I restrained my hands from taking hold of the long skirts of the straight alpaca coat, so oppressive was my anxiety lest this angelic being should take flight into the blue before his mission really was accomplished; for I felt that he was no common mortal parson, but a miracle created especially for Cynthiana and the boy.

"Yo'w meetin's have edified us all gre'tly, Brothuh Mayhew," said the storekeeper. "It ain't of'n these hyuh lonely coasts enj'y th' visit uv a mess'nger f'om heav'n, an' we all feel — I know I do — that th' finguh uv Gawd was in th' stawm which tossed yo' asho' hyuh, as it wuh."

"Gawd is evuh wo'kin' out his own plans an' puhposes, Brothuh Cliffowd," responded the parson.

I do not know how long this pious colloquy might have continued, had the boy not interrupted it by stepping boldly to the front and laying firm hold of the clerical arm.

"May I speak a wo'd with you, suh?" asked Dickie earnestly, and without ado sidled Brother Mayhew off into the myr-

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tle thicket before he had time to remonstrate.

The storekeeper, the captain, the small boy upon the shafts of the cart, and the postman, who had suddenly appeared on the ground, coming out of the unknown, all stared fixedly at the retreating figures. I took the girl by the hand. She was trembling.

"Do yo' think uncle Jeems Dannil c'd make me come home, *aftuh all?*" she whispered.

"No, not if you are careful to keep hidden," I replied; for, alas, Cynthiana was not of age, and her guardians might legally claim and restrain her if desirous of doing so. Besides, Brother Mayhew might have conscientious scruples. He looked as if he would. As it proved, he did. He presently returned, agitatedly, to the group gathered around the store doorstep. Dickie followed slowly and mournfully in his wake.

"M-m-m," said the parson, clearing his throat and nervously wiping his hands on the sheet, "I have just been the recipient uv a mos' singuluh an' unhappy confession. Th' Lawd assuredly directed my steps hither fo' th' salvation uv these two misguided young puhsons."

The boy paled with agitation, but there was no diminution of his courage. He took Cynthiana by the hand.

"If *you* won't maw'y us," he said firmly, "tha' 's only one thing to do. I'll take Cynthiana to 'Liz'beth City; if th' ministuhs tha' won't maw'y us, we 'll be maw'ied by th' justice uv th' peace."

The parson was dumfounded for the space of several seconds, and could only gasp and stare. And if I did not step up and pat the boy on the shoulder, it was only because I too deeply appreciated the dramatic beauty of the situation to stir a finger, for fear the fine effect should be marred.

There was an impressive pause, during which everybody looked fixedly at the chief actors; and the shallow waves could be heard beating rhythmically on the sands.

The old storekeeper was evidently a man of keen perceptions and quick sympathies.

"I b'lieve it takes a license," he said reflectively, looking far across the bay.

"It does," the postman corroborated, cocking his white cap on the back of his head.

"An' pawties mus' be uv age."

"An' pawties mus' be uv age," repeated the postman, like an echo.

"But if 't was *my* little gyurl, I'd ruthuh let her be maw'ied right hyuh on th' spot, quietly, an' a license got aftuh-'uds, th'n let her run th' resk uv bein' tawked about."

"Mayby yo' right," said the captain, in the manner of one who had received new guidings. "A gyurl is like a boat in some ways: once give 'er a bad name, nobody 'll b'lieve in 'er aftuh'uds, howevuh stanch she sail."

"It 's jes' like that, e'zac'ly, Cap'n Jo Wes'!" exclaimed all the men together.

"An' so as Mr. Jeems Dannil's frien'," the captain continued, "I don' know but whut I ought to urge it on Brothuh Mayhew to jine th' pa'h hyuh an' now."

The consensus of opinion supported the captain. In this solitary and unfrequented region, irregular, even common law marriages are not ill regarded; and dispensing with the legal formality of a license, provided an accredited clergyman administers the marriage vows, does not act at all as a social bar. Respectable people, though, like the captain and the storekeeper, must have the clergyman.

Brother Mayhew was himself young, and possibly he felt a sympathetic melting of the heart toward trembling Cynthiana and her faithful lover. At all events, after taking counsel of the Lord, with bowed head and hands shading his eyes, he lifted his face and said in a loud official voice, "Let th' contractin' pawties stan' befo' me."

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Dickie grasped Cynthiana's hand more firmly.

"Don't be scared, Cynthiana!" I heard him whisper reassuringly to the frightened girl; and he led her into the clear space under a big rock pine.

The parson mounted the doorstep, and the bride and groom knelt before him. Pine-tree shadows flickered and swayed over their bowed heads, the blue bay scintillated and murmured beyond, and sweet odors of myrtle and wild flowers breathed through the green spaces to their young vows and the solemn syllables of prayer.

That marriage without benefit of license was the prettiest sacrament I ever saw. And I believe the sternest moralist in the world could find no fault with the parson for stepping over the forms of law to shield a young girl's name and make two faithful hearts happy.

Elisabethe Dupuy.

THE MAN WITH THE EMPTY SLEEVE.

I.

The Doctor closed the book with an angry gesture and handed it to me as I lay in my steamer chair, my eyes on the tumbling sea. He had read every line in it. So had P. Wooverman Shaw Todd, Esquire, whose property it was, and who had announced himself only a moment before as heartily in sympathy with the pessimistic views of the author, especially in those chapters which described domestic life in America.

The Doctor, who has a wrist of steel and a set of fingers steady enough to adjust a chronometer, and who, though calm and silent as a stone god when over an operating table, is often as restless and outspoken as a boy when something away from it touches his heart-strings, turned to me and said: —

"There ought to be a law passed to keep these men out of the United States. Here 's a Frenchman, now, who speaks no language but his own, and after spending a week at Newport, another at New York, two days at Niagara, and then rushing through the West on a 'Limited,' goes home to give his Impressions of America. Read that chapter on Manners," and he stretched a hand over my shoulder, turning the leaves quickly with his fingers. "You would think, to listen to these fellows, that all there is to a man is the cut of his coat or the way he takes his soup. Not a line about his being clean and square and alive and all a man, — just manners! Why, it is enough to make a cast-iron dog bite a blind man."

It would be a waste of time to criticise the Doctor for these irrelevant verbal explosives. Indefensible as they are, they are as much parts of his individuality as the deftness of his touch and the fearlessness of his methods are parts of his surgical training.

P. Wooverman Shaw Todd, Esquire, looked at the Doctor with a slight lifting of his upper lip and a commiserating droop of the eyelid, — an expression indicating, of course, a consciousness of that superior birth and breeding which prevented the possibility of such outbreaks. It was a manner he sometimes assumed toward the Doctor, although they were good friends. P. Wooverman and the Doctor are fellow townsmen and members of the same set, and members too of the same club, — a most exclusive club of one hundred. The Doctor had gained admission, not because of his ancestors etc. (see Log of the Mayflower), but because he had been the first and

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only American surgeon who had removed some very desirable portions of a gentleman's interior, had washed and ironed them and scalloped their edges, for all I know, and had then replaced them, without being obliged to sign the patient's death certificate the next day.

P. Wooverman Shaw Todd, Esquire, on the other hand, had gained admission because of — well, Todd's birth and his position (he came of an old Salem family who did something in whale oil, — not fish or groceries, be it understood); his faultless attire, correct speech, and knowledge of manners and men; his ability to spend his summers in England and his winters in Nice; his extensive acquaintance among distinguished people, — the very most distinguished, I know, for Todd has told me so himself, — and — well, all these must certainly be considered sufficient qualifications to entitle any man to membership in almost any club in the world.

P. Wooverman Shaw Todd, Esquire, I say, elevated his upper lip and drooped his eyelid, remarking with a slight Beacon Street accent: —

"I cawn't agree with you, my dear Doctor," — there were often traces of the manners and the bearing of a member of the Upper House in Todd, especially when he talked to a man like the Doctor, who wore turned-down collars and detached cuffs, and who, to quote the distinguished Bostonian, "threw words about like a coal heaver," — "I cawn't agree with you, I say. It is n't the obzervar that we should criticise; it is what he finds." P. Wooverman was speaking with his best accent. Somehow, the Doctor's bluntness made him over-accentuate it, — particularly when there were listeners about. "This French critic is a man of distinction and a member of the most excloosive circles in Europe. I have met him myself repeatedly, although I cawn't say I know him. We Americans are too sensitive, my dear Doctor. His book, to me, is the work of a keen obzervar who knows the world, and who sees how woefully lacking we are in some of the common civilities of life," and he smiled faintly at me, as if confident that I shared his opinion of the Doctor's own shortcomings. "This Frenchman does not lay it on a bit too thick. Nothing is so mortifying to me as being obliged to travel with a party of Americans who are making their first tour abroad. And it is quite impossible to avoid them, for they all have money and can go where they please. I remember once coming from Basle to Paris, in a first-class carriage, — it was only larst summer, — with a fellow from Indiana or Michigan, or somewhere out there. He had a wife with him who looked like a cook, and a daughter about ten years old, who was a most objectionable young person. You could hear them talk all over the train. I should n't have minded it so much, but Lord Norton's harf-brother was with me," — and P. Wooverman Shaw Todd glanced, as he spoke, at a thin lady with a smelling bottle and an air of reserve, who always sat with a maid beside her, to see if she were looking at him, — "and one of the best bred men in England, too, and a man who" —

"Now hold on, Todd," broke in the Doctor, upon whom neither the thin lady nor any other listener had made the slightest impression. "No glittering generalities with me. Just tell me in so many plain words what this man's vulgarity consisted of."

"Why, his manners, his dress, Doctor, — everything about him," retorted Todd.

"Just as I thought! All you think about is manners, only manners!" exploded the Doctor. "Your Westerner, no doubt, was a hard-fisted, weather-tanned farmer, who had worked all his life to get money enough to take his wife and child abroad. The wife had tended the dairy and no doubt milked ten cows, and in their old age they both wanted to

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see something of the world they had heard about. So off they go. If you had any common sense or anything that brought you in touch with your kind, Todd, and had met that man on his own level, instead of overawing him with your high-daddy airs, he would have told you that both the wife and he were determined that the little girl should have a better start in life than their own, and that this trip was part of her education. Do you know any other working people," and the Doctor faced him squarely, — "any Dutch, or French, or English, Esquimaux or Hottentots, — who take their wives and children ten thousand miles to educate them? If I had my way with the shaping of the higher education of the country, the first thing I would teach a boy would be to learn to work, and with his hands, too. We have raised our heroes from the soil, — not from the easy-chairs of our clubs," — and he looked at Todd with his eyebrows knotted tight. "Let the boy get down and smell the earth, and let him get down to the level of his kind, helping the weaker man all the time and never forgetting the other fellow. When he learns to do this he will begin to know what it is to be a man, and not a manikin."

When the Doctor is mounted on any one of his hobbies, — whether it is a new microbe, Wagner, or the rights of the workingman, — he is apt to take the bit in his teeth and clear fences. As he finished speaking, two or three of the occupants of contiguous chairs laid down their books to listen. The thin lady with the smelling bottle and the maid remarked in an undertone to another exclusive passenger on the other side of her, in diamonds and white ermine cape, — it was raining at the time, — that "one need not travel in a first-class carriage to find vulgar Americans," and she glanced from the Doctor to a group of young girls and young men who were laughing as heartily and as merrily, and perhaps as noisily, as if they were sitting on their own front porches at their Southern homes.

Another passenger — who turned out later to be a college professor — said casually, this time to me, that he thought good and bad manners were to be determined, not by externals, but by what lay underneath; that neither dress, language, nor habits fixed or marred the standard. "A high-class Turk, now," and he lowered his voice, "would be considered ill bred by some people, because in the seclusion of his own family he helps himself with his fingers from the common dish; and yet so punctiliously polite and courteous is he that he never sits down in his father's presence or lights a cigarette without craving his permission."

After this the talk became general, the group taking sides; some supporting the outspoken Doctor in his blunt defense of his countrymen, others siding with the immaculately dressed Todd, so correct in his every appointment that he was never known, during the whole voyage, to wear a pair of socks that did not in color and design match his cravat.

. . . . . .

The chief steward had given us seats at the end of one of the small tables. The Doctor sat under the porthole, and Todd and I had the chairs on either side of him. The two end seats — those on the aisle — were occupied by a girl of twenty-five, simply clad in a plain black dress with plainer linen collar and cuffs, and a young German. The girl would always arrive late, and would sink into her revolving chair with a languid movement, as if the voyage had told upon her. Often her face was pale and her eyes were heavy and red, as if from want of sleep. The young German — a Baron von Hoffbein, the passenger list said — was one of those self-possessed, good-natured, pink-cheeked young Teutons, with blue eyes, blond hair, and a tiny waxed mustache, a

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mere circumflex accent of a mustache, over his "o" of a mouth. His sponsors in baptism had doubtless sent him across the sea to chase the wild boar or the rude buffalo, with the ultimate design, perhaps, of founding a brewery in some Western city.

The manners of this young aristocrat toward the girl were an especial source of delight to Todd, who watched his every movement with the keenest interest. Whenever the baron approached the table he would hesitate a moment, as if in doubt as to which particular chair he should occupy, and, with an apologetic hand on his heart and a slight bow, drop into a seat immediately opposite hers. Then he would raise a long, thin arm aloft and snap his fingers to call a passing waiter. I noticed that he always ordered the same breakfast, beginning with cold sausage and ending with pancakes. During the repast the young girl opposite him would talk to him in a simple, straightforward way, quite as his sister would have done, and without the slightest trace of either coquetry or undue reserve.

When we were five days out, a third person occupied a seat at one side of the young woman. He was a man of perhaps sixty years of age, with big shoulders and big body, and a great round head covered with a mass of dull white hair which fell about his neck and forehead. The newcomer was dressed in a suit of gray cloth, much worn and badly cut, the coat collar, by reason of the misfit, being hunched up under his hair. This gave him the appearance of a man without a shirt collar, until a turn of his head revealed his clean starched linen and narrow black cravat. He looked like a plain, well-to-do manufacturer or contractor, one whose earlier years had been spent in the out of doors; for the weather had left its mark on his neck, where one can always look for signs of a man's manner of life. His was that of a man who had worn low-collared flannel shirts most of his days. He had, too, a look of determination, as if he had been accustomed to be obeyed. He was evidently an invalid, for his cheeks were sunken and pale, with the pallor that comes of long confinement.

Apart from these characteristics there was nothing specially remarkable about him except the two cavernous eye sockets sunk in his head, the shaggy eyebrows arched above them, and the two eyes which blazed and flashed with the inward fire of black opals. As these rested first on one object and then on another, brightening or paling as he moved his head, I could not but think of the action of some alert searchlight gleaming out of a misty night.

As soon as he took his seat, the young woman, whose face for the first time since she had been on board had lost its look of anxiety and fatigue, leaned over him smilingly and began adjusting a napkin about his throat and pinning it to his coat. He smiled in response as she finished, — a smile of singular sweetness, — and held her hand until she regained her seat. They seemed as happy as children or as two lovers, laughing with each other, he now and then stopping to stroke her hand at some word which I could not hear. When, a moment after, the von Hoffbein took his accustomed seat, in full dress, too, — a red silk lining to his waistcoat, and a red silk handkerchief tucked in above it and worn liver-pad fashion, — the girl said simply, looking toward the man in gray, "My father, sir;" whereupon the young fellow shot up out of his chair, clicked his heels together, crooked his back, placed two fingers on his right eyebrow, and sat down again. The man in gray looked at him curiously and held out his hand, remarking that he was pleased to meet him.

Todd was also watching the group, for I heard him say to the Doctor: "These high-class Germans seldom forget themselves. The young baron saluted the old

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duffer with the bib as though he were his superior officer."

"Should n't wonder if he were," replied the Doctor, who had been looking intently over his soup spoon at the man in gray, and who was now summing up the circumflex accent, the red edges of the waistcoat, the liver-pad handkerchief, and the rest of von Hoffbein.

"You don't like him, evidently, my dear Doctor."

"You saw him first, Todd, — you can have him. I prefer the old duffer, as you call him," answered the Doctor dryly, and put an end to the talk in that direction.

Soon the hum of voices filled the saloon, rising above the clatter of the dishes and the occasional popping of corks. The baron and the man in gray had entered into conversation almost at once, and could be distinctly heard from where we sat, particularly the older man, who was doubtless unconscious of the carrying power of his voice. Such words as "working classes," "the people," "democracy," "when I was in Germany," etc., intermingling with the high-keyed tones of the baron's broken English, were noticeable above the din; the young girl listening smilingly, her eyes on those of her father. Then I saw the gray man bend forward, and heard him say with great earnestness, and in a voice that could be heard by the occupants of all the tables near our own: —

"It is a great thing to be an American, sir. I never realized it until I saw how things were managed on the other side. It must take all the ambition out of a man not to be able to do what he wants to do, and what he knows he can do better than anybody else, simply because somebody higher than he says he shan't. We have our periods of unrest, and our workers sometimes lose their heads, but we always come out right in the end. There is no place in the world where a man has such opportunities as in my country. All he wants is brains and some little horse sense, — the country will do the rest."

Our end of the table had stopped to listen; so had the occupants of the tables on either side; so had Todd, who was patting the Doctor's arm, his face beaming.

"Listen to him, Doctor! Hear that voice! How like a traveling American! There 's one of your *extrawd*'nary clay-soiled sons of toil out on an educating tour: are n't you proud of him? Oh, it 's too delicious!"

For once I agreed with Todd. The peculiar strident tones of the man in gray had jarred upon my nerves. I saw, too, that one lady, with slightly elevated shoulder, had turned her back and was addressing her neighbor.

The Doctor had not taken his eyes from the gray man, and had not lost a word of his talk. As Todd finished speaking, the daughter, with all tenderness and with a pleased glance into her father's eyes, arose, and putting her hand in his helped him to his feet, the baron standing "at attention." As the American started to leave the table, and his big shaggy head and broad shoulders reached their full height, the Doctor leaned forward, craning his head eagerly. Then he turned to Todd, and in his crisp, incisive way said: "Todd, the matter with you is that you never see any further than your nose. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Look at his empty sleeve; off at the shoulder, too!"

II.

In the smoking room, that night, a new and peculiar variety of passenger made his appearance, and his first one, — to me, — although we were then within two days of Sandy Hook. This individual wore a check suit of the latest London cut, big broad-soled Piccadilly shoes, and smoked a brierwood pipe which he constantly filled from a rubbed

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pouch carried in his waistcoat pocket. When I first noticed him, he was sitting at a table with two Englishmen drinking brandy-and-sodas, — plural, not singular.

The Doctor, Todd, and I were at an adjoining table: the Doctor immersed in a scientific pamphlet, Todd sipping his crême de menthe, and I my coffee. Over in one corner were a group of drummers playing poker. They had not left the spot since we started, except at meal-time and at midnight, when Fritz, the smoking-room steward, had turned them out to air the room. Scattered about were other passengers, — some reading, some playing checkers or backgammon, others asleep, among them the pink-cheeked von Hoffbein, who lay sprawled out on one of the leather-covered sofas, his thin legs spread apart like the letter A, as he emitted long-drawn organ tones, with only the nose stop pulled out.

The party of Englishmen, by reason of the unlimited number of brandy-and-sodas which their comrade in the check suit had ordered for them, were more or less noisy, laughing a good deal. They had attracted the attention of the whole room, many of the old-timers wondering how long it would be before the third officer would tap the check suit on the shoulder, and send it and him to bed under charge of a steward. The constant admonitions of his companions seemed to have had no effect upon the gentleman in question, for he suddenly launched out upon such topics as Colonial Policies and Governments and Taxation and Modern Fleets; addressing his remarks, not to his two friends, but to the room at large.

According to my own experience, the traveling Englishman is a quiet, well-bred, reticent man, brandy-and-soda proof (I have seen him drink a dozen of an evening without a droop of an eyelid), and if he has any positive convictions of the superiority of that section of the Anglo-Saxon race to which he belongs, — and he invariably has, — he keeps them to himself, certainly in the public smoking room of a steamer filled with men of a dozen different nations. The outbreak, as well as the effect of the incentive, was therefore as unexpected as it was unusual.

The check-suit man, however, was not constructed along these lines. The spirit of old Hennessy was in his veins, the stored energy of many sodas pressed against his tongue, and an explosion was inevitable. No portion of these excitants, strange to say, had leaked into his legs, for outwardly he was as steady as an undertaker. He began again, his voice pitched in a high key: —

"Talk of coercing England! Why, we 've got a hundred and forty-one ships of the line, within ten days' sail of New York, that could blow the bloody stuffin' out of every man Jack of 'em. And we don't care a brass farthing what Uncle Sam says about it, either."

His two friends tried to keep him quiet, but he broke out again on Colonization and American Treachery and Conquest of Cuba; and so, being desirous to read in peace, I nodded to the Doctor and Todd, picked up my book, and drew up a steamer chair on the deck outside, under one of the electric lights.

I had hardly settled myself in my seat when a great shout went up from the smoking room that sent every one running down the deck, and jammed the portholes and doors of the room with curious faces. Then I heard a voice rise clear above the noise inside: "Not another word, sir; you don't know what you are talking about. We Americans don't rob people we give our lives to free."

I forced my way past the door and stepped inside. The Englishman was being held down in his chair by his two friends. In his effort to break loose he had wormed himself out of his coat. Beside their table, close enough to put his hand on any one of them, stood the Doctor, a curious set expression on his

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face. Todd was outside the circle, standing on a sofa to get a better view.

Towering above the Englishman, his eyes burning, his shaggy hair about his face, his whole figure tense with indignation, was the man with the empty sleeve! Close behind him, cool, polite, straight as a gendarme, and with the look in his eye of a cat about to spring, stood the young baron. As I reached the centre of the mêlée, wondering what had been the provocation and who had struck the first blow, I saw the baron lean forward, and heard him say in a low voice to one of the Englishmen, "He is so old as to be his fadder; take me," and he tapped his chest meaningly with his fingers. Evidently he had not fenced at Heidelberg for nothing, if he did have pink cheeks and pipestem legs.

The old man turned and laid his hand on the baron's shoulder. "I thank you, sir, but I'll attend to this young man." His voice had lost all its rasping quality now. It was low and concentrated, like that of one accustomed to command. "Take your hands off him, gentlemen, if you please. I don't think he has so far lost his senses as to strike a man twice his age and with one arm. Now, sir, you will apologize to me, and to the room, and to your own friends, who must be heartily ashamed of your conduct."

At the bottom of almost every Anglo-Saxon is a bed rock of common sense that you reach through the shifting sands of prejudice with the probe of fair play. The young man in the check suit, who was now on his feet, looked the speaker straight in the eye, and, half drunk as he was, held out his hand. "I'm sorry, sir, I offended you. I was speaking to my friends here, and I did not know any Americans were present."

"Bravo!" yelled the Doctor. "What did I tell you, Todd? That 's the kind of stuff! Now, gentlemen, all together, — three cheers for the man with the empty sleeve!"

Everybody broke out with another shout, — all but Todd, who had not made the slightest response to the Doctor's invitation to loosen his legs and his lungs. He did not show the slightest emotion over the fracas, and, moreover, seemed to have become suddenly disgusted with the baron.

Then the Doctor grasped the young German by the hand, and said how glad he was to know him, and how delighted he would be if he would join them and "take something," — all of which the young man accepted with a frank, pleased look on his face.

When the room had resumed its normal conditions, all three Englishmen having disappeared, the Doctor, whose enthusiasm over the incident had somehow paved the way for closer acquaintance, introduced me in the same informal way both to the baron and to the hero of the occasion, as "a brother American," and we all sat down beside the old man, his face lighting up with a smile as he made room for us. Then laying his hand on my knee, with the manner of an older man, he said: "I ought not to have given way, perhaps; but the truth is, I 'm not accustomed to hear such things at home. I did not know until I got close to him that he had been drinking, or I might have let it pass. I suppose this kind of talk may always go on in the smoking room of these steamers. I don't know, for it 's my first trip abroad, and on the way out I was too ill to leave my berth. To-night is the first time I 've been in here. It was bad for me, I suppose. I 've been ill all" —

He stopped suddenly, caught his breath quickly, and his hand fell from my knee. For a moment he sat leaning forward, breathing heavily.

I sprung up, thinking he was about to faint. The baron started for a glass of water. The old man raised his hand.

"No, don't be alarmed, gentlemen; it is nothing. I am subject to these at-

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tacks ; it will pass off in a moment," and he glanced around the room as if to assure himself that no one but ourselves had noticed it.

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"The excitement was too much for you," the Doctor said gravely, in an undertone. His trained eye had caught the peculiar pallor of the face. "You must not excite yourself so."

"Yes, I know, — the heart," he said after a pause, speaking with short, indrawn breaths, and straightening himself slowly and painfully until he had regained his old erect position. After a little while he put his hand again on my knee, with an added graciousness in his manner, as if in apology for the shock he had given me. "It's passing off, — yes, I'm better now." Then, in a more cheerful tone, as if to change the subject, he added: "My steward tells me that we made four hundred and fifty-two miles yesterday. This makes my little girl happy. She 's had an anxious summer, and I 'm glad this part of it is over. Yes, she 's *very* happy to-day."

"You mean on account of your health?" I asked sympathetically ; although I remembered afterward that I had not caught his meaning.

"Well, not so much that, for that can never be any better, but on account of our being so near home, — only two days more. I could n't bear to leave her alone on shipboard, but it 's all right now. You see, there are only two of us since her mother died." His voice fell, and for the first time I saw a shade of sadness cross his face. The Doctor saw it, too, for there was a slight quaver in his voice when he said, as he rose, that his stateroom was No. 13, and he would be happy to be called upon at any time, day or night, whenever he could be of service ; then he resumed his former seat under the light, and apparently his pamphlet, although I could see his eyes were constantly fixed on the pallid face.

The baron and I kept our seats, and I ordered three of something from Fritz, as further excuse for tarrying beside the invalid. I wanted to know something more of a man who was willing to fight the universe with one arm in defense of his country's good name, though I was still in the dark as to what had been the provocation. All I could gather from the young baron, in his broken English, was that the Englishman had maligned the motives of our government in helping the Cubans, and that the old man had flamed out, astounding the room with the power of his invective and thorough mastery of the subject, and compelling their admiration by the genuineness of his outburst.

"I see you have lost your arm," I began, hoping to get some further facts regarding himself.

"Yes, some years ago," he answered simply, but with a tone that implied he did not care to discuss either the cause or the incidents connected with its loss.

"An accident?" I asked. The empty sleeve seemed suddenly to have a peculiar fascination for me.

"Yes, partly," and, smiling gravely, he rose from his seat, saying that he must rejoin his daughter, who might be worrying. He bade the occupants of the room good-night, many of whom, including the baron and the Doctor, rose to their feet, — the baron saluting, and following the old man out, as if he had been his superior officer.

With the closing of the smoking-room door, P. Wooverman Shaw Todd, Esquire, roused himself from his chair, walked toward the Doctor, and sat down beside him.

"Well! I must say that I 'm glad that man 's gone!" he burst out. "I have never seen anything more outrageous than this whole performance. This fire eater ought to travel about with a guardian. Suppose, now, my dear Doctor, that everybody went about with these absurd ideas, — what a place the world would be to live in! This is the worst American I have met yet. A[redacted]

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see what an example; even the young baron lost his head, I am sorry to say. I heard the young Englishman's remark. It was, I admit, indiscreet, but no part of it was addressed to this very peculiar person; and it is just like that kind of an American, full of bombast and bluster, to feel offended. Besides, every word the young man said was true. There is a great deal of politics in this Cuban business, — you know it, and I know it. We have no men trained for colonial life, and we never shall have, so long as our better clarss keep aloof from politics. The island will be made a camping ground for vulgar politicians, — no question about it. Think, now, of sending that firebrand among those people. You can see by his very appearance that he has never done anything better than astonish the loungers about a country stove. As for all this fuss about his empty sleeve, no doubt some other fire eater put a bullet through it in defense of what such kind of people call their honor. It is too farcical for words, my dear Doctor, — too farcical for words," and P. Wooverman Shaw Todd, Esquire, pulled his steamer cap over his eyes, jumped to his feet, and stalked out of the room.

The Doctor looked after Todd until he had disappeared. Then he turned to his pamphlet again. There was evidently no composite, explosive epithet deadly enough within reach at the moment, or there is not the slightest doubt in my mind that he would have demolished Todd with it.

Todd's departure made another vacancy at our table, and a tall man, who had applauded the loudest at the apology of the Englishman, dropped into Todd's empty chair, addressing the Doctor as representing our party.

"I suppose you know who the old man is, don't you?"

"No."

"That 's John Stedman, manager of the Union Iron Works of Parkinton, a manufacturing town in my state. He 's one of the best iron men in the country. Fine old fellow, is n't he? He 's been ill ever since his wife died, and I don't think he 'll ever get over it. She had been sick for years, and he nursed her day and night. He would n't go to Congress, preferring to stay by her, and it almost broke his heart when she died. Poor old man, — don't look as if he was long for this world. I expected him to mop up the floor with that Englishman, sick as he is; and he would, if he had n't apologized. I heard, too, what your friend who has just gone out said about Stedman not being the kind of a man to send to Cuba. I tell you, they might look the country over, and they could n't find a better. That 's been his strong hold, straightening out troubles of one kind or another. Everybody believes in him, and anybody takes his word. He 's done a power of good in our state."

"In what way?" asked the Doctor.

"Oh, in settling strikes, for one thing. You see, he started from the scrap pile, and he knows the laboring man down to a dot, for he carried a dinner pail himself for ten years of his life. When the men are imposed upon he stands by 'em, and compels the manufacturers to deal square; and if they don't, he joins the men and fights it out with the bosses. If the men are wrong, and want what the furnaces can't give 'em, — and there 's been a good deal of that lately, — he sails into the gangs, and, if nothing else will do, he gets a gun and joins the sheriffs. He was all through that last strike we had, three years ago, and it would be going on now but for John Stedman."

"But he seems to be a man of fine education," interrupted the Doctor, who was listening with all his ears.

"Yes, so he is, — learned it all at night schools. When he was a boy he used to fire the kilns, and they say you could always find him with a spelling book in one hand and a chunk of wood

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in the other, reading nights by the light of the kiln fires."

"You say he went to Congress?" The Doctor's eyes were now fixed on the speaker.

"No, I said he *would* n't go. His wife was taken sick about that time, and when he found she was n't going to get well, — she had lung trouble, — he told the committee that he would n't accept the nomination; and of course nomination meant election for him. He told 'em his wife had stuck by him all her life, had washed his flannel shirts for him and cooked his dinner, and that he was going to stick by her now she was down. But I tell you what he did do: he stumped the district for his opponent, because he said he was a better man than his own party put up, — and elected him, too. That was just like John Stedman. The heelers were pretty savage, but that made no difference to him.

"He 's never recovered from his wife's death. That daughter with him is the only child he 's got. She 's been so afraid he 'd die on board and have to be buried at sea that he 's kept his berth just to please her. The doctor at home told him Carlsbad was his only chance, and the daughter begged so he made the trip. He was so sick when he went out that he took a coffin with him, — it 's in the hold now. I heard him tell his daughter this morning that it was all right now, and he thought he 'd get up. You see, there are only two days more, and the captain promised the daughter not to bury her father at sea when we were that close to land. Stedman smiled when he told me, but that 's just like him; he 's always been cool as a cucumber."

"How did he lose his arm?" I inquired. I had been strangely absorbed in what he had told me. "In the war?"

"No. He served two years, but that 's not how he lost his arm. He lost it saving the lives of some of his men. I happened to be up at Parkinton at the time, buying some coke, and I saw him carried out. It was about ten years ago. He had invented a new furnace; 'most all the new wrinkles they 've got at the Union Company Stedman made for 'em. When they got ready to draw the charge, — that 's when the red-hot iron is about to flow out of the furnace, you know, — the outlet got clogged. That 's a bad thing to happen to a furnace; for if a chill should set in, the whole plant would be ruined. Then, again, it might explode and tear everything to pieces. Some of the men jumped into the pit with their crowbars, and began to jab away at the opening in the wrong place, and the metal started with a rush. Stedman hollered to 'em to stop; but they either did n't hear him or would n't mind. Then he jumped in among them, threw them out of the way, grabbed a crowbar, and fought the flow until they all got out safe. But the hot metal had about cooked his arm clear to the elbow before he let go."

The Doctor, with hands deep in his pockets, began pacing the floor. Then he stopped, and, looking down at me, said slowly, pointing off his fingers one after the other to keep count as he talked: —

"Tender and loyal to his wife — thoughtful of his child — facing death like a hero — a soldier and patriot. What is there in the make-up of a gentleman that this man has n't got?

"Come! Let 's go out and find that high-collared, silk-stockinged, sweet-scented Anglomaniac from Salem! By the Eternal, Todd 's got to apologize!"

F. Hopkinson Smith.

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LOVELINESS: A STORY.

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LOVELINESS sat on an eider-down cushion embroidered with cherry-colored puppies on a pearl satin cover. The puppies had gold eyes. They were drinking a saucer of green milk. Loveliness wore a new necktie, of cherry, a shade or two brighter than the puppies, and a pearl-gray, or one might call it a silver-gray jacket. He was sitting in the broad window sill, with his head tipped a little, thoughtfully, toward the left side, as the heads of nervous people are said to incline. He was dreamily watching the street, looking for any one of a few friends of his who might pass by, and for the letter carrier, who was somewhat late.

Loveliness had dark, brilliant eyes, remarkably alert, but reflective when in repose. Part of their charm lay in the fact that one must watch for their best expression; for Loveliness wore bangs. He had a small and delicate nose, not guiltless of an aristocratic tip, with a suspicion of a sniff at the inferior orders of society. In truth, Loveliness was an aristocrat to the end of his tongue, which curled daintily against his opalescent teeth. At this moment it lay between his teeth, and hung forward as if he held a roseleaf in his lips; and this was the final evidence of his birth and breeding.

For Loveliness was a little dog; a silver Yorkshire, blue of blood and delicately reared, — a tiny creature, the essence of tenderness; set, soul and body, to one only tune. To love and be beloved, — that was his life. He knew no other, nor up to this time could he conceive of any other; for he was as devotedly beloved as he was passionately loving. His brain was in his heart. In saying this one does not question the quality of the brain any more than one does in saying a similar thing of a woman. Indeed, considered as an intellect, his was of the highest order known to his race. Loveliness would have been interesting as a psychological study, had he not been absorbing as an affectional occupation. His family and friends often said, "How clever!" but not until after they had said, "How dear he is!" The order of precedence in this summary of character is the most enviable that can be experienced by human beings. But the dog took it as a matter of course.

This little creature loved a number of people on a sliding scale of intimacy, carefully guarded, as the intimacies of the high-born usually are; but one he loved first, most, best of all, and profoundly. I have called him Loveliness because it was the pet name, the "little name," given to him by this person. In point of fact, he answered to a variety of appellations, more or less recognized by society; of these the most lawful and the least agreeable to himself was Mop. It was a disputed point whether this were an ancestral name, or whether he had received it from the dog store whence he had emerged at the beginning of history, — the shaggiest, scrubbiest, raggedest, wildest little terrier that ever boasted of a high descent.

People of a low type, those whose imagination was bounded by menial similes, or persons of that too ready inclination to the humorous which fails to consider the possible injustice or unkindness that it may involve, had in Mop's infancy found a base pleasure in attaching to him such epithets as window washer, scrubbing brush, feather duster, and footmuff. But these had not adhered. Loveliness had. It bade fair, at the time of our story, to outlive every other name.

The little dog had both friends and acquaintances on the street where the

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professor lived; and he watched for them from his cushion in the window, hours at a time. There was the cabman, the academic-looking cabman, who was the favorite of the faculty, and who hurrahed and snapped his whip at the Yorkshire as he passed by; there was the newsboy who brought the Sunday papers, and who whistled at Loveliness, and made faces, and called him Mop.

To-day there was a dark-faced man, a stranger, standing across the street, and regarding the professor's house with the unpleasant look of the foreign and ill-natured. This man had eyebrows that met in a straight black line upon his forehead, and he wore a yellow jersey. The dog threw back his supercilious little head and barked at the yellow jersey severely. But at that moment he saw the carrier, who ran up the steps laughing, and brought a gumdrop in a sealed envelope addressed to Loveliness. There was a large mail that afternoon, including a pile of pamphlets and circulars of the varied description that haunt professors' houses. Kathleen, the parlor maid, — another particular friend of the terrier's, — took the mail up to the study, but dropped one of the pamphlets on the stairs. The dog rebuked her carelessness (after he had given his attention to the carrier's gumdrop) by picking the pamphlet up and bringing it back to the window seat, where he opened and dog-eared it with a literary manner for a while, until suddenly he forgot it altogether, and dropped it on the floor, and sprang, bounding. For the dearest person in the world had called him in a whisper, — "Love-liness!" And the dearest face in the world appeared above him and melted into laughing tenderness. "Loveliness! Where 's my *Love*-li-ness?"

A little girl had come into the room, a girl of between five and six years, but so small that one would scarcely have guessed her to be four, — a beautiful child, but transparent of coloring, and bearing in her delicate face the pathetic patience which only sick children of all human creatures ever show. She was exquisitely formed, but one little foot halted and stepped weakly on the thick carpet. Her organs of speech were perfect in mechanism, but often she did not speak quite aloud. Sometimes, on her weaker days, she carried a small crutch. They called her Adah.

She came in without her crutch that afternoon; she was feeling quite strong and happy. The little dog sprang to her heart, and she crooned over him, sitting beside him on the window seat and whispering in her plaintive voice: "Love-li-ness! I can't live wivout you anover *min*ute, Loveliness! I can't *live* wivout you!"

She put her head down on the pearl-gray satin pillow with the cherry puppies, and the dog put his face beside hers. He was kept as sweet and clean as his little mistress, and he had no playfellow except herself, and never went away from home unless at the end of a gray satin ribbon leash. At all events, the two *would* occupy the same pillow, and all idle effort to struggle with this fact had ceased in the household. Loveliness sighed one of the long sighs of perfect content recognized by all owners and lovers of dogs as one of the happiest sounds in this sad world, and laid his cheek to hers quietly. He asked nothing more of life. He had forgotten the world and all that was therein. He looked no longer for the cabman, the newsboy, or the carrier, and the man with the eyebrows had gone away. The universe did not exist; he and she were together. Heaven had happened. The dog glanced through half-closed, blissful eyes at the yellow hair — "eighteen carats fine" — that fell against his silver bangs. His short ecstatic breath mingled with the gentle breathing of the child. She talked to him in broken rhapsodies. She called him quaint pet names of her own, — "Dear-

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ness" and "Daintiness," "Mopsiness" and "Preciousness," and "Dearest-in-the-World," and who knew what besides? Only the angels who are admitted to the souls of children and the hearts of little dogs could have understood that interview.

No member of the professor's household ever interfered with the attachment between the child and the dog, which was set apart as one of the higher facts in the family life. Indeed, it had its own page of sacred history, which read on this wise:—

When Adah was a walking baby, two and a half years before the time of which we tell, the terrier was in the first proud flush of enthusiasm which an intelligent dog feels in the mastery of little feats and tricks. Of these he had a varied and interesting repertoire. His vocabulary, too, was large. At the date of our story it had reached one hundred and thirty words. It was juvenile and more limited at the time when the sacred page was written, but still beyond the average canine proficiency. Loveliness had always shown a genius for the English language. He could not speak it, but he tried harder than any other dog I ever knew to do so; and he grew to understand with ease an incredibly large part of the usual conversation of the family. It could never be proved that he followed — or did not follow — the professor of psychology in a discussion on the Critique of Pure Reason; but his mental grasp of ordinary topics was alert and logical. He sneezed when he was cold and wanted a window shut, and barked twice when his delicate china water cup was empty. When the fire department rang by, or a stove in the house was left on draught too long, and he wished to call attention to the circumstance, he barked four times. Besides the commonplace accomplishments of turning somersaults, being a dead dog, sitting up to beg for things, and shaking hands, Loveliness had some attainments peculiar to himself.

One of these was in itself scientifically interesting. This luxurious, daintily fed little creature, who had never known an hour's want nor any deprivation that he could remember, led by the blind instinct of starving, savage ancestors skulking in forests where the claw and tooth of every living thing were against every other, conscientiously sought to bury, against future exigencies, any kind of food for which he had no appetite. The remnants of his dog biscuit, his saucer of weak tea, an unpalatable dinner, alike received the treatment given to the bare bone of his forefathers when it was driven into the ground.

Anything served the purpose of the earth, — the rough, wild earth of whose real nature the house pet knew so little. A newspaper, a glove, a handkerchief, a sheet of the professor's manuscript, a hearth brush, or a rug would answer. Drag these laboriously, and push them perseveringly to their places! Cover the saucer or the plate from sight with a solemn persistence that the starving, howling ancestor would have respected! Thus Loveliness recognized the laws of heredity. But the corners of rugs were, and remained, the favorite burying sod.

On that black day when the baby girl had used her white apron by way of blowers before the reluctant nursery fire, the little dog was alone in the room with her. It had so happened.

Suddenly, through the busy house resounded four shrill, staccato barks. In the vocabulary of Loveliness this meant, "Fire! Fire! Fire! Fire!" Borne with them came the terrible cries of the child. When the mother and the nursemaid got to the spot, the baby was ablaze from her white apron to her yellow hair. She was writhing on the floor. The terrier, his own silver locks scorching and his paws in the flame, was trying to cover his young mistress with the big Persian rug, in itself a load for a collie. He had so

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far succeeded that the progress of the flames had been checked.

For years the professor of philosophy speculated on the problems raised by this tremendous incident. Whether the Yorkshire regarded the fire as a superfluity, like a dinner one does not want, — but that was far-fetched. Whether he knew that wool puts out fire, — but that was incredible. Whether this, that, or the other, no man could say, or ever has. Perhaps the intellect of the dog, roused to its utmost by the demand upon his heart, blindly leaped to its most difficult exertion. It was always hard to cover things with rugs. In this extremity one must do the hardest. Or did sheer love teach him to choose, in a moment that might have made a fool or a lunatic of a man, the only one or two of several processes which could by any means reach the emergency?

At all events, the dog saved the child. And she became henceforth the saint and idol of the family, and he its totem and its hero. The two stood together in one niche above the household altar. It was impossible to separate them. But after that terrible hour little Adah was as she was: frail, uncertain of step, scarred on the pearl of her neck and the rose of her cheek; not with full command of her voice; more nervously deficient than organically defective, — but a perfect being marred. Her father said, "She goeth lame and lovely."

On the afternoon when our story began, the child and the Yorkshire sat cuddled together in the broad window seat for a long time. Blessedness sat with them. Adah talked in low love tones, using a language as incomprehensible to other people as the tongue in which the dog replied to her. They carried on long conversations, broken only by caresses, and by barks of bliss or jets of laughter. The child tired herself with laughing and loving, and the dog watched her; he did not sleep; he silently lapped the fingers of her little hand that lay like a cameo upon the silken cushion.

Some one came in and said in a low voice: "She is tired out. She must have her supper and be put to bed."

Afterward it was remembered that she clung to Loveliness and cried a little, foolishly; fretting that she did not want her supper, and demanding that the dog should go up to bed with her and be put at once into his basket by her side. This was gently refused.

"You shall see him in the morning," they told her. Kathleen put the little dog down forcibly from the arms of the child, who wailed at the separation. She called back over the balusters: "*Love*-li-ness! Good-by, Loveliness! When we 're grown up, we 'll *al*ways be togever, Loveliness!"

The dog barked rebelliously for a few minutes; then sighed, and accepted the situation. He ran back and picked up the pamphlet which Kathleen had dropped, and carried it upstairs to the professor's study, where he laid it on the lowest shelf of the revolving bookcase. The professor glanced at the dog-eared pages and smiled. The pamphlet was one of the innumerable throng issued by some philanthropic society devoted to improving the condition of animals.

When Kathleen came downstairs she found the dog standing at the front door, patiently asking that it might be opened for him. She went down the steps; for it was the rule of the house never to allow the most helpless member of the family at liberty unguarded. The evening was soft, and the maid stood looking idly about. A man in a yellow jersey and with straight black eyebrows was on the other side of the street; but he did not look over. The suburban town was still and pleasant; advancing spring was in the air; no one was passing; only a negro boy lolled on the old-fashioned fence, and shouted: "Hi! Yi! Yi! Look a' dem crows carryin' off a b'iled pertater 'n' a piecer squushed pie!"

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Kathleen, for very vacuity of mind, turned to look. Neither potatoes nor squash pie were to be seen careering through the skies; nor, in fact, were there any crows.

"I 'll have yez arrested for sarse and slander!" cried Kathleen vigorously.

But the negro boy had disappeared. So had the man in the yellow jersey.

"Where 's me dog?" muttered Kathleen. It was dipping dusk; it was deepening to dark. She called. Loveliness was an obedient little fellow always; but he did not reply. The maid called again; she examined the front yard and the premises, — slowly, for she was afraid to go in and tell. With the imbecility of the timid and the erring, she took too much time in a fruitless and unintelligent search before she went, trembling, into the house. Kathleen felt that this was the greatest emergency that had occurred since the baby was burned. She went straight to the master's door.

"God have mercy on me, but I 've lost the little dog, sir!"

The professor wheeled around in his study chair.

"There was a nigger and a squashed crow — but indeed I never left the little dog, as you bid me, sir — I never left him for the space of me breath between me lips — and when I draws it in the little dog warn't nowhere. . . . Oh, whatever 'll *she* say? Whatever 'll *she* do? Mother of God, forgive me soul! Who 'll tell *her*?"

Who indeed?

The professor of psychology turned as pale as the paper on which he was about to write his next famous and inexplicable lecture. He pushed by Kathleen and sprang for his hat.

But the child's mother had already run out, bareheaded, into the street, calling the dog as she ran. Nora, the cook, left the dinner to burn, and followed. Kathleen softly shut the nursery door, "So *she* won't hear," and, sobbing, crept downstairs. The family gathered as if under the black wing of an unspeakable tragedy. They scoured the premises and the street, while the professor rang in the police call. But Loveliness was not to be found.

The carrier came by, on his way home after his day's work was over.

"Great Scott!" he cried. "I 'd rather have lost a month's pay. Does *she* know?"

The newsboy trotted up, and stopped whistling.

"Golly whop!" he said. "What 'll the little *gell* dew?"

The popular cabman came by, driving the president, who let down the window and asked what had happened. The driver uttered a mild and academic oath.

"Me 'n' my horse, we 're at your disposal as soon as me and the president have got to faculty meeting."

But the president of the University of St. George put his long legs out of the carriage, and bowed the professor into it.

"The cab is at your service now," he said anxiously, "and so am I. They can get along without us for a while, tonight. Anything that I can do to help you, Professor Premice, in this — real calamity — How does the child bear it?"

"Poor little kid!" muttered the cabman. "And to think how I used to snap my whip at 'em in the window!"

"An' how I used to bring him candy, contrary to the postal laws!" sighed the carrier. The cab driver and the postman spoke as if the dog and the child were both already dead.

The group broke slowly and sadly at last. The mother and the maids crept tearfully into the house. The professor, the carrier, the newsboy, and the president threw themselves into the matter as if they had been hunting for a lost child. The president deferred his engagement at the faculty meeting for two hours, — which gave about time

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for a faculty meeting to get under way. The professor and the cab driver and the police ransacked the town till nearly dawn. It began to rain, and the night grew chilly. The carrier went home, looking like a man in the shade of a public calamity. The newsboy ran around in the storm, shadowing all the negro boys he met, and whistling for Loveliness in dark places where low-bred curs answered him and yellow mongrels snarled at his soaked heels. But the professor had the worst of it; for when he came in, drenched and tired, in the early morning, a little figure in a lace-trimmed nightgown stood at the head of the stairs, waiting for him.

The professor gave one glance at the child's face, and instinctively covered his own. He could not bear to look at her.

"Papa," said Adah, limping down the stairs, "where is Loveliness? I can't find him! Oh, I *can*not find him! And nobody will tell me where he 's gone to. Papa? I arxpect *you* to tell me 'e trufe. WHERE is my Loveliness?"

. . . . . .

Her mother could not comfort or control her. She clung to her father's heart the remainder of the night; moaning at intervals, then unnaturally and piteously still. The rain dashed on the windows, for the storm increased; the child shrank and shivered.

"He 's *never* been out in 'e rain, Papa! He will be wet — and frightened. Papa, who will give him his little baxet, and cover him up warm? Papa! Papa! who will be *kind* to Loveliness?"

In the broad daylight Adah fell into a short sleep. She woke with a start and a cry, and asked for the dog. "He 'll come home to breakfust," she said, with quivering lip. "Tell Nora to have some sugar on his mush when he comes home."

But Loveliness did not come home to breakfast. The child refused to eat her own. She hurried down and crept to the broad window seat, to watch the street. When she saw the empty gray satin cushion with the red puppies on it, she flung herself face down with a heart-rending cry.

"Papa! Papa! Papa! I never had a 'fliction before. Oh, Papa, my heart will break itself apart. Papa, can't you know enough to comfort you little girl? I can't *live* wivout my Loveliness. Oh, Papa! Papa!"

. . . . . .

This was in the decline of March. The winds went down, and the rains came on. The snow slid from the streets of the university town, and withdrew into dingy patches about the roots of trees and fences, and in the shady sides of cold back yards. The mud yawned ankle-deep, and dried, and was not, and was dust beneath the foot. Crocuses blazed in the gardens of the faculty, — royal-purple, gold, and wax-white lamps set in the young and vivid grass. The sun let down his mask and looked abroad, and it was April. The newsboy and the carrier and the cab driver laughed for very joy of living. But when they passed the professor's house they did not laugh. It came on to be the heart and glory of the spring, and the warm days melted into May. But the little dog had not been found.

The professor had exhausted hope and ingenuity in the dreary quest. The state, one might say without exaggeration, had been dragged for that tiny dumb thing, — seven pounds' weight of life and tenderness. Money had been poured like love upon the vain endeavor. Rewards of reckless proportion appealed from public places and from public columns to the blank eyes that could not or did not read. The great detective force, whose name is familiar from sea to sea, had supplemented the useless search of the local police and of the city press. And all had equally failed. The "dog banditti" had done their work too well.

Lovcliness had sunk out of sight like forgotten suffering in a scene of joy.

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In the window sat propped with white pillows "some one very small and sad. The empty environment gray with custom lay behind her. Sometimes she patted the sad puppies sadly with one thin little hand; she allowed no one else to touch the curious.

"The Loveliness comes home," she said. In the window silent, pale, and seeing everything, she watched. But Loveliness did not come home.

The painful thing was that the child herself was so changed. She had waited to a little wraith. For some time she had not walked without her crutch. Now she scarcely walked at all. At the first she had wept a good deal, in downright childish fashion; then she wept silently; but now she did not cry any more, — she did but watch. Her sight had grown unnaturally keen, like that of pilots; she gazed out of great eyes, bright, and dry, and solemn. Already she had taken on the look of children whose span of time is to be short. She weakened visibly.

At first her father took her out with him in the cab, so she should feel that she was conducting the search herself. But she had grown too feeble for this exertion. Sometimes, on such drives, she saw cruel sights, — animals suffering at the black tempers of men or the diabolic jests of boys; and she was hurried home, shivering and sobbing. When night came she would ask for the Yorkshire's bed to be put beside her own, and with trembling fingers would draw up the crimson blankets over the crimson mattress, as if the dog had been between them. Then she would ask the question that haunted her most: —

"Mamma, who will put Loveliness into a little baxet to sleep, and cover him up? Papa, Papa, will they be *kind* to Loveliness?"

Stormy nights and days were always the hardest.

"Will Loveliness be out and get wet? Will he shiver like 'e black dog I saw to-day? Will he have warm milk for his supper? Is there anybody to rub him dry and cuddle my Loveliness?"

To divert the child from her grief proved impossible. They took her somewhere, in the old, idle effort to change the place and help the pain; but she mourned so, "because he might come home, and nobody see him but me," that they brought her back.

The president of the university, who was a dogless and childless man, presented the bereaved household with a mongrel white puppy, purchased under the amiable impression that it was of a rare Parisian breed. The distinguished man cherished the ignorant hope of bestowing consolation. But the invalid child, with the sensitiveness of invalid children, refused to look at the puppy, who was returned to his donor, and constituted himself henceforth the tyrant and terror of that scholastic household.

As the weather grew warmer, little Adah failed and sank. It came on to be the bloom of the year, and she no longer left the house.

The carrier and the cab driver lifted their hats in silence now, when they passed the window where the little girl sat, and the newsboy looked up with a sober face, like that of a man. The faculty and the neighbors did not ask, "How is the child?" but always, "Have you heard from the dog?" The doctor began to call daily. He did not shake his head, — no doctor does outside of an old-fashioned story, — and he smiled cheerfully enough inside the house; but when he came out of it, to his carriage, he did not smile. So the spring mellowed, and it was the first of June.

One night, the poor professor sat trying to put into shape an impossible thesis on an incomprehensible subject (it was called The Identity of Identity and Non-Identity), for Commencement delivery in his department. Pulling aside some books of reference that he needed, he dragged to view a pamphlet

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from the lowest shelf of the revolving bookcase. Then he saw the marks of the Yorkshire's teeth and claws on the pamphlet corners, and, sadly smiling, he opened and read.

The Commencement thesis on The Identity of Identity and Non-Identity was not corrected that night. The professor of psychology sat moulded into his study chair, rigid, with iron lips and clenched hands, and read the pamphlet through, every word, from beginning to end. For the first time in his life, this eminent man, wise in the wisdom of the world of mind and half educated in the practical affairs of the world of matter, studied for himself the authenticated records of the torments imposed upon dumb animals in the name of science.

As an instructed man, of course this subject was not wholly unfamiliar to him, but it was wholly foreign. Hitherto he had given it polite and indifferent attention, and had gone his ways. Now he read like a man himself bound, without anæsthesia, beneath the knife. Now he read for the child's sake, with the child's mind, with the child's nerves, and with those of the little helpless thing for whom her life was wasting. He tore from his shelves every volume, every pamphlet, that he owned upon the direful subject which that June night opened to his consciousness; and he read until the birds sang.

With brain on fire, he crept, in the brightness of coming day, to his wife's side.

"Tired out, dear?" she asked gently. Then he saw that she too had not slept.

"Adah has such dreams," she explained; "cruel things, — all the same kind."

"About the dog?"

"Always about the dog. I have been sitting up with her. She is — not as strong as — not quite" —

The professor set his teeth when he heard the mother's moan. When she had sunk into broken rest he stole back to his study, and locked out of sight the pamphlet which Loveliness had chewed. So, with the profound and scientific treatises on the subject, arguing and illustrating this way and that (some of these had cuts and photogravures which would haunt the imagination for years), he crowded the whole out of reach. His own brain was reeling with horrors which it would have driven the woman or the child mad to read. Scenes too ghastly for a strong mind to dwell upon, incidents too fearful for a weak one to conceive, flitted before the sleepless father.

Now the professor began to do strange and secretive things. Unknown to his wife, unsuspected by his fading child, he began to cause the laboratories of the city and its environs to be searched. In the process, curious trades developed themselves to his astonished ignorance: the tricks of boys who supply the material of anguish; the trade of the janitor who sells it to the demonstrator; the trade of the brute who allures his superior, the dog, to the lairs of medical students. Dark arts started to the foreground, like imps around Mephistopheles concealed. From such repellent education the professor came home and took his little girl into his arms, and did not speak, but laid his cheek to hers, and heard the piteous, familiar question, "Papa, did you promise me they 'd be kind to Loveliness?" It was always a whispered question now; for Adah had entirely lost command of her voice, partly from weakness, partly from the old injury to the vocal organs; and this seemed, somehow, to make it the harder to answer her.

So there fell a day when the child in the window, propped by more than the usual pillows, sat watching longer than usual, or more sadly, or more eagerly, — who can say what it was? Or did she look so much more translucent, more pathetic, than on another day? She leaned

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her cheek on one little wasted hand. Her great eyes commanded the street. She had her pilot's look. Now and then, if a little dog passed, and if he were gray, she started and leaned forward, then sank back faintly. The sight of her would have touched a savage; and one beheld it.

A man in a yellow jersey passed by upon the other side of the street, and glanced over. His straight black brows contracted, and he looked at the child steadily. As he walked on, it might have been noticed that his brutal head hung to his breast. But he passed, and that cultivated street was clean of him. The carrier met him around the corner, and glanced at him with coldness.

"What 's de matter of de kid yonder, in de winder?" asked the foreigner.

"Dyin'," said the carrier shortly.

"Looks she had — what you call him? — gallopin' consum'tion," observed the man with the eyebrows.

"Gallopin' heartbreak," replied the carrier, pushing by. "There 's a devil layin' round loose outside of hell that stole her dog, — and she a little sickly thing to start with, —— him! There 's fifty men in this town would lynch him inside of ten minutes, if they got a clue to him, —— him to ——!"

That afternoon, when the professor left the house, the newsboy ran up eagerly. "There 's a little nigger wants yez, perfesser, downstreet. He 's in wid the dog robbers, that nigger is. Jes' you ask him when he see Mop las' time. Take him by the scruff the neck, an' wallop like hell till he tells. Be spry, now, perfesser!"

The professor hurried down the street, fully prepared to obey these directions, and found the negro boy, as he had been told.

"Come along furder," said the boy, looking around uneasily. He spoke a few words in a hoarse whisper.

The blood leaped to the professor's wan cheeks, and back again.

"I 'll show ye for a V," suggested the boy cunningly. "But I won't take no noter hand. Make it cash, an' I 'll show yer. Ye ain't no time to be foolin'," added the gamin. "It 's sot for termorrer 'leven o'clock. He 's down for the biggest show of the term, *he* is. The students is all gwineter go, an' the doctors along of 'em."

. . . . . .

His own university! His own university! The professor repeated the three words, as he dashed into the city with the academic cabman's fastest horse. For weeks his detectives had watched every laboratory within fifty miles. But — his own college! With the density which sometimes submerges a superior intellect, it had never occurred to him that he might find his own dog in the medical school of his own institution. Stupidly he sat gazing at the back of the gamin who slunk beside the aversion of the driver on the box. The professor seemed to himself to be driving through the terms of a false syllogism.

The cabman drew up in a filthy and savage neighborhood, in whose grim purlieus the St. George professors did not take their walks abroad. The negro boy tumbled off the box.

The professor sat, trembling like a woman. The boy went into the tenement, whistling. When he came out he did not whistle. His evil little face had fallen. His arms were empty.

"The critter 's dum gone," he said.

"*Gone?*"

"He 's dum goneter de college. Dey 'se tuk him, sah. Dum dog to go so yairly."

The countenance of the professor blazed with the mingling fires of horror and of hope. The excited driver lashed the St. George horse to foam; in six minutes the cab drew up at the medical school. The passenger ran up the walk like a boy, and dashed into the building. He had never entered it before. He was obliged to inquire his way, like a rustic on a first trip to town. After

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some delay and difficulty he found the janitor, and, with the assurance of position, stated his case.

But the janitor smiled.

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"I will go now — at once — and remove the dog," announced the professor. "In which direction is it? My little girl — There is no time to lose. Which door did you say?"

But now the janitor did not smile. "Excuse me, sir," he said frigidly, "I have no orders to admit strangers." He backed up against a closed door, and stood there stolidly. The professor, burning with human rage, leaned over and shook the door. It was locked.

"Man of darkness!" cried the professor. "You who perpetrate" — Then he collected himself. "Pardon me," he said, with his natural dignity; "I forget that you obey the orders of your chiefs, and that you do not recognize me. I am not accustomed to be refused admittance to the departments of my own university. I am Professor Premice, of the Chair of Mental Philosophy, — Professor Theophrastus Premice." He felt for his cards, but he had used the last one in his wallet.

"You might be, and you might n't," replied the janitor grimly. "I never heard tell of you that I know of. My orders are not to admit, and I do not admit."

"You are unlawfully detaining and torturing my dog!" gasped the professor. "I demand my property at once!"

"We have such a lot of these cases," answered the janitor wearily. "We hain't got your dog. We don't take gentlemen's dogs, nor ladies' pets. And we always etherize. We operate very tenderly. You hain't produced any evidence or authority, and I can't let you in without."

"Be so good," urged the professor, restraining himself by a violent effort, "as to bear my name to some of the faculty. Say that I am without, and wish to see one of my colleagues on an urgent matter."

"None of 'em 's in just now but the assistant demonstrator," retorted the janitor, without budging. "*He* 's experimenting on a — well, he 's engaged in a very pretty operation just now, and cannot be disturbed. No, sir. You had better not touch the door. I tell you, I do not admit nor permit. Stand back, sir!"

The professor stood back. He might have entered the lecture room by other doors, but he did not know it; and they were not visible from the spot where he stood. He had happened on the laboratory door, and that refused him. He staggered out to his cab, and sank down weakly.

"Drive me to my lawyer!" he cried. "Do not lose a moment — if you love her!"

. . . . . .

It was eleven o'clock of the following morning; a dreamy June day, afloat with color, scent, and warmth, as gentle as the depths of tenderness in the human heart, and as vigorous as its noblest aspirations.

The students of the famous medical school of the University of St. George were crowding up the flagged walk and the old granite steps of the college; the lecture room was filling; the students chatted and joked profusely, as medical students do, on occasions least productive of amusement to the non-professional observer. There chanced to be some sprays of lily of the valley in a tumbler set upon the window sill of the adjoining physiological laboratory, and the flower seemed to stare at something which it saw within the room. Now and then, through the door connecting with the lecture room, a faint sound penetrated the laughter and conversation of the students, — a sound to hear and never to forget while remembrance rang through the brain, but not to tell of.

The room filled; the demonstrator appeared suddenly, in his fresh, white blouse; the students began to grow quiet. Some one had already locked the

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door leading from the laboratory to the hallway. The lily in the window looked, and seemed, in the low June wind, to turn its face away.

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"Gentlemen," began the operator, "we have before us to-day a demonstration of unusual beauty and interest. It is our intention to study" — here he minutely described the nature of the operation. "There will be also some collateral demonstrations of more than ordinary value. The material has been carefully selected. It is young and healthy," observed the surgeon in parenthesis. "We have not put the subject under the usual anæsthesia," — he motioned to his assistant, who at this point went into the laboratory, — "because of the importance of some preliminary experiments which were instituted yesterday, and to the perfection of which consciousness is conditional. Gentlemen, you see before you" —

The assistant entered through the laboratory door at this moment, bearing something which he held straight out before him. The students, on tiered and curving benches, looked down from their amphitheatre, lightly, as they had been trained to look.

"It is needless to say," proceeded the lecturer, "that the subject will be mercifully disposed of as soon as the demonstration is completed. And we shall operate with the greatest tenderness, as we always do. Gentlemen, I am reminded of a story" —

The demonstrator indulged in a little persiflage at this point, raising a laugh among the class; he smiled himself; he gestured with the scalpel, which he had selected while he was talking; he made three or four sinister cuts with it in the air, preparatory cuts, — an awful rehearsal. He held the instrument suspended, thoughtfully.

"The first incision" — he began. "Follow me closely, now. You see — Gentlemen? Gentlemen! Really, I cannot proceed in such a disturbance — What *is* that noise?" With the suspended scalpel in his hand, the demonstrator turned impatiently.

"It 's a row in the corridor," said one of the students. "We hope you won't delay for that, doctor. It 's nothing of any consequence. Please go ahead."

But the locked door of the laboratory shook violently, and rattled in unseen hands. Voices clashed from the outside. The disturbance increased.

"Open! Open the door!" Heavy blows fell upon the panels.

"In the name of humanity, in the name of mercy, open this door!"

"It must be some of those fanatics," said the operator, laying down his instrument. "Where is the janitor? Call him to put a stop to this."

He took up the instrument with an impetuous motion; then laid it irritably down again. The attention of his audience was now concentrated upon the laboratory door, for the confusion had redoubled. At the same time feet were heard approaching the students' entrance to the lecture room. One of the young men took it upon himself to lock that door, also, which was not the custom of the place; but he found no key, and two or three of his classmates joined him in standing against the door, which they barricaded. Their blood was up, — they knew not why; the fighting animal in them leaped at the mysterious intrusion. There was every prospect of a scene unprecedented in the history of the lecture room.

The expected did not happen. It appeared that some unsuccessful effort was made to force this door, but it was not prolonged; then the footsteps retreated down the stairs, and the demand at the laboratory entrance set in again, — this time in a new voice: —

"It is an officer of the court! There is a search warrant for stolen property! Open in the name of the Law! *Open this door in the name of the Commonwealth!*"

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Now the door sank open, was burst open, or was unlocked, — in the excitement, no one knew which or how, — and the professor and the lawyer, the officer and the search warrant, fell in.

The professor pushed ahead, and strode to the operating table.

There lay the tiny creature, so daintily reared, so passionately beloved; he who had been sheltered in the heart of luxury, like the little daughter of the house herself; he who used never to know a pang that love or luxury could prevent or cure; he who had been the soul of tenderness, and had known only the soul of tenderness. There, stretched, bound, gagged, gasping, doomed to a doom which the readers of this page would forbid this pen to describe, lay the silver Yorkshire; kissing his vivisector's hand.

In the past few months Loveliness had known to the uttermost the matchless misery of the lost dog (for he had been sold and restolen more than once): he had known the miseries of cold, of hunger, of neglect, of homelessness, and other torments of which it is as well not to think; the sufferings which ignorance imposes upon animals. He was about to endure the worst torture of them all, — that reserved by wisdom and power for the dumb, the undefended, and the small.

The officer seized the scalpel which the demonstrator had laid aside, and slashed through the straps that bound the victim down. When the gag was removed, and the little creature, shorn, sunken, changed, almost unrecognizable, looked up into his master's face, those cruel walls rang to such a cry of more than human anguish and ecstasy as they had never heard before, and never may again.

The operator turned away; he stood in his butcher's blouse and stared through out of the laboratory window, over the head of the lily, which regarded him fixedly. The students grew rapidly quiet. When the professor took Loveliness into his arms, and the Yorkshire, still crying like a human child that had been lost and saved, put up his weak paws around his master's neck and tried to kiss the tears that fell, unashamed, down the cheeks of that eminent man, the lecture room burst into a storm of applause; then fell suddenly still again, as if it felt embarrassed both by its expression and by its silence, and knew not what to do.

"Has the knife touched him — anywhere?" asked the professor, choking.

"No, thank God!" replied the demonstrator, turning around timidly; "and I assure you — our regrets — such a mistake" —

"That will do, doctor," said the professor. "Gentlemen, let me pass, if you please. I have no time to lose. There is one waiting for this little creature who" —

He did not finish his sentence, but went out from among them. As he passed with the shorn and quivering dog in his arms, the students rose to their feet.

. . . . . .

He stopped the cab a hundred feet away, went across a neighbor's lot, and got into the house by the back door, with the Yorkshire hidden under his coat. The doctor's buggy stood at the curbstone in front. The little girl was so weak that morning — what might not have happened?

The father felt, with a sudden sickness of heart, that time had hardly converged more closely with fate in the operating room than it was narrowing in his own home. The cook shrieked when she saw him come into the kitchen with the half-hidden burden in his arms; and Kathleen ran in, panting.

"Call the doctor," he commanded hoarsely, "and ask him what we shall do."

All the stories that he had ever read about joy that killed blazed through his brain. He dared neither advance nor

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retreat, but stood in the middle of the kitchen, stupidly. Then he saw that the quick wit of Kathleen had got ahead of him; for she was on her knees arranging the crimson blankets in the empty basket. Between the three, they gently laid the emaciated and disfigured dog into his own bed. Nora cried into the milk she was warming for the little thing. And the doctor came in while Loveliness feebly drank.

"Wait a minute," he said, turning on his heel. He went back to the room where the child lay among the white pillows, with her hand upon the empty gray satin cushion. Absently she stroked one of the red puppies whose gold eyes gazed forever at the saucer of green milk. She lay with her lashes on her cheeks. It was the first day that she had not watched the street. Her mother, sitting back to the door, was fanning her.

"Adah!" said the doctor cheerily. "We 've got something good to tell you. Your father has found — there, there, my child! — yes, your father has found him. He looks a little queer and homesick — guess he 's missed you some — and you must n't mind how he looks, for — you see, Adah, we think he has lived with a — with a barber, and got shaved for nothing!" added the doctor stoutly.

The doctor had told his share of professional fibs in his day, like the most of his race; but I hope he was forgiven all the others for this one's merciful and beautiful sake.

"Come, professor!" he called courageously enough. But his own heart beat as hard as the father's and the mother's, when the professor slowly mounted the stairs with the basket bed and the exhausted dog within it.

"Love-*li-ness!*" cried the child. It was the first loud word that she had spoken for months.

Then they lifted the dog and put him in her arms; and they turned away their faces, for the sight of that reunion was all the nerve could bear.

. . . . . .

So it was as it has been, and ever will be, since the beginning to the end of time. Joy, the Angel of Delight and Danger, the most precious and the most perilous of messengers to the heart that loves, came to our two little friends, and might have destroyed, but saved instead.

The child was strong before the dog was; but both convalesced rapidly and sweetly enough. In a week Adah threw away her little crutch. Her lost voice returned, to stay. The pearl and the rose of her soft, invalid skin browned with the summer sun. Peals of laughter and ecstatic barks resounded through the happy house. Little feet and little paws trotted together across the dew-touched lawn. Wonderful neck ribbons, — a new color every day, — tied by eager, small fingers upon the silver-gray throat of the Yorkshire, flashed through the bending shrubbery in pursuit of a little glancing, white figure in lawn dresses, with shade hat hanging down her back. The satin cushion with the embroidered puppies was carried out among the blushing weigelia bushes; and the twain lived and loved and played, from day-start to twilight, in the live, midsummer air.

Sometimes she was overheard conversing with the terrier, — long, confidential talks, with which no third person intermeddled.

"Dearness! Daintiness! Loveliness! Did you have a little baxet with blankets while you were away? Preciousness! Did they cut you meat and warm you soup for you, and comfort you? Did they ever let you out to shi-shiver in 'e wet and cold? Tell me, Dearest-in-'e-World! Tell me, Love-li-ness! Tell me all about it. Tell me about 'e barber who shaved you hair so close, — was he *kind* to you?"

When Commencement was over, and the town quiet and a little dull, some-

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thing of a festive nature was thought good for Adah; and the doctor, who came only as a matter of occasional ceremony now, to see his patient running away from him, proposed a party; for he was not an imaginative man, and could only suggest the conventional.

"Something to take her mind off the dog for a little," he said. "We must avoid anything resembling a fixed idea."

"Love is always a fixed idea," replied the professor of psychology, smiling. "But you may try, doctor."

"I will arx Loveliness," said the child quietly. She ran away with the Yorkshire, and they sat among the reddening weigelia bushes for some time, conversing in low tones. Then they trotted back, laughing and barking.

"Yes, Papa, we 'll have a party. But it must be a *Love*liness party, Mamma. And we 've decided who to arx, and all about it. If you would like to know, I 'll whipser you, for it 's a secret to Loveliness and me, until we think it over."

Merrily she whispered in her mother's bending ear a list of chosen guests. It ran on this wise: —

The family.
The carrier.
Kathleen and Nora.
The newsboy.
The cabman.
The doctor.
Some of the neighbors' little dogs and girls.

Not boys, because they say "Sister boy!" and "Sickum!"

The president's white puppy.
The president.
Nobody else.
Not the barber.

"Here 's 'e invitation," she added with dignity, "and we 'll have a picture of him printed on his puppy cushion at 'e top, Papa."

She put into her father's hand a slip of paper, on which she had laboriously and irregularly printed in pencil the following legend: —

On Satterday, After Nune.
If not Stormy.
At 2 o cluk.
LOVELINESS
At Home.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

"THOU SHALT NOT PREACH."

AFTER READING TOLSTOI ON "WHAT IS ART"?

I.

THERE is one respect in which pure art and pure science agree: both are disinterested, and seek the truth, each of its kind, for its own sake; neither has any axe to grind. Both would live in the whole, — one through reason and investigation, the other through imagination and contemplation. Science seeks to understand the universe, art to enjoy it. A man of pure science like Darwin is as disinterested as a great artist like Shakespeare. He has no practical or secondary ends; the truth alone is his quest. He is tracing the footsteps of creative energy through organic nature. He is like a detective working up a case. His theory about it is only provisional, for the moment. Every fact is welcome to him, and the more it seems to tell against his theory of the case, the more eagerly he weighs it and studies it. Indeed, the man of science follows an ideal as

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truly as does the poet, and will pass by fortune, honors, and all worldly success, to cleave to it. Tolstoi thinks that science for science' sake is as bad as art for art's sake; but is not knowledge a reward in itself, and is there any higher good than that mastery of the soul over the problems of the universe which science gives? By bending science to particular and secondary ends we lay the basis of our material civilization, but it is still true that the final end of science is, not our material benefit, but our mental enlightenment; nor is the highest end of art the good which the preacher and the moralist seek to give us. A poem of Milton or Tennyson carries its own proof, its own justification. When we demand a message of the poet, or of any artist, outside of himself, outside of the truth which he unconsciously conveys through his own personality and point of view, we seek to degrade his art, or to destroy that disinterestedness which is its crown. Art exists for ideal ends; it looks askance at devotees, at doctrinaires, — at all men engaged in the dissemination of particular ideas. I am not now thinking of art as mere craft, but as the province of man's freest, most spontaneous, most joyous, most complete soul activity,— the kind of activity that has no other end, seeks no other reward, than it finds in or of itself, the joy of being and beholding, the free play of creative energy. Art does not rebuke vice, it depicts it; it does not urge reform, it shows us the reformers. Its work is play, its lesson is an allegory. The preacher works by selection and exclusion, the artist by inclusion and contrast.

When the resources of literary art are enlisted in any propaganda, in the dissemination of particular ideas or doctrines, or when the end is moral or scientific or political or philosophical, and not æsthetic, the result is a mixed product, a cross between literature and something else, which may be very vigorous and serviceable, but which cannot give the kind of satisfaction that is imparted by a pure artistic creation. A great poem or work of art does not speak to any special and passing condition, mental or spiritual; its ministrations are neither those of meat nor those of medicine; it does not subserve any private or secondary ends, even the saving of our souls. The books that seem written for us are quite certain to lose in interest to the next generation. A great poem heals, not as the doctor does, but as nature does, by bringing the conditions of health. It consoles, not as the priest does, but as love and life themselves do. It does not offer a special good, but a general benefaction.

I once heard Emerson quote with approval Shakespeare's saying, "Read what you most affect," but no doubt a broad culture demands wide reading, and that we be on our guard against our particular predilections, because such predilections may lead us into narrow channels. Do the devotees of Browning, those who cry Browning, Browning, and Browning only, do him the highest honor? Do the disciples of Whitman, who would make a cult of him, live in the spirit of the whole, as Whitman himself tried to live? — Whitman, who said that there may be any number of Supremes, and that the chief lesson to be learned under the master is how to destroy him. Our love for an author must not suggest the fondness of the epicure for a special dish, or partake of the lover's infatuation for his mistress. Infatuation is not permissible in literature. If art does not make us free of the whole, it fails of its purpose. Only the religious bigot builds upon specific texts, and only the one-sided, half-formed mind sees life through the eyes of a single author. In the æsthetic sphere one may serve many masters; he may give himself to none. One of the latest and most mature perceptions that come to us is the perception of relativity, in art as well as in all other matters.

With respect to this question, both

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readers and writers may be divided into two classes, the interested and the disinterested, — those who are seeking special and personal ends, and those who are seeking general universal ends.

The poet is best pleased with the disinterested readers and admirers of his work; that is, with those who take to it on the broadest human grounds, and not upon grounds merely personal to themselves. Thus Longfellow will find a wider and more disinterested audience than Whittier, because his Muse is less in the service of special ideas; he looks at life less as a Quaker and Puritan, and more as a man.

The special ideas of an age, its moral enthusiasms and revolts, give place to other ideas and enthusiasms, which in their turn give place to others; but there are certain currents of thought and emotion that are perennial, certain experiences common to all men and peoples. Such a poem as Gray's Elegy, for instance, is filled with the breath of universal human life. On the other hand, such a work as Schiller's Robbers or Goethe's Werner seems to us like an empty shell picked up on the shore, the life entirely gone out of it. One can see why Poe is looked upon by foreign critics as outranking any of our more popular New England poets. It is because his work has more of the ubiquitous character of true art, is less pledged to moral and special ends, less the result of personal tastes and attractions, and more the pure flame of the unpledged æsthetic nature. The Raven and The Bells have that play, that scorn of personal ends, that potential spiritual energy, of great art. Whittier never rises into this region, never gets above ends more or less literal and practical. Outside of his experience and his strong moral and patriotic convictions, he is not much. Even in such a poem as Snow-Bound, with all its New England flavor and truth to nature, we miss the creative touch; it is only a transcript of experience.

Is it Coleridge who tells of an artist who always copied his wife's legs in his pictures, and thereby won great fame? The creative touch it is that marks the artist. He smites the rocks, and a fountain gushes forth. Tennyson has the artist nature in greater measure than Wordsworth, a more flexible receptive spirit, though he never attains to the homely pathos or the moral grandeur of the latter. Yet individual convictions and attractions played a less part in his poetry. Wordsworth gathered the harvest of his own feelings and experiences, Tennyson that of other men as well. One reaped only where he had sown, the other where all men had sown. One is colored by Westmoreland, the other by the whole of England. Wordsworth wrote more from character and natural bias than Tennyson. What nature does with a man, that is no credit to him, but what he does with nature. If his character inspired the poem, is it not less than if his imagination had inspired it? What a man does out of and independent of himself, or the degree in which he transcends his own experience and partialities and rises into universal relations, — is not that the measure of him as an artist? If I tell only what I know, what I have felt, what I have seen, no matter how well I do it, that is not to come into the sphere the artist dwells in. What Wordsworth writes is more personal to himself, more out of his own life, than what Tennyson writes. He is more limited by his temperament and natural bias than Tennyson is by his. His word is more inevitable, more the word of fate, but is it not therefore less the word of art? Be sincere, be sincere; be not too sincere, lest you substitute a moral rigidity for the flexibility demanded by art. The artist is never the slave of his sincerity.

Graphic power is only a minor part of artistic power. One can say what one has felt, and tell what one has experienced; but the artist can tell what he has not experienced, and say what

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he has not felt. He can make the assumed, the imaginary, real to himself and to his reader. He can depict the passion of love, of anger, of remorse, though he may never have felt them. Many persons have written one good novel, but not a second, because in the first they exhausted their experience; to transcend that is denied them. True art will have many messages and many morals, as life and nature do, but we must draw them out for ourselves. They do not lead, they follow; they do not make the argument, they are made by it. Let us repeat and re-repeat. Art makes us free of the whole; not art for craft's sake, but art as implying the entire sphere of man's spontaneous æsthetic activity. Beauty is indeed its own excuse for being. Literature is an end in and of itself, as much as music is or religion is. Or are we religious only upon pay? What message has a bird, a flower, a summer day, frost, rain, wind, snow? There are sermons in stones — when we put them there. What message has Shakespeare, Milton, Dante, Virgil, or any true poet? The message we have the power to draw from him, and no two of us will draw the same. Art is a circle; it is complete within itself; it returns forever upon itself. There is no great poetry without great ideas, and yet the ideas must exist as impulse, will, emotion, and not lie upon the surface as formulas. The enemies of art are reflection, special ideas, conscious intellectual processes, because these things isolate us and shut us off from the life of the whole, — from that which we reach through our sentiments and emotions. The æsthetic mood, says Dr. Louis Waldstein, in his recent suggestive little book on The Sub-Conscious Self, "is, in its essence, receptive, contemplative, distinctly personal, and therefore free from purpose and conscious selection." "Whenever a work of art is the vehicle for an idea or purpose outside of its essential form, it falls short of being a pure art creation, and fails in its appeal to the æsthetic mood, whilst, be it conceded, it may serve some other but secondary purpose, which belongs to the province of the archæologist, the art historian, and the collector," and, we may add, the moralist and preacher. Wordsworth's poet was content if he "might enjoy the things that others understood," and this is always characteristic of the poetic mood. Absorption, contemplation, enjoyment, and not criticism and reflection, are as the air it breathes. Byron was a great poet, but, said Goethe, "the moment he reflects, he is a child." It is better that the poet should not be a child when he reflects, but it is much more important that he be a child when he feels. His power as a poet is not in the reflex action of his mind, but in the direct, joyous, solvent power of his spirit.

We do not find our individual selves in great art, but the humanity of which we are partakers. Something is brought home to us; but not to our partialities, rather to our higher selves. We are never so little selfish and hampered by our individualism as when admiring a great work of the imagination. No doubt our modern world calls for doctors of the soul in a sense that the more healthful and joyous pagan world had no need of. Still, so far as the poet is a doctor or a priest, so far does he fail to live in the spirit of the whole.

It is, I think, in these or similar considerations that we are to look for the justification of the phrase, now almost everywhere disputed, "Art for art's sake." It is only saying that art is to have no partial or secondary ends, but is to breathe forth the spirit of the whole. It must be disinterested; it is to hold the mirror up to nature. It may hold the mirror up to the vices and follies of the age, but must not take sides. It represents; it does not judge. The matter is self-judged in the handling of the true artist. Didactic poetry or didactic fiction never can rank

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high. Thou shalt not preach or teach; thou shalt portray and create, and have ends as universal as nature.

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II.

Our moral teachers and preachers often fail to see that the first condition of a work of pure art is that it be disinterested, that it be a total and complete product in and of itself; and that it is its own excuse for being. Its business is to represent, to portray, or, as Aristotle has it, to imitate nature, and not to preach or to moralize. Our ethical and religious writers and speakers are apt to call this artistic disinterestedness indifferentism. If the novelist does not openly and avowedly take sides with his good characters against his bad, or if, as Taine declares his function to be, he contents himself with representing them to us as they are, whole, not blaming, not punishing, not mutilating, transferring them to us intact and separate, and leaving "us the right of judging if we desire it," — if this is his attitude, says the Reverend Washington Gladden in his late brochure on Art and Morality, he is guilty of indifferentism. "His work begins to be the work of a malefactor, and he himself is preparing to be fit company for fiends." Mr. Gladden misapprehends Taine, whom he quotes, and he misapprehends the spirit and method of art. If the artist does really convey to us the impression that he is personally indifferent as to which triumphs in life, good or evil, and that he is as well pleased with the one as with the other, then he is culpable and merits this harsh language.

What art demands is that the artist's personal convictions and notions, his likes and dislikes, do not obtrude themselves at all; that good and evil stand judged in his work by the logic of events, as they do in nature, and not by any special pleading on his part. He does not hold a brief for either side; he exemplifies the working of the creative energy. He is neither a judge nor an advocate; he is a witness on the stand; he tells how the thing fell out, and the more impartial he is as a witness, the better. We, the jury, shall watch carefully for any bias or leaning on his part. We shall try his testimony by the rules of evidence; in this case, by our acquaintance with other imaginative works and by our experience of life. The great artist works in and through and from moral ideas; his works are indirectly a criticism of life. He is moral without having a moral. The moment a moral or an immoral intention obtrudes itself, that moment he begins to fall from grace as an artist. He confesses his inability to let nature speak for herself. He is inadequate to the logic of events, and gives us a logic of his own. Shakespeare is our highest type of the disinterested artist. Does he do aught but hold the mirror up to nature? Is his work overlaid with an avowed moral intention? Does he go behind the returns, so to speak? Does he tamper with the logic of events, the fate of character? What is the moral of Hamlet? Has any one yet found out? Yet the plays all fall within the scope of moral ideas; they treat moral ideas with energy and depth, as Voltaire said of English poetry in general.

We must discriminate between a conscious moral purpose and an unconscious moral impulse. A work of art arises primarily out of the emotions, and not out of the intellect, and is sound and true to the extent to which it repeats the method of nature. Ruskin, whom Mr. Gladden quotes, was of course right when he said that the art of a nation is an exponent of its ethical state. But the condition of first importance with the artist is, not that he should have an ethical purpose, but that he should be ethically sound. He may work with ethical ideas, but not directly for them. The preacher speaks for them; the poet speaks out of them; he plays with them, he takes his will of them; they follow, but do not lead him. Again, Ruskin

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greatest artist who has embodied in the sum of his works the greatest number of the greatest ideas;" but he is an artist only by virtue of having embodied these ideas in an imaginative form. If they run through his work as homilies or intellectual propositions, or lie upon it as moral reflections, they are not within the vital sphere of art.

Art is not thought, but will, impulse, intuition; not ideas, but ideality. None know this better than Ruskin. Mr. Gladden quotes with approval some strictures of Professor Richardson on the work of Henry James; his novels will not stand the question "What for?" Henry James is an artist, and hence cannot be cornered with the question "What for?" What is creation for? What are you and I for? The catechism answers promptly enough, and the artist does not contradict it. But of necessity his answer is not so dogmatic; or rather, he does not give a direct answer at all, but lets the epitome of life which he brings answer for him. He is not to exhibit the forces of life harnessed to a purpose and tilling some man's private domain, but he is to show them in spontaneous play and fusion; obeying no law but their own, and working to universal ends. His work is finally for our edification. If it be also for our reproof, he must conceal his purpose so well that we do not suspect it. He must let the laws of life alone speak for him. Sainte-Beuve has a passage bearing upon this subject which is admirable. He had been censured as a critic for being too lax in his dealings with the morality of works of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Let me quote his reply: "If there are some readers (and I think I know some) who would prefer to see me censure it oftener and more roundly, I beg them to observe that I succeed much better by provoking them to condemn it themselves than by taking the lead and seeming to try to impose a judgment of my own every time. In the long run, if a critic does this (or an artist either), he always wearies and offends his readers. They like to feel themselves more severe than the critic. I leave them that pleasure. For me, it is enough if I represent and depict things faithfully, so that every one may profit from the intellectual substance and the good language, and be in a position to judge for himself the other, wholly moral parts. There, however, I am careful not to be crucial." French art is less moral than English art, not because it preaches less, but because it is more given to levity and trifling, because it exaggerates the part one element plays in life, and because it draws less inspiration from fundamental ethical ideas. It may at times be guilty of indifferentism, but against very little English or American art can this charge be made.

The great distinction of art is that it aims to see life steadily and to see it whole. This is its high and unique service: it would enable us to live in the whole and in the spirit of the whole; not in the part called morality, or philosophy, or religion, or beauty, but in the unity resulting from the fusion and transformation of these varied elements. It affords the one point of view whence the world appears harmonious and complete. The moralist, the preacher, seizes upon a certain part of the world, and makes much of that; the philosopher seizes upon another part, the æsthete upon another; only the great artist comprehends and includes all these, and sees life and nature as a vital, consistent whole.

Hence it is that a work of pure art is a complete product in a sense that no other production of a man's mind is; or, as Ruskin says, "it is the work of the whole spirit of man," and faithfully reflects that spirit. The intellect may write the sermon, or the essay, or the criticism, but the character, the entire life and personality, are implicated in a creative work.

Disinterestedness means no more in art, in letters, than it means in life. In

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our kind deeds, our acts of charity, in love, in virtue, we act from disinterested motives. We have no ulterior purpose. These things are their own reward. A noble life is disinterested; it bestows benefits without thought of self. But it is not indifferent. Indifference is personal, — it is a state in which one personal motive cancels another; whereas disinterestedness is impersonal, — it is the complete effacement of self. It is a high, heroic moral state, while indifference is a lax or negative state. We are disinterested when we rescue a child from drowning or stop a runaway horse, but we are not indifferent. A novelist is disinterested when he has no motives but those inherent in his story, no purpose but to hold the mirror up to nature. He is interested and departs from his high calling when he seeks to enforce a particular moral, or to indoctrinate his reader with a particular set of ideas. And yet if he betrays indifference as to the issues of right and wrong, that is a vice; it is contrary to the self-effacement which art demands. To obtrude your indifference is of the same order of faults as to obtrude your preferences. The innate necessities of the situation may alone speak.

To suppress or ignore the world of vice and sin is not to be moral; to portray it is not to be immoral. But to gloat over it, to dwell fondly upon it, to return to it, to exaggerate it, to roll it under the tongue as a sweet morsel, — that is to be immoral; and to treat it as time and nature do or as the great artists do, as affording contrasts and difficulties, and disturbing but not destroying the balance of life, is within the scope of the moral. Art must make us free of the whole; every work must in a measure reflect the whole of life; if it dwells too much on that part called sin and evil, it is false to its ideal; it must keep the balance; it must be true to the integrity of nature. All things are permissible in their place and proportion. That a thing is real and true is no reason why it should go into the artist's picture; but that it belongs there, that it is organic there, a part of a vital whole, and that that whole is a fair representation of human life, — in this is the justification. Not every scene in nature composes well into a picture, and not every phase of human life is equally significant in a creative work. That nature does this or that is no reason why the artist should do it, unless he can show an equal insouciance and an equal prodigality and power. He must take what he can make his own and imbue with the spirit of life. I lately read a novel by one of our most promising young novelists, in which there was a streak of vulgar realism, forced in, evidently, under the pressure of a theory, — the theory that art is never to shrink from the true. It offended because it was entirely gratuitous; there was no necessity for it. If it was true, it was not apt; if it was real, it was not fit; it jarred; it was dragged in by main force; it was a false note. Is not anything disagreeable in a novel of the imagination a false note? Disagreeable, I mean, not by reason of the subject matter, but by reason of the treatment. Dante makes hell fascinating by his treatment.

There are three ways of treating the underside of nature: there is the child-like simplicity of the Biblical writers, who think no evil; there is the artistic frankness of the great dramatic poets, who know the value of foils and contrasts, and who cannot ignore any element of life; and there is the license and levity of the lascivious poets, who live in the erotic alone. Both Ibsen and Tolstoi have been condemned as immoral only because their artistic scheme embraces all the elements that are potent in life. Of levity, of exaggeration, they are not guilty. If Zola is to be condemned, it is probably because he makes too prominent certain things, and thus destroys the proportion. In nature no-

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thing is detached. Her great currents flow on and purify themselves. The ugly, the unclean, are quickly lost sight of; the sky and the sun cover all, bathe all. But art is detachment: our attention is fixed upon a few points, and a drop or two too much of certain things spoils it all. In nature a drop or two too much does not matter; we quickly escape, we find compensation. A bad odor in the open air is of little consequence; but in Zola's books the bad odors are as in a closed room, and we soon pray to be delivered from them.

John Burroughs.

PROSPECTS OF UNIVERSAL PEACE.

I.

It is not easy for some of us to take the Peace Congress quite seriously. The abolition of war, with the consequent introduction of universal peace, is such a vast undertaking that it seems entirely impracticable, and hardly deserving of formal discussion. There has been nothing really similar to this gathering in the history of human society; international agreements have generally been framed with conscious reference to the prospective outbreak of war as a contingency that was by no means remote. Even the project of Henri IV. of France for promoting universal peace in Christendom had its main object in the militant desire to present a united front against the Moslem. There has been but little seeking for peace, absolutely and for its own sake, in the history of national relations. Hence it is that the aim set forward in the Tsar's manifesto has very little relation to the ordinary business of the diplomatist, and takes us into spheres that are quite unfamiliar; it seems to be a mere dream, like some of Jules Verne's stories. Expeditions to the most distant and inhospitable parts of the earth may present great difficulties; still, we feel confident that none of them are entirely insuperable, and that sooner or later every portion of the globe may be traversed by men who persist in attempting it. But voyages to the moon or the planets are quite another thing: a scheme for a journey to Mars is not an extension of terrestrial travel; it takes us beyond our experience. In similar fashion, a proposal not only to enter into alliances with reference to possible dangers, but to abolish war altogether, seems at first sight to be rather fantastic, it has so little to do with ordinary life. But, paradoxical as it may appear, this very apathy and incredulousness in the public mind are in themselves a complete justification for the action of the Tsar. Even if it accomplishes nothing else, the Congress at the Hague will have done a great work if it familiarizes men's minds with the idea of universal peace as a thing to be consciously aimed at. So soon as this object is deliberately accepted, and the ambitions which interfere with it are honestly laid aside, the expedients for securing universal peace will certainly be found.

At present the prospect is not very hopeful. Practical schemes for procuring peace between civilized peoples who feel aggrieved with one another have not yet been devised; what has been merely draughted on paper commands but little confidence, till it is tested, on a larger or smaller scale, in actual experience. Arbitration and boards of conciliation are not wholly new suggestions; they have been tried over and over again in disputes between capital and labor, in Eng-

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land; repeated efforts in this humble field of social warfare do not give increased confidence in these methods of promoting peace. They have not proved so efficacious in allaying domestic difficulties as to give good grounds for hope that they will prove a panacea for healing international troubles. Even those who rely most strongly on the effectiveness of arbitration recognize that there may be difficulty in applying their favorite remedy. The zeal of the American people for settling the Venezuela dispute by enforced arbitration showed their passionate attachment to this principle; but yet the government of the United States seemed unwilling to resort to it as a means of settling their differences with Spain. In the very country where the merits of this method of extinguishing war are most loudly preached there is no corresponding readiness to put it in practice; while the ordinary citizen in England and other European countries has no confidence in it as a possible means of obtaining a fair settlement of international disputes.

The project of disarmament by common consent seems to be even more impracticable. If the strong man thinks that there is a sufficient ground for fighting, he will believe that he ought to put forth his full strength in the struggle. He would rather take a pledge never to come to blows at all than agree to settle a real dispute with one hand tied behind his back, as if he were giving an exhibition of sparring. Conventional rules for playing the game of war, under which the strongest party did not have free play to use its power, would hardly serve to restrain a free people whose passions were really roused in what they believed to be a good cause.

Under these circumstances the prospects of universal peace do not seem to be very bright; but those who are least sanguine about the effect of deliberation on this subject may possibly see more ground for hope when they look at the matter from another side. While conscious efforts for the abolition of military operations seem so futile, tendencies are at work which are steadily counteracting the causes that ordinarily make for war. In so far as changes in political aims and ambitions are doing away with the occasions of international conflict, there is less reason to feel despondent over the difficulty of creating machinery for constraining people to be at peace.

II.

Two subjects of great human interest have been the chief occasions of international hostilities in the past, — commerce and religion. That they may serve as contributing causes of quarrels in the future is exceedingly probable; but still, there is reason to believe that the malignant influence of these factors in human life is on the wane. An attentive consideration of the line which has been taken by England in recent years brings out the striking fact that the European nation whose commercial and missionary activity is most vigorous is now refusing to pursue by military methods the objects she has so much at heart.

Some of the most bitter struggles that occurred in past ages were brought about by the conflict of commercial interests, and especially by the efforts of some prosperous community to maintain an exclusive trade. The long hostilities between the Greek and Phœnician colonies, like the subsequent contests in the same waters between the Venetians and Genoese, were ultimately due to mercantile rivalry. The struggles between the English and the Dutch, and the clashing of the French and the English, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries arose out of quarrels about the opportunities of commercial development and colonial expansion which had been opened up by the age of discovery.

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All of these countries were prepared to fight for the possession of exclusive advantages in some portion of the trade of the world. In the present day, however, and so far as England is concerned, that policy has been wholly abandoned, and can never be revived; she no longer aims at having a monopoly of any trade, but only at taking her place in markets that shall be open to all the world. She certainly will not go to war, as the Phœnicians and the Venetians and the Dutch did, for the sake of maintaining a monopoly, since she has given up all attempts to retain exclusive privileges. Those who have noticed the manner in which she accepted rebuffs in China, and the tone of the grumbling in the English papers whenever she seemed to be outwitted by Russian diplomacy, will feel that the people of England are averse to fighting for the sake either of opening new markets or of maintaining access to territories where their manufactures are already in demand. The English are not careless of trade; commercial prosperity is their most vital interest as a nation, but they appear to have learned that warfare is a costly method of promoting mercantile interests. According to English public opinion, it is not worth while to have recourse to arms in order to foster trade.

The religious policy of the English nation is even more obviously pacific. In bygone days, distinctive faiths and divergent interpretations of Christian duty have kindled the fiercest feuds. We have abundant illustrations of disastrous outbursts of religious zeal in the stories of the Crusades and of the wars of religion in France, as well as of the struggle which devastated Germany for thirty years. There are still many quarters in which religious passion may originate, or at least promote, an appeal to arms. It might do so in any part of the Moslem world; even in the United States, there seems to be some tendency, on the part of those who dislike it on other grounds, to excuse the war in the Philippines as a sort of Protestant crusade. But present English public opinion is clearly against ever engaging in war in order to advance the interests of religion. That Christian power which is in most frequent contact with Mohammedan and heathen peoples is scrupulously on its guard against showing any hostility to their religions. To bring the influence of the civil magistrate to bear, within a Christian country, on behalf of religious instruction seems to many Englishmen to be a right and reasonable thing; but the attitude of the government to non-Christian peoples is another matter. To employ national arms or national prestige as a means of converting heathen tribes to an acceptance of Christian truths would be to fall back on methods that have been completely discredited.

This abandonment of militant Christianity is not a sign of a decrease in real religious earnestness. There never was an era in the history of England when approval of missionary effort was so general and hearty as it is at the present time. The feeling has shown itself in a remarkable manner at Oxford and Cambridge, where some of the ablest and most popular men have shared in the enthusiasm, and have gone out to work in the interior of China and in India. It finds expression, too, in the utterances of experienced administrators and statesmen, who recognize that railroads and steam engines are making havoc of the ancient social organization among the Hindus, and who know that the capitalistic system of industry may introduce a grinding tyranny which barbarous and half-civilized peoples are powerless to resist. They see that the work of opening up undeveloped countries is being pushed relentlessly on, and that the strides of economic progress cannot be arbitrarily checked; and they seem to feel that the pressure of Western civilization in barbarous and backward countries will be a positive curse, unless its growth is consciously leavened

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by Christian influence. No previous century of English history has been so notable as the present for organized missionary effort, and the records of such an undertaking as the Universities' Mission to Central Africa show that personal devotion and heroism are not dead, even in this decadent age. But the Englishmen who feel this missionary enthusiasm most strongly would be loath to appeal for military aid in the prosecution of their work, or to exact compensation for the lives of bishops and priests who were ready to sacrifice themselves. It may safely be predicted that England will never go to war on behalf of religion, — not because her people have become indifferent to it, but because they no longer believe that military undertakings are a legitimate method of advancing the knowledge of the Christian faith. The attitude of England in this matter became clearer when she held aloof from active intervention on behalf of the Armenians.

III.

The recent policy of England, in deliberately refusing to take up quarrels on commercial or religious grounds, gives at least some reason for hoping that the causes which have most commonly led to the outbreak of war in the past are less likely to occasion it in the future. But even if other nations were more willing than they appear to adopt England's cosmopolitan system of commercial intercourse, we cannot dare to be very optimistic in regard to the prospects of peace. Although there is less need for anxiety about the old causes of war, there are new dangers of which it is well to take account, if only that we may consider in what way it is best to guard against them.

A serious danger arises from *national vanity*, as a popular failing in countries that are democratically governed in form or in fact. Half a century ago, people who were otherwise intelligent used to speak as if war were always the sport of capricious princes and potentates, who recklessly gratified their personal ambition at the cost of the lives of their peoples and the ruin of the lands over which they ruled; political philosophers used to explain that, as the spread of democratic principles put political power into the hands of the masses, who really bore the burden of fighting, war would necessarily die out. But national vanity under democratic forms may be quite as great a danger as the personal ambition of a crowned head; for it may be very easily wounded. In ordinary social life, people who are not sure of their ground are always unduly sensitive and ready to take offense, and there is an analogous condition in public affairs. The French republic has shown itself extraordinarily nervous about its reception at courts and among diplomatists; the interchange of civilities with Russia, some years ago, was the occasion of special rejoicing in France, as it seemed to give a fuller recognition of the status of the country in the circle of the great powers. But this feeling in France has since given place to disappointment and bitterness; for no government can be more respected abroad than it is at home. If civil authority is not honored by the citizens of a state, it cannot enjoy a high prestige among its neighbors. So long as the French royalists carp at their rulers and mob them, and so long as the affairs of the country remain in the hands of politicians with tarnished reputations, France will count for little in the councils of European powers. She is likely to have to submit to be passed over and ignored; and there must be among [redacted] people, who are conscious of her [redacted] and remember her traditions, [redacted] constant sense of irritation that is always ready to take offense at fancied slights. As a republic France is as great a danger to the peace of Europe as she was in the days of Louis XIV., though from very different reasons. She is no longer ca-

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pable of a persistent policy of aggression, but she is less sure of her ground, and therefore she is just as touchy and as easily offended. Nor is public humiliation a wholesome medicine for national vanity; it may only goad a people to more eager self-exertion; the draped statue of Strassburg betokens a feeling that menaces the peace of Europe. The only possible cure lies, not in the triumphs of war, but in another direction altogether, — in peaceful intercourse. The better the people of different countries understand one another, the more capable they become of entering into one another's aims and habits of thought, the less likely will they be to give or to take offense. It is in national as in private life, — where all is understood, all may be forgiven.

It is to be noticed, moreover, that popular governments are in greater danger than absolute rulers of drifting into war carelessly. The popular will can never be so fully informed as a ruler may be of the precise resources of the realm, and of the efficiency of the administration. There is a very real danger that a democracy, from its deficient knowledge of actual political and military conditions, may fail, under some strong wave of aggrieved sentiment, to make any adequate calculation of the probable risks and cost of entering on a war. The Greeks, arrogant of the traditions which belong to the soil on which they dwell, rushed into a contest for which they were totally unprepared. Italy, anxious to rival her more wealthy compeers by developing a colonial empire, succeeded only in exposing her inherent weakness. Popular and democratic governments have [redacted]nity from the folly of engagi[redacted]r in a reckless and light-hearted spirit.

Another, though a cognate danger, which we may note in modern times, arises from the great influence exercised by *irresponsible meddlers*. Once more there is an analogy between quarrels in private and in public life; those who interfere in any delicate and difficult business, while they have no real power of giving effect to their views, are only too likely to do positive harm. The newspaper press exercises in many ways a great influence for good, and is especially useful in criticising bad administration; but its power is wholly irresponsible, and therefore dangerous, and it is likely to do serious mischief when it attempts to control the direction of affairs and to force the hands of responsible authorities. A London evening paper has boasted that it compelled the government of the day to send Gordon to the Soudan; but it failed to insure his being properly supported there; and the expenditure of blood and treasure in a series of campaigns may be in large part debited to the editor who instigated the initial step. The shame and disaster of that incident have at last been wiped out, at a terrible cost, and England can once more hold up her head in Africa. But it has been a bad business; outside agitation is a cumbrous method of conducting the affairs of state. It is the duty of citizens to exercise their responsibilities as electors with care, and to gauge the capabilities of the men to whom the policy of a country is committed; but it is not wise for any individual or any section of the community to try to jerk the reins of government at a critical moment.

The risks which are due to national vanity and irresponsible meddling are very serious, but, like other dangers, they become less formidable when we face them consciously. There is no nostrum that will effect a sudden and complete cure; but the more general diffusion of political intelligence and a stronger sense of civic duty, as it is diffused in any community, will serve as a safeguard. Some of the peoples who have attained to a great degree of freedom seem hardly to be fitted to enjoy it; they boast of their liberty, but they never appear in earnest about democratic institutions; they are

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not at pains that the business of state shall be well done as a regular thing. Free peoples must learn to take the duties of self-government as seriously as absolute monarchs and their ministers regard the work of ruling. Such increased political wisdom and earnestness will have excellent results on the internal administration of any country, and they also serve as an excellent prophylactic to guard the body politic against possible attacks of war fever.

John Fiske has well said (American Political Ideas, page 109) that "the permanent peace of the world can be secured only through the gradual concentration of the preponderant military strength into the hands of the most pacific communities." Three powers stand out preëminently in the world as being strong at the present time, and as having great possibilities of development before them: England, with her dominion on the shores of every sea; Russia, with her vast empire in the Old World; and America, with her magnificent union of states in the New. Each of these powers is aiming at peace, though by different methods: Russia proposes a self-denying ordinance of disarmament, America proclaims the sufficiency of arbitration; but neither of these countries has as yet abandoned the effort to secure exclusive advantages for industrial and commercial development, and the possible clash of national interests still looms in the future for each; the thunderclouds have not dispersed. But there is a better method of pursuing the same end; if we can prevent strife from arising, we need not concern ourselves about methods for keeping it within bounds or allaying it. England alone has entered upon a line of policy by which the old occasions of hostility are laid aside; with all her national pride, she shows a genuine unwillingness to take offense. Perhaps this is the more excellent way.

William Cunningham.

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD.[1]

IX.

IN WHICH TWO DRINK OF ONE CUP.

WAITING for us in the doorway we found Master Jeremy Sparrow, relieved of his battered armor, his face wreathed with hospitable smiles, and a posy in his hand.

"When the Spaniard turned out to be only the King's minion, I slipped away to see that all was in order," he said genially. "Here are roses, madam, that you are not to treat as you did those others."

She took them from him with a smile, and we went into the house to find three fair large rooms, something bare of furnishing, but clean and sweet, with here and there a bow pot of newly gathered flowers, a dish of wardens on the table, and a cool air laden with the fragrance of the pine blowing through the open window.

"This is your demesne," quoth the minister. "I have worthy Master Bucke's own chamber upstairs. Ah, good man, I wish he may quickly recover his strength and come back to his own, and so relieve me of the burden of all this luxury. I, whom nature meant for an eremite, have no business in kings' chambers such as these."

His devout faith in his own distaste for soft living and his longings after a hermit's cell was an edifying spectacle.

[1] Copyright, 1899, by MARY JOHNSTON.

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So was the evident pride which he took in his domain, the complacence with which he pointed out the shady, well-stocked garden, and the delight with which he produced and set upon the table a huge pasty and a flagon of wine.

"It is a fast day with me," he said. "I may neither eat nor drink until the sun goes down. The flesh is a strong giant, very full of pride and lust of living, and the spirit must needs keep watch and ward, seizing every opportunity to mortify and deject its adversary. Goodwife Allen is still gaping with the crowd at the fort, and your man and maid have not yet come, but I shall be overhead if you need aught. Mistress Percy must want rest after her ride."

He was gone, leaving us two alone together. She stood opposite me, beside the window, from which she had not moved since entering the room. The color was still in her cheeks, the light in her eyes, and she still held the roses with which Sparrow had heaped her arms. I was moving to the table.

"Wait!" she said, and I turned toward her again.

"Have you no questions to ask?" she demanded.

I shook my head. "None, madam."

"I was the King's ward!" she cried.

I bowed, but spoke no word, though she waited for me.

Then she spoke herself, proudly, and yet with a pleading sweetness: "If you will listen, I will tell you how it was that I — that I came to wrong you so."

"I am listening, madam," I replied.

She stood against the light, the roses pressed to her bosom, her dark eyes upon me, her head held high. "My mother died when I was born; my father, years ago. I was the King's ward; yea, and his kinswoman beside. While the Queen lived she kept me with her, — she loved me, I think; and the King too was kind, — would have me sing to him, and would talk to me about witchcraft and the Scriptures, and how rebellion to a king is rebellion to God. When I was sixteen, and he tendered me marriage with a Scotch lord, I, who loved the gentleman not, never having seen him, prayed the King to take the value of my marriage and leave me my freedom. He was so good to me then that the Scotch lord was wed elsewhere, and I danced at the wedding with a mind at ease. Time passed, and the King was still my very good lord. Then, one black day, my Lord Carnal came to court, and the King looked at him oftener than at his Grace of Buckingham. A few months, and my lord's wish was the King's will. To do this new favorite pleasure he forgot his ancient kindness of heart; yea, and he made the law of no account. I was his kinswoman, and under my full age; he would give my hand to whom he chose. He chose to give it to my Lord Carnal."

She broke off, and turned her face from me toward the slant sunshine without the window. Thus far she had spoken quietly, with a certain proud patience of voice and bearing; but as she stood there in a silence which I did not break, the memory of her wrongs brought the crimson to her cheeks and the anger to her eyes. Suddenly she burst forth passionately: "The King is the King! What is a subject's will to clash with his? What weighs a woman's heart against his whim? Little cared he that my hand held back, grew cold at the touch of that other hand in which he would have put it. What matter if my will was against that marriage? It was but the will of a girl, and must be broken. All my world was with the King; I, who stood alone, was but a woman, young and untaught. Oh, they pressed me sore, they angered me to the very heart! There was not one to fight my battle, to help me in that strait, to show me a better path than that I took. With all my heart, with all my soul, with all my might, I *hate* that man which that ship brought here to-day! You know what I did to escape them all, to escape that man. I fled from England in the

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dress of my waiting maid and under her name. I came to Virginia in that guise. I let myself be put up, appraised, cried for sale, in that meadow yonder, as if I had been indeed the piece of merchandise I professed myself. The one man who approached me with respect I gulled and cheated. I let him, a stranger, give me his name. I shelter myself now behind his name. I have foisted on him my quarrel. I have — Oh, despise me, if you will! You cannot despise me more than I despise myself!"

I stood with my hand upon the table and my eyes studying the shadow of the vines upon the floor. All that she said was perfectly true, and yet — I had a vision of a scarlet and black figure and a dark and beautiful face. I too hated my Lord Carnal.

"I do not despise you, madam," I said at last. "What was done two weeks ago in the meadow yonder is past recall. Let it rest. What is mine is yours; it's little beside my sword and my name. The one is naturally at my wife's service; for the other, I have had some pride in keeping it untarnished. It is now in your keeping as well as my own. I do not fear to leave it there, madam."

I had spoken with my eyes upon the garden outside the window, but now I looked at her, to see that she was trembling in every limb, — trembling so that I thought she would fall. I hastened to her. "The roses," she said, — "the roses are too heavy. Oh, I am tired — and the room goes round."

I caught her as she fell, and laid her gently upon the floor. There was water on the table, and I dashed some in her face and moistened her lips; then turned to the door to get woman's help, and ran against Diccon.

"I got that bag of bones here at last, sir," he began. "If ever I" — His eyes traveled past me, and he broke off.

"Don't stand there staring," I ordered. "Go bring the first woman you meet."

"Is she dead?" he asked under his breath. "Have you killed her?"

"Killed her, fool!" I cried. "Have you never seen a woman swoon?"

"She looks like death," he muttered. "I thought" —

"You thought!" I exclaimed. "You have too many thoughts. Begone, and call for help!"

"Here is Angela," he said sullenly and without offering to move, as, light of foot, soft of voice, ox-eyed and docile, the black woman entered the room. When I saw her upon her knees beside the motionless figure, the head pillowed on her arm, her hand busy with the fastenings about throat and bosom, her dark face as womanly tender as any English mother's bending over her nursling; and when I saw my wife, with a little moan, creep further into the encircling arms, I was satisfied.

"Come away!" I said, and, followed by Diccon, went out and shut the door.

My Lord Carnal was never one to let the grass grow beneath his feet. An hour later came his cartel, borne by no less a personage than the Secretary of the colony.

I took it from the point of that worthy's rapier. It ran thus: "Sir, — At what hour to-morrow and at what place do you prefer to die? And with what weapon shall I kill you?"

"Captain Percy will give me credit for the profound reluctance with which I act in this affair against a gentleman and an officer so high in the esteem of the colony," said Master Pory, with his hand upon his heart. "When I tell him that I once fought at Paris in a duel of six on the same side with my late Lord Carnal, and that when I was last at court my Lord Warwick did me the honor to present me to the present lord, he will see that I could not well refuse when the latter requested my aid."

"Master Pory's disinterestedness is perfectly well known," I said, without a smile. "If he ever chooses the stronger

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side, sure he has strong reasons for so doing. He will oblige me by telling his principal that I ever thought sunrise a pleasant hour for dying, and that there could be no fitter place than the field behind the church, convenient as it is to the graveyard. As for weapons, I have heard that he is a good swordsman, but I have some little reputation that way myself. If he prefers pistols or daggers, so be it."

"I think we may assume the sword," said Master Pory.

I bowed.

"You 'll bring a friend?" he asked.

"I do not despair of finding one," I answered, "though my second, Master Secretary, will put himself in some jeopardy."

"It is *combat à l'outrance*, I believe?"

"I understand it so."

"Then we 'd better have Bohun. The survivor may need his services."

"As you please," I replied, "though my man Diccon dresses my scratches well enough."

He bit his lip, but could not hide the twinkle in his eye.

"You are cocksure," he said. "Curiously enough, so is my lord. There are no further formalities to adjust, I believe? To-morrow at sunrise, behind the church, and with rapiers?"

"Precisely."

He slapped his blade back into its sheath. "Then that 's over and done with, for the nonce at least! Sufficient unto the day, etcetera. 'S life! I 'm hot and dry! You 've sacked cities, Ralph Percy; now sack me the minister's closet and bring out his sherris. I 'll be at charges for the next communion."

We sat us down upon the doorstep with a tankard of sack between us, and Master Pory drank, and drank, and drank again.

"How 's the crop?" he asked. "Martin reports it poorer in quality than ever, but Sir George will have it that it is very Varinas."

"It 's every whit as good as the Spanish," I answered. "You may tell my Lord Warwick so, when next you write."

He laughed. If he was a timeserver and leagued with my Lord Warwick's faction in the Company, he was a jovial sinner. Traveler and student, much of a philosopher, more of a wit, and boon companion to any beggar with a pottle of ale, — while the drink lasted, — we might look askance at his dealings, but we liked his company passing well. If he took half a poor rustic's crop for his fee, he was ready enough to toss him sixpence for drink money; and if he made the tenants of the lands allotted to his office leave their tobacco uncared for whilst they rowed him on his innumerable roving expeditions up creeks and rivers, he at least lightened their labors with most side-splitting tales and with bottle songs learnt in a thousand taverns.

"After to-morrow there 'll be more interesting news to write," he announced. "You 're a bold man, Captain Percy."

He looked at me out of the corners of his little twinkling eyes. I sat and smoked in silence.

"The King begins to dote upon him," he said; "leans on his arm, plays with his hand, touches his cheek. Buckingham stands by, biting his lip, his brow like a thundercloud. You 'll find in to-morrow's antagonist, Ralph Percy, as potent a conjurer as your cousin Hotspur found in Glendower. He 'll conjure you up the Tower, and a hanging, drawing, and quartering. Who touches the King's favorite had safer touch the King. It 's *lèse majesté* you contemplate."

He lit his pipe and blew out a great cloud of smoke, then burst into a roar of laughter. "My Lord High Admiral may see you through. Zooks! there 'll be a raree-show worth the penny, behind the church to-morrow, — a Percy striving with all his might and main to serve a Villiers! Eureka! There is something new under the sun, despite the Preacher!" He blew out another cloud of

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smoke. By this the tankard was empty, and his cheeks were red, his eyes moist, and his laughter very ready.

"Where 's the Lady Jocelyn Leigh?" he asked. "May I not have the honor to kiss her hand before I go?"

I stared at him. "I do not understand you," I said coldly. "There 's none within but Mistress Percy. She is weary, and rests after her journey. We came from Weyanoke this morning."

He shook with laughter. "Ay, ay, brave it out!" he cried. "It 's what every man Jack of us said you would do! But all 's known, man! The Governor read the King's letters in full Council an hour ago. She 's the Lady Jocelyn Leigh; she 's a ward of the King's; she and her lands are to wed my Lord Carnal!"

"She was all that," I replied. "Now she 's my wife."

"You 'll find that the Court of High Commission will not agree with you."

My rapier lay across my knees, and I ran my hand down its worn scabbard. "Here 's one that agrees with me," I said. "And up there is Another," and I lifted my hat.

He stared. "God and my good sword!" he cried. "A very knightly dependence, but not to be mentioned nowadays in the same breath with gold and the King's favor. Better bend to the storm, man; sing low while it roars past. You can swear that you did n't know her to be of finer weave than dowlas. Oh, they 'll call it in some sort a marriage, for the lady's own sake; but they 'll find flaws enough to crack a thousand such mad matches. The divorce is the thing! There 's precedent, you know. A fair lady was parted from a brave man not a thousand years ago, because a favorite wanted her. True, Frances Howard wanted the favorite, whilst this beauty of yours" —

"You will please not couple the name of my wife with the name of that adulteress!" I interrupted fiercely.

He started; then cried out somewhat hurriedly: "No offense, no offense! I meant no comparisons; comparisons are odorous, saith Dogberry. All at court know the Lady Jocelyn Leigh for a very Britomart, a maid as cold as Dian!"

I rose, and began to pace up and down the bit of green before the door. "Master Pory," I said at last, coming to a stop before him, "if, without breach of faith, you can tell me what was said or done at the Council to-day anent this matter, you will lay me under an obligation that I shall not forget."

He studied the lace on his sleeve in silence for a while; then glanced up at me out of those small, sly, merry eyes. "Why," he answered, "the King demands that the lady be sent home forthwith, on the ship that gave us such a turn to-day, in fact, with a couple of women to attend her, and under the protection of the only other passenger of quality, to wit, my Lord Carnal. His Majesty cannot conceive it possible that she hath so far forgotten her birth, rank, and duty as to have maintained in Virginia this mad masquerade, throwing herself into the arms of any petty planter or broken adventurer who hath chanced to have an hundred and twenty pounds of filthy tobacco with which to buy him a wife. If she hath been so mad, she is to be sent home none the less, where she will be tenderly dealt with as one surely in this sole matter under the spell of witchcraft. The ship is to bring home also — and in irons — the man who married her. If he swears to have been ignorant of her quality, and places no straws in the way of the King's Commissioners, then shall he be sent honorably back to Virginia with enough in his hand to get him another wife. *Per contra*, if he erred with open eyes, and if he remain contumacious, he will have to deal with the King and with the Court of High Commission, to say nothing of the King's favorite. That 's the sum and substance, Ralph Percy."

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"Why was my Lord Carnal sent?" I asked.

"Probably because my Lord Carnal would come. He hath a will, hath my lord, and the King is more indulgent than Eli to those upon whom he dotes. Doubtless my Lord High Admiral sped him on his way, gave him the King's best ship, wished him a favorable wind — to hell."

"I was not ignorant that she was other than she seemed, and I remain contumacious."

"Then," he said shamelessly, "you 'll forgive me if in public, at least, I forswear your company? You 're plague-spotted, Captain Percy, and your friends may wish you well, but they must stay at home and burn juniper before their own doors."

"I 'll forgive you," I said, "when you 've told me what the Governor will do."

"Why, there 's the rub," he answered. "Yeardley is the most obstinate man of my acquaintance. He who at his first coming, beside a great deal of worth in his person, brought only his sword hath grown to be as very a Sir Oracle among us as ever I saw. It 's 'Sir George says this,' and 'Sir George says that,' and so there 's an end on 't. It 's all because of that leave to cut your own throats in your own way that he brought you last year. Sir George and Sir Edwyn! Zooks! you had better dub them St. George and St. Edwyn at once, and be done with it. Well, on this occasion Sir George stands up and says roundly, with a good round oath to boot: 'The King's commands have always come to us through the Company. The Company obeys the King; we obey the Company. His Majesty's demand (with reverence I speak it) is out of all order. Let the Company, through the Treasurer, command us to send Captain Percy home in irons to answer for this passing strange offense, or to return, willy nilly, the lady who is now surely his wife, and we will have no choice but to obey. Until the Company commands us we will do nothing; nay, we can do nothing.' And every one of my fellow Councilors (for myself, I was busy with my pens) saith, 'My opinion, Sir George.' The upshot of it all is that the Due Return is to sail in two days with our humble representations to his Majesty that though we bow to his lightest word as the leaf bows to the zephyr, yet we are, in this sole matter, handfast, compelled by his Majesty's own gracious charter to refer our slightest official doing to that noble Company which owes its very being to its rigid adherence to the terms of said charter. Wherefore, if his Majesty will be graciously pleased to command us as usual through the said Company — and so on. Of course, not a soul in the Council, or in Jamestown, or in Virginia dreams of a duel behind the church at sunrise to-morrow." He knocked the ashes from his pipe, and by degrees got his fat body up from the doorstep. "So there 's a reprieve for you, Ralph Percy, unless you kill or are killed to-morrow morning. In the latter case, the problem 's solved; in the former, the best service you can do yourself, and maybe the Company, is to walk out of the world of your own accord, and that as quickly as possible. Better a cross-roads and a stake through a dead heart than a hangman's hands upon a live one."

"One moment," I said. "Doth my Lord Carnal know of this decision of the Governor's?"

"Ay, and a fine passion it put him into. Stormed and swore and threatened, and put the Governor's back up finely. It seems that he thought to 'bout ship to-morrow, lady and all. He refuseth to go without the lady, and so remaineth in Virginia until he can have his will. Lord! but Buckingham would be a happy man if he were kept here forever and a day! My lord knows what he risks, and he 's in as black a humor as ever you saw. But I have striven to drop

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oil on the troubled waters. 'My lord,' I told him, 'you have but to possess your soul with patience for a few short weeks, just until the ship the Governor sends can return. Then all must needs be as your lordship wishes. In the meantime, you may find existence in these wilds and away from that good company which is the soul of life endurable, and perhaps pleasant. You may have daily sight of the lady who is to become your wife, and that should count for much with so ardent and determined a lover as your lordship hath shown yourself to be. You may have the pleasure of contemplating your rival's grave, if you kill him. If he kills you, you will care the less about the date of the Santa Teresa's sailing. The land, too, hath inducements to offer to a philosophical and contemplative mind such as one whom his Majesty delighteth to honor must needs possess. Beside these crystal rivers and among these odoriferous woods, my lord, one escapes much expense, envy, contempt, vanity, and vexation of mind.'"

The hoary sinner laughed and laughed. He might have been own brother to that mirthful and malicious savage, the laughing king of Accomac. When he had gone away, still in huge enjoyment of his own mirth, I, who had seen small cause for mirth, went slowly indoors. Not a yard from the door, in the shadow of the vines that draped the window, stood the woman who was bringing this fate upon me.

"I thought that you were in your own room," I said harshly, after a moment of dead silence.

"I came to the window," she replied. "I listened. I heard all." She spoke haltingly, through dry lips. Her face was as white as her ruff, but a strange light burned in her eyes, and there was no trembling. "This morning you said that all that you had — your name and your sword — were at my service. You may take them both again, sir. I refuse the aid you offer. Swear what you will, tell them what you please, make your peace whilst you may. I will not have your blood upon my soul."

There was yet wine upon the table. I filled a cup and brought it to her. "Drink!" I commanded.

"I have much of forbearance, much of courtesy, to thank you for," she said. "I will remember it when — Do not think that I shall blame you" —

I held the cup to her lips. "Drink!" I repeated. She touched the red wine with her lips. I took it from her and put it to my own. "We drink of the same cup," I said, with my eyes upon hers, and drained it to the bottom. "I am weary of swords and courts and kings. Let us go into the garden and watch the minister's bees."

X.

IN WHICH MASTER PORY GAINS TIME TO SOME PURPOSE.

Rolfe, coming down by boat from Varina, had reached the town in the dusk of that day which had seen the arrival of the Santa Teresa, and I had gone to him before I slept that night. Early morning found us together again in the field behind the church.

We had not long to wait in the chill air and dew-drenched grass. When the red rim of the sun showed like a fire between the trunks of the pines came my Lord Carnal, and with him Master Pory and Dr. Lawrence Bohun.

My lord and I bowed to each other profoundly. Rolfe with my sword and Master Pory with my lord's stepped aside to measure the blades. Dr. Bohun, muttering something about the feverishness of the early air, wrapped his cloak about him, and huddled in among the roots of a gigantic cedar. I stood with my back to the church, and my face to the red water between us and the illimitable forest; my lord opposite me,

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six feet away. He was dressed again splendidly in black and scarlet, colors he much affected, and, with the dark beauty of his face and the arrogant grace with which he stood there waiting for his sword, made a picture worth looking upon.

Rolfe and the Secretary came back to us. "If you kill him, Ralph," said the former in a low voice, as he took my doublet from me, "you are to put yourself in my hands and do as you are bid."

"Which means I am to take the horse I see fastened yonder and fly north to the Dutch. Thanks, friend, but I 'll see the play out here."

"You were ever obstinate, self-willed, reckless — and the man most to my heart," he continued. "Have your way, in God's name, but I wish not to see what will come of it! All 's ready, Master Secretary."

Very slowly that worthy stooped down and examined the ground, narrowly and quite at his leisure. "I like it not, Master Rolfe," he declared at length. "Here 's a molehill, and there 's a fairy ring."

"I see neither," said Rolfe. "It looks as smooth as a table. But we can easily shift under the cedars where there is no grass."

"Here 's a projecting root," announced the Secretary, when the new ground had been reached.

Rolfe shrugged his shoulders, but we moved again.

"The light comes jaggedly through the branches," objected my lord's second. "Better try the open again."

Rolfe uttered an exclamation of impatience, and my lord stamped his foot on the ground. "What is this foolery, sir?" the latter cried fiercely. "The ground 's well enough, and there 's sufficient light to die by."

"Let the light pass, then," said his second resignedly. "Gentlemen, are you read— Ods blood! my lord, I had not noticed the roses upon your lordship's shoes! They are so large and have such a fall that they sweep the ground on either side your foot; you might stumble in all that dangling ribbon and lace. Allow me to remove them."

He unsheathed his knife, and, sinking upon his knees, began leisurely to sever the threads that held the roses to the leather. As he worked, he looked neither at the roses nor at my lord's angry face, but beneath his own bent arm toward the church and the town beyond.

How long he would have sawed away at those few brittle threads there is no telling; for my lord, amongst whose virtues patience was not one, broke from him, and with an oath stooped and tore away the offending roses with his own hand, then straightened himself and gripped his sword more closely. "I 've learned one thing in this d——d land," he snarled, "and that is where not to choose a second. You, sir," to Rolfe, "give the word."

Master Pory rose from his knees, unruffled and unabashed, and still with a curiously absent expression upon his fat face and with his ears cocked in the direction of the church. "One moment, gentlemen," he said. "I have just bethought me" —

"On guard!" cried Rolfe, and cut him short.

The King's favorite was no mean antagonist. Once or twice the thought crossed my mind that here, where I least desired it, I had met my match. The apprehension passed. He fought as he lived, with a fierce intensity, a headlong passion, a brute force, bearing down and overwhelming most obstacles. But that I could tire him out I soon knew.

The incessant flash and clash of steel, the quick changes in position, the need to bring all powers of body and mind to aid of eye and wrist, the will to win, the shame of loss, the rage and lust of blood, — there was no sight or sound outside that trampled circle that could force itself upon our brain or make us

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glance aside. If there was a sudden commotion amongst the three witnesses, if an expression of immense relief and childlike satisfaction reigned in Master Pory's face, we knew it not. We were both bleeding, — I from a pin prick on the shoulder, he from a touch beneath the arm. He made a desperate thrust, which I parried, and the blades clashed. A third came down upon them with such force that the sparks flew.

"In the King's name!" commanded the Governor.

We fell apart, panting, white with rage, staring at the unexpected disturbers of our peace. They were the Governor, the commander, the Cape Merchant, the marshal, and the watch.

"Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace!" exclaimed Master Pory, and retired to the cedar and Dr. Bohun.

"This ends here, gentlemen," said the Governor firmly. "You are both bleeding. It is enough."

"Out of my way, sir!" cried my lord, foaming at the mouth. He made a mad thrust over the Governor's extended arm at me, who was ready enough to meet him. "Have at thee, thou bridegroom!" he said between his teeth.

The Governor caught him by the wrist. "Put up your sword, my lord, or, as I stand here, you shall give it into the marshal's hands!"

"Hell and furies!" ejaculated my lord. "Do you know who I am, sir?"

"Ay," replied the Governor sturdily, "I do know. It is because of that knowledge, my Lord Carnal, that I interfere in this affair. Were you other than you are, you and this gentleman might fight until doomsday, and meet with no hindrance from me. Being what you are, I will prevent any renewal of this duel, by fair means if I may, by foul if I must."

He left my lord, and came over to me. "Since when have you been upon my Lord Warwick's side, Ralph Percy?" he demanded, lowering his voice.

"I am not so," I said.

"Then appearances are mightily deceitful," he retorted.

"I know what you mean, Sir George," I answered. "I know that if the King's darling should meet death or maiming in this fashion, upon Virginian soil, the Company, already so out of favor, might find some difficulty in explaining things to his Majesty's satisfaction. But I think my Lord Southampton and Sir Edwyn Sandys and Sir George Yeardley equal to the task, especially if they are able to deliver to his Majesty the man whom his Majesty will doubtless consider the true and only rebel and murderer. Let us fight it out, sir. You can all retire to a distance and remain in profound ignorance of any such affair. If I fall, you have nothing to fear. If he falls, — why, I shall not run away, and the Due Return sails to-morrow."

He eyed me closely from under frowning brows. "And when your wife's a widow, what then?" he asked abruptly.

I have not known many better men than this simple, straightforward, soldierly Governor. The manliness of his character begot trust, invited confidence. Men told him of their hidden troubles almost against their will, and afterward felt neither shame nor fear, knowing the simplicity of his thoughts and the reticence of his speech. I looked him in the eyes, and let him read what I would have shown to no other, and felt no shame. "The Lord may raise her up a helper," I said. "At least she won't have to marry *him*."

He turned on his heel and moved back to his former station between us two. "My Lord Carnal," he said, "and you, Captain Percy, heed what I say; for what I say I will do. You may take your choice: either you will sheathe your swords here in my presence, giving me your word of honor that you will not draw them upon each other before his Majesty shall have made known his will in this matter to the Company, and the

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Company shall have transmitted it to me, in token of which truce between you you shall touch each other's hands; or you will pass the time between this and the return of the ship with the King's and the Company's will in strict confinement, — you, Captain Percy, in gaol, under charge of the marshal, and you, my Lord Carnal, in my own poor house, where I will use my best endeavors to make the days pass as pleasantly as possible for your lordship. I have spoken, gentlemen."

There was no protest. For my own part, I knew Yeardley too well to attempt any; moreover, had I been in his place, his course should have been mine. For my Lord Carnal, — what black thoughts visited that fierce and sullen brain I know not, but there was acquiescence in his face, haughty, dark, and vengeful though it was. Slowly and as with one motion we sheathed our swords, and more slowly still repeated the few words after the Governor. His Honor's countenance shone with relief. "Take each other by the hand, gentlemen, and then let 's all to breakfast at my own house, where there shall be no feud save with good capon pasty and jolly good ale." In dead silence my lord and I touched each other's finger tips.

The world was now a flood of sunshine, the mist on the river vanishing, the birds singing, the trees waving in the pleasant morning air. From the town came the roll of the drum summoning all to the week-day service. The bells too began to ring, sounding sweetly through the clear air. The Governor took off his hat. "Let 's all to church, gentlemen," he said gravely. "Our cheeks are flushed as with a fever and our pulses run high this morning. There be some among us, perhaps, that have in their hearts discontent, anger, and hatred. I know no better place to take such passions, provided we bring them not forth again."

We went in and sat down. Jeremy Sparrow was in the pulpit. Singly or in groups the town folk entered. Down the aisle strode bearded men, old soldiers, adventurers, sailors, scarred body and soul; young men followed, younger sons and younger brothers, prodigals whose portion had been spent, whose souls now ate of the husks; to the servants' benches came dull laborers, dimly comprehending, groping in the twilight; women entered softly and slowly, some with children clinging to their skirts. One came alone and knelt alone, her face shadowed by her mantle. Amongst the servants stood a slave or two, blindly staring, and behind them all one of that felon crew sent us by the King.

Through the open windows streamed the summer sunshine, soft and fragrant, impartial and unquestioning, caressing alike the uplifted face of the minister, the head of the convict, and all between. The minister's voice was grave and tender when he read and prayed, but in the hymn it rose above the people's like the voice of some mighty archangel. That triumphant singing shook the air, and still rang in the heart while we said the Creed.

When the service was over, the congregation waited for the Governor to pass out first. At the door he pressed me to go with him and his party to his own house, and I gave him thanks, but made excuse to stay away. When he and the nobleman who was his guest had left the churchyard, and the townspeople too were gone, I and my wife and the minister walked home together through the dewy meadow, with the splendor of the morning about us, and the birds caroling from every tree and thicket.

XI.

IN WHICH I MEET AN ITALIAN DOCTOR.

The summer, that was already far advanced, slipped away, and autumn came,

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with the purple of the grape and the yellowing corn, the nuts within the forest, and the return of the countless wild fowl to the marshes and reedy river banks, and still I stayed in Jamestown, and my wife with me, and still the Santa Teresa rode at anchor in the river below the fort. If the man whom she brought knew that by tarrying in Virginia he risked his ruin with the King, yet, with a courage worthy of a better cause, he tarried.

Now and then ships came in, but they were small, belated craft. The most had left England before the sailing of the Santa Teresa; the rest, private ventures, trading for clapboard or sassafras, knew nothing of court affairs. Only the Sea Flower, sailing from London a fortnight after the Santa Teresa, and much delayed by adverse winds, brought a letter from the deputy treasurer to Yeardley and the Council. From Rolfe I learned its contents. It spoke of the stir that was made by the departure from the realm of the King's favorite. "None know where he hath gone. The King looks *dour;* 't is hinted that the privy council are as much at sea as the rest of the world; my Lord of Buckingham saith nothing, but his following — which of late hath somewhat decayed — is so encreased that his antechambers cannot hold the throngs that come to wait upon him. Some will have it that my Lord Carnal hath fled the kingdom to escape the Tower; others, that the King hath sent him on a mission to the King of Spain about this detested Spanish match; others, that the gadfly hath stung him and he is gone to America, — to search for Raleigh's gold mine, maybe. This last most improbable; but if 't is so, and he should touch at Virginia, receive him with all honour. If indeed he is not out of favour, the Company may find in him a powerful friend; of powerful enemies, God knows, there is no lack!"

Thus the worthy Master Ferrar. And at the bottom of the letter, among other news of city and court, mention was made of the disappearance of a cousin and ward of the King's, the Lady Jocelyn Leigh. Strict search had been made, but the unfortunate lady had not been found. "'T is whispered that she hath killed herself; also, that his Majesty had meant to give her in marriage to my Lord Carnal. But that all true love and virtue and constancy have gone from the age, one might conceive that the said lord had but fled the court for a while, to indulge his grief in some solitude of hill and stream and shady vale, — the lost lady being right worthy of such dole."

In sooth she was, but my lord was not given to such fashion of mourning.

The summer passed, and I did nothing. What was there I could do? I had written by the Due Return to Sir Edwyn, and to my cousin, the Earl of Northumberland. The King hated Sir Edwyn as he hated tobacco and witchcraft. "Choose the devil, but not Sir Edwyn Sandys!" had been his passionate words to the Company the year before. A certain fifth of November had despoiled my Lord of Northumberland of wealth, fame, and influence. Small hope there was in those two. That the Governor and Council, remembering old dangers shared, wished me well I did not doubt, but that was all. Yeardley had done all he could do, more than most men would have dared to do, in procuring this delay. There was no further help in him; nor would I have asked it. Already out of favor with the Warwick faction, he had risked enough for me and mine. I could not flee to the Indians, exposing Mistress Percy to a death by fierce tortures; moreover, Opechancanough had of late strangely taken to returning to the settlements those runaway servants and fugitives from justice which before we had demanded from him in vain. If even it had been possible to run the gauntlet of the Indian villages, war parties, and hunting bands, what would have been before us but endless forest and a winter which for us would have had no

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spring? I could not see her die of hunger and cold, or by the teeth of the wolves. I could not do what I should have liked to do, — take, single-handed, that King's ship with its sturdy crew and sail with her south and ever southwards, before us nothing more formidable than Spanish ships, and beyond them blue waters, spice winds, new lands, strange islands of the blest.

There seemed naught that I could do, naught that she could do. Our Fate had us by the hands, and held us fast. We stood still, and the days came and went like dreams.

While the Assembly was in session I had my part to act as Burgess from my hundred. Each day I sat with my fellows in the church, facing the Governor in his great velvet chair, the Council on either hand, and listened to the droning of old Twine, the clerk, like the droning of the bees without the window; to the chant of the sergeant-at-arms; to long and windy discourses from men who planted better than they spoke; to remarks by the Secretary, witty, crammed with Latin and traveled talk; to the Governor's slow, weighty words. At Weyanoke we had had trouble with the Indians. I was one who loved them not and had fought them well, for which reason the hundred chose me its representative. In the Assembly it was my part to urge a greater severity toward those our natural enemies, a greater watchfulness on our part, the need for palisades and sentinels, the danger that lay in their acquisition of firearms, which, in defiance of the law, men gave them in exchange for worthless Indian commodities. This Indian business was the chief matter before the Assembly. I spoke when I thought speech was needed, and spoke strongly; for my heart foreboded that which was to come upon us too soon and too surely. The Governor listened gravely, nodding his head; Master Pory, too, the Cape Merchant, and West were of my mind; but the remainder were besotted by their own conceit, esteeming the very name of Englishman sentinel and palisade enough, or trusting in the smooth words and vows of brotherhood poured forth so plentifully by that red Apollyon, Opechancanough.

When the day's work was done, and we streamed out of the church, — the Governor and Council first, the rest of us in order, — it was to find as often as not a red and black figure waiting for us among the graves. Sometimes it joined itself to the Governor, sometimes to Master Pory; sometimes the whole party, save one, went off with it to the guest house, there to eat, drink, and make merry.

If Virginia and all that it contained, save only that jewel of which it had robbed the court, were out of favor with the King's minion, he showed it not. Perhaps he had accepted the inevitable with a good grace; perhaps it was but his mode of biding his time; but he had shifted into that soldierly frankness of speech and manner, that genial, hail-fellow-well-met air, behind which most safely hides a villain's mind. Two days after that morning behind the church, he had removed himself, his French valets, and his Italian physician from the Governor's house to the newly finished guest house. Here he lived, cock of the walk, taking his ease in his inn, elbowing out all guests save those of his own inviting. If, what with his open face and his open hand, his dinners and bear-baitings and hunting parties, his tales of the court and the wars, his half hints as to the good he might do Virginia with the King, extending even to the lightening of the impost upon our tobacco and the prohibition of the Spanish import, his known riches and power, and the unknown height to which they might attain if his star at court were indeed in the ascendant, — if with these things he slowly, but surely, won to his following all save a very few of those I had

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thought my fast friends, it was not a thing marvelous or without precedent. Upon his side was good that might be seen and handled; on mine was only a dubious right and a not at all dubious danger. I do not think it plagued me much. The going of those who had it in their heart to wish to go left me content, and for those who fawned upon him from the first, or for the rabble multitude who flung up their caps and ran at his heels, I cared not a doit. There were still Rolfe and West and the Governor, Jeremy Sparrow and Diccon.

My lord and I met, perforce, in the street, at the Governor's house, in church, on the river, in the saddle. If we met in the presence of others, we spoke the necessary formal words of greeting or leave-taking, and he kept his countenance; if none were by, off went the mask. The man himself and I looked each other in the eyes and passed on. Once we encountered on a late evening among the graves, and I was not alone. Mistress Percy had been restless, and had gone, despite the minister's protests, to sit upon the river bank. When I returned from the Assembly and found her gone, I went to fetch her. A storm was rolling slowly up. Returning the long way through the churchyard, we came upon him sitting beside a sunken grave, his knees drawn up to meet his chin, his eyes gloomily regardful of the dark broad river, the unseen ocean, and the ship that could not return for weeks to come. We passed him in silence, — I with a slight bow, she with a slighter curtsy. An hour later, going down the street in the dusk of the storm, I ran against Dr. Lawrence Bohun. "Don't stop me!" he panted. "The Italian doctor is away in the woods gathering simples, and they found my Lord Carnal in a fit among the graves, half an hour agone." My lord was bled, and the next morning went hunting.

The lady whom I had married abode with me in the minister's house, held her head high, and looked the world in the face. She seldom went from home, but when she did take the air it was with pomp and circumstance. When that slender figure and exquisite face, set off by as rich apparel as could be bought from a store of finery brought in by the Southampton, — with a turbaned negress in attendance to wave a fan, and a serving man who had been to the wars, and had escaped the wheel by the skin of his teeth, — appeared in the street, small wonder if a greater commotion arose than had been since the days of the Princess Pocahontas and her train of dusky beauties. To this fairer, more imperial dame gold lace doffed its hat and made its courtliest bow, and young planters bent to their saddlebows, while the common folk nudged and stared and had their say. The beauty, the grace, the pride that deigned small response to well-meant words, — all that would have been intolerable in plain Mistress Percy, once a waiting maid, then a piece of merchandise to be sold for one hundred and twenty pounds of tobacco, then the wife of a poor gentleman, was pardoned readily enough to the Lady Jocelyn Leigh, the ward of the King, the bride to be (so soon as the King's Court of High Commission should have snapped in twain an inconvenient and ill-welded fetter) of the King's minion.

So she passed like a splendid vision through the street perhaps once a week. On Sundays she went with me to church, and the people looked at her instead of at the minister, who rebuked them not, because his eyes were upon the same errand.

The early autumn passed and the leaves began to turn, and still all things were as they had been, save that the Assembly sat no longer. My fellow Burgesses went back to their hundreds, but my house at Weyanoke knew me no more. In a tone that was apologetic, but firm, the Governor had told me that he wished my company at Jamestown. I

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was pleased enough to stay, I assured him, — as indeed I was. At Weyanoke the thunderbolt would fall without warning; at Jamestown, at least I could see, coming up the river, the sails of the Due Return or what other ship the Company might send.

The color of the leaves deepened, and there came a season of a beauty singular and sad, like a smile left upon the face of the dead summer. Over all things, near and far, the forest where it met the sky, the nearer woods, the great river, and the streams that empty into it, there hung a blue haze, soft and dreamlike. The forest became a painted forest, with an ever thinning canopy and an ever thickening carpet of crimson and gold; everywhere there was a low rustling underfoot and a slow rain of color. It was neither cold nor hot, but very quiet, and the birds went by like shadows, — a listless and forgetful weather, in which we began to look, every hour of every day, for the sail which we knew we should not see for weeks to come.

Good Master Bucke tarried with Master Thorpe at Henricus, recruiting his strength, and Jeremy Sparrow preached in his pulpit, slept in his chamber, and worked in his garden. This garden ran down to the green bank of the river; and here, sitting idly by the stream, her chin in her hand and her dark eyes watching the strong, free sea birds as they came and went, I found my wife one evening, as I came from the fort, where had been some martial exercise. Thirty feet away Master Jeremy Sparrow worked among the dying flowers, and hummed: —

"There is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies grow."

He and I had agreed that when I must needs be absent he should be within call of her; for I believed my Lord Carnal very capable of intruding himself into her presence. That house and garden, her movements and mine, were spied upon by his foreign hirelings, I knew perfectly well.

As I sat down upon the bank at her feet, she turned to me with a sudden passion. "I am weary of it all!" she cried. "I am tired of being pent up in this house and garden, and of the watch you keep upon me. And if I go abroad, it is worse! I *hate* all those shameless faces that stare at me as if I were in the pillory. I *am* pilloried before you all, and I find the experience sufficiently bitter. And when I think that that man whom I hate, hate, hate, breathes the air that I breathe, it stifles me! If I could fly away like those birds, if I could only be gone from this place for even a day."

"I would beg leave to take you home, to Weyanoke," I said after a pause, "but I cannot go and leave the field to him."

"And I cannot go," she answered. "I must watch for that ship and that King's command that my Lord Carnal thinks potent enough to make me his wife. Kings' commands are strong, but a woman's will is stronger. At the last I shall know what to do. But now why may I not take Angela and cross that strip of sand and go into the woods on the other side? They are so fair and strange, — all red and yellow, — and they look very still and peaceful. I could walk in them, or lie down under the trees and forget awhile, and they are not at all far away." She looked at me eagerly.

"You could not go alone," I told her. "There would be danger in that. But to-morrow, if you choose, I and Master Sparrow and Diccon will take you there. A day in the woods is pleasant enough, and will do none of us harm. Then you may wander as you please, fill your arms with colored leaves, and forget the world. We will watch that no harm comes nigh you, but otherwise you shall not be disturbed."

She broke into delighted laughter. Of all women the most steadfast of soul, her outward moods were as variable as a child's. "Agreed!" she cried.

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"You and the minister and Diccon Demon shall lay your muskets across your knees, and Angela shall witch you into stone with her old, mad, heathen charms. And then — and then — I will gather more gold than had King Midas; I will dance with the hamadryads; I will find out Oberon and make Titania jealous!"

"I do not doubt that you could do so," I said, as she sprang to her feet, childishly eager and radiantly beautiful.

I rose to go in with her, for it was supper time, but in a moment changed my mind, and resumed my seat on the bank of turf. "Do you go in," I said. "There 's a snake near by, in those bushes below the bank. I 'll kill the creature, and then I 'll come to supper."

When she was gone, I walked to where, ten feet away, the bank dipped to a clump of reeds and willows planted in the mud on the brink of the river. Dropping on my knees I leaned over, and, grasping a man by the collar, lifted him from the slime where he belonged to the bank beside me.

It was my Lord Carnal's Italian doctor that I had so fished up. I had seen him before, and had found in his very small, mean figure clad all in black, and his narrow face with malignant eyes and thin white lips drawn tightly over gleaming teeth, something infinitely repulsive, sickening to the sight as are certain reptiles to the touch.

"There are no simples or herbs of grace to be found amongst reeds and half-drowned willows," I said. "What did so learned a doctor look for in so unlikely a place?"

He shrugged his shoulders and made play with his clawlike hands, as if he understood me not. It was a lie, for I knew that he and the English tongue were sufficiently acquainted. I told him as much, and he shot at me a most venomous glance, but continued to shrug, gesticulate, and jabber in Italian. At last I saw nothing better to do than to take him, still by the collar, to the edge of the garden next the churchyard, and with the toe of my boot to send him tumbling among the graves. I watched him pick himself up, set his attire to rights, and go away in the gathering dusk, winding in and out among the graves; and then I went in to supper, and told Mistress Percy that the snake was dead.

XII.

IN WHICH I RECEIVE A WARNING AND REPOSE A TRUST.

Shortly before daybreak I was wakened by a voice beneath my window. "Captain Percy," it cried, "the Governor wishes you at his house!" and was gone.

I dressed and left the house, disturbing no one. Hurrying through the chill dawn, I reached the square not much behind the rapid footsteps of the watch who had wakened me. About the Governor's door were horses, saddled and bridled, with grooms at their heads, men and beasts gray and indistinct, wrapped in the fog. I went up the steps and into the hall, and knocked at the door of the Governor's great room. It opened, and I entered to find Sir George, with Master Pory, Rolfe, West, and others of the Council gathered about the great centre table and talking eagerly. The Governor was but half dressed; West and Rolfe were in jack boots and coats of mail. A man, breathless with hard riding, spattered with swamp mud and torn by briers, stood, cap in hand, staring from one to the other.

"In good time, Captain Percy!" cried the Governor. "Yesterday you called the profound peace with the Indians, of which some of us boasted, the lull before the storm. Faith, it looks to-day as though you were in the right, after all!"

"What 's the matter, sir?" I asked, advancing to the table.

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"Matter enough!" he answered. "This man has come, post haste, from the plantations above Paspahegh. Three days ago, Morgan, the trader, was decoyed into the woods by that Paspahegh fool and bully, Nemattanow, whom they call Jack of the Feather, and there murdered. Yesterday, out of sheer bravado, the Indian turned up at Morgan's house, and Morgan's men shot him down. They buried the dog, and thought no more of it. Three hours ago, Chanco the Christian went to the commander and warned him that the Paspaheghs were in a ferment, and that the warriors were painting themselves black. The commander sent off at once to me, and I see naught better to do than to dispatch you with a dozen men to bring them to their senses. But there 's to be no harrying nor battle. A show of force is all that 's needed, — I 'll stake my head upon it. Let them see that we are not to be taken unawares, but give them fair words. That they may be the sooner placated I send with you Master Rolfe, — they 'll listen to him. See that the black paint is covered with red, give them some beads and a knife or two, then come home. If you like not the look of things, find out where Opechancanough is, and I 'll send him an embassy. He loves us well, and will put down any disaffection."

"There 's no doubt that he loves us," I said dryly. "He loves us as a cat loves the mouse that it plays with. If we are to start at once, sir, I 'll go get my horse."

"Then meet us at the neck of land," said Rolfe.

I nodded, and left the room. As I descended the steps into the growing light outside, I found Master Pory at my side.

"I kept late hours last night," he remarked, with a portentous yawn. "Now that this business is settled, I 'll go back to bed."

I walked on in silence.

"I am in your black books," he continued, with his sly, merry, sidelong glance. "You think that I was overcareful of the ground, that morning behind the church, and so unfortunately delayed matters until the Governor happened by and brought things to another guess conclusion."

"I think that you warned the Governor," I said bluntly.

He shook with laughter. "Warned him? Of course I warned him. Youth would never have seen that molehill and fairy ring and projecting root, but wisdom cometh with gray hairs, my son. D' ye not think I 'll have the King's thanks?"

"Doubtless," I answered. "An the price contents you, I do not know why I should quarrel with it."

By this we were halfway down the street, and we now came upon the guest house. A window above us was unshuttered, and in the room within a light still burned. Suddenly it was extinguished. A man's face looked down upon us for a moment, then drew back; a skeleton hand was put out softly and slowly, and the shutter drawn to. Hand and face belonged to the man I had sent tumbling among the graves the evening before.

"The Italian doctor," said Master Pory.

There was something peculiar in his tone. I glanced at him, but his broad red face and twinkling eyes told me nothing. "The Italian doctor," he repeated. "If I had a friend in Captain Percy's predicament, I should bid him beware of the Italian doctor."

"Your friend would be obliged for the warning," I replied.

We walked a little further. "And I think," he said, "that I should inform this purely hypothetical friend of mine that the Italian and his patron had their heads mighty close together, last night."

"Last night?"

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"Ay, last night. I went to drink with my lord, and so broke up their tête-à-tête. My lord was boisterous in his cups and not oversecret. He dropped some hints" — He broke off to indulge in one of his endless silent laughs. "I don't know why I tell you this, Captain Percy. I am on the other side, you know, — quite on the other side. But now I bethink me, I am only telling you what I should tell you were I upon your side. There 's no harm in that, I hope, no disloyalty to my Lord Carnal's interests which happen to be my interests?"

I made no answer. I gave him credit both for his ignorance of the very horn-book of honor and for his large share of the milk of human kindness.

"My lord grows restive," he said, when we had gone a little further. "The Francis and John, coming in yesterday, brought court news. Out of sight, out of mind. Buckingham is making hay while the sun shines. Useth angel water for his complexion, sleepeth in a medicated mask such as the Valois used, and is grown handsomer than ever; changeth the fashion of his clothes thrice a week, which mightily pleaseth his Majesty. Whoops on the Spanish match, too, and, wonderful past all whooping, from the prince's detestation hath become his bosom friend. Small wonder if my Lord Carnal thinks it 's time he was back at Whitehall."

"Let him go, then," I said. "There 's his ship that brought him here."

"Ay, there 's his ship," rejoined Master Pory. "A few weeks more, and the Due Return will be here with the King's — and the Company's — commands. D' ye think, Captain Percy, that there 's the slightest doubt as to the tenor of the King's — and the Company's — commands?"

"No."

"Then my lord has but to possess his soul with patience and wait for the Due Return. No doubt he 'll do so."

"No doubt he 'll do so," I echoed.

By this we had reached the Secretary's own door. "Fortune favor you with the Paspaheghs!" he said, with another mighty yawn. "As for me, I 'll to bed. Do you ever dream, Captain Percy? I don't; mine is too good a conscience. But if I did, I should dream of an Italian doctor."

The door shut upon his red face and bright eyes. I walked rapidly on down the street to the minister's house. The light was very pale as yet, and house and garden lay beneath a veil of mist. No one was stirring. I went on through the gray wet paths to the stable, and roused Diccon.

"Saddle Black Lamoral quickly," I ordered. "There 's trouble with the Paspaheghs, and I am off with Master Rolfe to settle it."

"Am I to go with you?" he asked.

I shook my head. "We have a dozen men. There 's no need of more."

I left him busy with the horse, and went to the house. In the hall I found the negress strewing the floor with fresh rushes, and asked her if her mistress yet slept. In her soft half English, half Spanish, she answered in the affirmative. I went to my own room and armed myself; then ran upstairs to the comfortable chamber where abode Master Jeremy Sparrow, surrounded by luxuries which his soul contemned. He was not there. At the foot of the stair I was met by Goodwife Allen. "The minister was called an hour ago, sir," she announced. "There 's a man dying of the fever at Archer's Hope, and they sent a boat for him. He won't be back until afternoon."

I hurried past her back to the stable. Black Lamoral was saddled, and Diccon held the stirrup for me to mount.

"Good luck with the vermin, sir!" he said. "I wish I were going, too."

His tone was sullen, yet wistful. I knew that he loved danger as I loved it, and a sudden remembrance of the dangers we had faced together brought us

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nearer to each other than we had been for many a day.

"I don't take you," I explained, "because I have need of you here. Master Sparrow has gone to watch beside a dying man, and will not be back for hours. As for myself, there 's no telling how long I may be kept. Until I come you are to guard house and garden well. You know what I mean. Your mistress is to be molested by no one."

"Very well, sir."

"One thing more. There was some talk yesterday of my taking her across the neck to the forest. When she awakes, tell her from me that I am sorry for her to lose her pleasure, but that now she could not go even were I here to take her."

"There 's no danger from the Paspaheghs there," he muttered.

"The Paspaheghs happen not to be my only foes," I said curtly. "Do as I bid you without remark. Tell her that I have good reasons for desiring her to remain within doors until my return. On no account whatever is she to venture without the garden."

I gathered up the reins, and he stood back from the horse's head. When I had gone a few paces I drew rein, and, turning in my saddle, spoke to him across the dew-drenched grass. "This is a trust, Diccon," I said.

The red came into his tanned face. He raised his hand and made our old military salute. "I understand it so, my captain," he answered, and I rode away satisfied.

XIII.

IN WHICH THE SANTA TERESA DROPS DOWNSTREAM.

An hour's ride brought us to the block house standing within the forest, midway between the white plantations at Paspahegh and the village of the tribe. We found it well garrisoned, spies out, and the men inclined to make light of the black paint and the seething village.

Amongst them was Chanco the Christian. I called him to me, and we listened to his report with growing perturbation. "Thirty warriors!" I said, when he had finished. "And they are painted yellow as well as black, and have dashed their cheeks with puccoon: it 's à l'outrance, then! And the war dance is toward! If we are to pacify this hornets' nest, it 's high time we set about it. Gentlemen of the block house, we are but twelve, and they may beat us back, in which case those that are left of us will fight it out with you here. Watch for us, therefore, and have a sally party ready. Forward, men!"

"One moment, Captain Percy," said Rolfe. "Chanco, where 's the Emperor?"

"Five suns ago he was with the priests at Uttamussac," answered the Indian. "Yesterday, at the full sun power, he was in the lodge of the werowance of the Chickahominies. He feasts there still. The Chickahominies and the Powhatans have buried the hatchet."

"I regret to hear it," I remarked. "Whilst they took each other's scalps, mine own felt the safer."

"I advise going direct to Opechancanough," said Rolfe.

"Since he 's only a league away, so do I," I answered.

We left the block house and the clearing around it, and plunged into the depths of the forest. In these virgin woods the trees are set well apart, though linked one to the other by the omnipresent grape, and there is little undergrowth, so that we were able to make good speed. Rolfe and I rode well in front of our troop. By now the sun was shining through the lower branches of the trees, and the mist was fast vanishing. The forest — around us, above us, and under the hoofs of the horses where the fallen leaves lay thick — was as yellow as gold and as red as blood.

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"Rolfe," I asked, breaking a long silence, "do you credit what the Indians say of Opechancanough?"

"That he was brother to Powhatan only by adoption?"

"That, fleeing for his life, he came to Virginia, years and years ago, from some mysterious land far to the south and west?"

"I do not know," he replied thoughtfully. "He is like, and yet not like, the people whom he rules. In his eye there is the authority of mind; his features are of a nobler cast" —

"And his heart is of a darker," I said. "It is a strange and subtle savage."

"Strange enough and subtle enough, I admit," he answered, "though I believe not with you that his friendliness toward us is but a mask."

"Believe it or not, it is so," I said. "That dark, cold, still face is a mask, and that simple-seeming amazement at horses and armor, guns and blue beads, is a mask."

"Amonate" — Rolfe always spoke of his dead princess by this her second name — "Amonate told me that the tribes held him to be wiser than all the priests and conjurers rolled together, and that his secret counsel led her father in most things. She told me another thing, which I have not repeated, because, whether by birth or by adoption, he was of her kindred. She said that many years ago, years before her birth, the Powhatans dug up the hatchet against the Chickahominies within their borders, and the Monacans without. Many they scalped, and many they brought home captive to their villages. Opechancanough was with the Powhatans then; he was young and a war chief. When the captives were to be disposed of, he persuaded her father and the tribe to forego the time-honored stake and pine splinters, and to slay the prisoners in some strange new fashion, and then to *eat* them. They tried the plan throughout that war; but afterward the tribe rebelled, and they all went back to their old ways. It hath a horrible sound, hath it not, Ralph?"

"It is strange," I said, "but there are a many strange things in this world. Here 's the village."

Until our interview with Chanco the Christian, the village of the Paspaheghs, and not the village of the Chickahominies, had been our destination, and since leaving the block house we had ridden rapidly; but now, within the usual girdle of mulberries, we were met by the werowance and his chief men with the customary savage ceremonies. We had long since come to the conclusion that the birds of the air and the fish of the streams were Mercuries to the Indians.

The werowance received us in due form, with presents of fish and venison, cakes of chinquapin meal and gourds of pohickory, an uncouth dance by twelve of his young men and a deal of hellish noise; then, at our command, led us into the village, and to the lodge which marked its centre. Around it were gathered Opechancanough's own warriors, men from Orapax and Uttamussac and Werowocomoco, chosen for their strength and cunning; while upon the grass beneath a blood-red gum tree sat his wives, painted and tattooed, with great strings of pearl and copper about their necks. Beyond them were the women and children of the Chickahominies, and around us all the red forest.

The mat that hung before the door of the lodge was lifted, and an Indian, emerging, came forward with a gesture of welcome. It was Nantauquas, the Lady Rebekah's brother, and the one Indian — saving always his dead sister — that was ever to my liking; a savage, indeed, but a savage as brave and chivalrous, as courteous and truthful, as a Christian knight.

Rolfe sprang from his horse, and advancing to meet the young chief embraced him. Nantauquas had been much with his sister during those her happy

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days at Varina, before she went with Rolfe that ill-fated voyage to England, and Rolfe loved him for her sake and for his own. "I thought you at Orapax, Nantauquas!" he exclaimed.

"I was there, my brother," said the Indian, and his voice was sweet, deep, and grave, like that of his sister. "But Opechancanough would go to Uttamussac, to the temple and the dead kings. I lead his war parties now, and I came with him. Opechancanough is within the lodge. He asks that my brother and Captain Percy come to him there."

He lifted the mat for us, and followed us into the lodge. There was the usual winding entrance, with half a dozen mats to be lifted one after the other, but at last we came to the central chamber and to the man we sought.

He sat beside a small fire burning redly in the twilight of the room. The light shone now upon the feathers in his scalp lock, now upon the triple row of pearls around his neck, now upon knife and tomahawk in his silk grass belt, now on the otterskin mantle hanging from his shoulder and drawn across his knees. How old he was no man knew. Men said he was older than Powhatan, and Powhatan was very old when he died. But he looked a man in the prime of life; his frame was vigorous, his skin unwrinkled, his eyes bright and full. When he rose to welcome us, and Nantauquas stood beside him, there seemed not a score of years between them.

The matter upon which we had come was not one that brooked delay. We waited with what patience we might until his long speech of welcome was finished, when, in as few words as possible, Rolfe laid before him our complaint against the Paspaheghs. The Indian listened; then said, in that voice that always made me think of some cold, still, bottomless pool lying black beneath overhanging rocks: "My brothers may go in peace. The Paspaheghs have washed off the black paint. If my brothers go to the village, they will find the peace pipe ready for their smoking."

Rolfe and I stared at each other. "I have sent messengers," continued the Emperor. "I have told the Paspaheghs of my love for the white man, and of the good will the white man bears the Indian. I have told them that Nemattanow was a murderer, and that his death was just. They are satisfied. Their village is as still as this beast at my feet." He pointed downward to a tame panther crouched against his moccasins. I thought it an ominous comparison.

Involuntarily we looked at Nantauquas. "It is true," he said. "I am but come from the village of the Paspaheghs. I took them the word of Opechancanough."

"Then, since the matter is settled, we may go home," I remarked, rising as I spoke. "We could, of course, have put down the Paspaheghs with one hand, giving them besides a lesson which they would not soon forget, but in the kindness of our hearts toward them and to save ourselves trouble we came to Opechancanough. For his aid in this trifling business the Governor gives him thanks."

A smile just lit the features of the Indian. It was gone in a moment. "Does not Opechancanough love the white men?" he said. "Some day he will do more than this for them."

We left the lodge and the dark Emperor within it, got to horse, and quitted the village, with its painted people, yellowing mulberries, and blood-red gum trees. Nantauquas went with us, keeping pace with Rolfe's horse, and giving us now and then, in his deep musical voice, this or that bit of woodland news. At the block house we found confirmation of the Emperor's statement. An embassy from the Paspaheghs had come with presents, and the peace pipe had been smoked. The spies, too, brought news that all warlike preparations had ceased in the village. It had sunk once

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more into a quietude befitting the sleepy, dreamy, hazy weather.

Rolfe and I held a short consultation. All appeared safe, but there was the possibility of a ruse. At the last it seemed best that he, who by virtue of his peculiar relations with the Indians was ever our negotiator, should remain with half our troop at the block house, while I reported to the Governor. So I left him, and Nantauquas with him, and rode back to Jamestown, reaching the town some hours sooner than I was expected.

It was after nooning when I passed through the gates of the palisade, and an hour later when I finished my report to the Governor. When he at last dismissed me, I rode quickly down the street toward the minister's house. As I passed the guest house, I glanced up at the window from which, at daybreak, the Italian had looked down upon me. No one looked out now; the window was closely shuttered, and at the door beneath my lord's French rascals were conspicuously absent. A few yards further on I met my lord face to face, as he emerged from a lane that led down to the river. At sight of me he started violently, and his hand went to his mouth. I slightly bent my head, and rode on past him. At the gate of the churchyard, a stone's throw from home, I met Master Jeremy Sparrow.

"Well met!" he exclaimed. "Are the Indians quiet?"

"For the nonce. How is your sick man?"

"Very well," he answered gravely. "I closed his eyes two hours ago."

"He 's dead, then," I said. "Well, he 's out of his troubles, and hath that advantage over the living. Have you another call, that you travel from home so fast?"

"Why, to tell the truth," he replied, "I could not but feel uneasy when I learned just now of this commotion amongst the heathen. You must know best, but I should not have thought it a day for madam to walk in the woods; so I e'en thought I would cross the neck and bring her home."

"For madam to walk in the woods?" I said slowly. "So she walks there? With whom?"

"With Diccon and Angela," he answered. "They went before the sun was an hour high, so Goodwife Allen says. I thought that you" —

"No," I told him. "On the contrary, I left command that she should not venture outside the garden. There are more than Indians abroad."

I was white with anger; but besides anger there was fear in my heart.

"I will go at once and bring her home," I said. As I spoke, I happened to glance toward the fort and the shipping in the river beyond. Something seemed wrong with the prospect. I looked again, and saw what hated and familiar object was missing.

"Where is the Santa Teresa?" I demanded, the fear at my heart tugging harder.

"She dropped three miles downstream this morning. I passed her as I came up from Archer's Hope, awhile ago. She 's anchored in midstream off the big spring. Why did she go?"

We looked each other in the eyes, and each read the thought that neither cared to put into words.

"You can take the brown mare," I said, speaking lightly because my heart was as heavy as lead, "and we 'll ride to the forest. It is all right, I dare say. Doubtless we 'll find her garlanding herself with the grape, or playing with the squirrels, or asleep on the red leaves, with her head in Angela's lap."

"Doubtless," he said. "Don't lose time. I 'll saddle the mare and overtake you in two minutes."

Mary Johnston.

(*To be continued.*)

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THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A REVOLUTIONIST.

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WESTERN EUROPE.

I.

A STORM raged in the North Sea, as we approached the coasts of England. But I met the storm with delight. I enjoyed the struggle of our steamer against the furiously rolling waves, and sat for hours on the stem, the foam of the waves dashing into my face. After the two years that I had spent in a gloomy casemate, every fibre of my inner self seemed alive and eager to enjoy the full intensity of life.

My intention was not to stay abroad more than a few weeks or months; just enough time to allow the hue and cry caused by my escape to subside, and also to restore my health a little. I landed under the name of Levashóff, under which I had left Russia; and avoiding London, where the spies of the Russian embassy would soon have been at my heels, I went first to Edinburgh.

It has so happened, however, that I have never returned to Russia. I was soon taken up by the wave of the anarchist movement, which was just developing then in Western Europe; and I felt that I should be more useful in helping that movement to find its proper expression than I could possibly be in Russia. In my mother country I was too well known to carry on an open propaganda, especially among the workers and the peasants; and later on, when the Russian movement became a conspiracy and an armed struggle against the representative of autocracy, all thought of a popular movement was necessarily abandoned; while my own inclinations drew me more and more intensely toward casting in my lot with the laboring and toiling masses. To carry to them such conceptions as would turn their efforts to the best advantage of the common people; to deepen and to widen the ideals and principles which would underlie the coming social revolution; to bring them to the workers, not as an order coming from their leaders, but as a result of their own reason; and so to awaken their own initiative, now that they were called upon to appear in the historical arena as the builders of a new, equitable mode of organization of society, — this seemed to me as necessary for the development of mankind as anything I could accomplish in Russia at that time. Accordingly, I joined the few men who were working in that direction in Western Europe, relieving those of them who had been broken down by years of hard struggle.

When I landed at Hull and went to Edinburgh, I informed only my friends in Russia and a few in the Jura Federation of my safe arrival in England. A socialist must always rely upon his own work for his living, and consequently, as soon as I was settled in a small room beyond the meadows, I tried to find employment.

Among the passengers on board our steamer there was a Norwegian professor, with whom I talked, trying to remember the little that I formerly had known of the Swedish language. He spoke German. "But as you speak some Norwegian," he said to me, "and are trying to learn it, let us both speak it."

"You mean Swedish?" I ventured to ask. "I speak Swedish, don't I?"

"Well, I should say it is rather Norwegian; surely not Swedish," was his reply.

Thus happened to me what happened

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to one of Jules Verne's heroes, who had learned by mistake Portuguese instead of Spanish. At any rate, I talked a good deal with the professor, — let it be in Norwegian, — and he gave me a Christiania paper, which contained the reports of the Norwegian North Atlantic deep-sea expedition, just returned home. As soon as I was at Edinburgh I wrote a note in English about these explorations, and sent it to Nature, which my brother and I used regularly to read at St. Petersburg from its first appearance. The sub-editor acknowledged the note with thanks, remarking with an extreme leniency, which I have often met with since in England, that my English was "all right," and only required to be made "a little more idiomatic." I may say that I had learned English in Russia, and, with my brother, had translated Page's Philosophy of Geology and Herbert Spencer's Principles of Biology. But I had learned it from books, and pronounced it very badly, so that I had the greatest difficulty in making myself understood by my Scotch landlady; her daughter and I used to write on scraps of paper what we had to say to each other; and as I had no idea of idiomatic English, I must have made the most amusing mistakes. I remember, at any rate, protesting once to her, in writing, that it was not a "cup of tea" that I expected at tea time, but many cups. I am afraid my landlady took me for a glutton, but I must say, by way of apology, that neither in the geological books I had read in English nor in Spencer's Biology was there any allusion to such an important matter as tea-drinking.

I got from Russia the Journal of the Russian Geographical Society, and soon began to supply the Times with occasional paragraphs about Russian geographical explorations. Prjevalsky was at that time in Central Asia, and his progress was followed in England with interest.

However, the money I had brought with me was rapidly disappearing, and all my letters to Russia being intercepted, I could not succeed in making my address known to my relatives. So I moved in a few weeks to London, thinking I could find more regular work there. The old refugee, P. L. Lavróff, continued to edit at London his newspaper Forward; but as I hoped soon to return to Russia, and the editorial office of the Russian paper must have been closely watched by spies, I did not go there.

I went, very naturally, to the office of Nature, where I was most cordially received by the sub-editor, Mr. J. Scott Keltie. The editor wanted to increase the column of Notes, and found that I wrote them exactly as they were required. A table was consequently assigned me in the office, and scientific reviews in all possible languages were piled upon it. "Come every Monday, Mr. Levashóff," I was told, "look over these reviews, and if there is any article that strikes you as worthy of notice, write a note, or mark the article: we will send it to a specialist." Mr. Keltie did not know, of course, that I used to rewrite each note three or four times before I dared to submit my English to him; but taking the scientific reviews home, I soon managed very nicely, with my Nature notes and my Times paragraphs, to get a living. I found that the weekly payment, on Thursday, of the paragraph contributors to the Times was an excellent thing. To be sure, there were weeks when there was no interesting news from Prjevalsky, and news from other parts of Russia was not found interesting; in such cases my fare was bread and tea only.

One day, however, Mr. Keltie took from the shelves several Russian books, asking me to review them for Nature. I looked at the books, and, to my embarrassment, saw that they were my own works on the Glacial Period and the Orography of Asia. My brother had not failed to send them to our favorite

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Nature. I was in great perplexity, and, putting the books into my bag, took them home, to reflect upon the matter. "What shall I do with them?" I asked myself. "I cannot praise them, because they are mine; and I cannot be too sharp on the author, as I hold the views expressed in them." I decided to take them back next day, and explain to Mr. Keltie that, although I had introduced myself under the name of Levashóff, I was the author of these books, and could not review them.

Mr. Keltie knew from the papers about Kropotkin's escape, and was very much pleased to discover the refugee safe in England. As to my scruples, he remarked wisely that I need neither scold nor praise the author, but could simply tell the readers what the books were about. From that day a friendship, which still continues, grew up between us.

In November or December, 1876, seeing in the letter box of P. L. Lavróff's paper an invitation for "K." to call at the editorial office to receive a letter from Russia, and thinking that the invitation was for me, I called at the office, and soon established friendship with the editor and the younger people who printed the paper.

However, I did not stay long in England. I had been in lively correspondence with my friend James Guillaume, of the Jura Federation, and as soon as I found some permanent geographical work, which I could do in Switzerland as well as in London, I removed to Switzerland. The letters that I got at last from home told me that I might as well stay abroad, as there was nothing in particular to be done in Russia. A wave of enthusiasm was rolling over the country, at that time, in favor of the Slavonians who had revolted against the age-long Turkish oppression, and my best friends, Serghéi (Stepniák), Kelnitz, and several others, had gone to the Balkan peninsula to join the insurgents. "We read," my friends wrote, "the correspondence of the Daily News about the horrors in Bulgaria; we weep at the reading, and go next to enlist either as volunteers in the Balkan insurgents' bands or as nurses."

I went to Switzerland, and, following the advice of my Swiss friends, settled in La Chaux-de-Fonds.

II.

The Jura Federation of the International Workingmen's Association has played an important part in the modern development of socialism.

It always happens that after a political party has set before itself a purpose, and has proclaimed that nothing short of the complete attainment of that aim will satisfy it, it divides into two factions. One of them remains what it was, while the other, although it professes not to have changed a word of its previous intentions, accepts some sort of compromise, and gradually, from compromise to compromise, is driven farther from its primitive programme, and becomes a party of modest makeshift reform.

Such a division had occurred within the International Workingmen's Association. Nothing less than an expropriation of the present owners of land and capital, and a transmission of all that is necessary for the production of wealth to the producers themselves, was the avowed aim of the association at the outset. The workers of all nations were called upon to form their own organizations for a direct struggle against capitalism; to work out the means of socializing the production of wealth and its consumption; and, when they should be ready to do so, to take possession of the necessaries for production, and to control production with no regard to the present political organization, which must undergo a complete reconstruction. The association had thus to be the means for preparing an immense revolution in

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men's minds, and later on in the very forms of life, — a revolution which would open to mankind a new era of progress based upon the solidarity of all. That was the ideal which aroused from their slumber millions of European workers, and attracted to the association its best intellectual forces.

However, two factions soon developed. When the war of 1870 had ended in a complete defeat of France, and the uprising of the Paris Commune had involved the extermination of at least thirty thousand of the most active workers of Paris, while the Draconian laws which were passed against the association excluded the French workers from participation in it; and when, on the other hand, parliamentary rule had been introduced in "united Germany," — the goal of the radicals since 1848, — an effort was made to modify the aims and the methods of the whole socialist movement. The "conquest of power *within the existing states*" became the watchword of that section, which took the name of "Social Democracy." The first electoral successes of this party at the elections to the German Reichstag aroused great hopes. The number of the Social Democratic deputies having grown from two to seven, and next to nine, it was confidently calculated by otherwise intelligent men that before the end of the century the Social Democrats would have a majority in the German parliament, and would then introduce the socialist "popular state" by means of suitable legislation. The socialist ideal of this party gradually lost the character of something that had to be worked out by the labor organizations themselves, and became state management of the industries, — state socialism; that is, state capitalism. In fact, to-day, in Switzerland, the efforts of the Social Democrats are directed in politics toward centralization as against federalism, and in the economic field to promoting the state management of railways and the state monopoly of banking and of the sale of spirits. The state management of the land and of the leading industries, and even of the consumption of riches, would be the next step.

Gradually, all the life and activity of the German Social Democratic party was absorbed by electoral considerations. Trade unions were treated with contempt and strikes were met with disapproval, because both diverted the attention of the workers from electoral struggles. Every popular outbreak, every revolutionary agitation in any country of Europe, was received by the Social Democratic leaders with even more animosity than by the capitalist press.

In the Latin countries, however, this new idea found but few adherents. The sections and federations of the International remained true to the principles which had prevailed at the foundation of the association. Federalist by their history, hostile to the idea of a centralized state, and possessed of revolutionary traditions, the Latin workers could not follow the evolution of the Germans.

The division between the two branches of the socialist movement became apparent immediately after the Franco-German war. The association, as I have already mentioned, had created a governing body in the shape of a general council which resided at London; and the leading spirits of that council being two Germans, Engels and Marx, the council became the stronghold of the new Social Democratic direction; while the inspirers and intellectual leaders of the Latin federations were Bakúnin and his friends.

The conflict between the Marxists and the Bakúnists was not in the least a personal affair. It was the necessary conflict between the principles of federalism and those of centralization, the free commune and the state's paternal rule, the free action of the masses of the people and the betterment of existing capitalist conditions through legislation, — a conflict between the Latin spirit and the

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German *Geist*, which, after the defeat of France on the battlefield, claimed supremacy in science, politics, philosophy, and socialism too, representing its own conception of socialism as "scientific," while all other interpretations it described as "utopian."

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At the Hague Congress of the International Association, which was held in 1872, the London general council, by means of a fictitious majority, excluded Bakúnin, his friend Guillaume, and even the Jura Federation from the International. But as it was certain that most of what remained then of the International — that is, the Spanish, the Italian, and the Belgian federations — would side with the Jurassians, the congress tried to dissolve the association. A new general council, composed of a few Social Democrats, was nominated in New York, where there were no workmen's organizations belonging to the association to control it, and where it has never been heard of since. In the meantime, the Spanish, the Italian, the Belgian, and the Jura federations of the International continued to exist, and to meet as usual, for the next five or six years, in annual international congresses.

The Jura Federation, at the time when I came to Switzerland, was the centre and the leading voice of the organizations. Bakúnin had just died, on July 1, 1876, but the federation retained the position it had taken under his impulse.

The conditions in France, Spain, and Italy were such that only the maintenance of the revolutionary spirit that had developed amongst the Internationalist workers previous to the Franco-German war prevented the governments from taking decisive steps toward crushing the whole labor movement, and inaugurating the reign of White Terror. It is well known that the reëstablishment of a Bourbon monarchy in France was very near becoming an accomplished fact. Marshal MacMahon was maintained as president of the republic only in order to prepare for a monarchist restoration; the very day of the solemn entry of Henry V. into Paris was settled, and even the harnesses of the horses, adorned with the pretender's crown and initials, were ready. And it is also known that it was only the fact that Gambetta and Clémenceau — the opportunist and the radical — had covered wide portions of France with committees, armed and ready to rise as soon as the *coup d'état* should be made, which prevented the proposed restoration. But the real strength of those committees was in the workers who had formerly belonged to the International and had retained the old spirit. Speaking from considerable personal knowledge, I may venture to say that the radical middle-class leaders would have hesitated in case of emergency, while the workers would have seized the first opportunity for an uprising which, beginning with the defense of the republic, might have gone farther on in the socialist direction.

The same was true in Spain. As soon as the clerical and aristocratic surroundings of the king drove him to put on the screws of reaction, the republicans menaced him with a movement in which, they knew, the real fighting element would be the workers. In Catalonia alone there were over one hundred thousand men in strongly organized trade unions, and more than eighty thousand of them belonged to the International, regularly holding congresses, and punctually paying their contributions to the association with a truly Spanish sense of duty. I can speak of these organizations from personal knowledge, gained on the spot, and I know that they were ready to proclaim the United States of Spain, abandon ruling the colonies, and in some of the most advanced regions make serious attempts in the direction of collectivism. It was this permanent menace which prevented the Spanish monarchy from suppressing all the workers' and peasants'

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organizations, and from inaugurating a frank clerical reaction.

Similar conditions prevailed also in Italy. The trade unions in north Italy had not reached the strength they have now; but parts of Italy were honeycombed with International sections and republican groups. The monarchy was kept under a continual menace of being upset, the moment that the middle-class republicans should appeal to the revolutionary elements among the workers.

In short, looking back upon these years, from which we are separated now by a quarter of a century, I am firmly persuaded that if Europe did not pass through a period of stern reaction after 1871, this was mainly due to the spirit which was aroused in Western Europe before the Franco-German war, and has been maintained since by the anarchist Internationalists, the Blanquists, the Mazzinians, and the Spanish "cantonalist" republicans.

Of course, the Marxists, absorbed by their local electoral struggles, knew little of these conditions. Anxious not to draw the thunderbolts of Bismarck upon their heads, and fearing above all that a revolutionary spirit might make its appearance in Germany, and lead to repressions which they were not strong enough to face, they not only repudiated, for tactical purposes, all sympathy with the western revolutionists, but gradually became inspired with hatred toward the revolutionary spirit, and denounced it with virulence wheresoever it made its appearance, even when they saw its first signs in Russia.

No revolutionary papers could be printed in France at that time, under Marshal MacMahon. Even the singing of the Marseillaise was considered a crime; and I was once very much amazed at the terror which seized several of my co-passengers in a train when they heard a few recruits singing the revolutionary song (in May, 1878). "Is it permitted again to sing the Marseillaise?" they asked one another with anxiety. The Spanish papers were very well edited, and some of the manifestoes of their congresses were admirable expositions of anarchist socialism; but who knows anything of Spanish ideas outside of Spain? The Italian papers were all short-lived, appearing, disappearing, and reappearing elsewhere under different names; and admirable as some of them were, they did not spread beyond Italy. Consequently, the Jura Federation, with its papers printed in French, became the centre for the maintenance and expression in the Latin countries of the spirit which — I repeat it — saved Europe from a very dark period of reaction. And it was also the ground upon which the theoretical conceptions of anarchism were worked out by Bakúnin and his followers in a language that was understood all over continental Europe.

III.

Quite a number of remarkable men, of different nationalities, nearly all of whom had been personal friends of Bakúnin, belonged at that time to the Jura Federation. The editor of our chief paper, the organ of the federation, was James Guillaume, a teacher by profession, from one of the aristocratic families of Neuchâtel. Small, thin, with the stiff appearance and resoluteness of Robespierre, and with a truly golden heart which opened only in the intimacy of friendship, he was a born leader by his phenomenal powers of work and his stern activity. For eight years he fought against all sorts of obstacles to maintain the paper in existence, taking the most active part in every detail of the federation, till he had to leave Switzerland, where he could find no work whatever, and settled in France, where his name will be quoted some day with the utmost respect in the history of education.

Adhémar Schwitzguébel, also a Swiss, was the type of the jovial, lively, clear-sighted French-speaking watchmakers

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of the Bernese Jura hills. A watch engraver by trade, he never attempted to abandon his position of manual worker, and, always merry and active, he supported his large family through the severest periods of slack trade and curtailed earnings. His gift of taking a difficult economic or political question, and, after much thought about it, considering it from the workingman's point of view, without divesting it of its deepest meaning, was wonderful. He was known far and wide in the "mountains," and with the workers of all countries he was a general favorite.

His direct counterpart was another Swiss, a watchmaker, Spichiger. He was a philosopher, slow in both movement and thought, English in his physical aspect; always trying to get at the full meaning of every fact, and impressing all of us by the justness of the conclusions he reached while scooping out watch lids.

Round these three gathered a number of solid, stanch, middle-aged or elderly workmen, passionate lovers of liberty, happy to take part in such a promising movement, and a hundred or so bright young men, also mostly watchmakers, — all very independent and affectionate, very lively, and ready to go to any length in self-sacrifice.

Several refugees of the Paris Commune had joined the federation. Elisée Reclus, the great geographer, was of their number, — a type of the true Puritan in his manner of life, and of the French encyclopædist philosopher of the last century in his mind; the man who inspires others, but never has governed any one, and never will do so; the anarchist whose anarchism is the epitome of his broad, intimate knowledge of the forms of life of mankind under all climates and in all stages of civilization; whose books rank among the very best of the century; whose style, of a striking beauty, moves the mind and the conscience; and who, as he enters the office of an anarchist paper, says to the editor, — maybe a boy in comparison to himself, — "Tell me what I have to do," and will sit down, like a newspaper subordinate, to fill up a gap of so many lines in the current number of the paper. In the Paris Commune he simply took a rifle and stood in the ranks; and if he invites a contributor to work with him upon a volume of his world-famed Geography, and the contributor timidly asks, "What have I to do?" he replies: "Here are the books, here is a table. Do as you like."

By his side was Lefrançais, an elderly man, formerly a teacher, who had been thrice in his life a refugee: after June, 1848, after Napoleon's *coup d'état*, and after 1870. An ex-member of the Commune, and consequently one of those who were said to have left Paris carrying away millions in their pockets, he worked as a freight handler at the railway at Lausanne, and was nearly killed in that work, which required younger shoulders than his. His book on the Paris Commune is the one in which the real historical meaning of that movement was put in its proper light. "A communalist, not an anarchist, please," he would say. "I cannot work with such fools as you are;" and he worked with none but us, "because you, fools, are still the men whom I love best. With you one can work, remaining one's self."

Another ex-member of the Paris Commune who was with us was Pindy, a carpenter from the north of France, an adopted child of Paris. He became widely known at Paris, during a strike, for his vigor and bright intelligence, and was elected a member of the Commune, which nominated him commander of the Elysée palace. When the Versailles troops entered Paris, shooting their prisoners by the hundred, three men, at least, were shot in different parts of the town, having been mistaken for Pindy. After the fight, however, he was concealed by a brave girl, a seamstress, who

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saved him by her calmness when the house was searched by the troops, and afterward became his wife. Only a year later they succeeded in leaving Paris unnoticed, and came to Switzerland. Here Pindy learned assaying, at which he became skillful; spending his days by the side of his red-hot stove, and at night devoting himself passionately to propaganda work, in which he admirably combined the passion of a revolutionist with the good sense and organizing powers characteristic of the Parisian worker.

Paul Brousse was then a young doctor, full of mental activity, uproarious, sharp, lively, ready to develop any idea with a geometrical logic to its utmost consequences; powerful in his criticisms of the state and state organization; finding enough time to edit two papers, in French and in German, to write scores of voluminous letters, to be the soul of an evening workmen's party; constantly active in organizing men, with the subtle mind of a true "southerner."

Among the Italians who collaborated with us in Switzerland, two men whose names stood always associated, and will be remembered in Italy by more than one generation, two close personal friends of Bakúnin, were Cafiero and Malatesta. Cafiero was an idealist of the highest and the purest type, who gave all his considerable fortune to the cause, and never has asked himself since what he shall live upon to-morrow; a thinker plunged in philosophical speculation; a man who never would harm any one, and yet took the rifle and marched in the mountains of Benevento, when he and his friends thought that an uprising of a socialist character might be attempted, were it only to show the people that their uprisings ought to have a deeper meaning than that of a mere revolt against tax collectors. Malatesta was a student of medicine, who had left the medical profession and also his fortune for the sake of the revolution; full of fire and intelligence, a pure idealist, who has never thought in all his life — and he is now approaching the age of fifty — whether he will have a piece of bread for his supper and a bed for the night. Not having even so much as a room that he may call his own, he may go on selling sherbet in the streets of London to get his living, but in the evening he will write brilliant articles for the Italian papers. Imprisoned in France, released, re-condemned in Italy, expelled, locked up in an island, escaped, and again in Italy in disguise; always in the hottest of the struggle, whether it be in Italy or elsewhere, — and so for thirty years in succession. And when you meet him again, released from a prison or escaped from an island, he is just as you saw him last; always renewing the struggle, with the same love of men, the same absence of hatred toward his adversaries and jailers, the same hearty smile for a friend, the same caress for a child.

The Russians were few among us, most of them following the German Social Democrats. We had, however, Doukóvsky, a friend of Hérzen, who had left Russia in 1863, — a brilliant, elegant, highly intelligent nobleman, a favorite with the workers, — who better than any of the rest of us had what the French call *l'oreille du peuple* (the ear of the workers), because he knew how to fire them by showing them the great part they had to play in rebuilding society, to lift them to high historical vistas, to throw a flash of light on the most intricate economic problem, and to electrify them with his earnestness and sincerity. Sokolóff, formerly an officer of the Russian general staff, an admirer of Paul Louis Courier for his boldness and of Proudhon for his philosophical ideas, who had made many a socialist in Russia by his review articles, was also with us temporarily.

I mention only those who became widely known as writers, or as delegates to congresses, or in some other way. And yet, I ask myself if I ought not ra-

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ther to speak of those who never committed their names to print, but were as important in the life of the federation as any one of the writers, who fought in the ranks, and were always ready to join in any enterprise, never asking whether the work would be grand or small, distinguished or modest, — whether it would have great consequences, or simply result in infinite worry for themselves and their families.

I ought also to mention the Germans Werner and Rinke, the Spaniard Albarracin, and many others; but I am afraid that these faint sketches of mine may not convey to the reader the same feelings of respect and love with which every one of this little family inspired those who knew him or her personally.

IV.

Of all the towns of Switzerland that I knew, La Chaux-de-Fonds was perhaps the least attractive. It lies on a high plateau entirely devoid of any vegetation, open to bitterly cold winds in the winter, when the snow lies as deep as at Moscow, and melts and falls again as often as at St. Petersburg. But it was important to spread our ideas in that centre, and to give more life to the local propaganda. Pindy, Spichiger, Albarracin, the Blanquist Ferré, were there, and from time to time I could pay visits to Guillaume at Neuchâtel, and to Schwitzguébel in the valley of St. Imier.

A life full of work that I liked began now for me. We held many meetings, ourselves distributing our announcements in the cafés and the workshops. Once a week we held our section meetings, at which the most animated discussions took place, and we went also to preach socialism at the gatherings convoked by the political parties. I traveled a good deal, visiting other sections and helping them.

During that winter we won the sympathy of many, but our regular work was very much hampered by a crisis in the watch trade. Half the workers were out of work or only partially employed, so that the municipality had to open dining rooms to provide cheap meals at cost price. The coöperative workshop established by the anarchists at La Chaux-de-Fonds, in which the earnings were divided equally among all the members, had great difficulty in getting work, in spite of its high reputation, and Spichiger had to resort several times to wool-combing for an upholsterer, in order to get his living.

We all took part, that year, in a manifestation with the red flag at Bern. The wave of reaction spread to Switzerland, and the carrying of the workers' banner was prohibited by the Bern police, in defiance of the constitution. It was necessary, therefore, to show that at least here and there the workers would not have their rights trampled underfoot, and would offer resistance. We all went to Bern on the anniversary of the Paris Commune, to carry the red flag in the streets, notwithstanding the prohibition. Of course there was a collision with the police, in which two comrades received sword cuts and two police officers were rather seriously wounded. But the red flag was carried safe to the hall, where a most animated meeting was held. I hardly need say that the so-called leaders were in the ranks, and fought like all the rest. The trial involved nearly thirty Swiss citizens, all demanding to be prosecuted, and those who had wounded the two police officers coming forward spontaneously to say that they had done it. A great deal of sympathy was won to the cause during the trial; it was understood that all liberties have to be defended jealously, in order not to be lost. The sentences were consequently very light, not exceeding three months' imprisonment.

However, the Bern government prohibited the carrying of the red flag anywhere in the canton; and the Jura Fed-

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eration thereupon decided to carry it, in defiance of the prohibition, in St. Imier, where we held our congress that year. This time most of us were armed, and ready to defend our banner to the last extremity. A body of police had been placed in a square to stop our column; a detachment of the militia was kept in readiness in an adjoining field, under the pretext of target practice, — we distinctly heard their shots as we marched through the town. But when our column appeared in the square, and it was judged from its aspect that aggression would result in serious bloodshed, the mayor let us continue our march, undisturbed, to the hall where the meeting was to be held. None of us desired a fight; but the strain of that march, in fighting order, was such that I do not know what feeling prevailed in most of us, during the first moments after we reached the hall, — relief at having been spared an undesired fight, or regret that the fight did not take place. Man is a very complex being.

Our main activity, however, was in working out the practical and theoretical aspects of anarchist socialism, and in this direction the federation has undoubtedly accomplished something that will last.

We saw that a new form of society is germinating in the civilized nations, and must take the place of the old one: a society of equals, who will not be compelled to sell their hands and brains to those who choose to employ them, in a haphazard way, but who will be able to apply their knowledge and capacities to production, in an organism so constructed as to combine all the efforts for procuring the greatest sum possible of well-being for all, while full, free scope will be left for every individual initiative. This society will be composed of a multitude of associations, federated for all the purposes which require federation: trade federations for production of all sorts, — agricultural, industrial, intellectual, artistic; communes for consumption, making provision for dwellings, gas works, supplies of food, sanitary arrangements, etc.; federations of the communes, and federations of communes with trade organizations; and finally, wider groups covering all the country, or several countries, composed of men who collaborate for the satisfaction of such economic, intellectual, artistic, and moral needs as are not limited to a given territory. All these will combine directly, by means of free agreements between them, just as the railway companies or the postal departments of different countries coöperate now, without having a central railway or postal government; or as the meteorologists, the Alpine clubs, the lifeboat stations in Great Britain, the cyclists, the teachers, and so on, combine for all sorts of work in common, for intellectual pursuits, or simply for pleasure. There will be full freedom for the development of new forms of production, invention, and organization; individual initiative will be encouraged, and the tendency toward uniformity and centralization will be discouraged. This ideal society will have no crystallization, but will continually modify its aspect, because it will be a living, evolving organism; no need of government will be felt, because free agreement and federation take its place in all those functions which governments consider as theirs at the present time, and because, the causes of conflict being reduced in number, those conflicts which may still arise can be submitted to arbitration.

None of us minimized the importance of the change which we looked for. We understood, on the contrary, that such a change cannot be produced by the conjectures of one man of genius, that it will not be one man's discovery, but that it must result from the constructive work of the masses, just as the forms of judicial procedure which were elaborated in the early mediæval ages,

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the village community, the guild, or the mediæval city, were worked out by the people.

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Other men had undertaken to picture ideal commonwealths, sometimes basing them upon the principle of authority, and sometimes upon the principle of freedom. Robert Owen and Fourier had given the world their ideals of a free, organically developing society, in opposition to the pyramidal ideals which had been copied from the Roman Empire or from the Roman Church. Proudhon had continued their work, and Bakúnin, applying his wide and clear understanding of the philosophy of history to the criticism of present institutions, "edified while he was demolishing." But all that was preparatory work only.

The International Workingmen's Association inaugurated a new method of solving the problems of practical sociology by appealing to the workers themselves. The educated men who had joined the association undertook only to enlighten the workers as to what was going on in different countries of the world, to analyze the obtained results, and, later on, to aid them in formulating their conclusions. We did not pretend to evolve an ideal commonwealth out of our theoretical views as to what a society *ought to be*, but we invited the workers to investigate the causes of the present evils, and in their discussions and congresses to consider the practical aspects of a better social organization than the one we live in. A question raised at an international congress was recommended as a subject of study to all labor unions. In the course of the year it was discussed all over Europe, in the small meetings of the sections, with a full knowledge of the local needs of each trade and each locality; then the work of the sections was brought before the next congress of each federation, and finally it was submitted in a more elaborate form to the next international congress. The structure of the society which we longed for was thus worked out from beneath, and the Jura Federation took a large part in the elaboration of the anarchist ideal.

As to myself being placed in such favorable conditions, I gradually came to realize that anarchism represents more than a mere mode of action and a mere conception of a free society; that it is part of a philosophy, natural and social, which must be developed in a quite different way from the metaphysical or dialectic methods which have been employed in sciences dealing with man. I saw that it must be treated by the same methods as natural sciences; not, however, on the slippery ground of mere analogies which has been accepted by Herbert Spencer, but on the solid basis of induction applied to human institutions. And I did my best to accomplish what I could in that direction.

V.

Two congresses were held in the autumn of 1877 in Belgium: one of the International Workingmen's Association at Verviers, and the other an international socialist congress at Ghent. The latter was especially important, as it was known that an attempt would be made by the German Social Democrats to bring all the labor movement of Europe under one organization, subject to a central committee, which would be the old general council of the International under a new name. It was therefore necessary to preserve the autonomy of the labor organizations in the Latin countries, and we did our best to be well represented at this congress. I went under the name of Levashóff; two Germans walked nearly all the distance from Basel to Belgium; and although we were only nine anarchists at Ghent, we succeeded in checking the centralization scheme.

Twenty-two years have passed since; a number of international socialist congresses have been held, and at every one of them the same struggle has been re-

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newed, — the Social Democrats trying to enlist all the labor movement of Europe under their banner and to bring it under their control, and the anarchists opposing and preventing it. What an amount of wasted force, of bitter words exchanged and efforts divided, simply because those who have adopted the formula of "conquest of power within the existing states" do not understand that activity in this direction cannot embody all the socialist movement! From the outset socialism took three independent lines of development, which found their expression in Saint-Simon, Fourier, and Robert Owen. Saint-Simonism has developed into Social Democracy, and Fourierism into anarchism; while Owenism is developing, in England and America, into trade-unionism, coöperation, and the so-called municipal socialism, and remains hostile to Social Democratic state socialism, while it has many points of contact with anarchism. But because of failure to recognize that the three march toward a common goal in three different ways, and that the two latter bring their own precious contribution to human progress, a quarter of a century has been given to endeavors to realize the unrealizable Utopia of a unique labor movement of the Social Democratic pattern.

The Ghent congress ended for me in an unexpected way. The Belgian police learned who Levashóff was, and received the order to arrest me for a breach of police regulations which I had committed in giving at the hotel an assumed name. My Belgian friends warned me. They maintained that the clerical ministry which was in power was capable of giving me up to Russia, and insisted upon my leaving the congress at once. They would not let me return to the hotel, and led me straight from a meeting to a group of Ghent comrades, who, after much whispering and subdued whistling to other groups of comrades, scattered in a dark square, finally took me under escort to a Social Democrat worker, who received me in the most touching way as a brother. Next morning I left once more for England.

I did not stay long in London. In the admirable collections of the British Museum I studied the beginnings of the French Revolution, — how revolutions come to break out, — but I wanted more activity, and soon went to Paris. A revival of the labor movement was beginning there, after the rigid suppression of the Commune. With the Italian Costa and the few anarchist friends we had among the Paris workers, and with Jules Guesde and his colleagues who were not strict Social Democrats at that time, we started the first socialist groups.

Our beginnings were ridiculously small. Half a dozen of us used to meet in cafés, and when we had an audience of a hundred persons at a meeting we felt happy. No one would have guessed then that two years later the movement would be in full swing. But France has its own ways of development. When a reaction has gained sway, all visible traces of a movement disappear. Those who fight against the current are few. But in some mysterious way, by a sort of invisible infiltration of ideas, the reaction is undermined; a new current sets in, and then it appears, all of a sudden, that the idea which was thought to be dead was there alive, spreading and growing all the time; and as soon as public agitation becomes possible, thousands of adherents, whose existence nobody suspected, come to the front. "There are at Paris," old Blanqui used to say, "fifty thousand men who never come to a meeting or to a demonstration; but the moment they feel that the people can appear in the streets to manifest their opinion, they are there to storm the position." So it was then. There were not twenty of us to carry on the movement, not two hundred openly to support it. At the first commemoration of the Commune, in March, 1878, we surely were not two hundred. But

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two years later the amnesty for the Commune was voted, and the working population of Paris was in the streets to greet the returning Communards; it flocked by the thousand to cheer them at the meetings, and the socialist movement took a sudden expansion, carrying with it the radicals.

The time had not yet come for that revival, however, and one night in April, 1878, Costa and a French comrade were arrested. A police court condemned them to imprisonment for eighteen months as Internationalists. I escaped arrest only by mistake. The police wanted Levashóff, and went to arrest a Russian student whose name sounded very much like that. I had given my real name, and continued to stay at Paris under that name for another month. Then I was called to Switzerland.

VI.

During this stay at Paris I made my first acquaintance with Turguéneff. He had expressed to our common friend Lavróff the desire to see me, and, as a true Russian, to celebrate my escape by a small friendly dinner. It was with a feeling near to worship that I crossed the threshold of his room. If by his Sportsman's Notebook he rendered to Russia the immense service of throwing odium upon serfdom (I did not know at that time that he took a leading part in Hérzen's powerful Bell), he has rendered no less service through his later novels. He has shown what the Russian woman is, what treasuries of mind and heart she possesses, what she may be as an inspirer of men; and he has taught us how men who have a real claim to superiority look upon women, how they love. Upon me, and upon thousands of my contemporaries, this phase of his made an indelible impression, far more powerful than the best articles upon women's rights.

His appearance is well known. Tall, strongly built, the head covered with soft and thick gray hair, he was certainly beautiful; his eyes gleamed with intelligence, not devoid of a touch of humor, and his whole manner testified to that simplicity and absence of affectation which are characteristic of all the best Russian writers. His fine head revealed a formidable development of brain power, and when he died, and Paul Bert, with Paul Reclus (the surgeon), weighed his brain, it so much surpassed the heaviest brain then known,—that of Cuvier,—reaching something over two thousand grammes, that they would not trust to their scales, but got new ones, to repeat the weighing.

His talk was especially remarkable. He spoke, as he wrote, in images. When he wanted to develop an idea, he did not resort to arguments, although he was a master in philosophical discussions; he illustrated his idea by a scene presented in a form as beautiful as if it had been taken out of one of his novels.

Of all novel-writers of our century, Turguéneff has certainly attained the greatest perfection as an artist, and his prose sounds to the Russian ear like music, — music as deep as that of Beethoven. His principal novels — the series of Dmitri Rúdin, A Noblemen's Retreat, On the Eve, Fathers and Sons, Smoke, and Virgin Soil — represent the leading "history-making" types of the educated classes of Russia, which evolved in rapid succession after 1848; all sketched with a fullness of philosophical conception and humanitarian understanding and an artistic beauty which have no parallel in any other literature. Yet Fathers and Sons — a novel which he rightly considered his profoundest work — was received by the young people of Russia with a loud protest. Our youth declared that the nihilist Bazároff was by no means a true representation of his class; many described him even as a caricature upon nihilism. This misunderstanding deeply affected Turguéneff, and, although a reconciliation between him and the young generation took place later on,

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at St. Petersburg, after he had written Virgin Soil, the wound inflicted upon him by these attacks was never healed.

He knew from Lavróff that I was a devoted admirer of his writings; and one day, as we were returning in a carriage from a visit to Antokólsky's studio, he asked me what I thought of Bazároff. I frankly replied, "Bazároff is an admirable painting of the nihilist, but one feels that you did not love him as much as you did your other heroes." "No, I loved him, intensely loved him," Turguéneff replied, with an unexpected vigor. "Wait; when we get home I will show you my diary, in which I noted how I wept when I had ended the novel with Bazároff's death."

Turguéneff certainly loved the intellectual aspect of Bazároff. He so identified himself with the nihilist philosophy of his hero that he even kept a diary in his name, appreciating the current events from Bazároff's point of view. But I think that he admired him more than he loved him. In a brilliant lecture on Hamlet and Don Quixote, he divided the history makers of mankind into two classes, represented by one or the other of these characters. "Analysis first of all, and egotism, and therefore no faith; an egotist cannot even believe in himself:" so he characterized Hamlet. "Therefore he is a skeptic, and never will achieve anything; while Don Quixote, who fights against windmills, and takes a barber's plate for the magic helmet of Mambrin (who of us has never made the same mistake?), is a leader of the masses, because the masses always follow those who, taking no heed of the sarcasms of the majority, or even of persecutions, march straight forward, keeping their eyes fixed upon a goal which they alone may see. They search, they fall, but they rise again, and find it, — and by right, too. Yet, although Hamlet is a skeptic, and disbelieves in Good, he does not disbelieve in Evil. He hates it; Evil and Deceit are his enemies; and his skepticism is not indifferentism, but only negation and doubt, which finally consume his will."

These thoughts of Turguéneff give, I think, the true key for understanding his relations to his heroes. He himself and several of his best friends belonged more or less to the Hamlets. He loved Hamlet, and admired Don Quixote. So he admired also Bazároff. He represented his superiority well, but he could not surround him with that tender, poetical love to a sick friend which he bestowed on his heroes when they approached the Hamlet type. It would have been out of place.

"Did you know Myshkin?" he once asked me, in 1878. At the trial of our circles Myshkin revealed himself as the most powerful personality. "I should like to know all about him," he continued. "That *is* a man; not the slightest trace of Hamletism." And in so saying he was obviously meditating on this new type in the Russian movement, which did not exist in the phase that Turguéneff described in Virgin Soil, but was to appear two years later.

I saw him for the last time in the autumn of 1881. He was very ill, and worried by the thought that it was his duty to write to Alexander III., — who had just come to the throne, and hesitated as to the policy he should follow, — asking him to give Russia a constitution, and proving to him by solid arguments the necessity of that step. With evident grief he said to me: "I must do it, but I feel I shall not be able to do it." In fact, he was already suffering awful pains occasioned by a cancer in the spinal cord, and had the greatest difficulty even in sitting up and talking for a few moments. He did not write then, and a few weeks later it would have been useless. Alexander III. had announced in a manifesto his intention to remain the absolute ruler of Russia.

P. Kropotkin.

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THE BREAK-UP OF CHINA, AND OUR INTEREST IN IT.

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THE literal "cycle of Cathay," or period of sixty years, — not the vague literary expression of Lord Tennyson, — which has just ended, was probably the most momentous for China, if not for the world at large; for it was in 1839 that the difficulties of intercourse between the East and the West came to the first crisis. The year 1899 seems to mark another crisis, which, as regards the integrity of the Chinese problem, may prove final. Yet the situation in Far Eastern Asia was grasped by only a few Western observers before 1895, when the struggle for suzerainty over Corea revealed the helplessness of China, and lifted Japan to a seat in the council of Powers. Though worsted in two foreign wars and nearly wrecked by an internal convulsion, the government of the "Son of Heaven" had learned nothing new and forgotten nothing old. The abortive issue of the French attack in 1884 seemed even to give it greater arrogance, and to increase the deference with which it was treated by Europe.

For ten years after the late Jules Ferry had declared Peking to be "*une quantité négligeable*" events conspired to prove his estimate incorrect. The Burlingame burlesque was forgotten, and the Dragon was again believed to be awakening. He looked very formidable — at a distance. Taking into consideration the blindness of the British, who had been the pioneers of trade, and whose commercial supremacy was still unthreatened, to the political and social conditions of the country, we need not wonder at the ignorance displayed by other peoples. English military experts referred to China as a desirable ally in the struggle, then thought imminent, of Slav and Saxon over India. A succession of muzzled or incompetent envoys represented Queen Victoria at Peking, and set to the consuls throughout the Chinese Empire an example of subservience to native authorities intensely mortifying to the foreign commercial communities which had grown to prosperity under a more vigorous régime. The lives and property of the Queen's subjects became so cheap that they were the favorite toys of petty mandarins.

During all this period the attitude of the American government and people was different, but hardly more enlightened. The relations of the United States to China were peculiar; the few American resident merchants, who had built up fortunes by exporting Oriental produce, disappeared, and no large importers had arisen. The delusions of a prohibitive tariff and a purely home market paralyzed American enterprise abroad, and the effect of our navigation laws was to deprive us of that share in the carrying trade of Asia which we had enjoyed before our civil war. On the other hand, an enormous influx of Chinese peasants upon the Pacific coast had glutted the labor market, and produced as bitter a racial hostility to them as could be reciprocated by the untraveled multitudes of the Flowery Land. Familiarity with the Chinese individual in our own country had bred contempt for his nation at home, and the interests, missionary rather than commercial, of American citizens in China were more courageously though not more skillfully upheld than those of European subjects.

How long the nations of the West might have indulged in pleasant dreams of a self-instructed Chinese monarchy holding out both hands for the world's commerce and civilization, varied by that strange recurrent nightmare known as "the Yellow Peril," it is difficult to say. But the internal ferment and consequent expansion of Japan hastened

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the awakening. At first the attention of Europe was concentrated on the naval struggle in the Yellow Sea, from which it was thought possible to learn valuable lessons in armament and tactics. Even after the destruction of Chinese sea power and the occupation of Corea by Japanese troops, the danger threatening the Celestial Empire itself was not realized in Europe. China, it was widely and confidently asserted, could absorb Japanese armies as she would a duststorm. They must simply melt away, leaving their island homes depopulated. The conservative prophets were so rapidly discomfited that bewilderment seized the press and politicians of Great Britain. The Yellow Peril bogey was transferred to Japan, and when Germany, Russia, and France decided to interfere, the authorities of Downing Street seemed willing to be ignored. Had a strong personality ruled the counsels of the Queen something might have been done to save British prestige; but Lord Rosebery was a man of many moods and many minds, hampered by an unpopular domestic policy which he had inherited together with that Elijah's mantle of leadership which was soon to trip him up.

The events which followed the Treaty of Shimonoseki are within the memory of every adult reader of the newspapers. Book after book has been published, professing to give a solution of the Far Eastern question, and often embodying merely the prejudices of a compiler or the perfunctory notes of a flying journalist. The utterances of the Honorable G. N. Curzon and Mr. Archibald R. Colquhoun were the most important, until the publication recently of Lord Charles Beresford's report to the British Associated Chambers of Commerce. (The Break-up of China. Harpers.) Lord Charles appeals not only to the commercial classes of his own country, but to the public of the United States as well; he is, like his predecessors, a believer in a fair field and no favor for all nations in China, but in addition to this he advocates an Anglo-American *entente*, which, with the probable adhesion of Japan and possibly of Germany, he regards as necessary to maintain the "open door." The alternative policy he judges "certain to encompass the doom of China, and equally certain to produce international strife. Mastery in Asia under a system of 'spheres of influence' will not be determined by effusion of ink."

The merit of this report lies in the fact that it gives the results of careful investigations on the spot by a man of world-wide fame in his profession, having extensive knowledge of human nature and a judgment as open and impartial as robust patriotism and special associations ever leave to us at maturity. Beresford received the confidence of all Anglo-Saxon communities in China, as well as assurances of sympathy from German traders and of hearty support by the people and press of Japan. He had access to the highest officials of the Chinese government, and almost every facility for verifying the military and naval collapse of the empire. He was also interviewed by the fugitive leader of the ill-fated Reform Party in China, which was overthrown by the *coup d'état* of September, 1898. He saw the Russians at work in Manchuria and the Germans in Shantung, and he listened to the grievances of Englishmen against their consular service, to which some reformers in this country are wont to point as a model. He has studied the treaties, and observed the administration and effects of the tariff which depends upon them, as conscientiously as the forts and arsenals which might have more personal interest for a rear admiral who has seen active service. Above all, he has learned how to assimilate and condense the vast amount of information which he received, how to discard the extreme view, and how to sift the unfounded as-

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sertion. Whether or not one may agree with the practical utility of the open door policy, The Break-up of China is the most available and authoritative statement of essential truths for a student of politics or a seller of produce in the Orient.

Lord Charles has assuredly made out a good case against the inaction or opportunism of the British government amid recent developments, and he shows how seriously British and American trade is menaced by the closing of an immense general market. The advent of the United States to a seat on the court-martial of Powers which is trying the case of China is likely to be of great moment. Hitherto the majority has been distinctly inclined to give a sentence of summary decapitation and dissection. America, secure in a splendid isolation and confident in the permanent sufficiency of her domestic market, regarded the Oriental problem as academic, and its solution as immaterial to her welfare, until the guns of Admiral Dewey stirred the masses of his fellow countrymen to a keener sense of their needs and responsibilities. But other than sentimental reasons must be advanced for our undertaking with Great Britain or a syndicate of Powers to buttress the tottering colossus of China.

Almost all statistics of the foreign trade of China are based upon the returns of the Imperial Maritime Customs, which do not include the figures of import or export by overland routes. But the commerce of Western Europe and America is almost wholly sea-borne, and Lord Charles Beresford shows how great our export trade to China is, and how much it increased during the decade which ended with 1897. In free competition with British plain gray and white cotton goods, the American variety has risen from fourteen and a half per cent of the total import eleven years ago to twenty-nine and a half per cent during the year before last. The figures given by Consul-General Jernigan in his report of October 25, 1895, indicated that the value of the direct sea-borne trade relations between China and the United States for 1894 was greater than that between China and the European continent (Russia excepted); that it was more than double that between Russia and China, and amounted to nearly five eighths of the direct trade of Great Britain with China. Mr. A. R. Colquhoun stated that "the volume of the United States trade with China represented more than one seventh of the entire foreign trade of the empire in 1896. While the import trade from China has increased slowly, the export trade to China has increased one hundred and twenty-six per cent in ten years, and is more than fifty per cent larger than the German exports." (China in Transformation, page 156.) A depression in 1898, due in part to our war with Spain, is more than offset by the estimates for 1899. And all this notwithstanding the purchasing power of Chinese silver has fallen thirty per cent since 1893.

Our present rivalry with Russia is in kerosene oil. But the Russian oil is so much inferior that dishonest methods are employed to introduce it. Tins and cases which have contained American oil and still bear its trademarks are used to pack Russian oil, to the injury of the American exporter and the native consumer. Another branch of American trade, and one capable in an open market of indefinite development, is the importation of flour for the northern provinces; but if these regions of China, where wheat instead of rice is the staple food of the people, should be acknowledged as the Russian "sphere of influence," the exclusion of American flour and oil by administrative enactment is sure to follow. It is, moreover, noteworthy in the statistics of the northern ports that American imports have more generally increased in that section than in the Yangtse Valley or the southern

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provinces, where they are not at present threatened with political discrimination.

Russia has always been served by the best men she has in the career of diplomacy. With her especially it may be said that "a diplomat is an honest man sent abroad to lie for his country." There may be significance in the fact that her present ambassador at Washington has played a great part in the overshadowing influence of the Tsar at Peking. Of course, the cabinet and the press are given to understand, with extreme unctuousness, that Russian influence in Asia is friendly to American interests; but it is well to remember, as a guarantee of Russian good faith, the recent crime against the liberties of Finland.

Lord Charles Beresford's chapters on Railways and Waterways are highly interesting, because it is by facility of travel and transportation that the dough of Cathay must be leavened. But the distinguished defender of the open door is not always consistent in his exposition. He is inclined to surrender in practice a crucial part of his policy for the sake of getting it adopted in theory. "If the open door policy is maintained throughout China," he writes, "the more countries who employ their capital and energy in making railways, the better it will be for British trade; but in order to secure the open door policy, it may be that we shall have to concede to other countries preferential rights or spheres of interest, as far as railway enterprise is concerned. This we have already done with regard to Germany in Shantung and Russia in Manchuria, and the question arises, What is our position in the Yangtse Valley, where other Powers possess railway concessions?" Very pertinent; but if there are to be spheres of railway influence, why should there not be spheres of mining, bridging, conservancy, or other engineering influence? Where are they to cease, and how are they to be regulated? It would be a jungle of jurisdictions, a gnarled knot of privileges which only the sword could cut. We have already, as pointed out by Lord Charles, an example of conflicting courts in the residential concessions at the port of Hankow, where the invalidity of certain titles to real estate is the distress of the occupants, and would be the despair of an American conveyancer.

The trouble is that there has been no definite agreement among the Powers since the collapse of China was made clear to the meanest intellect. Each government has been bullying Peking in its turn, demanding this or that contract or concession with or without the color of a pretext. Where only a harbor or a fringe of seacoast is involved, the disadvantages of the scramble policy may not be immediately patent; but when it is extended to the complicated charters of public carriers, the development of mineral resources, or any enterprise requiring the employment of intricate machinery and skilled labor, the absurdity is manifest. It might reach such proportions that the consent of five Powers would be necessary to construct a breakwater in the Gulf of Pechili, or that one Power could veto the opening of a switch at a railway junction in the Yangtse Valley.

No such compromise is possible. Either, as Lord Charles Beresford believes and in the main strongly presents to us, "the world must adhere firmly to the open door and equal opportunity policy," with its logical sequence of a revival of the imperial authority in China by injecting stimulants and vigorously chafing the extremities, or there must be accurately surveyed and delimited geographical regions, where Briton, Cossack, Frank, Teuton, Japanese, or Yankee may grow whatever crop of institutions he may prefer and the soil can bear.

Is it for the benefit of the United States to deal with China as a vast unit under her native flag, or as fragments under many flags? That is what we

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have to decide; and Lord Charles confesses that, when he passed through America, the public mind was partly distracted from his message by the acute stage of the Philippine problem. It is to be hoped that our government is silently exercising the utmost vigilance in behalf of our commercial privileges on the continent of Asia. Failure to do so might not be politically disastrous to the present administration, but posterity will not forgive nor history condone faults of omission or indifference after such warnings as have already been given. Surely, no American administration would seriously contemplate the establishment of a dependency or protectorate on the mainland of China, while our interests there may be safeguarded by international control and reciprocity; but it is difficult to see how these securities can be obtained without more definite engagements on the part of our State Department than our uninformed public opinion now demands. Nevertheless, the signs of a healthy and growing interest are numerous. The American Asiatic Association of those directly interested in the Far East was formed last year, with headquarters at New York, corresponding to the British China Association, and may in time possess equal weight. A very valuable document, Commercial China in 1899, has been issued by the Bureau of Statistics of the Treasury Department at Washington, and gives in a concise and intelligible form the main facts and prospects of the situation. A wide dissemination of this pamphlet is earnestly to be desired; and every factor is to be encouraged that brings home to American manufacturers and merchants the opportunity that awaits them, — an opportunity that, by a wise foreign policy and far-sighted commercial methods, can add immensely to our trade and to our international influence.

HAVE WE FAILED WITH THE INDIAN?

When the public mind is directed to a discussion of the wisest and safest attitude toward other alien races whose future has been put in our keeping, our policy with the Indians becomes an object lesson worthy of careful and candid study. It is for this purpose that attention is here invited to what that policy has come to be, and what it has thus far accomplished. The treatment of the Indian has been the subject of much study and experiment that has proved fruitless. Only by the process of elimination after experiment have the multitude of ephemeral and ineffective methods given way to one which has at last come to hold undivided public support for a time long enough to test its efficacy.

The present Indian policy of the government is of comparatively recent date. It is hardly yet twenty-five years since the first step was taken. The beginning was small and tentative, but the policy has steadily grown in the public confidence and in the enlargement of effort, until, judged by results, it now stands justified. Before its adoption the attitude of the government toward the different tribes was in general that of kind, patient care. There were exceptional cases in this treatment, — instances of hardship, injustice, and wrong, — not to be defended; traceable, however, almost always to unfit stewards and unfaithful public servants, and not to the deliberate act of the government itself. The prevailing idea was that of guardianship of an uncivilized race among us,

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incapable of self-support or self-restraint, over which public safety as well as the dictates of humanity required the exercise of a constant, restraining care, until it should fade out of existence in the irresistible march of civilization. It very soon became apparent that under this treatment the race did not diminish, but, by reason of protection from the slaughter of one another in wars among themselves and from diseases inseparable from savage life, it increased in number. This increase in population calling for more room, we were confronted with another problem not before taken into account. Emigration was yearly swelling in numbers, and marching like an army with banners upon the public domain and over into Indian reservations. These conditions, impossible to change, forced upon the country a change in its Indian policy. This army of newcomers was invading and appropriating to the uses of civilization the reservations which the increasing number of the Indian race was making more and more necessary for its own support. There would soon be little unoccupied room for either race, and it was plain that the two could not live together, and that the one must speedily crowd out the other. What was to become of the untutored, defenseless Indian, when he found himself thus pushed out of the life and home of the reservation, and cut off from the hunting and fishing which furnished the only and scanty supply of his daily wants? It was plain that if he were left alone he must of necessity become a tramp and beggar with all the evil passions of a savage, a homeless and lawless poacher upon civilization, and a terror to the peaceful citizen.

It was this condition which forced on the nation its present Indian policy. It was born of sheer necessity. Inasmuch as the Indian refused to fade out, but multiplied under the sheltering care of reservation life, and the reservation itself was slipping away from him, there was but one alternative: either he must be endured as a lawless savage, a constant menace to civilized life, or he must be fitted to become a part of that life and be absorbed into it. To permit him to be a roving savage was unendurable, and therefore the task of fitting him for civilized life was undertaken.

This, then, is the present Indian policy of the nation, — to fit the Indian for civilization and to absorb him into it. It is a national work. It is less than twenty-five years since the government turned from the policy of keeping him on reservations, as quiet as possible, out of the way of civilization, waiting, with no excess of patience, for the race to fade out of existence and to cease from troubling. It was in 1877 that the nation made the first appropriation from its own treasury to fit for its own citizenship this portion of the human race living under its own flag and constitution, but without legal status or constitutional immunities. They were sometimes called in political phraseology savages, and sometimes wards or dependents, but generally savages, because no other word came so near expressing their status and character. The first appropriation was a mere pittance of $20,000; it was given only after a hard struggle. But the first step met with encouragement, and the next year the sum was increased to $30,000, and then to $60,000, and in two years more it became $125,000. The policy has at last so grown in public confidence that, while there is still much discussion of the best methods of expenditure, not a word is heard among the lawgivers for its abandonment. It has in the meantime so broadened in its scope that the appropriations for this work have increased from year to year, till this year (1899) it has risen to $2,638,390.

This vast outlay would of itself justify an inquiry into results. But an inquiry is demanded for another reason, because the assumed "failure" of our Indian policy is quoted in discussions of the

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attitude of the nation toward other alien peoples and our treatment of them. An eminent preacher, on last Thanksgiving Day, declared to a large congregation, "I should rather be a Malay subject to Spain than an American Indian subject to the Indian Bureau." A leading religious weekly of the widest circulation, discussing the same subject, stated that "our treatment of the Indian has been a miserable failure." There appeared also in one of the oldest of our magazines an article, by one whose sincerity and ability no one has ever questioned, demanding a radical departure, an abandonment of our present Indian policy. Men of less note, thus encouraged, are turning great microscopic power upon the government's treatment of the Indian for the last twenty-five years, in search of support for these arguments. It does not seem out of place, then, again to call public attention to what has been done for the Indian, and to see whether our present policy is a failure.

The contrast between the small beginning and the last appropriation itself indicates a public confidence based on merit. Much more would the aggregate of the outlay, if we should count it up, make imperative the inquiry, What else than success could possibly have induced adherence to so costly an outlay? The aggregate of all sums appropriated for this purpose since the first $20,000 in 1877 amounts to $29,352,344. Previous Indian policies had been shifting and ephemeral enough to promise a dozen changes during the period that the present policy has continued. Before this hardly one had outlived the administration that originated it, and sometimes two or three would come and go in a single presidential term. But when, in 1877, the government made its first appropriation, of $20,000, to educate the Indian up to a self-supporting citizenship, the money was expended in conjunction with benevolent contributions, and with the interest on funds belonging to the Indians, in support of 48 small boarding schools and 102 day schools with 3598 pupils. These schools were opened at the different reservations most promising for such an experiment. The result of each year's work since this small beginning explains the constantly increasing public confidence and additional expenditure as well as the enlargement of the work. There are now 148 well-equipped boarding schools and 295 day schools, engaged in the education of 24,004 children, with an average attendance of 19,671. How near this comes to including the whole number of children of school age, in a total population of a quarter of a million of Indians, every inquirer can form a pretty close estimate for himself.

No one will deny that, at this rate of progress, the facilities for the education of Indian children will soon reach, if they have not already reached, those enjoyed by their white neighbors in the remote regions of the West. The results thus far are of a most encouraging character. A personal examination, by competent and reliable officials, of all these schools, and as far as possible of the life of every person who has gone out from them, shows that seventy-six per cent of them are proving themselves, in the language of the present wise and broad-minded commissioner who has this work in charge, "good average men and women, capable of dealing with the ordinary problems of life, and of taking their place in the great body politic of our country." This is an army of missionaries going forth among their own people, speaking the language, clothed with the equipment, and inspired with the hopes and ambitions of civilized life. Its value cannot be overestimated. It is to this ultimate end that these schools are conducted. Industrial education which will fit the pupil for independent manhood is the necessity which justifies

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the undertaking. Whatever else may await these youth, they must be able to meet the demands of the life which will surround them, or they will fail. If they are to be farmers, as most of them must be, it is of vastly more importance to them, in the outset, to be taught the requirements of a successful farmer, — irrigation, grain-raising, grazing, herding, — than to be taught any amount of book-learning or culture. This dominating purpose of the Indian school is the test of its usefulness. The result of its work thus far has not failed to stand the test.

But the work does not stop with the rising generation of the race; it embraces also the adult Indian. The home, no less in savage than in civilized life, is the centre of the influences that shape and determine character. Neglect of it is neglect of the future. Soon after the beginning of appropriations for Indian schools, Congress, in what is called the Severalty Act, provided for every Indian (capable of appreciating its value,) and who chose to take it, a homestead of one hundred and sixty acres to heads of families, and a smaller number to other members, inalienable and untaxable for twenty-five years, to be selected by him on the reservation of his tribe. If he prefer to abandon his tribe and go elsewhere, he may take his allotment anywhere on the public domain, free of charge. No English baron has a safer title to his manor than has each Indian to his homestead. He cannot part with it for twenty-five years without the consent of Congress, nor can the United States, without his consent, be released from a covenant to defend his possession for the same period. This allotment carries with it also all the rights, privileges, and immunities of an American citizen; opens to these Indians, as to all other citizens, the doors of all the courts; and extends to them the protection of all the laws, national and state, which affect any other citizen. Any Indian, if he prefers not to be a farmer, incumbered with one of these homesteads, may become a citizen of the United States, and reside and prosecute any calling in any part of the United States, as securely under this law as any one else, by taking up his residence separate and apart from his tribe, and adopting the habits of civilized life. Thus every door of opportunity is thrown wide open to every adult Indian, as well as to those of the next generation.

This recognition of the home and family as a force in Indian civilization became a part of the present policy of dealing with the race only twelve years ago. These are some of its results: 55,467 individual Indians, including a few under former treaty stipulations, have taken their allotments, making an aggregate of 6,708,628 acres. Of these, 30,000 now hold complete patents to their homes, and the rest are awaiting the perfection and delivery of their title deeds. More than 15,000 are heads of families now holding permanent homes, — permanent for twenty-five years, at least. Around these are gathered the lesser allotments of the other members of each family. Every adult male landholder stands at the polls and in the courts in the full rights of American citizenship.

Not alone in these statistics are manifest the evidences of permanent advance of the race toward the goal of orderly, self-supporting citizenship. Bloody Indian wars have ceased. The slaughter of warring clans and the scalping of women and children fleeing from burning wigwams are no longer recorded. Geronimo himself has become a teacher of peace. The recent unfortunate difficulty with the Chippewas in Minnesota, caused more by lack of white than of red civilization, is no exception. We are at peace with the Indian all along the border, and the line between the Indian and the white settlements is fast fading out. The pioneer goes forth to trade and barter with the red man as

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safely as he does with his white neighbor, and returns at night to his defenseless home with less apprehension of peril to those within than when scouts and sentinels mounted guard over it. This change has come quite as much from causes at work among the Indians themselves as from the influence of those who have the shaping of our policy. During these twelve years, families and adult Indians without families, in all more than 30,000, have found homes of their own on Indian lands, and are maintaining themselves by farming, stock-raising, and other pursuits to which peace is essential, and have themselves become peacemakers. Results from this brief experiment cannot be put into figures, but statistics recently published by authority as substantially correct are a sufficient and unanswerable argument in its support. From them it appears that these newborn Indian farmers have already fenced for their own farms 1,066,368 acres, from which they have realized, beyond what they themselves consumed, of vegetables, grain, hay, stock, and other farm products, the sum of $1,220,517. It is needless to say that this is a peace establishment more effective to prevent outbreaks among these Indians than all the bayonets relied on in the past for that purpose. In the Carlisle industrial school, the earliest and most persistent in developing the industrial faculties of Indian pupils, the scholars have a savings bank of their own, conducted by themselves, in which they deposit their earnings during the summer months. These deposits have aggregated as much as $15,000. From them they often, of their own motion, disburse, in various benevolent enterprises connected with the work, percentages of each deposit.

There is another side of this question yet to be considered. What has the church been able to do under this policy? Bishop Hare, who has devoted his life to the uplifting of the Indian in the diocese of the two Dakotas, tells of a dozen Indian clergymen, and more than fifty deacons and catechists, engaged in missionary work among the Sioux alone, and 1600 Indian communicants in the Episcopal church. The Indian women in his diocese contributed in one year $2000 for missionary purposes. There are 33,000 Sioux, and 8000 are members of various churches. The Presbyterians, working among the Indians in other parts of the country, report nearly 5000 church members and 4000 enrolled in their Sunday schools, who gave in one year for missions $2600, besides $3400 toward their own support. Equally encouraging are reports from other denominations in all parts of the field where the national policy of making self-supporting citizens has taken root. The aggregate of church communicants is 28,351.

Other features of the work are not less successful. Not the least is the manhood it has inspired and the hope it has awakened in the Indian. It is dawning upon him that he was made for something, and he is beginning to care for the morrow. Pride in his children, in his home and its surroundings, is prompting effort and stimulating desire to excel. He no longer doubts and distrusts, and is daily growing more and more sure that the hand held out to him is for guidance and help, and not for betrayal or spoliation.

Such is the purpose of the present Indian policy of the nation, and these are some of its results. It is not all it should be, and there is yet need of the ever mending hand of the legislator as well as the watchful eye of the administrator. But the work has passed beyond the stage of experiment, and has won a permanent place in the conduct of public affairs. Those whose hands and hearts are in the work no longer criticise, but labor to improve. When such results have been accomplished in the green tree, what may we not hope for in the dry?

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But let it ever be kept in mind that, after all, the civilization of the Indian cannot be enacted. The function of the law in this work is little more than the clearing of the way, the removal of disabilities, the creation of opportunities, and the shelter and protection of agencies elsewhere vitalized. The one vitalizing force, without which all else will prove vain, is the Indian's own willingness to adopt civilized life. Until this is quickened into activity, everything else will wilt and perish like a plant without root. Every effort must recognize this cardinal principle. Much can be done to kindle in him a desire for a better life and to nurse its beginnings, building it up to an aggressive force; but until this exist, any attempt, through legislation or in any other way, to impose civilization upon the race will prove a failure. When that desire and hope for a better life shall begin to prevail over savage instincts, if the law shall then have made the way clear and the path plain, and, co-operating with outside efforts to strengthen and mature the new impulses, shall have made sure the rewards of civilization and the immunities of citizenship, it will have fulfilled its purpose. This is the endeavor of the Indian policy of to-day. Opening up so wide a field, and imposing an obligation for increased effort on every friend of the race, whatever may be his theory, it may calmly await the first stone from any of those who can claim Scriptural authority for casting it.

H. L. Dawes.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Hamlet as a Fool.

SHAKESPEARE, with his wealth of words of unfixed connotation, seems to have tried to distinguish the terms "fool," "jester," and "clown." In his nomenclature of characters, a clown is a muddle-pated, mistaught, clumsy fellow, too often lewd; a jester is a witty man, whose trade is "to set the table on a roar," or who talks for the sake of hearing himself say clever things. "A fool," says Webster, "is a man who counterfeits folly:" and that is the basis of Shakespeare's conceptions. His fools are at bottom exceedingly wise men; they are judicious critics, but pessimistic, able to edge their observations with potent euphemisms, sharp paradoxes, or biting sarcasms. A good critic is invariably a fool, in this sense; and a fool is ever a good critic.

The great dramatist, in making his best plays, seems to have followed a recipe like this:—

Take a man with an introspective brain, who is naturally kind of heart and whose instincts are mainly for good; give him such an education that he shall be fitted to observe men and things, and to compare his observations with the workings of his own soul; then imprison him in circumstances which make it impossible for him to act as his heart bids him; and for result you will have a hero, a villain, or a fool. The man becomes a hero when a way is opened at last for him to perform a noble deed, as witness Henry V. He becomes a villain when the only road from his prison leads through crime and bloodshed, as witness Macbeth. But if the dam walling in the troubled waters of his soul is never burst, he becomes a fool, whom the spectator must love as much as he admires, detests, or pities the other two; and such a character must remain a fool till the last act, when death comes and brings him peace.

Such fools are not found in Shake-

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speare's earlier plays. The first I know of is the fool in Twelfth Night, a lovable fellow, nearly a buffoon, whom Malvolio detests and all the others love. Of the fool in Lear Coleridge says, "He is no comic buffoon to make the groundlings laugh." No; he is rather a wise man to teach the groundlings wisdom, whose "rudeness is a sauce to his good wit." Wise with a wisdom which is expressionless, he must yet speak out of the fullness of his heart though he be whipped for it. For what can he *do*? Can he stem the torrent of disaster which the old man by his unwisdom has brought upon his own head? Can he bring back his beloved mistress, for whom "since her going into France he hath much pined away"? Can he make the devilish Goneril and Regan as tenderhearted as they should be? Can he stop the poor old King from going mad? No, he can do none of these things; but he may endeavor, with his quips and quibbles, his euphemisms and paradoxes, to make the crownless Lear laugh at his own sorrows, and he can be faithful unto death, and fade from the wonderful page helping to bear the sleeping King to Dover.

Shakespeare's fools do not all wear motley. He loved them too much not to place one on a high pedestal, and the one he has drawn most carefully is a Prince, always in black. For the hero of Shakespeare's masterpiece is undoubtedly a fool, — the apotheosis of the Fool as the dramatist saw him. The contention that Hamlet was a weak man, who succumbed to a burden too great for him, and was essentially mad, is contradicted by the fact that he simulated madness, and also by his decisive action in the matter of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. A weak man never seizes the bull by the horns, as Hamlet did in that case, and in the matter of his *call* it was the circumstances which fooled him. He could have struck the nail on the head if he had been sure there was a nail to strike, but he was ever skeptical about his right to slay his uncle, and there was not always in him a firm belief that the Ghost was as real as it seemed.

No; Hamlet was a fool in the same sense of the word that Lear's friend and adviser of the motley was a fool. He recognized that the world was all awry; that wickedness, drunkenness, lewdness, and injustice were enthroned; and that he could do nothing to remedy it nor to relieve the bitterness within him but by sarcastic speeches and euphemisms veiled in clownishness. "There 's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark but he 's an arrant knave," taken with its context, is the quintessence of Shakespearean fooling.

It would seem that there works against this contention the fact that Hamlet is rarely to be laughed at, but with Shakespeare the fool's part was not necessarily ludicrous. "*The clown*," says Hamlet, instructing his Players, "*the clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickle o' the sear;*" and we have seen that a fool and a clown are as different as a philosopher and a buffoon, and that the saws of a true fool will as easily make you weep as laugh.

In Act V. Scene i. the contradistinction between fooling and clowning is plainly seen. Hamlet answers the gravedigger according to his clownishness with the quibble, "I think the grave be thine indeed, for thou liest in it." And later, when the clowns drop out of the conversation, Hamlet continues his fooling in its true spirit, so that the staid Horatio says, "'T were to consider too curiously to consider so;" but the Prince will not leave it, and he plays his part consistently to the bitter end. Osric cannot of course understand it; the "waterfly," the dude, the empty-headed phrase plagiarist, is so befooled, so smothered in his own blanket, that he undoubtedly believes "my lord" is mad.

Right to the end Hamlet's introspec-

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tion, his "considering too curiously," continues, and then his long-pent-up desire to do something finds an outlet. He has a *presentiment* that he is going to his death, but on no account will he appear cowardly. Circumstances, ever before against him, in the last scene show kind and cruel, and his fate having caused him to lead a fool's life he dies a hero's death. The "union" falls into the wrong cup, the swords are exchanged, the guilt of the King becomes palpable, and then Hamlet, in the very pangs of death, finds means to revenge himself and his father. And lest he should leave behind him the name of madman, he begs Horatio to stay on the earth a little longer, that the world may know that he was not mad, but only the Fool of Fate.

The Art of Wooing.

"ALL the world," declares the old saying, "loves a lover," but it loves different lovers at different ages. In our romantic years we spent sorrowful last days with Bruce, wept over The Scottish Chiefs, and devoured the pages of Eugene Aram, Paul Clifford, and My Novel. It was in the reading of these thrilling pages that our ideals of lovers remodeled themselves. We forgot our earlier hero, the prince of the fairy tales, and became temporarily convinced that Kenelm Chillingly and the dashing Clifford were ideal lovers. Years, however, bring a wisdom which sobers. Other days came, when we recognized ourselves as no longer romantic, and not unwilling to admit the virtues of the excellent young men of Persuasion and Emma. It became possible to smile over Mr. Rochester, and to own to a chill in our ardor for the chivalric Kenelm.

The time also came when, reflecting upon the ways of lovers as revealed in our reading, we asked ourselves if, after all, even so divine a thing as love-making may not be influenced by environment, time, social conditions, and, more material than all, by climate itself.

Take the lovers of the days of Dante. Did they not swoon from the very violence of their feelings, while, according to Chaucer, the suitors of England, after the fashion of Ellen Montgomery, fell to weeping the moment their eyes happened upon the object of their devotion? The Morte D'Arthur, on its part, introduces us to lovers who are subject to constant physical collapses. They lose their appetites, occasionally their minds, always their common sense. They swoon from joy, and make all manner of violent demonstration. Of all lovers they appear to have been the most inconvenient, since how was it possible to be ever ready to restore them with a sight of the lady, when, likely as not, she was locked in a dungeon or confined in a tower?

The Elizabethan lovers, true to the spirit of their age, sang love songs to the music of the lute. They composed verses to Phyllida's eyes, and wrote lyrics to Clorinda Maying. A flowery bank, as background to a lady's charms, was an absolute necessity in the landscape, and, apparently, no one went wooing except in summer. The wearing of lutestring gowns introduced the laborious fashion of wooing by letter-writing, a method by no means inexpensive, when we call to mind the reams of paper consumed by Lovelace and Clarissa alone, not to estimate the excessive postage of the day, nor the payment of the many special messengers employed by the gentleman.

With the passing of hair powder and knee buckles went the last of the romantic wooers. When broadcloth and stiff linen collars claimed the suitors, love-making became appropriately commonplace. It being no longer necessary to live up to a plume or lace ruffles, the practice of wooing on the knee fell entirely into disuse. To-day lovers are entirely tailor-made, and state their proposals in a strictly erect position.

But, after all, if we confine our speculations to novels, are not lovers mere puppets in the hands of their authors? No matter how ardent their feelings, they

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have no interpreter but the temperament of their writer.

Take the lovers of the Waverleys. Does not Scott precipitate them through their love affairs with a haste which compels us to the belief that the entire party would prefer infinitely to be seated before goodly venison or to be brandishing broadswords in battle? In the words of Sir Geoffrey Peveril, they act as if the lips of the heroines were red-hot horseshoes. The knight in The Talisman falls on his knees before Edith Plantagenet, but what reader can refuse to acknowledge that it is more than plain that the mysterious warrior would prefer any other position? It is impossible not to see that he only retains that peculiarly uncomfortable attitude because Scott forces him to uncomplaining obedience. Arthur Philipson, we are happy to know, throws himself at the feet of Anne of Geierstein "with an ardor which he could not repress;" but he stays there as short a time as possible, being only too happy to be permitted to go about more congenial occupations.

The author of David Copperfield has scant reason to be proud of his lovers when they betake themselves to wooing. To the minds of most of us, they are as sorry a lot as can well be encountered in the pages of romance, and are as inferior to Mr. Pickwick or Mr. Wilkins Micawber as is ordinary punch to that "agreeable beverage" when brewed from the ingredients which Mr. Thomas Traddles had the privilege of ordering. It is hard even to believe in their emotions, embrace as they may, and I for one am frank to confess that I prefer the heroes in the company of their own sex.

According to an old chronicle, a woman invented the art of kissing. This, in part, may account for the very ardent, not to say demonstrative wooing in novels by writers of the more emotional sex. Compare the love scenes of Currer Bell or George Eliot with those of Thackeray or Scott, and note the relative number of embraces. Recall for a moment the loving glances, the hand pressures, the kisses, which enliven the pages of Miss Mulock, and call to mind Stevenson's complaint concerning his inability to manage the swish of the petticoats. Think how few are the kisses of Kipling, how innumerable those of Mrs. Burnett or the tearful Miss Warner.

Of late, if again we base our conclusions on the novels, love-making has taken on a new and cheerless phase. Each lover, emulating the early example of Narcissus, falls in love with his or her own image, expects the other to do likewise, and sets about wooing with that end in view. Imagine, if one can, a more dismal vision than a procession of modern lovers. Contrast with the princes of the plumes and loving hearts the Reverend John Storm, the religious Mr. Helbeck, the incomprehensible Mr. Ware. Fancy any princess having the inclination, much less the time, to listen to the interminable discussions of any one of them!

Justice, however, recalls to our memory The Prisoner of Zenda, and we acknowledge the presence of a very prince of lovers, worthy a fairy tale itself.

All the world, we frankly admit, loves a lover, but never one who loves self. Self-love is the unpardonable sin in the kingdom of romance, and therein lies that failure to charm which is the misfortune of our latter-day lovers. The lover whom the world loves best of all must know, before everything else, how to love with all his manly heart. He must know how to woo, and lose no time in going about the winning of the lady. He must know when to fall on his knees, and when to rise therefrom. He must scorn a faint heart, and refuse to recognize failure; for the world loves with its heartiest love that lover who wins the hand of "the most beautiful princess in the world," and in her society "lives happily ever after."

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IRRESISTIBLE TENDENCIES.

When Shakespeare made Brutus say to Cassius,

> "There is a tide in the affairs of men
> Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
> Omitted, all the voyage of their life
> Is bound in shallows and in miseries,"

he seems to have expressed in characteristically striking phrase a truth of general if not universal application.

Another way of expressing substantially the same great fact is embodied in the epigrammatic saying, "Tendencies are stronger than men." It is, I think, unquestionably true that in the affairs of society and in the affairs of nations, as well as in the affairs of individual persons, there are great movements, great tendencies, great drifts, or "tides," which cannot be resisted without leading to "shallows" and "miseries." To a few of these irresistible tendencies attention may not inappropriately be called at the present time.

And first of all we are confronted with that irresistible spirit of individualism which came into modern society about four hundred years ago, and which is probably not only the most interesting, but also the most fundamental and influential characteristic of modern times. Whatever we may think of the advantages of that spirit, or of its disadvantages, we shall all have to acknowledge its importance. It had its origin in the general movement of the Renaissance, and was strongly formulated in the creed and teachings of Luther; then, for the first time, the individual man was so emphatically and so comprehensively set forth as the responsible unit of society as to attract universal attention, if not universal acceptance. The precipitation of that thought into society with so much energy and persistency must be regarded as the cause, directly or indirectly, of very much that has happened in modern society. It resulted in revolutionizing civil life more completely, perhaps, than it revolutionized religious life; for in civil life it soon made itself felt everywhere, whereas in religious life it was for a long time, at least, somewhat limited in its scope. Not only was this idea at the bottom of all the religious wars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, but in the trend of political affairs, though its influence was not so obvious, it was none the less certain, and was even more comprehensive in its far-reaching effects. To understand the nature and significance of this great transformation, we have only to cast a moment's glance at a few of the most obvious conditions of social and political life before that time and after it.

As is well known, in ancient history the unit of civil society was, not the man, but the city; and for nearly a thousand years before the fifteenth century the unit was the feudal organization. Throughout the Middle Ages the peculiarity of this organization was an obligation of protection on the part of the lord, and of service on the part of the vassal. It was founded in the idea of mutual helpful-

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ness, and all parts of the system were so interlaced and interlocked that individuality found practically no recognition. If we look into any of the wars of the Middle Ages, we shall not fail to see that there is very little voluntary will, but that all seems to consist of the united movements of the feudal lords and their subordinates acting as a whole. The spirit of chivalry, a late product of feudalism, was only a conspicuous exhibition of an impulse to break away from the spirit which bound all men together, — the first impulse toward individuality.

But in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries this impulse manifested itself everywhere. While it was most powerfully resisted, and consequently was least successful, in southern Germany and in France, it became dominant after terrible struggles in northern Germany and in England. What was the history of England from the accession of Elizabeth to the death of George III. but the history of the evolution of this individualism? And even since the civil and political rights of individual men were established and recognized, what has been the history of Great Britain but the application of these rights to the affairs of the empire? The flood of great reforms which have crowded the statute books of that realm for the present century is a convincing answer to the question. It was a long struggle, but it was irresistible.

Then turn to the history of France. In the first contests between individualism and centralized authority, centralized authority was overwhelmingly successful. The brilliant and popular indifference of Henry IV. turned everything in the direction of the government. The far-reaching statesmanship of Richelieu made possible the dominant magnificence of Louis XIV. The nation was dazzled into a century of acquiescence. But the fire was not extinguished; it was only smothered and kept out of sight. At length, when the whole atmosphere seemed to be nothing but noxious and explosive gases, the spark came, and the desolating explosion of the Revolution ensued.

The results of this stupendous event were obscured by the erratic dominance of Napoleon; but even his masterful energy could not stem the irresistible current. The consequences did not come at once. History is never impatient or in haste. Even in England it was more than a hundred years after the death of Cromwell before the tree he had planted bore fruit; and it has already been more than a hundred years since the fundamental beliefs which exploded the political magazine of France were promulgated. It is perhaps needless to add that they have not even yet come to be completely embodied in the working political methods of the nation.

But, however infirm and unfortunate in other directions, there is one respect in which France has been superior to England. Her political literature has been far more powerful, far more persuasive, and far more influential. The writings of Hobbes and Locke and of the other exponents of English revolutionary ideas left very little impression on the popular imagination; but the winged words of Rousseau and Helvetius and Voltaire flew into every land, and lodged in every thinking mind. No student of the history of political ideas can fail to see that these writings were the great storehouse from which our own Jefferson supplied himself with the thoughts, and even to a considerable extent with the maxims, which he so deftly wove into the Declaration of Independence, and which afterward, notwithstanding his fickleness on a hundred other subjects, he retained to the very last as the basis of all his political beliefs. And that one tenacity constitutes his claim to permanent respect as a political leader and founder.

It was because of this persuasive influence on Jefferson and others that with the establishment of the United States

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a new government was for the first time set up, whose corner stone, whose fundamental idea, was that individualism which for three centuries had been striving and fighting to get itself born and recognized.

Let us not suppose that the influence of this idea has been confined to the United States and Great Britain; on the contrary, let us grant that while it dominates in these nations as nowhere else, still in fairness it must be said that there is no nation this side of Asia that does not recognize in some measure, at least, the rights in political and civil affairs of the individual man. Notwithstanding all opposition, representation is irresistibly coming to be more and more common in Russia, in Spain, in Italy, in Austria; and this fact is but a tribute to the great and irresistible movement. Even in those governments which adhere with most tenacity to old ideas and old methods the new leaven is working, and the time is apparently not far off when it is to leaven the whole mass.

Now let us look at some of the effects of this irresistible movement. As soon as we admit that the individual is the primal entity or atom of society, we perceive for the first time that he has become a responsible force. For the first time he has a powerful incentive to strive primarily for himself, and he seeks all the advantages that come from such a condition. It implies the right to struggle alone, or, at will, to struggle with others. And this is the essential quality of human liberty.

It is the baldest commonplace to say that this is an inventive age; but attention has not very often been called to the fact that, with its fundamental philosophy, it could hardly be otherwise. It is only individuality that is inventive. Genius will never work in harness, and invention is the child of solitude and incentive. It is only, as we have seen, after centuries of struggle, and within the last hundred years, that the individual has ceased to be primarily a part of a great whole, and has become primarily an individual unit. From the fifteenth century to near the end of the eighteenth he was ever struggling to become free, but never coming to the knowledge of freedom. In this century, however, every man, whatever his relations, is working primarily for himself, and secondarily for the society with which he is associated. To improve his pecuniary conditions, to increase his political power, to enlarge his social influence, to elevate and educate his family, — these are now his primary ambitions. This is the spirit which has made the present age an age of invention. When the philosophical basis of the movement is considered, it is not at all singular that in the nineteenth century the inventions and improvements of fundamental usefulness have been so many and so important as perhaps to justify the claim of Wallace that they have exceeded those of all the other centuries from the dawn of history.

This irresistible tendency to individuality has borne other fruits besides those of invention. In the first place, it is rapidly transforming the methods as well as the theories of education. Look for a moment at the early conditions of educational history. In founding the universities and other large schools in Europe, the motive everywhere was to educate men for the service either of the church or of the state. Educated men were the agents by whom the government and the church ruled, or, if the word is preferred, served the people. The four professions — theology, law, medicine, and philosophy — were the means by which the governments, civil and ecclesiastical, were to equip themselves to do their work. They were not established as the open and free opportunity for individual ambition and desire. Even in England the same impulses prevailed. Till far into this century there was in Great Britain no public school system; and not only Oxford

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and Cambridge, but also such great schools as Eton and Rugby and Harrow and Westminster, were practically closed to the masses of the people. The fact that until within our generation the test of the Thirty-Nine Articles was insisted on at the universities reveals to us very perfectly the whole spirit of the situation. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that all the schools were founded and supported for the purpose of providing clergymen for the Established Church, and educated gentlemen of wealth and leisure for members of Parliament. This is only another way of saying that the great schools of the country were merely the means for supplying the church and state with trained agents for the exercise of their authority.

It was but natural that these fundamental ideas should come with the colonists to America. Before any provision had been made for common schools John Harvard founded the college at Cambridge, in a spirit not very different from that in which William of Wykeham had founded New College at Oxford; and the people of Massachusetts Bay Colony, already feeling the throb of sovereignty in their veins, provided management and support for the new school, as Parliament had done for the schools in England. A similar impulse founded William and Mary, and Yale. It was simply the English idea adapted to colonial conditions. But as the colonies came to be more and more self-reliant, they grew more and more to see that comprehensive provisions for education were indispensable. Either consciously or unconsciously, the people came to realize that with their new sovereignty they must take upon themselves the care of education, as other sovereigns had done.

Now, this spirit was brought together and embodied, as nowhere else, in that remarkable provision for education which constitutes the chapter on Education in that constitution of Massachusetts which was adopted in 1780. Not the least interesting features of that chapter were the reasons given for the generous provisions that were to be binding on the Commonwealth. From these it will be seen that what has been called "the emancipation of Massachusetts" had as yet only partially taken place. The principal reasons were as follows: "Whereas in this university . . . many persons of great eminence have by the blessing of God been initiated in those arts and sciences which qualified them for public employments, both in church and state;" "and whereas the encouragement of arts and sciences and all good literature tends to the honor of God, the advantage of the Christian religion, and the great benefit of this and the other United States of America;" and then, most important of all: "Wisdom and knowledge, as well as virtue, diffused generally among the body of the people, being necessary to the preservation of their rights and liberties, and as these depend on spreading the opportunities and advantages of education in the various parts of the country and among the different orders of the people; it shall be the duty of legislatures and magistrates, in all future periods of this Commonwealth, to cherish the interests of literature and the sciences, and all seminaries of them; especially the University of Cambridge, public schools, and grammar schools in the towns."

Here, then, were three reasons why Harvard College and other institutions of learning should be fostered by the state. The first was that Harvard had successfully provided men for public employment in church and state; the second was that the public encouragement of learning would tend to the honor of God, the advantage of the Christian religion, and the great benefit of the country; and the third was that wisdom, knowledge, and virtue, generally diffused, were necessary to the preservation of rights and liberties. The first

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was what might be called an English or European reason, the second was neutral, while the third was distinctively American.

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Now, every student of American history knows that this provision, duly modified, was introduced into the famous Ordinance of 1787 for the government of the Northwest Territory. The famous declaration, "Schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged," was a mandate for all future time. But it was far more than that: it was the embodiment of the consciousness of the people that education was not now simply a means of fitting men for "public employment both in church and state," but a means for the general and individual welfare of all the people. The reasons for this mandate, given in Art. III. of the Ordinance, were, "Religion, morality, and knowledge being necessary to good government and *the happiness of mankind*;" etc. In this final phrase was expressed a motive which had not hitherto appeared.

It is not necessary to suppose that the fathers, in adopting this provision, understood its full significance, or that they foresaw what was to occur in the advance of this irresistible tendency. Nor is it necessary to mark the various steps in the progress of educational evolution. It is enough to point out the fact that the movement has been the logical outcome of that irresistible tendency toward individualism which, as already stated, has been the most marked characteristic of all modern history. The development of state universities and the development of public libraries, the two most remarkable phenomena of modern educational advancement, are but the logical and natural and inevitable expression of this great evolutionary movement.

But the impulses of individuality have not been content with invention and education. In fact, it may be said that these have been only means for the attainment of ends. Liberty always and everywhere insists on the use of all legitimate material at hand for the attainment of its purposes. Such materials are ability, education, foresight, invention, personal influence, and material resources. All these are naturally and inevitably tributary to individual success.

The most of these elements are so obviously the servants of personal advancement that they need no discussion; but the influence of the element of invention, certainly one of the most potent of all, may well receive a moment's notice.

If we consider carefully the part of the applications of steam and electricity to the social relations of mankind, we shall see that we are accustomed to think of them chiefly as agents for the development of wealth. But they have been equally potent in influencing the distribution of it. A man emerges from his laboratory with an invention. He is helpless without capital to put it into efficient use. The first locomotive was useless until cars had been constructed and a track had been laid. Here was a combination of forces which was as much the legitimate child of individualism and liberty as was the invention itself. So it will generally be found in the business combinations of modern time. Men form combinations, great or small, political, commercial, manufacturing, or what not, whenever they are satisfied that it is for their interest to do so; and the very essence of individualism and of liberty demands that such a course should be permitted and encouraged. This great fact has been so universally recognized that in every free country combinations have been the distinctive feature of modern industrial life. And they have been a result in no country but a free country. The tendency has been irresistible, because it has been the logical sequence and outgrowth of individualism and invention. For example, within a few years after the invention of the telegraph

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there were a hundred companies, and a dispatch from the seaboard to the Mississippi had to pay tribute to a dozen different corporations. A law to prevent their combination would not only have done violence to the principles of individual liberty, but would also have continued to levy an unwarranted tax upon the community.

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What took place in the consolidation of the telegraph lines has taken place in a thousand other spheres. The great railroad lines, the steamship corporations, the mining interests, the iron and steel industries, even the department stores, are the natural, the inevitable outgrowth of prevailing conditions. Here too the tendency is as irresistible as it is natural.

But there is obviously another very important aspect of the case. As every great privilege is subject to abuses, liberty in every form must be regulated and directed, or it degenerates sooner or later into license. This necessity is nowhere more apparent than in those industrial combinations which are so conspicuous a feature of the present time. It is the fashion in certain quarters to denounce the trust as intrinsically an evil. That the trust has recognized its opportunities, and has often abused its privileges, I fancy no rational and impartial person will deny. But it is unquestionable that the essential principle of the trust is inherent in human liberty. It would be impossible to claim that there is liberty if the men with a shovel and the men with a cart cannot agree to combine their interests and work together. Yet such a combination in its essential features would be a trust as much as any other. Is Congress to say that a hundred dollars may combine with half a dozen men, but a million dollars may not combine with a thousand?

Here as elsewhere, however, while liberty may not be overthrown, it must be regulated and restrained. As exercised by individual men it is restrained in a hundred ways. There is no good reason why it should not be restrained when wrongfully exercised by a corporation or a trust. The worst of the evils complained of is the monstrous fact that there is often one capitalization for taxation, and another for dividends. Surely the prevention of such an evil, however difficult, is quite within the natural scope of legislation in a free country. The tendency to combination cannot be prevented, but it must be regulated. Society must not surrender to the difficulties of the case.

There has been another tendency that is the natural outgrowth of the same, or at least of similar conditions. I refer to the modern development of the larger nationalities and to modern international relations.

The earliest circumnavigation of the globe naturally led all enterprising peoples to reach out for new discoveries, for new avenues of trade, and for new possessions. This enterprise has been fruitful just in proportion to the recognition that has prevailed of the fundamental principles of political liberty and perpetuity. Wherever provincial or colonial governments have been organized and administered primarily in the interests of territorial avarice, they have failed; and if they have succeeded at all, their success has been in proportion to the principles of liberty and justice that have been established. Gross injustice has invariably led in the end to successful revolt, while the introduction of the methods of good government has sooner or later led to improvement and stability. The colonies and other dependencies of Spain and England will occur to every one as illustrations of this fact.

There is still another consideration that should not be overlooked; that is, the stupendous fact that civilization has uniformly advanced in the train of conquest. This has been shown whenever a less civilized people has been conquered by one more civilized. Mexico and South

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America were discovered and conquered by the Spaniards and Portuguese. The rule of the conquerors was one of gross cruelty and rapacity. Few will deny that those countries, however slow their growth, have advanced more rapidly than they would have done had they never been conquered. Were it not for conquest, South America would now be much like Africa. And it would not be easy to name an instance where the result has been different. It was Lowell who so hated war that he said, "I call it simply murder on a gigantic scale;" and yet it was he who said also, "Civilization rides on a gun carriage."

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But whatever may be our opinions in regard to the nature of the influence, or the extent of the influence, of conquest on the advance of civilization, we shall all be free to acknowledge that civilization has been constantly pressing into barbarism and taking possession of it. The conquest and the settlement of America by the British, the French, and the Spanish will occur to every one as the most noteworthy examples. The planting of the British flag in the West Indies, in Australasia, in India, is another illustration of the same irresistible movement. Holland and Portugal, in a similar spirit, planted their feet in the East Indies and in Africa.

It is not necessary to suppose that in all these movements the motives of the conquering races were purely, or even chiefly, benevolent or philanthropic. The motives which lead to great movements are seldom unmixed. The builders of our greatest enterprises and industries invariably keep an eye upon their own interests; but, nevertheless, their services to civilization are often unquestionable. Take as illustrations the Pacific railroads and our iron and steel manufactories. So it has been in the irresistible advances of civilized nationalities. The weaker, by reason of its incapacity, gives way before the advance of the stronger. Here, as elsewhere, there seems to be a law of the survival of the fittest. We may deplore it as we will; we may denounce it as selfish and brutal; we yet cannot deny the fact that among nations, as among animal life, there is a tendency which appears to rise to a law, that the most worthy shall grow and extend its influence, while the less worthy shall diminish and finally perish. The energy — the selfish energy, if you please — which led Russia, Prussia, and Austria to take advantage of the anarchy of Poland was very nearly related to the selfish energy which led the United States into a war with Mexico that resulted in vast additions to our territorial domain. Of the eight several annexations to our territory since the forming of the government, not one was anticipated by the fathers or provided for in the Constitution; and this acquisitive spirit has been in exact harmony with the spirit of all the other great nations of the world. If others have not advanced so rapidly as we have, their greater slowness has been because the means and the opportunities have not been at hand. The motives have been similar, if not identical. Every great nation has lived in a glass house, and has had no justification for the hurling of stones at its neighbors. Does any one doubt that this movement, taken all in all, has been beneficent?

Now, this great current of effort, this unconscious community of method, this irresistible tendency toward aggrandizement, has flowed on into the century of invention, and has availed itself of all the opportunities which invention offers.

Need it be pointed out that the differences between civilization and barbarism have been enormously emphasized and multiplied by the inventions? The modern abolition of time and space and delay has all worked to the advantage of civilization in this great movement; and it has been largely in consequence of this fact that the movement has re-

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cently become much more rapid than ever before. The government at St. Petersburg directs the daily affairs of the heart of Asia as well as of a large portion of Europe. Downing Street is hourly kept informed of military affairs on the Upper Nile as well as of the progress of all political movements in the islands of the Antarctic Ocean. Yesterday afternoon President McKinley gave directions to General Otis, and this morning at seven we read full details of the resulting movement in Manila carried on throughout the forenoon.

It should be added that barbarism has nothing whatever to offset these new influences and added powers. And can it be doubted that the effect of it all will be to emphasize and accelerate this irresistible movement? Does any one think that the wheels of human progress are to be, or can be, reversed, or even retarded?

Look at the international signs of the times. Since the Crimean war, Russia has added to her territory from the heart of Asia a domain nearly as large as the whole of the United States; Germany has acquired on the east coast of Africa as many square miles as we possess east of the Mississippi River; the dependencies of France in Africa are still greater; Holland, Portugal, and Belgium have their share; and Great Britain, firmly planted at the south and at the north, will soon connect the Cape and the Nile by rail, and erelong make the heart of Africa as accessible as is now the heart of America. In the far East the same tendencies are equally irresistible. The railroad from St. Petersburg to the Yellow Sea covers a hundred degrees of longitude, — twice the distance from New York to San Francisco. This irresistible spirit is knocking at the gates of China, and the everlasting doors, which from the dawn of history have successfully defied all intrusive efforts, are giving way and admitting the civilization of the Occident.

Now, the fundamental fact to which attention should be called is that the whole of this vast movement is an advance along lines similar to all the others that have been mentioned. It is the advance of civilization upon barbarism. It is the Eastern Question, which has ever agitated the world since the time of Xerxes and Alexander the Great, now at length approaching solution. It is the ever irresistible encroachment of the Occident upon the Orient, of the modern spirit upon the spirit of antiquity. It is the substitution of the railroad train for the oxcart and the caravan. It is electricity driving out the rushlight. It is the white man ever civilizing the red man or pushing him out of the way.

Can any one doubt that this great movement is in the interests of a larger and a richer and a higher humanity?

There is another tendency that is worthy of thoughtful notice. Doubtless the most beneficent of the results of modern science is the ever increasing prevalence of sanitary ideas and methods, and the resulting prolongation of human life. Do we all realize the far-reaching meaning of the extraordinary reduction of the death rate throughout the civilized world? There is hardly a city in Christendom in which the annual death rate per thousand has not been reduced ten, or twenty, or fifty, or even a hundred per cent in the last twenty-five years. The plague, which for centuries kept down the population of Europe, is now unknown to civilization. The Asiatic cholera has lost its terrors. The various forms of fever, once so general and so deadly, can now be controlled and prevented; and even pulmonary diseases, the most to be dreaded of all human ailments, which are said to have swept away more than a tenth of the human race, seem on the point of yielding to sanitary and medical control. Look at the census tables even of Europe; the population is increasing by leaps and bounds.

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What is to be the sure result upon the population of the globe of this triumphal march of science? Is not an embarrassing surplus population inevitable? If, in the fifty years just behind us, millions in Europe have been saved from starvation only by finding unoccupied lands in North America, in Australasia, and in South America, where are to be the rescuing lands of the future? And who are to control them?

The Great Powers are now talking of disarmament, and of the establishment of a system of arbitration by which the horrors of war may be reduced or prevented. Does any one fail to see that if any success comes from this movement it will tend in the same direction, by lessening the death rate and vastly increasing the number of the unemployed population?

Even now, in our own sparsely settled country, every vocation seems to have glutted the market. In Europe the matter is a hundred times worse. The standing armies reduce the pressure by taking the virility of the nation out of competition for a term of years; but there are enough of the needy left to overflow into America, into Africa, and into the farthermost isles of the sea. What the result is to be when medical science has done its best to abolish sickness and postpone death is open only to conjecture; but certain it is that the prolongation of the average human life is to be counted upon as one of the potent factors in the irresistible tendencies of the times.

Do not all these facts point in the same direction? Is it not certain that civilization is to take possession of every nook and corner of the globe? Is it not inevitable that in the near future the doors that have always been shut will be thrown wide open?

It is hardly necessary to point out the bearings of these tendencies upon questions of national or international policy; it is perhaps enough to ask whether it is not as true of nations as of men that it is the flood of the tide which leads to fortune.

But the bearings of the subject on questions of private life and private interest are far more important to us as individuals. How vastly more complicated and difficult have the activities of life been made by these tendencies! Upon how many hundreds and thousands of questions is the intelligent citizen now driven into the necessity of having an opinion! When the telegraph lays upon the breakfast table every morning a history of the whole world for twenty-four hours, we have forced upon our thoughts not simply those more immediate activities which monopolized all the intelligence of the fathers, but in addition all the most important affairs of the state, the nation, and in fact of the whole world. Thus intelligent and effective citizenship is made a hundred-fold more exacting and a hundredfold more difficult. How vastly broader is the education demanded by the new conditions!

This demand, moreover, is emphasized by that crowding of the vocations of life to which reference has already been made. The growing stringency of competition teaches us that it is only the fittest that rise even above mediocrity. It is extraordinary aptitude, or extraordinary industry, or extraordinary training, that can achieve any considerable measure of success; and success in a large way can be accomplished only by a combination of all. Ignorance has far less chance than it had a generation ago.

What but a supreme measure of intelligence and wisdom will be adequate to the direction of our public affairs? As the opportunities for organized selfishness and wickedness multiply, so the demands for unselfish and enlightened statesmanship increase; and if these demands are not satisfied, the voyage of the state will surely be "bound in shallows and in miseries."

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It is thus that the irresistible tendencies of modern civilization have flowed, and are flowing, into modern life. The seed of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries has ripened into the harvest of the nineteenth. As the regulation of liberty by law was the principle of the fathers, it is much more necessary that it be the principle of the America of to-day.

The free state, the free church, the free school, have been called the "triple armor of American nationality, — of American security." But the state and the church and the school must not fail to rear men of such intelligence and character that they can see the irresistible tendencies of the times and apply to them the guiding hand of wisdom. If we do not educate men who can wisely and skillfully put the exuberant privileges of liberty under the just restraints of law, we shall sooner or later find that "the undirected will of the people," as George William Curtis once said, "is but a gale smiting a rudderless and sailless ship, and hurling it, a mass of wrecks, upon the rocks." But the will of the same people, subject to the guidance of intelligently constructed law, is the same gale "filling the trim canvas of a ship that minds the helm, bearing it over yawning and awful abysses of ocean safely into port." It is for this reason that there is no room for despair. It is such intelligent guidance that is to protect the equal rights of the poorest and the richest, of the most ignorant and the most intelligent, and thus is to shield the nation from the mad assaults of violence, from the dry rot of fraud, and from the wild vagaries of ignorance. And as Fichte said with such vigor to the Germans at the beginning of the century, so we may say at its end, it is education — education by the press, education by the family, education by the church, education by the schools — that is called to this sublime task. It is by these institutions alone that the people are to be safely guided; for it is these alone that are the "ever burning lamps of accumulated wisdom" that are able to light the pathway of progress.

Charles Kendall Adams.

THE SCOT OF FICTION.

Now that "schools" of novelists have become so numerous, we all get a great many of our ideas from the novels that deal with particular countries and races. Especially do we get our ideas from novels about places that we know nothing about, but we are likely also to accept the ideas put forth in novels even about our own land and people. There is no doubt that the novelists get into a rut of character-drawing, and Scotch or Irish or Yorkshire or Cornish or American character is produced to order, as a pudding is compounded from a recipe. Readers, then, come to believe that the accepted novelist's conventional presentation is a true picture. For instance, to the untraveled Englishman there is but one type of New England character. This is always represented in the person of an austere old maid, heroic, epigrammatic, frugal, and sorrowful, who sits eternally sewing rag carpets (except when she is going to "meetin'"), and who expends her starved affections on starved cats. Having formed this distinct mental picture of the New England type, the British reader would feel quite wronged if, say, one of the virile heroes of Mr. Hamlin Garland's fancy were to stray to the soil of New England. "Nonsense!" he would exclaim. "You don't

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belong here; no one lives in New England but blameless maiden ladies. Get to your own main traveled roads, and do not disturb the proprieties of this district."

Or if the situation were reversed, and some of Miss Wilkins's meek heroines were to appear in the West among the sombreroed, besashed gentlemen who swagger through the pages of Bret Harte's tales, the reader would again declare the case to be impossible. But is it? It is the recent insistence upon racial characteristics instead of individual character that forms popular conventions. If one writer describe cleverly the racial traits of any people, there remains no more to be said of these traits without repetition; to find fresh soil, we must pierce down deep below these outer similarities to the curiously individual mind of each man and woman. Of characteristics, on the contrary, it is very easy to speak with confidence, and this is the reason why the novel of racial characteristics is so often met with and finds such cheap acceptance with the public. We like to find written in books what we have observed for ourselves, and for one man who can read or appreciate character there are twenty who can recognize characteristics, — character being that which is peculiar, distinct, in every man, while characteristics are only what he shares with all his race.

The description of racial characteristics has been in the past, and still is, a great feature of Scotch novels. Some of our most delightful books owe their charm to such pictures, — notably the books of Mr. J. M. Barrie. Now, where one man excels there will always be found a crowd of imitators, and it is they who form the popular conceptions; for popular notions are formed by repetition. The critics have done something to foster an over-nationality in literature by their constant advice to authors to "write only of what they know," — a bit of advice which may be followed too slavishly, and which would in time put an end to much imaginative work. I doubt if any conscientious student of local color will write as lovingly of his well-known district as Sir Walter wrote of Palestine after studying its local color in — Castle Street, was it not? Certainly far from the walls of Jerusalem.

Among the conventional types made popular in novels, none is more thoroughly established in the public imagination than the so-called "Scotch character;" and this not only in Scotland, but all over the world. I hear that the later productions of Scotch fiction are so much appreciated in the United States that Drumtochty teas and Thrums evenings are held, in honor of the authors who created these well-known villages. So, no doubt, any well-read American could now construct a Scotchman to order, and set him up for admiration, clothed upon with dialect as with a garment.

This phenomenal and fictitious Scot would of course begin life as a highly intelligent herdboy; then he must go to the village school, so that that awful stock figure, "the dominie," may "walk on." (I have counted eight dominies in Scotch fiction, of a curious similarity.) From the village school the herd, having now fallen in love with the laird's young daughter, migrates to London, in search of a wider sphere for his energies. His extraordinary career begins; the woolsack looms ahead; he maintains meantime all the frugal habits learned at home, always grudging a sixpence for his own use, but habitually posting the greater part of his weekly earnings to his saintly mother. Struggles and parsimony are crowned with success, and, unelated by his achievements, the Scot of fiction returns to his native village to marry the laird's daughter, to rescue the faithful dominie from despair and drink, and to fold his aged parents to his beating heart. Throughout his career the Scot of fiction keeps up church attendance in Babylon the great, and enters upon long dis-

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cussions of predestination and election, in season and out of season.

This is the generally received idea of the typical Scotch career and character, which from the days of Galt downward has been repeated with many variations; the aspiring, miserly, dutiful, religious, argumentative hero has in fact become a convention. A difficulty in the matter also lies in this, that there is a foundation of truth in the story, and a plausibility in the characterization; but these similarities are the very things that should be avoided, and less hackneyed cases should be selected for presentation. In the classical Scotch novelists — Scott, Ferrier, and Stevenson — you never find stock figures of typical Scotchmen; each portrait is that of an individual; whereas the Scot of fiction, the generally received Scot, is something like a composite photograph, wherein the features of half a dozen men are jumbled together to form one face. Scott's most brilliant characters, such as Dominie Sampson (how far from the typical dominie!), Poor Peter Peebles, Cuddie Headrigg, and Dandie Dinmont, are such perfect portraits of men, not of racial types, that they might find their representatives in any country quite as well as in Scotland. Their qualities are common to the whole human species, and not only to the natives of North Britain. The same may be said of Miss Ferrier's irresistible caricatures; Lady MacLauchlan, Mrs. Major Wadell, and Miss Pratt have their counterparts in every land.

But Scott was followed by Galt, and Galt is a sinner above the common in the sin of over-nationality. Galt is very unfair to his countrymen. His vital characters — those that make his books — are singularly unlovely. Those that are meant to be good are very vulgar; those that are meant to be bad are not credited with a single redeeming quality. In fact, Galt has set himself unflinchingly to display all the racial faults. Greed, meanness, coarseness, are his constant themes. The unpleasant characteristic of "nearness" he emphasizes to a quite unnecessary extent. His men and women are all misers: one would gather from these books that no Scotchman ever spent a penny ungrudgingly, or even a halfpenny; that he grasps by fair means or foul from his nearest and dearest, and goes down into the grave clutching the money bags still. This is an entirely untrue and exaggerated picture of Scotch character; yet there can be no doubt that Galt's novels have gone far to establish a popular belief in the miserliness of Scotchmen. The belief has deepened by this time into a convention with writers, till any one who should profess to write a "Scotch" story, and should make his hero generous or free-handed, would be jeered at as no true portrayer of Scotch character.

Now, I do not deny that our nation is fond of a bargain; but to accuse us of being a nation of misers is unreasonable. Moreover, the heroic side of our frugality might just as easily be turned to view as the unheroic side, and with far more justice and truth. For one miser in Scotland there are twenty men whose frugality is infinitely noble; and it is well to remember the historic pathos that underlies the racial frugality: poverty was our poor Scotland's burden for many a century, and if her men and women spend charily now, it is from an instinct inherited through generations of half-starved ancestors whose heroic struggles never kept the wolf at any great distance from the door. Even Kipling, who avoids the ready-made in character, cannot get over this convention of Scotch meanness: "O aye, the Scots are near," says MacAndrew!

The next convention which is firmly established in the popular imagination, and which the novelists also have to answer for, is the predestination and election jest. In "Scotch" novels few Scotchmen speak without bringing in some doctrinal allusion, such as, "Gin

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ye had cuttit yersel' wi' yer ain razor, wad *effectual callin'*, think ye, be the first word i' yer mouth?" (Lilac Sunbonnet, page 68.) You may travel from one end of Scotland to another, and never hear predestination or effectual calling mentioned.

Not content with making us too bad, the novelists also make us not bad enough, and some of them even make us far too good. If some of the national failings have too great prominence, many of the national vices are almost entirely ignored. There is little or nothing said of the drunkenness in Scotch villages and of the unchastity of our agricultural districts, or of the dirt that disgusts every stranger who visits Scotland for the first time. These outstanding blemishes of our nation find small space among the newer story-tellers. The cottages are so trim and clean, the women wear such spotless mutches, the husbands sit in the ingle-neuk reading the Bible, the ploughmen chastely court the outfield workers with honorable marriage full in view.

The modern convention of "tenderness," too, may be justly called in question. It is true that a Scotchman will do his duty to the death, even for the most unworthy parents; but he will not exhibit much tenderness in the process. I scarcely like to quote from Barrie in a seeming spirit of derision, because his books are delightful; but to show the changed attitude of the modern writer on the filial relationship from that of Scott, note the following extracts.

Says Barrie: "Jamie's eyes were fixed on the elbow of the brae, where he would come into sight of his mother's window. Many, many a time, I know that lad had prayed God for still another sight of the window with his mother at it. So we came to the corner, . . . and before Jamie was the house of his childhood, and his mother's window, and the fond anxious face of his mother herself. My eyes are dull, and I did not see her, but suddenly Jamie cried out, '*My mother!*' and Leeby and I were left behind. When I reached the kitchen Jess was crying, *and her son's arms were round her neck.*"

In Old Mortality we find the mother and son of the elder novelist's fancy: "As soon as Cuddie thought her ladyship fairly out of hearing, he bounced up in his nest. 'The foul fa' ye, that I suld say sae,' he cried out to his mother, '*for a lang-tongued clavering wife*, as my father, honest man, aye ca'ed ye! Couldna ye let the leddy alane wi' your whiggery? And I was e'en as great a gomeral to let ye persuade me to lie here amang the blankets like a hurcheon instead o' gaun to the wappen-schaw like other folk. Od, but I put a trick on ye, for I was out at the window-bole when your auld back was turned, and awa' down by to hae a baff at the popinjay.'

"'Oh, my bairn' . . . began Mause.

"'Weel, mither,' said Cuddie, interrupting her, '*what need ye mak sae muckle din aboot it?*'"

Scott's is the true, and Barrie's the idealized, the possible but not the probable view of the subject.

Again, independence, which is always supposed to be at the root of the Scotch incivility, is a good thing, but it may be, and is, bought too dearly at the expense of the ordinary courtesies of life. I think that Miss Ferrier is the only Scotch novelist who has at all shown the boorishness of our nation; and she writes of a bygone time, and the roughness which she describes as existing then among the upper classes in Scotland is of course a thing entirely of the past. The modern writers are merciful in their depictions of Scotch manners among the working people: I fear that the unsuspecting traveler who crosses the Border for the first time, expecting to meet with the usual civilities described in Scotch fiction, will receive a shock.

But why all these suggestions for farther "Scotch" novels? I must ask the searching question, What part of Scot-

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land are the new books to be about? For our country is already pretty well laid out, after the fashion of gold land, in "claims," to each of which the owner alone has rights. North of Inverness? Appropriated by William Black; it is too soon yet for a newcomer to step upon his claim. Argyle and the Isles? These are the exclusive property of Mr. Neil Munro and Miss Fiona MacLeod. Ayrshire? Galt holds undisputed sway here, and the claim of the departed is indeed more sacred than that of the living. Galloway? A brave man he would be who should set foot there, with the stalwart Crockett defending his claim by right of might! The Lothians? Shades of Scott and Stevenson! Forfar? Mr. Barrie is not contentious, I am sure, but still — Central Perthshire? Mr. Ian Maclaren must be consulted first. Aberdeen? Mr. William Alexander has long ago established his claim here. The novelists of the future — the Scotch future — will have to confine their efforts within a very narrow radius. I think (but I may be mistaken) that the part of Scotland extending between Peebles and Galloway does not belong to any one in especial.

But the Scotch people remain: thousands of men and women, each as different from the others as black is from white, yet each Scotch born and bred, with all the vigor, the intellectuality, the nerve, of their race, and with its vices too; a strenuous people capable of anything. This should be an inspiring thought for the novelist. He need not limit his Scotchman's story to the probabilities of the case; there is that in the composition of the race which makes every man and woman of them capable of extraordinary possibilities, and even of impossibilities, — a sort of outward-going force not to be reckoned with or held in check, not to be contained either, be it said, in all the pages of all the novelists put together.

Jane Helen Findlater.

THE GENESIS OF THE GANG.

Jacob Beresheim was fifteen when he was charged with murder. It is now more than three years ago, but the touch of his hand is cold upon mine, with mortal fear, as I write. Every few minutes, during our long talk on the night of his arrest and confession, he would spring to his feet, and, clutching my arm as a drowning man catches at a rope, demand with shaking voice, "Will they give me the chair?" The assurance that boys were not executed quieted him only for the moment. Then the dread and the horror were upon him again.

Of his crime the less said the better. It was the climax of a career of depravity that differed from other such chiefly in the opportunities afforded by an environment which led up to and helped shape it. My business is with that environment. The man is dead, the boy in jail. But unless I am to be my brother's jail keeper, merely, the iron bars do not square the account of Jacob with society. Society exists for the purpose of securing justice to its members, appearances to the contrary notwithstanding. When it fails in this, the item is carried on the ledger with interest and compound interest toward a day of reckoning that comes surely with the paymaster. We have heard the chink of his coin on the counter, these days, in the unblushing revelations before the Mazet Committee of degraded citizenship, of the murder of the civic conscience, and in the applause that hailed them. And we have begun to understand that

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these are the interest on Jacob's account, older, much older than himself. He is just an item carried on the ledger. But with that knowledge the account is at last in a way of getting squared. Let us see how it stands.

We shall take Jacob as a type of the street boy on the East Side, where he belonged. What does not apply to him in the review applies to his class. But there was very little of it indeed that he missed or that missed him.

He was born in a tenement in that section where the Tenement House Committee found 324,000 persons living out of sight and reach of a green spot of any kind, and where sometimes the buildings, front, middle, and rear, took up ninety-three per cent of all the space on the block. Such a home as he had was there, and of the things that belonged to it he was the heir. The sunlight was not among them. It "never entered" there. Darkness and discouragement did, and dirt. Later on, when he took to the dirt as his natural weapon in his battles with society, it was said of him that it was the only friend that stuck to him, and it was true. Very early the tenement gave him up to the street. The thing he took with him as the one legacy of home was the instinct for the crowd, which meant that the tenement had wrought its worst mischief upon him: it had smothered that in him around which character is built. The more readily did he fall in with the street and its ways. Character implies depth, a soil, and growth. The street is all surface: nothing grows there; it hides only a sewer.

It taught him gambling as its first lesson, and stealing as the next. The two are never far apart. From shooting craps behind the "cop's" back to filching from the grocer's stock or plundering a defenseless peddler is only a step. There is in both the spice of law-breaking that appeals to the shallow ambition of the street as heroic. Occasionally the raids have a comic tinge. A German grocer wandered into police headquarters the other day, with an appeal for protection against the boys.

"Vat means dot 'cheese it'?" he asked, rubbing his bald head in helpless bewilderment. "Efery dime dey says 'cheese it' somedings vas gone."

To the lawlessness of the street the home opposes no obstacle, as we have seen. Until very recently the school did not. It might have more to offer even now. There are, at least, schools where there were none then, and so much is gained; also, they are getting better, but too many of them, in my unprofessional judgment, need yet to be made over, until they are fit to turn out whole, sound boys, instead of queer manikins stuffed with information for which they have no use, and which is none of their business anyhow. It seemed to me sometimes, when watching the process of cramming the school course with the sum of human knowledge and conceit, as if it all meant that we distrusted nature's way of growing a man from a boy, and had set out to show her a shorter cut. A common result was the kind of mental befogment that had Abraham Lincoln murdered by Ballington Booth, and a superficiality, a hopeless slurring of tasks, that hitched perfectly with the spirit of the street, and left nothing to be explained in the verdict of the reformatory, "No moral sense." There was no moral sense to be got out of the thing, for there was little sense of any kind in it. The boy was not given a chance to be honest with himself by thinking a thing through; he came naturally to accept as his mental horizon the headlines in his penny paper and the literature of the Dare-Devil-Dan-the-Death-Dealing-Monster-of-Dakota order, which comprise the ordinary æsthetic equipment of the slum. The mystery of his further development into the tough need not perplex anybody.

But Jacob Beresheim had not even

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the benefit of such schooling as there was to be had. He did not go to school, and nobody cared. There was indeed a law directing that every child should go, and a corps of truant officers to catch him if he did not; but the law had been a dead letter for a quarter of a century. There was no census to tell what children ought to be in school, and no place but a jail to put those in who shirked. Jacob was allowed to drift. From the time he was twelve till he was fifteen, he told me, he might have gone to school three weeks, — no more.

Church and Sunday school missed him. I was going to say that they passed by on the other side, remembering the migration of the churches uptown, as the wealthy moved out of, and the poor into, the region south of Fourteenth Street. But that would hardly be fair. They moved after their congregations; but they left nothing behind. In the twenty years that followed the war, while enough to people a large city moved in downtown, the number of churches there was reduced from 141 to 127. Fourteen Protestant churches moved out. Only two Roman Catholic churches and a synagogue moved in. I am not aware that there has been any large increase of churches in the district since, but we have seen that the crowding has not slackened pace. Jacob had no trouble in escaping the Sunday school as he had escaped the public school. His tribe will have none until the responsibility incurred in the severance of church and state sits less lightly on a Christian community, and the church, from a mob, shall have become an army, with von Moltke's plan of campaign, "March apart, fight together." The Christian church is not alone in its failure. The Jew's boy is breaking away from safe moorings rather faster than his brother of the new dispensation. The church looks on, but it has no cause for congratulation. He is getting nothing in place of that which he lost, and the result is bad. There is no occasion for profound theories about it. The facts are plain enough. The new freedom has something to do with it, but neglect to look after the young has quite as much. Apart from its religious aspect, seen from the angle of the community's interest wholly, the matter is of the gravest import.

What the boy's play has to do with building character in him Froebel has told us. Through it, he showed us, the child "first perceives moral relations," and he made that the basis of the kindergarten and all common-sense education. That prop was knocked out. New York never had a children's playground till within the last year. Truly it seemed, as Abram S. Hewitt said, as if in the early plan of our city the children had not been thought of at all. Such moral relations as Jacob was able to make out ran parallel with the gutter always, and counter to law and order as represented by the policeman and the landlord. The landlord had his windows to mind, and the policeman his lamps and the city ordinances which prohibit even kite-flying below Fourteenth Street where the crowds are. The ball had no chance at all. It is not two years since a boy was shot down by a policeman for the heinous offense of playing football in the street on Thanksgiving Day. But a boy who cannot kick a ball around has no chance of growing up a decent and orderly citizen. He must have his childhood, so that he may be fitted to give to the community his manhood. The average boy is just like a little steam engine with steam always up. The play is his safety valve. With the landlord in the yard and the policeman on the street sitting on his safety valve and holding it down, he is bound to explode. When he does, when he throws mud and stones and shows us the side of him which the gutter developed, we are shocked and marvel much what our boys are coming to, as if we had any right to expect bet-

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ter treatment of them. I doubt if Jacob, in the whole course of his wizened little life, had ever a hand in an honest game that was not haunted by the dread of the avenging policeman. That he was not "doing anything" was no defense. The mere claim was proof that he was up to mischief of some sort. Besides, the policeman was usually right. Play in such a setting becomes a direct incentive to mischief in a healthy boy. Jacob was a healthy enough little animal.

Such fun as he had he got out of law-breaking in a small way. In this he was merely following the ruling fashion. Laws were apparently made for no other purpose that he could see. Such a view as he enjoyed of their makers and executors at election seasons inspired him with seasonable enthusiasm, but hardly with awe. A slogan, now, like that raised by Tammany's last candidate for district attorney, — "To hell with reform!" — was something he could grasp. Of what reform meant he had only the vaguest notion, but the thing had the right ring to it. Roosevelt preaching enforcement of law was from the first a "lobster" to him, not to be taken seriously. It is not among the least of the merits of the man that by his sturdy personality, as well as by his unyielding persistence, he won the boy over to the passive admission that there might be something in it. It had not been his experience.

There was the law which sternly commanded him to go to school, and which he laughed at every day. Then there was the law to prevent child labor. It cost twenty-five cents for a false age certificate to break that, and Jacob, if he thought of it at all, probably thought of perjury as rather an expensive thing. A quarter was a good deal to pay for the right to lock a child up in a factory, when he ought to have been at play. The excise law was everybody's game. The sign that hung in every saloon, saying that nothing was sold there to minors, never yet barred out his "growler" when he had the price. There was another such sign in the tobacco shop, forbidding the sale of cigarettes to boys of his age. Jacob calculated that when he had the money he smoked as many as fifteen in a day, and he laughed when he told me. He laughed, too, when he remembered how the boys of the East Side took to carrying balls of cord in their pockets, on the wave of the Lexow reform, on purpose to measure the distance from the school door to the nearest saloon. They had been told that it should be two hundred feet, according to law. There were schools that had as many as a dozen within the tabooed limits. It was in the papers how, when the highest courts said that the law was good, the saloon keepers attacked the schools as a nuisance and detrimental to property. In a general way Jacob sided with the saloon keeper; not because he had any opinion about it, but because it seemed natural. Such opinions as he ordinarily had he got from that quarter.

When, later on, he came to be tried, his counsel said to me, "He is an amazing liar." No, hardly amazing. It would have been amazing if he had been anything else. Lying and mockery were all around him, and he adjusted himself to the things that were. He lied in self-defense.

Jacob's story ends here, as far as he is personally concerned. The story of the gang begins. So trained for the responsibility of citizenship, robbed of home and of childhood, with every prop knocked from under him, all the elements that make for strength and character trodden out in the making of the boy, all the high ambition of youth caricatured by the slum and become base passions, — so equipped he comes to the business of life. As a "kid" he hunted with the pack in the street. As a young man he trains with the gang, because it furnishes the means of gratifying his inordinate vanity, that is the

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slum's counterfeit of self-esteem. Upon the Jacobs of other days there was a last hold, — the father's authority. Changed conditions have loosened that also. There is a time in every young man's life when he knows more than his father. It is like the measles or the mumps, and he gets over it, with a little judicious firmness in the hand that guides. It is the misfortune of the slum boy of to-day that it is really so, and that he knows it. His father is an Italian or a Jew, and cannot even speak the language to which the boy is born. He has to depend on him in much, in the new order of things. The old man is "slow," he is "Dutch." He may be an Irishman with some advantages; he is still a "foreigner." He loses his grip on the boy. Ethical standards of which he has no conception clash. Watch the meeting of two currents in river or bay, and see the line of drift that tells of the struggle. So in the city's life strive the currents of the old and the new, and in the churning the boy goes adrift. The last hold upon him is gone. That is why the gang appears in the second generation, the first born upon the soil, — a fighting gang if the Irishman is there with his ready fist, a thievish gang if it is the East Side Jew, — and disappears in the third. The second boy's father is not "slow." He has had experience. He was clubbed into decency in his own day, and the night stick wore off the glamour of the thing. His grip on the boy is good, and it holds.

It depends now upon chance what is to become of the lad. But the slum has stacked the cards against him. There arises in the lawless crowd a leader, who rules with his stronger fists or his readier wit. Around him the gang crystallizes, and what he is it becomes. He may be a thief, like David Meyer, a report of whose doings I have before me. He was just a bully, and, being the biggest in his gang, made the others steal for him and surrender the "swag," or take a licking. But that was unusual. Ordinarily the risk and the "swag" are distributed on more democratic principles. Or he may be of the temper of Mike of Poverty Gap, who was hanged for murder at nineteen. While he sat in his cell at police headquarters, he told with grim humor of the raids of his gang on Saturday nights when they stocked up at "the club." They used to "hook" a butcher's cart or other light wagon, wherever found, and drive like mad up and down the avenue, stopping at saloon or grocery to throw in what they wanted. His job was to sit at the tail of the cart with a six-shooter and pop at any chance pursuer. He chuckled at the recollection of how men fell over one another to get out of his way. "It was great to see them run," he said. Mike was a tough, but with a better chance he might have been a hero. The thought came to him, too, when it was all over and the end in sight. He put it all in one sober, retrospective sigh, that had in it no craven shirking of the responsibility that was properly his: "I never had no bringing up."

There was a meeting some time after his death to boom a scheme for "getting the boys off the street," and I happened to speak of Mike's case. In the audience was a gentleman of means and position, and his daughter, who manifested great interest and joined heartily in the proposed movement. A week later, I was thunderstruck at reading of the arrest of my sympathetic friend's son for train-wrecking up the state. The fellow was of the same age as Mike. It appeared that he was supposed to be attending school, but had been reading dime novels instead, until he arrived at the point where he "had to kill some one before the end of the month." To that end he organized a gang of admiring but less resourceful comrades. After all, the plane of fellowship of Poverty Gap and Madison Avenue lies nearer than we often suppose. I set the inci-

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dent down in justice to the memory of my friend Mike. If this one went astray with so much to pull him the right way, and but the single strand broken, what then of the other?

Mike's was the day of Irish heroics. Since their scene was shifted from the East Side there has come over there an epidemic of child crime of meaner sort, but following the same principle of gang organization. It is difficult to ascertain the exact extent of it, because of the well-meant but, I am inclined to think, mistaken effort on the part of the children's societies to suppress the record of it for the sake of the boy. Enough testimony comes from the police and the courts, however, to make it clear that thieving is largely on the increase among the East Side boys. And it is amazing at what an early age it begins. When, in the fight for a truant school, I had occasion to gather statistics upon this subject, to meet the sneer of the educational authorities that the "crimes" of street boys compassed at worst the theft of a top or a marble, I found among 278 prisoners, of whom I had kept the run for ten months, two boys, of four and eight years respectively, arrested for breaking into a grocery, not to get candy or prunes, but to rob the till. The little one was useful to "crawl through a small hole." There were "burglars" of six and seven years, and five in a bunch, the whole gang apparently, at the age of eight. "Wild" boys began to appear in court at that age. At eleven, I had seven thieves, two of whom had a record on the police blotter, and an "habitual liar;" at twelve, I had four burglars, three ordinary thieves, two arrested for drunkenness, three for assault, and three incendiaries; at thirteen, five burglars, one with a "record," as many thieves, one "drunk," five charged with assault and one with forgery; at fourteen, eleven thieves and housebreakers, six highway robbers, — the gang on its unlucky day, perhaps, — and ten arrested for fighting, not counting one who had assaulted a policeman, in a state of drunken frenzy. One of the gangs made a specialty of stealing baby carriages, when left unattended in front of stores. They "drapped the kids in the hallway" and "sneaked" the carriages. And so on. The recital was not a pleasant one, but it was effective. We got our truant school, and one way that led to the jail was blocked.

It may be that the leader is neither thief nor thug, but ambitious. In that case the gang is headed for politics by the shortest route. Likewise, sometimes, when he is both. In either case it carries the situation by assault. When the gang wants a thing, the easiest way seems to it always to take it. There was an explosion in a Fifth Street tenement, one night last January, that threw twenty families into a wild panic, and injured two of the tenants badly. There was much mystery about it, until it came out that the housekeeper had had a "run in" with the gang in the block. It wanted club-room in the house, and she would not let it in. Beaten, it avenged itself in characteristic fashion by leaving a package of gunpowder on the stairs, where she would be sure to find it when she went the rounds with her candle to close up. That was a gang of that kind, headed straight for Albany. And what is more, it will get there, unless things change greatly. The gunpowder was just a "bluff" to frighten the housekeeper, an installment of the kind of politics it meant to play when it got its chance. There was "nothing against this gang" except a probable row with the saloon keeper, since it applied elsewhere for house-room. Not every gang has a police record of theft and "slugging" beyond the early encounters of the street. "Our honored leader" is not always the captain of a band of cutthroats. He is the honorary president of the "social club" that bears his name, and he counts for something in the ward.

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But the ethical standards do not differ. "Do others, or they will do you," felicitously adapted from Holy Writ for the use of the slum, and the classic war-cry, "To the victors the spoils," made over locally to read, "I am not in politics for my health," still interpret the creed of the political as of the "slugging" gang. They drew their inspiration from the same source. Of what gang politics means every large city in our country has had its experience. New York is no exception. History on the subject is being made yet, in the sight of us all.

Our business with the gang, however, is in the making of it. Take now the showing of the reformatory,[1] to which I have before made reference, and see what light it throws upon the matter: 71 per cent of prisoners with no moral sense, or next to none, yet more than that proportion possessed of "natural mental capacity," which is to say that they had the means of absorbing it from their environment, if there had been any to absorb. Bad homes sent half of all prisoners there; bad company 92 per cent. The reformatory repeats the prison chaplain's verdict, "weakness, not wickedness," in its own way: "Malevolence does not characterize the criminal, but aversion to continuous labor." If "the street" had been written across it in capital letters, it could not have been made plainer. Twelve per cent only of the prisoners came from good homes, and one in a hundred had kept good company; evidently he was not of the mentally capable. They will tell you at the prison that, under its discipline, 83 per cent are set upon their feet and make a fresh start. With due allowance for a friendly critic, there is still room for the three fourths labeled normal. The Children's Aid Society will give you even better news of the boys rescued from the slum before it had branded them for its own. Scarce five per cent are lost, though they leave such a black mark that they make trouble for all the good boys that are sent out from New York. Better than these was the kindergarten record in San Francisco. New York has no monopoly of the slum. Of nine thousand children from the slummiest quarters of that city who had gone through the Golden Gate Association's kindergartens, just one was said to have got into jail. The merchants who looked coldly on the experiment before brought their gold to pay for keeping it up. They were hard-headed men of business, and the demonstration that schools were better than jails any day appealed to them as eminently sane and practical.

And well it might. The gang is a distemper of the slum that writes upon the generation it plagues the recipe for its own corrective. It is not the night stick, though in the acute stage that is not to be dispensed with. Neither is it the jail. To put the gang behind iron bars affords passing relief, but it is like treating a symptom without getting at the root of the disease. Prophylactic treatment is clearly indicated. The boy who flings mud and stones is entering his protest in his own way against the purblind policy that gave him jails for schools and the gutter for a playground, that gave him dummies for laws and the tenement for a home. He is demanding his rights, of which he has been cheated, — the right to his childhood, the right to know the true dignity of labor that makes a self-respecting manhood. The gang, rightly understood, is our ally, not our enemy. Like any ailment of the body, it is a friend come to tell us of something that has gone amiss.

[1] Year-Book of Elmira State Reformatory, 1897. The statistics deal with 8319 prisoners received there in twenty-three years. The social stratum whence they came is sufficiently indicated by the statement that 18.3 per cent were illiterates, and 43.3 per cent were able to read and write with difficulty; 35.2 per cent had an ordinary common school education; 3.2 per cent came out of high schools or colleges.

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The thing for us to do is to find out what it is, and set it right.

That is the story of the gang. That we have read and grasped its lesson at last, an item in my morning paper, which I read at the breakfast table to-day, bears witness. It tells that the League for Political Education has set about providing a playground for the children up on the West Side, near the model tenements which I described. Just so! With a decent home and a chance for the boy to grow into a healthy man, his political education can proceed without much further hindrance. Now let the League for Political Education trade off the policeman's club for a boys' club, and it may consider its course fairly organized.

I spoke of the instinct for the crowd in the tenement house boy as evidence that the slum had got its grip on him. And it is true of him. The experience that the helpless poor will not leave their slum when a chance of better things is offered is wearily familiar to most of us. I recall the indignant amazement of my good friend, the president of the Baron de Hirsch Fund, when, of a hundred of the neediest families chosen to be the pioneers in the experiment of transplanting the crowds of the Ghetto to the country, where homes and work were waiting for them, only seven wanted to go. They preferred the excitement of the street. One has to have resources to face the loneliness of the woods and the fields. We have seen what resources the slum has at its command. In the boy it laid hold of the instinct for organization, the desire to fall in and march in line that belongs to all boys, and is not here, as abroad, cloyed with military service in the young years, — and anyhow is stronger in the American boy than in his European brother, — and perverted it to its own use. That is the simple secret of the success of the club, the brigade, in winning back the boy. It is fighting the street with its own weapon. The gang is the club run wild.

How readily it owns the kinship was never better shown than by the experience of the College Settlement girls, when they first went to make friends in the East Side tenements. I have told it before, but it will bear telling again, for it holds the key to the whole business. They gathered in the drift, all the little embryo gangs that were tuning up in the district, and made them into clubs, — Young Heroes, Knights of the Round Table, and such like; all except one, the oldest, that had begun to make a name for itself with the police. That one held aloof, observing coldly what went on, to make sure it was "straight." They let it be, keeping the while an anxious eye upon it; until one day there came a delegation with the proposition, "If you will let us in, we will change and have your kind of a gang." Needless to say it was let in. And within a year, when, through a false rumor that the concern was moving away, there was a run on the Settlement's penny provident bank, the converted gang proved itself its stanchest friend by doing actually what John Halifax did, in Miss Mulock's story: it brought all the pennies it could raise in the neighborhood by hook or by crook and deposited them as fast as the regular patrons — the gang had not yet risen to the dignity of a bank account — drew them out, until the run ceased.

The cry "Get the boys off the street" that has been raised in our cities, as the real gravity of the situation has been made clear, has led to the adoption of curfew ordinances in many places. Any attempt to fit such a scheme to metropolitan life would probably result simply in adding one more dead-letter law, more dangerous than all the rest, to those we have. Besides, the curfew rings at nine o'clock. The dangerous hours, when the gang is made, are from seven to nine, between supper and bedtime. This is the gap the club fills out. The boys take to the street because the home has nothing to keep them there. To lock them up in

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the house would only make them hate it more. The club follows the line of least resistance. It has only to keep also on the line of common sense. It must be a real club, not a reformatory. Its proper function is to head off the jail. The gang must not run it. But rather that than have it help train up a band of wretched young cads. The signs are not hard to make out. When a boy has had his head swelled by his importance as a member of the Junior Street-Cleaning Band to the point of reproving his mother for throwing a banana peel in the street, the thing to be done is to take him out and spank him, if it *is* reverting to "the savagery" of the street. Better a savage than a cad. The boys have the making of both in them. Their vanity furnishes abundant material for the cad, but only when unduly pampered. Left to itself, the gang can be trusted not to develop that kink.

It comes down in the end to the personal influence that is always most potent in dealing with these problems. We had a gang start up once when my boys were of that age, out in the village on Long Island where we lived. It had its headquarters in our barn, where it planned diverse raids that aimed at killing the cat and other like outrages; the central fact being that the boys had an air rifle, with which it was necessary to murder something. My wife discovered the conspiracy, and, with woman's wit, defeated it by joining the gang. She "gave in wood" to the election bonfires, and pulled the safety valve upon all the other plots by entering into the true spirit of them, — which was adventure rather than mischief, — and so keeping them within safe lines. She was elected an honorary member, and became the counselor of the gang in all their little scrapes. I can yet see her dear brow wrinkled in the study of some knotty gang problem, which we discussed when the boys had been long asleep. They did not dream of it, and the village never knew what small tragedies it escaped, nor who it was that so skillfully averted them.

It is always the women who do those things. They are the law and the gospel to the boy, both in one. It is the mother heart, I suppose, and there is nothing better in all the world. I am reminded of the conversion of "the Kid" by one who was in a very real sense the mother of a social settlement uptown, in the latitude of Battle Row. The Kid was driftwood. He had been cast off by a drunken father and mother, and was living on what he could scrape out of ash barrels, and an occasional dime for kindling-wood which he sold from a wheelbarrow, when the gang found and adopted him. My friend adopted the gang in her turn, and civilized it by slow stages. Easter Sunday came, when she was to redeem her promise to take the boys to witness the services in a neighboring church, where the liturgy was especially impressive. It found the bigger part of the gang at her door, — a minority, it was announced, were out stealing potatoes, hence were excusable, — in a state of high indignation.

"The Kid 's been cussin' awful," explained the leader. The Kid showed in the turbulent distance, red-eyed and raging.

"But why?" asked my friend, in amazement.

"'Cause he can't go to church!"

It appeared that the gang had shut him out, with a sense of what was due to the occasion, because of his rags. Restored to grace, and choking down reminiscent sobs, the Kid sat through the Easter service, surrounded by the twenty-seven "proper" members of the gang. Civilization had achieved a victory, and no doubt my friend remembered it in her prayers with thanksgiving. The manner was of less account. Battle Row has its own ways, even in its acceptance of means of grace.

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I walked home from the office to-night. The street wore its normal aspect of mingled dullness and the kind of expectancy that is always waiting to turn any excitement, from a fallen horse to a fire, to instant account. The early June heat had driven the multitudes from the tenements into the street for a breath of air. The boys of the block were holding a meeting at the hydrant. In some way they had turned the water on, and were splashing in it with bare feet, reveling in the sense that they were doing something that "went against" their enemy, the policeman. Upon the quiet of the evening broke a bugle note and the tramp of many feet keeping time. A military band came around the corner, stepping briskly to the tune of The Stars and Stripes Forever. Their white duck trousers glimmered in the twilight, as the hundred legs moved as one. Stoops and hydrant were deserted with a rush. The gang fell in with joyous shouts. The young fellow linked arms with his sweetheart and fell in too. The tired mother hurried with the baby carriage to catch up. The butcher came, hot and wiping his hands on his apron, to the door to see them pass.

"Yes," said my companion, guessing my thoughts, — we had been speaking of the boys, — "but look at the other side. There is the military spirit. Do you not fear danger from it in this country?"

No, my anxious friend, I do not. Let them march; and if with a gun, better still. Often enough it is the choice of the gun on the shoulder, or, by and by, the stripes on the back in the lockstep gang.

Jacob A. Riis.

THE BOOK REVIEW, PAST AND PRESENT.

WHAT is the value of a book review? The phrase "book review" seems pleonastic; but as there are now many classes of critics in addition to those who are literary, some newspapers awarding the name even to reporters of baseball and kindred matters, it is necessary to be specific in order to be understood. What then is the value of a book review? Measured by the animosities of authors and critics, no doubt, this value is appreciable at a very high rate. The estimate put upon a book review was noteworthy when Brougham cut to pieces the juvenile poetry of Lord Byron, and when the legend arose that the life of Keats had been put out by the malice of Gifford and Croker. Croker had no doubts on the subject when he was hammered flat by Thor-Macaulay. Gifford imagined in his earlier days that reviewers were a breed of venom-spitting toads, and some said that he lived to exemplify his own theory in the Quarterly. We all know what Izaak Walton's opinion was of worms; we should like to know what the worms thought of Izaak Walton. So we know what author Gifford thought of critics, and what critic Gifford thought of authors. Now, if we only knew what the man Gifford thought, between his two militant attitudes, of himself, we might gain some scientific data for our theme. Hated he may have been; he was not despised. Nor was criticism despised when Scioppius obliged Henry of Navarre to stop the sale of Thuanus' history, nor when John Dennis irritated Pope and the playwrights, nor when J. B. Mencke in Charlataneria strewed half Europe with the literary remains of his contemporaries, nor when Dryden seconded his verse with profuse and

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facile critical prose, nor when Addison established the fame of Milton, and Voltaire showed how the methods of criticism could be applied to every conceivable topic. The very earliest of journalistic book reviews, the brief comment with which the Journal des Savans started, on an edition of the works of certain African bishops, instead of being condemned for aridity was hailed as the beginning of a new era in letters. It did not matter whether the critic was dishonest and malignant like Scioppius, satirical like Mencke or de Sallo, or genuinely scientific like Addison; the significance of his writing was high enough if measured by the resentment of his victims or the pleasure of less prejudiced readers.

It is useless to look in the past for a golden age when Lamb the author and Lion the critic dwelt together in peace and harmony. Such a time seems possible in the future, for reasons which ought to be obvious to every one who is observant of literary conditions. Certainly the earlier years of the current century, when periodical criticism reached a height in popular esteem which it never attained before, and from which it has sadly fallen since, belonged to no era of good will. One who in his time was on both sides of the battle, like Gifford, but whose last words were those of an author, thought nothing could be more devoid of conscience than the book-reviewing of the twenties. He wrote: "It has been said that criticism has been at all times corrupt or prejudiced. It is possible that these epithets may have been occasionally applicable with justice to that of all times; but at no other periods were such faults systematic. Individual critics might indulge their passions; now all is carried on by conspiracy. Formerly there was at least some approach to candor and integrity; now the very thought of these regards is abandoned. An examination of the literary journals which came into common use at the end of the seventeenth century, such as the Journal des Savans, and the critical publications of Le Clerc, Bayle, etc., will exemplify these assertions. Impartial posterity has in general ratified the judgments which were then pronounced." Of course, this writer neglected the fact, which he was well aware of, that authors in the seventeenth century were as little pleased with criticism in their day as he was in his. Southey was not more resentful toward Jeffrey than Guy Patin was toward de Sallo. In two generations so much of the heat has departed from the essays of Jeffrey and Gifford that their judgments also have become classic, and are partly or wholly approved by posterity without prejudice to the books concerned. "The Lyrical Ballads are not liked at all by any," wrote Mrs. Coleridge to her husband and the Wordsworths in 1798; and it is doubtful if all those poems would escape now, were the question brought to a test among reading people. One sometimes hears the critics who censured Carlyle anathematized. Carlyle's literary method is justified by its success; but the critics also have their justification in the fact that when this author is impartially estimated now, much of what they said is repeated. Sartor Resartus is as much of a classic as Religio Medici or the Tale of a Tub; but who can read it and not feel with a detractor of sixty years ago that "it is capital sport to know all the while, fever-dream-like that actually not bending is one his optical convexities, cat-like-over-mouse, on High Dutch"? In short, financial success is no answer to legitimate criticism, nor does failure to please the public, after the critics have expressed their approval, show that the book is bad and that the critics were wrong.

It is here, certainly, that the doubt lies as to the value of the book review. From how many modern periodicals this sort of literary comment has been excluded altogether, in how many more

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it has become a mere vermiform appendix, an almost atrophied part of the organism, it would be useless to inquire. But evidently the tendency is toward the status which Hallam anticipated, when it will be possible to compare the last book review with the first; the first being the above-mentioned discussion of certain ecclesiastical writings, and the last, in all likelihood, pertaining neither to theology nor to any other science, nor even to good literature. One need not assume that literature has declined because criticism lacks the popularity which it once had. It may be that the world is only illustrating anew the old saying, "Mundus vult decipi," Englished by Barnum in the phrase, "The public loves a humbug." So imperative is the necessity for mere advertising that authors who are privately rational and quiet take in public an air of the highest assumption. They would not think of display except in print. If one had never seen them, one might think that they were of the same kidney with the renowned Johannes Seger, poet laureate of Wittenberg, who, it was said, had a tablet of brass engraved with Christ on the cross, and he himself, robed and laureated, standing below imperiously asking, "Lord Jesus, lovest thou me?" The suffering Saviour was not so much engrossed in his own affairs but that he could reply, with consummate courtesy, "Most renowned, most estimable, and most learned Herr Meister Seger, imperial poet laureate and most worthy rector of the school in Wittenberg, I do love thee." It would be an ungrateful task to specify cases in the last five years in which Seger's effrontery, though not his impiety, has been fairly matched.

Naturally in such a state of literature the critic, whatever he may have been in the past, no longer has a serious auditory. The question What is the value of the book review? becomes academic, a problem for solution at the Greek calends. Nevertheless it is discussed with some heat, particularly by those who insist that it is not worth discussing at all. A letter from one who is certainly expert in all literary affairs contains these lines: "The book reviewer (whereby I mean the critic of new books) is not worthy of the slightest consideration. I do not believe that any single piece of contemporary criticism was ever worth the paper it was written on. There is such a thing as reporting a book's contents, which will be a guide to a man trying to decide whether he wants the book or not; but as for criticism of a new book, — that this can be of any value is one of the persistent superstitions of a vain and barren and analytic rather than constructive era." The inference is that there is some kind of a review, a report of a book's contents, which is useful, and so of value corresponding to its utility. But a certain acute bookseller canceled this lonely concession to the contemporary literary critic. "No review ever sells a book" was his dictum, and he substantiated it by citing a long list of books within his own observation which had fallen unnoticed, or barely mentioned, from the critics' hands, and shortly afterward had been taken up by an enthusiastic public and carried forward to abnormal success. A particular instance which he cited was the now famous novel Ben-Hur, which, he insisted, won its way with almost no help from the critics, and not only won its own way, but retrieved the fortunes of its brother, The Fair God. Hardly any one capable of a solid judgment will say that of these Ben-Hur is the better book in an artistic sense. The clever management of a religious motive (which must, however, always be Christian) has been noted for several hundred years as an element of popularity in an English book. Warton alludes to the fact, and the latest passing triumph of the kind illustrates it. How different the Quo Vadis? that we know from the book of the same title which,

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some centuries ago, was one of the minor ornaments of English literature!

Then our bookseller cited other works, a mournful catalogue of good books which the critics approved and analyzed and reported, and in fact treated to every kind of commendatory writing known to a literary page; and all these gathered the dust of neglect on his shelves, save that now and then some bookworm, with the penetration of his kind, picked out a volume and carried it away. Now the genuine bookworm, as a rule, — and this is well known, — cares little for reviews. He likes an article to have some of the qualities of the books he buys, — to have a modicum of learning, for example, — and he rarely finds these qualities in fugitive essays which he suspects — wrongly, we are bound to say — of being written more like advertisements than otherwise. Perhaps he has read such stories as that which Derby tells in his reminiscences, of the effort to injure a book by a professional reader who had rejected it, or the more recent anecdote of an author who is the victim of a conspiracy on the part of certain literary editors against all writers from the section of the country to which he belongs. If the bookworm noticed such tales, he would be just perverse enough to interpret them backward. What he does in practice is to scan footnotes and accidental allusions, and from these to make up his mind whether the work he is in doubt about is worthy of a place in the same room with the pigskins and seventeenth-century folios which are his proper standards of literary value.

According to this epigrammatic bookseller, who was also a publisher of experience, there are two kinds of criticism which contribute to the sale of books. One of these is the statement of the publisher, accepted, of course, as the opinion also of his professional readers, upon the merits of a given book. That statement is based upon wide practical experience, and is restricted to just the points which should make the book attractive to the class of readers to whom the appeal in its behalf must be made. Obviously the reputation of the publisher for solidity of judgment and candor must affect the question here, but this has to be read between the lines. A statement of the kind alluded to is usually very brief, — as brief as the ordinary paragraph bestowed by the newspaper critic on books which he views with indifference or finds himself incapable of handling; but it is nevertheless the product of mature consideration. Secondary to this printed notice from the publisher's hands are the oral explanations of the travelers for publishing houses. These men can be divided into two classes, — the one consisting of those whose predictions as to the selling qualities of a new book can be trusted, the other of those who lack this accuracy. The difference between the two is not necessarily nor usually a matter of personality. It is really a line of discrimination among publishers themselves. Not long ago, in the case of a popular but rather costly biography of a man of great distinction, the traveler who had the book in hand, and knew the region in which he worked, gave his local patrons an estimate of the number of copies they would require. It was a sort of trial of skill, and it turned out that he hit the demand more closely than did the men who thought they knew their own trade best. They had to supplement their first order with a second, losing a little money by the operation in accordance with the fitness of things. It was, perhaps, an easy task to estimate possibilities with that book. But similar prevision in less favorable circumstances shows that calculations were not made on a purely experimental basis. The local bookseller knows well enough when he faces a mere experiment. "You need not show me any books of poetry from X or Y," said one. "I know that they have not been read

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by any one competent to pass judgment upon them; it will be a mere chance if they are not all rubbish."

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The other kind of profitable criticism — looking always, of course, from the mercantile point of view — is that of the social dinner and the club. Here, precisely, is where the historic change has occurred in the popular estimate of criticism. Time was when the book review certainly guided social literary opinions. That somewhat dyspeptic writer of the twenties, whom we have already had occasion to quote, grudgingly confesses the fact. "In no age," says he, "did the mass of mankind make much attempt to judge for themselves. In the present age they do not affect to conceal that they are entirely guided by the decision of one of the fashionable reviews. In what way these reviews are manufactured; how far the critics are qualified to pronounce judgment, and by what motives they are actuated in the opinions they express, this is not the place and opportunity to discuss at length. If the mask could be withdrawn from the face of each respective critic, the decision would in most cases lose all its authority." The mask never was an effectual disguise, and now it is either removed altogether or retained only as a matter of form. Criticism has grown milder. It even calculates, in making an estimate of a book, the following that the author may have. Yet that it has grown stronger or more popular would be rash to assert. On the contrary, the influence which this writer attributes to the great reviews three generations ago seems a mere reminiscence now. Is this because everybody has caught the trick of putting an opinion about a book? That seems a plausible theory for a time in which, it is said, nobody wants to read a book; what everybody wants to do is to write a book. But a better answer may be that literature, such as it is, has shifted its ground, so that in great part it is no longer amenable to formal criticism, whether this be laudatory or the reverse. In the twenties poets still existed, and style even in prose fiction was removed from the expression of ordinary life. Now verse approximates to every-day speech, and the novel, unless it deals with a past age, — and often in that case as well, — becomes a transcript of what men and women say to one another in the very words and parts of words, dialect included, which they habitually use. The literary critic figures as little among these stenographic reports of life as the art critic in a gallery of photographs. It is a waste of time to pick flaws, for the artist replies at once that the sun must be to blame. The novelist can be accused of putting up automatons for men and women, but the words are there to show that his lay figures talk just like people. Often he can be detected outlining his own features, but the voice of Esau is no longer peculiar, and this Jacob is as easy about showing his hand as his prototype was. Occasionally moral comment is deemed necessary; but there is nothing worse than morality in literary criticism, except immorality.

Whatever the reason may be, it seems a fact that criticism which is of financial value to the bookseller has shifted from the printed periodical to the social dinner and the club. Somebody happens to say in conversation that a book is worth looking at, and a few days later the dealers observe that it has come into demand. Years ago the conversational remark would have been that in such or such quarterly, monthly, weekly, or daily the book was said to be good. But those days of unsophistication, when one gave an authority for a literary opinion, are past. In the conversation at the dinner table, this lapse from the conscientious pedantry of earlier days is venial. But the formal critic can safely be guilty of analogous pilferings without confession only when he has recourse to writings which his readers know nothing about.

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To borrow opinions from a contemporary, however remote, to translate convenient paragraphs from Sainte-Beuve, to paraphrase well-known books like Stedman on the Victorian poets, or to copy whole pages from Macaulay's essays, is to try conclusions, like Shakespeare's ape, at the risk of a similar catastrophe.

It will be observed that in all this informal treatment of books we have precisely the kind of comment which makes any business successful. People who buy usually put faith in the words of those with whom they are acquainted, and especially in the suggestions of an experienced man of business. They carry this confiding spirit to the length of buying books of that learned connoisseur who also sells them their dry goods. It may sound harsh, but it is merely the prosaic statement of a fact, to say that to this conclusion descends all criticism in the interest of the publisher made at his real or supposed dictation. The method may be successful financially, but it is nevertheless a step downward intellectually. Let him who demands an illustration compare the literary gossip of a past age with the notes scattered, supposedly by the syndicates, to the minor newspapers of the country. These notes, as a rule, are worth the regular rates per line, and that is all they are worth. But, according to the law of literary evolution, the spread of this degenerate species of writing is sure to starve out all better kinds. Another result must be the rigid limitation of books to certain classes known to be profitable; the exclusion of all that might subvert the literary fashions and upset the calculations of the trade. Then will come the effort to shift the responsibility for the decay of literature to shoulders where it does not belong. In fact, the responsibility rests on the same commonplace traits of human nature upon which it has always fallen under similar conditions. The publisher aims quite properly at books that pay, and the world, when it can do without great writers, is invariably obliged to do so. History is crowded with illustrations of the way the thing works. Virgil and Dante would have starved on their literary achievements alone. The parasitic Martial had his epigrams on sale in every Roman camp from the Tigris to the Thames, made a fairly profitable trade of verse-writing, and in old age retired to Spain on money which Pliny gave him confessedly for praises past. Martial has since been read only as a curiosity; possibly the only generous buyer of his works in modern times was Andreas Naugerius, and Naugerius bought them to burn. In Virgil's time there was hardly a bookseller in Rome, but men of genius were numerous. In the time of Gellius booksellers were plenty, and men who wrote books were not few, but genius was found only in works that were already ancient. The Virgil who might have starved in his own day but for the one friend who introduced him to the Emperor was the most profitable author the later booksellers had. "Ronsard is forgotten," remarked Gouget in the Bibliothèque Française, "he who formed so many disciples and had so many bad imitators. This writer, so famous at one time, whose whole life was a triumph, who was loved by his king, cherished by the court, admired by all savants, overwhelmed with the most pompous eulogies, whose funeral oration was pronounced by the celebrated du Perron, — this poet, who had no hesitation in calling himself the Prince of Poets and the dearest favorite of the Muses, is read no more; he is not even named except with contempt." Gouget could not anticipate that Ronsard would be restored to public favor for a time. What he impresses on us is that there is no permanence in a literary reputation artificially built up. "How many works of the last twenty years," remarks the discontented author already quoted, "which were of temporary demand have become waste paper!" On the other

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hand, every publisher will say, probably, that he finds the ideas of authors, when allowed free range, rather impracticable.

By looking over the whole field of literature, it will be found that the various kinds of social and across-the-counter criticism are of imperative significance only with those growths in which a fair equipoise can be preserved between the practical and the impracticable. Neither the publisher's reader, nor the literary diner-out, nor the distinguished specialist in criticism who counts the year lost in which he fails to exploit three or four brand new warranted real poets and a novelist or two in whom burns the smouldering fire of genius, has much influence over the fate of books that cost a lifetime of hard labor. We imagine that there was but one man in the United States who could have put Herbert Spencer's series of philosophical volumes on a line where they were certain to catch the public eye. Most solid books lack this intelligent support. They cannot be made as cheaply — or at least they are not made as cheaply — as the lighter productions of the press. Unfortunately, the writer in the one case needs notoriety as much as in the other. It was remarked long ago that "what is true in the course of the general affairs of human life is not less true of literature. The same means of success and the same causes of defeat are in full force. An author cannot emerge into fame and obtain the rewards accompanying it by mere merit. The addition of a vast deal of manœuvre and obtrusiveness, and perhaps, it may be added, accidental opportunity and good fortune, is necessary." Outside of the libraries, more or less public in their character, the most skillful manœuvre adds comparatively few to the number of buyers of a weighty book. Few books were better exploited beforehand than The Origin of Species; few books of value were ever more successful. Yet it may be that a novel could be named, written in one season, read in the next, and almost forgotten by the end of the year, which surpassed The Origin of Species as a wage-earner by thousands of dollars. It took a quarter of a century to write the one, and a quarter of a year to write the other. Evidently the ordinary methods of business are at fault here. It is certain that the comparatively few buyers of books that signify are persons not to be caught by the usual methods of advertising. They are apt to be persons who think for themselves, and possibly they are to be the final refuge of the critic before that last review presaged by Hallam has to be written. The people who know good books when they see them soon find out how far a reviewer, whose work they like otherwise, can be trusted. Human limitations are manifold, and even the man who has the reminiscence of a library in his head knows that he can write with but meagre authority on most topics. If the well-read book reviewer did not know, also, how few of the books that pass under his eye are through and through work at first hand, he might well despair when he has to pass a judgment or complete an analysis without access to original sources. It is here, between the book before him and the origins which he looks for, that the reviewer discovers a curious fact. One of the last men to understand a really thoughtful book is the author himself. The cause of this is that the author has worked from within, and knows only the inner aspect of the structure which he has raised. Its outer aspect startles him when revealed in the words of some reviewer, even if those words are words of commendation. He understands the kind of book review which is a cento from his own writing, more or less carefully patched together. He has already mourned over the obvious defects of pen or type which some critics laboriously heap up against him. But the restatement of his thought in new phrases by another mind comes to him like some-

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thing out of a foreign language. In fact, he has seen the outside of his house, be it molehill or palace, for the first time.

Let us concede that the book review has nothing to do with the sale of books. The inference must be that it is time wasted to bestow criticism upon books which need no aid except what will facilitate their sale. This would forthwith exclude the novel of the present day from the reviewer's table, and would save him from a task which grows annually more irksome, as the novel, in the light of artistic requirements, declines toward inevitable extinction. No other work of the pen is so purely a bid for money as the novel. A book of learning, of science, of philosophy, usually requires too many years of labor to have its value measured in coin. Worse still, the relation of such a book to ordinary life is so intricate and obscure that its value is not even measured in the good will of mankind. People who enjoy the public life of the United States hardly waste a thought upon the men who extricated the problem of the state from mediæval anarchy and the spirit of caste, and formulated it for solution. We laugh at Duns Scotus and think of Hudibras. But no Duns Scotus, — then, no Wicliffe, no Luther, no Grotius, no Locke, no Federalist. If this ancient thinker has not yet come in touch with the popular mind, after all the centuries since his time, how can the contemporary thinker expect honor except for something quite remote from what he considers his real achievement? So the philosopher has to carry his reward with him, and he is usually able to do this without breaking his back. While he complains, as Mr. Spencer does, that he is hardly understood by those who have read him, there are those who speak of the influence of novels, morally, socially, intellectually. It can be said with confidence that, outside of the imagination of persons who think that they could write a novel if they tried, this boasted influence does not exist. The reason is plain. A novel never creates the moral, social, or intellectual movement which it reveals to its readers. It is an echo of what is passing, and the chances are that the movement which caused it has already run its course and merged in some new commotion before the novel is written. Exceptions may be noted, but we believe most of them to be more apparent than real. The question is open to practical test by way of answer. Send the case of novels which you have read in the last five years to a dealer, and observe the result. The specimens which you regret having had in your possession will head your bookseller's list, and the books which were supposed to influence the world in some way or other he will hardly take as a gift. Your bookseller cares no more for the ulterior purpose of a book than your thermometer cares for the temperature. He simply records a fact, namely, that the reading public has not absorbed a drop of additional wisdom from the books which his experience rejects. It follows that the reviews of such books must have failed, like the books themselves, to impress the public. As the total result is nil, aside from the money made or lost in the operation, with which, *per hypothesim*, the reviewer had nothing to do, the only correct procedure is to give up that field of reviewing entirely to the advertiser. An additional reason for doing this is found in the nature of the comment to which novels are subjected. It is an unwritten law that plot and characterization must not be reported. The reviewer falls back upon what he is pleased to call his originality as a critic, eked out frequently by the earlier originality of another. This leads him in a curve which ultimately closes, and he is thereafter constantly engaged in repeating, with verbal changes, the group of opinions which he had at the outset. Add to these considerations a third, that a large number of the prominent novels of the year have already

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been subjected piecemeal in magazines and newspaper syndicates to the judgment of readers, and it must be obvious that to this branch of criticism, if to any, applies in full force the Roman proverb about carrying fagots to the forest.

The case is similar, with a class of more or less striking books which are usually heralded, orally and in print, as each "The book of the year," long before they fall from the press. They often come to the reviewer in sheets for prompt attention, and yet everything which he is likely to say about them in haste has been forestalled. His work is perfunctory to the last degree. He scribbles some commonplace connecting links, whets a pair of scissors on the attractive passages which have been put under his hand, throws the whole mass together, and calls it by courtesy a review. The public, which was bound to buy that particular book in any case, does not trouble itself about the reviewer further than to observe that he has filled the requisite and conventional amount of space. In some cases the book treated thus is really treated as it deserves. In many cases a grievous wrong is done, and, speaking generally, the custom which dictates this kind of reviewing is a mistaken one. The early sale of the book has been provided for. If, instead of being expected to give a hasty notice, the reviewer were left to come in at the lull after the first rush, he would not only do himself justice as a man of brains and acumen, but he would perform a service, judged by the lowest standard, different from all other kinds of advertising. He is useful, if he is ever so financially, to the publisher, at a moment when indifference or reaction sets in; when readers have forgotten the book, and have begun to think about something else. A book is not a perishable product. If it be good, the demand for it is likely to last long, and a notice of it is not likely to be amiss because it happens to be later than the day of publication.

The great mass of books worthy of a reviewer's attention are, however, such as really need the help which he can give. Not only do the books need it, but the public needs it as well. The complaint of the Biblical writer about the endless multiplication of books was echoed with emphatic variations more than two centuries ago, when it was said that merely to enumerate the books in existence, without passing judgment on the authors, would require the long life of a Nestor. And even then the task would not be accomplished because of the vast addition to the number printed daily. It would be a mistake to suppose that no effort was made in those early days to keep pace in the periodicals with the increase of books. Before 1737 there were fully seven hundred journals in Western Europe to record the advance in science and literature, and these were on the whole more uniformly devoted to reviewing of one kind or another, direct or indirect, than the thousands of papers published at the present day. And wherever the work was attempted it was apt to be well done. What the great English critics were capable of is known, but the average compares favorably with that of the present day, though much of the writing, especially on the Continent, was in the scholastic Latin of the period, accurate, but incapable of delicate observation. In the very merit of this early work in the Journal des Savans, Acta Eruditorum, and other publications of that day lies a most discouraging fact. How can criticism expect to maintain its hold, when it reached perfection so early, and is now only observing and enforcing the maxims which were long ago proved and copiously illustrated? It seems as if there were but one general line of procedure left to it. In the majority of cases, a well-read man, taking up a book of serious purpose and information in philosophy, history, science, belles-lettres, archæology, criticism of past literature, and so on, can add some-

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thing of value which the author leaves unsaid, besides giving a fair abstract of the book's contents without pretending to a slavish fidelity. He can turn the subject about and display it in a novel aspect, thus really contributing something of original value to the discussion. He can direct attention to the topic in general, and thus waken a curiosity which is usually not satisfied with one book alone. In this way he can box the whole compass of learning, and lead his readers to that universality of outlook which is indispensable in this age of many sciences. Without the pretense of polymathy in his own person, he may help others to be, according to the measure of their abilities, specialists in the general truths of all knowledge, such as Comte desiderated. If he gets them to taking the universal and critical view, to looking for the universal induction, as Renan called it, he will have done them a real favor. And anything will be better than the existing hopeless feeling in the presence of the chaos of learning and literature which the next generation must reduce to the semblance of an orderly creation. It will be better to encourage the ephemeral summary of the intellectual activity of the age than to wait for another Isidore to abolish science and civilization together, while pretending to preserve them in miniature. Remember this: when civilization goes to seed the next time, it will be the last; for no barbarians will be left to plough it under and start humanity afresh.

J. S. Tunison.

SUPREME MOMENTS.

THE RECLUSE.

Reflecting glories of the golden day
In faces sunned by cloudless human love,
Two passed a "sister" on her sacred way,
Her eyes cast down, to keep her soul above.
Life on that morning had been gall to her,
While brimmed with honey for the passing twain;
One tender word she hears: it sets astir
The human current in each cloistered vein.

THE WORLDLING.

Into the beating storm the plighted go,
Out of the blinding light of revelry;
Silent with awfulness of life they grow,
As a death-pageant in their path they see.
"What, then, are mirth and love and friends?" they thought;
And, thinking thus, the black-stoled nun they spied:
Just for that moment, all the world seemed naught
To the great peace of this world crucified.

Charlotte Fiske Bates.

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THE MAN AT THE EDGE OF THINGS.

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I.

THE Commencement exercises were over. Nothing remained — except everything. In that bewildered frame of mind which accompanies the passing away of college days, and the beginning of a new heaven and a new earth, Dilling Brown had shown his aunt, Miss Elizabeth Brown, — his aunt who was also his guardian, — over the historic halls and around the campus, had introduced her to professors and told her yarns till she protested.

"You 're just like one of those tiresome books of short stories, Dilling," she said. "Can't you be a little more consecutive? You chop up my emotions so!"

Dilling shook back his too abundant hair, — it was a perfect hay color, — and laughed with huge appreciation. Then he took his aunt over to drink tea with some friends while he went to look up a man.

The man, known to his associates as Tommy Letlow, was up in his room packing his best silk hat.

"You darned dude!" cried Brown.

"La la la la la la," was Letlow's lyric greeting. He spun round on one nimble heel and sparred at Brown.

"Shut up!" said Brown, reaching under his guard. "Where are you going, you sweep, when you leave these hacademic 'alls?"

Letlow looked glum. "I don't know," he admitted. "At least, my ticket reads to New York. Any one can *go* to New York."

Brown forced his little companion back into a chair.

"But I want to rest easy nights."

"Rest in peace, son."

"I can't, unless you tell me more. How are you going to stay in New York after you get there? Who 've you got to look to — or after?"

"Just my bloomin' self."

"And you have n't a million left out of your patrimony, eh?"

"Patrimony! What a pretty word, Dil! Mighty pretty word, that. Begins with a *p* and sounds so pleasant. No, there are n't millions. But there was enough to buy a ticket to New York."

"Going to try a newspaper?"

"All fools walk the same road." Letlow got at his packing and his singing again.

"But my aunt says," broke in Brown, "that she wants you to come up home with us for a time. She wants you to help eat the fatted capon. We go up to New York, too, and take a two-hour run down Long Island, you know. Aunt lives in a rotten little town there, and raises boxwood. At least, that is the impression to be gathered from a casual glance at her front yard. Her object in life is to keep Nettie from breaking the china which my grandfather brought from Canton fifty years ago, when he was in the trade. Nettie is a careless young thing who has been in the family forty-three years. Come along and see Nettie and the china and the cat and the boxwood; it would give me more pleasure than anything I could think of. Aunt Betty 's a brick, — you won't find many like her. She has only one weakness — and that 's me. But we 're the last of our kind, and very rare and precious, so we attach a good deal of importance to each other. Come on, Tommy. Do it, eh?"

"Of course I will, you beggar! Going to-night? Five sharp? I 'll be there. Ladies' waiting room! All right, Dil, my duck. And *please*, Dil, give my compliments to your aunt."

So the three settled down in the old

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house beyond the boxwood, and the young men put in a good deal of time laughing about nothing in particular, and got themselves up in white flannel and played tennis afternoons with Anice Comstock and Dorcas Pilsbury, nice girls, whom Dilling had known since he knew anything. Aunt Betty sat in the shade of the elms with Mrs. Pilsbury, and there were lemonade and seed cakes served — and nothing else happened. No one made love to any one else. No one did anything remarkable. The girls were quiet girls, who did not play tennis any too well, and who made their own frocks. They both thought the young men laughed too much, and wondered what they meant by their frivolous view of things. Miss Dorcas asked Tommy Letlow, one evening, if he had any religious convictions. Poor Tommy, who was very fair, with soft black curls on the top of his head and innocent deep blue eyes, looked like a little boy who has been scolded and is going to cry. But Miss Dorcas kept her eyes fixed on him, and he had to answer.

"Upon my soul, Miss Dorcas, I — really, Miss Dorcas, I can't say. I 'd stick out the day's work, whatever it was, and keep alongside anybody who expected me to, you know, and I would n't be surprised at anything that might happen on — on either side of the grave, you know, Miss Dorcas. What I have seen of the world already has been so surprising and so — so incomprehensible, that there are no — no miracles, you understand, Miss Dorcas, in my estimation. Everything is a miracle, you see. Only it was some one else who said that, was n't it?"

"It was Walt Whitman," said Miss Dorcas quite severely.

"Was it, Miss Dorcas? I 'm glad to have quoted him, even if I did n't know I was doing it. It is n't my fault, you know, that I have n't been better taught than I have about — what you were speaking of, you know, a minute ago. If my mother had lived, I suppose I should have been different. But everybody is dead who took any interest in me, except Dil over there."

He looked quite wistful, and the girl rubbed the toe of her tennis shoe back and forth in the dust, with an air of wishing to say something comforting, but she only remarked: "Mr. Brown is a very pleasant young man," looking over to where Dilling and Miss Anice were tossing balls languidly about the tennis court, "but he seems to lack earnestness."

Tommy went for lemonade just then, — the maid was bringing it out to the table under the elms, — and so he attempted no answer. He wondered so much over the meaning of Miss Dorcas's complaint about the lack of earnestness in Dil and himself that he spilt half a dozen drops of the lemonade on that young lady's lilac-sprigged gown, with instant obliteration of the lilac sprigs. That evening he had a temporary hope that Dil, at least, had some latent earnestness in him, by which he might be justified to his gentle critics, for he heard him saying: —

"Well, aunt Betty, dear, I must get out of this. Tommy and I are going to seek our fortunes. We are going to walk down the road till we meet a man, and we are going to say, 'Please, good man, give us some straw, that we may build us a house.' And the good man" —

"Dil, what nonsense! Sit up, sir." Dil got off the sofa and placed himself with undue solemnity in one of his aunt's gothic-backed chairs. Tommy had fears that this earnestness was not yet of the quality to recommend itself to the young lady with the sprigged lawn. Miss Elizabeth Brown continued to address her nephew: "I want to say to you, Dilling, what I have not said before, — that I was mightily pleased with you Commencement Day. I was pleased with what you said, and with the way you bore yourself, and with the reports I got of you."

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"Oh come, aunt Betty, dear, this is too bad! What have I done to deserve this at your hands?"

"Don't laugh, Dil. If your father could have lived to hear and see you, my satisfaction would have been complete. Of course I am not going around crowing over you. This is all between ourselves and Mr. Letlow. Did n't you notice how offhand and deprecating I was, the other day? But in fact, Dil, and quite seriously, I was and am so pleased that it gives me grace to make a great sacrifice."

"You have never done anything else but make sacrifices."

"Many of the things you may have called by that name were refined forms of self-indulgence, my dear."

"Oh ho!" he laughed, with flattering irony.

"But now I *am* going to make a sacrifice. I 'm going to give you what 's coming to you out of the property, Dilling, and let you choose for yourself what you will do with it. I 've got a little annuity fixed up for myself, and with the old home and the garden and all, I shall live like a queen, —a queen with economical tendencies. The over and above goes to you, and I have decided that it would better be yours now instead of several years from now. It 's all arranged for, and Mr. Effingwell — our solicitor, Mr. Letlow — is coming in the morning. Mr. Letlow's presence in the library at ten o'clock would be a favor. There 's the house and the plate and the mahogany and my laces to settle about. They may not mean much to you, Dilling, but some day you may have a wife who will appreciate them. Now, the worst of it is that the sum I can offer you is not sufficient to permit you to settle down among old friends in this part of the country and make any showing, but it is enough to take you away to some new — and probably disagreeable — part of the world, to accumulate experience and, I hope, property."

The young man murmured something inarticulate. His bold eyes were a trifle moist and his lips looked unnatural, as though he were trying to be superior to human emotion with very poor success. He was a strapping fellow, with shoulders a degree too high, a large head, a thick neck, and an obstinate chin; but his brow showed ideality and imagination, and his smile would have won a hangman to friendliness. His aunt went on: —

"I 'm gratified, too, to see that you do not become sentimental over every girl you meet." Letlow, who sat apart, feeling rather remote from his kind, grinned at this. "It gives me confidence in you. Incidentally, it reminds me of certain air castles which I have been building in weak moments. I could not deny myself the pleasure of picturing a summer vacation with you down at Martha's Vineyard, or some place where we were sure to meet a lot of people we knew. I indulged in fancies of the pretty triumphs you would have, of a nature which it is not now necessary to enlarge upon, and how I should rejoice in the light of reflected popularity. I tried to persuade myself that this would be the best thing for you, and that I should be almost certain to run across some old friend who would help me to place you just right, — something in the wholesale line, you know, or something journalistic or scientific."

Letlow choked on some unknown substance, and the muscles of Dilling's face worked slightly. There was a break in the lady's voice as she continued: —

"But I know all that was cowardly, Dil, and that you 'd want to face the issue — I mean the — the exigency. You 're just like your father about that. He always felt moved to face a situation, particularly if it was very disagreeable. Now, you think the matter over, decide what you want to do, and go and do it." The tone became quite brisk and businesslike at this point.

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"You 'll go out and make discoveries, — countries and men and women, or a woman — and Heaven knows what of sorrow and joy. But as for me, there are no discoveries that I care to make in this world. I never did attach so much importance to knowledge as some do. There 's only time to acquire an infinitesimal bit at the best, and it does n't answer the questions a woman is really interested in, when you get it. No one is wise enough to answer the important questions. One must take everything that is really important on faith. I 'm sending you away in faith, Dilling. I expect good things of you; not necessarily great things. Great things are disturbing and very pronounced, Dil. I don't care for you to be pronounced."

The young man laughed through a lump in his throat, lifted the slender old hand to his lips, and left the room. Letlow, who remained behind, wondered why he had not been fortunate enough to have some one incoherent over *him*. He arose, with his hands in his pockets, and walked up and down the floor once or twice. Then he stopped beside Miss Betty. The tears were rolling down her cheeks. He stood a moment regarding them, then stooped very tenderly and wiped them away. Miss Betty glanced up, and perceived the look in his face.

"My dear son!" she exclaimed, instinctively using the word he needed. He sank almost unconsciously on his knees. "God bless you and keep you in the ways of righteousness," she said, her hands on his head. Then he too went out of the room.

Miss Betty sat for several minutes, letting the tears fall without checking them. Then she arose and looked about the room as if she had never seen it before. She observed its quaint orderliness, its odd, beautiful old furnishings, its non-committal tones. She looked at herself, undersized, quaint and plain too, like her environment, as she was reflected in the gilt-framed mirror between the windows. She noted the thinness of her hair about the temples, saw the loose yellow folds of flesh about the neck, smiled at the inconsistency of the pearls upon her hand, — they had been given her long ago by a man who went to India, and who, going once with a promise on his lips, never returned because of a tidal wave on some forgotten shore, — and then she wound the old clock, standing on a stool to do it, closed the windows, closed the door, lighted a candle, and blew out the lamps.

"I shall be more lonely than I have ever been before," she said to the clock.

She climbed the stairs slowly, very slowly, and halfway up she stopped. "It must be," she murmured, "that I have forgotten something, — the windows or the clock." So she went back, picking her way on the polished stairs. But she had neglected nothing, and she crept up the stairs again, scolding herself with impatient "tut tut tuts."

An hour later she lay in bed, still with wide-open eyes. The door of her room was pushed back softly, and she saw Dilling creeping in. She made a feint of sleeping. In another moment he was gone, and a soft perfume saluted her. She put out her hand, and there was a bunch of mignonette on her pillow.

"He has great perception," she commented to herself. "He understands women. When he makes up his mind to win a woman, he will win her. But I 'm glad he does n't fall in love with every foolish child he meets."

Up in Letlow's room the young men were debating the affairs of life gravely, and canvassing various occupations and chances for investment.

"Well, anyhow," said Dilling in conclusion, — a conclusion at which no conclusions had been reached, — "I 'm glad I let dear aunt Bet take the lead. I 've been fuming to be in the harness ever since we got home, and a good while before, for the matter of that. But I bethought me that the least I could do

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was to let aunt Betty enjoy the idea of having set me in motion. She likes authority, and I did n't want to deprive her of the exercise of the least particle of it, you see."

"I see, Dil. I see you 're a shade too adroit. Now I should never think of that, — not in ten thousand years. If you ever start out to win a woman, Dil, you will win her all right enough." Which inference, it will be remembered, had once before been drawn under that roof, that evening.

"I hope so — devoutly! If I ever do see a woman I want, Tommy, Heaven have mercy on her. But why speak of women? You are better than many women, Tommy."

II.

"Coo-ee! Coo-ee! Coo-ee!"

Dilling Brown sent out the long, wavering sheep call in unaccustomed tones. He had ridden five days beside the sheep, and slept four nights in the midst of them. With him were two blond men, long-haired, blue-eyed, dressed in khaki ponchos, corduroy trousers, buff leather leggins, sombreros, and spurs, — above all, spurs. Each carried two pistols in his belt and a rifle slung across his saddle. Also there followed twelve good dogs and true, — shepherds every one. Finally came one sallow heathen, Li Lung, commissariat, driving the mules of the supply wagon.

They were bound for the Edge of Things where the free grass grew — past the ranches in the foothills of the Sierra Nevadas, past the leased land of the big sheep ranges, out to the "common" thoughtfully provided by the legislature of California.

"And now," asked the government, "what earthly objection can there be to free wool? Is n't it time we got over being provincial, we provincials? See, we give you a chance for clear profit. Go, my sons, and become very rich."

Dilling Brown was pleased at the suggestion, and adopted it. That was why he was driving with Big Hank — otherwise Henry Nettle — and Cross-Eyed Kit — otherwise Christopher Huggins — along the trackless waste of the Californian desert. He had entered upon his venture with intelligence, so he congratulated himself. He might have picked his sheep on the western slopes of the Sierras, but, hearing of a lot across the range, he preferred to take his chances with them, rather than run the risks attendant upon crossing the pass. The sheep were a good lot, all Cotswolds; a little thin and jaded from removal, but capable of being put in prime condition. So Cross-Eyed Kit opined; and when it came to a pronunciamento upon sheep from Cross-Eyed Kit, there were none to gainsay.

At the last ranch Brown was urged to stay overnight, and he consented.

"I 'm eager to see what 's before me," he said, "but not so eager that I 'll not be glad to accept your hospitality."

Papin, the overseer at the Esmeralda ranch, — you can tell the Esmeralda sheep by two notches in the left ear, — smiled enigmatically, and looked Brown straight in the eyes.

"There 's plenty of time," protested he.

"Time!" cried Brown, with the smile that won men's hearts. "There 's nothing but time and sheep. That 's all they have out in this country, is n't it?"

"And these." Papin passed the cigars. Brown fingered one and sniffed it. "Ah!" said he. "It is difficult to escape civilization."

"I 'm glad you like the brand. We manage to make ourselves rather comfortable here. This ranch belongs to Leonard and Filbin of San Francisco. They 're in everything pretty much, — mines and mills and sheep and what not. I 've been managing for them for three years now, and we 've eight thousand merinos out at grass, and a force of fifty men, first and last."

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Dilling smoked and looked about him. The house was adobe, and it rambled over an unconscionable amount of ground. An array of fantastic cacti writhed and twisted about the little compound in front, and as they showed symmetry in their arrangement, it was safe to infer that this was some one's idea of a flower garden.

"It's the sort of a flower garden I should expect the devil to have," thought Dilling.

The overseer had his rooms on one side of the house, the office in the centre, and beyond the quarters for the men, between whom and the overseer, as the newcomer already fully appreciated, discipline and custom fixed a deep gulf. This amused him. That the wilderness should have an aristocracy and an etiquette he considered to be "worth the price of admission," as he had confided to one man. But the man had not laughed, and then Brown came to a realizing sense that it does not do to be amused at a country till you are out of it.

His present host was a tall, firmly knit American, with a hint of something French about him. Dilling admired the type, remembering what the men who belonged to it had done in America. It stood for much daring and adventure. The man had perception, too, — enough to persuade him to silence while his guest took cognizance of things about him. After a time a Chinaman appeared at the door, and with a single blow on a tiny tom-tom announced supper.

"Wait ten minutes longer, Sam," said Papin. "I hear the men coming, and I want this gentleman to see them."

The Chinaman grinned, and held up the tom-tom knowingly for silence. Brown had been conscious for several seconds that something unusual was happening to his eardrum. Now he discovered that this persistent concussion was the even and rhythmical hammering of the plain by a body of advancing horse. The east was golden, catching its splendor from the burnished west, and out of the lesser glory rode the herders, four abreast on their broncos, without swerve.

"By Jove!" cried Brown, standing up, "that's fine!"

As the men came nearer the spectacle grew more imposing. The little beasts under the men flung their legs with a strange outreaching motion, and every animal went without a check, his nose groundward. The men were a trifle above the average height, and their hair, long and much cared for, floated in the breeze made by their riding. They looked very handsome, helped out as they were by the background of illumined space.

"Good boys! Good boys!" said Papin proudly. "They're quite a body of men, Mr. Brown, and easy to manage, though they have their peculiarities like the rest of us. A small guard of men does with the sheep at night, and most of the dogs stay with the herd, though some of them come home each night. And they're as anxious as the men to get their turn off."

The herders were running their horses into the corral, and Louis Papin took his guest out to the dining room. There was a good meal, well served, — a meal with salad and wine, — and under its influence the ranchman became sympathetic.

"It is n't just what I would choose for a young man," he said, speaking of Brown's venture, "but of course, now you're in for a spell of ranching, the only thing you can do is to get all you can out of the experience."

"What's the seamy side?"

"Oh, what you might expect: loneliness, and no women, and no news, and no coming and going of your kind. The sheep wear on you, after a time. They're not like cattle, — have n't got the movement nor the brains. You've seen the Sargasso Sea? No? Well, you've seen moving masses of seaweed. The sheep remind me of them at times, — a writhing, restless, half-alive, wholly

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unintelligent body. I don't know as the men feel that way about it. Besides, it 's not so hard on them, — this life. They have good times together. It 's different when a man 's placed as I am. Some of the owners settle on their ranches and bring their families out. There 's Venner, impresario for Stebbins of Los Angeles, who has his family with him. But I 've no family to bring, so I make up my accounts, and look after the men, and ride about among the sheep, and attend to a thousand and one details. Sometimes the men get sick and have to be taken care of. Once in a while an epidemic of homesickness breaks out, and that 's harder to deal with than the fever. Now and then they quarrel, but I keep out of their fights. And, on the whole, they regulate themselves very well."

So he rambled on cheerfully, giving Brown an idea of the life. Dilling ventured some confidences on his own account, and the older man received them almost in silence, regarding his guest with a look which, had he been in any sort of hard luck, Dilling would have interpreted as pitying. They went out to the quarters, later, passing down the long room where the men bunked, to the eating room. They were all smoking there together, and two Chinamen were clearing away the remains of the meal. Dilling stopped on the threshold, and looked about him with unfeigned enjoyment of a new scene.

The long low room, crowded with muscular fellows, blond almost to the last man of them, with streaming, delicate hair, faces the color of their saddles, and a manner born of breaking their horses, managing their sheep, and fearlessly looking the wilderness in the face, was a thing to see and to remember. The smile with which Dilling made visible record of his interest won, as it invariably did, friends for him at the minute. The men smiled back, and they frankly took cognizance of him, and liked the way he was " put up " and the bold and amiable eyes with which he returned their glances.

" Well," said Papin in a patriarchal tone, " I 've quite a family, Mr. Brown."

Brown let out his characteristic roar of laughter at this, and the men found it infectious. So there was good feeling established.

" They are always pleased when my visitors talk with them," murmured Louis Papin under his breath to his guest. " It 's a dull life they lead, poor boys, and a new story pleases them to the core."

Brown nodded, still keeping his eyes on the men.

" So these are what you call shepherds ! " he cried gayly. " I thought shepherds dressed in pink and white china, and always went with little blue and white shepherdesses, and played on reeds, like this," and he made a mimic piping with his lips, — a trick he had learned from an English boy.

" Go on ! " shouted the men. " Go on ! Give us some more music. *You* don't need no cornet. Keep 'er up."

" Not till I have seen the shepherdesses ! " persisted Brown. " Where are the shepherdesses ? "

The men chuckled, pleased as schoolboys.

" Now, how t' dickens did the fellow know they were like children ? " Papin was wondering to himself. " He 's adroit — but I saw that from the first. He could manage anybody. He ought to be somewhere else, — not down here among the cactus. Poor cuss, it 's a sorry fate for him. What a waste the girls must think it, — him among the cactus ! " When he emerged from his reflections, Brown was singing Little Bo Peep according to a college version.

" That 's positively the only song I know which refers to your — your profession," he bowed as the men applauded him.

" Goin' t' try ranchin' it, sir ? " asked one of the men, respectful but curious.

Brown seated himself on the edge of

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the table, the better to look over his audience.

"I 'll explain myself," he said frankly. "I 'm just out of college, and in the soup. That 's why I came here to raise sheep."

"That 's right! Here 's the place t' be, under them circumstances."

"And if you 're wanting some stories" —

"Put it thar, pard!"

"— why, the only sort of yarns I know are college yarns. And I can sing college songs. If you want those" — But there was wild encouragement with whistlings and caterwauls, and it was almost midnight when he left.

"You 've made yourself solid," declared Papin, as he shook hands with his guest at the chamber door that night. "If you ever get in trouble, let my men know it, and they 'll be with you."

As the men rolled in their bunks that night, laughing and repeating snatches of the ringing nonsensical songs that Brown had given them, they remarked with freedom, and sometimes with unnecessary emphasis: "That there coot 's a gentleman. No up-in-the-balloon-boys about him. He 's right on your own level, he is. He 's the real thing!" All of which was an involved way of saying that Brown's manners were what they ought to be.

Breakfast was served at dawn at the Esmeralda, and the east was "blossomed in purple and red" when Brown stood before the door with his host, watching the men get up their ponies.

"How far do you intend to ride beyond this?" asked the manager.

"God knows," said Brown. "I ride till I come to grass which is no other man's, but mine by the courtesy of the state of California."

Papin called up a genial-looking fellow with saddle-bowed legs.

"Where 's that empty adobe you were telling me of, the other day, Bob? The one young Cusack and his sister had."

"Going with the sheep, sir, it would be a day's ride east," responded the man, touching the edge of his sombrero, "and half a day's ride south. It can't be missed, for to reach it you turn at the chaparral beyond the Salita arroyo, and follow that due south."

"Can you remember that, Mr. Brown?" asked Papin, with a smile.

"Of course. It 's a house that I might feel at liberty to occupy? It would save me a good deal of bother if I could."

"It 's yours when you hang up your hat. Fred Cusack and his sister were there for a time."

"What made them leave?"

The herder started to speak, but Papin frowned and shook his head at him.

"Cusack lost his health," he said shortly. "That will do, Bob. Tell the boys to mount. I want Mr. Brown to see you ride off."

A minute later there was a sound that made the blood rush to Brown's face, — a long, wavering, fierce cry, the war cry of the Apaches. But it was not the Apaches who made it. It was forty long-locked men, riding four abreast into the incarnadined east; and they went madly, fast as equine legs could take them over the dusty plain, and as they went they yelled. Brown stood fascinated till the dust hid the men; and even then the wild, wavering cry came back.

"My powers!" said he, dropping into a chair and taking a cup of coffee from the smiling Chinaman, "it 's good to be alive and to have seen that!"

Louis Papin looked at the boy and flushed a little. Then he glanced down half humorously at his own beard, and carefully drawing out a white hair from the midst of it, he laid it on the palm of his hand and regarded it sentimentally.

"It certainly is good to be young — as you are, Mr. Brown."

"Why, as you are, too, Mr. Papin! What can you mean, sir, by thinking

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yourself anything else but young?" He looked in unfeigned astonishment at the strong, firm, keen man before him.

"I have a malady," confessed Papin, "and it has aged me."

"Ah!"

"Shall I tell you the name of it?"

"Why, if you please, Mr. Papin."

"It is a fatal thing. Eventually it causes ossification of the — of the heart."

"Eh?"

"Yes, there is such a thing. Or it causes softening of the brain. It is an inextinguishable ennui."

He spoke with such solemnity that Brown was forced to look sympathetic, though when he heard the nature of Papin's alleged disorder, he could with difficulty keep from smiling.

"But why have you not married, sir, and surrounded yourself with a family? Or brought some man out here to rough it with you? There are young fellows who would thank their stars for a chance to be with a man like you, and to get blooded to this life."

Papin smiled sadly. "I 'm not so egotistical," he said, "as to suppose that I could console any one — any one — no matter what our relations might be, for the loss of the whole world."

His head dropped a little, and he and Brown sat in silence, drinking their coffee and smoking.

"It must be that he has had some confounded tragedy," thought Brown pityingly. "A woman, no doubt. Jove, but some men do get awfully cut up! May my day be long a-coming!"

An hour later, with his sheep, his men, and his dogs, he rode into the east. It was all a mist of dull golden dustiness, and the sky above was a pale and half-obscured blue. It was the air and the sky of the Californian desert in the dry season. Brown was to become very well acquainted with it.

"A day east to the chaparral," called Papin, "then half a day south to the adobe house, going at the pace the sheep set. Good-by, Brown, good-by and good luck."

"Good-by, sir. I'll not forget the savor of your bread and salt."

As he went out, riding slowly beside the trotting sheep, one of the dogs came up and leaped about him, barking.

"What is it, girl?" he said absently. "What do you want?" The dog had a benevolent face, with a pleasing breadth between the eyes, a delicate tapering of the nose, a well-rounded brow, and an arrow-shaped spot of white at the base of the brain. Her feet and belly were a bright tan. Brown scrutinized her for several seconds.

"Your face reminds me of aunt Betty's," he said aloud, and his soliloquy was the first token that he was amid the solitudes of earth and that his sub-consciousness appreciated it, — "though I don't know whether or not the dear old lady would feel complimented to hear me say so. But I 'm going to name you Bet. Hear that? Bet! Bet! Yes, that 's you, girl. Why, you 're a pleasant creature. What is it that you want, anyway? You flirt, I believe you 're trying to make up to me. You want to be my dog, eh? My favorite? Well, well, that 's a good doggie. That 's all right. So, so, Bet. That 's what you want, is it?"

He had brought his pony to a stop to rub the dog's head; but when she had submitted to the caressing for a moment, she ran on to inform her friends, vociferously, of the event. Some of the dogs looked back curiously, but others went haughtily on, as if they would have nothing to do with toadies. Then Bet snapped at a ram, who, with his long fleece hanging about him, looked as benevolent as a patriarch; meaning to show by this exhibition of authority that she was the special dog of the master.

"This seems to be pretty good society that I 'm moving in," thought Brown. "Here, Bet, come here!"

Bet fairly leaped with pride at this

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imperative summons, and came back to run along by his side.

Then the sheep got to wandering, and Bet's sharp bark aroused Brown once more to a sense of his duties. He flanked the restless body of animals, and, putting his hand to his mouth, recalled the stragglers.

"Coo-ee! Coo-ee! Coo-ee!"

III.

Within a week Dilling Brown was settled in his new home. At least, he had settled all save one room in it. The house was of adobe, built on three sides of a square. The open side of the square stood toward the west, and within the court was one stunted and dusty gum tree. A quarter of a mile to the east ran a belt of chaparral, composed of pine scrub, and most fatally a trap for the Cotswolds, whose long hair became easily entangled. To keep the sheep out of this snare was the task of dogs and men; and as the sheep could never learn a lesson, though they lived to be older than any crocodile of the Ganges, their shepherds had a hard time of it. Brown had too small a force, as a matter of fact, considering his twelve hundred sheep, but it was all he could afford, and he did a common herder's work himself to help make up the deficiency. The dogs proved to be as fine a pack as man could wish. Brown could stand upon a hillock and whistle, and in two seconds every soft canine eye would be turned in his direction. Then he had only to indicate by a gesture to the right or the left what sheep needed recalling, and they were recalled. If any dog was lax in his duty, Bet saw to his instant punishment.

It was evident that the house which Brown had taken possession of had been vacated suddenly. The furniture still stood in the rooms, though indeed it was such poor stuff that it would have been worth the while of no one to cart it back to civilization. But many personal effects remained which would certainly have been taken away, had not the occupants departed in haste and confusion which rendered them indifferent to their belongings.

The room which Dilling had left undisturbed, and into which he had put nothing of his own, was at the northwest corner of the house, and it was a bedroom. One window, sunk deep in the adobe wall, looked toward the north over miles upon miles of undulating, broad-leafed grass. On the window ledge was a dusty wicker workbasket, and in it thread and other accessories of such a convenience, including a thimble. It was a common little thimble of celluloid, worth, in the coin of the commonwealth, about three cents. Dilling tried it on his smallest finger, and it would not cap it. The narrow iron bed was thick with dust, and the young man stood before it several seconds trying to realize that it had once been dainty and fresh. There was a dressing table made of a packing box, draped, like the bed, with sheer white stuff; but the articles which once designated its use were gone, save a folding mirror which hung above it, suspended by a blue ribbon. A low chair stood before the table, and by the window was a rocker. Some rude but graceful jugs were on a shelf above the small fireplace, and it was evident that the former occupant of the room had experimented in elemental ceramics. There were no pictures. Two things more remained to suggest the personality of her who had used the room. One was a little riding glove which lay forlornly under the bed, and which Brown rescued from its plight, placing it on the dusty dressing table. The other was an inscription in rambling letters upon the wall above the fireplace. It was well done, — the lettering, — with a bold hand: —

"He, watching over Israel, slumbereth not nor sleeps."

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"A curious thing for a young girl to write," mused Brown, regarding it; "but perhaps she needed to be reminded of that fact, out here. It might be easy to forget most things, I should think, — even the religion of one's fathers. I suppose she put it there for a sort of stationary sermon."

He sat down in the rocker, and looked across space — dusty green beneath, dusty blue above — to the place where the blue came down and touched the green all in a blur of dustiness.

"But I wonder," he reflected at the end of ten minutes, "if she *was* a young girl. And I wonder if it is possible that Papin could tell me."

The fourth day of his residence in his new home, Brown fastened the rear door of this room, so that no one could enter it. The other doorway led into the room which had obviously been used for a sitting room, and which Brown employed for the same purpose. There was no door in the opening, so he made a portière of gunny sacking and hung it up. He regarded this with satisfaction for two evenings. Then it occurred to him that it was severely plain. So he took some dull red paint and smudged lizards on it, — conventionalized lizards.

"My uncle, but that looks decorative!" said Brown, with pride. "I fancy that would have pleased her immensely. She seems to have had a decided feeling for the picturesque." He smoked and regarded his work at leisure. "I really think she'd feel pleased, if she could see it," he remarked again.

He got some letters from home, a month later. There was a large package of them, with papers and magazines. Papin was responsible for this boon, for he had arranged to send mail across the desert in relays, each man forwarding it from his ranch to the next, till the outposts were reached. It was he who had thought to add to the list of the exiled the name of the man at the Edge of Things. The letters from aunt Betty were very beautiful to him, though full of half-concealed jealousy of his new interests, and a patient wonder why he could not manage to reach the mail at least every other day. She was well pleased, however, at the work he had chosen for himself, and she imagined soft green pastures with running brooks, and a pretty painted farmhouse with muslin curtains at the windows. Dilling got some grim amusement out of the idea. He was sitting on a bench in the court at the time, for it was noon, and by the side of the eastern wall was to be found the only inch of shade. The Chinaman had done the best he could to make the place clean, but the dust drifted in everywhere, and as Dilling looked about him, and then re-read his aunt's letters, and thought of the difference between the mental picture entertained by the dear lady and the sweltering and desolate reality, a wave of homesickness came along, and, being unexpected, it nearly swept him off his feet, figuratively speaking. He came very near doing something which he had not done since he was a boy, and to save himself he had to be violent. So he said: "Damn that gum tree!" And he darted a glance at it which carried yet more fervent maledictions. It was certainly a miserable gum tree, shriveled and begrimed with dust, and out of place in a land which endeavored conscientiously to devote itself to scrub pine and grass.

"I'd even play tennis with those lemonade girls, and be glad to do it," thought poor Dilling, laughing at his own discomfiture.

Li Lung, he of the kitchen, put out his old ivory head to see what the gentleman meant by talking when there was no one with whom to speak. Then he nodded sagely, and made a cool drink with water and claret, and set it in the inner room, to coax the gentleman out of the sun.

But Dilling was a long, long way from discouragement. He thought he saw a bright future for himself. The sheep

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were prospering. The men with him proved to be faithful and to understand their business. The dogs were a good lot, and Bet was all that a friend could be. So, if time dragged a trifle, it did not matter. If the dawns were somewhat too vivid, the days too monotonous with their pale gold dustiness, the land breezes of the night a hint too oppressive, and the stars somewhat too silent and slow in their rising and setting, it was all an incident. He had come to secure for himself an independency, and in an ancient and honorable fashion, — a fashion that was ancient and honorable when David of the hills of Bethlehem was young. Dilling looked about him, made up his mind that he had done well, set his shoulders a degree nearer the square, and remarked to Bet that he was all right.

"Though I do wish, Bet," he said, "that the music of the spheres would make itself audible. I would n't care if they buzzed like sawmills, old doggie, so they broke up this silence. Bark, Bet, bark, — yap, you miserable girl! Make a noise, I say!" And Bet obediently insulted the moon with opprobrious remarks, as the blood-red planet showed her head above the chaparral.

Letlow wrote that he was doing a reporter's work on a New York daily, and making a fool of himself generally. He had an idea of going up to see aunt Betty before autumn was over. He promised to play tennis, too, for old time's sake. "Though I find," he supplemented, "that there are girls even in New York. There is, for example, one named" — But after all, it is not necessary to betray Letlow's secrets. Dilling got to thinking, of course, of the foolish days of the tennis court, and he wondered why he had laughed so much. No wonder Dorcas Pilsbury had asked Tommy if he had any religious convictions! "No doubt she 'd think me serious enough now, if she could see me," he reflected. *She* was serious, and so was Anice Comstock, with her kind gray eyes. What a brisk frou-frou her skirts used to make when she ran about the tennis ground, and what cunning little feet she had, as they showed in her white tennis shoes! Anice Comstock was certainly much nicer than Dorcas Pilsbury. But there were many nice things back in "the rotten old town," — aunt Betty's fragrant tea at five of the afternoon, and aunt Betty pouring it, and smiling and chatting, and the piping of bluebirds without in the elms, and Sundays at the old church, and — and Anice Comstock. He fell into a reverie which lasted a long time, and at the conclusion of it he was conscious of a definite idea. It was that Anice Comstock would not have written, "He, watching over Israel, slumbereth not nor sleeps," in an adobe house in a sun-cursed desert. Not but that Anice was good enough to have written it. She was, indeed, a sort of angel, with starched drapery (Dilling could not get that frou-frou out of his memory); but she was n't an angel with a knowledge of the desert, or what was needed for comfort in the desert, and that happened to be just the sort of woman that he was pleased to think about then.

It so chanced that Louis Papin came up, three weeks after this, to see how Brown was getting on. They spent two days together, and enjoyed themselves. Papin had his tattered Shakespeare with him, — but has n't that been mentioned before? The rag of a book was always with him. The two read from that; and they smoked; and there is always poker wherever there is civilized man. But from first to last, Brown bided his chance. At last it came.

"The Cusacks were very obliging to leave this snug house for you, eh, Brown?"

"Very. I 'd like to thank them. Do you know where they are?"

"No-o, — not exactly."

"And the girl, — was she young? Miss Cusack, I mean."

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"Katherine Cusack? Oh yes, she was young, — quite young. A fine brave girl. Had the spirit of a man in her."

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"That 's your arrogance. It was probably the spirit of a woman, if it was brave."

"Very likely. She was beautiful, too, in a way; small, but strong, and exceedingly active, and always saying the unexpected thing. I saw her twice: once when she went past my place coming out here, and — and when she came back."

"Why did n't you see her more?" questioned Brown, with something like asperity.

"Why, to tell the truth, man, I thought — I thought I 'd better mind my own business. Not that I wanted to."

There were a hundred more questions that Brown meant to ask, but Papin got off on another lead, and Brown could not get him back again.

IV.

As the weeks went on, trailing along as slowly as wounded snakes, as the wool lengthened on the sheep, and the hair hung lower on the shoulders of the herders, and the peculiarities of every animal became known, and all the papers and magazines were read over and over again, the propriety of that sentence in the room behind the gunny sacking portière became more and more apparent.

When Dilling rode up from the sheep, sun-blinded, foul with dust and sweat, and weary from the saddle, he got into the way of going to that room before supper, because he derived a warm sense of companionship from the thought of the girl who had once been there, and from the atmosphere that still made of it an oasis in a barren land. The excellent and cleanly heathen had restored the muslins of the little northwest room to their native state, for which Dilling was disproportionately grateful; for now the room looked as if it might, at any hour, welcome its mistress. Dilling would look about, seem to salute an invisible presence, and then lift his eyes to the message on the wall, which, in the course of long and yet longer days, began to have the deepest of meanings for him, so that the soul of him, there in the wilderness, submitted itself and was at peace with its Maker.

Then the days for shearing came on, and actively hard work served as a diversion, besides which it aroused the young ranchman's drooping hope. The results of his deprivations and toil were almost apparent, he told himself. He would presently know the satisfaction that arises from accumulating herds. He would hold honestly acquired money in his hands, and the bitterness of the solitude would be partly compensated for. As, day by day, the shearlings multiplied in number, and the clad sheep grew fewer, this feeling of contentment increased. The long clipped wool was a goodly thing to behold, and Dilling felt a simple pride in it; and in the evenings he sang songs for the benefit of Bet and the kindly heathen in the kitchen. He had arranged for the transportation of the wool with Papin, who was sending it on to Philadelphia that year. So the supply wagon went back and forth between the Esmeralda Ranch and the Edge of Things, and the last time out Cross-Eyed Kit went with it, with instructions to go on to the foothills for provisions.

The next three weeks passed more quickly. Dilling had double work because Kit was away, and every other night he slept in the open with the dogs beside the sheep. Things appeared to be moving, and he grew loquacious with elation, and wrote voluminous letters which he intended to send to Letlow some time, using the leaves of his memorandum book for the purpose. Almost every day he made additions to another letter, — a very long one, — which he never intended to send to any one; but it was addressed to Miss Katherine Cusack.

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"I reckon yeh never heard what happened t' young Cusack, who was here before yeh, sir?" asked Big Hank of Brown one morning, as they skirted the chaparral together, after driving back the stragglers.

"No, I don't know the particulars. I heard he lost his health."

"Went off his nut, sir, — clean off. It wuz queer, too, him havin' his sister with him, and enj'ying th' pleasures of society, s' t' speak. He worked pretty hard, I reckon, an' wuz out with th' sheep alone most of th' time, — he wuz shorthanded, same ez you, sir. They say he got s' used t' keepin' his tongue in his head that he would n't speak even when he got th' chanct. Well, I 'll be 'ternal damned if he did n't drop down 'longside th' sheep, one day, an' take t' eatin' grass! His man found him thar, eatin' it, when he come out t' take th' watch. He did n't know what t' do, an' he rode back hell f'r blazes to th' ranch, an' his sister, she got on her pony, an' streaked out, — it was five miles she had to go. An' thar he was, a-eatin' grass! She got down by him, an' called him, an' petted him, an' cried over him, an' all he said was, 'Baa! baa!' One of th' men at th' Esmeralda tol' me."

"Great God! And then what did his sister do?"

"She had him lifted in th' saddle, an' she walked an' held him thar, all the way to th' house. Then she treated him fur fever, an' kep' coolin' things to his head. She thought it might h' bin th' sun. But 't were more 'n sun. Then she took him in th' supply wagon back across th' trail, her Chinee a-drivin', and they say she went up to her ol' home in San Francisco. Howsome that may be, th' railroad authorities, they would n't let him in a passenger coach, an' she went off ridin' in th' baggage car, a-holdin' of his head an' comfortin' him. They said he never thanked her none. He jus' said, 'Baa! baa!' an' cried 'cause they would n't let him out t' th' grass."

"But where are they now?"

"I hain't heard, sir."

"Why have you never told me this story before, Hank?"

"Well, Mr. Papin, he give it out col' *an'* flat that you wa'n't to be tol'. But yer so steady now, sir, I know it don't cut no ice."

"No," said Brown, and he set spur to his pony and rode on.

But he was not able, either by day or by night, to banish the vision of the man who had dropped on all fours beside his sheep and given tongue with them.

Some time before Brown had tamed a pretty wether to run about the doorstep, and he and Bet made great friends of it, feeding it and teasing it, and teaching it to curl up nights on a bed of hay in the court. But now the little creature became offensive to him, and he resented its intimacy. When it came to him, where he sat smoking before his door evenings, and rubbed its head against his leg, he had trouble to keep from an outbreak of anger. In the grotesque twilight, when the cacti looked like hobgoblins, and Bet's eyes grew phosphorescent, and Lung crooned an awful song in a heathen tongue, Brown got fanciful, and it seemed as if Dickie Bird — the little wether — were inviting him to drop down on all fours with him and say "baa," as any sociable creature ought to do, looking at the matter, of course, from Dickie Bird's point of view. But, as a matter of fact, at this hour Dickie was on his bed, and only awoke to bleat now and then, out of the perfect contentment of his — stomach. Brown roared over his twilight nonsense the next morning, when the sun got up. The only trouble was that he came near laughing too long. It appeared as if, with a trifle of carelessness on the part of Brown, the laugh might become the master.

Kit got back with the supply wagon and a few letters, but there was no word from Philadelphia among them.

"Pshaw!" said Dilling, "I 'm no boy,

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to be so impatient over my first earnings."

Several weeks more passed, while a sort of dullness settled down upon the ranch. Even Bet seemed to think that things were not quite worth while. Then the mail came from Papin's, and with it a letter from Dilling's agent at Philadelphia. He regretted to inform Mr. Brown that his consignment had reached Philadelphia at a time when wool was selling at bottom prices, owing to the extensive introduction of foreign product, and also that there had been an unfortunate delay in the placing of the wool, thus causing considerable expense for storage. He had the honor, however, to remit to Mr. Brown the inclosed amount, as per check, and, in the hope of serving him on future occasions, to remain his very truly.

Dilling looked at the amount of the check, mentally deducted the sum he had paid for the freight, and then made a confidence to the wether, who was sweetly chewing at the doormat.

"Dickie Bird," said he, "I am exactly seventeen dollars and eighty-five cents out of pocket. Figures are a great thing, Dickie Bird, and by studying them you may learn a great many things which you would not learn if you did not study figures."

There was a good curry, that night, for supper, and some native claret which Kit had brought back with him, but Dilling could only make a pretense of eating. Moreover, he could not sleep except by fits, and then he awoke with a cold sweat breaking out over him, for he saw a man falling down beside his sheep and eating grass.

He had a determined aversion to taking any one into his confidence. Papin, of course, was in the same boat. But Papin was only the manager of the Esmeralda, and he had a rich firm behind him. The fluctuations of trade did not greatly disturb the serenity of his soul, and they in no way detracted from the pleasure to be derived from a perusal of the pages of Shakespeare of Stratford. But aunt Betty and Letlow should not know. Besides, if Anice Comstock found it out, she would lay it to his frivolity. Snug, comfortable, unknowing lives they lived, those people back East! It would do them good to get out of their oiled grooves, and find how the world is made to move and how much pushing it takes to move it. The man at the Edge of Things was accumulating some bitterness. He incidentally tore up the letter he had written to Letlow, and he did not write to aunt Betty. But to the letter which he did not mean to send — which he never could send — he made passionate additions, and the woman who did not know him, but who knew so many of the sorrows that he knew, was made the recipient of all the secrets of his soul. But the drawback to that was that she did not know it.

Papin said there was hope for better fortune in the spring, and Dilling comforted himself with belief in this. He had no intention of weakening. He had the responsibility of the investment, and he meant to justify his judgment in his aunt's eyes. Moreover, he could think of nothing else to which he could turn his hand. So he strengthened himself with the inscription on the wall, daily augmented the size of the letter which would never be sent, and went about his tasks.

But all his resolution could not keep the dead heat of autumn from weighing on him like a curse, nor his eyes from aching at the distance about him, the absolute vacuity of outreaching space. A brawl of street ruffians would have been a desired drama, since it would have furnished a scene of action and an evidence of human passion. Even Kit and Hank got to wearing on each other; but they were old herders, and they knew the cause of their irritability, and so regarded it as impersonally as possible. Then the mild and meaningless winter

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came on, the winter of the Southern plain, and the rains fell. The men lit fires at night to fight the damp. Everything mildewed, cutlery, clothes, and books. The sheep were sullen and obstinate, and there was nothing, as Dilling had said to Louis Papin a few months before, *but* time and sheep.

And in the midst of all this a genuine sorrow came to Brown. Aunt Betty passed beyond the knowledge of the world, — the knowledge which she had not held in high esteem, — to make such discoveries as futurity holds. Letlow wrote about it, and how Anice Comstock and he had done all that Dilling would have done had he been there, and how Elder Urwin celebrated her virtues in an address three quarters of an hour long, and how she was laid with her fathers in the old cemetery.

"The beautiful old house is closed, and is waiting for you," Letlow wrote. "And Nettie bids me tell you that she will come back to care for it when you want her to do so. Meantime, she is living near, and is keeping an eye upon dear aunt Betty's treasures. It grieves me to say it, Dil, but you might have cheered her last days more than you did. She was forever sending poor old Nettie to the post office, and you know yourself how seldom she got what she wanted. As for me, you never write to me now. It is strange of you, Dil. Of course, if you do not want to have anything more to do with me, you may go to the devil. But I cannot think this is the case. Do not try to live without your old friends. They find it hard, believe me, to live without you."

After that, of course, poor Dilling wrote; and then to his other sorrows was added the pang of unavailing regret. It is a pang which almost every one must know, but it was new to Dilling, and it roweled him like a sharp spur. Dear aunt Betty! Was it possible she could have thought him ungrateful? He was only waiting to write till he could justify himself in her eyes. But she did not know, — she did not know. She waited for the letters that did not come, and suspected — what? In the loneliness of the rains, Dilling sent his soul in search for hers, praying for pardon. But he had no sense of forgiveness. The dead did not come back to comfort him.

By the time for the spring shearing his funds were almost exhausted, and he confided to his men that, unless he realized something on his wool, the experiment might be considered a failure.

It was just before the day set for the shearing that the Mexicans made their first raid on him and cut out two hundred sheep. The episode was singularly tame. It happened at night, and when Big Hank was on duty. The sheep were two miles to the south of the house, and the night was a clear and starlit one. Hank was awake and at his post, and he saw the whole thing, which was small enough satisfaction. He emptied the contents of his revolvers and his rifle, and he had a dead horse to show that he had been in action, but none of the Mexican bullets hit him. That was the only adventure of the year.

There was some profit from the wool that spring. "Just enough," Brown remarked to Papin, "to make me feel that it would be wrong to give up the business. I 'll stick it out, Mr. Papin. I ought to be able to stand it, if you can."

"Why, there 's some difference between your situation and mine, Brown. You know I saw a little of life before I came. I had my day. It happened to end for me rather suddenly, you know — and that 's why I came."

"No," said the younger man, "I did n't know, Mr. Papin."

"So you see it does n't make very much difference to me where I am. I suppose Paris would seem as lonesome as the free grass country, eh, Brown?"

"I don't know, sir. I 'd like to have an opportunity for comparison."

And then Papin read to him the things

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that Jaques said in the forest of Arden.

The summer came, hot as the mouth of the pit. Nothing happened. Oh yes, Bet had puppies, and brought them in, one at a time, for Dilling to see, and he made a bed for them in his waste-paper basket. And Cross-Eyed Kit had the fever, and Brown nursed him through it, and hired another man to substitute. When Kit got well, it was decided to keep the other man, and the bringing of a new personality into the company had a good effect, particularly as the new man could sing. Wool was looking up a little by fall, and Brown began once more to feel that there might be some return for the investment.

All the poetry of the life had gone for him by this time. He could have enjoyed adventure, he said to himself, even when accompanied by great hardship and danger, but this endless stretch of nothingness was as wearing as life in a mephitic dungeon. The wind of the morning could no longer elate him, nor the stars of the night speak to his soul. A nostalgia for his kind seized upon him, and he made up conversations, pretending that his chosen friends participated in them with him. One friend was there whom he had never seen, but he always gave her the best things to say; and when there was something peculiarly sensible and dull in the way of a remark, he accorded it to Anice Comstock. Letlow said some gay things, some irresistible things, and Brown roared over them; and then the Chinaman peeped in at the door, shaking his old ivory head, and slipping away like a rat. One day he ventured on some advice in that peculiar English which he affected, — an English picked up principally on the ranch, and converted into a liquescent lipogram.

"Mislie Blown," said he, as he served Dilling with some canned salmon, into which he had introduced a most unchristian quantity of red pepper, "loo go see Mislie Papin. It good fo' loo."

"Think I need it, Lung?" asked Brown wistfully.

"Loo need it. Go, Mislie Blown." He nodded his head an incalculable number of times, and he did not grin.

"Lung," said Brown slowly, "I believe you are serious, — and I am sure you are a kind creature. I think I'll go at once. You explain to the men," and, to Lung's unspeakable astonishment, he saddled on the minute and made off, Bet following.

So, that night, when the men rode up for supper, they found the "boss" off for a junket.

"It do him good," explained Lung.

Hank regarded his boots with a pensive expression. Suddenly he broke into a yell.

"Lung," he shouted, "you heathen, let 's holler! Whoop 'er up, Kit! Dance, you devils! Hi, dance to this!" And he sang, in a terrible voice and a little off key, some words to a silly tune.

The Chinaman obeyed orders, — he was wise, and knew how to obey, — and now and then he broke into the song with a discordant croak.

"I feel better," said Hank, decorating his remark in a manner peculiar to himself. "It done me good. I had to do it or bust. I wish th' boss could h' bin in th' party."

"It done him good," supplemented Lung.

"It would, my friend, — it would. Now make th' cakes."

V.

The rain was over all the plain, and the night shut down dismally. Dilling had been trailing all day toward the Esmeralda Ranch, but as the darkness began to fall he was seized with a distaste for his visit. A sodden languor pervaded his soul. He marveled that the day had gone so soon, and that he was not at the end of his journey. But still,

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what did it matter? And why see Papin, anyway, — Papin, who had the "inextinguishable ennui," and who read Shakespeare and waited for time to roll by. Papin had actually learned to let it roll by without taking any of the responsibility. He had found out that it had been rolling before he was born; that he was, personally, an immaterial accident; and that the rolling would keep on after the worms had banqueted upon him. In short, Papin was too philosophic, though a fine fellow. Moreover, it was not to be forgotten that he had once performed a signal service for the listless wanderer there in the rain. He had told him the name of Katherine Cusack, a thing which had done more to mitigate the womanless solitude at the Edge of Things than any other event. If Papin had really known her well, it is not unlikely that Dilling would have had some motive for pushing on, but the subject was one which Papin had exhausted long since. So the pony was allowed to straggle at will, and it was midnight when the ranch was reached.

Lights shone from the windows of Papin's rooms.

"He sits late," said the wanderer. "He sits as late as I do. Perhaps for the same reason. He sits late to converse with shadows, — with shadows!" He shuddered a little, and dropped wearily from his pony. As he walked toward the door, he involuntarily glanced in through the window. Papin was not alone. A young man sat with him. The two were in earnest conversation. The cigars in their fingers had gone out. Dilling turned away sullenly.

"Papin is very well entertained," he said. "He has n't the least need of me. It serves me right for coming. I 'll kick that fool Lung some day." But Bet announced her arrival vociferously, and Papin threw open the door.

"By all that 's mysterious," Brown heard him cry, "if here is n't his dog now!"

Dilling slunk back from the window, and had an instinct to run. Something about the shape of the head of the other man who sat within the room filled him with such a frantic longing, such a torment of memory of glad and foolish days, that he felt he could not speak to any one. But Bet led the party of investigation, and Papin discovered Brown skulking, and dragged him in to the light, where he stood blinking and looking away from the other men, like a child overcome with shyness. Papin and his companion, however, were using their eyes with purpose, and what they saw was a creature with haggard eyes and a drawn face. About him hung his soaking clothes, and his hair was long on his neck, and faded to something lighter than hay color by the sun of the desert.

"My soul!" half whispered Papin. "You 're not a ghost, are you, Brown?"

The man whom Brown had seen through the window had gone deadly pale. The clustering black curls stood damp upon his forehead. His comely face was twitching with nervousness. Brown laughed rather foolishly in reply to Papin's question, and the guest came forward and put his arms about Brown's shoulders, and looked him in the face. Then he hugged him very hard, and Brown trembled. His eyes closed. A few drops of saliva trickled from his mouth.

"Is he going to faint?" whispered the guest to Papin.

The ranchman got some brandy, and poured it down Brown's throat. Then Dil found speech.

"I knew it was you, all the time, Tommy," he said, — "I knew it was you, you darned dude!"

He sank beside the table and buried his face in his arms. Tom Letlow dropped beside him, threw an arm over his heaving shoulders, and waited. Papin lit a cigar, picked up his tattered Shakespeare, and also waited. After a time Brown looked up.

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"Don't lay it up against me," he pleaded. "I know I 'm an ass, but I 've just emerged from" —

There was a very long silence.

"Well, from what, Dil?"

"From — I can hardly tell you what — from a place peopled with shadows — who talked. I was afraid of you at first, because I could not tell whether you were one of the shadows or not."

"Close call," muttered Papin. Letlow gritted his teeth. Papin went to the quarters to send a man to look after the horse, and Letlow took Brown into his chamber for dry clothing. Half an hour later, the three men sat down together more calmly in Papin's comfortable sitting room. Brown looked about him with a smile of incredulity, something like that a man might wear who had just got accustomed to purgatorial flames, when he opened his eyes to behold paradise. Brown said something of the sort.

"I was getting used to it, you know, Tommy, — getting used to the Robinson Crusoe business, and to having a sore-eyed wether for my especial confidant. And now I suppose I 'll be all upset again. But you will stay with me a little while, Tommy? You 'll do that much for — for the advancement of the race, so to speak." His old trick of raillery returned at the mere sight of Letlow, and with each light-hearted word that he spoke something tight and terrible within his brain seemed to loosen into comfort.

"No, I won't," replied Letlow emphatically. "I don't want to know any more than I do about what you 've gone through, old man. I 've come to take you away with me."

"Oh, I can't leave, Tommy; the sheep" —

"Damn the sheep! Tell your men to divide the spoils anyway they please. Are you much in arrears?"

"Not at all, really; only for wages since last shearing, as is customary."

"Then let the men divide the spoils, as I said."

"I 've told him the — situation, Mr. Brown. I hope you don't think it a liberty," Papin interposed.

Brown smiled, and the smile had a hint of the glory of other days, when the general gorgeousness of that smile was celebrated in a class song at college.

"Mr. Papin is so good a friend," he said, "that he can say anything he pleases about me. He once did me a tremendous service and never knew it. Pretty much all the happiness I have had since I left home has been connected with the service he did for me."

"What are you talking about?" cried the man with the tattered Shakespeare. His amazement was unfeigned.

"I said he did n't know," explained Brown. "Oh, Tommy, Tommy, what a wonder to see you? And your plans, — what are they?"

"To get you away from here."

"But furthermore?"

"Well, as to myself, I 've got a mission from my paper to go up to the Klondike. I may say I 've caught on very well, Dil. They like me all right, and I like the work. I 've done some things out of the usual, and it 's attracted attention. Excuse this infantile candor, but there 's no one else to tell you, so I must; for of course I insist on your finding it out. I 've contracted to go up to the Klondike, and after that I have a roving commission for an illustrated weekly, and I 'm to go and see anything I like and tell what I think about it. Likewise I am to take pictures of it."

Brown's face spoke silent congratulations.

"Then I have an anchor to windward. At least, that may not be the right metaphor, and, upon reflection, I don't think it is." He colored distinctly.

"Call it a sweetheart, and let it go at that," suggested Papin.

"All right," assented Letlow, "why

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not? Call it a sweetheart, for argument's sake."

"It's Anice Comstock!" cried Brown, his intuitions sharpened by his sufferings. "She's a nice girl, Tommy. I've thought of her a good deal at times, and of how her pretty summer gowns used to rustle about the tennis court, and of how sensible she was."

"Oh, we did n't half know her that summer, Dil! She was shy and not used to such fools as we were. So we could n't bring out the best in her. But she's a lovely woman if ever there was one. And she's anxious about you, too, Dil, and so is Miss Pilsbury."

"That is kind of them both."

"You don't seem interested," Letlow said, smiling.

"I am very truly grateful, Tommy." He thought of the bulky letter in his pocket, which he did not mean to send, — which he never *could* send, — and smiled.

"This may be a good time to tell you that within the last ninety days it has transpired that aunt Betty was a richer woman than she knew herself to be. A lot of land to which she attached no importance has come to have a value. It's wanted for summer hotels and cottages and such iniquity. I have the proposals with me. That's a big part of my business here. You can close all that up, go back to the old house, revel in its refinement, and marry any girl you please — when you get your hair cut."

Brown sat and half drowsed over this suggestion. His eyes were narrowed like those of one accustomed to turning thought and speech within.

"I'll go if Mr. Papin will go with me," he declared at last.

But the ranchman shook his head. "I have become wedded to my solitude," he said. "And I could n't play tennis!" He looked so foreign to this occupation that the young men shouted with merriment.

Then Letlow went on. "I stopped in San Francisco on the way down, and fixed it up with a man there about the Klondike. He told me a volume. He's acquainted with the country, — he's been over the Skaguay once himself. He has a store at Juneau, and takes the supplies up there in his own vessel. Now he's put a house up for his family, and he's taking his wife and niece with him this trip. I've arranged conditionally for you too, Dil."

"I don't know that I have the appetite for adventure that I used to have," said Brown sadly. The Klondike did not appeal to him. He had a vision of a solitude as complete as that of the sun-baked desert, and more unkind. But then neither did the idea of returning to the East and the dull, formal old town appeal to him. He regarded his state of mind with disgust. He appeared to be inert. "I wonder if my springs are all broken," he thought, "and if I shall never go again."

"If it was for good and all," broke in Letlow, "I should n't care about the Klondike myself. But it's an experience, merely. After I'm through with that I may go to Hawaii. Things are looking up for us over there, you know. Oh! I'm out to see things now, Dil, and incidentally I want to find a way to make a fortune if I can. And I think I can. I can almost smell my ship a-coming in." He sniffed the air expectantly. "Then I'll send back for Anice — or go back for her."

"She's a nice girl," admitted Brown, still unenthusiastically. "I congratulate you, Tommy. How did you ever tame yourself sufficiently to win the approval of such a modest, honest, starchy, altogether desirable sort of girl? Everything will go just right when you have married her. Your world will run on oiled grooves forevermore."

Letlow took a photograph out of his pocket and laid it on the table. "Look," he said with pride.

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Dilling beheld the goodly face of Anice Comstock. "My powers," he cried, "what a little lady! What a civilized Christian creature! I had forgotten that a woman could look like that. You *are* fortunate, Tommy!"

Papin came and looked over Brown's shoulder, and he sighed, and then swore softly — almost tenderly — under his breath.

"That 's what we miss," said he.

"Does n't that make you want to see Miss Pilsbury, Dil? She is sincerely concerned about you. You 've known her always, and you have liked each other. Once she thought you were n't serious enough" —

"Ah! She 'd have changed her mind if she could have seen me lately. But no, Tommy, it does n't make me want to see her, because" — He did not finish the sentence, but left it raw-edged.

Papin suddenly strode to the table and pounded it with his fist. "Brown," he exclaimed, "you look as if you had a secret! You have n't got a sweetheart out there in the wilderness, have you? My heaven, Brown, if you 've found a woman out there, you 're" — Papin stopped because his guest did not laugh at all. On the contrary, he grew solemn. "I beg your pardon, Brown. I have said something stupid?"

"No, indeed — something perspicacious. I have n't found a woman out there, Mr. Papin, but — but I have found the soul of a woman."

The men stared and were uncomfortable. Men do not like confidences as a general thing.

The rain beat down harder than ever, and they could hear it pouring off the roof; but in spite of that, there was a lightening in the far east. The dawn was coming over the desert. No one encouraged Dilling, but he had made up his mind to go on. He drew the great folio from his pocket, and slowly unwrapped the silken oilcloth which enveloped it.

"I was afraid it would mildew," he explained.

"The soul of the woman, Dil?"

"No. The letter I wrote to the woman. I discovered traces of her out there in the solitude, in the silence, Tommy, — prehistoric traces, you may say. It has been the study of these which has kept my soul alive. It has been what I learned from her that has made it possible for me to endure what I have. Mr. Papin understands. I said, did n't I, that Mr. Papin had once done me a great service? It is true. The service was inestimable. He told me her name."

He pointed to the inscription on the outside of the package. Letlow stooped to read, and Papin peered over his shoulder.

"Katherine Cusack," half whispered Letlow, his eyes growing big, "Kath— Why, man of many marvels, that 's the name of Captain Cusack's niece! That 's the girl who is going to Alaska on the same boat with us! That 's the — the" —

"Oh, you 're fooling, Tommy! Please don't." Brown spoke like a teased boy.

"Fooling? I 'm not such a donkey. It 's she, I tell you. The captain said she needed a change, that she had recently buried her brother, and" —

"Oh, the poor devil is dead! Papin, you hear that? The bleating wretch is gone."

"Yes, he 's dead. His sister stayed with him till the last. Captain Cusack told me all about it. Then I came on, hot-footed, for you."

"But I say, Tommy, it can't be, you know. There 's some mistake."

"No mistake, Dil. We 'll close up your affairs here" —

"Oh, that 's easy. One of my men will take things off my hands for me. He 's very trustworthy. I 'll let them run things till I come back, share and share alike — Li Lung included. He 's

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a good heathen. He told me to come over here to-night. I 'll go back and pack."

He was thinking of the workbasket and the little glove, the clay jugs and the folding mirror. He would need them for an argument.

"And then it 's the Klondike, Tommy! My uncle, there 's the smell of adventure in it! What route shall you take, — the Dyea, the Chilcat? But that does n't matter. Of course I may not go over the pass with you, eh? I may go into business in — in Juneau. As you say" (though indeed the bewildered Letlow had said nothing of the sort), "it would be no place for me back in the old town. Not without aunt Betty. Why, I could n't keep that boxwood trimmed, — now, could I, Tommy? It 's adventure I need. The Klondike 's just the thing. As for the East, it can get along without me very well, can't it, Papin?"

"Very well indeed," said Papin, who knew.

Elia W. Peattie.

CRITICISM AND THE MAN.

I.

THE French critic Ferdinand Brunetière says that the truly personal way of seeing and feeling, which is a merit of the poet and novelist, is a fault in the critic, because the critical function is mainly a judicial one. My purpose in this paper is to point out that the personal element plays as important a part in literary criticism as it does in all other forms of literature, and that Henry James's dictum that criticism is the critic is, on the whole, a true summing up of the matter. I think we are coming more and more to demand that, in all literary and artistic production, the producer be present in his work, not merely as mind, as pure intelligence, but also as a distinct personality, giving a flavor of his own to the truths he utters. In other words, we are shifting the centre of interest more and more from the artist, from the poet, to the man; from abstract and technical considerations to more concrete and personal ones. What type of character, what force of manhood, lie back of and beget these things? With *ex cathedra* utterances in criticism we have less and less patience.

A recent essayist in this magazine expressed well the new attitude when he said: "The utmost the best critic can do for me is to show me the utmost he has found in a given author; I shall agree with him or not according as my understanding and insight and needs correspond to his." This is the true democratic spirit in criticism. The same spirit spoke in Whitman when he said: "No man can understand any greatness or goodness but his own, or the indications of his own." It spoke in Anatole France, as quoted by M. Brunetière, when he said: "We know only ourselves. Whatever you are trying to explain, you are only explaining yourself." This spirit speaks in Emerson, Carlyle, Ruskin, Hugo, and in all the literature of individualism, so characteristic of a democratic age. It speaks even in the titles of many volumes of recently collected criticisms and reviews, as in Mr. Birrell's Obiter Dicta, Professor Saintsbury's Corrected Impressions, Mr. Howells's My Literary Passions, Professor Peck's The Personal Equation, etc.

Every vital creative work is the revelation of a man, and this is true in criticism not less than in poetry or in

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fiction. Suppose Brunetière's criticism lacked that which makes it Brunetière's, or Arnold's lacked that which makes it Arnold's, should we long care for it? Eliminate from the works of these men all that is individual, all that in each makes the impression of a new literary force, the accent of personality, and you have taken from the salt its savor. Dare we say that the most precious thing in literature is the individual and the specific? Is not a platitude a platitude because it lacks just these things? The vague and the general may be had in any quantity, in any time. The distinct and the characteristic are always rare. How many featureless novels, featureless poems, featureless discourses, how much savorless criticism of one kind and another, every community produces! Now and then we catch a distinct personal note, a new penetrating voice, and this we remember and follow in criticism as readily as in poetry or fiction. Have we not here the secret of the greater interest we take in signed criticism over unsigned?

The pure, disinterested, impersonal reason is a fine thing to contemplate. Who would flout it or deny it? One might as well throw stones at the sun. But as the pure white light of the latter is broken up into a thousand hues and shades as it comes back to us from the living world, so the light of the former comes to us from literature in a thousand blended tints and colors, or as modified by the varying moods and temperaments of the individual writers. Whether or not we want or have a right to expect the pure white light of reason in criticism, what we get is the light as it is reduced or colored by the critic's personality, — the media of his time, his race, his personal equation. It must render accurately the objects, form and feature; but the hue, the atmosphere, the sentiment of it all, the highest value of it all, will be the contribution of the critic's most private and radical self.

Every eminent writer has his way of looking at things, gives his own coloring to general truths, and it is this that endears him to us. Is the word he speaks *his* word, is it inevitable, the verdict of his character, the outcome of that which is most vital and characteristic in him? Or is it something he has learned, or the result of fashion, convention, imitation?

See how the old elements of the air, soil, water, forever recombine under the touch of that mysterious something we call life, and produce new herbage, new flowers, new fruit, new men, new women, — forever and yet never the same. So do the forces of man's spirit recombine with the old facts and truisms, and produce new art and new literature.

II.

From this point of view, the value of criticism as a guide to the judgment or the taste, teaching us what to admire and what to condemn, is less than its value as an intellectual pleasure and stimulus, its power to awaken ideas. Judgment is good, but inspiration is better. Is it not true that we rarely make the judgments of the greatest critics our own? We are pleased when they confirm our own, but is not our main interest and profit in what the critic gives us out of himself? We do not, for instance, care very much for Carlyle's literary judgments, but for Carlyle's quality of mind, his flashes of poetic insight, his burden of conscience, his power of portraiture, his heroic moral fibre, etc., we care a great deal. Arnold thought Carlyle's criticism less sound than Johnson's, — more tainted with *engouement*, with passion and appetite, as it probably is; but how much more incentive, how much more quickening power, how much more of the stuff of which life is made, do we get from Carlyle than from Johnson or from Arnold himself!

That the criticism is sound is not enough, — it must also warm and stimulate the mind; and if it do this we shall

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not trouble ourselves very much about its conclusions. Even M. Brunetière says there are masterpieces in the history of literature and art whose authors were downright fools, as there are, on the other hand, mediocre works from the hands of men of vast intelligence. Very many readers, I fancy, will not rest in the main conclusions at which Tolstoi arrives in his recent discussion of the question "What is art?" but who can fail to feel that here is a large, sincere, helpful soul, whose conception of life and of art is of great value? If we were to estimate Ruskin by the soundness of his judgments alone, we should miss the most important part of him. It is as a prophet of life as well as a critic of art that we value him. Would he be a better critic were he less a prophet?

Or take a more purely critical mind, like Matthew Arnold. Do we care very much for even his literary judgments? Do we not care much more for his qualities as a writer, his lucidity, his centrality, his style, his continuity of thought, his turns of expression, his particular interpretation of literature and life? His opinions may be sound, but this is not the secret of his power; it resides in something more intimate and personal to himself. The late Principal Shairp was probably as sound a critic as Arnold, but his work is of much less interest, because it does not contain the same vital expression of a new and distinct type of mind. Arnold was a better critic of literature than of life and history. There were other values than literary ones that were not so clearly within his range. In 1870 he thought the Germans would stand a poor chance in the war with France. How could the German *Gemeinheit*, or commonness, stand up before the French *esprit*? In our civil war, he expected the South to win. Did not the South have distinction? But distinction counts for more in style than in war. Arnold's criticism has the great merit of being a clear and forcible expression of a finely-bred, high-toned, particular type of man, and that type a pure and noble one. There was no bungling, no crudeness, no straining, no confusion, no snap judgment, and apparently no bias. He was as steady as a clock. His ideas were continuous and homogeneous; they run like living currents all through his works, and give them unity and definitiveness. He is not to be effaced or overthrown; he is only to be matched and appraised. His word is not final, but it is fit and challenges your common sense. His contribution flows into the current of English criticism like a clear stream into a turbid one; it is not deep, but pellucid, — a tributary that improves the quality of the whole. It gives us that refreshment and satisfaction that we always get from the words of a man who speaks in his own right and from ample grounds of personal conviction.

Positive judgments in literature or in art, or in any matters of taste, are dangerous things. The crying want always is for new fresh power to break up the old verdicts and opinions, and set all afloat again. "We must learn under the master how to destroy him." The great critic gives us courage to reverse his judgments. Dr. Johnson said that Dryden was the writer who first taught us to determine the merit of composition upon principle; but criticism has been just as much at variance with itself since Dryden's time as it was before. It is an art, and not a science, — one of the forms of literary art, wherein, as in all other forms of art, the man, and not the principle, is the chief factor.

III.

When one thinks of it, how diverse and contradictory have been the judgments of even the best critics! Behold how Macaulay's verdicts differ from Carlyle's, Carlyle's from Arnold's, Arnold's from Frederic Harrison's or Morley's or Stephen's or Swinburne's; how Taine

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and Sainte-Beuve diverge upon Balzac; how Renan and Arnold diverge upon Hugo; how Lowell and Emerson diverge upon Whitman; and how wide apart are contemporary critics about the merits of Browning, Ibsen, Tolstoi. Landor could not tolerate Dante, and even the great Goethe told Eckermann that Dante was one of the authors he was forbidden to read. In Byron's judgment, Griffiths and Rogers were greater poets than Wordsworth and Coleridge. The German Professor Grimm sees in Goethe "the greatest poet of all times and all people," which makes Matthew Arnold smile. Chateaubriand considered Racine as much superior to Shakespeare as the Apollo Belvidere is superior to an uncouth Egyptian statue. Every nation, says a French critic, has its chords of sensibility that are utterly incomprehensible to another. "Many and diverse," says Arnold, "must be the judgments passed upon every great poet, upon every considerable writer." And it seems that the greater the writer or poet, the more diverse and contradictory will be the judgments upon him. The small men are easily disposed of, — there is no dispute about them; but the great ones baffle and try us. It is around their names, as Sainte-Beuve somewhere remarks, that a perpetual critical tournament goes on.

It would seem that the nearer we are, in point of time, to an event, a man, a book, a work of art, the less likely we are to estimate them rightly, especially if they are out of the usual and involve great questions and points. Such a poet as Dante or Victor Hugo or Whitman, or such a character as Napoleon or Cromwell or John Brown, or such an artist as Turner or Angelo or Millet, will require time to settle his claim. In literature, the men of the highest order, to be understood, must undoubtedly, in a measure, wait for the growth of the taste of themselves, or till their own ideals have become at home in men's minds. With every great innovation, in whatever field, every year that passes finds our minds better adjusted to it and more keenly alive to its merits. Contemporary criticism is bound to be contradictory. Men take opposite views of current questions; they are too near them to see all their bearings. How different the slavery question looks at this distance, and the civil war that grew out of it, from the face they wore a generation or two ago! It is only the few great minds that see to-day what the masses will see to-morrow. They occupy a vantage ground of character and principle that is like an eminence in a landscape commanding a wide view. Sainte-Beuve certainly did injustice to Balzac, and Schérer to Béranger. Theirs were contemporary judgments, and personal antipathy played a large part in them. Sainte-Beuve says that when two good intellects pass totally different judgments on the same author, it is because they are not fixing their thoughts, for the moment, on the same object; they have not the whole of him before their eyes; their view does not take him in entirely. That is just it: we each look for different values; we are more keenly alive to some merits than to others; what one critic misses another sees. We are more or less like chemical elements that unite eagerly with some of their fellows, and not with others. The elective affinities are at work everywhere. Where is the critical genius that is a universal solvent? Probably Sainte-Beuve himself comes as near it as anybody who has lived.

IV.

It is not truth alone that makes literature: it is truth plus a man. Readers fancy they are interested in the birds and flowers they find in the pages of the poets; but no, it is the poets themselves they are interested in. There are the same birds and flowers in the fields and woods, — do they care for them? In many of the authors of whom Sainte-

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Beuve writes I have no interest, but I am always interested in Sainte-Beuve's view of them, in the play of his intelligence and imagination over and around them. After reading him, it is not the flavor of Cowper, or Fénelon, or Massillon, or Pascal that remains in my mind, but the flavor of the critic himself. I am under his spell, and not that of his subject. Is not this equally true of the criticism of Goethe, or Carlyle, or Macaulay, or Lamb, or Hazlitt, or Coleridge, or any other? The pages of these writers are no more a transparent medium, through which we see the subject as in itself it is, than are those of any other creative artist. Science shows us, or aims to show us, the thing as it is, but art shows it to us tinged by the prismatic rays of the human spirit. Criticism that warms and interests is perpetual creation, as Sainte-Beuve suggested. It is a constant combination of the subject with the thought of the critic. When Mr. James writes upon Sainte-Beuve we are under his spell; it is Mr. James that absorbs and delights us now. We get the truth about his subject, of course, but it is always in combination with the truth about Mr. James. The same is true when Macaulay writes about Milton, and Carlyle about Burns or Johnson, and Emerson about Montaigne or Plato, and Lowell about Thoreau or Wordsworth, — the critic reveals himself in and through his subject.

We do not demand that Arnold get the real Arnold out of the way and merge himself into general humanity (this he cannot do in any case), but only that he put aside the conscious exterior Arnold, so to speak, — Arnold the supercilious, the contemptuous, the hater of dissent, the teaser of the Philistine. The critic must escape from the local and accidental. We would have Macaulay cease to be a Whig, Johnson cease to be a Tory, Schérer forget his theological training, and Brunetière escape from his Catholic bias.

v.

No matter how much truth the critic tells us, if his work does not itself rise to the dignity of good literature, if he does not use language in a vital and imaginative way, we shall not care for him. Literary and artistic truth is not something that can be seized and repeated indifferently by this man and by that, like the truths of science: it must be reproduced or recreated by the critic; it must be as vital in his page as in that of his author. The truths of science are static; the truths of art are dynamic. If a mediocre mind writes about Shakespeare, the result is mediocre, no matter how much bare truth he tells us.

What, then, do we mean by a great critic? We mean a great mind that finds complete self-expression in and through the works of other men. Arnold found more complete self-expression through literary criticism than through any other channel: hence he is greatest here; his theological and religious criticism shows him to less advantage. Sainte-Beuve tried poetry and fiction, but did not find a complete outlet for his talent till he tried criticism. Not a profound or original mind, but a wonderfully flexible, tolerant, sympathetic, engaging one; a climbing plant, one might say, that needed some support to display itself to the best advantage. We say of the French mind generally that it is more truly a critical mind than the English; it finds a better field for the display of its special gifts — taste, clearness, brevity, flexibility, judgment — in criticism than does the more original and profoundly emotional English. French criticism is rarely profound, but it is always light, apt, graceful, delicate, lucid, felicitous, — clear sense and good taste marvelously blended.

Criticism in its scientific aspects or as a purely intellectual effort — a search for the exact truth, a sifting of evidence, weighing and comparing data, disentan-

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gling testimony, separating the false from the true, as with the lawyer, the doctor, the man of science, the critic of old texts and documents — is one thing. Criticism of literature and art, involving questions of taste, style, poetic and artistic values, is quite another, and demands quite other powers. In the former case it is mainly judicial, dispassionate, impersonal; in the latter case the sympathies and special predilections are more involved. We seek more or less to interpret the imaginative writer, to draw out and emphasize his special quality and stimulus, to fuse him and restate him in other terms; and in doing this we give ourselves more freely. We cannot fully interpret what we do not love, and love has eyes the judgment knows not of. What a man was born to say, what he speaks out of his most radical selfhood, — that the same fate and power in you can alone fully estimate and interpret.

VI.

One's search after the truth in subjective matters is more or less a search after one's self, after what is agreeable to one's constitutional bias or innate partialities. We do not see the thing as it is in itself so much as we see it as it stands related to one individual fragment of existence. The lesson we are slowest to learn and to act upon is the relativity of truth in all these matters, and that the truth is what we make it. It is a product of the mind, as the apple is of the tree. We get one kind of truth from Renan, another from Taine, still another from Ruskin or Carlyle or Arnold. The quality differs according as the minds or spirits differ whence the truth proceeds. Do we expect all the apples in the orchard to be alike? In general qualities, but not in particular flavors; and in literature it is the particular flavor that is most precious. It is the quality imparted to the truth by the conceiving mind that we prize.

It is a long while before we rise to the perception that opposites are true, that contrary types equally serve. "One supreme does not contradict another supreme," says our poet, "any more than one eyesight contravenes another eyesight, or one hearing contravenes another hearing." Great men have been radical and great men have been conservative; great men have been orthodox and they have been heterodox, they have been forces of expansion and they have been forces of contraction. In literature, it is good to be a realist, and it is good to be a romanticist; it is good to be a Dumas, and it is good to be a Zola; it is good to be a Carlyle, and it is good to be a Mazzini, — always providing one is so from the inside and not from without, from original conviction and not from hearsay or conformity.

A man makes his way in the world amid opposing forces; he becomes something only by overcoming something; there is always a struggle for survival, and always merit in that which survives. Let each be perfect after its kind. We do not object to the Gothic type of mind because it is not the classic, nor to the Englishman because he is not the Frenchman. We look for the measure of nature or natural force and authority in these types. Nature is of all types; she is of to-day as well as of yesterday; she is of this century as well as of the first; she was with Burns as well as with Pindar. Because the Greek was natural, shall we say therefore nature is Greek? She is Asiatic, Icelandic, Saxon, Celtic, American, as well. She is all things to all men; and without her nothing is that is.

VII.

Truth is both subjective and objective. The former is what is agreeable to one's constitution and point of view, or mental and spiritual make-up. Objective truth is verifiable truth, or what agrees with outward facts and conditions.

Criticism deals with both aspects. It is objective when it is directed upon ob-

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jective or verifiable facts; it is subjective when it is directed upon subjective facts. It is an objective fact, for instance, that such a man as Shakespeare lived in such a country in such a time, that he wrote various plays of such and such a character, and that these plays were founded upon other plays or legends or histories. But the poetic truth, the poetic beauty, of these plays, their covert meanings, the philosophy or metaphysics that lies back of them, are not in the same sense objective facts. In these respects no two persons read them just alike. Hamlet has been interpreted in many ways. Which Hamlet is the true one, Goethe's, or Coleridge's, or Hazlitt's, or Kean's, or Booth's? Each is true, so far as it expresses a real and vital conception begotten by the poet upon the critic's or the actor's mind. The beauty of a poem or any work of art is not an objective something patent to all: it is an experience of the mind which we each have in different degrees. In fact, the field of our æsthetic perceptions and enjoyments is no more fixed and definite than is the field of our religious perceptions and enjoyments, and we diverge from one another in the one case as much as in the other. This divergence is of course, in both cases, mainly superficial, or in form and not in essence. Religions perish, but religion remains. Styles of art pass, but art abides. Go deep enough and we all agree, because human nature is fundamentally the same everywhere. All I mean to say is that the outward expressions of art differ in different ages and among different races as much as do the outward expressions of religion. In all these matters the subjective element plays an important part. Is Browning a greater poet than Tennyson? Is Thackeray a greater novelist than Dickens? Has Newman a better style than Arnold? Is Poe our greatest poet, as many British critics think? These and all similar questions involve the personal equation of the critic, and his answer to them will be given more by his unconscious than by his conscious self. The appeal is not so much to his rational faculties as to his secret affinities or æsthetic perceptions. You can move a man's reason, but you cannot by any similar process change his taste or his faith. If we are not by nature committed to certain views, we are committed to a certain habit of mind, to a certain moral and spiritual attitude, which make these views almost inevitable to us. "It is not given to all minds," says Sainte-Beuve, "to feel and to relish equally the peculiar beauties and excellences of Massillon," or, it may be added, of any other author, especially if he be of marked individuality.

We do not and cannot all have the same measure of appreciation of Emerson, or Wordsworth, or Ruskin, or Whitman, or Browning. To enjoy these men "sincerely and without weariness is a quality and almost a peculiarity of certain minds, which may serve to define them." Sainte-Beuve himself was chiefly interested in an author's character, "in what was most individual in his personality." He had no arbitrary rules, touchstones, or systems, but pressed each new work gently, almost caressingly, till it gave up its characteristic quality and flavor.

But the objective consideration of the merits of a man's work does not and cannot preclude or measure the subjective attraction or repulsion or indifference which we do or do not feel toward that work. Something deeper and more potent than reason is at work here. Back of the most impartial literary judgments lies the fact that the critic is a person; that he is of a certain race, family, temperament, environment; that he is naturally cold or sympathetic, liberal or reactionary, tolerant or intolerant, and therefore has his individual likings and dislikings; that certain types attract him more than others; that, of two poets of equal power, the voice of one moves

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him more than the other. Something as subtle and vital and hard to analyze as the flavors of fruits, and analogous to it, makes him prefer this poet to that. One may see clearly the superiority of Milton over Wordsworth, and yet cleave to the latter. How beautiful is Lycidas, yet it left Dr. Johnson cold and critical. There is much more of a cry — a real cry of the heart — in Arnold's Thyrsis. One feels that the passion is real in one, and assumed in the other. Is Lycidas therefore less a creative work? The affirmative side of the question is not without support. Johnson undervalued some of Gray's best work; the touch of sympathy was lacking. This touch of sympathy does not wait upon the critical judgment, but often underruns and outruns it. It is said that Miss Martineau found Tom Jones dull reading, that Miss Brontë cared not for Jane Austen, and that Thackeray placed Cooper above Scott, — all, no doubt, from a lack of the quickening touch of sympathy.

As a rule, we have more sympathy with the authors of our own country than with those of another. Few Englishmen can do justice to Victor Hugo, and even to some Frenchmen he is a "gigantic blusterer." It is equally hard for a Frenchman to appreciate Carlyle, and how absurd seems Voltaire's verdict upon Shakespeare, — "a drunken savage"!

The French mind is preëminently a critical mind, yet in France there are and have been as many schools of criticism as of poetry or philosophy or romance. Different types of mind, individual idiosyncrasy, opposing theories and methods, stand out just as clearly in this branch as in any other branch of mental activity. From Madame de Staël, down through Barante, Villemain, Nisard, Sainte-Beuve, to Brunetière and the critics of our own day, criticism has been individualistic, and has reflected as many types of mind and points of view as there have been critics. Where shall we look for the final criticism? First it is classicism that rules, then it is romanticism, then naturalism, and next, we are told, it is to be idealism. Whichever it is, it is true enough when uttered by vital and earnest minds, and serves its purpose. There are many excellences, but where is the supreme excellence? The naturalism of Sainte-Beuve is excellent, the positivism of Nisard is excellent, the classicism of Brunetière is excellent, and the determinism of Taine yields interesting results; but all are relative, all are experimental, all are subject to revision. It is given to no man to have a monopoly of truth. It is given to no poet to have a monopoly of beauty. There is one beauty of Milton, another of Wordsworth, another of Burns, another of Tennyson. To seize upon and draw out the characteristic beauty of each, and give his reader a lively sense of it, is the business of the critic.

VIII.

Our reading is a search for the excellent, for the vital and characteristic, which may assume as many and diverse forms in art and literature as it does in life and nature. The savant, the scientist, the moralist, the philosopher, may have pleasure in a work that gives little or no pleasure to the literary artist. Criticism may be looked upon as a search for these various values or various phases of truth, which the critic expresses in terms of his own taste, knowledge, insight, etc., for scientific values, philosophical values, literary and poetic values, or moral and religious values, according to the subject upon which the critical mind is directed. No two men look for exactly the same values or have the same measure of appreciation of them. Emerson and Lowell, for instance, will make quite different demands and form different estimates of the poets they read. Lowell will lay the emphasis upon the conventional literary values, Emerson more upon spiritual

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and religious values. An Englishman will find values in the poets of his own country that a Frenchman does not find, and a Frenchman values in his poets that an Englishman does not find. See how Schérer and Taine handled Milton. Milton's great epic has poetic and literary value, often of a high order, but as philosophy or religion it is grotesque.

IX.

It remains to be distinctly stated that criticism as an act of judgment, as a disinterested endeavor to see the thing as it is in itself and as it stands related to other things, is justly jealous of our personal tastes and preferences. These tastes and preferences may blind us to the truth. Can we admire above them, or even against them? To cherish no writers but those of our own stripe or mental complexion is the way of the half cultured. Can we rise to a disinterested view? The danger of individualism in letters is caprice, bias, partial views; the danger of intellectualism is the cold, the colorless, the formal.

The ideal critic will blend the two: he will be disinterested and yet sympathetic, individual and yet escape caprice and bias, warm with interest and yet cool with judgment; surrendering himself to his subject and yet not losing himself in it, upholding tradition and yet welcoming new talent, giving the personal equation free play without blurring the light of the impersonal intelligence. From the point of view of intellectualism, criticism seeks to eliminate the personal equation, that which is private and peculiar to us as individuals, and to base criticism upon something like universal principles. What we crave, what our minds literally feed upon, may blind us to the truly excellent. Our *wants* are personal; what we should aim at is an excellence that is impersonal. When we rise to the sphere of the disinterested, we lose sight of our individual tastes and predilections. The question then is, not what we want, not what we have a taste for, but what we are capable of appreciating. Can we appreciate the best? Can we share the universal mind to the extent of delighting in the best that has been known and thought in the world? Emerson said he was always glad to meet people who saw the superiority of Shakespeare to all other poets. If we prefer Pope to Shakespeare, as we are apt to at a certain age, we may know by that that there is an excellence beyond our reach. It is certain that the mass of readers will not appreciate the best literature, but the second or third best. A man's æsthetic perceptions may be broadened and educated as well as his intellectual. An unread man feels little interest beyond his own neighborhood, the personal doings of the men and women he sees and knows. Educate him a little, give him his county paper, and the sphere of his interests is widened; a little more, and he takes an interest in his state; more still, and he broadens out to his whole country; still more, and the whole world is within his sympathy and ken. So in the æsthetic sphere: he gets beyond his personal tastes and wants into the great world currents of literature and art. He can appreciate works written in other ages and lands, and that are quite foreign to his own temperament and outlook. This is to be disinterested. To emancipate the taste is as much as to emancipate the intellect; to rise above one's personal affinities is as much as to rise above one's personal prejudices and superstitions. The boy of a certain stamp has an affinity for the dime novel; if we can lift him to an appreciation of Scott, or Thackeray, or Hawthorne, how have we emancipated his taste! So that Brunetière was right in saying that, in art and literature, the beginning of wisdom is to distrust what we like. *Distrust*, not repudiate. Let us examine first and see upon what grounds we like it, — see if we *ought* to like it; see if it is akin to that which is

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of permanent value in the world's best thought. A French critic tells a story of a man who sat cool and unmoved under a sermon that made the people about him shed torrents of tears, and who excused himself by saying, "I do not belong to this parish." One's taste must be broader than one's parish. I suppose any of our religious brethren would feel a little shy of weeping in the church of a religious denomination not his own. Our religion is no more emancipated than our taste. Lowell says there are born Popists and born Wordsworthians; but the more these types can get out of their limitations and appreciate one another, the more they are emancipated. Individualism is excellent as a sauce, but as the meat or pudding itself it soon cloys.

John Burroughs.

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD.[1]

XIV.

IN WHICH WE SEEK A LOST LADY.

Beside the minister and myself, nothing human moved in the crimson woods. Blue haze was there, and the steady drift of colored leaves, and the sunshine freely falling through bared limbs, but no man or woman. The fallen leaves rustled as the deer passed, the squirrels chattered and the foxes barked, but we heard no sweet laughter or ringing song.

We found a bank of moss, and lying upon it a chaplet of red-brown oak leaves; further on, the mint beside a crystal streamlet had been trodden underfoot; then, flung down upon the brown earth beneath some pines, we came upon a long trailer of scarlet vine. Beyond was a fairy hollow, a cuplike depression, curtained from the world by the red vines that hung from the trees upon its brim, and carpeted with the gold of a great maple; and here Fear became a giant with whom it was vain to wrestle.

There had been a struggle in the hollow. The curtain of vines was torn, the boughs of a sumach bent and broken, the fallen leaves ground underfoot. In one place there was blood upon the leaves.

The forest seemed suddenly very quiet, — quite soundless save for the beating of our hearts. On every side opened red and yellow ways, sunny glades, labyrinthine paths, long aisles, all dim with the blue haze like the cloudy incense in stone cathedrals, but nothing moved in them save the creatures of the forest. Without the hollow there was no sign. The leaves looked undisturbed, or others, drifting down, had hidden any marks there might have been; no footprints, no broken branches, no token of those who had left the hollow. Down which of the painted ways had they gone, and where were they now?

Sparrow and I sat our horses, and stared now down this alley, now down that, into the blue that closed each vista.

"The Santa Teresa is just off the big spring," he said at last. "She must have dropped down there in order to take in water quietly."

"The man that came upon her is still in town, — or was an hour agone," I replied.

"Then she has n't sailed yet," he said.

In the distance something grew out of the blue mist. I had not lived thirteen years in the woodland to be dim of sight or dull of hearing.

"Some one is coming," I announced.

[1] Copyright, 1899, by Mary Johnston.

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"Back your horse into this clump of sumach."

The sumach grew thick, and was draped, moreover, with some broad-leafed vine. Within its covert we could see with small danger of being seen, unless the approaching figure should prove to be that of an Indian. It was not an Indian; it was my Lord Carnal. He came on slowly, glancing from side to side, and pausing now and then as if to listen. He was so little of a woodsman that he never looked underfoot.

Sparrow touched my arm and pointed down a glade at right angles with the path my lord was pursuing. Up this glade there was coming toward us another figure, — a small black figure that moved swiftly, looking neither to the right nor to the left.

Black Lamoral stood like a stone; the brown mare, too, had learnt what meant a certain touch upon her shoulder. Sparrow and I, with small shame for our eavesdropping, bent to our saddlebows and looked sideways through tiny gaps in the crimson foliage.

My lord descended one side of the hollow, his heavy foot bringing down the dead leaves and loose earth; the Italian glided down the opposite side, disturbing the economy of the forest as little as a snake would have done.

"I thought I should never meet you," growled my lord. "I thought I had lost you and her and myself. This d——d red forest and this blue haze are enough to" — He broke off with an oath.

"I came as fast as I could," said the other. His voice was strange, thin and dreamy, matching his filmy eyes and his eternal, very faint smile. "Your poor physician congratulates your lordship upon the singular success that still attends you. Yours is a fortunate star, my lord."

"Then you have her safe?" cried my lord.

"Three miles from here, on the river bank, is a ring of pines, in which the trees grow so thick that it is always twilight. Ten years ago a man was murdered there, and Sir Thomas Dale chained the murderer to the tree beneath which his victim was buried, and left him to perish of hunger and thirst. That is the tale they tell at Jamestown. The wood is said to be haunted by murdered and murderer, and no one enters it or comes nearer to it than he can avoid: which makes it an excellent resort for those whom the dead cannot scare. The lady is there, my lord, with your four knaves to guard her. They do not know that the gloom and quiet of the place are due to more than nature."

My lord began to laugh. Either he had been drinking, or the success of his villainy had served for wine. "You are a man in a thousand, Nicolo!" he said. "How far above or below the ship is this fortunate wood?"

"Just opposite, my lord."

"Can a boat land easily?"

"A creek runs through the wood to the river. There needs but the appointed signal from the bank, and a boat from the Santa Teresa can be rowed up the stream to the very tree beneath which the lady sits."

My lord's laughter rang out again. "You 're a man in ten thousand, Nicolo! Nicolo, the bridegroom 's in town."

"Back so soon?" said the Italian. "Then we must change your lordship's plan. With him on the ground, you can no longer wait until nightfall to row downstream to the lady and the Santa Teresa. He 'll come to look for her."

"Ay, he 'll come to look for her, curse him!" echoed my lord.

"Do you think the dead will scare him?" continued the Italian.

"No, I don't!" answered my lord, with an oath. "I would he were among them! An I could have killed him before I went" —

"I had devised a way to do it long ago, had not your lordship's conscience been so tender. And yet, before now,

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our enemies — yours and mine, my lord — have met with sudden and mysterious death. Men stared, but they ended by calling it a dispensation of Providence." He broke off to laugh with silent, hateful laughter, as mirthful as the grin of a death's-head.

"I know, I know!" said my lord impatiently. "We are not overnice, Nicolo. But between me and those who then stood in my way there had passed no challenge. This is my mortal foe, through whose heart I would drive my sword. I would give my ruby to know whether he 's in the town or in the forest."

"He 's in the forest," I said.

Black Lamoral and the brown mare were beside them before either moved hand or foot, or did aught but stare and stare, as though men and horses had risen from the dead. All the color was gone from my lord's face, — it looked white, drawn, and pinched; as for his companion, his countenance did not change, — never changed, I believe, — but the trembling of the feather in his hat was not caused by the wind.

Jeremy Sparrow bent down from his saddle, seized the Italian under the armpits, and swung him clean from the ground up to the brown mare's neck. "Divinity and medicine," he said genially, "soul healer and body poisoner, we 'll ride double for a time," and proceeded to bind the doctor's hands with his own scarf. The creature of venom before him writhed and struggled, but the minister's strength was as the strength of ten, and the minister's hand held him down. By this I was off Black Lamoral and facing my lord. The color had come back to his lip and cheek, and the flash to his eye. His hand went to his sword hilt.

"I shall not draw mine, my lord," I told him. "I keep troth."

He stared at me with a frown that suddenly changed into a laugh, forced and unnatural enough. "Then go thy ways, and let me go mine!" he cried. "Be complaisant, worthy captain of trainbands and Burgess from a dozen huts! The King and I will make it worth your while."

"I will not draw my sword upon you," I replied, "but I will try a fall with you," and I seized him by the wrist.

He was a good wrestler as he was a good swordsman, but, with bitter anger in my heart and a vision of the haunted wood before my eyes, I think I could have wrestled with Hercules and won. Presently I threw him, and, pinning him down with my knee upon his breast, cried to Sparrow to cut the bridle reins from Black Lamoral and throw them to me. Though he had the Italian upon his hands, he managed to obey. With my free hand and my teeth I drew a thong about my lord's arms and bound them to his sides; then took my knee from his chest and my hand from his throat, and rose to my feet. He rose too with one spring. He was very white, and there was foam on his lips.

"What next, captain?" he demanded thickly. "Your score is mounting up rather rapidly. What next?"

"This," I replied, and with the other thong fastened him, despite his struggles, to the young maple beneath which we had wrestled. When the task was done, I first drew his sword from its jeweled scabbard and laid it on the ground at his feet, and then cut the leather which restrained his arms, leaving him only tied to the tree. "I am not Sir Thomas Dale," I said, "and therefore I shall not gag you and leave you bound for an indefinite length of time, to contemplate a grave that you thought to dig. One haunted wood is enough for one county. Your lordship will observe that I have knotted your bonds in easy reach of your hands, the use of which I have just restored to you. The knot is a peculiar one; an Indian taught it to me. If you set to work at once, you will get it untied before nightfall. That you may not think

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it the Gordian knot and treat it as such, I have put your sword where you can get it only when you have worked for it. Your familiar, my lord, may prove of use to us; therefore we will take him with us to the haunted wood. I have the honor to wish your lordship a very good day."

I bowed low, swung myself into my saddle, and turned my back upon his glaring eyes and bared teeth. Sparrow, his prize flung across his saddlebow, turned with me. A minute more saw us out of the hollow, and entered upon the glade up which had come the Italian. When we had gone a short distance, I turned in my saddle and looked back. The tiny hollow had vanished; all the forest looked level, dreamy and still, barren of humanity, given over to its own shy children, nothing moving save the slow-falling leaves. But from beyond a great clump of sumach, set like a torch in the vaporous blue, came a steady stream of words, happily rendered indistinguishable by distance, and I knew that the King's minion was cursing the Italian, the Governor, the Santa Teresa, the Due Return, the minister, the forest, the haunted wood, his sword, the knot that I had tied, and myself.

I admit that the sound was music in mine ears.

XV.

IN WHICH WE FIND THE HAUNTED WOOD.

On the outskirts of the haunted wood we dismounted, fastening the horses to two pines. The Italian we gagged and bound across the brown mare's saddle. Then, as noiselessly as Indians, we entered the wood.

Once within it, it was as though the sun had suddenly sunk from the heavens. The pines, of magnificent height and girth, were so closely set that far overhead, where the branches began, was a heavy roof of foliage, impervious to the sunshine, brooding, dark and sullen as a thundercloud, over the cavernous world beneath. There was no undergrowth, no clinging vines, no bloom, no color; only the dark, innumerable tree trunks and the purplish-brown, scented, and slippery earth. The air was heavy, cold, and still, like cave air; the silence as blank and awful as the silence beneath the earth.

The minister and I stole through the dusk, and for a long time heard nothing but our own breathing and the beating of our hearts. But coming to a sluggish stream, as quiet as the wood through which it crept, and following its slow windings, we at last heard a voice, and in the distance made out dark forms sitting on the earth beside that sombre water. We went on with caution, gliding from tree to tree and making no noise. In the cheerless silence of that place any sound would have shattered the stillness like a pistol shot.

Presently we came to a halt, and, ourselves hidden by a giant trunk, looked out on stealers and stolen. They were gathered on the bank of the stream, waiting for the boat from the Santa Teresa. The lady whom we sought lay like a fallen flower on the dark ground beneath a pine. She did not move, and her eyes were shut. At her head crouched the negress, her white garments showing ghostlike through the gloom. Beneath the next tree sat Diccon, his hands tied behind him, and around him my Lord Carnal's four knaves. It was Diccon's voice that we had heard. He was still speaking, and now we could distinguish the words.

"So Sir Thomas chains him there," he said, — "right there to that tree under which you are sitting, Jacky Bonhomme." Jacques incontinently shifted his position. "He chains him there, with one chain around his neck, one around his waist, and one around his ankles. Then he sticks me a bodkin

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through his tongue." A groan of admiration from his audience. "Then they dig, before his very eyes, a grave, — shallow enough they make it, too, — and they put into it, uncoffined, with only a long white shroud upon him, the man he murdered. Then they cover the grave. You 're sitting on it now, you other Jacky."

"Godam!" cried the rascal addressed, and removed with expedition to a less storied piece of ground.

"Then they go away," continued Diccon in graveyard tones. "They all go away together, — Sir Thomas and Captain Argall, Captain West, Lieutenant George Percy and his cousin, my master, and Sir Thomas's men; they go out of the wood as though it were accursed, though indeed it was not half so gloomy then as it is now. The sun shone into it then, sometimes, and the birds sang. You would n't think it from the looks of things now, would you? As the dead man rotted in his grave, and the living man died by inches above him, they say the wood grew darker, and darker, and darker. How dark it 's getting now, and cold, — cold as the dead!"

His auditors drew closer together, and shivered. Sparrow and I were so near that we could see the hands of the ingenious story-teller, bound behind his back, working as he talked. Now they strained this way, and now that, at the piece of rope that bound them.

"That was ten years ago," he said, his voice becoming more and more impressive. "Since that day nothing comes into this wood, — nothing *human*, that is. Neither white man nor Indian comes, that 's certain. Then why are n't there chains around that tree, and why are there no bones beneath it, on the ground there? Because, Jackies all, the man that did that murder *walks!* It is not always deadly still here; sometimes there 's a clanking of chains! And a bodkin through the tongue can't keep the dead from wailing! And the murdered man walks, too; in his shroud he follows the other — Is n't that something white in the distance yonder?"

My lord's four knaves looked down the arcade of trees, and saw the something white as plainly as if it had been verily there. Each moment the wood grew darker, — a thing in nature, since the sun outside was swiftly sinking to the horizon. But to those to whom that tale had been told it was a darkening unearthly and portentous, bringing with it a colder air and a deepened silence.

"Oh, Sir Thomas Dale, Sir Thomas Dale!"

The voice seemed to come from the distance, and bore in its dismal cadence the melancholy of the damned. For a moment my heart stood still, and the hair of my head commenced to rise; the next, I knew that Diccon had found an ally, not in the dead, but in the living. The minister, standing beside me, opened his mouth again, and again that dismal voice rang through the wood, and again it seemed, by I know not what art, to come from any spot rather than from that particular tree behind whose trunk stood Master Jeremy Sparrow.

"Oh, the bodkin through my tongue! Oh, the bodkin through my tongue!"

Two of the guard sat with hanging lip and lack-lustre eyes, turned to stone; one, at full length upon the ground, bruised his face against the pine needles and called on the Virgin; the fourth, panic-stricken, leaped to his feet and dashed off into the darkness, to trouble us no more that day.

"Oh, the heavy chains!" cried the unseen spectre. "Oh, the dead man in his grave!"

The man on his face dug his nails into the earth and howled; his fellows were too frightened for sound or motion. Diccon, a hardy rogue, with little fear of God or man, gave no sign of perturbation beyond a desperate tugging at the rope about his wrists. He was ever quick to take suggestion, and he had probably

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begun to question the nature of the ghost who was doing him such yeoman service.

"D' ye think they 've had enough?" said Sparrow in my ear. "My invention flaggeth."

I nodded, too choked with laughter for speech, and drew my sword. The next moment we were upon the men like wolves upon the fold.

They made no resistance. Amazed and shaken as they were, we might have dispatched them with all ease, to join the dead whose lamentations yet rang in their ears; but we contented ourselves with disarming them and bidding them begone for their lives in the direction of the Pamunkey. They went like frightened deer, their one goal in life escape from the wood.

"Did you meet the Italian?"

I turned to find my wife at my side. The King's ward had a kingly spirit; she was not one that the dead or the living could daunt. To her, as to me, danger was a trumpet call to nerve heart and strengthen soul. She had been in peril of that which she most feared, but the light in her eye was not quenched, and the hand with which she touched mine, though cold, was steady.

"Is he dead?" she asked. "At court they called him the Black Death. They said" —

"I did not kill him," I answered, "but I will if you desire it."

"And his master?" she demanded. "What have you done with his master?"

I told her. At the vision my words conjured up her strained nerves gave way, and she broke into laughter as cruel as it was sweet. Peal after peal rang through the haunted wood, and increased the eeriness of the place.

"The knot that I tied he will untie directly," I said. "If we would reach Jamestown first, we had best be going."

"Night is upon us, too," said the minister, "and this place hath the look of the very valley of the shadow of death. If the spirits walk, it is hard upon their time — and I prefer to walk elsewhere."

"Cease your laughter, madam," I said. "Should a boat be coming up this stream, you would betray us."

I went over to Diccon, and in a silence as grim as his own cut the rope which bound his hands, which done we all moved through the deepening gloom to where we had left the horses, Jeremy Sparrow going on ahead to have them in readiness. Presently he came hurrying back. "The Italian is gone!" he cried.

"Gone!" I exclaimed. "I told you to tie him fast to the saddle!"

"Why, so I did," he replied. "I drew the thongs so tight that they cut into his flesh. He could not have endured to pull against them."

"Then how did he get away?"

"Why," he answered, with a rueful countenance, "I did bind him, as I have said; but when I had done so, I bethought me of how the leather must cut, and of how pain is dreadful even to a snake, and of the injunction to do as you would be done by, and so e'en loosened his bonds. But, as I am a christened man, I thought that they would yet hold him fast!"

I began to swear, but ended in vexed laughter. "The milk 's spilt. There 's no use in crying over it. After all, we must have loosed him before we entered the town."

"Will you not bring the matter before the Governor?" he asked.

I shook my head. "If Yeardley did me right, he would put in jeopardy his office and his person. This is my private quarrel, and I will draw no man into it against his will. Here are the horses, and we had best be gone, for by this time my lord and his physician may have their heads together again."

I mounted Black Lamoral, and lifted Mistress Percy to a seat behind me.

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The brown mare bore the minister and the negress, and Diccon, doggedly silent, trudged beside us.

We passed through the haunted wood and the painted forest beyond without adventure. We rode in silence: the lady behind me too weary for speech, the minister revolving in his mind the escape of the Italian, and I with my own thoughts to occupy me. It was dusk when we crossed the neck of land, and as we rode down the street torches were being lit in the houses. The upper room in the guest house was brightly illumined, and the window was open. Black Lamoral and the brown mare made a trampling with their hoofs, and I began to whistle a gay old tune I had learnt in the wars. A figure in scarlet and black came to the window, and stood there looking down upon us. The lady riding with me straightened herself and raised her weary head. "The next time we go to the forest, Ralph," she said in a clear, high voice, "thou 'lt show me a certain tree," and she broke into silvery laughter. She laughed until we had left behind the guest house and the figure in the upper window, and then the laughter changed to something like a sob. If there were pain and anger in her heart, pain and anger were in mine also. She had never called me by my name before. She had only used it now as a dagger with which to stab at that fierce heart above us.

At last we reached the minister's house, and dismounted before the door. Diccon led the horses away, and I handed my wife into the great room. The minister tarried but for a few words anent some precautions that I meant to take, and then betook himself to his own chamber. As he went out of the door Diccon entered the room.

"Oh, I am weary!" sighed Mistress Jocelyn Percy. "What was the mighty business, Captain Percy, that made you break tryst with a lady? You should go to court, sir, to be taught gallantry."

"Where should a wife go to be taught obedience?" I demanded. "You know where I went and why I could not keep tryst. Why did you not obey my orders?"

She opened wide her eyes. "Your orders? I never received any, — not that I should have obeyed them if I had. Know where you went? I know neither why nor where you went!"

I leaned my hand upon the table, and looked from her to Diccon.

"I was sent by the Governor to quell a disturbance amongst the nearest Indians. The woods to-day have been full of danger. Moreover, the plan that we made yesterday was overheard by the Italian. When I had to go this morning without seeing you, I left you word where I had gone and why, and also my commands that you should not stir outside the garden. Were you not told this, madam?"

"No!" she cried.

I looked at Diccon. "I told madam that you were called away on business," he said sullenly. "I told her that you were sorry you could not go with her to the woods."

"You told her nothing more?"

"No."

"May I ask why?"

He threw back his head. "I did not believe the Paspaheghs would trouble her," he answered, with hardihood, "and you had n't seen fit, sir, to tell me of the other danger. Madam wanted to go, and I thought it a pity that she should lose her pleasure for nothing."

I had been hunting the day before, and my whip yet lay upon the table. "I have known you for a hardy rogue," I said, with my hand upon it; "now I know you for a faithless one as well. If I gave you credit for all the vices of the soldier, I gave you credit also for his virtues. I was the more deceived. The disobedient servant I might pardon, but the soldier who is faithless to his trust" —

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I raised the whip and brought it down again and again across his shoulders. He stood without a word, his face dark red and his hands clenched at his sides. For a minute or more there was no sound in the room save the sound of the blows; then madam suddenly cried out: "It is enough! You have beaten him enough! Let him go, sir!"

I threw down the whip. "Begone, sirrah!" I ordered. "And keep out of my sight to-morrow!"

With his face still dark red and with a pulse beating fiercely in his cheek, he moved slowly toward the door, turned when he had reached it and saluted, then went out and closed it after him.

"Now he too will be your enemy," said Mistress Percy, "and all through me. I have brought you many enemies, have I not? Perhaps you count me amongst them? I should not wonder if you did. Do you not wish me gone from Virginia?"

"So I were with you, madam," I said bluntly, and went to call the minister down to supper.

XVI.

IN WHICH I AM RID OF AN UNPROFITABLE SERVANT.

The next day, Governor and Councilors sat to receive presents from the Paspaheghs and to listen to long and affectionate messages from Opechancanough, who, like the player queen, did protest too much. The Council met at Yeardley's house, and I was called before it to make my report of the expedition of the day before. It was late afternoon when the Governor dismissed us, and I found myself leaving the house in company with Master Pory.

"I am bound for my lord's," said that worthy as we neared the guest house. "My lord hath Xeres wine that is the very original nectar of the gods, and he drinks it from goblets worth a king's ransom. We have heard a deal to-day about burying hatchets: bury thine for the nonce, Ralph Percy, and come drink with us."

"Not I," I said. "I would sooner drink with — some one else."

He laughed. "Here 's my lord himself shall persuade you."

My lord, dressed with his usual magnificence and darkly handsome as ever, was indeed standing within the guest-house door. Pory drew up beside him. I was passing on with a slight bow, when the Secretary caught me by the sleeve. At the Governor's wine had been set forth to revive the jaded Council, and he was already half seas over. "Tarry with us, captain!" he cried. "Good wine 's good wine, no matter who pours it! 'S bud! in my young days men called a truce and forgot they were foes when the bottle went round!"

"If Captain Percy will stay," quoth my lord, "I will give him welcome and good wine. As Master Pory says, men cannot be always fighting. A breathing spell to-day gives to-morrow's struggle new zest."

He spoke frankly, with open face and candid eyes. I was not fooled. If yesterday he would 'have slain me only in fair fight, it was not so to-day. Under the lace that fell over his wrist was a red cirque, the mark of the thong with which I had bound him. As if he had told me, I knew that he had thrown his scruples to the winds, and that he cared not what foul play he used to sweep me from his path. My spirit and my wit rose to meet the danger. Of a sudden I resolved to accept his invitation.

"So be it," I said, with a laugh and a shrug of my shoulders. "A cup of wine is no great matter. I'll take it at your hands, my lord, and drink to our better acquaintance."

We all three went up into my lord's room. The King had fitted out his minion bravely for the Virginia voyage, and the riches that had decked the state cabin

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aboard the Santa Teresa now served to transform the bare room in the guest house at Jamestown into a corner of Whitehall. The walls were hung with arras, there was a noble carpet beneath as well as upon the table, and against the wall stood richly carved trunks. On the table, beside a bowl of late flowers were a great silver flagon and a number of goblets, some of chased silver and some of colored glass, strangely shaped and fragile as an eggshell. The late sun now shining in at the open window made the glass to glow like precious stones.

My lord rang a little silver bell, and a door behind us was opened. "Wine, Giles!" cried my lord in a raised voice. "Wine for Master Pory, Captain Percy, and myself! And Giles, my two choice goblets."

Giles, whom I had never seen before, advanced to the table, took the flagon, and went toward the door, which he had shut behind him. I negligently turned in my seat, and so came in for a glimpse, as he slipped through the door, of a figure in black in the next room.

The wine was brought, and with it two goblets. My lord broke off in the midst of an account of the morning's bear-baiting which the tediousness of the Indians had caused us to miss. "Who knows if we three shall ever drink together again?" he said. "To honor this bout I use my most precious cups." Voice and manner were free and unconstrained. "This gold cup" — he held it up — "belonged to the Medici. Master Pory, who is a man of taste, will note the beauty of the graven mænads upon this side, and of the Bacchus and Ariadne upon this. It is the work of none other than Benvenuto Cellini. I pour for you, sir." He filled the gold cup with the ruby wine and set it before the Secretary, who eyed it with all the passion of a lover, and waited not for us, but raised it to his lips at once. My lord took up the other cup. "This glass," he continued, "as green as an emerald, freckled inside and out with gold, and shaped like a lily, was once amongst a convent's treasures. My father brought it from Italy, years ago. I use it as he used it, only on gala days. I fill to you, sir." He poured the wine into the green and gold and twisted bauble and set it before me, then filled a silver goblet for himself. "Drink, gentlemen," he said.

"Faith, I have drunken already," quoth the Secretary, and proceeded to fill for himself a second time. "Here's to you, gentlemen!" and he emptied half the measure.

"Captain Percy does not drink," remarked my lord.

I leaned my elbow upon the table, and, holding up the glass against the light, began to admire its beauty. "The tint is wonderful," I said, "as lucent a green as the top of the comber that is to break and overwhelm you. And these knobs of gold, within and without, and the strange shape the tortured glass has been made to take. I find it of a quite sinister beauty, my lord."

"It hath been much admired," said the nobleman addressed.

"I am strangely suited, my lord," I went on, still dreamily enjoying the beauty of the green gem within my clasp. "I am a soldier with an imagination. Sometimes, to give the rein to my fancy pleases me more than wine. Now, this strange chalice, — might it not breed dreams as strange?"

"When I had drunken, I think," replied my lord. "The wine would be a potent spur to my fancy."

"What saith honest Jack Falstaff?" broke in the maudlin Secretary. "Doth he not bear testimony that good sherris maketh the brain apprehensive and quick; filleth it with nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes, which being delivered by the tongue become excellent wit? Wherefore let us drink, gentlemen, and beget fancies." He filled for himself again, and buried his nose in the cup.

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"'T is such a cup, methinks," I said, "as Medea may have filled for Theseus. The white hand of Circe may have closed around this stem when she stood to greet Ulysses, and knew not that he had the saving herb in his palm. Goneril may have sent this green and gilded shape to Regan. Fair Rosamond may have drunk from it while the Queen watched her. At some voluptuous feast, Cæsar Borgia and his sister, sitting, crowned with roses, side by side, may have pressed it upon a reluctant guest, who had, perhaps, a treasure of his own. I dare swear René, the Florentine, hath fingered many such a goblet before it went to whom Catherine de' Medici delighted to honor."

"She had the whitest hands," maundered the Secretary. "I kissed them once before she died, in Blois, when I was young. René was one of your slow poisoners. Smell a rose, draw on a pair of perfumed gloves, drink from a certain cup, and you rang your own knell, though your bier might not receive you for many and many a day, — not till the rose was dust, the gloves lost, the cup forgotten."

"There 's a fashion I have seen followed abroad, that I like," I said. "Host and guest fill to each other, then change tankards. You are my host today, my lord, and I am your guest. I will drink to you, my lord, from your silver goblet."

With as frank a manner as his own of a while before, I pushed the green and gold glass over to him, and held out my hand for the silver goblet. That a man may smile and smile and be a villain is no new doctrine. My lord's laugh and gesture of courtesy were as free and ready as if the poisoned splendor he drew toward him had been as innocent as a pearl within the shell. I took the silver cup from before him. "I drink to the King," I said, and drained it to the bottom. "Your lordship does not drink. 'T is a toast no man refuses."

He raised the glass to his lips, but set it down before its rim had touched them. "I have a headache," he declared. "I will not drink to-day."

Master Pory pulled the flagon toward him, tilted it, and found it empty. His rueful face made me laugh. My lord laughed too, — somewhat loudly, — but ordered no more wine. "I would I were at the Mermaid again," lamented the now drunken Secretary. "There we did n't split a flagon in three parts. . . . The Tsar of Muscovy drinks me down a quartern of aqua vitæ at a gulp, — I 've seen him do it. . . . I would I were the Bacchus on this cup, with the purple grapes adangle above me. . . . Wine and women — wine and women . . . good wine needs no bush . . . good sherris sack" . . . His voice died into unintelligible mutterings, and his gray unreverend head sank upon the table.

I rose, leaving him to his drunken slumbers, and, bowing to my lord, took my leave. My lord followed me down to the public room below. A party of up-river planters had been drinking, and a bit of chalk lay upon a settle behind the door upon which the landlord had marked their score. I passed it; then turned back and picked it up. "How long a line shall I draw, my lord?" I asked, with a smile.

"How does the length of the door strike you?" he answered.

I drew the chalk from top to bottom of the wood. "A heavy score makes a heavy reckoning, my lord," I said, and, leaving the mark upon the door, I bowed again and went out into the street.

The sun was sinking when I reached the minister's house, and going into the great room drew a stool to the table and sat down to think. Mistress Percy was in her own chamber; in the room overhead the minister paced up and down, humming a psalm. A fire was burning briskly upon the hearth, and the red light rose and fell, — now brightening all the room, now leaving it

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to the gathering dusk. Through the door, which I had left open, came the odor of the pines, the fallen leaves, and the damp earth. In the churchyard an owl hooted, and the murmur of the river was louder than usual.

I had sat staring at the table before me for perhaps half an hour, when I chanced to raise my eyes to the opposite wall. Now, on this wall, reflecting the firelight and the open door behind me, hung a small Venetian mirror, which I had bought from a number of such toys brought in by the Southampton, and had given to Mistress Percy. My eyes rested upon it, idly at first, then closely enough as I saw within it a man enter the room. I had heard no footfall; there was no noise now behind me. The fire was somewhat sunken, and the room was almost in darkness; I saw him in the glass dimly, as shadow rather than substance. But the light was not so faint that the mirror could not show me the raised hand and the dagger within its grasp. I sat without motion, watching the figure in the glass grow larger. When it was nearly upon me, and the hand with the dagger drawn back for the blow, I sprang up, wheeled, and caught it by the wrist.

A moment's fierce struggle, and I had the dagger in my own hand and the man at my mercy. The fire upon the hearth seized on a pine knot and blazed up brightly, filling the room with light. "Diccon!" I cried, and dropped my arm.

I had never thought of this. The room was very quiet as, master and man, we stood and looked each other in the face. He fell back to the wall and leaned against it, breathing heavily; into the space between us the past came thronging.

I opened my hand and let the dagger drop to the floor. "I suppose that this was because of last night," I said. "I shall never strike you again."

I went to the table, and sitting down leaned my forehead upon my hand. It was Diccon who would have done this thing! The fire crackled on the hearth as had crackled the old camp fires in Flanders; the wind outside was the wind that had whistled through the rigging of the Treasurer, one terrible night when we lashed ourselves to the same mast and never thought to see the morning. Diccon!

Upon the table was the minister's inkhorn and pen. I drew my tablets from the breast of my doublet and began to write. "Diccon!" I called, without turning, when I had finished.

He came slowly forward to the table, and stood beside it with hanging head. I tore the leaf from the book and pushed it over to him. "Take it," I ordered.

"To the marshal?" he asked. "I am to take it to the marshal?"

I shook my head. "Read it."

He stared at it vacantly.

"Did you forget how to read when you forgot all else?" I said sternly.

He read, and the color rushed into his face.

"It is your freedom," I said. "You are no longer man of mine. Begone, sirrah!"

He crumpled the paper in his hand. "I was mad," he muttered.

"I could almost believe it," I replied. "Begone!"

After a moment he went. Sitting still in my place, I heard him heavily and slowly leave the room, descend the step at the door, and go out into the night.

A door opened, and Mistress Jocelyn Percy came into the great room, like a sunbeam strayed back to earth. Her farthingale was of flowered satin, her bodice of rich taffeta; between the gossamer walls of her French ruff rose the whitest neck to meet the fairest face. Upon her dark hair sat, as lightly as a kiss, a little pearl-bordered cap. A color was in her cheeks and a laugh on her lips. The rosy light of the burning pine caressed her, — now dwelling on

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the rich dress, now on the gold chain around the slender waist, now on rounded arms, now on the white forehead below the pearls. Well, she was a fair lady for a man to lay down his life for.

"I held court this afternoon!" she cried. "Where were you, sir? Madam West was here, and my Lady Temperance Yeardley, and Master Wynne, and Master Thorpe from Henricus, and Master Rolfe with his Indian brother, — who, I protest, needs but silk doublet and hose and a month at Whitehall to make him a very fine gentleman."

"If courage, steadfastness, truth, and courtesy make a gentleman," I said, "he is one already. Such an one needs not silk doublet nor court training."

She looked at me with her bright eyes. "No," she repeated, "such an one needs not silk doublet nor court training." Going to the fire, she stood with one hand upon the mantelshelf, looking down into the ruddy hollows. Presently she stooped and gathered up something from the hearth. "You waste paper strangely, Captain Percy," she said. "Here is a whole handful of torn pieces."

She came over to the table, and with a laugh showered the white fragments down upon it, then fell to idly piecing them together. "What were you writing?" she asked. "'To all whom it may concern: I, Ralph Percy, Gentleman, of the Hundred of Weyanoke, do hereby set free from all service to me and mine'"—

I took from her the bits of paper, and fed the fire with them. "Paper is but paper," I said. "It is easily rent. Happily a man's will is more durable."

XVII.

IN WHICH MY LORD AND I PLAY AT BOWLS.

The Governor had brought with him from London, the year before, a set of boxwood bowls, and had made, between his house and the fort, a noble green. The generality must still use for the game that portion of the street that was not tobacco-planted; but the quality flocked to the Governor's green, and here, one holiday afternoon, a fortnight or more from the day in which I had drunk to the King from my lord's silver goblet, was gathered a very great company. The Governor's match was toward, — ten men to a side, a hogshead of sweet-scented to the victorious ten, and a keg of canary to the man whose bowl should hit the jack.

The season had been one of unusual mildness, and the sunshine was still warm and bright, gilding the velvet of the green, and making the red and yellow leaves swept into the trench to glow like a ribbon of flame. The sky was blue, the water bluer still, the leaves bright-colored, the wind blowing; only the enshrouding forest, wrapped in haze, seemed as dim, unreal, and far away as a last year's dream.

The Governor's gilt armchair had been brought from the church, and put for him upon the bank of turf at the upper end of the green. By his side sat my Lady Temperance, while the gayly dressed dames and the men who were to play and to watch were accommodated with stools and settles or with seats on the green grass. All were dressed in holiday clothes, all tongues spoke, all eyes laughed; you might have thought there was not a heavy heart amongst them. Rolfe was there, gravely courteous, quiet and ready; and by his side, in otterskin mantle, beaded moccasins, and feathered headdress, the Indian chief, his brother-in-law, — the bravest, comeliest, and manliest savage with whom I have ever dealt. There, too, was Master Pory, red and jovial, with an eye to the sack the servants were bringing from the Governor's house; and the commander, with his pretty termagant of a wife; and Master Jeremy Sparrow, fresh from

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a most moving sermon on the vanities of this world. Captains, Councilors, and Burgesses aired their gold lace, and their wit or their lack of it; while a swarm of younger adventurers, youths of good blood and bad living, come from home for the weal of England and the woe of Virginia, went here and there through the crowd like gilded summer flies.

Rolfe and I were to play; he sat on the grass at the feet of Mistress Jocelyn Percy, making her now and then some courtly speech, and I stood beside her, my hand on the back of her chair.

The King's ward held court as though she were a king's daughter. In the brightness of her beauty she sat there, as gracious for the nonce as the sunshine, and as much of another world. All knew her story, and to the daring that is in men's hearts her own daring appealed, — and she was young and very beautiful. Some there had not been my friends, and now rejoiced in what seemed my inevitable ruin; some whom I had thought my friends were gone over to the stronger side; many who in secret wished me well still shook their heads and shrugged their shoulders over what they were pleased to call my madness; but for her, I was glad to know, there were only good words. The Governor had left his gilt armchair to welcome her to the green, and had caused a chair to be set for her near his own, and here men came and bowed before her as if she had been a princess indeed.

A stir amongst the crowd, a murmur, and a craning of necks heralded the approach of that other at whom the town gaped with admiration. He came with his retinue of attendants, his pomp of dress, his arrogance of port, his splendid beauty. Men looked from the beauty of the King's ward to the beauty of the King's minion, from her costly silk to his velvet and miniver, from the air of the court that became her well to the towering pride and insolence which to the thoughtless seemed his fortune's proper mantle, and deemed them a pair well suited, and the King's will indeed the will of Heaven.

I was never one to value a man by his outward seeming, but suddenly I saw myself as in a mirror, — a soldier, scarred and bronzed, acquainted with the camp, but not with the court, roughened by a rude life, poor in this world's goods, the first flush of youth gone forever. For a moment my heart was bitter within me. The pang passed, and my hand tightened its grasp upon the chair in which sat the woman I had wed. She was my wife, and I would keep my own.

My lord had paused to speak to the Governor, who had risen to greet him. Now he came toward us, and the crowd pressed and whispered. He bowed low to Mistress Percy, made as if to pass on, then came to a stop before her, his hat in his hand, his handsome head bent, a smile upon his bearded lips.

"When was it that we last sat to see men bowl, lady?" he said. "I remember a gay match when I bowled against my Lord of Buckingham, and fair ladies sat and smiled upon us. The fairest laughed, and tied her colors around my arm."

The lady whom he addressed sat quietly, with hands folded in her silken lap and an untroubled face. "I did not know you then, my lord," she answered him, quite softly and sweetly. "Had I done so, be sure I would have cut my hand off ere it gave color of mine to" —

"To whom?" he demanded, as she paused.

"To a coward, my lord," she said clearly.

As if she had been a man, his hand went to his sword hilt. As for her, she leaned back in her chair and looked at him with a smile.

He spoke at last, slowly and with deliberate emphasis. "I won then," he said. "I shall win again, my lady, — my Lady Jocelyn Leigh."

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I dropped my hand from her chair and stepped forward. "It is my wife to whom you speak, my Lord Carnal," I said sternly. "I wait to hear you name her rightly."

Rolfe rose from the grass and stood beside me, and Jeremy Sparrow, shouldering aside with scant ceremony Burgess and Councilor, came also. The Governor leaned forward out of his chair, and the crowd became suddenly very still.

"I am waiting, my lord," I repeated.

In an instant, from what he had been he became the frank and guileless nobleman. "A slip of the tongue, Captain Percy!" he cried, his white teeth showing and his hand raised in a gesture of deprecation. "A natural thing, seeing how often, how very often, I have so addressed this lady in the days when we had not the pleasure of your acquaintance." He turned to her and bowed, until the feather in his hat swept the ground. "I won then," he said. "I shall win again — Mistress Percy," and passed on to the seat that had been reserved for him.

The game began. I was to lead one side, and young Clement the other. At the last moment he came over to me. "I am out of it, Captain Percy," he announced, with a rueful face. "My lord there asks me to give him my place. When we were hunting yesterday, and the stag turned upon me, he came between and thrust his knife into the brute, which else might have put an end to my hunting forever and a day: so you see I can't refuse him. Plague take it all! and Dorothy Gookin sitting there watching!"

My lord and I stood forward, each with a bowl in his hand. We looked toward the Governor. "My lord first, as becometh his rank," he said. My lord stooped and threw, and his bowl went swiftly over the grass, turned, and rested a foot beyond the jack. I threw. "Nearer the mark by six inches!" cried the three judges at the other end of the green. My lord and I retreated to our several sides, and Rolfe and West took our places. While they and those that followed bowled, the crowd, attentive though it was, still talked and laughed, and laid wagers upon its favorites; but when my lord and I again stood forth, the noise was hushed, and men and women stared with all their eyes. He delivered, and came not a hand's breadth short of the jack. Saving my throw, it was of both sides the nearest the mark. I followed him. "One is as near as the other!" cried Master Macocke for the judges. A murmur arose from the crowd, and my lord swore beneath his breath. When his turn came again, his bowl touched the jack. He straightened himself, with a smile, and I heard Jeremy Sparrow behind me groan; but my bowl too kissed the jack. The crowd began to laugh with sheer delight, but my lord turned red and his brows drew together. We had but one turn more. While we waited, I marked his black eyes studying every inch of the ground between him and that small white ball, to strike which, at that moment, I verily believe he would have given the King's favor. All men pray, though they pray not to the same god. As he stood there, when his time had come, weighing the bowl in his hand, I knew that he prayed to his dæmon, fate, star, whatever thing he raised an altar to and bent before. He threw, and I followed, while the throng held its breath. Master Macocke rose to his feet. "It's a tie, my masters!" he exclaimed.

The excited crowd surged forward, and a babel of voices arose. "Silence, all!" cried the Governor. "Let them play it out!"

My lord threw, and his bowl stopped perilously near the shining mark. As I stepped to my place a low and supplicating "O Lord!" came to my ears from the lips and the heart of the preacher,

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who had that morning thundered against the toys of this world. I drew back my arm and threw with all my force. A cry arose from the throng, and my lord ground his heel into the earth. The bowl, spurning the jack before it, rushed on, until both buried themselves in the red and yellow leaves that filled the trench.

I turned and bowed to my antagonist. "You bowl well, my lord," I said. "Had you had the forest training of eye and arm, our fortunes might have been reversed."

He looked me up and down. "You are kind, sir," he said thickly. "'To-day to thee, to-morrow to me.' I give you joy of your petty victory."

He turned squarely from me, and stood with his face downstream. I was speaking to Rolfe and to the few — not even all of that side for which I had won — who pressed around me, when he wheeled.

"Your Honor," he cried to the Governor, who had paused beside Mistress Percy, "is not the Due Return high-pooped? Doth she not carry a blue pennant, and hath she not a gilt siren for figurehead?"

"Ay," answered the Governor, lifting his head from the hand he had kissed with ponderous gallantry. "What then, my lord?"

"Then to-morrow has dawned, sir captain," said my lord to me. "Sure, Dame Venus and her blind son have begged for me favorable winds; for the Due Return has come again."

The game that had been played was forgotten for that day. The hogshead of sweet-scented, lying to one side, wreathed with bright vines, was unclaimed of either party; the servants who brought forward the keg of canary dropped their burden, and stared with the rest. All looked down the river, and all saw the Due Return coming up the broad, ruffled stream, the wind from the sea filling her sails, the tide with her, the gilt mermaid on her prow just rising from the rushing foam. She came as swiftly as a bird to its nest. None had thought to see her for at least ten days.

Upon all there fell a sudden realization that it was the word of the King, feathered by the command of the Company, that was hurrying, arrow-like, toward us. All knew what the Company's orders would be, — must needs be, — and the Tudor sovereigns were not so long in the grave that men had forgot to fear the wrath of kings. The crowd drew back from me as from a man plague-spotted. Only Rolfe, Sparrow, and the Indian stood their ground.

The Governor turned from staring downstream. "The game is played, gentlemen," he announced abruptly. "The wind grows colder, too, and clouds are gathering. This fair company will pardon me if I dismiss them somewhat sooner than is our wont. The next sunny day we will play again. Give you God den, gentles."

The crowd stood not upon the order of its going, but streamed away to the river bank, whence it could best watch the oncoming ship. My lord, after a most triumphant bow, swept off with his train in the direction of the guest house. With him went Master Pory. The Governor drew nearer to me. "Captain Percy," he said, lowering his voice, "I am going now to mine own house. The letters which yonder ship brings will be in my hands in less than an hour. When I have read them, I shall perforce obey their instructions. Before I have them I will see you, if you so wish."

"I will be with your Honor in five minutes."

He nodded, and strode off across the green to his garden. I turned to Rolfe. "Will you take her home?" I said briefly. She was so white and sat so still in her chair that I feared to see her swoon. But when I spoke to her she answered clearly and steadily enough, even with a smile, and she would not

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lean upon Rolfe's arm. "I will walk alone," she said. "None that see me shall think that I am stricken down." I watched her move away, Rolfe beside her, and the Indian following with his noiseless step; then I went to the Governor's house. Master Jeremy Sparrow had disappeared some minutes before, I knew not whither.

I found Yeardley in his great room, standing before a fire and staring down into its hollows. "Captain Percy," he said, as I went up to him, "I am most heartily sorry for you and for the lady whom you so ignorantly married."

"I shall not plead ignorance," I told him.

"You married, not the Lady Jocelyn Leigh, but a waiting woman named Patience Worth. The Lady Jocelyn Leigh, a noble lady, a kinswoman and a ward of the King, could not marry without the King's consent. And you, Captain Percy, are but a mere private gentleman, a poor Virginia adventurer; and my Lord Carnal is — my Lord Carnal. The Court of High Commission will make short work of this fantastic marriage."

"Then they may do it without my aid," I said. "Come, Sir George, had you wed my Lady Temperance in such fashion, and found this hornets' nest about your ears, what would you have done?"

He gave his short, honest laugh. "It 's beside the question, Ralph Percy, but I dare say you can guess what I would have done."

"I 'll fight for my own to the last ditch," I continued. "I married her knowing her name, if not her quality. Had I known the latter, had I known she was the King's ward, all the same I should have married her, an she would have had me. She is my wife in the sight of God and honest men. Esteeming her honor, which is mine, at stake, Death may silence me, but men shall not bend me."

"Your best hope is in my Lord of Buckingham," he said. "They say it is out of sight, out of mind, with the King, and, thanks to this infatuation of my Lord Carnal's, Buckingham hath the field. That he strains every nerve to oust completely this his first rival since he himself distanced Somerset goes without saying. That to thwart my lord in this passion would be honey to him is equally of course. I do not need to tell you that, if the Company so orders, I shall have no choice but to send you and the lady home to England. When you are in London make your suit to my Lord of Buckingham, and I earnestly hope that you may find in him an ally powerful enough to bring you and the lady, to whose grace, beauty, and courage we all do homage, out of this coil."

"We give you thanks, sir," I said.

"As you of the Assembly know," he went on, "I have written to the Company, humbly petitioning that I be graciously relieved from a most thankless task, to wit, the governorship of Virginia. My health faileth, and I am, moreover, under my Lord Warwick's displeasure. He waxeth ever stronger in the Company, and if I put not myself out, he will do it for me. If I be relieved at once, and one of the Council appointed in my place, I shall go home to look after certain of my interests there. Then shall I be but a private gentleman, and if I can serve you, Ralph Percy, I shall be blithe to do so; but now, you understand" —

"I understand, and thank you, Sir George," I said. "May I ask one question?"

"What is it?"

"Will you obey to the letter the instructions the Company sends?"

"To the letter," he answered. "I am its sworn officer."

"One thing more," I went on: "the parole I gave you, sir, that morning behind the church, is mine own again when

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you shall have read those letters and know the King's will. I am free from that bond, at least."

He looked at me with a frown. "Make not bad worse, Captain Percy," he said sternly.

I laughed. "It is my aim to make bad better, Sir George. I see through the window that the Due Return hath come to anchor; I will no longer trespass on your Honor's time." I bowed myself out, leaving him still with the frown upon his face, staring at the fire.

Without, the world was bathed in the glow of a magnificent sunset. Clouds, dark purple and dark crimson, reared themselves in the west to dizzy heights, and hung threateningly over the darkening land beneath. In the east loomed more pallid masses, and from the bastions of the east to the bastions of the west went hurrying, wind-driven cloudlets, dark in the east, red in the west. There was a high wind, and the river, where it was not reddened by the sunset, was lividly green. "A storm, too!" I muttered.

As I passed the guest house, there came to me from within a burst of loud and vaunting laughter and a boisterous drinking catch sung by many voices; and I knew that my lord drank, and gave others to drink, to the orders which the Due Return should bring. The minister's house was in darkness. In the great room I struck a light and fired the fresh torches, and found I was not its sole occupant. On the hearth, the ashes of the dead fire touching her skirts, sat Mistress Jocelyn Percy, her arms resting upon a low stool, and her head pillowed upon them. Her face was not hidden: it was cold and pure and still, like carven marble. I stood and gazed at her a moment; then, as she did not offer to move, I brought wood to the fire and made the forlorn room bright again.

"Where is Rolfe?" I asked at last.

"He would have stayed," she answered, "but I made him go. I wished to be alone." She rose, and going to the window leaned her forehead against the bars, and looked out upon the wild sky and the hurrying river. "I would I were alone," she said in a low voice and with a catch of her breath. As she stood there in the twilight by the window, I knew that she was weeping, though her pride strove to keep that knowledge from me. My heart ached for her, and I knew not how to comfort her. At last she turned. A pasty and a stoup of wine were upon the table.

"You are tired and shaken," I said, "and you may need all your strength. Come, eat and drink."

"For to-morrow we die," she added, and broke into tremulous laughter. Her lashes were still wet, but her pride and daring had returned. She drank the wine I poured for her, and we spoke of indifferent things, — of the game that afternoon, of the Indian Nantauquas, of the wild night that clouds and wind portended. Supper over, I called Angela to bear her company, and I myself went out into the night, and down the street toward the guest house.

XVIII.

IN WHICH WE GO OUT INTO THE NIGHT.

The guest house was aflame with lights. As I neared it, there was borne to my ears a burst of drunken shouts accompanied by a volley of musketry. My lord was pursuing with a vengeance our senseless fashion of wasting in drinking bouts powder that would have been better spent against the Indians. The noise increased. The door was flung open, and there issued a tide of drawers and servants headed by mine host himself, and followed by a hail of such minor breakables as the house contained and by Olympian laughter.

I made my way past the indignant host and his staff, and standing upon

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the threshold looked at the riot within. The long room was thick with the smoke of tobacco and the smoke of powder, through which the many torches burned yellow. Upon the great table wine had been spilt, and dripped to swell a red pool upon the floor. Underneath the table, still grasping his empty tankard, lay the first of my lord's guests to fall, an up-river Burgess with white hair. The rest of the company were fast reeling to a like fate. Young Hamor had a fiddle, and, one foot upon a settle, the other upon the table, drew across it a fast and furious bow. Master Pory, arrived at the maudlin stage, alternately sang a slow and melancholy ditty and wiped the tears from his eyes with elaborate care. Master Edward Sharpless, now in a high voice, now in an undistinguishable murmur, argued some imaginary case. Peaceable Sherwood was drunk, and Giles Allen, and Pettiplace Clawse. Captain John Martin, sitting with outstretched legs, called now for a fresh tankard, which he emptied at a gulp; now for his pistols, which, as fast as my lord's servants brought them to him new primed, he discharged at the ceiling. The loud wind rattled doors and windows, and made the flame of the torches stream sideways. The music grew madder and madder, the shots more frequent, the drunken voices thicker and louder.

The master of the feast carried his wine better than did his guests, or had drunk less, but his spirit too was quite without bounds. A color burned in his cheeks, a wicked light in his eyes; he laughed to himself. In the gray smoke cloud he saw me not, or saw me only as one of the many who thronged the doorway and stared at the revel within. He raised his silver cup with a slow and wavering hand. "Drink, you dogs!" he chanted. "Drink to the Santa Teresa! Drink to to-morrow night! Drink to a proud lady within my arms and an enemy in my power!"

The wine that had made him mad had maddened those others, also. In that hour they were dead to honor. With shameless laughter and as little spilling as might be, they raised their tankards as my lord raised his. A stone thrown by some one behind me struck the cup from my lord's hand, sending it clattering to the floor and dashing him with the red wine. Master Pory roared with drunken laughter. "Cup and lip missed that time!" he cried.

The man who had thrown the stone was Jeremy Sparrow. For one instant I saw his great figure, and the wrathful face beneath his shock of grizzled hair; the next he had made his way through the crowd of gaping menials and was gone.

My lord stared foolishly at the stains upon his hands, at the fallen goblet and the stone beside it. "Cogged dice," he said thickly, "or I had not lost that throw! I'll drink that toast by myself to-morrow night, when the ship does n't rock like this d——d floor, and the sea has no stones to throw. More wine, Giles! To my Lord High Admiral, gentlemen! To his Grace of Buckingham! May he shortly howl in hell, and looking back to Whitehall see me upon the King's bosom! The King 's a good king, gentlemen! He gave me this ruby. D' ye know what I had of him last year? I"—

I turned and left the door and the house. I could not thrust a fight upon a drunken man.

Ten yards away, suddenly and without any warning of his approach, I found beside me the Indian Nantauquas. "I have been to the woods to hunt," he said, in the slow musical English Rolfe had taught him. "I knew where a panther lodged, and to-day I laid a snare, and took him in it. I brought him to my brother's house, and caged him there. When I have tamed him, I shall give him to the beautiful lady."

He expected no answer, and I gave

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him none. There are times when an Indian is the best company in the world.

Just before we reached the market place we had to pass the mouth of a narrow lane leading down to the river. The night was very dark, though the stars still shone through rifts in the ever moving clouds. The Indian and I walked rapidly on, — my footfalls sounding clear and sharp on the frosty ground, he as noiseless as a shadow. We had reached the further side of the lane, when he put forth an arm and plucked from the blackness a small black figure.

In the middle of the square was kept burning a great brazier filled with pitched wood. It was the duty of the watch to keep it flaming from darkness to dawn. We found it freshly heaped with pine, and its red glare lit a goodly circle. The Indian, pinioning the wrists of his captive with his own hand of steel, dragged him with us into this circle of light.

"Looking for simples once more, learned doctor?" I demanded.

He mowed and jabbered, twisting this way and that in the grasp of the Indian.

"Loose him," I said to the latter, "but let him not come too near you. Why, worthy doctor, in so wild and threatening a night, when fire is burning and wine flowing at the guest house, do you choose to crouch here in the cold and darkness?"

He looked at me with his filmy eyes, and that faint smile that had more of menace in it than a panther's snarl. "I laid in wait for you, it is true, noble sir," he said in his thin, dreamy voice, "but it was for your good. I would give you warning, sir."

He stood with his mean figure bent cringingly forward, and with his hat in his hand. "A warning, sir," he went ramblingly on. "Maybe a certain one has made me his enemy. Maybe I cut myself loose from his service. Maybe I would do him an ill turn. I can tell you a secret, sir." He lowered his voice and looked around, as if in fear of eavesdroppers. "In your ear, sir," he said.

I recoiled. "Stand back," I cried, "or you will cull no more simples this side of hell!"

"Hell!" he answered. "There 's no such place. I will not tell my secret aloud."

"Nicolo the Italian! Nicolo the Poisoner! Nicolo the Black Death! I am coming for the soul you sold me. There is a hell!"

The thundering voice came from underneath our feet. With a sound that was not a groan and not a screech, the Italian reeled back against the heated iron of the brazier. Starting from that fiery contact with an unearthly shriek, he threw up his arms and dashed away into the darkness. The sound of his madly hurrying footsteps came back to us until the guest house had swallowed him and his guilty terrors.

"Can the preacher play the devil too?" I asked, as Sparrow came up to us from the other side of the fire. "I could have sworn that that voice came from the bowels of the earth. 'T is the strangest gift!"

"A mere trick," he said, with his great laugh, "but it has served me well on more occasions than one. It is not known in Virginia, sir, but before ever the word of the Lord came to me to save poor silly souls I was a player. Once I played the King's ghost in Will Shakespeare's Hamlet, and then, I warrant you, I spoke from the cellarage indeed. I so frighted players and playgoers that they swore it was witchcraft, and Burbage's knees did knock together in dead earnest. But to the matter in hand. When I had thrown yonder stone, I walked quietly down to the Governor's house and looked through the window. The Governor hath the Company's letters, and he and the Council — all save the reprobate Pory — sit there staring at them and drumming with their fingers on the table."

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"Is Rolfe of the Council?" I asked.

"Ay; he was speaking, — for you, I suppose, though I heard not the words. They all listened, but they all shook their heads."

"We shall know in the morning," I said. "The night grows wilder, and honest folk should be abed. Nantauquas, good-night. When will you have tamed your panther?"

"It is now the moon of cohonks," answered the Indian. "When the moon of blossoms is here, the panther shall roll at the beautiful lady's feet."

"The moon of blossoms!" I said. "The moon of blossoms is a long way off. I have panthers myself to tame before it comes. This wild night gives one wild thoughts, Master Sparrow. The loud wind, and the sound of the water, and the hurrying clouds — who knows if we shall ever see the moon of blossoms?" I broke off with a laugh for my own weakness. "It 's not often that a soldier thinks of death," I said. "Come to bed, reverend sir. Nantauquas, again good-night, and may you tame your panther!"

In the great room of the minister's house I paced up and down; now pausing at the window, to look out upon the fast darkening houses of the town, the ever thickening clouds, and the bending trees; now speaking to my wife, who sat in the chair I had drawn for her before the fire, her hands idle in her lap, her head thrown back against the wood, her face white and still, with wide dark eyes. We waited for we knew not what, but the light still burned in the Governor's house, and we could not sleep and leave it there.

It grew later and later. The wind howled down the chimney, and I heaped more wood upon the fire. The town lay in darkness now; only in the distance burned like an angry star the light in the Governor's house. In the lull between the blasts of wind it was so very still that the sound of my footfalls upon the floor, the dropping of the charred wood upon the hearth, the tapping of the withered vines without the window, jarred like thunder.

Suddenly madam leaned forward in her chair. "There is some one at the door," she said.

As she spoke the latch rose and some one pushed heavily against the door. I had drawn the bars across. "Who is it?" I demanded, going to it.

"It is Diccon, sir," replied a guarded voice outside. "I beg of you, for the lady's sake, to let me speak to you."

I opened the door, and he crossed the threshold. I had not seen him since the night he would have played the assassin. I had heard of him as being in Martin's Hundred, with which plantation and its turbulent commander the debtor and the outlaw often found sanctuary.

"What is it, sirrah?" I inquired sternly.

He stood with his eyes upon the floor, twirling his cap in his hands. He had looked once at madam when he entered, but not at me. When he spoke there was the old bravado in his voice, and he threw up his head with the old reckless gesture. "Though I am no longer your man, sir," he said, "yet I hope that one Christian may warn another. The marshal, with a dozen men at his heels, will be here anon."

"How do you know?"

"Why, I was in the shadow by the Governor's window when the parson played eavesdropper. When he was gone I drew myself up to the ledge, and with my knife made a hole in the shutter that fitted my ear well enough. The Governor and the Council sat there, with the Company's letters spread upon the table. I heard the letters read. Sir George Yeardley's petition to be released from the governorship of Virginia is granted, but he will remain in office until the new Governor, Sir Francis Wyatt, can arrive in Virginia. The

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Company is out of favor. The King hath sent Sir Edwyn Sandys to the Tower. My Lord Warwick waxeth greater every day. The very life of the Company dependeth upon the pleasure of the King, and it may not defy him. You are to be taken into custody within six hours of the reading of the letter, to be kept straitly until the sailing of the Santa Teresa, and to be sent home aboard of her in irons. The lady is to go also, with all honor, and with women to attend her. Upon reaching London, you are to be sent to the Tower, the lady to Whitehall. The Court of High Commission will take the matter under consideration at once. My Lord of Southampton writes that, because of the urgent entreaty of Sir George Yeardley, he will do for you all that lieth in his power, but that if you prove not yourself conformable there will be little that any can do."

"When will the marshal be here?" I demanded.

"Directly. The Governor was sending for him when I left the window. Master Rolfe spoke vehemently for you, and would have left the Council to come to you; but the Governor, swearing that the Company should not be betrayed by its officers, constrained him to remain. I 'm not the Company's officer, so I may tell its orders if I please. A masterless man may speak without fear or favor. I have told you all I know." Before I could speak he was gone, closing the door heavily behind him.

I turned to the King's ward. She had risen from the chair, and now stood in the centre of the room, one hand at her bosom, the other clenched at her side, her head thrown up. She looked as she had looked at Weyanoke, that first night.

"Madam," I said under my breath.

She turned her face upon me. "Did you think," she asked in a low, even voice, "did you think that I would ever set my foot upon that ship, — that ship on the river there? One ship brought me here upon a shameful errand; another shall not take me upon one more shameful still."

She took her hand from her bosom; in it gleamed in the firelight the small dagger I had given her that night. She laid it on the table, but kept her hand upon it. "You will choose for me, sir," she declared.

I went to the door and looked out. "It is a wild night," I said. "I can suit it with as wild an enterprise. Make a bundle of your warmest clothing, madam, and wrap your mantle about you. Will you take Angela?"

"No," she answered. "I will not have her peril too upon me."

As she stood there, her hand no longer upon the dagger, the large tears welled into her eyes and fell slowly over her white cheeks. "It is for mine honor, sir," she said. "I know that I ask your death."

I could not bear to see her weep, and so I spoke roughly. "I have told you before," I said, "that your honor is my honor. Do you think I would sleep tomorrow night, in the hold of the Santa Teresa, knowing that my wife supped with my Lord Carnal?"

I crossed the room to take my pistols from the rack. As I passed her she caught my hand in hers, and bending pressed her lips upon it. "You have been very good to me," she murmured. "Do not think me an ingrate."

Five minutes later she came from her own room, hooded and mantled, and with a packet of clothing in her hand. I extinguished the torches, then opened the door. As we crossed the threshold, we paused as by one impulse and looked back into the firelit warmth of the room; then I closed the door softly behind us, and we went out into the night.

Mary Johnston.

(*To be continued.*)

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THE MISSION OF HUMOR.

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In The Last Tournament we are told how

> "Dagonet, the fool, whom Gawain in his mood
> Had made mock-knight of Arthur's Table Round,
> At Camelot, high above the yellowing woods,
> Danced like a withered leaf before the hall."

That is the view which many worthy people take of the humorist. He is Sir Dagonet. Among the serious persons who are doing the useful work of the world, discovering its laws, classifying its facts, forecasting its future, this light-minded, light-hearted creature comes with his untimely jests. In their idle moments they tolerate the mock-knight, but when important business is on hand they dismiss him, as did Sir Tristram, with

> "Why skip ye so, Sir Fool?"

This is a survival of the feeling of the unhumorous Middle Ages, when kings and nobles, in order to mitigate the preternatural dullness of their own conversation, were compelled to employ professional jesters. The hired jester suggests a dearth of spontaneous humor, just as the hired mourner suggests a dearth of natural sympathy.

Humor is something more than the capacity to make or enjoy a jest. It is not like looking at the grotesque image in a convex mirror. It is a way of looking at real things; it is a kind of insight into fleeting forms of truth which otherwise might escape us altogether. Thackeray defines humor as "a mixture of love and wit." An old English writer defines wit as "quick wisdom." It is, one might say, wisdom with a hair trigger.

A mixture of love and quick wisdom is a very good thing to have. It has a high intellectual and moral value. To be destitute of the sense of humor is a serious misfortune, particularly as no adequate provision has been made by society for persons belonging to this defective class. There are few, however, in whom the affliction is total. Almost every one has some sense of humor, just as there is gold in sea water, though not enough to make its extraction commercially profitable.

This is a big world, and it is serious business to live in it. It makes many demands. It requires intensity of thought and strenuousness of will and solidity of judgment. Great tasks are set before us. We catch fugitive glimpses of beauty, and try to fix them forever in perfect form, — that is the task of art. We see thousands of disconnected facts, and try to arrange them in orderly sequence, — that is the task of science. We see the ongoing of eternal force, and seek some reason for it, — that is the task of philosophy.

But when art and science and philosophy have done their best, there is a great deal of valuable material left over. There are facts that will not fit into any theory, but which keep popping up at us from the most unexpected places. Nobody can tell where they come from or why they are here; but here they are. Try as hard as we may for perfection, the net result of our labors is an amazing variety of imperfectnesses. We are surprised at our own versatility in being able to fail in so many different ways. Everything is under the reign of strict law; but many queer things happen, nevertheless. What are we to do with all the waifs and strays? What are we to do with all the sudden incongruities which mock at our wisdom and destroy the symmetry of our ideas?

The solemnly logical intelligence ignores their existence. An amateur philosopher once gave me an essay in which he proved that animals suffer no pain.

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I ventured to point out a few indications to the contrary. He replied: "Impossible! Animals suffer no pain; if they did, it would be contrary to my system of philosophy."

More sensitive natures allow themselves to be worried by these incongruities which they cannot ignore. It seems to them that whenever they are in earnest the world conspires to mock them. Continually they feel that intellect and conscience are insulted by little whippersnappers of facts that have no business to be in an orderly universe. They can expose a lie, and feel a certain superiority in doing it; but a little unclassified, irreconcilable truth drives them to their wits' end.

Just here comes in the beneficent mission of humor. It takes these unassorted realities that are the despair of the sober intelligence, and it extracts from them pure joy. One may have learned to enjoy the sublime, the beautiful, the useful, the orderly, but he misses something if he has not also learned to enjoy the incongruous, the illusive, and the unexpected. Artistic sensibility finds its satisfaction only in the perfect. Humor is the frank enjoyment of the imperfect. Its objects are not so high — but there are more of them.

There are a great many ideas that have a very insecure tenure. They hold their place by a sort of squatter sovereignty. By and by science will come along and evict them, but in the meantime these homely folk make very pleasant neighbors. All they ask is that we shall not take them too seriously.

That a thing is not to be taken too seriously does not imply that it is either unreal or unimportant; it only means that it is not to be taken that way. There is, for example, a pickaninny on a Southern plantation. The anthropologist measures his skull, and calls it by a long Latin name. The psychologist carefully records his nervous reactions. The pedagogical expert makes him the victim of that form of inquisition known as "child study." The missionary perplexes himself in vain attempting to get at his soul. Then there comes along a person of another sort. At the first look, a genial smile of recognition comes over the face of this new spectator. He is the first one who has seen the pickaninny. The one essential truth about a black, chubby, kinky-haired pickaninny is that, when he rolls up his eyes till only the whites are visible, he is irresistibly funny. This is what theologians term "the substance of doctrine" concerning the pickaninny.

When Charles Lamb slipped on the London pavement, he found delight in watching the chimney sweep who stood laughing at his misfortune. "There he stood irremovable, as though the jest were to last forever, with such a maximum of glee and minimum of mischief in his mirth — for the grin of a genuine sweep hath no malice in it — that I could have been content, if the honor of a gentleman might endure it, to have remained his butt and his mockery till midnight." There were many middle-aged London citizens who could no more appreciate that kind of pleasure than a Hottentot could appreciate an oratorio. That is only saying that the average citizen and the average Hottentot have, as Wordsworth mildly puts it, "faculties which they have never used."

At its lowest, humor, like everything else, is a coarse and unfriendly thing. Caliban, lying in the mire, had his own idea of the amusing. It consisted in catching crickets and other small grigs and pinching them.

> "In which feat, if his leg snapped, brittle clay,
> And he lay stupid-like, — why, I should laugh."

But by and by the cruel cackle of Caliban gives way to a mirth that is human and genial, quenching our thirst "like a beaker full of the warm south." The coarse man, with an undeveloped

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sense of humor, laughs at others; it is a far finer thing for a person to be able to laugh at himself. When a man comes to appreciate his own blunders, he has found an inexhaustible supply of innocent enjoyment.

The pleasure of humor is of a complex kind. There are some works of art that can be enjoyed by the man of one idea. To enjoy humor one must have at least two ideas. There must be two trains of thought going at full speed in opposite directions, so that there may be a collision. Such an accident does not happen in minds under economical management, that run only one train of thought a day.

It is noteworthy, also, that humor is one of the few mental processes that we can carry on only when we are awake. In our sleep we have certain æsthetic sensibilities. We dream of beautiful objects and are conscious of a vague sublimity; we have ethical emotions, such as remorse for sins we never committed; we can philosophize, too, after a fashion quite transcendental. But there is one thing we cannot do in our sleep: no matter how incongruous our ideas are, we cannot realize that they are absurd. In order to pass that judgment we must be awake.

Psychologists speak of "the association of ideas." It is a pleasant thought; but the fact is that it is a difficult matter to get ideas to associate in a neighborly way. In many minds the different groups are divided by conventional lines, and there are aristocratic prejudices separating the classes from the masses. The Working Hypothesis, honest son of toil that he is, does not expect so much as a nod of recognition from the High Moral Principle who walks by in his Sunday clothes. The steady Habit does not associate with the high-bred Sentiment. They do not belong to the same set. Only in the mind of the humorist is there a true democracy. Here everybody knows everybody. Even the priggish Higher Thought is not allowed to enjoy a sense of superiority. Plain Common Sense slaps him on the back, calls him by his first name, and bids him not make a fool of himself.

Of the two ingredients which Thackeray mentions, the first, love, is that which gives body; the addition of wit gives the effervescence. The pleasure of wit lies in its unexpectedness. In humor there is the added pleasure of really liking that which surprises us. It is like meeting an old friend in an unexpected place. "What, you here?" we say. This is the kind of pleasure we get from Dr. Johnson's reply to the lady who asked why he had put a certain definition in his dictionary: "Pure ignorance, madam."

The fact is that long ago we made the acquaintance of one whom Bunyan describes as "a brisk young lad named Ignorance." He is a dear friend of ours, and we are on very familiar terms with him when we are at home; but we do not expect to meet him in fine society. Suddenly we turn the corner, and we see him walking arm in arm with so great a man as Dr. Samuel Johnson. At once we are at our ease in the presence of the great man; it seems we have a mutual acquaintance.

Another element in real humor is a certain detachment of mind. We must not be afraid, or jealous, or angry; in order to take a really humorous view of any character, we must be in a position to see all around it. If I were brought before Fielding's Squire Western on charge of poaching, and if I had a pheasant concealed under my coat, I should not be able to appreciate what an amusing person the squire is. I should be inclined to take him very seriously.

The small boy who pins a paper to the schoolmaster's coat tail imagines that he has achieved a masterpiece of humor. But he is not really in a position to reap the fruits of his perilous adventure. It is a fearful and precarious

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joy which he feels. What if the schoolmaster should turn around? That would be tragedy. Neither the small boy nor the schoolmaster gets the full flavor of humor. But suppose an old friend of the schoolmaster happens just then to look in at the door. His delight in the situation has a mellowness far removed from the anxious, ambiguous glee of the urchin. He knows that the small boy is not so wicked as he thinks he is, and the schoolmaster is not so terrible as he seems. He remembers the time when the schoolmaster was up to the same pranks. So, from the assured position of middle age, he looks upon the small boy that was and upon the small boy that is, and finds them both very good, — much better, indeed, than at this moment they find each other.

It is this sense of the presence of a tolerant spectator, looking upon the incidents of the passing hour, which we recognize in the best literature. Books that are meant simply to be funny are very short-lived. The first reception of a joke awakens false expectations. It is received with extravagant heartiness. But when, encouraged by this hospitality, it returns again and again, its welcome is worn out. There is something melancholy in a joke deserted in its old age.

The test of real literature is that it will bear repetition. We read over the same pages again and again, and always with fresh delight. This bars out all mere jocosity. A certain kind of wit, which depends for its force on mere verbal brilliancy, has the same effect. The writers whom we love are those whose humor does not glare or glitter, but which has an iridescent quality. It is the perpetual play of light and color which enchants us. We are conscious all the time that the light is playing on a real thing. It is something more than a clever trick; there is an illumination.

Erasmus, in dedicating his Praise of Folly to Sir Thomas More, says: —

"I conceived that this would not be least approved by you, inasmuch as you are wont to be delighted with such kind of pleasantry as is neither unlearned nor altogether insipid. Such is your sweetness of temper that you can and like to carry yourself to all men a man of all hours. Unless an overweening opinion of myself may have made me blind, I have praised folly not altogether foolishly. I have moderated my style, that the understanding reader may perceive that my endeavor is to make mirth rather than to bite."

Erasmus has here described a kind of humor that is consistent with seriousness of purpose. The characteristics he notes are good temper, insight into human nature, a certain reserve, and withal a gentle irony that makes the praise of folly not unpleasing to the wise. It is a way of looking at things characteristic of men like Chaucer and Cervantes and Montaigne and Shakespeare, and Bunyan and Fielding and Addison, Goldsmith, Charles Lamb and Walter Scott. In America, we have seen it in Irving and Dr. Holmes and James Russell Lowell.

I have left out of the list one whom nature endowed for the supreme man of humor among Englishmen, — Jonathan Swift. Charles Lamb argues against the common notion that it is a misfortune to a man to have a surly disposition. He says it is not his misfortune; it is the misfortune of his neighbors. It is our misfortune that the man who might have been the English Cervantes had a surly disposition. Dean Swift's humor would have been irresistible, if it had only been good humor.

One of the best examples of humor pervading a work of the utmost seriousness of purpose is Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. The Pilgrim's Progress is not a funny book; the humor is not tacked on as a moral is tacked on to a fable, nor does it appear by way of an interlude to relieve the tension of the mind. It is so

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deeply interfused, so a part and parcel of the religious teaching, that many readers overlook it altogether. One may read the book a dozen times without a smile, and after that he may recognize the touch of the born humorist on every page. Bunyan himself recognized the quality of his work: —

"Some there be that say he laughs too loud,
And some do say his head is in a cloud.
. . . . . .
One may, I think, say both his laughs and cries
May well be guessed at by his wat'ry eyes.
Some things are of that nature as to make
One's fancy chuckle, while his heart doth ache."

There speaks the real humorist; not the merry andrew laughing at his meaningless pranks, but one whose quick imagination is at play when his conscience is most overtasked. Even in the Valley of Humiliation, where the fierce Apollyon was wont to fright the pilgrims, they heard a boy singing cheerily, —

"He that is down need fear no fall."

And Mr. Great Heart said: "Do you hear him? I dare say that boy lives a merrier life, and wears more of the herb called heart's-ease in his bosom, than he that is clad in silk and velvet." It is a fine spirit that can find time, on such a strenuous pilgrimage, to listen to these wayside songs.

Take the character sketch of Mr. Fearing: —

"Now as they walked together, the guide asked the old gentleman if he did not know one Mr. Fearing that came on a pilgrimage out of his parts?

"*Honest.* Yes, very well, said he. He was a man that had the root of the matter in him, but he was one of the most troublesome pilgrims that ever I met in all my days.

"*Great Heart.* Why, he was always afraid he should come short of whither he had a desire to go. Everything frightened him that he heard anybody speak of that had but the least appearance of opposition in it. I hear that he lay roaring in the Slough of Despond for about a month together. . . . Well, after he had lain in the Slough of Despond a great while, as I have told you, one sunshine morning, I do not know how, he ventured and so got over; but when he was over he would scarce believe it. He had, I believe, a Slough of Despond in his mind, a slough he carried everywhere with him. . . . When he came to the Hill Difficulty he made no stick at that; nor did he much fear the lions; for you must know his trouble was not about such things as those. . . . When he was come at Vanity Fair, I thought he would have fought with all the men at the fair. . . . He was a man of choice spirit though he kept himself very low."

Poor Mr. Fearing! We all have been made uncomfortable by him. But we love Bunyan for that touch about the lions, for we know it is true. Easy things go hard with Mr. Fearing; but give him something difficult, like going up San Juan hill in the face of a withering fire, and Mr. Fearing can keep up with the best Rough Rider of them all. It takes Mr. Great Heart to do justice to Mr. Fearing.

It is the mission of a kindly humor to take a person full of foibles and weaknesses and suddenly to reveal his unsuspected nobleness. And there is considerable room for this kind of treatment; for there are a great many lovable people whose virtues are, not chronic, but sporadic. These virtues grow up, one knows not how, without visible means of support in the general character, and in defiance of moral science; and yet it is a real pleasure to see them.

There are two very different kinds of humor. One we naturally describe as a flavor, the other as an atmosphere. We speak of the flavor of the essays of Charles Lamb. It is a discovery we make very much as Bobo made the discovery of roast pig. The mind of Charles Lamb was like a capacious kettle hang-

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ing from the crane in the fireplace; all sorts of savory ingredients were thrown into it, and the whole was kept gently simmering, but never allowed to come to the boil.

Lamb says, "C. declares that a man cannot have a good conscience who refuses apple dumpling, and I confess that I am of the same opinion." I am inclined to pass that kind of judgment on the person who does not have a comfortable feeling of satisfaction in reading for the twentieth time The Complaint on the Decay of Beggars, and the Praise of Chimney Sweepers.

Charles Lamb is not jocose. He likes to theorize. Now, your prosaic theorist has a very laborious task. He tries to get all the facts under one formula. This is very ticklish business. It is like the game of Pigs in Clover. He gets all the facts but one into the inner circle. By a dexterous thrust he gets that one in, and the rest are out.

Lamb is a philosopher who does not have this trouble. He does not try to fit all the facts to one theory. That seems to him too economical, when theories are so cheap. With large-hearted generosity he provides a theory for every fact. He clothes the ragged exception with all the decent habiliments of a universal law. He picks up a little ragamuffin of a fact, and warms its heart and points out its great relations. He is not afraid of generalizing from insufficient data; he has the art of making a delightful summer out of a single swallow. When we turn to the essay on the Melancholy of Tailors, we do not think of asking for statistics. If one tailor was melancholy, that was enough to justify the generalization. When we find a tailor who is not melancholy, it will be time to make another theory to fit his case.

This is the charm of Lamb's letter to the gentleman who inquired "whether a person at the age of sixty-three, with no more proficiency than a tolerable knowledge of most of the characters of the English alphabet amounts to, by dint of persevering application and good masters, may hope to arrive within a presumable number of years at that degree of attainment that would entitle the possessor to the character of a *learned man*." The answer is candid, serious, and exhaustive. No false hopes are encouraged. The difficulties are plainly set forth. "However," it is said, "where all cannot be compassed, much may be accomplished; but I must not, in fairness, conceal from you that you have much to do." The question is thoroughly discussed as to whether it would be well for him to enter a primary school. "You say that you stand in need of emulation; that this incitement is nowhere to be had but in the public school. But have you considered the nature of the emulation belonging to those of tender years which you would come in competition with?"

Do you think these dissertations a waste of time? If you do, it is sufficient evidence that you sadly need them; for they are the antitoxin to counteract the bacillus of pedantry. Were I appointed by the school board to consider the applicants for teachers' certificates, after they had passed the examination in the arts and sciences, I should subject them to a more rigid test. I should hand each candidate Lamb's essays on The Old and New Schoolmaster and on Imperfect Sympathies. I should make him read them to himself, while I sat by and watched. If his countenance never relaxed, as if he were inwardly saying, "That 's so," I should withhold the certificate. I should not consider him a fit person to have charge of innocent youth.

Just as we naturally speak of the flavor of Charles Lamb, so we speak of the atmosphere of Cervantes or of Fielding. We are out of doors in the sunshine. All sorts of people are doing all sorts of things in all sorts of ways; and we are glad that we are there to see them. It is one of the

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"charmed days
When the genius of God doth flow;
The wind may alter twenty ways,
But a tempest cannot blow."

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Incidents which in themselves are unpleasant and irritating, characters which presented in just a little different way might be repulsive, add to our good cheer and satisfaction. The great thing is that we feel that we are among friends. No writer can produce this effect unless he is really moved by a friendly spirit.

Dickens is an example of the way in which a man's humor is limited to the sphere of his sympathies. How genial is the atmosphere which surrounds Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Sam Weller! Whatever they do, they can never go wrong. But when we turn to the American Notes or to the American part of Martin Chuzzlewit, we are conscious of a difference. There is no atmosphere to relieve the dreariness. Mr. Jefferson Brick is not amusing; he is odious. The people on the Ohio River steamer do not make us smile by their absurdities. Dickens lets us see how he despises the whole lot. He is fretful and peevish. He fails utterly to catch the humor of the frontier. He is unable to follow out the hint which Mark Tapley gave when, looking over the dreary waste of Eden on the Mississippi, he said apologetically, "Eden ain't all built yet."

To an Englishman that does not mean much, but to an American it is wonderfully appealing. Martin Chuzzlewit saw only the ignominious contrast between the prospectus and the present reality. Eden was a vulgar fraud, and that was the end of it. The American, with invincible optimism, looking upon the same scene, sees something more! He smiles, perhaps, a little cynically at the incongruity between the prospectus and the present development, and then his fancy chuckles at what his fancy sees in the future. "Eden ain't all built yet," — that 's a fact. But just think what Eden will be when it is all built!

By the way, there is one particularly good thing about the atmosphere: it prevents our being hit by meteors. The meteor, when it strikes the upper air, usually ignites, and that is the end of it. There are some minds that have not enough atmosphere to protect them. They are pelted continually; whatever is unpleasant comes to them in solid chunks. There are others more fortunately surrounded, who escape this impact. All that is seen is a flash in the upper air. They are none the worse for passing through a meteoric shower of petty misfortunes.

Our view of our fellow men is much pleasanter, and, I think, not less true, when we see their shortcomings through an atmosphere which softens some of their angularities. That fine old English divine, Dr. South, has a sermon in which he defends the thesis that it is a greater guilt to enjoy the contemplation of our neighbor's sins than to commit the same sins in our own proper person. That seems to me very hard doctrine. We ought not to enjoy our own sins; if we must not enjoy our neighbor's, what can we enjoy?

I am inclined to make a distinction. There are some faults which ought to be taken seriously at all times, but there are others which the neighbors should be allowed to enjoy, if they can. They belong to comedy, not to tragedy.

Shakespeare, in the sixty-sixth sonnet, in his enumeration of the things which make him tired of life, mingles the lesser with the greater evils: —

"Tired with all these, for restful death I cry,
As, to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
. . . . . .
And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly, doctor-like, controlling skill,
And simple truth miscalled simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill:
Tired with all these, from these would I be gone."

Now, some of these things are distinctly tragical, but others may be described as

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moral incongruities. In certain moods they are intolerable, but Shakespeare did not always feel that way.

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Suppose you had asked Shakespeare: "Now, honor bright, do you always want to die to be saved from the sight of 'needy nothing trimm'd in jollity'? Is that the way you feel when Justice Shallow slaps Sir John Falstaff on the back and says, 'Ha! It was a merry night, Sir John'? Are you really irritated beyond endurance because in this world, where many virtuous people have a hard time, such trifling fellows as Sir Toby and Sir Andrew Aguecheek are trimmed in jollity and have their cakes and ale? When folly puts on doctor-like airs, is it always disagreeable to you? Would you have Dogberry put off the watch, to give place to some worthy man who could pass the civil service examination?"

I am afraid that you would find much of your sympathy misplaced. Shakespeare would turn to you as Touchstone did to Corin when he was asked how he liked the shepherd's life: —

"Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?"

The Shakespearean philosophy of life has room in it for all sorts of people, and they are not all in their right places. There are amazing incongruities between station and character. It is not a very orderly world, and not at all like what we expected when we came into it, and yet we cannot take a very gloomy view of it. In respect to itself it is a good world, yet in respect that it is not finished it leaves much to be desired. Yet in respect that it leaves much to be desired and much to be done by us, it is perhaps better *for us* than if it were finished. In respect that many things happen that are opposed to our views of the eternal fitness of things, it is a perplexing world. Yet in respect that we have a happy faculty for enjoying the occasional unfitness of things, it is delightful. On the whole, we sum up with Touchstone, "It suits my humor well."

The contest of wits between the inventors of projectiles and the makers of armor plate seemed at one time settled by Harvey's process for rendering the surface of the resisting steel so hard that the missiles hurled against it were shattered. The answer of the gunmakers was made by attaching a tip of softer metal to the shell. The soft tip received the first shock of the impact, and it was found that the penetrating power of the shell was increased enormously. The scientific explanation I have forgotten. I may, however, hazard an anthropomorphic explanation. If there is any human nature in the atoms of steel, I can see a great advantage in having the softer particles go before the hard, to have a momentary yielding before the inevitable crash. When they are hurtling through the air, tense and strained by the initial velocity till it seems that they must fly apart, it is a great thing to have a group of good-humored, happy-go-lucky atoms in the front, who call out cheerily: "Come along, boys! Don't take it too hard; we 're in for it." And sure enough, before they have time to fall apart they are in. Those whose thoughts and purposes have most penetrated the hard prejudices of their time have learned this lesson.

Your unhumorous reformer, with painful intensity of moral self-consciousness, cries out: —

"The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!"

He takes himself and his cause always with equal seriousness. He hurls himself against the accumulated wrongs and the invincible ignorance of the world, and there is a great crash; but somehow, the world seems to survive the shock better than he does. It is a tough old world, and bears a great deal of pounding. Indeed, it has been pounded so much and so long that it has become quite solid.

Now and then, however, there comes along a reformer whose zeal is tipped

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with humor. His thought penetrates where another man's is only shattered. That is what made Luther so effective. He struck heavy blows at the idols men adored. But he was such a genial, whole-souled iconoclast that those who were most shocked at him could not help liking him — between times. He would give a smashing blow at the idol, and then a warm hand grasp and a hearty "God bless you" to the idolater; and then idolater and iconoclast would be down on the floor together, trying to see if there were any pieces of the idol worth saving. It was all so unexpected and so incongruous and so shocking, and yet so unaffectedly religious and so surprisingly the right thing to do, that the upshot of it all was that people went away saying, "Dr. Martin is n't such a bad fellow, after all."

Luther's Table Talk penetrated circles which were well protected against his theological treatises. Men were conscious of a good humor even in his invective; for he usually gave them time to see the kindly twinkle in his eye before he knocked them down.

In order to engage Karlstadt in a controversy, Luther drew out a florin from his pocket and cried heartily, "Take it! Attack me boldly!" Karlstadt took it, put it in his purse, and gave it to Luther. Luther then drank to his health. Then Karlstadt pledged Luther. Then Luther said, "The more violent your attacks, the more I shall be delighted." Then they gave each other their hands and parted. One can almost be reconciled to theological controversy, when it is conducted in a manner so truly sportsmanlike.

Luther had a way of characterizing a person in a sentence, that was much more effective than his labored vituperation (in which, it must be confessed, he was a master). Thus, speaking of the attitude of Erasmus, he said, "Erasmus stands looking at creation like a calf at a new door." It was very unjust to Erasmus, and yet the picture sticks in the mind; for it is such a perfect characterization of the kind of mind that we are all acquainted with, which looks at the marvels of creation with the wide-eyed gaze of bovine youthfulness, curious, not to know how that door came there, but only to know whether it leads to something to eat.

The humor of Luther suggests that of Abraham Lincoln. Both were men of the people, and their humor had a flavor of the soil. They were alike capable of deep dejection, but each found relief in spontaneous laughter. The surprise of the grave statesmen when Lincoln would preface a discussion with a homely anecdote of the frontier was of the same kind felt by the sixteenth-century theologians when Luther turned aside from his great arguments, which startled Europe, to tell a merry tale in ridicule of the pretensions of the monks.

If I were to speak of the humorist as a philosopher, some of the gravest of the philosophers would at once protest. Humor, they say, has no place in their philosophy; and they are quite right. Indeed, it is doubtful if a humorist would ever make a good, systematic philosopher. He is a modest person. He is only a gleaner following the reapers; but he manages to pick up a great many grains of wisdom which they overlook.

Dante pictures the sages of antiquity as forever walking on a verdant mead, "with eyes slow and grave, and with great authority in their looks;" as if, in the other world, they were continually oppressed by the wisdom they had acquired in this. But I can imagine a gathering of philosophers in a different fashion. Gravely they have come, each bearing his ponderous volume, in which he has explained the universe and settled the destiny of mankind. Then, suddenly, in contrast with their theories, the reality is disclosed. The incorrigible pedants and dogmatists turn away in sullen disappointment; but from all

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true lovers of wisdom there arises a peal of mellow laughter, as each one realizes the enormous incongruity between what he knew and what he thought he knew.

The discovery that things are not always as they seem is one that some people make in this world. They get a glimpse of something that is going on behind the scenes, and their smile is very disconcerting to the sober spectators around them.

Sometimes it is the bitter smile of disillusion. Matthew Arnold wrote of Heine: —

"The Spirit of the world,
Beholding the absurdity of men, —
Their vaunts, their feats, — let a sardonic smile,
For one short moment, wander o'er his lips.
That smile was Heine."

But there is another kind of smile evoked by the incongruity between the appearance and the reality. It is the smile that comes when behind some mask that had affrighted us we recognize a familiar and friendly face.

The smile of Heine was not more characteristic than the smile of Emerson. Emerson's was the smile, not of disillusion, but of recognition. Emerson's philosophy was dissolved in humor. He was not less, but more of a humorist, because the incongruities in which he delighted were not of his own invention, but were involved in the very nature of things. They were the result, not of the play of fancy, but of the free play of reason. To his quick insight, the actual world was no more like the formal descriptions of the system makers than the successive attitudes of a galloping horse as caught by the camera are like the pose of the equestrian statue. His mind caught the instantaneous views of the world as it was continually dissolving and recombining before him. It was all very surprising, and he smiled as he saw how much better things turned out than might have been expected.

"Sad-eyed Fakirs swiftly say
Endless dirges to decay.
. . . . . .
And yet it seemeth not to me
That the high gods love tragedy;
For Saadi sat in the sun.
. . . . . .
Sunshine in his heart transferred,
Lighted each transparent word.
. . . . . .
And thus to Saadi said the Muse:
'Eat thou the bread which men refuse;
Flee from the goods which from thee flee;
Seek nothing, — Fortune seeketh thee.
. . . . . .
On thine orchard's edge belong
All the brags of plume and song.
. . . . . .
Nor scour the seas, nor sift mankind,
A poet or a friend to find:
Behold, he watches at the door!
Behold his shadow on the floor!'"

In the book of Proverbs, Wisdom says, "I, Wisdom, dwell with Prudence." But there is another member of the household. It is Humor, sister of serene Wisdom and of the heavenly Prudence. She does not often laugh, and when she does it is mostly at her sister Wisdom, who cannot long resist the infection. There is not one set smile upon her face, as if she contemplated an altogether amusing world. The smiles that come and go are shy, elusive things, but they cannot remain long in hiding.

Wisdom, from her high house, takes wide views, and Prudence peers anxiously into the future; but gentle Humor loves to take short views; she delights in homely things, and continually finds surprises in that which is most familiar. Wisdom goes on laborious journeys, and comes home bringing her treasures from afar; and Humor matches them, every one, with what she has found in the dooryard.

Samuel M. Crothers.

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JOHN MURRAY FORBES.

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"Where the gods have asked for one gift,
I have ever given them twain."

In the following pages the story of the remarkable life of the late John Murray Forbes is told in brief, at the request of the editor of The Atlantic, by one who had the privilege of knowing him as a friend for forty years. Its moral is, what power and help may be in a good private citizen in a republic. How great a force, and always for good, this man has been in his state and in his country few have known. For, with regard to his own work, at least, it was an axiom with him, "So the thing is done, it is no matter who does it."

He came of a clan long notable in Scotland. Though not in the direct line of Forbes of Culloden, "the Lord President," whose name shines conspicuous with the clear light of sense and virtue out of the cruel history of his time, they might have been brothers, so great is the likeness of their public services and correspondence. The letters of the American Forbes show an equally ardent, wise, and unselfish servant of his country with the author of the Culloden Papers, in an even greater national crisis. Though he wrote or inspired many an editorial, or even bill in the state or national legislature, his own name appeared only at the end of private letters. Fortunately, he lived long enough to have leisure at last to have written down for his grandchildren his memories of an active life, including many letters. He had no plan of publishing these recollections; but their range is so wide, the events of which they treat are so varied and important, and the correspondents so interesting that a selection from them, with many of the letters, will soon be given to the public, edited by his daughter. From these I have been kindly allowed to quote.

Mr. Forbes's active life — a ten-man-power activity — lasted through the latter two thirds of the nineteenth century, and was concerned in large issues of foreign and domestic trade, transportation by land and sea, the development of the great West, the anti-slavery question, the civil war and all its problems, with finance and tariff and good government. Thus he was brought into relations with leading men in commerce and with the statesmen and the reformers of the age, and socially with great numbers of people. So manifold and so varied were the tasks to which, especially in the years of the civil war, he set his mind and his helpful shoulder that they can be hardly more than catalogued in the short space of a magazine article.

In the last century Reverend John Forbes came from Scotland to Florida, and married Dorothea Murray. Their son, Ralph Bennet Forbes, settled near Boston, and married Margaret, the sister of Colonel Thomas H. and James Perkins, leading citizens and merchants of Boston in the beginning of this century.

Mr. Ralph Forbes's business called him to France, and thither his spirited wife followed him with her two boys[1] during the war of 1812, in a little schooner which had the misfortune to be captured by an English warship. Mrs. Forbes was courteously treated by her captors, and at last safely reached her husband in Bordeaux. In that city, on the 23d of February, 1813, John Murray Forbes was born. He used to say, "'I am assured my title to citizenship is as good as anybody's," in spite of his foreign birth. It turned out well for his country that he had, and improved, this

[1] Thomas and Robert Bennet Forbes. The former died in China; the latter was well known as a captain of clipper ships, a merchant, and an excellent citizen.

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right to serve her. The voyage of this young citizen to America with his family on their return, when he was three months old, was more long, hazardous, and uncomfortable than their outward passage, lasting many weeks, during which time they were in action with British vessels, and later were captured by one.

Mr. Ralph Forbes then settled in Milton. He is said to have been a man of energy and courage, generous and kind, but not successful in business. When he died, after a long sickness, his brave wife found herself with a family of seven children, only three of them boys, in narrow circumstances. Self-denial, mutual help, and the necessity of early and vigorously taking up the burden of life proved the best of tutors to her sons. Their uncles, James and Thomas H. Perkins, gave the boys in succession places in their countingroom on Commercial Wharf, and young Thomas was soon sent to their branch house in China, while Bennet went to sea before the mast, and showed ability which gave him command of a ship before he was of age.

John was sent to school first at Andover, but later to the excellent Round Hill School at Northampton. Mr. Cogswell, the master, had seen the world, and seems to have been a man of large pattern, and withal sympathetic with boys. George Bancroft was the assistant master. The boys' physical development was considered to an unusual degree for that day. They took walking journeys in the vacations, and wrestling was encouraged, and young Forbes was taught to ride, an accomplishment that he was to use almost daily for the next seventy years. The boy's letters to his mother, while simple and affectionate, seem mature, and show his sense of the responsibilities that awaited him. At fifteen he left the school to begin his life's work. Mr. Cogswell had found out in the three years the quality of metal that was in John Forbes and the use he had made of his opportunities. He wrote thus to his mother: "It is not mere length of time in which he has been my pupil that attaches me strongly to him; a stronger tie is the uncommon worth and irreproachable character he has maintained in this relation."

The boy went straight from school to begin at the foot of the mercantile ladder in the countingroom of his uncles. He stayed with them nearly two years, making long days in office, warehouse, and on the wharves, seldom having a chance for the long walk to his Milton home. He was in correspondence with his brother Tom in China, who shared with John his right to make small ventures in their uncles' ships; so that when, after two years, John himself sailed for China in the Lintin, of which his brother Robert Bennet was master, he had a little capital of one thousand dollars nursed up from the result of these ventures.

Meantime, Tom, the gallant and promising head of the family, had been lost in a typhoon while on a trip from Macao to Canton. John arrived in Hong Kong in November, 1830, and was taken as a clerk into the house of Russell and Company, into which the business of the Perkinses was now merged. Mr. Augustine Heard, of Boston, was an active manager. But an interesting experience was in store for the young clerk. He was introduced and recommended by Mr. Cushing, of Boston, to Hou-qua, the chief of the company which then conducted all the foreign trade in China. Hou-qua, who had loved Tom Forbes, at once took his young brother into his full confidence, had him read and write his letters, charter and load ships, and handle for him vast amounts of property. For this man, whose portrait hung for years in his Boston office, Mr. Forbes had great regard.

Two years of active work in an enervating climate told on young Forbes, and he returned to recruit his health. The

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voyages in those days, by slow-sailing vessels around the Cape of Good Hope, made long and dull chapters in eager and busy lives. Danger had its turn, but unless severe disaster required manning the pumps, there were often continuous weeks of quiet sailing in those four months' voyages. Mr. Forbes, happily, had other than the business side to his mind. He rejoiced in the sea in its active moods, but in the calms or the trade-wind sailing he betook himself to books; his taste for literature was good, and withal, like old Duncan of Culloden, he had a spice of romance in his character, and he loved poetry, ballads and song. Copying these into his commonplace book was a resource to him on his voyages, and in the drive of his busy later life he often quoted fragments of them.

Mr. Forbes remained only a year at home, during which time he was married to Miss Hathaway, of New Bedford, and he sailed for China in March, 1834, meaning so to arrange his affairs that he could live at home. But on his arrival, in August, in Hong Kong he was confronted by a most embarrassing problem. He found that, by an arrangement made without his knowledge some time before by his cousin, Mr. Cushing, he had already been a partner in the house of Russell and Company since the first of January, and was from that time entitled to his share of the profits, if he would ratify the agreement and consent to stay. It was a brilliant offer to a youth of twenty-one, yet it seemed almost impossible for him to accept. Hong Kong was no place for his wife; the long rough voyage and the climate were forbidding. On the other hand, the interests of the Boston allies of the house seemed imperatively to demand his remaining; for Mr. Augustine Heard, though ill, said that, unless young Forbes did so, he would stay until he died. Houqua too would put in his business with the firm, on the condition that Mr. Forbes would give it his personal attention. So he reluctantly agreed to remain three years. The work, though interesting, was severe, and the life a making-the-best-of-it. In the selections from his Old Scrap Book that Mr. Forbes amused himself with printing in his later years occurs a picture of the life, modeled on Byron's

"Know ye the land where the vine and the myrtle;"

beginning,

"Know ye the land where the bamboo and queue are,"

and ending,

"Where the flowers have no smell, and no flavor the fruit,
And 't is stupid to talk, and there 's nothing to shoot;
Where the earth is burnt mud, and the sky is all blaze,
Where the dew is death-fog, and the air is red haze?
'T is the land of the East; 't is the region of curry
That slowly we come to, and leave in a hurry.
Know ye the land? My good friend, if you do,
By the Lord, I don't envy you; I know it too!"

Mr. Forbes's three years of service to win his freedom to return were a good training school. The relations of mutual respect and regard between him and Hou-qua continued. In his notes he speaks of the strict honor and fair dealing of the Chinese merchants. He sailed for home in March, 1837, having arranged to attend to Russell and Company's business in the United States for three years. His home-coming was not to be restful. He landed in the midst of the consternation occasioned by the great panic of 1837. The three great London houses through which most of the Chinese-American business was done had failed. Russell and Company had drawn large bills on them, and the goods represented by these sums, on their arrival, had depreciated because of the panic. Mr. Forbes had to strain every

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resource to raise money to keep the firm's credit good. He succeeded, and the house rode out the storm.

He began his family life in Milton, building a house on the hill above the Neponset, where, a broad tidal river, it winds through the marshes to join the harbor, while the Blue Hill range made a noble horizon to the south and west. For the remaining sixty years of his life Milton Hill was his home. He soon built a comfortable brick house farther from the road. The bare pasture hillside he sheltered on the north and beautified with trees, and so wisely that, by his middle life, it seemed in winter as if his house were in a favored climate, yet in summer the sea breeze cooled it. He could see his ships come up the harbor, and Boston was within seven miles, which, from youth to age, rain or shine, he usually covered on horseback. The house of J. M. Forbes and Company was principally occupied with the China trade in the succeeding years, when the American clipper ships on racing models distanced all competition, often bringing back the first news of their own arrival at Hong Kong. They had the cream even of the English carrying business, and no passenger willingly took an English ship. As a merchant he was unusually successful, and the judgment and, more than that, the character of this young man had so impressed themselves on Russell and Company that he was constantly consulted by them, and often asked to arbitrate points in dispute.

But Mr. Forbes was not born to confine himself to matters of private business, however large. His knowledge, interests, and sympathies were wide, and the citizen soon began to be as apparent as the man of affairs. In 1843 he was appointed by the Boston merchants to draw up their answer to a circular sent them by Daniel Webster, then Secretary of State, asking suggestions for the mission about to be sent out to cultivate friendly relations with the empire of China. Such matters he looked at largely and humanely. His letter, written a few years later to a member of Congress, against any naval coercion of the Japanese into commercial intercourse, is important reading at the present crisis of our country, and makes one mourn the more the loss of this good man.

"A smaller force," he wrote, "may butcher thousands of men in petticoats and sink their arks, and the officers may call their Chinese junks 'men-of-war' and sing pæans over their glorious victory; but the glory will be all the navy will ever get, . . . and the conservative Whig government will have the discredit of an unsuccessful intervention in the affairs of a people whom even John Bull has been ashamed to attack."

In 1846 the failure of the potato crop caused the terrible famine in Ireland, and American sympathies were aroused. Mr. Forbes obtained from the government the use of the Jamestown, and, with his brother, Robert Bennet Forbes, as captain, she carried Boston's generous and abundant relief.

When, in 1836, he had received in China a suggestion from his brother Bennet to put some money into railroads, he wrote with speed, saying, "By no means invest any funds of mine in railway stocks, and I advise you to keep clear of them." In his notes written in his later years he says, "My judgment was sound in 1836 when I kept out of railroads," and proceeds to tell how ten years later he took hold of them, little dreaming of the load he was assuming when he became president of one. He met James F. Joy and John W. Brooks, the one a bright lawyer, and the other a very able engineer; they induced him to take an interest with a few merchants of New York and Boston in buying from the state of Michigan forty miles of primitive strap-iron railroad at seventy cents on a dollar. Until the

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close of his life, fifty-two years thereafter, he never was out of the railroad harness; but then the directors of the great Chicago, Burlington and Quincy system said that to his far-seeing energy, his courage and sagacity, it owed a large measure of its success. The Michigan Central, his first railroad venture, was taken, poor, ill built, running a short way in thinly settled country, and opposed by many of the inhabitants. The "C. B. & Q.," its humble extension, is now a valued property, with seven thousand miles of well-laid road, a perfect equipment and organization, connecting the great Indian-corn country with the markets of the world. It was Mr. Forbes's nature, like a good draught horse, when he felt resistance, to put his shoulders to the collar to pull, and pull through. The words of one of the old partners of Russell and Company with regard to Mr. Forbes's relation to business may well be quoted: "He never seemed to me a man of acquisitiveness, but very distinctly one of constructiveness. His wealth was only an incident. I have seen many occasions when much more money might have been made by him in some business transaction but for this dominant passion for building up things. The good, also, which he anticipated for business and settlers through opening up the country always weighed much with him."

Mr. Forbes kept things in their proper relations; remembered that he was a man, and business his horse, — kept it *under* the saddle. Thus mounted, he looked at things from an advantageous point of view and largely. Therefore, in the long struggle between two different civilizations, political and ethical codes, that was steadily going on to its crisis in civil war, he heeded more and more, year by year, the call of the country to the good citizen. The brave defense of free speech in Faneuil Hall by young Wendell Phillips, till then unknown, after the murder of Lovejoy in 1837, won Mr. Forbes's admiration. He left the Whig party when, on the 7th of March, 1850, Daniel Webster deserted the cause of freedom, and in his letters he steadily strove to present the urgent issues of the time plainly and soberly to his friends and business correspondents, North and South, and in the other hemisphere. When one recalls the timid and respectful attitude toward the slaveholders of the Boston Whigs of culture and wealth, who had applauded the mobbing of Garrison, it is pleasant to read Mr. Forbes's letter, written just after Buchanan's election to the presidency in 1856, to a gentleman in Darien, Georgia. In this he clearly shows, and in a most friendly way, how the course of the South in trying to increase the area of slavery, not only within the Union, but by plans of seizing the continent and islands between the United States and Panama, is arousing, surely and rapidly, the instincts of the American people against this aristocratic and oligarchical scheme, and warns him that unless the South is content with her great present power she will surely be defeated in 1860. Mr. Forbes himself considered the wrong and mischief of slavery, but could show to one who did not, in the most good-natured and firm manner, the practical situation. At least he won his correspondent's respect as no "dough-faced" Northerner.

In these days, the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad had been built by Eastern capital to supersede the "prairie schooner" in carrying the swarming emigration across northern Missouri. Its stock stood in the name of three trustees, of whom Mr. Forbes was chairman; as his daughter rightly says, he was responsible for the wise *business* conduct of the road, and, however indignant he might be at border ruffianism, he could not, in justice to the stockholders, proclaim his distaste for pro-slavery methods in the market place. Nevertheless, he was a good Free-Soiler, and was one of those who supplied money and Sharp's rifles

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to the brave young New Englanders who, sent by the Kansas Aid Society, were thronging over this very road to the territory to keep its fertile soil free from the noxious plant of slavery. Thus it happened strangely, in May, 1859, that John Brown, fresh from his victories over the invading ruffians of Missouri, spent the night under Mr. Forbes's roof, and told of the border strife to his neighbors, who were invited in to see the old Covenanter; and the next night the pro-slavery governor of Missouri occupied unwittingly the same bed that, the night before, had held the man for whose head he and the President had offered a great sum.

Mr. Forbes's wide business connection, his wider interests, and his social habit brought him into relations with the best minds of the country, and this helped him to appreciate the trend of events. It is interesting to learn that he was a correspondent of de Tocqueville, managed his business affairs in this country, and later those of his widow. Mr. Forbes was on good terms with Sumner; he knew but distrusted Seward. With Agassiz, Dr. Howe, Dr. Jeffries Wyman, and Whittier he was in friendly relation. Fanny Kemble was a lifelong friend. For years he went to hear the preaching of his friend Dr. Putnam, of Roxbury. Mr. Emerson, on coming home from his Boston lectures, would often tell how "that good creature John Forbes was there, with his brother Bennet, and wanted to take me out to Milton with him." Dr. Holmes, in his younger days, was a frequent and cheery guest at the island which must now be mentioned.

At the shoulder of Cape Cod, like beads on the sleeve of Massachusetts, stretch to the southwest the Elizabeth Islands. Naushon, the largest of these, was bought in 1837 by Mr. Swain, of New Bedford, and Mr. Forbes. Its position between the mild waters of the Bay and the Sound, its two sheltered harbors, the noble beech woods at each end, and broad breezy sheep downs between make it a perfect summer home. After Mr. Swain's death Mr. and Mrs. Forbes spent long summers at the Mansion House, gathering many friends under its roof for forty-one years. But from this Hesperis, just won, he was urgently called. The financial panic of 1857 sent him to England to borrow two millions of the Barings for the Michigan Central Railroad. His name and character won on "onerous terms," indeed, what was hard for most Americans to obtain then on any terms.

Mr. Forbes, sent by Massachusetts to the electoral college, voted for Lincoln in 1860. At the beginning of the next stormy year, Virginia asked her sister states to send delegates to a "Peace Congress" at Washington to devise means to avert a civil war. Mr. Forbes went as a Massachusetts delegate, but tells in his journal that he found the Southerners in the convention were ready to receive any concessions from us, "in the hope that it might do some good," but to promise nothing; "were asking the majority to yield to the minority all the great principles for which we were contending." Our delegates saw that nothing was to be gained except, by spinning out the debate, time for the North to make some little preparation for the sure outbreak on the part of the better prepared South. Mr. Forbes therefore left the debate to others, and turned his mind to the threatening emergencies. Even on his way down he had talked with S. M. Felton, president of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad, and found that he was ready to get President Lincoln safely to Washington, skillfully evading the rebel plots, and also planning the Annapolis route to Washington which was used for our troops when the railroad bridges were burned. With Mr. William Aspinwall and Lieutenant Fox, afterward Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Forbes concerted a plan to reinforce and supply Fort

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Sumter, which delighted General Scott, but unhappily leaked out and was marred because there were still some officials in the Navy Department in sympathy with the Rebellion.

Two years before Mr. Forbes had made the acquaintance of John A. Andrew, and had been greatly pleased with him. From the moment of the outbreak of the war, Mr. Forbes, without any official position, strengthened the governor's hands with service, counsel, money, and moral support. He was well seconded by his friend Colonel Henry Lee, of Governor Andrew's staff. The call for troops came April 14; next day four regiments were nearly ready. General Scott wished the two for Baltimore to come through by rail. Mr. Forbes remembered Mr. Felton's warnings about the Baltimore route, and knew the urgent need of their speedily reaching Fortress Monroe, the key to the campaign, then held by only two companies of regulars. He and his brother, the captain, bought a chart, hurried to the State House, and pointed out the situation and the need. Governor Andrew took the responsibility of sending the troops by water. Mr. Forbes telegraphed to Scott's chief of staff, and instantly set to work to find vessels and captains. The work was well and quickly done. His telegram to Mr. Borden, at Fall River, I borrow, as illustrating the energy of his work and the tact which insured coöperation: "We send the four hundred men at two. Count upon your hurrying up. Must go right on board and start to-night, even at some extra cost. Massachusetts must keep up her end, *and you are the man to do it.*" Seeing the need of immediate preparation of much hard-tack, he respectfully brought it to the governor's attention. The concluding sentence of his letter shows a wisdom that would have been useful in last year's campaign in Cuba: "You cannot be too careful in getting a working business man for the commissariat. It will save the state thousands of dollars and save *us* our credit when accounts come to be settled after enthusiasm boils past." The governor promptly acted on his advice.

Now followed a time of anxiety. What might not the South attempt against Massachusetts, their leading adversary? What more natural than that privateers should strike at the commerce of New England and New York, or capture the troopships? Southern pirates were rumored to be off our coast. The governor bought the Pembroke and Cambridge, Mr. Forbes and the merchants of Boston furnishing one half of the money, the banks the other, and guns were borrowed from the Navy Yard. These steamers were to be armed transports. Mr. Forbes was practically, for the time, a Secretary of the Navy for Massachusetts, and on at least one occasion actually was empowered by Secretary Welles to send out a vessel to try to capture the old slaver Echo, now rebel privateer off our coast. Foreseeing trouble with England and France unless an effective blockade should be kept up around the Confederacy, Mr. Forbes addressed to the Naval Committee of Congress a memorial on the subject of the necessity of a volunteer navy as early as July, 1861. He draughted the bill to establish this, which was passed, and he, Commodore Hudson of the navy, and Mr. Delano of New Bedford were appointed a commission to buy and fit for the sea vessels for this purpose. The commissioners rendered without pay services invaluable in their results, and withal unearthed many abuses and frauds practiced against the government by citizens more grasping than patriotic.

In 1812 our privateers had saved us. Mr. Forbes remembered this, but strove in a volunteer navy to keep the good element, — the utilizing the hardy courage and unsurpassed seamanship of our mariners, — and leave out the irresponsible and barbarous element; yet he thought it unwise in our government, with Eng-

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land and France unfriendly, to abandon the right of privateering, unless we at the same time could secure international agreement to the humane principle, not yet established, that all private property should be exempt from capture on sea. The gigantic war on our hands furnished questions enough, but it was all important not to have a foreign war added. Mr. Forbes wrote constantly admirable letters to strong and well-disposed Englishmen, in perfect temper, but manly and plain, to make them see the issues rightly. Commodore Wilkes's seizure of Mason and Slidell, the Confederate agents, had made the situation very dangerous then, as the building in England of ironclads for the Confederacy did later.

At home, emergencies, new but instant, came daily. The Southern prisons were filled with Northern men, among them Mr. Forbes's friends and relations. His skill managed to get funds even into Libby Prison to relieve their wants. The medical service of the army was swamped by the demands resulting from the heavy fighting, and more from exposure and climate. Mr. Forbes was active among the original promoters of the Sanitary Commission, which came to the help of the government in its pressing need. He also did an excellent deed in organizing an attack on the mere seniority system in the medical departments in the army. The ways and means question was urgent before the first year was out, and became increasingly so, and his influence was felt and his help sought in dealing with it. In all these matters Mr. Forbes kept his eye on the remote results, not allowing himself to be blinded by the momentary. One question — puzzling and distasteful to politicians, yet by no means to be avoided, and growing with each month — was the attitude of the government toward slavery in the concrete. Mr. Forbes early urged the registration of the escaped blacks within our lines, and that the fact that they had been employed by the government in defensive works should give them freedom, and did all that he could to stir up members of Congress to stop that body from timid legislation in the interests of slavery.

Early in 1862, Mr. Forbes, overworked and suffering from a heavy cold, went to the sea islands of South Carolina, then newly occupied by our troops, among them the First Massachusetts Cavalry, in which his oldest son, the late Colonel William H. Forbes, was a lieutenant. The Freedmen's Commission, a body of devoted young men and women, under the guidance of Mr. Edward L. Pierce, were just establishing themselves there, in the face of ridicule and disfavor of many officers, to begin their work of caring for the helpless negroes and preparing them to do for themselves. Mr. Forbes personally looked into the work of the commission, and defended them there and at Washington.

That summer the New England Loyal Publication Society was established, with Mr. Forbes as its president. A weekly paper was sent out by this company of patriotic and eminent Boston men, edited by Professor Charles Eliot Norton, for the sake of educating and stirring public opinion. Akin to this was the work of the Committee of Correspondence for the Vigorous Prosecution of the War, — the sending good newspaper clippings to local journals, irrespective of party, all over the land. Mr. Forbes was ever striving to show, to men at Washington, in the country at large, and abroad, the real issue, in which patriots of all stripes were vitally interested, namely, that the Rebellion was a struggle of a Class against the People.

But each month brought new and important tasks. Public opinion against slavery was making astonishing growth. The soldier sons of conservative Whigs of Beacon Street had grown in manhood and knowledge in one term of the school of war, and saw slavery in its true light.

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The time seemed ripe, and Mr. Forbes formed a Committee of One Hundred for Promoting the Use of Negroes as Soldiers, which raised one hundred thousand dollars. With a view of weakening and alarming the enemy by the very raising of these troops, recruiting offices were opened near the border to attract slaves and new-freed men. Major George L. Stearns, of Medford, did a noble and remarkable work in the recruiting of the now celebrated Fifty-Fourth and Fifty-Fifth Massachusetts regiments and the Fifth Cavalry. The keeping the regiments in the field full became harder as the war wore on; the drafts became necessary to eke out volunteering to fill the quotas of the towns, and bounties rose high. A Massachusetts Recruiting Board was formed, of which Mr. Amos Lawrence was an active member. Of this Mr. Forbes became president, bringing his sound business methods to bear on the matter for the benefit of the state.

The Emancipation Proclamation, eagerly hoped for from the President at this time, as the weight of wisdom and right which would turn the doubtful scales of war, was opposed by some of the President's advisers. Mr. Forbes drew up a manly and earnest address to him on the greatness of the crisis and the act which he might do, commending and encouraging him, and begging him not only to issue it, but to see to its being carried out by all branches of the service. This was signed by the presidential electors of 1860, and sent to him.

Perhaps the most signal of the services of this good citizen to his hard-pressed country was his mission to England in the darkest time of the war. The high tide of rebellion had not yet been checked at Gettysburg and Vicksburg, the wholesale sacrifice of our troops at Fredericksburg was recent, and the great failure of Chancellorsville was just coming on. Our finances were embarrassed. In the shipyards of Liverpool ironclad rams, against which our ports were defenseless, were being built, unchecked, for our foe. This unfriendly act Mr. Forbes had been anxiously watching. He knew that the rams could break the blockade, and that then England and France would probably interfere to close the war. In March, 1863, he was abruptly summoned by telegram from Secretary Chase to come to New York. Next day he met there the Secretaries of the Treasury and the Navy. They asked him to sail for England on the third day thereafter; to act there in company with Mr. William Aspinwall for the best interests of the United States, especially in the matter of stopping the ironclads and in placing ten million dollars of the new 5-20 bonds. The commissioners *were asked to write their own instructions.* Mr. Forbes accordingly wrote them, and they were signed by the Secretary of the Navy. He sailed promptly, Mr. Aspinwall following with the bonds a week later. Our minister, Mr. Adams, and our consuls were doing all they could, but had limited means, and the former was hampered by the duties and necessities of his position. He gave cordial aid as far as he could. The episode is long and most interesting, and can best be read in Mr. Forbes's own straightforward and unassuming words, in his forthcoming reminiscences. Suffice it to say here that the commissioners failed to sell bonds abroad at that unpromising time, but that Mr. Forbes obtained a very large loan on the security of a portion of the bonds from his friends the Barings; that he watched the vessels being built for the South closely, and acquired through our efficient consuls much information that might be important in influencing the British government, or in case the matter should come into the courts; that the commissioners even tried to buy the vessels, but in vain. Mr. Forbes was in constant correspondence with the Secretaries of the Treasury and the Navy, and with Governor Andrew.

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He bought some cannon for Massachusetts' defense. Through all that dark spring, with no good news from home, he did everything that was possible to enlighten the opinion of the English governing and influential classes, first, on the real character of the struggle, and second, on the short-sightedness and danger to themselves thereafter (as they were belligerent ten times to where we were once) of establishing the principle that vessels of war may be built for one belligerent in a neutral port, receive their armament and crews just outside the three-mile limit, and go on to destroy the commerce of the other. His clear showing of this matter, in a letter, after his return, and how, if England broke the blockade, we could work havoc on her commerce, was thought by a member of Parliament, who went with it to Lord Palmerston, to have caused the seizure by the government of the rams just before they sailed, possibly to bombard Boston. Mr. Forbes, however, always spoke of his work in England very modestly, and claimed no great success. He had with tact explained to the government, through friendly members of Parliament, what Lowell had said in Hosea Biglow's lay: —

> "We own the ocean, tu, John:
> You mus' n' take it hard,
> Ef we can't think with you, John,
> It 's jest your own back-yard.
> Ole Uncle S. sez he, 'I guess,
> Ef *thet 's* his claim,' sez he,
> 'The fencin' stuff 'll cost enough
> To bust up friend J. B.
> Ez wal ez you an' me.'"

Mr. Forbes returned home to work with even increased energy for the country. We find him in constant correspondence with the Cabinet members. The death of his brave young friend Colonel Robert Shaw only increased his interest in the negro regiments. Years later, he was chairman of the committee that put up the splendid memorial to Shaw and his soldiers in Boston. He was the friend of the freedmen, too, during and after the war; helped generously in all efforts toward making them able to help themselves.

The President, at this time, appears to have been troubled by misgivings as to embarrassments and disaffection that might result from his great word of emancipation that had gone forth at the beginning of the year. Surrounded by politicians, he was in need of confirming and strengthening words from the people. Mr. Forbes saw this, and loyally strove to bring support to the chief. He wrote directly to him, begging him in this pass to use his great power and eloquence in putting before the people, North and South, and the world, a statement of "the true issue of the existing struggle: that we are fighting for democracy, or — to get rid of technical names — for liberal institutions." In his letter, and later through an English friend of our cause, who was going to Washington, he strove to show Mr. Lincoln that the anti-slavery policy had just saved us from the recognition of the Confederacy by England and other European powers.

In the autumn of 1864 a general election was to occur. In it the question of carrying through to the end a war for principle that had proved long and terrible was to be referred to the people. Greater issues than merely saving the Union and putting down rebellion had shown themselves, and, while many were discouraged, the blood of their martyrs had but hallowed the cause to the best people of the North. At this time, Mr. Forbes, though believing in the honesty of purpose of Lincoln and his strength with the people, felt great doubts as to putting at the helm of state again "a pilot who takes his orders from the crew, instead of a leader who directs its course." But when the nomination was once made he worked as the greatness of the issue demanded. A peace party was being formed. Horace Greeley, Secretary Seward, and Vallandigham (from the border) were planning a compro-

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mise with the South which might speedily end the war, with its real issues unsettled. In fear lest the President might be shaken from his faith in a firm and bold war policy by these signs of weakness at the North, Mr. Forbes wrote to Secretary Fox, begging him, if he shared his own feeling, to show his letter to the President, as coming from one who had no political aspirations, "no *isms*, and who only wants safety for free institutions and a true peace." The letter has the real eloquence of a patriot who had given, or was ready to give, everything to his country. "Peace negotiation is the Copperheads' thunder; let us not try to steal it, but with all firmness and moderation insist upon war until the rights of the *People*, North and South, are safe from subversion. I have everything at stake in the army: my son and son-in-law are there; my younger son training to go. All the young men that I love and value are there, or incapacitated. I want peace for their sakes. I *hate* war for its own sake; but I solemnly protest against crying 'Peace' when there is no peace. It only means a short truce, defeat at the election, and then prolonged war with an invigorated enemy, perhaps strengthened with foreign alliances." Secretary Fox later wrote that he had shown the letter to Lincoln, who, he said, read few newspapers, but gathered the feeling of the people from letters, and was thankful for expressions of opinion from earnest men who were not self-seekers.

Among Mr. Forbes's reminiscences is an interesting account of his seeking out Peter Cooper in this dangerous crisis, and of their riding about together in the latter's buggy, making arrangements for the "great meeting of the period," in New York, the credit of which he gives to Cooper, from which went forth the word "No compromise" that decided the issue of the election and the war. During this stress of public as well as private work, Mr. Forbes and his wife had to bear the distress of knowing that their son, Major William H. Forbes, who had been taken fighting gallantly against Mosby in the previous May, was enduring the privations of the prison at Columbia.

Mr. Forbes was a valued and frequent counselor of three successive Secretaries of the Treasury, and now, as the war drew to an end, on the question of government bonds of small enough amount to be within reach of common people, of contraction of the currency, and of work in the direction of a return to specie payment. Many a matter that there is not space to touch on claimed his attention and efficient service. Meantime he was in correspondence with officers in the service, especially Colonel Charles Russell Lowell, of the Second Massachusetts Cavalry, for whom Mr. Forbes had an almost romantic regard. The older and the younger man were very near to each other in their wisdom and bravery, one in the council and one in the field, and the death, in the moment of victory, of Lowell at the battle of Cedar Creek was a heavy blow to his friend. The end of 1864 brought the relief of Major Forbes's release from the South on parole, and his exchange was arranged in time to let him be present with his regiment at the great closing scene of the war at Appomattox.

The ending of the war, in which Mr. Forbes had willingly and silently borne so large a part, brought respite from the excessive work and strain, but in peace times the activity of several men was his. The great railroad system in which he was interested had required care and thought in the financial depression of the war; now its rapid growth required daring and foresight. But this and his manifold business claims did not justify him to himself in ceasing to watch and work for the country's welfare. The problems involved in reconstruction, especially the financial ones, claimed attention. The abuses that ever attend the

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arbitrary war power and the long supremacy of one party now began to breed corruption. Mr. Forbes had been a Massachusetts elector at large in 1872, and was an active member of the executive committee of the Republican party during the administrations of Hayes and Garfield. The long strife for honest money and honest public service began in those days, and for both of these causes he was a champion steady and strong. Almost the only speech in public of his life was his strong plea in Faneuil Hall for civil service reform in 1876. Mr. Forbes was a delegate to the national convention in 1880, and it has been said that President Garfield owed his election to him more than to any other man. Again in 1884 he was sent to the Chicago convention. The nomination there, against which he strove strongly, of a man with such a record as Blaine convinced Mr. Forbes that the time was come for independent action, to rebuke the demoralization spreading in the party whose course had been so noble through the great crisis of the country. As he left the Whigs in 1850 for conscience, so he left the Republicans. He saw with regret, and opposed, the increasing and improper use of money in political campaigns, and also of abusive personalities. As an independent thereafter he used his strong and wholesome influence, feeling, as long as his powers remained, the duty to work and never despair for the country. He did much toward the support of honest newspapers, and spoke anonymously through many an editorial.

During the war Mr. Forbes was chosen into the Saturday Club of Boston. Surprise having been expressed that a man supposed to be purely devoted to business should be proposed for membership in that company of men eminent in letters and statesmanship, the friend who nominated him said he would soon show what he was. Mr. Forbes was for thirty years one of the leaders of the club. Later, the officers of the army that had fought for freedom chose him a member of their Loyal Legion, and he enjoyed their meetings. I have known him leave the heated hall at the end of a Reform Club banquet to mount his horse and ride alone, in darkness and arctic cold, the seven miles of icy road to Milton, when past threescore and ten. His ready and good-natured wit, and especially his tact, doubled his power to serve a cause. This appears conspicuously through his correspondence. Good instances are his letter to Sumner, when the latter was joining the movement to make Greeley President, and his friendly letter to Wendell Phillips, showing him that real democracy was broader than mere anti-slavery, and that by striving for the first he could best help the negro too.

Trade and travel by sea appealed in youth and age to this man, who, like his ancestors of northeastern Scotland, probably with Viking blood in their veins, always lived within sight of a blue horizon. He was much stirred up at seeing American ships excluded from the carrying trade, — "protected to death." On this subject he published two pamphlets. "*The laws of trade are immutable*," he said. "So long as our people set them at defiance in this particular, the American shipowner and merchant must be content with a very insignificant portion. . . . If left to free trade and competition, we shall revive."

As a business man, Mr. Forbes claimed to be very conservative. It is certain that the standard of business honor in his house and that with which he had been connected in China was high. He was enterprising and open to new ideas, but yet wary. His axioms with regard to investments, especially of trust funds, with which he was much concerned, are valuable. Some letters on these subjects in his memoir will be found interesting. But his distinguishing characteristic in business was that he was master, not slave, of his work; and while it brought success in full measure in its kind, it did

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not stand in the way of the real success. His wealth accumulated, but not because it was hoarded. It was used freely for patriotism, for kindness, for help, for comfort, and never for show. Mr. Forbes was glad of the right chance to serve and help, but he reserved the right of selection. He gave wisely, generously, and ingeniously all through life, whether in money or pleasure or service, or all. With all his great performance as man of affairs, private and public, he found time to be at his best in the family and as a host, for his hospitality was great and continued.

At his home were comfort and abundance, but always refinement and simplicity; the hours were early, and amusement was also kept in its place, — a recreation, not a business. Whether in work or in play, the example of the master of the house was inspiring; for after concentrated thought, rapid writing on matters of great moment, he would perhaps call "to horse," and for pace and distance put younger men to the blush. Weather he ignored; rode in rain and sun, and at sea his spirits rose with the wind. His yachts were not for ornament or racing, but for use, often to speed the private or public business. Some of his most important letters on public or financial matters were written in his yacht's cabin, in a gale. A calm was a sore trial to him, as "loafing" was impossible. Traits in Mr. Forbes's character and habits remind one of Julius Cæsar. Storm and obstacle existed to be overcome. His prudence lay, not in avoidance, but in good management, taking the essence out of dangers. But at home or afield Mr. Forbes reminded his guests of one of the best of the old cavaliers, or Highland chiefs in Scott's novels, which he loved so well; yet to the high mind, courage, and generosity was added a democratic spirit. In the large hospitality that he exercised, beautifully seconded by his wife and family, the widest range of persons shared, — the man of letters, of science, the statesman, the poet, the artist, the reformer; in short, men and women of character and virtue, who were doing the work of the world in their various ways. The idle, the selfish, and the unsound were conspicuously absent. But the beginners were there, students and clerks, boys and girls, the children of his old friends; for the loyalty of his unforgetting friendships extended over three generations.

It was at Naushon, stretching its seven miles of "good greenwood" and billowy sheep downs between the blue Bay and Sound, under the soft shimmering air of the South Shore, that the hospitality reached its perfection; and the Island Book at the old Mansion House holds the record, in prose or verse or picture, of the scores of people who found it the Island of the Blest. It was, for the owners felt that they held its beauty and its healing airs in trust. Not only did Agassiz, Holmes, Grant and Sheridan and Cleveland, find refreshment there, but wounded officers, many a convalescent from severe illness, tired teachers and clerks and housekeepers, an endless train of young people, came, and went away the richer. None were abashed; their self-respect was increased, and their modesty too. The life was simple and out of doors; the dress coat and butler were unknown. Young men, and girls too, were drawn out, to see what they could do; it was assumed that they were efficient, so they learned to be. They were put on a horse for the first time, given an oar in a pull across Wood's Hole, a billhook to clear a path with Mr. Forbes, who later might ask them to copy a letter or to do a commission for him in town on their return. He talked with them quietly; saw if they had courage and common sense in such chances as occur on land or sea, and whether they could observe and report accurately, beginning with the direction of the wind when he first came down in the morning. This treatment and their observa-

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tion of his own astonishing performance put every one on his mettle. The young man, questioned by Mr. Forbes, riding through the woods, felt as if he were in the ballad where the Earl before the charge did him the honor to ask,

> "What wouldst thou do, my squire so gay,
> That rid'st beside my rein,
> Wert thou Glenallan's Earl this day,
> And I were Roland Cheyne?"

and was ready to answer,

> "Were I Glenallan's Earl this tide,
> And ye were Roland Cheyne,
> My spur should be in my horse's side
> And my bridle on his mane!"

Thomas Carlyle held modern education lightly, saying that to see a real Master, whether of war or policy or a trade, was worth all the schools, and praised the mediæval method which sent the youth from his home to serve a knight, first as page and then as squire, so that when he won his spurs he should know well how the first gentleman of the shire conducted himself in the castle, the field, the council, in every chance of peace or war. A week under Mr. Forbes's roof was of more worth than a year of college to many a boy; moreover, if he stood the kindly tests well, the young man often found a gate to life unexpectedly opened to him thereafter. It is said that Secretary Stanton, who already knew the patriotism and astonishing resources of this good citizen, when he saw his tireless riding said to his daughter, "What a major general that man would make!" It certainly was not of his military carriage that the Secretary spoke, for Mr. Forbes, though a fearless rider, with a firm seat and delicate hand, was not an ornamental figure on horseback. He loved an intelligent, spirited horse, however, with good, if not pure blood. The names of his horses, taken from Scott or the ballads, showed the strain of romance that ran through his fabric. But neither his horses nor guns nor boats were too good to use. It often happened that an invalid, or a professional man, or an impecunious youth in his neighborhood was asked, *as a favor*, to keep one of his horses exercised or trained, if it was young; and if old, to see that it had a good home and regular use while it lived. His yachts, rather than that they should lie at the wharf, were often put at the use of others for an excursion, sometimes of railroad employees or of his servants. It was pleasant to see the willing and zealous, not obsequious, service that Mr. Forbes, by his manifest force, intelligence, and kindly tact, received wherever he went. It was not for fees, though these were generous. Always plainly clothed, and confident, and human in address, he did not disaffect workingmen in advance.

Mr. Forbes was a great traveler, yet business always accompanied pleasure. He was temperate, and not too curious in his meat and drink, and he defined intemperance as "eating or drinking what you did n't want because it was there, or because you had paid for it." He slept and worked well on cars and ships, and at a pinch any smack or wagon would serve to speed him on his way. But in travel it was noticeable that he usually took some one outside his family along, often an invalid, explaining how pleasant and serviceable the friend's company would be. Also, — and his son, the colonel, inherited the trait, — he naturally looked out for lone women, sick or unprotected persons, in the same conveyances with him. On his voyage of life, his great ship took the small craft round him in tow as a matter of course.

Repose was left out of Mr. Forbes's composition. Varied activity was a necessity. He worked to the end. In the last ten years, bodily infirmities that would have made another man bedridden closed in upon him. Yet he worked on, and until his death remained chairman of the directors of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad, giving sound advice on matters connected with railways even when in other things his

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mind was growing dim. His eyes were darkened and his ears failed, but still his active mind made him strive to work. Even in the last year of his life, when he was almost blind and painfully infirm, he rode his fine horse out on the hills of Naushon, attended of course by one or more persons, and would lie and sleep for a time under the great beech trees. When the news of the war with Spain was read to him, he said, "No, this is no war for humanity. It is a political game to keep a party in power," and wished to hear no more of the sorry business.

In the late days of September last he sadly bade farewell to the Mansion House, and sailed out of the harbor of his loved island, knowing that he should not return. Years before, he had said that the thought of having his shell laid away in that bright forest, after the spirit had left it, would be pleasant to him, if he ever wasted a thought on its disposition, but added, "Yet I have no feeling on the subject, and would rather the poor mortal form should be forgotten, and only the picture of the inner man, lighted by such spirit and such affection as his friends could throw round it, remain for their memory." He died on the 12th of October, 1898, at the age of eighty-five years. The words said of his kinsman in the eighteenth century may well be said of him: "Our great pride and consolation is in the ever dear honor and open heart of Forbes. For him no descendant will ever have to blush or be ashamed. . . . His principles were as pure as his understanding was enlightened, and his concern for his country was not so much as suspected to be quickened by any regard to his own power or emolument."

Edward Waldo Emerson.

THE GERMANS AND THE AMERICANS.

THE surprises of the last year, with all their unexpected side issues, have accustomed the world to read about Germany and America in the same newspaper paragraph. Alarming reports have come from Samoa and from the Philippines, and more than once serious conflicts have seemed near. All this, however, is politics: why should a student of psychology concern himself with it? But may we not be deceiving ourselves if we think that the trouble really has been in the harbors of Manila and Apia? Has it not been rather the mental state of the two nations that was the only possible source of any danger? If a big wave had swallowed the Philippines and a volcano had pulverized Samoa, would anything have been changed so long as the emotional attitude of the two peoples had remained the same? At present no cloud is on the horizon, but any day may bring a change; the object of quarrel is insignificant, and the mental attitude everything. If Americans and Germans like each other, the whole of China will be too small to cause a conflict; but if there is antipathy between them, the tiniest rock in the ocean may suffice to bring on a war which shall set the globe ablaze. Does not that give an excuse to the psychologist who, far as he is from the mysteries of politics, ventures to take an impartial view of this interesting emotional situation?

To live up to all the opportunities of scholarly display which this chapter of social psychology offers, I ought to go back to the sixteenth century, or at least to Frederick the Great, whose enthusiasm for the American struggle for independence furnishes plenty of material for

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all those who like such an introduction. But from then till now the time is so long, and my space here is so short, that it may perhaps be better to ask what the situation was yesterday. I think it was decidedly better than it is to-day, and the day before yesterday it was perfect. Of course I do not mean that the two nations then loved each other dearly, but there was not the slightest tendency toward mutual dislike and not the remotest reason for friction. The Germans of a generation ago did not look much beyond the ocean in any case, and the German imagination pictured the land rather than the nation, — the land where gold was lying in the streets, and where every newcomer still found the chance of a free life. The American as a special type of man had not been discovered; neither favorable nor unfavorable information about him was diffused, simply because nobody asked for it. On the American side it was somewhat different. Millions of German immigrants had poured into the land, and had become an honest and most industrious part of the population. Moreover, while they were bringing the spirit of the German working classes, thousands of young Americans were going abroad to bring home the spirit of educated Germany. German music and German philosophy, German joyousness and German university spirit, came to these shores; and yet, just as the American land of gold and liberty remained to the imagination of the German something far and strange, so the Teutonic land of thinkers and poets remained to the American imagination remote and vague. No one thought of comparison or of rivalry, because the two worlds seemed of different dimensions.

But all this has changed overnight: the dreamy German and the adventurous American are sitting close together on the same bench, feeling that they must be either friends or foes. Wonderfully as the cables and twin-screw steamers have diminished the distance in space between the two peoples, the diminution of the inner mental distance has been still more surprising and unexpected on both sides. Germany has become strong, rich, and powerful, and its politics have turned into realistic paths. On the other hand, the United States, since the country has come to maturity economically, has put its gigantic resources into the service of education and art and science. They are both thus moving in the same sphere, and the question is merely, Will they move shoulder to shoulder, or be ever at variance? Their feelings and emotions, even their moods, will decide about that: how do they feel to-day?

No sincere observer can deny that the two peoples do not like each other. It is not real hate nor even animosity which separates them; it is a kind of antipathy, a half-ethical, half-æsthetic aversion. It would be superficial and wrong to deny this feeling, and to maintain that their dislike means commercial rivalry; both are too fair and broad-minded — indeed, I may say, too idealistic — to dislike each other on account of wheat and sugar and pork; they might struggle about the tariff, but tariff struggles become noisy and undignified affairs only because the masses lack mutual respect. They do not like each other because they do not regard each other as gentlemen: the American thinks the German servile and reactionary, narrow-minded and narrow-hearted; the German thinks the American greedy and vulgar, brutal and corrupt. As long as the people feel like that, all the diplomacy of the two governments can merely apply plasters to the wounds, but can never thoroughly heal them. Only one course is open for an organic improvement: the two nations must learn to understand each other and to feel the inner accord of their real natures, or at least to overcome hostile prejudices.

Caricature of the Germans is popular

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from the Atlantic to the Pacific; it is not necessary to seek it in the comic papers, for the editorials of the great newspapers furnish as good a supply; and the funny German in a second-class American theatre is much less amusing than that absurd creature which in parlor gossip and club talk is quite seriously substituted for the inhabitant of the fatherland. An American who has never been abroad invited me, the other day, to a German luncheon. I had to work my way through a series of so-called German dishes, which I had never tasted or smelled before; and when finally imported sauerkraut appeared, and I had to confess that I had never tried the stuff in my life, and had never seen any one else eating it, my host assured me that I did not know anything about Germany: it was the favorite dish of every Prussian. The habits of this Prussian sauerkraut eater are well known. He goes shabbily dressed, never takes a bath, drinks beer at his breakfast, plays skat, smokes a long pipe, wears spectacles, reads books from dirty loan libraries, is rude to the lower classes and slavishly servile to the higher, is innocent of the slightest attempt at good form in society; considering it as his object in life to obey the policeman, to fill blanks with bureaucratic red tape, and to get a title in front of his name. Most of this genus fill their time with training parade step in the barrack courts; the others either make bad lyrical poems, or live immoral lives, or sit in prison on account of daring to say a free word in politics. But their chief characteristic comes out in their relations to women and to the government. With calculating cruelty, they force women to remain uneducated and without rights; in marriage they treat them like silly playthings or servant girls; a woman with intellectual or æsthetic interests is, like everything which suggests progress, a horror to their minds. And lastly, their government: it is hard to understand why, but it is a fact that they insist on living without any constitution, under an absolute autocrat, and it is their chief pride that their monarch is an irresponsible busybody, whose chief aim is to bother his patient subjects.

This is the "Dutchman" in American eyes; but how does the Yankee look in the imagination of my countrymen? In the German language the adjective "American" is usually connected with but three things. The Germans speak of American stoves, and mean a kind of stove which I have never seen in this country; they speak of American duels, and mean an absurd sort of duel which was certainly never fought on this continent; and finally, they speak of American humbug, and mean by it that kind of humbug which flourishes in Berlin just as in Chicago. But the American man is of course very well known. He is a haggard creature, with vulgar tastes and brutal manners, who drinks whiskey and chews tobacco, spits, fights, puts his feet on the table, and habitually rushes along in wild haste, absorbed by a greedy desire for the dollars of his neighbors. He does not care for education or art, for the public welfare or for justice, except so far as they mean money to him. Corrupt from top to toe, he buys legislation and courts and government; and when he wants fun, he lynches innocent negroes on Madison Square in New York, or in the Boston Public Garden. He has his family home usually in a sky scraper of twenty-four stories; his business is founded on misleading advertisements; his newspapers are filled with accounts of murders, and his churches swarm with hypocrites.

It is true that on both sides of the ocean there are some who know a little better; but if the millions who enjoy the New York Journal and the Berliner Lokalanzeiger have such character sketches in mind, how small is the influence on public opinion of that little set which relies on the New York Evening

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Post and the Nationalzeitung! And even these best classes, are they really so much freer from prejudice? After all, the American clings to the belief that the German is reactionary and subservient, without a manly desire for freedom and independence, — that his Emperor is a crank, and the average subject no gentleman; while the American remains to German eyes dollar-thirsty and corrupt, vulgar and selfish, — on the whole, also, no gentleman. So when an English cable agency sends news to Germany that the Americans have fallen upon the poor Cubans to fill the pockets of Senators, and are killing in the Philippines mostly women and children, and sends news to America that the Germans slyly interfere with the navy in Manila, or sell arms to the Filippinos, or stir up the Samoans, is it surprising that the worst finds the readiest belief, and that public opinion in both countries cries, "How dare they, the rascals!"

That which alone seems surprising is that the brambles of prejudice can grow so exuberantly while the ocean steamers are crowded, going and coming. The hundreds of students who go yearly to German universities, the thousands of American sight-seers who go every summer on pilgrimages from Heidelberg to Cologne, the millions of German immigrants who have been poured into this country, and the billions of newspaper pages which are printed on both sides every year, — are they all unable to disseminate the truth? But we cannot deny that the psychological conditions are more favorable to the survival of the false view, in spite of the blessed work of the Associated Press. The Americans who cross the ocean cannot see much of Germany and cannot teach much about America. A friend assured me once that there is only one classification of Americans which it is worth while to make, — those who have been abroad and those who have not. I cannot agree with him. I have met many whose minds have spanned the world, though they have never left the New England states; and many more who have strolled over the whole of Europe, and yet are as narrow and provincial as if they had never looked over the fence of their own back yards. A man may heartily enjoy the architecture of Nürnberg or Hildesheim, the paintings of Dresden, the operas of Baireuth, the scenery of the Black Forest, and the uniforms of the lieutenants of the guard, and yet leave the country with all the absurd prejudices which he carried there. We are inclined by psychological laws to perceive merely that which we expect to perceive; we do not voluntarily suppress the remainder, but it does not exist for us at all. Germany has no freedom: thus the most harmless policeman on the street corner appears to be a tyrant, and brings before the mind of the traveler the terrors of mediævalism. And when the bicycles must have a number by day and a lantern by night, who can help thinking sentimentally of the free home over the sea, where everybody has the liberty to run over his fellow; and where the landlady gives chops for breakfast, and not eggs alone; and where plenty of blankets, not feather beds, await you; and where ice water flows and mince pies abound. The little differences trouble the stranger and they swell in his imagination, while every good thing that does not fit with his anticipations fades away and is soon forgotten. Very few Americans come into a sufficiently intimate contact with the real German life to get their traditional errors eradicated.

But the usual Europe trotter, on the other hand, does not help much to propagate the belief in American culture. He goes his way quietly, and no one will blame him for enjoying the view from Heidelberg Castle down to the Neckar Valley without making a speech for the glory of his country. He remains unobserved; but when a puffed-up parvenu from the West comes along, with noisy

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manners, he is observed, and he alone, though one among scores, is then "the American;" and if he puts his feet on the table in the hotel corridor, there are certainly a dozen men in the neighborhood who will never after relinquish the opinion that all Americans are hopelessly vulgar and disgusting.

The Germans who travel to America either are on a journey or have come to stay. The first group contains few: they go, for the most part, from New York through Florida and the City of Mexico to San Francisco, and through the Yellowstone Park, Chicago, and Quebec back to Hoboken. If they have done that in six months, they write only one or two magazine articles about the Americans; but if they have succeeded in doing it in six weeks, then they write a book, and a big one. They have of course seen everything: they have shaken hands with the President, have witnessed a prize fight at an athletic club, visited the stockyards and the Indian schools, studied polygamy in Utah and the Chinese quarters in San Francisco; they have even met some one in the Pullman car who knew all about the silver question and the next presidency. And when they have added their own experiences in the barber shops and in the barrooms, the book will contain all that Germans can desire to know about America. They have not the remotest idea that this nation can show greater achievements than its hotels and railways. They have seen all the Baedeker stars, and do not guess that the tourist attractions of this country represent its real energies much less than do those of Europe. Europe, with its relics of history and art, may speak to the eye; America speaks to the understanding; whatever national life is here apparent to the eye is mostly but an imitation of Europe. The traveler is accustomed to open his eyes only, and to close his ears; he descants for the thousandth time on the Rocky Mountains and Niagara, but he does not learn anything about the inner life, with its mountains of accomplishment and its cataracts of problems. There are plenty of excellent German monographs about special economical features of American life which can be studied from the outside; the studies on the more internal functions of education or religion are much more superficial, and nothing which really analyzes the inner man with full understanding has ever been carried home by the German traveler. He is too rare a guest to add anything by his appearance here to American ideas about the Germans. He remains the more unobserved because there is no lack of German nature already at hand to be inspected under the most various conditions; for New York and Chicago have each more Germans than any German city except Berlin. Thus only the Germans who live here are able to represent their native country in the New World, and to take back to Germany true ideas about the inner American life. How has it happened that even these millions have not dispelled the dense fog of Continental ignorance about the Yankees? How has it happened that the real America is still as undiscovered by the educated German as if Columbus had never crossed the ocean?

The German immigrant can justly claim to be a respectable and very desirable element of the American population: he has stood always on the side of solid work and honesty; he has brought skill and energy over the ocean, and he has not forgotten his music and his joyfulness; he is not second to any one in his devotion to the duties of a citizen in peace and in war, and without his aid many of America's industrial, commercial, and technical triumphs would be unknown. But all that does not disprove the fact that he is somewhat unfit to judge fairly the life which surrounds him. First, he belongs almost always to a social stratum in which the attention is fully absorbed by the exter-

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nal life of a country, and which is without feeling for the achievements of its mental life; he was poor in his fatherland, and lives comfortably here, and thus he is enthusiastic over the material life, praises the railroads and hotels, the bridges and mills, but does not even try to judge of the libraries and universities, the museums and the hospitals. On the other hand, he feels socially in the background; he is the "Dutchman," who, through his bad English, through his habits and manners, through his tastes and pleasures, is different from the majority, and therefore set apart as a citizen of second rank, — if not slighted, at least kept in social isolation. On the side of the German, the result of this situation is an entire ignorance of the Anglo-American life: he may go his way here for thirty years without ever breaking bread at the table of any one outside of the German circle; he may even have become rich, and yet he is not quite in the social current. His ignorance is therefore too easily coupled with unfairness; the German who feels himself slighted tends to minimize the effect of the unfriendly attitude of the Anglo-American by sharp and contemptuous criticism: everything which seems strange is in his talk distorted into a defect, and every real weakness grows to a vice. Of course, there are not a few exceptions, not a few who are fully received, even if we disregard that less worthy class which buys recognition by disavowal of the fatherland, of whom some, in the interest of city politics, are said to be ambitious of becoming Irishmen. The large mass, however, continues in that social separation which makes its judgment an odd mixture of ignorance as to the inner life, unfairness as to the personal qualities, and blind admiration for the wealth and economic greatness of this country. In such a form the gossip of a hundred thousand family letters and saloon conversations pours into Germany, and naturally reinforces there, through that which it praises almost as much as through that which it blames, the feeling of antipathy toward the United States. And worst of all, in this atmosphere live nearly all those journalists, from the editor to the penny-a-liner, who fill the eight hundred German-American newspapers and supply most of the papers in Germany.

These men are not only unfit to judge Americans; they are also, unfortunately, unfit to correct the traditional ideas of Americans about Germans. If they lived up to their highest duty, they would work out in themselves the noblest type of German character, in order to impress Americans with the best of the German nature, and thus make moral conquests for their old home. But this they have not done. While the fine generation of 1848 has gradually passed away, no new set has come in which has felt itself called upon to add to the glory of the fatherland; and it is bad enough that they themselves are satisfied to praise honesty and obedience to law as their virtues instead of feeling them a matter of course. What characterizes the German at home, the tendency to idealism and the desire for intellectual life, has evaporated; the artisan or the farmer, whose highest wish at home would have been to send his son to the gymnasium, and perhaps even to the university, is here glad if his boy becomes a clever business clerk as quickly as possible. It seems as if he imitated by preference the bad features of his surroundings, and sought to unite American weaknesses to German defects. The exceptions merely confirm the rule that the average German-American stands below the level of the average German at home. This is hardly a result of the bad quality of the immigrants; on the contrary, the factors which determine the individual to cross the ocean make it probable that, in most cases, the stronger and more energetic personalities seek the wider field of a new country; the lowering of the average must

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be the result of the new conditions of life, and not of the selection of the material.

It seems, then, that the German-Americans have done but little to make the Germans understand America better, and perhaps still less to make the Americans understand the real Germans; they have given little help toward awakening in the two nations the feeling of mutual sympathy; and yet, as we have said, this alone is the way for an organic improvement of their political relations. If they had lived up to their duties in the last twenty years as they did in the fifties and sixties, the branches of the Teutonic race would have been united by a more cordial feeling, and many occurrences of the last two years would have been impossible.

The superficial observer may perhaps be inclined to think that, instead of avoiding the bad feelings, it is just as well simply to suppress the outer effects of these feelings. It is this defective logic which made it possible, lately, for the West to witness a gigantic German movement, starting with a mass meeting of protest in Chicago and spreading over wide districts, — a movement which is easy to explain, hard to excuse, and still harder to correct. Its occasion was the Anglo-American alliance. Under favorable emotional conditions this alliance would contain in itself the possibility of a general Teutonic unity as against the Romanic and Slavic nations, the strong and healthful nations against the decadents; but under the pressure of prejudices and dislikes it may be turned against Germany. To change the feelings and remove the prejudices, therefore, would be the wise policy of the friends of Germany. To protest against the alliance in threatening language, and to force on the administration a break with England by means of the weight of two and a half million German voters, would be the short-sighted policy of those who believe they cure an evil by suppressing its external symptoms. Just this the statesmen of the Windy City have insisted upon doing. The slight possible advantages of a political combination would be too dearly bought by the increase of bitter feelings which might at any date bring up more threatening complications than an alliance between the United States and England; and while the movement has gained the enthusiasm of the Irish politicians on account of their animosity to England, this very sympathy has helped to increase the irritation instead of curing it.

No, it is the duty of the German-Americans, if they think not only of their personal position as American citizens, but of the relations between the two countries, to keep away from every demonstration which sharpens the bad feelings between the two nations, and to be mediators in their disputes. They must embody in themselves the best side of the German spirit, and they must open the eyes of Germans at home to what is best in the American nature. They alone have seen both countries with loving eyes and loyal hearts, and they ought therefore to be able to do justice to the true intentions of both parties. In their hands is the flag of truce. Their work must of course be futile if they ignore the facts and tell fairy tales about the two countries. What is needed is nothing but the truth, freed from the traditional phrases of short-sighted prejudices.

Not as a discussion, but as an illustration, I may perhaps be allowed to point out a few such prejudices which strike me as an impartial observer. Take, for instance, the traditional German opinion that the Americans have no idealism, but are selfish realists. The belief that Americans have no spark of idealism in their souls has done more harm to the relations of Continental nations with the United States than any protective tariff or any commercial competition; it has surrounded every act of America with

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a fringe of selfishness and meanness by which even the most harmless action becomes repugnant to sound feelings, and by which the most guileless man is made a prey to the newspapers of Europe. Granted that an American action can never have idealistic motives, it is not difficult to distort daily occurrences and historical events so that everything appears disgusting to a country which believes itself to have a prior claim upon every sort of idealistic feeling, and this emotion of the crowd then becomes the spring of political reactions. I think this attitude is utterly groundless. More than that, I think the true American is an idealist through and through. I perceive, to be sure, that his idealism is often loose and lax and ineffective, but it remains idealism, nevertheless, and he deceives himself when he poses as a realist, like his English cousin. What most quickly misleads is, doubtless, his consuming interest in money-making, together with the sharp struggle for existence, the gigantic scale of his undertakings, his hasty impulsive movements, his taste for strong sensational stimuli, his spoils politics, and the influence of corporations upon his legislation. But is not all that merely the surface view? The American is not greedy for money; if he were, he would not give away his wealth with such a liberal hand, and would not put aside all the unidealistic European schemes of money-making which exclude individual initiative, as, for instance, the pursuit of dowries. The American runs after money primarily for the pleasure of the chase. In a country where political conditions have excluded titles and orders and social distinctions in general, money is in the end the only means of social discrimination, and financial success becomes thus the measurement of the ability of the individual and of his power to realize himself in action. That the struggle for existence is sharper here than in Europe is simply a fairy tale. In a country where the greatest enterprises are undertaken in the service of charity, and where the natural resources of the land are inexhaustible, even the lowest classes do not struggle for existence, but, seen from the Continental standpoint, merely for comfort: of this the lyrical character of the discussions of social problems here compared with their dramatic character in Germany gives the fullest evidence.

The manners and tastes of individuals are also easily misinterpreted. Those hasty, pushing movements look like an overflow of realistic energies, but they are simply the outcome of a lack of coördination and adjustment. The quiet movements of the Englishman are expressions of strength and energy; the hasty movements of the Yankee and his motor restlessness, manifested in the use of rocking-chairs and chewing-gum, are mere imperfections of the motor coordinating centres, an inability to suppress and to inhibit. In the same way, the demand for strong stimuli is not at all a symptom of over-irritation, as those usually claim it to be who consider American life a nerve-wearing clash of selfish energies. No, it is only insufficient training through the lack of æsthetic traditions. While over-irritation would demand that the stimuli grow stronger and stronger, experience shows that they soften and become more refined from year to year, stamping to-day as vulgar the acknowledged pleasure of yesterday. But the most amusing misunderstanding arises when the American himself thinks that he proves the purely practical character of his life by the eagerness with which he saves his time, on the ground that time is money. It strikes me that, next to the public funds, nothing is so much wasted here as time. Whether it is wasted in reading the endless newspaper reports of murder trials or in sitting on the baseball grounds, in watching a variety show or in lying in bed, in waiting for the

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elevator or in being shaved after the American fashion, in attending receptions or in enjoying committee meetings, is quite unessential. The whole scheme of American education is possible only in a country which is rich enough not to need any economy of time, and which can therefore allow itself the luxury of not asking at what age a young man begins to earn his own living. The American shopkeeper opens his store daily one hour later than the German tradesman, and the American physician opens his office three years later than his German colleague of equal education. This may be very good, but it is a prodigality of time which the Germans would be unable to imitate.

Still another prolific source of European comment is the anti-idealistic character of American politics; but the critics overlook certain essential points when they deduce from it the intellectual state of the average citizen. They do not understand that, for economic reasons, the newspapers, for instance, have a function here very different from that in Germany. The German paper is the tutor of the public, the American paper is its servant. It is not fair simply to compare them, and to consider them as mirrors of their readers. Moreover, the critics overlook the fact that the machine politicians themselves are not the representative men of this country. The same complex historical reasons which have made the party spoils system and the boss system practically necessary forms of government have often brought representatives of very vulgar instincts into conspicuous political places; but that does not mean that the higher instincts are absent. And finally, it must be considered that politics, in the narrower sense of the word, problems of government and of international relations, which occupy the central place in European public life, have been here, at least in the last thirty years, entirely in the background as compared with economic questions. These economic questions, the tariff or silver or trusts, naturally appeal to the selfish interests of different groups, and schemes and methods which would be low if applied to controversies genuinely political do not exclude idealism if applied to economic struggles. Wherever such and similar factors are eliminated, the American in politics proves himself the purest idealist, the best men come to the front, the most sentimental motives dominate, and almost no one dares to damage his cause by appealing to selfish instincts. Recent events have once more proved that beyond question. Whatever the Senators and sugar men may have thought about it, the people wanted the Cuban war for sentimental reasons; and if the uninformed Continental papers maintain that the desire for war had merely selfish reasons, they falsify history. Is not the whole debate over expansion carried on with highly idealistic arguments on both sides? Did not even the Anglo-American alliance get hold of the nation when the masses found an idealistic halo for it, discovering that those Englishmen whom they wanted to fight two years before were of the same blood and the same traditions as themselves? Is it not entirely sentimental to use Washington's Farewell Address to-day as a living argument with which to determine practical questions? Even the most natural selfish and practical instinct can be overcome, with the typical American, by a catchy sentimental argument.

This high spirit of the individual in politics repeats itself much more plainly in private life, where helpfulness and honesty seem to me the most essential characteristics of the American. Helpfulness shows itself in charity, in hospitality, in projects for education or for public improvements, or in the most trivial services of daily life; while silent confidence in the honesty of one's fellow men controls practical relations here in a way

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which is not known in cautious Europe, and could not have been developed if that confidence were not justified. Add to it the American's gratefulness and generosity, his humor and his fairness; consider the vividness of his religious emotion, his interest in religious and metaphysical speculation, his eagerness always to realize the best results of science, and the purity of the relations of the sexes; in short, look around everywhere without prejudice, and you cannot doubt that behind the terrifying mask of the selfish realist breathes the idealist who is controlled by a belief in ethical values. Undeniably, every one of these characteristics may develop into an absurdity: gratitude may transform the capture of a merchant vessel into a naval triumph, speculative desire may run into the blind alleys of spiritualism, fairness may lead to the defense of the most cranky schemes, and the wish for steady improvements may chase the reformer from one fad to another; and yet it is all at bottom the purest idealism. Whenever I have written about America for my German countrymen, I have said: "You are right to hate that selfish, brutal, vulgar, corrupt American who lives in your imagination; but the true American is at least as much an idealist as yourself, and Emerson comes nearer representing his spirit than do the editorial writers of the New York Journal."

To-day I am writing for American readers only, and they would not show that fairness which I have just praised if they allowed me to prove the fallacy of prejudices merely when the prejudices exist on the other side, and not when they are themselves at fault. I may therefore be permitted to touch at least one of the many preconceived ideas with which the Americans regard the German nation. I choose, as one case among many, the settled opinion that the Germans, the poor suffering subjects of Emperor William, have no liberty; that the men oppress the women, the higher classes oppress the lower classes, the nobility oppresses the people, the army oppresses the civilians, and the Emperor oppresses all together. It must seem to the American newspaper reader as if India and Russia and Turkey had combined to invent the machinery of German civilization, in which the soldiers are tortured, the laborers imprisoned, the radicals treated as criminals, the women treated as slaves or as dolls, and the king treated as infallible. To be sure, such a text is not unknown in Germany itself; the orators of the Social Democratic party would heartily applaud it, but it would not be the most effective party cry of the demagogues if the spirit of freedom were not the deepest element of the German nature, and the warning that their freedom is threatened the most exciting stimulus. Those, however, who do not wish for a distortion of the facts are sure that there is no people under the sun with more valuable inner freedom than the Germans, who, since Luther and Kant, have started every great movement toward freedom, and who would not have been at the head of the world of science for centuries had not freedom of thought been their life element, and the German university the freest place on earth.

Moreover, if I consider the outer forms of life, I do not hesitate to maintain that Germany is even in that respect freer than the United States. The right to insult the President, and to cross the railroad tracks where it is dangerous, and to ignore the law if a great trust stands behind one, is not freedom, but lack of social development, the survival of a lower civilization, a pseudo-freedom whose symptoms, fortunately, are disappearing from year to year in this country, also. Freedom is not absence of limitations, not licentiousness; freedom and duty are never in opposition, but demand each other. The social intercourse of the well-mannered is not less free than that of ill-bred men, though they obey

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many more rules, and the expression of thought is not less free when we obey the laws of good language; no, it is freer than the expression of those who speak slang. That people is freest whose forms of life secure the fullest possible development of each individual, and only the highest differentiation of social prescriptions can bring such true freedom, not the liberty of the primeval forest. Germans live under more complicated and systematized rules than Americans, and for this very reason they have greater freedom than is possible in the less restrained rush of American life.

The most typical case is, of course, that of the political government. The American takes it for granted that the republican state form represents a higher level than the monarchical one, and that therefore the German who comes to these shores must feel as if he were coming out into the fresh air from a prison. But if I say that I have never been a more thoroughgoing monarchist than during my stay in America, I can really not claim to be an exception. The educated Germans at home feel that it is with the monarchy as with the church. Too many men are adherents of the church from low motives, from fear and superstition and laziness. When such narrow-minded persons become free-thinkers and reject the church, they manifest individual progress; but that does not mean that destructive skepticism represents the highest possible relation to the church, and that to become an adherent of the church means falling back to the lower stage. On the contrary, the step from skeptical enlightenment to an ethical belief is in every respect progress: it is the step from rationalism to idealism, from the thinking of the pre-Kantian eighteenth century to the post-Kantian nineteenth century, from materialism to idealism in philosophy. The church can thus stand for the lowest and for the highest, and those who are in the middle, and have not yet reached the last stage may well think that the highest is below their level. Just this manifoldness of stages, we maintain, characterizes the forms of states. To be sure, the mob is monarchical from low motives, and those who hold, with the logic of the eighteenth century, that the business of the state must be in the hands of a man whom the majority has selected certainly represent a higher moral stratum than those who support the throne from selfishness and laziness and cowardice. But again a higher standpoint is possible. The state is not really understood if it is looked upon simply as the psychophysical mechanism which, from a naturalistic point of view, it appears to be. Seen from an historical point of view, the state becomes a system of teleological relations, in which, not causes and effects, but duties and ideals are at work, and where, not the products of intellectual calculation, but the symbols of historical emotions are the centres acknowledged. The belief in monarchy means the belief in symbols which characterizes historical thinking as over against naturalistic thinking. And a monarch as the historical symbol of the emotional ideals of a nation, wholly outside of the field of political struggles and elections, needs that symbolic protection against reproach which appears, seen from a purely materialistic point of view, as a ridiculous punishment of *lèse-majesté*. The same is true of all the symbolic values which radiate from the centre; the titles and degrees and decorations representing social differentiation seem childish to an eye which sees the world merely as a naturalistic mechanism, but invaluable to the eye which traces the outlines of the historical spirit in the world. Without differentiation there can be no complicated social life; until the stage of symbolic thinking is reached, quantitative differences must furnish the tags, and money furnish the only standard. But the flag is more than a piece of cloth, and the higher development

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of symbols means a higher civilization. The American who, from the standpoint of his naturalistic thinking, looks down contemptuously on the German social and political organization hinders, so it seems to the foreigner, the progress of his own country: America has become too great to stop at a philosophy of government characteristic of the eighteenth century. An heroic revival is at hand, imperialism awakens echoes throughout the land, and days are near when Americans will understand better what we mean by the symbols of German history, and that it is not lack of freedom that prevents us from believing overmuch in majority votes and the dogma of equality.

But I am not at all afraid to turn the discussion from the philosophical to the practical side, from the idea of monarchy to the present Emperor. I think there is no other man with whom the American newspapers have been so successful in substituting the caricature for the real portrait. The irony of the case lies in the fact that the hundreds of amusing stories about the Emperor all come from the camp of those bureaucrats who dislike the impulsiveness of the young head, because a passive monarch is more convenient for them. There is nothing more incompatible with the American spirit than the temper of those bureaucrats whose petty purposes the papers here have furthered, while there is nothing more in accord with the American mood than the true nature of the Kaiser. The one living American whose personality most closely resembles that of the Emperor William is the brilliant young governor of New York, whom many Americans hail as the future President. The Germans feel in the same way: if Germany were to become a republic, the people would shudder at the thought of having one of the parliamentary leaders of to-day or an average general become President, but they would elect the present Emperor with enthusiasm as the first President; he is the most interesting, energetic, talented, industrious, and conscientious personality of our public life. Those, however, who maintain that the Emperor is an autocrat do not understand how closely the German monarchy, not only through the constitutional and parliamentary limitations imposed upon it, but still more in its inner forces, is identical with the national will. I do not care to discuss here whether the Spanish war was necessary, whether the annexation of the Philippines was desirable, or whether Alger was a good minister; I know only that the German Emperor would not have been able to retain a minister for a year against unanimous public opinion, or to make war and to create colonies when but a short time before the public soul had revolted against the idea of war and aggressive annexation. A President with such vast powers, parties in the grasp of bosses, city administrations under the whip of spoilsmen, the economic world under the tyranny of trusts, and all together under the autocracy of yellow-press editors — No, I love and admire America, but Germany really seems to me freer.

I have tried to show that it is equally one-sided and unfair for the Germans to maintain that the Americans have no idealism, and for the Americans to maintain that the Germans have no sense of freedom; the two cases served merely as chance illustrations, instead of which I could have chosen a dozen others. Wherever we look we find the same fact: that the two great nations see each other through distorting spectacles, and do not understand each other's real features. They misinterpret mere gestures, and therefore do not see the deeper similarity of their natures and their ideals. All this, of course, does not suggest that they are without important differences, but the differences seem to me much more the results of outer conditions than of character. In the outer conditions no stronger contrast is possible: the

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Americans with a new national culture in an undeveloped realm of immense material resources; the Germans in a realm of limited resources, but with an old traditional culture. An old traditional culture signifies a system of institutions in which the best spirit of past efforts is condensed, and into which the individual is put by birth. The individual may be low-minded, and yet he must move in the given tracks, and is thus shaped to ends nobler than his own. The result is that, in Germany, the institutions are often better than the individuals, the forms of civilization higher than their wearers, the public conscience wider awake than the private. In the United States, with its new culture, just the opposite condition must prevail: the individuals are better, much better, than the institutions; the individuals are thoroughly idealistic, while the external forms of social life are by no means penetrated to the same degree with the idealistic spirit; they are still too often the survivals of the time when the new land had to be opened in a severe struggle for livelihood, and the commercial resources had to be developed at all costs. Consequently, these forms are now on as great a scale as the resources themselves, but they appeal still too often to the lower instincts, and too often tend to pull men down instead of raising them up. The individual conscience is here higher than the public conscience; individual initiative and responsibility are wonderful, but the encouragement and inspiration which come to the individual from his public institutions are inadequate.

The psychical effect of this situation is a necessary one. In Germany, where the institutions take the lead, the result is that the average man too easily believes he has fulfilled his duty when he appears to satisfy the public requirements, and the spirit of individual initiative therefore slumbers. In America this danger certainly does not exist, but the dangers resulting from the lack of inspiring energy in the centre are not less. Instead of reinforcing the highest emotions, the institutions adjust themselves to the lower instincts, and the psychological effect is that the higher energies are repressed, and the feeling of duty becomes less urgent in public life. We see the newspapers crowded with matter adapted to the lowest tastes of the mob, political results determined by appeals to the most selfish desires, the theatres relying upon the cheapest vaudeville, — everywhere the same willingness to do what the public likes, and nowhere the question what the public ought to have. And this spirit must slowly undermine every public function. We see how the churches are filled and sermons made attractive by sensational and trivial matters; we see how the kindergarten method creeps under the mantle of the elective system into all our educational institutions and conquers the schools. The pupils learn what they like to learn, till the go-as-you-please system paralyzes the feeling of obligation and lowers the tone of the whole community. Such a system inevitably provides a hothouse of mediocrity; where there exists no social premium upon the highest efforts toward ideal interests, where no general appreciation stimulates individual energies, there is no maximum effect to be expected. The good personal material secures a high average, but no great men. I do not mean that men of the first rank can be made at will by the social spirit alone; a Goethe, a Kant, or a Beethoven cannot come with every generation, and even Germany, since the death of Bismarck, Richard Wagner, and Helmholtz, has brought forth no really great men; the social soil must sometimes lie fallow, too. But Germany has still in Mommsen and Virchow, in Boecklin and Menzel, in Bunsen and Hauptmann, in Koch and Roentgen, and many others, eminent

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men of the second rank, who are not equaled by any poet, artist, scholar, or scientist now living in America. Above all, no one of these men would have reached the same height of achievement under the conditions provided by American institutions. Everywhere we find in this country fair solid work, nowhere a masterpiece; ten thousand excellent public lectures every winter, and not a single great thought. It cannot be otherwise. There is no social premium provided by the public institutions upon ideal greatness; consequently, the best minds turn to banking and railroading and law; and while in Germany, for instance, the highest ambition of the best families is to see their sons in the service of learning, here the graduate schools represent a lower social stratum of the universities than the college or the law schools.

Germany, then, needs more sense of initiative and of responsibility in its individuals, and America needs more sense of duties and ideals in its public institutions. Germany must become more democratic, and America more aristocratic. It is, to be sure, not democracy after Bebel's prescriptions, nor aristocracy after Astor's ideas, that is required; we need the democracy which makes every man ethically responsible for himself, and the aristocracy which considers the individual as existing, not for himself, but only in his relation to those public institutions in which the duties and ideals of the nation are centralized. Time will bring the change to both countries, and it is interesting to observe the numerous symptoms which indicate that this reciprocal movement toward aristocratic development here, and toward democratic strengthening there, will be brought about in both countries most directly by the same political means, the policy of expansion. The colonial transmarine development of the German Empire is taking away that narrowness of its citizens which too much depressed the spirit of individual initiative; it is widening the horizon, and giving to the individual that increased self-respect which is the noblest endowment of democracy, and which will secure the safest basis to the national monarchy. The expansion policy of America, on the other hand, must reinforce the spirit of public responsibility, must give through its international consequences an absolutely new position to the government and to military life and diplomacy, must stimulate new energies in public service, and so create an aristocratic spirit which may in time bring to us a national art and poetry and science and philosophy, and thus weave the golden thread of greatness into a glorious democracy.

Whether it takes the short cut through expansion or chooses a longer way, in any case time will bring about the change in Germany as well as in America; but those who know both countries cannot fail to see how much this movement would be reinforced, and how much energy would be saved in the process, if the two nations were to influence each other more directly and learn from each other more willingly. They feel it, therefore, their profound duty to help remove the foolish, narrow-minded prejudices on both sides of the ocean, and with them the mood that occasions petty quarrels and unnecessary friction.

Hugo Münsterberg.

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THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A REVOLUTIONIST.

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WESTERN EUROPE.

VII.

In the meantime affairs in Russia took quite a new turn. The war which Russia began against Turkey in 1877 had ended in general disappointment. There was in the country, before the war broke out, a great deal of enthusiasm in favor of the Slavonians. Many believed, also, that a war of liberation in the Balkans would result in a move in the progressive direction in Russia itself. But the liberation of the Slavonian populations was only partly accomplished. The tremendous sacrifices which had been made by the Russians were rendered ineffectual by the blunders of the higher military authorities. Hundreds of thousands of men had been slaughtered in battles which were only half victories, and the concessions wrested from Turkey were brought to naught at the Berlin congress. It was also widely known that the embezzlement of state money went on during this war on almost as large a scale as during the Crimean war.

It was under these circumstances that one hundred and ninety-three persons, arrested since 1873, in connection with our agitation, were brought before a high court at the end of 1877. The accused, supported by a number of lawyers of talent, won at once the sympathies of the great public. They produced a very favorable impression upon St. Petersburg society; and when it became known that most of them had spent three or four years in prison, waiting for this trial, and that no less than twenty-one of them had either put an end to their lives by suicide or become insane, the feeling grew still stronger in their favor, even among the judges themselves. The court pronounced very heavy sentences upon a few, and relatively lenient ones upon the remainder; saying that the preliminary detention had lasted so long, and was so hard a punishment in itself, that nothing could justly be added to it. It was confidently expected that the Emperor would still further mitigate the sentences. It happened, however, to the astonishment of all, that he revised the sentences only to increase them. Those whom the court had acquitted were sent into exile in remote parts of Russia and Siberia, and from five to twelve years of hard labor were inflicted upon those whom the court had condemned to short terms of imprisonment. This was the work of the chief of the Third Section, General Mézentsoff.

At the same time, the chief of the St. Petersburg police, General Trépoff, noticing, during a visit to the house of detention, that one of the political prisoners, Bogolúboff, did not take off his hat to greet the omnipotent satrap, rushed upon him, gave him a blow, and, when the prisoner resisted, ordered him to be flogged. The other prisoners, learning the fact in their cells, loudly expressed their indignation, and were in consequence fearfully beaten by the police. The Russian political prisoners bore without murmuring all hardships inflicted upon them in Siberia or through hard labor, but they were firmly decided not to tolerate corporal punishment. A young girl, Véra Zasúlich, who did not even personally know Bogolúboff, took a revolver, went to the chief of police, and shot at him. Trépoff was only wounded. Alexander II. came to look at the heroic girl, who must have impressed him by her extremely sweet face and her modesty. Trépoff had so many enemies at St. Petersburg that they managed to

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bring the affair before a common-law jury, and Véra Zasúlich declared in court that she had resorted to arms only when all means for bringing the affair to public knowledge and obtaining some sort of redress had been exhausted. (Even the London Times had refused to mention it.) Then, consulting nobody about her intentions, she went to shoot Trépoff. Now that the affair had become public, she was quite happy to know that he was but slightly wounded. The jury acquitted her unanimously; and when the police tried to rearrest her, as she was leaving the court house, the young men of St. Petersburg, who stood in crowds at the gates, saved her from their clutches. She went abroad, and soon was among us in Switzerland.

This affair produced quite a sensation throughout Europe. I was at Paris when the news of the acquittal came, and had to call that day on business at the offices of several newspapers. I found the editors fired with enthusiasm, and writing powerful articles to glorify the girl. Even the serious Revue des Deux Mondes wrote, in its review of the year, that the two persons who had most impressed public opinion in Europe during 1878 were Prince Gortchakóff at the Berlin congress and Véra Zasúlich. Their portraits were given side by side in several almanacs.

Upon the workers in Europe the act of Véra Zasúlich produced a tremendous impression, and, without any plot having been formed, four attempts were made against crowned heads in close succession. The worker Hoedel and Dr. Nobiling shot at the German Emperor; a few weeks later, a Spanish worker, Oliva Moncási, followed with an attempt to shoot the King of Spain, and the cook Passanante rushed with his knife upon the King of Italy. The governments of Europe could not believe that such attempts upon the lives of three kings should have occurred without there being at the bottom some international conspiracy, and they jumped to the conclusion that the Jura Federation and the International Workingmen's Association were responsible.

More than twenty years have passed since then, and I may say most positively that there was absolutely no ground whatever for that supposition. However, all the European governments fell upon Switzerland, reproaching her with harboring revolutionists who organized such plots. Paul Brousse, the editor of our Jura newspaper, the Avant-Garde, was arrested and prosecuted. The Swiss judges, seeing there was not the slightest foundation for connecting Brousse or the Jura Federation with the recent attacks, condemned Brousse to only a couple of months' imprisonment, for his articles; but the paper was suppressed, and all the printing offices of Switzerland were asked by the federal government not to publish this or any similar paper. The Jura Federation thus remained without an organ.

Besides, the politicians of Switzerland, who looked with an unfavorable eye on the anarchist agitation in their country, acted privately in such way as to compel the leading Swiss members of the Jura Federation either to retire from public life or to starve. Brousse was expelled from Switzerland. James Guillaume, who for eight years had maintained against all obstacles the official organ of the federation, and made his living chiefly by teaching, could obtain no employment, and was compelled to leave Switzerland and remove to France. Adhémar Schwitzguébel found no work in the watch trade, and, burdened as he was by a large family, had to retire from the movement. Spichiger was in the same condition, and emigrated. It thus happened that I, a foreigner, had to undertake the editing of the organ of the federation. I hesitated, of course, but there was nothing else to be done, and with two friends, Dumartheray and Herzig, I started a new paper at Ge-

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neva, in February, 1879, under the title of Le Révolté. I had to write most of it myself. We had twenty-three francs (less than four dollars) to start the paper, but we all set to work to get subscriptions, and succeeded in issuing our first number. It was moderate in tone, but revolutionary in substance, and I did my best to write it in such a style that complicated historical and economical questions should be accessible to every intelligent worker. Six hundred was the utmost limit which the edition of our previous papers had ever attained. We printed two thousand copies of Le Révolté, and in a few days not one was left. The paper was a success, and still continues, at Paris, under the name of Temps Nouveaux.

Socialist papers have often a tendency to become mere annals of complaints about existing conditions. The oppression of the laborers in the mine, the factory, and the field is related; the misery and sufferings of the workers during strikes are told in vivid pictures; their helplessness in the struggle against employers is insisted upon: and this succession of hopeless efforts, related in the paper, exercises a most depressing influence upon the reader. To counterbalance that effect, the editor has to rely chiefly upon burning words by means of which he tries to inspire his readers with energy and faith. I thought, on the contrary, that a revolutionary paper must be, above all, a record of those symptoms which everywhere announce the coming of a new era, the germination of new forms of social life, the growing revolt against antiquated institutions. These symptoms should be watched, brought together in their intimate connection, and so grouped as to show to the hesitating minds of the great number the invisible and often unconscious support which advanced ideas find everywhere, when a revival of thought takes place in society. To make one feel sympathy with the throbbing of the human heart all over the world, with its revolt against age-long injustice, with its attempts at working out new forms of life, — this should be the chief duty of a revolutionary paper. It is hope, not despair, which makes successful revolutions.

Historians often tell us how this or that system of philosophy has accomplished a certain change in human thought, and subsequently in institutions. But this is not history. The greatest social philosophers have only caught the indications of coming changes, have understood their inner relations, and, aided by induction and intuition, have foretold what was to occur. It may also be easy to draw a plan of social organization, by starting from a few principles and developing them to their necessary consequences, like a geometrical conclusion from a few axioms; but this is not sociology. A correct social forecast cannot be made unless one keeps an eye on the thousands of signs of the new life, separating the occasional facts from those which are organically essential, and building the generalization upon that basis.

This was the method of thought that I endeavored to familiarize my readers with, using plain comprehensible words, so as to accustom the most modest of them to judge for himself whereunto society is moving, and himself to correct the thinker if the latter comes to wrong conclusions. As to the criticism of what exists, I went into it only to disentangle the roots of the evils, and to show that a deep-seated and carefully-nurtured fetichism with regard to the antiquated survivals of past phases of human development, and a widespread cowardice of mind and will, are the main sources of all evils.

Dumartheray and Herzig gave me full support in that direction. Dumartheray was born in one of the poorest peasant families in Savoy. His schooling had not gone beyond the first rudiments of a primary school. Yet he was one of the

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most intelligent men I ever met. His appreciations of current events and men were so remarkable for their uncommon good sense that often they were prophetic. He was also one of the finest critics of the current socialist literature, and was never taken in by the mere display of fine words or would-be science. Herzig was a young clerk, born at Geneva; a man of suppressed emotions, shy, who would blush like a girl when he expressed an original thought, and who, after I was arrested, when he became responsible for the continuance of the journal, by sheer force of will learned to write very well. Boycotted by all Geneva employers, and fallen with his family into sheer misery, he nevertholess supported the paper till it became possible to transfer it to Paris.

To the judgment of these two men I could trust implicitly. If Herzig frowned, muttering, "Yes — well — it may go," I knew that it would not do. And when Dumartheray, who always complained of the bad state of his spectacles when he had to read a not quite legibly written manuscript, and therefore generally read proofs only, interrupted his reading by exclaiming, "Non, ça ne va pas!" I felt at once that it was not the proper thing, and tried to guess what thought or expression provoked his disapproval. I knew there was no use asking him, "Why will it not do?" He would have answered: "Ah, that is not my affair; that 's yours. It won't do; that is all I can say." But I felt he was right, and I simply sat down to rewrite the passage, or, taking the composing stick, set up in type a new passage instead.

For the first year we had to rely entirely upon ourselves; but gradually Elisée Reclus took a greater interest in the work, and finally joined us, giving more life than ever to the paper after my arrest. Reclus had invited me to aid him in the preparation of the volume of his monumental Geography which dealt with the Russian dominions in Asia. He had learned Russian, but thought that, as I was well acquainted with Siberia, I might be helpful; and, as the health of my wife was poor, and the doctor had ordered her to leave Geneva with its cold winds at once, we removed early in the spring of 1880 to Clarens, where Elisée Reclus lived at that time. We settled above Clarens, in a small cottage overlooking the blue waters of Lake Geneva, with the pure snow of the Dent du Midi in the background. A streamlet that thundered like a mighty torrent after rains, carrying away immense rocks and digging for itself a new bed, ran under our windows, and on the slope of the hill opposite rose the old castle of Châtelard, of which the owners, up to the revolution of the *burla papei* (the burners of the papers) in 1799, levied upon the neighboring peasants servile taxes on the occasion of births, marriages, and deaths. Here, aided by my wife, with whom I used to discuss every event and every proposed paper, and who was a severe literary critic of my writings, I produced the best things that I wrote for the paper, among them the address To the Young, which was spread in hundreds of thousands of copies in all languages. In fact, I worked out here the foundation of nearly all that I wrote later on. Contact with educated men of similar ways of thinking is what we anarchist writers, scattered by proscription all over the world, miss, perhaps, more than anything else. At Clarens I had that contact with Elisée Reclus and Lefrançais; and although I worked much for the Geography, I could produce even more than usual for the anarchist propaganda.

VIII.

In Russia, the struggle for freedom was taking a more and more acute character. Several political trials had been brought before high courts, — the trial of "the hundred and ninety-three," of "the fifty," of "the Dolgúshin cir-

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cles," and so on, — and in all of them the same thing was apparent. The youth had gone to the peasants and the factory workers, preaching socialism to them; socialist pamphlets, printed abroad, had been distributed; appeals had been made to revolt — in some vague, indeterminate way — against the oppressive economical conditions. In short, nothing was done that does not occur in socialist agitations in every other country of the world. No traces of conspiracy against the Tsar, or even of preparations for revolutionary action, were found; in fact, there were none. The great majority of our youth were at that time hostile to such action. Nay, looking now over that movement of the years 1870–78, I can say in full confidence that most of them would have felt satisfied if they had been simply allowed to live by the side of the peasants and the workers, to teach them, to collaborate in any of the thousand capacities — private or as a part of the local self-government — in which an educated and earnest man or woman can be useful to the masses of the people. I knew the men, and say so with full knowledge of them.

Yet the sentences were ferocious, — stupidly ferocious, because the movement, which had grown out of the previous state of Russia, was too deeply rooted to be crushed down by mere brutality. Hard labor for six, ten, twelve years in the mines, with subsequent exile to Siberia for life, was a common sentence. There were such cases as that of a girl who got nine years' hard labor and life exile to Siberia, for giving one socialist pamphlet to a worker: that was all her crime. Another girl of fourteen, Miss Gukóvskaya, was transported for life to a remote village of Siberia, for having tried, like Goethe's Klärchen, to excite an indifferent crowd to deliver Koválsky and his friends when they were going to be hanged, — an act the more natural in Russia, even from the authorities' standpoint, as there is no capital punishment in our country for common-law crimes, and the application of the death penalty to "politicals" was then a novelty, a return to almost forgotten traditions. Thrown into the wilderness, this young girl soon drowned herself in the Yeniséi. Even those who were acquitted by the courts were banished by the gendarmes to little hamlets in Siberia and Northeast Russia, where they had to starve on the government's monthly allowance, one dollar and fifty cents (three rubles). There are no industries in such hamlets, and the exiles were strictly prohibited from teaching.

As if to exasperate the youth still more, their condemned friends were not sent direct to Siberia. They were locked up, first, for a number of years, in central prisons, which made them envy the convict's life in Siberia. These prisons were awful indeed. In one of them — "a den of typhoid fever," as the priest of that particular jail said in a sermon — the mortality reached twenty per cent in twelve months. In the central prisons, in the hard-labor prisons of Siberia, in the fortress, the prisoners had to resort to the strike of death, the famine strike, to protect themselves from the brutality of the warders, or to obtain conditions — some sort of work, or reading, in their cells — that would save them from being driven into insanity in a few months. The horror of such strikes, during which men and women refused to take any food for seven or eight days in succession, and then lay motionless, their minds wandering, seemed not to appeal to the gendarmes. At Khárkoff, the prostrated prisoners were tied up with ropes and fed by force, artificially.

Information of these horrors leaked out from the prisons, crossed the boundless distances of Siberia, and spread far and wide among the youth. There was a time when not a week passed without disclosing some new infamy of that sort, or even worse.

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Sheer exasperation took hold of our young people. "In other countries," they began to say, "men have the courage to resist. An Englishman, a Frenchman, would not tolerate such outrages. How can we tolerate them? Let us resist, arms in hands, the nocturnal raids of the gendarmes; let them know, at least, that since arrest means a slow and infamous death at their hands, they will have to take us in a mortal struggle." At Odessa, Koválsky and his friends met with revolver shots the gendarmes who came one night to arrest them.

The reply of Alexander II. to this new move was the proclamation of a state of siege. Russia was divided into a number of districts, each of them under a governor general, who received the order to hang offenders pitilessly. Koválsky and his friends — who, by the way, had killed nobody by their shots — were executed. Hanging became the order of the day. Twenty-three persons perished in two years, including a boy of nineteen, who was caught posting a revolutionary proclamation at a railway station: this act — I say it deliberately — was the only charge against him. He was a boy, but he died like a man.

Then the watchword of the revolutionists became "self-defense:" self-defense against the spies who introduced themselves into the circles under the mask of friendship, and denounced members right and left, simply because they would not be paid if they did not accuse large numbers of persons; self-defense against those who ill treated prisoners; self-defense against the omnipotent chiefs of the state police.

Three functionaries of mark and two or three small spies fell in that new phase of the struggle. General Mézentsoff, who had induced the Tsar to double the sentences after the trial of the hundred and ninety-three, was killed in broad daylight at St. Petersburg; a gendarme colonel, guilty of something worse than that, had the same fate at Kieff; and the governor general of Khárkoff — my cousin, Dmitri Kropotkin — was shot as he was returning home from a theatre. The central prison, in which the first famine strike and artificial feeding took place, was under his orders. In reality, he was not a bad man, — I know that his personal feelings were somewhat favorable to the political prisoners; but he was a weak man and a courtier, and he hesitated to interfere. One word from him would have stopped the ill treatment of the prisoners. Alexander II. liked him so much, and his position at the court was so strong, that his interference very probably would have been approved. "Thank you; you have acted according to my own wishes," the Tsar said to him, a couple of years before that date, when he came to St. Petersburg to report that he had taken a peaceful attitude in a riot of the poorer population of Khárkoff, and had treated the rioters very leniently. But this time he gave his approval to the jailers, and the young men of Khárkoff were so exasperated at the treatment of their friends that one of them shot him.

However, the personality of the Emperor was kept out of the struggle, and down to the year 1879 no attempt was made on his life. The person of the Liberator of the serfs was surrounded by an aureole which protected him infinitely better than the swarms of police officials. If Alexander II. had shown at this juncture the least desire to improve the state of affairs in Russia; if he had only called in one or two of those men with whom he had collaborated during the reform period, and had ordered them to make an inquiry into the conditions of the country, or merely of the peasantry; if he had shown any intention of limiting the powers of the secret police, his steps would have been hailed with enthusiasm. A word would have made him "the Liberator" again, and once

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more the youth would have repeated Hérzen's words: "Thou hast conquered, Galilean." But just as during the Polish insurrection the despot awoke in him, and, inspired by Katkóff, he resorted to hanging, so now again, following the advice of his evil genius, Katkóff, he found nothing to do but to nominate special military governors — for hanging.

Then, and then only, a handful of revolutionists, — the Executive Committee, — supported, I must say, by the growing discontent in the educated classes, and even in the Tsar's immediate surroundings, declared that war against absolutism which, after several attempts, ended in 1881 in the death of Alexander II.

Two men, I have said already, lived in Alexander II., and now the conflict between the two, which had grown during all his life, assumed a really tragic aspect. When he met Solovióff, who shot at him and missed the first shot, he had the presence of mind to run to the nearest door, not in a straight line, but in zigzags, while Solovióff continued to fire; and he thus escaped with but a slight tearing of his overcoat. On the day of his death, too, he gave a proof of his undoubted courage. In the face of real danger he was courageous; but he continually trembled before the phantasms of his own imagination. Once he shot an aide-de-camp, when the latter had made an abrupt movement, and Alexander thought he was going to attempt his life. Merely to save his life, he surrendered entirely all his imperial powers into the hands of those who cared nothing for him, but only for their lucrative positions.

He undoubtedly retained an attachment to the mother of his children, even though he was then with the Princess Dolgorúki, whom he married immediately after the death of the Empress. "Don't speak to me of the Empress; it makes me suffer too much," he more than once said to Lóris Mélikoff. And yet he entirely abandoned the Empress Marie, who had stood faithfully by his side while he was the Liberator; he let her die in the palace in abject neglect. A well-known Russian doctor, now dead, told his friends that he, a stranger, felt shocked at the neglect with which the Empress was treated during her last illness, — deserted, of course, by the ladies of the court, who reserved their courtesies for the Princess Dolgorúki. Even the most elementary prescriptions of nursing and cleanliness were not attended to.

When the Executive Committee made the daring attempt to blow up the Winter Palace itself, Alexander II. took a step which had no precedent. He created a sort of dictatorship, vesting unlimited powers in Lóris Mélikoff. This general was an Armenian, to whom Alexander II. had once before given similar dictatorial powers, when the bubonic plague broke out on the Lower Vólga, and Germany threatened to mobilize her troops and put Russia under quarantine if the plague were not stopped. But as no new attempts followed immediately after that explosion, the Tsar regained confidence, and a few months later, before Mélikoff had been allowed to do anything, he was dictator no more: he was simply minister of the interior. The sudden attacks of sadness of which I have already spoken, during which Alexander II. reproached himself with the reactionary character that his reign had assumed, now took the shape of violent paroxysms of tears. He would sit weeping by the hour, bringing Mélikoff to despair. Then he would ask his minister, "When will your constitutional scheme be ready?" If, two days later, Mélikoff said that it was now ready, the Emperor seemed to have forgotten all about it. "Did I mention it?" he would ask. "What for? We had better leave it to my successor. That will be his gift to Russia."

When rumors of a new plot reached him, he was ready to undertake some-

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thing; but when everything seemed to be quiet among the revolutionists, he turned his ear again to his reactionary advisers, and let things go. Every moment Mélikoff expected dismissal.

In February, 1881, Mélikoff reported that a new plot had been laid by the Executive Committee, but its plan could not be discovered by any amount of searching. Thereupon Alexander II. decided that a sort of consultative assembly of delegates from the provinces should be called. Always under the idea that he would share the fate of Louis XVI., he described this gathering as an Assemblée des Notables, like the one convoked by Louis XVI. before the National Assembly in 1789. The scheme had to be laid before the council of the state, but then again he hesitated. It was only on the morning of March 1 (13), 1881, after a final warning by Lóris Mélikoff, that he ordered it to be brought before the council on the following Thursday. This was on Sunday, and he was asked by Mélikoff not to go out to the parade that day, there being danger of an attempt on his life. Nevertheless, he went. He wanted to see the Grand Duchess Catherine (daughter of his aunt, Hélène Pávlovna, who was one of the leaders of the emancipation party in 1881), and to carry her the welcome news, perhaps as an expiatory offering to the memory of the Empress Marie. He is said to have told her, "Je me suis décidé à convoquer une Assemblée des Notables." However, this belated and half-hearted concession had not been announced, and on his way back to the Winter Palace he was killed.

It is known how it happened. A bomb was thrown under his iron-clad carriage, to stop it. Several Circassians of the escort were wounded. Rysakóff, who flung the bomb, was arrested on the spot. Then, although the coachman of the Tsar earnestly advised him not to get out, saying that he could drive him still in the slightly damaged carriage, he insisted. He felt that his military dignity required him to see the wounded Circassians, to condole with them as he had done with the wounded during the Turkish war, when a mad storming of Plevna, doomed to end in a terrible disaster, was made on the day of his fête. He approached Rysakóff and asked him something; and as he passed close by another young man, Grinevétsky, the latter threw a bomb between himself and Alexander II., so that both of them should be killed. They lived but a few hours.

There Alexander II. lay upon the snow, profusely bleeding, abandoned by every one of his followers! All had disappeared. It was cadets, returning from the parade, who lifted the suffering Tsar from the snow and put him in a sledge, covering his shivering body with a cadet mantle and his bare head with a cadet cap. And it was one of the terrorists, Emeliánoff, with a bomb wrapped in a paper under his arm, who, at the risk of being arrested on the spot and hanged, rushed with the cadets to the help of the wounded man. Human nature is full of these contrasts.

Thus ended the tragedy of Alexander II.'s life. People could not understand how it was possible that a Tsar who had done so much for Russia should have met his death at the hands of revolutionists. To me, who had the chance of witnessing the first reactionary steps of Alexander II. and his gradual deterioration, who had caught a glimpse of his complex personality, — that of a born autocrat, whose violence was but partially mitigated by education, of a man possessed of military gallantry, but devoid of the courage of the statesman, of a man of strong passions and weak will, — it seemed that the tragedy developed with the unavoidable fatality of one of Shakespeare's plays. Its last act was already written for me on the day when I heard him address us, the promoted officers, on June 13, 1862, immediately after the first executions in Poland.

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IX.

A wild panic seized the court circles at St. Petersburg. Alexander III., who, notwithstanding his colossal stature and force, was not an overcourageous man, refused to move to the Winter Palace, and retired to the palace of his grandfather, Paul I., at Gatchina. I know that old building, planned as a Vauban fortress, surrounded by moats and protected by watch towers, from the tops of which secret staircases lead to the Emperor's study. I have seen the trap doors in the study, for suddenly throwing an enemy on the sharp rocks in the water underneath, and the secret staircase leading to underground prisons and to an underground passage which opens on a lake. All the palaces of Paul I. had been built on a similar plan. An underground gallery was dug round the Anichkoff palace of Alexander III., and was supplied with automatic electric appliances to protect it from being undermined by the revolutionists.

A secret league for the protection of the Tsar was started. Officers of all grades were induced by triple salaries to join it, and to undertake voluntary spying in all classes of society. Comical scenes followed, of course. Two officers, without knowing that they both belonged to the league, would entice each other into a disloyal conversation, during a railway journey, and then proceed to arrest each other, only to discover at the last moment that their pains had been labor lost. This league still exists in a more official shape, under the name of Okhrána (Protection), and from time to time frightens the present Tsar with all sorts of concocted "dangers," in order to maintain its existence.

A still more secret organization, the Holy League, was formed at the same time, under the leadership of the brother of the Tsar, Vladimir, for the purpose of opposing the revolutionists in different ways, one of which was to kill those of the refugees who were supposed to have been the leaders of the late conspiracies. I was of this number. The grand duke violently reproached the officers of the league for their cowardice, regretting that there were none among them who would undertake to kill such refugees; and an officer, who had been a page de chambre at the time I was in the corps of pages, was appointed by the league to carry out this particular work. Skóbeleff, the hero of the Turkish war, was asked to join this league, but he blankly refused. It appears from Lóris Mélikoff's posthumous papers, part of which were published by a friend of his at London, that when Alexander III. came to the throne, and hesitated to convoke the Assembly of Notables, Skóbeleff even made an offer to Lóris Mélikoff and Count Ignátieff ("the lying Pasha," as the Constantinople diplomatists used to nickname him) to arrest Alexander III., and compel him to sign a constitutional manifesto; whereupon Ignátieff is said to have denounced the scheme to the Tsar, and thus to have obtained his nomination as prime minister, in which capacity he resorted to various stratagems in order to paralyze the revolutionists.

The fact is that the refugees abroad did not interfere with the work of the Executive Committee at St. Petersburg. To pretend to direct conspiracies from Switzerland, while those who were at St. Petersburg acted under a permanent menace of death, would have been sheer nonsense; and as Stepniák and I wrote several times, none of us would have accepted the doubtful task of forming plans of action without being on the spot. But of coarse it suited the plans of the St. Petersburg police to maintain that they were powerless to protect the Tsar because all plots were devised abroad, and their spies — I know it well — amply supplied them with the desired reports.

A few months after the death of Alexander II. I was expelled from Switzerland, by order of the federal council. I

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did not take umbrage at this. Assailed by the monarchical powers on account of the asylum which Switzerland offered to refugees, and menaced by the Russian official press with a wholesale expulsion of all Swiss governesses and ladies' maids, who are numerous in Russia, the rulers of Switzerland, by banishing me, gave some sort of satisfaction to the Russian police. But I very much regret, for the sake of Switzerland itself, that that step was taken. It was a sanction given to the theory of "conspiracies concocted in Switzerland," and it was an acknowledgment of weakness, of which Italy and France took advantage at once. Two years later, when Jules Ferry proposed to Italy and Germany the partition of Switzerland, his argument must have been that the Swiss government itself had admitted that Switzerland was "a hotbed of international conspiracies." This first concession led to more arrogant demands, and has certainly placed Switzerland in a far less independent position than it might otherwise have occupied.

The decree of expulsion was delivered to me immediately after I had returned from London, where I was present at an anarchist congress in July, 1881. After that congress I had stayed for a few weeks in England, writing the first articles on Russian affairs from our standpoint for the Newcastle Chronicle. The English press, at that time, was an echo of the opinions of Madame Novikóff, — that is, of Katkóff and the Russian state police, — and I was most happy when Mr. Joseph Cowen agreed to give me the hospitality of his paper in order to state our point of view.

I had just joined my wife in the high mountains where she was staying, near the abode of Elisée Reclus. We sent the little luggage we had to the next railway station and went on foot to Aigle, enjoying for the last time the sight of the mountains that we loved so much. We crossed the hills by taking short cuts over them, and laughed when we discovered that the short cuts led to long windings; and when we reached the bottom of the valley, we tramped along the dusty road. The comical incident which always comes in such cases was supplied by an English lady. A richly dressed dame, reclining by the side of a gentleman in a hired carriage, threw several tracts to the two poorly dressed tramps, as she passed them. I lifted the tracts from the dust. She was evidently one of those ladies who believe themselves to be Christians, and consider it their duty to distribute religious tracts among "dissolute foreigners." Thinking we were sure to overtake the lady at the railway station, I wrote on one of the pamphlets the well-known verse relative to the rich and the kingdom of God, and similarly appropriate quotations about the Pharisees being the worst enemies of Christianity. When we came to Aigle, the lady was taking refreshments in her carriage. She evidently preferred to continue the journey in this vehicle along the lovely valley, rather than to be shut up in a stuffy railway train. I returned her the pamphlets with politeness, saying that I had added to them something that she might find useful for her own instruction. The lady did not know whether to fly at me, or to accept the lesson with Christian patience. Her eyes expressed both impulses in rapid succession.

My wife was about to pass her examination for the degree of Bachelor of Science at the Geneva University, and we settled, therefore, in a tiny town of France, Thonon, situated on the Savoy coast of the Lake of Geneva, and stayed there a couple of months.

As to the death sentence of the Holy League, a warning reached me from one of the highest quarters of Russia. Even the name of the lady who was sent from St. Petersburg to Geneva to be the head centre of the conspiracy became known to me. So I simply communicated the

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fact and the names to the Geneva correspondent of the Times, asking him to publish them if anything should happen, and I put a note to that effect in Le Révolté. After that I did not trouble myself more about it. My wife did not take it so lightly, and the good peasant woman, Madame Sansaux, who gave us board and lodgings at Thonon, and who had learned of the plot in a different way (through her sister, who was a nurse in the family of a Russian agent), bestowed the most touching care upon me. Her cottage was out of town, and whenever I went to town at night — sometimes to meet my wife at the railway station — she always found a pretext to have me accompanied by her husband with a lantern. "Wait only a moment, Monsieur Kropotkin," she would say; "my husband is going that way for purchases, and you know he always carries a lantern!" Or else she would send her brother to follow me at a distance, without my noticing it.

X.

I must now conclude this rather long autobiography with a short sketch of my subsequent life.

In October or November, 1881, as soon as my wife had passed her examination, we removed from Thonon to London, where we stayed nearly twelve months. Few years separate us from that time, and yet I can say that the intellectual life of London and of all England was quite different then from what it became a little later. Every one knows that in the forties England stood almost at the head of the socialist movement in Europe; but during the years of reaction that followed, that great movement, which had deeply affected the working classes, and in which all that is now represented as scientific or anarchist socialism had already been said, came to a standstill. It was forgotten in England as well as on the Continent, and what the French writers describe as "the third awakening of the proletarians" had not yet begun in Britain. The labors of the agricultural commission of 1871, Arch's propaganda amongst the agricultural laborers, and the efforts of the Christian socialists certainly were preparing the way; but the outburst of socialist feeling in England which followed the publication of Henry George's Progress and Poverty had not yet taken place.

The year that I then passed in London was a year of real exile. For one who held advanced socialist opinions, there was no atmosphere to breathe in. There was no sign of that animated socialist movement which I found so largely developed on my return in 1886. Burns, Champion, Hardie, and the other labor leaders were not yet heard of; the Fabians did not exist; Morris had not declared himself a socialist; and the trade unions, limited in London to a few trades only, were hostile to socialism. The only active and outspoken representatives of the socialist movement were Mr. and Mrs. Hyndman, with a very few workers grouped round them. They had held in the autumn of 1881 a small congress, and we used to say jokingly — but it was very nearly true — that Mrs. Hyndman had received all the congress in her house. Moreover, the more or less socialist radical movement which was certainly going on in the minds of men did not assert itself frankly and openly. That considerable number of educated men and women who appeared in public life four years later, and, without committing themselves to socialism, took part in various movements connected with the well-being or the education of the masses, and who have now created in almost every city of England and Scotland a quite new atmosphere of reform and a new society of reformers, had not then made themselves felt. They were there, of course; they thought and spoke; all the elements for a widespread movement were in existence; but, finding none of those centres of attraction

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which the socialist groups subsequently became, they were lost in the crowd; they did not know one another, or remained unconscious of their own selves.

Tchaykovsky was then in London, and, as in years past, we began a socialist propaganda in the radical clubs. Aided by a few English workers whose acquaintance we had made at the congress of 1881, or whom the prosecutions against John Most had attracted to the socialists, we went to the clubs, speaking about Russian affairs, the movement of our youth toward the people, and socialism in general. We had ridiculously small audiences, seldom consisting of more than a dozen men. Occasionally some gray-bearded Chartist would rise from the audience and tell us that all we were saying had been said forty years before, and was greeted then with enthusiasm by crowds of workers, but that now all was dead, and there was no hope to revive it.

Mr. Hyndman had just published his excellent exposition of Marxist socialism under the title of England for All; and I remember, one day in the summer of 1882, earnestly advising him to start a socialist paper. I told him what small means we had when we started Le Révolté, and predicted a certain success if he would make the attempt. But so gloomy was the general outlook that even he thought the undertaking would be absolutely hopeless unless he had the means to defray all its expenses. Perhaps he was right; but when, less than three years later, he started Justice, it found a hearty support among the workers, and early in 1886 there were three socialist papers, and the Social Democratic federation was an influential body.

In the summer of 1882, I spoke, in broken English, before the Durham miners at their annual gathering; I delivered lectures at Newcastle, Glasgow, and Edinburgh about the Russian movement, and was received with enthusiasm, a crowd of workers giving hearty cheers for the nihilists, after the meeting, in the street. But my wife and I felt so lonely at London, and our efforts to awaken a socialist movement in England seemed so hopeless, that in the autumn of 1882 we decided to remove again to France. We were sure that in France I should soon be arrested; but we often said to each other, "Better a French prison than this grave."

Those who are prone to speak of the slowness of evolution ought to study the development of socialism in England. Evolution *is* slow; but its rate is not uniform. It has its periods of slumber and its periods of sudden progress.

XI.

We settled once more in Thonon, taking lodgings with our former hostess, Madame Sansaux. A brother of my wife, who was dying of consumption, and had come to Switzerland, joined us.

I never saw such numbers of Russian spies as during the two months that I remained at Thonon. To begin with, as soon as we had engaged lodgings, a suspicious character, who gave himself out for an Englishman, took the other part of the house. Flocks, literally flocks of Russian spies besieged the house, seeking admission under all possible pretexts, or simply tramping in pairs, trios, and quartettes in front of the house. I imagine what wonderful reports they wrote. A spy must report. If he should merely say that he has stood for a week in the street without noticing anything mysterious, he would soon be put on the half-pay list or dismissed.

It was then the golden age of the Russian secret police. Ignátieff's policy had borne fruit. There were two or three bodies of police competing with one another, each having any amount of money at their disposal, and carrying on the boldest intrigues. Colonel Sudéikin, for instance, chief of one of the branches, — plotting with a certain Degáeff, who after all killed him. — de-

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nounced Ignátieff's agents to the revolutionists, and offered to the terrorists all facilities for killing the minister of the interior, Count Tolstói, and the Grand Duke Vladimir; adding that he himself would then be nominated minister of the interior, with dictatorial powers, and the Tsar would be entirely in his hands. This activity of the Russian police culminated, later on, in the kidnapping of the Prince of Battenberg from Bulgaria.

The French police, also, were on the alert. The question, "What is he doing at Thonon?" worried them. I wrote articles for the Encyclopædia Britannica and the Newcastle Chronicle, and I continued to edit Le Révolté. But what reports could be made out of that? One day the local gendarme paid a visit to my landlady. He had heard from the street the rattling of a sewing machine, and wished to report that I had in my house a secret printing press. So he came in my absence and compelled the landlady to sew on her machine, while he listened inside the house and outside, to make sure that the rattling he had heard was the same.

"What is he doing all day?" he asked the landlady.

"He writes."

"He cannot write all day long."

"He saws wood in the garden at midday, and he takes walks every afternoon between four and five." It was in November.

"Ah, that's it! When the dusk is coming?" (A la tombée de la nuit?) And he wrote in his notebook, "Never goes out except at dusk."

I could not well explain at that time this special attention of the Russian spies; but it must have had some connection with the following. When Ignátieff was nominated prime minister, advised by the ex-prefect of Paris, Andrieux, he hit on a new plan. He sent a swarm of his agents into Switzerland, and one of them undertook the publication of a paper which slightly advocated the extension of provincial self-government in Russia, but whose chief purpose was to combat the revolutionists, and to rally to its standard those of the refugees who did not sympathize with terrorism. This was certainly a means of sowing division. Then, when nearly all the members of the Executive Committee had been arrested in Russia, and a couple of them had taken refuge at Paris, Ignátieff sent an agent to Paris to offer an armistice. He promised that there should be no further executions on account of the plots during the reign of Alexander II., even if those who had escaped arrest fell into the hands of the government; that Chernyshévsky should be released from Siberia; and that a commission should be nominated to review the cases of all those who had been exiled to Siberia without trial. On the other side, he asked the Executive Committee to promise to make no attempts against the Tsar's life until his coronation was over. Perhaps the reforms in favor of the peasants, which Alexander III. intended to make, were also mentioned. The agreement was made at Paris, and was kept on both sides. The terrorists suspended hostilities. Nobody was executed for complicity in the former conspiracies; those who were arrested later on under this indictment were immured in the Russian Bastille at Schlüsselburg, where nothing was heard of them for fifteen years, and where most of them still are. Chernyshévsky was brought back from Siberia, and ordered to stay at Astrakhan, where he was severed from all connection with the intellectual world of Russia, and soon died. A commission went through Siberia, releasing some of the exiles, and specifying terms of exile for the remainder. My brother Alexander received from it an additional five years.

While I was at London, in 1882, I was told one day that a man who pretended to be a *bona fide* agent of the Russian government, and could prove it, wanted

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to enter into negotiations with me. "Tell him that if he comes to my house I will throw him down the staircase," was my reply. Probably the result was that while Ignátieff considered the Tsar guaranteed from the attacks of the Executive Committee, he was afraid that the anarchists might make some attempt, and wanted to have me out of the way.

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XII.

The anarchist movement had undergone a considerable development in France during the years 1881 and 1882. It was generally believed that the French mind was hostile to communism, and within the International Workingmen's Association "collectivism" was preached instead. It meant then the possession of the instruments of production in common, each separate group having to settle for itself whether the consumption of produce should be on individualistic or communistic lines. In reality, however, the French mind was hostile only to the monastic communism, to the *phalanstère* of the old schools. When the Jura Federation, at its congress of 1880, boldly declared itself anarchist-communist, — that is, in favor of free communism, — anarchism won wide sympathy in France. Our paper began to spread in that country, letters were exchanged in great numbers with French workers, and an anarchist movement of importance rapidly developed at Paris and in some of the provinces, especially in the Lyons region. When I crossed France in 1881, on my way from Thonon to London, I visited Lyons, St. Etienne, and Vienne, lecturing there, and I found in these cities a considerable number of workers ready to accept our ideas.

By the end of 1882 a terrible crisis prevailed in the Lyons region. The silk industry was paralyzed, and the misery among the weavers was so great that crowds of children stood every morning at the gates of the barracks, where the soldiers gave away what they could spare of their bread and soup. This was the beginning of the popularity of General Boulanger, who had permitted this distribution of food. The miners of the region were also in a very precarious state.

I knew, of course, that there was a great deal of fermentation, but during the eleven months I had stayed at London I had lost close contact with the French movement. A few weeks after I returned to Thonon I learned from the papers that the miners of Monceaules-Mines, incensed at the vexations of the ultra-Catholic owners of the mines, had begun a sort of movement; they were holding secret meetings, talking of a general strike; the stone crosses erected on all the roads round the mines were thrown down or blown up by dynamite cartridges, which are largely used by the miners in underground work, and often remain in their possession. The agitation at Lyons also took on a more violent character. The anarchists, who were rather numerous in the city, allowed no meeting of the opportunist politicians to be held without obtaining a hearing for themselves, — storming the platform, as a last resource. They brought forward resolutions to the effect that the mines and all necessaries for production, as well as the dwelling houses, ought to be owned by the nation; and these resolutions were carried with enthusiasm, to the horror of the middle classes.

The feeling among the workers was growing every day against the opportunist town councilors and political leaders and the press, who made light of a very acute crisis, and undertook nothing to relieve the widespread misery. As is usual at such times, the fury of the poorer people turned especially against the places of amusement and debauch, which become only the more conspicuous in times of desolation and misery, as they impersonate for the worker the egotism and

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dissoluteness of the wealthier classes. A place particularly hated by the workers was the underground café at the Théâtre Bellecour, which remained open all night, and where, in the small hours of the morning, one could see newspaper men and politicians feasting and drinking in company with gay women. Not a meeting was held but some menacing allusion was made to that café, and one night a dynamite cartridge was exploded in it by an unknown hand. A worker who was occasionally there, a socialist, jumped to blow out the lighted fuse of the cartridge, and was killed, while a few of the feasting politicians were slightly wounded. Next day a dynamite cartridge was exploded at the doors of a recruiting bureau, and it was said that the anarchists intended to blow up the huge statue of the Virgin which stands on one of the hills of Lyons. One must have lived at Lyons or in its neighborhood to realize the extent to which the population and the schools are still in the hands of the Catholic clergy, and to understand the hatred that the male portion of the population feels toward the clergy.

A panic now seized the wealthier classes of Lyons. Some sixty anarchists — all workers, and only one middle-class man, Emile Gautier, who was on a lecturing tour in the region — were arrested. The Lyons papers undertook at the same time to incite the government to arrest me, representing me as the leader of the agitation, who had come on purpose from England to direct the movement. Russian spies began to parade again in conspicuous numbers in our small town. Almost every day I received letters, evidently written by spies of the international police, mentioning some dynamite plot, or mysteriously announcing that consignments of dynamite had been shipped to me. I made quite a collection of these letters, writing on each of them "Police Internationale," and they were taken away by the police when they made a search in my house. But they did not dare to produce these letters in court, nor did they ever restore them to me.

Not only was the house searched, but my wife, who was going to Geneva, was arrested at the station in Thonon, and searched. But of course absolutely nothing was found to compromise me or any one else.

Ten days passed, during which I was quite free to go away, if I wished to do so. I received several letters advising me to disappear, — one of them from an unknown Russian friend, perhaps a member of the diplomatic staff, who seemed to have known me, and wrote that I must leave at once, because otherwise I would be the first victim of the extradition treaty which was about to be concluded between France and Russia. I remained where I was; and when the Times inserted a telegram saying that I had disappeared from Thonon, I wrote a letter to the paper, giving my address, and declaring that since so many of my friends were arrested I had no intention of leaving.

In the night of December 21 my brother-in-law died in my arms. Three or four hours later, as the dull winter morning was dawning, gendarmes came to my house to arrest me. Seeing in what a state my wife was, I asked permission to remain with her till the burial was over, promising upon my word of honor to be at the prison door at a given hour; but it was refused, and the same night I was taken to Lyons. Elisée Reclus, notified by telegraph, came at once, bestowing on my wife all the gentleness of his golden heart; friends came from Geneva; and although the funeral was absolutely civil, which was a novelty in that little town, half of the population was at the burial, to show my wife that the hearts of the poorer classes and the simple Savoy peasants were with us, and not with their rulers. When my trial was going on, the peasants used to come from the mountain villages to town,

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to get the papers and to see how my affair stood before the court.

Another incident which profoundly touched me was the arrival at Lyons of an English friend, who brought with him a considerable sum of money for the purpose of obtaining my release on bail; he suggested to me at the same time that I need not care in the least about the bail, but must leave France immediately. He managed in some mysterious way to see me freely, — not in the double-grated iron cage in which I was given interviews with my wife, — and he seemed to be as much affected by my refusal to accept the offer as I was by that touching token of friendship on the part of a person whom I had learned to esteem so highly in London in 1881.

There was no possibility of prosecuting the arrested anarchists for the explosions. It would have required bringing us before a jury, which in all probability would have acquitted us. Consequently, the government adopted the Machiavellian course of prosecuting us for having belonged to the International Workingmen's Association. There is in France a law, passed immediately after the fall of the Commune, under which men can be brought before a simple police court for having belonged to that association. The maximum penalty is five years' imprisonment; and a police court is always sure to pronounce the sentences which are wanted by the government.

The trial began at Lyons in the first days of January, 1883, and lasted about a fortnight. The accusation was ridiculous, as every one knew that none of the Lyons workers had ever joined the International, and it entirely fell through, as may be seen from the following episode. The only witness for the prosecution was the chief of the secret police at Lyons, an elderly man, who was treated at the court with the utmost respect. His report, I must say, was quite correct as concerns the facts. The anarchists, he said, had taken hold of the population, they had rendered opportunist meetings impossible, they preached communism and anarchism. Seeing that so far he had been fair in his testimony, I ventured to ask him a question: "Did you ever hear the name of the International Workingmen's Association spoken at Lyons?"

"Never," he replied sulkily.

"When I returned from the London congress of 1881, and did all I could to have the International reconstituted in France, did I succeed?"

"No. They did not find it revolutionary enough."

"Thank you," I said, and turning toward the procureur added, "There 's all your prosecution thrown to the ground by your own witness!"

Nevertheless, we were all condemned for having belonged to the International. Four of us got the maximum sentence, five years' imprisonment and four hundred dollars' fine; the remainder got from four years to one year. In fact, they never tried to prove anything concerning the International. It was quite forgotten. We were simply asked to speak about anarchism, and so we did. Not a word was said about the explosions; and when one or two of the Lyons comrades wanted to clear this point, they were bluntly told that they were not prosecuted for that, but for having belonged to the International, — to which I alone belonged.

Very soon after that condemnation the presiding magistrate got his reward. He was promoted to the magistracy of an assize court. As to the procureur and another magistrate, — one hardly would believe it, — the Russian government offered them the Russian cross of Sainte-Anne, and they were allowed by the republic to accept it! The famous Russian alliance had its origin in the Lyons trial.

This trial — during which most brilliant anarchist speeches, reported by all

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the papers, were made by such first-rate speakers as the worker Bernard and Emile Gautier, and during which all the accused took a very firm attitude, preaching our doctrines for a fortnight — had a powerful influence in clearing away false ideas about anarchism in France, and surely contributed to some extent to the revival of socialism in other countries. As to the condemnation, it was so little justified by the proceedings that the French press — with the exception of the papers devoted to the government — openly blamed the magistrates. The contest between the accusers and ourselves was won by us, in the public opinion. Immediately a proposition of amnesty was brought before the Chamber, and received about a hundred votes in support of it. It came up regularly every year, each time securing more and more voices, until we were released.

XIII.

In the middle of March, 1883, twenty-two of us, who had been condemned to more than one year of imprisonment, were removed in great secrecy to the central prison of Clairvaux. It was formerly an abbey of St. Bernard, of which the great Revolution had made a house for the poor. Subsequently it became a house of detention and correction, which went among the prisoners and the officials themselves under the well-deserved nickname of "house of detention and corruption."

So long as we were kept at Lyons we were treated as the prisoners under preliminary arrest are treated in France; that is, we had our own clothes, we could get our own food from a restaurant, and one could hire for a few francs per month a larger cell, a *pistole*. I took advantage of this for working hard upon my articles for the Encyclopædia Britannica and the Nineteenth Century. Now, the treatment we should have at Clairvaux was an open question. However, in France it is generally understood that, for political prisoners, the deprivation of liberty and the forced inactivity are in themselves so hard that there is no need to inflict additional hardships. Consequently, we were told that we should remain under the same régime that we had had at Lyons. We should have separate quarters, retain our own clothes, be free of compulsory work, and be allowed to smoke. "Those of you," the governor said, "who wish to earn something by manual work" — the family of the prisoner is always made to suffer, even more than the convict himself — "will be enabled to do so by sewing stays or engraving small things in mother of pearl. This work is poorly paid; but you could not be employed in the prison workshops for the fabrication of iron beds, picture frames, metric measures, velvet, and so on, because that would require your lodging with the common-law prisoners." Like the other prisoners, we were allowed to buy from the prison canteen some additional food and a pint of claret every day, both being supplied at a very low price and of good quality.

Three spacious rooms were given us in the hospital building, and a smaller room was spared for Gautier and myself, so that we could pursue our literary work. We probably owed this last favor to the intervention of a considerable number of English men of science, who, as soon as I was condemned, had signed a petition asking for my release. Many contributors to the Encyclopædia Britannica, Herbert Spencer and Mr. Swinburne, were among the signers, while Victor Hugo had added to his signature a few warm words. Altogether, public opinion in France met our condemnation most unfavorably; and when my wife had mentioned at Paris that I required books, the Academy of Sciences offered its library, and Ernest Renan, in a charming letter, put his private library at her service.

We had a small garden, where we could play ninepins or *jeu de boules*,

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and soon we managed to cultivate a narrow bed along the building's wall, in which, on a surface of some eighty square yards, we grew almost incredible quantities of lettuce and radishes, as well as some flowers. I need not say that at once we organized classes, and during the three years that we remained at Clairvaux I gave my comrades lessons in cosmography, geometry, or physics, also aiding them in the study of languages. Nearly every one learned at least one language, — English, German, Italian, or Spanish, — while a few learned two. We also managed to do some bookbinding, having learned how from one of those excellent Encyclopédie Roret booklets.

At the end of the first year, however, my health again gave way. Clairvaux is built on marshy ground, upon which malaria is endemic, and malaria, with scurvy, laid hold of me. Then my wife, who was studying at Paris, working in Würtz's laboratory and preparing to take an examination for the degree of Doctor of Science, abandoned everything, and came to the tiny hamlet of Clairvaux, which consists of less than a dozen houses grouped at the foot of an immense high wall which encircles the prison. Of course, her life in that hamlet, with the prison wall opposite, was anything but gay; yet she stayed there till I was released. During the first year she was allowed to see me only once in two months, and all interviews were held in the presence of a warder, who sat between us. But when she settled at Clairvaux, declaring her firm intention to remain there, she was soon permitted to see me every day, in one of the small houses within the prison walls where a post of warders was kept, and food was brought me from the inn where she stayed. Later, we were even allowed to take a walk in the governor's garden, closely watched all the time, and usually one of my comrades joined us in the walk.

Demands for our release were continually raised, both in the press and in the Chamber of Deputies, — the more so as about the same time that we were condemned Louise Michel was condemned, too, for robbery! Louise Michel, who always gives literally her last shawl or cloak to the woman who is in need of it, and who never could be compelled, during her imprisonment, to have better food, because she always gave her fellow prisoners what was sent to her, was condemned, together with another comrade, Pouget, to nine years' imprisonment for highway robbery! That sounded too bad even for the middle-class opportunists. She marched one day at the head of a procession of the unemployed, and, entering a baker's shop, took the bread from it and distributed it to the hungry column: this was her robbery. The release of the anarchists thus became a war cry against the government, and in the autumn of 1883 all my comrades save three were set at liberty by a decree of President Grévy. Then the outcry in behalf of Louise Michel and myself became still louder. However, Alexander III. objected to it; and one day the prime minister, M. Freycinet, answering an interpellation in the Chamber, said that "diplomatic difficulties stood in the way of Kropotkin's release." Strange words in the mouth of the prime minister of an independent country; but still stranger words have been heard since in connection with that ill-omened alliance of France with imperial Russia.

In the middle of January, 1886, both Louise Michel and Pouget, as well as the four of us who were still at Clairvaux, were set free; and after a few weeks' stay at Paris I went once more to London. There I found the socialist movement in full swing, and took a hearty part in it. Life in London was no more the dull, vegetative existence that it had been for me four years before.

P. Kropotkin.

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THE POEM.

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He lifted his head,
And the Vision that stood there smiled.
"O Poet," she said,
"I have come at thy bidding; no child
Of thy fancy, dead,
But living and breathing, as thou.
Take me now!"

His heart, how it burned!
But he thought, "'T is a dream; if I move,
It will vanish," and yearned
With an infinite yearning, and strove
With his doubts, till she turned —
She, the Vision — and sorrowful went,
Ere he knew her intent.

He leapt to his feet,
And seized on her undulant veil,
With its odor as sweet
As the May time; and lo! it did trail
In his hand, all complete!
She had gone; and he cherished, forlorn,
The veil she had worn.

The veil he upraised.
He showed it to men, and they cried,
As they noted, amazed,
The diaphanous wonder, "What pride
Of invention!" and praised.
But sweeter and sadder he grew,
And replied, "If you knew!"

Henry Bannister Merwin.

PETERSHAM.

Here, where the peace of the Creator lies,
Far from the busy mart's incessant hum,
Where mountains in their lonely grandeur rise,
Waiting unmoved the ages yet to come,
Thou dwellest under broad and tranquil skies,
A green oasis with unfailing springs,
The undisturbèd home of restful things.

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Here, with the morn, when day is blithely breaking,
And from the east a hemisphere of light
Rolls westward o'er a world refreshed, awaking
From the embrace of slumber and of night,
Sweet comes the bonny bluebird's joyous greeting,
While strutting Chanticleer, with tuneful throat,
Heralds the day in shrill, exultant note.

At sunset through thy woods I take my way,
Threading the mazy walks and avenues,
While from the crimson west some lingering ray
Falls on my path, and Memory's shrine endues
With dreamy incense of a bygone day,
And in the thronging multitude of sylvan voices
Sweet summer music tells us how the wood rejoices.

Ah! can this be the Paradise? or yet
Bright El Dorado, or Arcadia, where
Glad fairies revel when the sun hath set,
And songs of birds forever fill the air?
Where nymph or dryad, with soft eyes of jet,
Lures the late wanderer to his final rest,
And charms his life out on her faithless breast?

O thou most dear and venerated spot,
I love thee for that thou art still as when
In happy hours — unclouded then my lot —
I lay within thy fern-enshrouded glen
And felt thy loving presence. Not again
With prayers or tears may vanished hours be bought.
So be it, then, and here on thy green breast,
When life is done, grant me a spot to rest.

Ralph Browning Fiske.

THE OLD CAPTIVE.

To hear once more the thunder of the surf,
To breathe once more the salt and stinging wind,
To set my cheek once more against the wave,
To look once more across the billowy Sea!

Chained in the pen of silent heavy hills,
I dream hot nights of that sweet long ago,
When I leaped down the beach in the dim dawn,
And plunged to meet the sun — and knew the Sea!

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And they drove in the boats with a shout and a song,
And they spread wide the nets in the face o' the wind,
And the ship strained and dipped like a swooping bird,
And we rushed onward, mad for the open Sea!

Never to feed my eyes on strange dim coasts,
Never to touch a branch washed in by the tide,
Never to gaze on dark and silent men
From some far isle in the mysterious Sea!

Never to see the white sails gleam and fade,
Nor watch black masts against the setting sun,
Never to glide within some wondrous port,
Nor breathe spice winds blown soft across the Sea!

Never to feel the great sail fill and stretch,
Nor plough white fiery trails beneath the stars,
Nor float below some tow'ring rosy berg,
Nor ride the sheer gulfs of the stormy Sea!

And they rushed down to the beach to drag us in,
And they pulled hard at the rough and glistening rope,
And the glad keel rubbed harsh on the shelly sand,
And their arms strained us, home from the terrible Sea!

Though in my life I lost thee, tired and dead,
Me they shall bring to thee, O long desired!
Me they shall lay at sunset on the sand,
Where the strong tide swings outward to the Sea.

Me like a cradled child the waves shall rock,
Rock 'neath the moon, and sink to those dim caves,
Those wide green glooms, those clear and pallid depths,
The silence and the strange flowers of the Sea.

And they shall bear me down with a glorious song,
And they shall shout to the crash and boom of the surf,
And they shall thrill to the whip and sting of the spray,
While the great waves ride triumphing out to Sea!

Where the pale light strains down through undreamed deeps
To glimmer o'er the vast unpeopled plains,
The ancient treasure piles of dead kings' fleets,
The mighty bones long bleached beneath the Sea,

There where cool corals and still seaweeds twine,
There on the solemn level ocean floor,
Till God's great arm shall terribly plough the deep,
I shall lie long and rest beneath the Sea.

Josephine Dodge Daskam.

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THE WINNOWER.

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SOMEWHERE, nowhere, — in some vague realm or clime, —
I saw a mighty-statured Phantom stand;
His feet were on this threshing-floor of Time,
A fan was in his hand.

He smote with it, and all things streamed and whirled
Before the blast of its tempestuous beat;
The ancient institutions of the world
Became as chaff and wheat.

Fear pierced my soul, but soon a thrilling joy
Flowered from that root, and my numbed lips grew brave.
O dread Conserver that must yet destroy!
Destroyer that will save!

Strong Winnower of the things of death and life,
I know you now, I cried. Smite with your fan!
Winnow the earth of enmity and strife!
Winnow the heart of man!

A thousand sophistries perplex the ray
Of the world's dawning freedom: Seraph, smite!
Winnow the clouds that dim the newborn day!
Winnow the morning light!

There 's naught so true in science and in creeds,
And naught so good in governments and states,
But something truer evermore succeeds,
And better still awaits.

With bristling hosts and battlemented walls
Kings menace kings, and nations groan therefor:
Winnow the armaments and arsenals,
The iron husks of war!

Toil without end, to fill a few white hands
Of idle lords, gaunt millions still endure:
Winnow the unsunned hoards and unshared lands,
Estranging rich and poor!

Riches bear rule till Labor turns in hate,
And tyrant Wealth confronts the despot, Work:
Winnow the world's oppressors, small and great!
Winnow the Tsar and Turk!

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Pale anarchists conspire, mad to possess,
Or to pull down, what sober thrift has built:
Winnow alike the haunts of Lawlessness,
The gilded halls of Guilt!

Our politics are false and infidel,
Our trusted chiefs bend to the baser cause:
Smite with your fan! O Winnower, winnow well
The makers of our laws!

All barriers built by avarice, pride, and wrong,
Dividing men, — unbuild them with the breath
And buffet of your mighty fan, O strong
Angel of change and death!

Winnow this anxious life of pain and care!
But gently, winnow gently! Hear our cries!
To love at least be merciful! Oh, spare
Our tender human ties! —

But cries are vain; nor cries nor prayers avail
To hasten or delay the Winnower's hand;
Nothing so huge and firm, so fine or frail,
But it at last is fanned, —

Empires, beliefs, the things of art and fame,
The broad-based pyramids, the poet's page;
To his eternal patience 't is the same,
A moment or an age.

Before his fan the mountains form and flee,
Continents pass; and in its rhythmic beat
The flying stars and whirling nebulæ
Are but as chaff and wheat.

Does naught, of all that Time and Nature yield,
Does naught, at last, but thought and spirit remain?
Nature and Time the changeful harvest field,
Souls the immortal grain!

J. T. Trowbridge.

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RECENT CHANGES IN SECONDARY EDUCATION.[1]

A COLLEGE administrator who paid no attention to the condition of secondary schools could not guide well the policy of his own college, and could not secure for his college its proper share of influence on education in general. For this reason, efficient college presidents watch and think about secondary schools, — their effects on colleges, and the colleges' influence on them. Nobody need be surprised, therefore, if Harvard College is frequently mentioned in this paper. It does not follow, however, that the interests of that large majority of secondary school pupils whose education is carried no farther will not be duly considered. It is one of the most promising of recent changes in secondary education that the interests of the two sets of pupils — those who are going farther, and those who are not — are seen to be, not divergent, but almost identical.

The institutions of secondary education in the United States are divided into two groups, — public schools, and endowed and private schools. In the country at large the public schools constitute about three fifths of the whole number of secondary schools; but in the North Atlantic, North Central, and Western divisions of the United States two thirds of all secondary education is public. In the South Atlantic and South Central divisions, on the contrary, the greater part of secondary education is still endowed or private, — chiefly private.

[1] A paper read before the American Institute of Instruction, July 10, 1899.

Public secondary schools are, on the whole, much more recent than endowed and private schools, although there are a few notable exceptions, like the Boston Latin School; indeed, it is difficult to realize how very recent public secondary schools are in this country. Thus, the Cambridge High School is only fifty-two years old; the Boston English High School for boys dates from 1821, and the Chicago Public High School for both sexes from 1856. In Cincinnati a Central High School was organized in 1847; but in 1852 two large endowments for high school purposes — the Woodward fund and the Hughes fund — were united for the purpose of sustaining two public schools of this grade. The Free Academy of New York was organized in 1849, and the Central High School of Philadelphia in 1838. These two schools were for boys only.

Public high schools for girls are even more recent. Thus, in Boston, the Girls' High and Normal School did not get into operation till 1852. It is said that the establishment in Chicago of the Public High School for both sexes in 1856 was a very early instance of public provision of secondary education for girls. That sort of secondary education which is now known under the generic name of "high school" is, therefore, on the average, not more than two generations old for boys, and less than two generations old for girls. Our survey, then, will cover no long period of time. When we consider how completely equal the

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public provisions for boys and for girls in secondary schools have become, we may well be amazed at the neglect of the girls less than fifty years ago, and hopeful about the higher education of young women.

The original object in establishing English high schools was to provide a training up to sixteen or eighteen years of age for boys who were not going to college. As to girls, nobody seems to have imagined, fifty years ago, that their education could be advantageously prolonged beyond eighteen years of age. The future occupations of the graduates of the high schools were imagined to be mercantile or mechanical; and the studies selected were those which it was supposed would be useful to boys destined to such careers. The early programmes of study did not lack variety: for example, that of the Boston English High School included arithmetic, algebra, geometry, geography, general history and the history of the United States, reading, grammar and declamation, rhetoric and composition, bookkeeping, natural philosophy, moral philosophy, natural theology, the evidences of Christianity, and various applications of mathematics, such as navigation, surveying, mensuration, and astronomical calculations. The Constitution of the United States, drawing, logic, and French were shortly added. This comprehensive programme of studies was to be completed in three years; for it was not until 1852 that the school course was fixed at four years. The Chicago High School comprehended from the beginning three departments — classical, English high, and normal. The programme of the English department contained, beside the subjects just mentioned in connection with the Boston English High School, botany, astronomy, physiology, chemistry, geology and mineralogy, and vocal music. In the classical department of this school, the applied mathematics, the sciences, mental philosophy, moral science, rhetoric, logic, and political economy were omitted, Latin and Greek taking the place of these studies. The carrying on in the same building of two or more different courses of study, distinguished by such names as the classical, the English, and the general, soon became common; for the example of Boston in maintaining a public Latin school and a separate English high school was not generally followed; indeed, it is only within a few years that some cities, such as Worcester, Cambridge, and Somerville, in Massachusetts, have adopted the Boston method.

The classical sides, or courses, of the public high schools, like the classical courses in the endowed and private academies and schools, have been from the start much influenced by the requirements for admission to American colleges; but the English sides, or courses, have been but slightly influenced by these requirements. Only since the institution of scientific or technological schools have the English high schools proper, or the "general," or English programmes in public high schools, felt the influence of institutions of higher education to which some of their graduates were going. The development of these scientific schools having taken place mainly within the last thirty years, they are practically younger than the high schools. Since the majority of high schools never send any graduates, or but an insignificant proportion of their graduates, to higher institutions, the high schools have had a development or evolution of their own; and their ideals have been largely their own, with the exception of the comparatively small number of high schools which have maintained an effective classical side. Their constituency and government have been quite unlike those of the public elementary schools on the one hand, and of the institutions of higher education on the other.

How have their ideals, or standards,

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changed with lapse of time? The first and most obvious change is in the standard of the schools as regards physical provisions for the safety, comfort, and health of the pupils. Buildings are better constructed; thought is taken, at least in planning new buildings, for proper heat, good light, adequate ventilation, and cleanliness; and in general the convenience and health of pupils and teachers are much considered, although not always with successful results. This change is, of course, part of the general change in the sentiments and practices of the intelligent part of American society in regard to bodily excellence, physical training, and public health. In this respect the public high schools have altogether outstripped the endowed academies, — as may be plainly seen on comparing the accommodations of such famous academies as the two Phillips Academies at Exeter and Andover with such Massachusetts high schools as those of Cambridge, Medford, Springfield, and Fall River, not to mention those of Milwaukee, Kansas City, St. Louis, and Denver. To appreciate the magnitude and beneficence of this change one must have been a pupil in a public school fifty-five years ago, as I was in the then new building of the Boston Latin School.

In the second place, the number of subjects in the programmes of study of public secondary schools has been gradually reduced, as the idea of imparting useful information at these schools has given place to the idea of training capacities and implanting desires or aspirations. On the programme of the Cambridge High School for 1853, in the English department, or course, more than twenty different subjects appear. In the English course of the same school in 1883, thirty years later, not more than fourteen subjects appear. In the regulations of the Boston Girls' High School in 1867, for the three years' course of study, at least twenty-one different subjects occur, and it would be possible to make the count even higher. There is still some complaint that the number of simultaneous studies in our public schools is too large; but the number has unquestionably been much reduced during the last twenty-five years. This reduction in the number of studies means greater thoroughness in treating some, at least, of the subjects retained. The tendency is a thoroughly good one, and ought to be given free course. The introduction of the laboratory methods of teaching natural science has compelled the assignment of more time to any science studied by that method. Superintendents and masters have perceived that no valuable result in the way of training could be got from a few weeks' attention to botany and zoölogy, or meteorology and astronomy, or chemistry and physics, at the rate of three or four lessons a week. Accordingly, they have either refused to deal at all with a scientific subject proposed for admission to the programme, or they have given it time enough to enable the pupils to get from it the training it is fitted to give. I have before me the lists of subjects in the three courses of study maintained in the high school of a small Massachusetts city in the later seventies and earlier eighties. On this programme, Latin, mathematics, Greek, and French are all studied forty weeks in the year, if they are studied at all, — that is, it was not considered worth while to attack any one of those subjects unless it could be studied forty weeks in the year. The subjects pinched for time in this high school are the English subjects, such as English grammar, history, English literature, and civil government, and the scientific subjects, such as geography, physics, physiology, botany, chemistry, astronomy, and geology. The largest number of subjects prescribed for any single pupil in the course of four years is seventeen, and this prescription occurs in the feeble course called "general." Even in this "general" course, the small-

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est number of weeks in the years assigned to one subject is twelve. In the programmes of this school, the habitual superiority of the classical course over the other courses is very clearly marked. The total number of subjects dealt with in the classical course of four years is only ten; and of those ten, Latin, algebra, Greek, and French are taught for forty weeks every year in which they occur; geometry is taught for twenty-eight weeks; and physics for thirty-two; and the only subjects which can be said to be slighted are English grammar, ancient geography, and ancient history. These programmes of this typical school are twenty years old. They show great progress, since the first programmes of the Boston English High School were made, in regard to condensation and thoroughness: they show progress away from the false ideal of giving useful information, toward the ideal of imparting power and implanting a longing or taste for some intellectual pleasure, like reading good literature, cultivating a natural science such as physics or chemistry, pursuing out of doors some branch of natural history, or studying history. They show that the constituency and governors of this school had begun to perceive that the supreme object of all education, whether elementary, secondary, or higher, is to implant an intellectual longing that will continue to demand some satisfaction long after school days or college days are over. That education which does not accomplish this object has failed, no matter how prolonged it was; and that education which has effected this has succeeded, however short it was.

I have said that most public high schools have maintained, and still maintain, parallel courses which are selected by or for groups of pupils supposed to have separate destinations. The commonest names for these courses are classical, general (or Latin scientific), English, and commercial. Their merit, as a rule, declines quite obviously from the classical, which is the best, down to the commercial, which is the poorest. The number of these separate courses is in some schools large, — even eight or nine in number; but the commonest numbers of separate courses are three and four. The number of real options used in constructing these three or four courses is in reality small, the commonest options being some science and history instead of Greek, and some English literature and rhetoric with history instead of Latin. A few of the best and most progressive high schools, and a few endowed academies, are now arranging their studies in one programme, with clear indications of the few options; and this arrangement makes the course of study for the individual pupil distinctly more flexible than the commoner arrangement in stiff groups. This change marks a decided advance in the theoretical conception of a just freedom for the individual during secondary education. The Boston plan of maintaining a Latin school and a separate English high school involved a decision by parents or teacher as to which school a little boy ten or twelve years of age should enter; and that decision classified that boy for life at a very early age, long before the boy's capacities and possibilities could have been determined. The common method of arranging the studies of a high school in three or four different groups or series, and compelling each pupil to choose which group he will take, also involves a very early decision of the pupil's destination. If he chooses the classical course, he can go to college; but if he chooses any other course, he can at best go only to a scientific or technological school; and he is not sure of being well prepared for that. During the last thirty years it has been my fate to listen to, or read, many arguments on the impossibility of a college youth's selecting his own studies with discretion, when he has attained the age of eighteen or nineteen and is only

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choosing for a single year and with much advice; yet it never seems to have occurred to the persons who find such comparatively unimportant choices dangerous, that the organization of our public secondary schools has compelled the determination of the pupils' life destinations at the early age of ten to fourteen, through choices made for them, without their participation or consent, by parents or teachers, sometimes on trivial grounds, or, at least, on imperfect knowledge of the pupils' capacities and tastes. The recognition of the profound individual differences of capacity and mental inclination in children, and the desire to give elasticity to secondary school organization, in order to accommodate instruction to these individual differences, are invaluable changes of sentiment and disposition in the management of our public schools.

Underneath these changes lies another change of ideal. The former conception was, that different kinds of education were needed for the high school graduate who was going into some sort of commercial or industrial occupation at eighteen, and for the youth who was destined for college or scientific school at eighteen. Inasmuch as the first boy's education was to be much shorter than the second's, it must also be more discursive and superficial, and must inform him slightly about a much greater variety of subjects. The college boy could wait to learn in college something about natural history, or physics, or political economy, or civil government; but the less fortunate boy, whose education was to cease at eighteen, must get glimpses of all these subjects before he left the high school. A consensus of opinion, arrived at from two different sides, is gradually modifying profoundly these views. From the side of the high school graduate, it is now contended that whatever subjects are fit to make a young man ready to pursue with intelligence and vigor some of the higher studies of a college or scientific school ought also to prepare him to grasp with rapidity the details of any business or mechanical occupation to which he may be compelled to resort at eighteen, and to enable him to prosecute that business with diligence and alertness. In either career after the age of eighteen, what the youth most needs is a trained capacity to observe, to reason, and to maintain an alert attention. In either career a firm mental grip is the first element of success. Whatever studies will impart this power will answer the main purpose in either career. On the other hand, it is beginning to be recognized by colleges and scientific schools, that whatever subject is well and thoroughly taught in public high schools taken together as a class, taught in a way to inspire interest and train mental power, ought to count toward admission to college or scientific school; inasmuch as all the college or scientific school needs as material is young men who have developed mental powers in proportion to their age. In other words, the colleges and scientific schools are beginning to recognize that their first demand should be for trained capacity in their candidates for admission, and not for knowledge of any particular subject or subjects. What has moved the colleges toward this new acknowledgment? I have already observed that the public high schools in the United States have had a gradual development of their own, and have secured functions of their own, and that they are not properly to be called fitting or preparatory schools. It is the sight of this development all over the northern and western portions of our country, which has, after two generations, procured a substantial modification of college requirements for admission. This modification, with its probable effects upon secondary schools, both public and private, is the next topic to which I shall ask your attention.

All endowed and private secondary schools in the United States have been

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much affected as to their courses of study and their methods of teaching by the requirements for admission to the American colleges. Most of them were expressly intended to prepare boys for colleges. The few public schools, like the Boston Latin School, which were established for the same purpose, of course arranged their studies with reference to college requirements; and in the public high schools established within the last fifty years with a classical course as well as English or modern language courses, college requirements for admission had to be regarded in their classical courses; and these classical courses, though frequented by only a small proportion of the pupils, have always claimed a disproportionate share of the total expenditure made on the school, because for these courses the best teachers were required.

Now, for more than twenty years after the establishment in numerous American cities and towns of these high schools with classical courses, the requirements for admission to college remained what they had been for generations, — Latin, Greek, and elementary mathematics, with ancient history and geography. Harvard College has certainly been as ready for experiments and changes as any other American college; yet down to 1869 the requirements for admission to Harvard College were the subjects just named, with the addition of the elements of physical geography and modern geography. No English, French, or German, no history except ancient history, and no natural science except the elements of geography, could be counted toward admission. Although hundreds of high schools for boys between twelve and eighteen years of age had been established between 1849 and 1869, and had made for themselves a large place in American education, the requirements for admission to the American colleges were practically unchanged for the twenty years between 1849 and 1869. The scientific schools throughout this period had but little influence on secondary schools whether public or private; because their requirements for admission were set very low. Thus, the requirements for admission to the Lawrence Scientific School were, in the chemical department, the elements of chemistry, arithmetic, algebra, geometry, and trigonometry; in the department of engineering, — algebra, geometry and trigonometry. The chemical department might be said to have encouraged the study of chemistry in secondary schools, and both departments encouraged the study of trigonometry. Such were the limits of the influence of the Lawrence Scientific School on secondary schools previous to 1869. No scientific or technological school in the country had requirements which compared in extent or difficulty with the requirements for admission to the average American college.

By a gradual process, extending over thirty years, Harvard College has come to recognize for admission the following additional subjects: English, French, German, English and American history, the history of Europe, physics, chemistry, physiography, anatomy physiology and hygiene, trigonometry, astronomy, and meteorology, — that is, all these new subjects may count toward admission to Harvard College; so that the modern languages, including English, the natural sciences, and history, have obtained from that college, at least, full recognition as suitable elements of secondary education. For the Lawrence Scientific School, all the subjects just mentioned may now be counted for admission, and, in addition, botany and zoölogy, shopwork, and drawing. The shopwork may embrace one or some of the following divisions — woodworking, blacksmithing, chipping, filing and fitting, and machine-tool work. Moreover, it is proposed to bring the admission requirements of the Lawrence Scientific School up to an equality with those of Harvard College by adding new

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subjects from year to year, until the labor or effort required to get into the Scientific School shall be as great as that required to enter the college, although there will be a larger range of options for the individual candidate.

In the wide range of subjects which may be presented for admission to Harvard College, the individual candidate has inevitably a good deal of choice. He must present English, Latin, either French or German, elementary history (either Greek and Roman, or English and American), algebra, geometry, and one natural science; but nearly three quarters of his preparation may still be the traditional Latin, Greek, elementary mathematics, and ancient history, — or, on the other hand, these traditional subjects may be represented by less than a third of his studies in the secondary schools; namely, by Latin, algebra, and geometry. At the option of the candidate, the modern languages, including English, may be represented to the extent of nearly one half of his preparatory studies; or natural science may constitute a little more than one third of his preparatory studies; or, at the small additional cost of presenting three advanced subjects instead of two, the modern languages and history may cover sixteen twenty-sixths of the total requirements.

It is manifest that under this scheme Harvard College proposes, to count for admission any study taught in secondary schools to an extent which can fairly be supposed to cultivate in the pupils the peculiar mental capacity the study is fitted to impart. With the exception of Latin, every one of the studies absolutely required for admission to Harvard College is already a common high school study; and, of course, there is not a single study in the list of permitted subjects which would not be a good subject for a secondary school.

The subjects recognized for admission to the Lawrence Scientific School include shopwork and drawing, subjects which belong to the programmes of manual training schools, or mechanic arts high schools. This recognition of the function of these new schools is novel and interesting. Hereby the university declares that in the scientific professions, at least, eye skill and hand skill are of great utility; and it also recognizes the fact that there are children whose minds are opened and set working, and whose powers of attention are trained, by manual tasks more effectually than by book tasks, and who arrive at distinct conceptions of precision, proof, and truth, better through mechanical achievements requiring accuracy of eye and hand than in any other way.

These new requirements for admission to Harvard College and the Lawrence Scientific School have been carefully defined in descriptive pamphlets, but will need to be still further defined by the actual examination papers in a series of years. They recognize to the full the importance of the field conquered by the public high school in the United States, while they leave to the private fitting school, and the endowed school their traditional programme in full force, with the additions which the experience of those schools has led them gradually to accept within the past thirty years. The new scheme of admission requirements was, indeed, based in part on a careful examination of the actual programmes of a large number of good public high schools, the preliminary inquiries which have led to this important change going back as far as the investigation made by the Committee of Ten in 1892–93.

It may reasonably be expected that within a few years all the leading American colleges and scientific schools will make analogous modifications of their requirements for admission; for it is not only their interest to do so, but the interest of American education in general. Indeed, a considerable number of American colleges have already taken some

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steps toward this result, as for instance by permitting the substitution of modern languages for Greek at entrance examinations to the course for the A. B., or by offering a variety of degrees corresponding to entrance examinations of various standards. At its first opening, the Leland Stanford University printed a list of twenty subjects, — languages, sciences, mathematics, and history,— and said that any ten might be offered for admission. No discrimination whatever was made between the subjects, although some of them might have been studied four years at school, and others only six months. It is much to be wished that the scientific and technological schools should raise their standards for admission; for so long as they admit their students on much easier terms than the colleges admit theirs, the public high schools, or the non-classical courses in public high schools, will lack that valuable support which the colleges give to the classical courses in high schools, and to the endowed and private fitting schools.

The support which colleges and scientific schools can give to secondary schools comes indirectly through that portion of the schools' graduates who go on to a college or scientific school. The establishment of colleges for women has therefore strengthened decidedly the influence of colleges and scientific schools with high schools, and, vice versâ, the influence of secondary schools with the institutions of higher education. This increased influence is, in part, a result of the increased number of pupils in secondary schools who are preparing for the higher institutions. But the presence of girls in the classes preparatory for colleges has had a further effect to enlarge the range of subjects accepted by colleges at their entrance examinations. Thus, girls naturally want to study the modern languages and history, and they ordinarily have a quicker appreciation of literature than boys, and a stronger desire to become acquainted with the literature of their own and other languages; hence, a greater willingness on the part of school committees and school trustees to provide for these new subjects in secondary schools. This indirect effect of the establishment of colleges for women is by no means exhausted. In the early years of college education for women it was natural that the most ardent supporters of the undertaking should desire, in the first instance, to prove that young women could pursue with success precisely the same subjects which young men had been accustomed to pursue. This demonstration having now been given, the advocates of the higher instruction for women will feel at liberty to seek experimentally a better education for young women than that contrived in the interests of young men. Hence will probably come a better development of some subjects now but feebly taught in secondary schools; and with this new development, a greater freedom of election of studies in secondary schools.

The argument for many information-studies, each developed but slightly in secondary schools, carries with it an assumption that after leaving school the boy or girl will have no opportunity of acquiring information, however much it may be needed. The same argument is used in favor of long periods of study in graduate schools. The young man who has graduated from college at twenty-three is urged to spend four or five years in a graduate school, to pursue his studies and acquire a thorough knowledge of his chosen subject, before he goes out into the desolate world, wherein no more knowledge is to be acquired. This argument, whether applied to the secondary school or to the graduate school, is in the highest degree fallacious and misleading. The fact is, that if a boy or girl of eighteen has acquired the habit of study and the desire for knowledge, he or she will continue to acquire information rapidly and effectively after leaving school. If no such habit has been acquired, and no

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such taste imparted, no continuous mental absorption of facts or principles is to be expected; but this disastrous result is due not to the lack of information-studies at school, but to the lack of power-training and inspiration. It is precisely the same with the young men and women of twenty-five or twenty-six who should be going out into the world from the graduate school of arts and sciences. To linger longer in study at school is to forego the better training of the scholar's life out in the world, the better training, that is, of the life of productive, scholarly activity — of the life which gives out as well as sucks in. There is a plausible but canting phrase which says that the high school provides a training for life, the preparatory school a training for college. The fact is that the secondary school should provide a good training for life beyond eighteen years of age; the college a better training for life beyond twenty-one or twenty-two; and the professional school a still better training for life, because the training is prolonged to twenty-five or twenty-six years of age. But the graduate from any one of these three institutions should find, in his own case, that the training which active life affords is the best he has ever had, because more strenuous, more responsible, and more productive. Any institution of education may calculate on the prodigious development in mental powers and moral character which the man or woman, well started in youth, will undergo through experience of life in the actual world. When the class of 1853 graduated at Harvard College, photographs of the whole class were taken and preserved in book form. Forty years after, the photographs of all the survivors were taken and placed in a similar book, each older photograph opposite the younger photograph of the same person. The resulting volume was lying on my table at home, when a French gentleman, who had been for some years the librarian of the Argentine Republic, called to see me on his way to Paris. As I was obliged to keep him waiting a few minutes, he picked up from the table that book of photographs, and soon became absorbed in examining it. When I joined him he was full of eager inquiries about it, and concluded by saying that it was the most optimistic human document he had ever seen. A perfect stranger to all the men, and of a different race, he nevertheless appreciated in the older faces the immense improving effect of the experience of life. It is safe, then, to rely on the development of good mental and moral quality out in the world after leaving school, college, or professional school, provided that the preliminary training has been sound and well directed. Secondary schools need no longer feel that now or never is the time for their pupils to acquire useful information. It will be enough if they teach them how to get trustworthy information, and to desire it.

It is sometimes said that the degree of Bachelor of Arts ought to represent culture, and the degree of Bachelor of Science technical skill and useful information applicable at once to the earning of a livelihood; and, in like manner, that secondary school studies are divisible into culture-studies and information-studies, the first class being the higher and the second the lower. It is certainly true that the young graduate from a good scientific or technological school is somewhat nearer to the earning of his living than the young graduate of a college; because his studies have been expressly arranged to prepare him for some scientific calling, like that of the chemist, engineer, architect, or teacher of scientific subjects. But this distinction between the two degrees is fading away, and may soon disappear altogether, for the reason that the object in view with candidates for both degrees is fundamentally the same, namely, — training for power. In that sense, all the studies of a college or of a scientific school ought

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to be culture-studies, and all information-studies, and all broadening, elevating, and inspiring. Just so in secondary schools, the distinction between culture-studies and information-studies may be expected gradually to disappear, all subjects suitable for secondary schools having both qualities. Even the cultivation of the imagination is likely to take on new aspects; for it is already clear that the imagination which broods over new facts, broad inductions, and guiding hypotheses is of a more vigorous and fruitful quality than the literary or romantic imagination; unless, indeed, that imagination also occupies itself with biographical or historical pictures, or with possible manifestations of natural forces and of human qualities and powers, and keeps itself within these bounds.

Another change in the policy of American secondary schools deserves mention. When the high schools were first established, and in some measure during the first thirty or forty years of their existence, it was natural that they should take to themselves a large group of studies superior to those ordinarily pursued in the grammar schools or grades, and seek the exclusive possession of those superior studies. In carrying out this policy, the secondary schools came to violate some of the best established principles in education. Thus, they prevented the foreign languages from being begun at the right period of a child's life, — namely, between nine and twelve. They also reserved to themselves algebra and geometry, both of which subjects should be begun long before the age of fourteen. This segregation of high school studies is, of course, exceedingly undesirable; since it results in depriving pupils under fourteen or fifteen years of age of some of the most appropriate and useful portions of an elementary education. From this point of view, the German or Swedish division of the total period of education up to eighteen is much to be preferred to our own. In those countries the elementary schools claim the child up to nine or ten years of age, the secondary schools from nine or ten up to eighteen or nineteen. Under our conditions, the most available method of recovering from this error is to push back into the grammar schools some of the studies which have heretofore been reserved for the high schools, — such, for example, as Latin, French, the elements of algebra and geometry, and the elements of physics. If we could get rid of that distinct and most untimely stopping-place at the end of the grammar school course, a larger proportion of American children would pursue their education beyond fourteen or fifteen. By this change of policy, both the elementary school and the secondary school would be strengthened and enriched, as both kinds of school now begin to see.

Beside conveying the theoretical recognition by the colleges of the fact that modern languages, natural science, and history, if well taught, may give as good a mental training as classics or mathematics, the changes made in college requirements for admission have an immediate practical value. They will bring colleges into closer connection with English high schools throughout the country, and open the colleges to considerable numbers of young persons who have no faculty for mathematics or for Greek, thus extending the influence of colleges, and increasing the proportion of highly educated persons in the community. The changes made at Harvard College are merely part of a general movement for freer and at the same time closer relations between colleges and secondary schools. Hereafter it will not be necessary for a boy of thirteen or fourteen years of age to choose once for all between a college career and a business or industrial career; and, furthermore, — and this is the more important consideration, — the other courses of study in high schools need no longer be inferior to the classical course, all courses being stimu-

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lated by the possibility of meeting through them the admission examinations to colleges. The entire body of instruction in high schools will thus be elevated, to the advantage of that large proportion of pupils whose education stops with the high school. This result is one of those aimed at by the Committee of Ten in 1893, every one of the nine conferences called by that Committee having recommended that its own subject, or subjects, if taught at all in a secondary school, should be taught in the same way to those intending to go to college and to those not intending to go to college.

Let us consider for a moment the effect of the changes proposed in regard to a single subject, — history. Can there be a more appropriate and desirable study in the American high schools than history, whether we look to the interests of the Republic or to the intellectual and moral needs of the pupils? Yet, history has notoriously been a weak subject in high schools, being taught from condensed manuals chiefly by committing them to memory, and without illustration and enforcement through studies in geography, climatology, ethnology, and economics. The improvement in the elementary requirement in history at the Harvard entrance examinations, and the addition of an advanced examination in history, together afford a notable example of the efforts made by Harvard College to render studies hitherto weak in secondary schools fit to compare with, and in some measure to replace, studies which heretofore have been on a much better footing.

It is obvious that the new plan of admission to Harvard College tends to enlarge election of studies in secondary schools, because it tends to give the individual pupil a wider choice among studies than he has theretofore enjoyed. Of course selection between groups of studies has existed in public high schools almost from the beginning, and is open to all the familiar objections to early selection among groups. The present changes tend to offer to the pupil election between individual studies — a much less fateful and conclusive sort of choice. There are those who say that there should be no election of studies in secondary schools, — that the school committee, or the superintendent, or the neighboring college, or a consensus of university opinion, should lay down the right course of study for the secondary school, and that every child should be obliged to follow it. This is precisely the method followed in Moslem countries, where the Koran prescribes the perfect education to be administered to all children alike. The prescription begins in the primary school, and extends straight through the university; and almost the only mental power cultivated is the memory. Another instance of uniform prescribed education may be found in the curriculum of the Jesuit colleges, which has remained almost unchanged for four hundred years, disregarding some trifling concessions made to natural science. That these examples are both ecclesiastical is not without significance. Nothing but an unhesitating belief in the Divine wisdom of such prescriptions can justify them; for no human wisdom is equal to contriving a prescribed course of study equally good for even two children of the same family, between the ages of eight and eighteen. Direct revelation from on high would be the only satisfactory basis for a uniform prescribed school curriculum. The immense deepening and expanding of human knowledge in the nineteenth century, and the increasing sense of the sanctity of the individual's gifts and will-power, have made uniform prescriptions of study in secondary schools impossible and absurd. We must absolutely give up the notion that any set of human beings, however wise and learned, can ever again construct and enforce on school children one uniform course of study. The class system, that is, the process of instructing

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children in large groups, is a quite sufficient school evil, without clinging to its twin evil, an inflexible programme of studies. Individual instruction is the new ideal.

It is to be observed that election of studies in a secondary school ought to be followed, for all those who go to college, by election of studies within the college. It ought to be perfectly possible for a boy who has been prepared for college chiefly upon the modern-language, or scientific, or mathematical side, to turn in college to the study of the ancient languages, history, literature, and philosophy; and, vice versâ, it should be possible for the boy prepared chiefly on the classical side to turn to natural science, mathematics, history, or modern literature.

If, however, the training to be hereafter obtained in high schools from modern languages, science, and history is to be comparable in merit with the training given by the classical sides of high schools in Latin and Greek, it is clear that a new and more expensive kind of teacher must be provided in these modern subjects — men and women of broader training and greater attainments, and therefore entitled to higher salaries. The classics have had enormous advantages in secondary schools: they have been taught through more years than any other subject, and more periods a week, and by more accomplished teachers. These advantages must now be given to the newer subjects, if equally good results in mental training are to be procured through them. The intellectual ideal which has been maintained by the classical course is not to be lowered — it is to be extended to other courses. The prime object of the proposed changes is to lift instruction in secondary schools, not to bring down instruction in colleges. The average quality of the youth admitted to American colleges ought not to be lowered in the least degree, in consequence of the recognition of the new subjects. That evil must be avoided by providing in the schools as good instruction in the new subjects as in the old, and by maintaining strict examinations at the college gates.

Finally, the new scheme of requirements for admission to colleges does not mean that secondary education is to be more discursive for the individual pupil than it has been. On the contrary, it should become less so. Discursiveness is advantageous neither to the boy who is going to college, nor to the boy who is not going to college, and should be absolutely avoided for every pupil in the high school. The elective system, as a whole, whether in school or in college, does not tend to discursiveness, but to intensity in study. That the new requirements have no tendency to diminish the specialization of studies in secondary schools is obvious from the fact that they are adapted to the ordinary curriculum of the best classical schools in the country. These are the most highly specialized schools. They are also adapted to schools which wish to specialize in science, mathematics, or history.

Let me not end this paper, however, with a negative or defensive statement. It has been my object to call attention to some of the positive gains made in recent years in both the theory and the practice of secondary education. These gains are noiseless, but pervasive; they take effect on 500,000 pupils every year. Have we not here some solid ground for hopefulness about the Republic, both as a form of government and as a state of society?

Charles W. Eliot.

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THE UNITED STATES AND ROME.

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I.

SCIENCE at the present time has assumed control of international political relations. The application of science to the production of wealth, to the development of commercial intercourse, to the diminution of space, has rendered of no effect the old political laws enacted by geography. Political theories arise and take shape out of the general knowledge of the time. We cannot expect of such theories permanent authority and universal application. Science is continually busy altering our political and social conditions. The isolation of the United States in the time of George Washington was caused on the one side by lands unknown, on the other by the ocean hardly traversed by ships loitering at the pleasure of the wind. Out of this plenitude of time and space the Monroe Doctrine and allied theories were put together. To America Europe used to be the Old World, governed by alien ideas and ancient constitutions of society. Even England was far away. A king, an aristocracy, an established church, universities of great authority were so many strange conceptions that prevented any intimacy between England and ourselves. The United States now hear from minute to minute what takes place in every capital in Europe; they send forth thousands upon thousands of travelers curious of foreign ways; every year they receive hundreds of thousands of immigrants, and every year they exchange wealth greater than that of ancient kingdoms with the great nations of Europe. Questions that affect Europe immediately concern the United States. Alike they are perplexed over the production and distribution of wealth, the progress of science, the maintenance of peace.

There is no prospect that the intimacy of this country with Europe will be arrested; rather it is likely to increase at a rapidly accelerated pace. The two continents are speedily becoming one political whole. There is no national privacy in any quarter of the globe; whither one nation's ships go, thither steer the fleets of the world. Asia and Africa have passed under the suzerainty of Europe; they will be exploited to gratify the luxury of London, Paris, and Berlin, and hearty American appetites are expectant of their shares also. The political relations between the United States and the nations of Europe will be as close as those between Massachusetts and New York. The Atlantic will be no wider than the Channel. Social relations will follow; capitalists will draw nearer to capitalists, laboring class to laboring class. The barriers of language will be pushed aside. The United States will soon be brought into the closeness of juxtaposition which requires definite attitude and action not only with European governments, but with all European institutions. Of those institutions the greatest is the Roman Catholic Church.

In one sense this country has been regulating its relations with that church ever since this continent was discovered; but in a larger sense the meeting of the great modern democracy and of the great Latin church will be a new occurrence, and upon it matters of great interest to civilization will depend. The dealings which we have had with that church have been on our side, adjournments and postponements, in the confident expectation that, like unanswered letters, the matters involved would soon cease to be of practical concern. The adjourned day is now approaching, the Papacy has not passed away, and the nation takes no position, but is leaving the matter as

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one of private concern to her individual citizens.

In George Washington's time the population of this country was chiefly English. Its religious creeds for the greater part were taken from the creeds of the English middle classes. There were Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, and members of the Anglican Church. There were Calvinists, Lutherans, and Quakers. There were a few Roman Catholics, but they were gathered together in Maryland, Pennsylvania, and Georgia, and were of slight political consequence. In the course of time Louisiana, Florida, Texas, and California, one after the other, brought in their quota of Catholics. In the middle of this century began the great flood of immigration. The Irish have come, as a magician shakes bonbons out of a cornucopia. Famine, political discontent, hopes of every kind, have fetched people of every nationality and creed. Statistics say that the proportion of Catholics to the whole population was, in 1783 one in eighty, in 1829 one in sixteen, in 1844 one in fifteen, in 1890 one in ten, or, according to some, one in seven. There are thousands of churches, thousands of priests, and branches of all the great religious orders. The slightest inquiry shows us that the growth of the Roman Catholics in numbers, education, and wealth has been steady; that their political power has increased in even greater proportion than their numbers.

This increase of Catholicism has caused alarm among Americans of English descent. To them Wickliffe's teachings, Henry VIII.'s quarrel with Rome, the destruction of the Armada, the Puritan Revolution, the Act of Settlement, the repeated rejection of the Stuarts, have been the cardinal facts of English history. They look on Rome as their forefathers looked upon her: —

"Rome, l'unique objet de mon ressentiment!"

They bid you contemplate Pope Joan, Alexander Borgia, St. Bartholomew's massacre, the persecution of Galileo, the Order of Jesus, and ask if they are not justified. This alarm and opposition sometimes show themselves in the formation of societies for the preservation of American institutions. The Catholics have betrayed, in some instances, a certain inclination that public moneys be used to support Catholic schools. Their adversaries are somewhat troubled thereby. But most people suffer those matters to take care of themselves. The general disposition is one of practical indifference. It is a long time since Luther went to the Diet of Worms, and the doctrine of *laissez faire* has wrapped itself around religious matters.

The great opposition to the Roman Church in the sixteenth century was an opposition of race, of nationality. The Reformation was the awakening of the Teutonic races to the great differences that separated them from the Latin races; northern nations felt the swelling of national instincts, and the bonds of the Universal Church were broken. From then until to-day the sentiment of nationality has been predominant; that sentiment reached its zenith in the end of this century, and is already beginning to wane. Cosmopolitanism is establishing; hereafter other bonds than those of a common country will group men together.

Signs appear that the breaking up of nationality will begin in the United States. There will be in this country three principal parties, those of English, German, and Irish descent; but there will be many other stocks. The motto *E pluribus unum* will be more true than ever. But the whole so formed will not have that unity of inheritance, of habits, of pleasures, of tradition, of imagination, which makes a nation. The United States will be the one great cosmopolitan country. In such a country, with no purely national feeling to be stirred

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to opposition, a proselyting church, prudent and bold, will have great opportunity. Most of the German element will be Protestant, but it will hardly strengthen the Protestant cause, because it will not unite with the English Protestant section. The Irish will be Catholics almost to a man; and they have an ardent loyalty of nature which will naturally turn them to the support of their church. In the midst of cosmopolitan indifference and disagreement the Church of Rome will be then, as she always has been, the one church which draws to herself men of all European races. There is but one church whose priests visit every people and hear confession in every language. There is but one cosmopolitan church.

II.

By the time the United States shall be acknowledged to be the richest and most powerful nation in the world, the attitude of the Papacy will already have been long determined. The Church reads the signs of the times, and will have girded herself for the great task of controlling the religious life of the majority of the American people.

In the past the Roman Church has achieved her great victories in face of the greatest powers of the world. First she subdued the Roman Empire; after its fall she met the Teutonic Emperors as a rival; and now, after the Holy Roman Empire has passed away, she still treats with the governments of the greatest nations as an equal. She is the only organization which has succeeded in adapting itself to the varying needs of men for nineteen hundred years. Again and again has she fallen into servitude, of German Emperors, of Roman nobles, of the kings of France; again and again has she risen with undiminished vitality. It is not strange that many who think that some divine power stood behind the early Christian Church, should believe that the same power guides and preserves the Church of Rome.

There have been great crises in her history. She might have been destroyed when the barbarians overran Italy; she might have been wrecked by the Reformation in the sixteenth century; she might have been ruined in the nineteenth century, if the Pope had been made the head of a confederated Italy; and she may be vanquished in the twentieth by the spirit of the American democracy, but the genius and passion of the Latin race still subsist, and there are great powers on her side.

The Roman Church has always been cosmopolitan. There have been Popes from England, Holland, Germany, France, Spain, and Italy. Her churches lift their spires from Norway to Sicily, from Quebec to Patagonia. Her missionaries have sacrificed their lives over all the world. Her strength has been that she is the Church Universal. England recognizes the Queen as the head of the Anglican Church; Russia the Czar as the head of the Greek Church; but the Roman Church has never been bounded by national boundary lines; she alone has been able to put before the western world the ideal of a church for humanity. This has been the source of her peculiar attraction; and in the next century, with national barriers broken down, her claims to universal acceptance and obedience will be stronger than ever. Americans cannot kneel to an English king nor prostrate themselves before a Czar of Russia, but many will do both before him who has the only claim to be considered the High Priest of Christendom.

Moreover, the city of Rome is the only city in which the spiritual head of a great church could live without exciting national jealousies elsewhere. It is the capital of a nation which no longer can rank as a great power. It is the city which holds greater traditions than any other. It has been the head of Europe and of the civilized world so long that in the present it has all the charm

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of the distant past, and appeals to the sentiments of all men. Montaigne speaks for all: "This city of Rome deserves to be loved; she is the only city which belongs to us all; she is the metropolitan city of all Christian nations."

But of greater importance than these matters is the freedom of the Papacy from temporal power. So long as the Popes were temporal sovereigns, they were subject to the like temptations as other princes. Political relations helped to prevent spiritual relations. Foreigners could not yield obedience to an Italian sovereign. This loss of temporal possessions is the greatest opportunity that the Papacy has had since the Reformation. The Popes now can stand before the world, not as Italian princes, but as priests of Christendom, not as the owners of central Italy, but as the descendants of Peter the fisherman, seeking only to obey the great entreaty, "Peter, feed my sheep."

It is natural that in the first anger, jealous of temporal power, the Popes have felt that they were deprived of their possessions, robbed of what had been their own by as good title as any known to civilization. It is a good riddance.

> "Ah, Constantine, to what great ill gave birth,
> Not thy conversion, but that dowery
> Which the first rich father took from thee."

Now they are freed from the old temptation; they have come down from the pinnacle of the temple whence the devil showed them all the riches of the west, and can ponder on the words, "My kingdom is not of this world." This freedom thrust upon them is the means by which a great man, if such a Pope shall be, will make the Papacy greater than it has ever been before. The little disputes that busy the papal adherents in Rome are petty jealousies such as vex the priest of every little parish. They are only formidable to the Papacy in times when a common man sits on the papal chair; when petifoggers make him think that local scandals and Roman tittle-tattle make up the interest of the world. But with a great Pope all these dregs will sink to the bottom again, and the great sources of life on which the Roman Church has drawn for so long will give her strength to carry on her mighty career.

The Roman Church is the great achievement of the Latin race. That is the only race that has conquered the world. The genius of Italy spent itself for hundreds of years in conquest; then after a long rest it gave birth to the modern world. For two thousand years it has maintained the dominant religion of the West. The old capacities for organization and for law may return with renewed vigor to reassert the power of the Latin race, and construct anew the great edifice of the Latin world, but help from others is sorely needed.

In all questions that affect civilization, and most of all in the matter of religion, one nation, or one race, by itself cannot achieve the best for mankind. The mingling of different bloods is needed, the union of minds of different construction. One race is unequal to the task of preparing the religious beliefs of the future. From among the Jews came the human ideal, from the Greeks the mysterious philosophy, and from the Romans the organization which together have made Christianity. The Teutonic people for centuries contributed nothing to Christianity; at last they offered personal independence, and the Teutonic church broke into a hundred sects. But the experiment must be made again. The clerical labor of the future will be to combine unity and independence. As the Roman Empire united many peoples under one rule and respected their laws and their gods, and did not attempt to impose an Italian government on all, but received Emperors from the farthest provinces, so the Church of Rome must make provision for ideas from the sea,

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the plain, the mountain, from avenue and alley, from American, Teuton, and Slav, and make the Holy Apostolic See and her college of cardinals not Italian only, but representative of the various parts of her empire, so that she shall gather together all men of religious mind who can be brought into a religious organization. The first great step toward a "Parliament of nations and federation of the world," is a universal church, and that church must appeal to a large majority of all who are susceptible to the influence of religious organization.

III.

Most Americans are inclined to think that a struggle with Rome will be a small contest for them. Fresh from the physical conflict with Spain, they conclude that the Latin blood is exhausted and cannot set up its will against their own. But the meeting of the great American democracy and the Roman Church will not be a hostile meeting. There will be little jealousy, no rivalry. We have no national creed to oppose to the Catholic beliefs; Rome has no commercial ambition to clash with ours. She will come quietly as into a sick room.

Twenty years ago Protestants and Agnostics would have banded together against the Roman Church. They would have felt that they must struggle side by side against gross ignorance and grosser superstition. But Protestant prejudices against the Roman Church are falling off. Calvin and Knox are losing worship. Jonathan Edwards has become a signboard of obsolete notions. Our old jealousies of the Roman Church were part of our inheritance from England. That inheritance has lost its relative consequence, and in the changing character of the United States those jealousies are disappearing. Old feuds between Protestant and Catholic have ceased to be as important as their united battles against moral decay. Churches of all kinds draw closer together as they feel that their fight is to be against cynicism, gross pleasures, the cruelty of greed. More and more churches separate religion from their own individual tenets and associate it with what all hold dear, the dignity of labor, the sanctity of self-sacrifice, the holiness of marriage, the preservation of noble purposes. They begin to regard religion as a bulwark to guard the spirit from the wastes of shame. There is a feeling everywhere that rich and poor, educated and ignorant, should band together to safeguard the riches of civilization; and that the common refuge for defense and starting point for conquest must be a united church. Even the strong Protestant sects of the Methodists and Baptists are growing less antagonistic to the Church of Rome. The Presbyterians show signs of conciliation towards the Episcopalians; they build churches in the likeness of Magdalene Tower; they put stained glass in their windows; they are less rigorous to heresy.

The Episcopal Church, nearer to Rome by far than the other Protestant sects, is constantly gaining ground. Her prelates, her hierarchy, her liturgy are continually, little by little, making the more recalcitrant Protestant sects more and more accustomed to the structure and to the rites of Rome. In the Episcopal Church itself attempt has been made to bring all Christian churches into union; with the idea that the middle path of the Anglican creed and practice would be the means of reconciliation and the meeting place for the dissenting churches and the mother church. But every idea of union prepares the road to Rome. The great original church may open her arms to receive; but she will never turn aside her feet to tread the *via media*. How shall we ask the church that claims its authority from the Apostle Peter to humble itself before the church which derives its independence from Henry VIII.?

The Agnostics also have changed their

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attitude very much. They have spent their passionate youth; they have outlived their joyous period of elation in intellectual liberty and intellectual disdain. They no longer seek for proselytes. They put their hands in their pockets; others may do as they please, they care not. Some of them perhaps have gone further. They are not conscious that they want a creed for themselves, but they admit that they should like to see a creed which other men can enjoy. Here is an example of familiar altruism. Who is this other man that stalks wrapped around in that unselfish imagining

"Que me ressemblait comme un frère?"

So it will be in America; and in Rome the great prelates who guide the church, when they turn their chief attention to the American question, will no doubt at first think political thoughts. The inevitable effect of belonging to a great organization to which they owe their early ideas, their accomplished ambitions, their daily bread, is to create the feeling that this organization, their mother, must be saved and exalted. Italian priests are men without wives, without children, without a country, and they cherish their church the more dearly. Her power is their pride, her magnification their desire. They will seek to use the swelling fortunes of the United States. The Papacy has always been friendly to the great powers of the world, unless they showed themselves its enemies and forced it to oppose them. Other motives will prick them too. The Papacy will have duties toward the Catholics here; it must not leave them in the condition of a disregarded church, out of the path of the vital forces of the nation. The Papacy cannot but hearken to the voice of ambition blended with that of duty, urging it to attempt the greatest feat of political skill to which it has yet put shoulder.

In time, the Papacy may be wise enough to avoid politics and listen to the great voice of religious need. The loss of temporal power will help the great awakening; it will be like the brazen serpent in the wilderness, an ever present sign set up to save. The Papacy, free to turn to the things of the spirit as never before since the Christians were a despised and persecuted sect, will hear the mourning, and see the sorrows of the poor. It can use all its great power to increase the nobleness of life. The church will not seek to benefit American Catholics at the obvious expense of American Protestants. It will seek to win the confidence of the nation.

The old Roman talents for religion in organization will have full play. It must be the capacity for obtaining from individuals public acknowledgment as well as private belief, and the ability to put emotions to use in organized and carefully adjusted ways, to which Cicero alludes: The Gauls may surpass us in strength, the Spaniards in numbers, the Carthaginians in craft, the Greeks in art, but we Romans excel in matters of Religion, and in public recognition of the divine guidance of the Gods.

These religious capacities, which the Latin race has infused into the Catholic Church, now spend themselves among the humbler classes. The laws and methods of the church are adapted to those classes, and as human limitations forbid clear comprehension of the ways of one class by another, the well-to-do classes mistake the ways of the church among the ignorant for her natural and only ways; but when the well-to-do of the next generation shall find the sons of the poor of to-day among them, they will see the laws and methods of the church more in harmony with their own notions and habits; the alien character of the church will disappear, the priests will be more educated, the bishops more American, the churches decorated to meet a more exacting taste. And if there shall be a class of Americans interested in the metaphysics of religion, or in the part which re-

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ligious authority may play in social matters, a Newman and a Manning will come forward. The pride of the church has always been to give unto men according to their needs.

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IV.

It is sometimes said that the spirit of American independence will be an insuperable obstacle to the encroachment of the Roman Church. But that spirit is of somewhat ghostly substance. The notions of liberty, fraternity, and equality were the emotional sentiments of our great grandfathers. Though they enjoyed great fashion and strength for a time, ideas of equality and fraternity have not succeeded. They have been handed by the most educated in the community to the least educated. The idea of independence has become liturgical, an idea to be mentioned with respect, but to which no obedience is due. The great economical movements of the time are against independence. More and more individuals give up their endeavors to manage their own business and to control their own actions; they readily accept positions wherein they execute the will of others. The class of independent traders is waning rapidly. Great corporations, and unions of wealth, have become the masters of servants once independent.

It may be doubted whether the mass of men ever cared for independence. The prod of oppression, the discomforts of unjust servitude at times have driven people to independence. But the burden of responsibility and that eternal vigilance which is the high price of liberty have few attractions for most men. They prefer the careless life of the servant to the honor of freedom. The emotional stimulus of the idea has now died away. Camille Desmoulins and Patrick Henry to-day would have another burden for their harangues. Men seek physical pleasures; abstract sentiments have become an ineffectual recreation.

Consider how petty shopkeepers become clerks in the great shops, how small farmers milk cows for some cream and butter corporation; how little factories seek the protection of a great union which has some capable man at its head; how politicians follow at the heels of their leader; how voters obey the lifted finger of their chief. The barrier to be offered by American independence is not strong.

But there is the shield of knowledge. How, it is said, can the great teachings of history, science, and literature, all of which are fatal to the dogmas of the Roman Church, fail of preserving our people from vulgar superstition? Passing over the assumption that knowledge is inconsistent with the Catholic religion, the truth remains that the persons whose actions and beliefs are governed by the teachings of science, history, and literature are a small fraction of all the people. The multitudes are ignorant, and there is no present prospect of an appreciable increase in their enlightenment. The ignorant are almost always under the moral and intellectual control of the more intelligent and educated; and in times past, in Protestant countries, when the mass of the people have abandoned Catholicism they have done so under the influence of the leading classes. But in the twentieth century the educated classes in the United States will cease to be Protestant, they will no longer direct or care to direct the courses of the multitude on religious matters; rather they will wish the multitude to be subject to some strong restraint which will hinder them from any attempt to upset the established order of society. Thus the great ignorant mass will be left unguarded to the importunity of the Roman priesthood, the one educated body which shall seek to influence them.

The very superstitions of the Catholic belief will help their cause. Men have always needed definite physical conception of moral ideas. Idol worship, the

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deification of ancestors, the apotheosis of emperors, the canonization of saints, the idealization of famous men, have been created by the great need of ignorant multitudes. No organization has ever made use of this need so effectively as the Roman Church. That need has not passed away even from America. Supernatural conceptions are required by the natural appetites of the imagination, and the Roman Church best can furnish them.

The democracy of American institutions will be no hindrance to the Church of Rome, for that church has been the greatest democratic power in the western world. With a few exceptions, the Popes have always been elected; and the Papacy has always been open to every Catholic, regardless of his birth. Popes have been chosen from all ranks of society. In the most vigorous period of the feudal system, the great councils of the church were great representative assemblies; their members came together from all Christendom. The church has always taught the spiritual equality of rich and poor, or has given precedence to the poor. The great monastic orders practiced equality. The Order of Jesus has always set the degree according to talents.

It may still be objected that the Roman Church is not modern, and is not adapted to the nation which more than any other lives in the present; it is said that age and youth cannot live together; that young America will find the aged church lame and slow; that if any church shall have influence it will be one untrammeled by tradition. The contrary may have a greater share of truth. This ancient institution has acquired a tough fibre and deep roots which give it enduring strength. Generations have grown up in its shine or shadow. It encumbers the horizon, and every man has adjusted his course by it, every younger organ has been affected by it, every nation has framed its government and laws in fondness or fear of it. Antique custom has a thousand crutches. One may level the Alps or flood the Desert of Sahara, but the very people who shall benefit must first be overcome. Men will not suffer you to destroy their deities or their devils. In its long life the church has learned means to supply the needs of all, — of the pious, the wayward, the ambitious and the meek, the libertine and the anchorite, the skeptic and the believer, the active and those that do nothing. Those old hands have a strength, and their softness a touch beside which the young are rude and incapable. History pronounces that no man can safely say that the church is unequal to the requirements of latter-day success. A generation ago, after Victor Emmanuel's army had marched into Rome, general belief among Protestants was confident that the Papacy had fallen; but during the pontificate of Leo XIII. it has been stronger than it had been for a hundred years. So it has been through history. Anti-popes and Babylonish captivity, rebellion and reformation have shaken the great edifice, but have left its foundations seemingly as strong as ever.

v.

The difficulties which lie in the path of the Roman Catholic dogmas are easily exaggerated. A dogma is merely a statement of fact ennobled by sentiment. If the human mind accepts facts on the testimony of eye, ear, smell, taste, and touch, if it entertains no doubt upon a material world, so shaped, so related, so colored, ambient in the open of space and time, there seems no good reason for reining in belief at any particular boundary. The human mind has no native dislike to dogma; on the contrary it has an appetite for beliefs. Only those minds which have got away from the ordinary course of human life, and have subjected themselves to rigorous training, have acquired intellectual squeamishness. The human mind is of

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nature as lazy as the human body. Unless urged on by unpleasant necessity, it will believe much sooner than it will examine and consider. The understanding is sympathetic to all sentimental feelings. A belief inherited from a father, given by a mother, bestowed by a lover, or one which struts in with insignia of possessions and authority, has a great advantage in making its way. It is only when a dogma meets an opposing sentiment, patriotism, custom, fashion, or some hostile interest, that it needs to struggle.

To an outsider the separate dogmas of the Roman Catholic Church are no more difficult of acceptance than the dogmas which she shares with Protestant sects. The fall, the atonement, the divinity of Christ, the Trinity, the clauses of the Apostles' Creed, are larger and more exacting beliefs than the authority of the fathers, the immaculate conception of Mary, the infallibility of the Pope in matters of faith and morals. To the outsider the dogmatic Protestant seems to strain at a gnat and swallow a camel.

Most beliefs in ordinary matters of life are fashioned out of the experience and knowledge of the few; then they are imposed upon, or taken up by, the many. Matters of chemistry, astronomy, physics; the benefits of medicine; the merits of Shakespeare, of Wagner, of Raphael, are all incorporated into portable hypotheses and pass current. Individual experience has very little weight as against convenience. One may be bored with Hamlet or go to sleep in Tristan, but belief is not shaken; pills and draughts may be followed by weakness, pain, and death, but patients persevere. Prayers for rain may not be answered, but they remain in the liturgy.

The enemies of the Roman Catholic dogma were the vanishing inheritances from Protestantism, from England, from Jonathan Edwards, from nurse and grandmother. Now that dogma has little to fear from its enemies, its success must depend upon its friends. The particular dogmas of Catholicism have no hindrances greater than those which stand in the way of any hitherto unaccepted dogma. The doctrine of papal infallibility is commonly presented by Protestants in the gross form that a man by virtue of an elective office shall be able to ascertain absolute truth. The true foundation of the doctrine is this: In the life of many a man comes a moment when he sees a vision; the grossness of his members falls from him; he hears a voice. At that moment his nature stands a-tiptoe; he has come nearer to something larger than himself than ever before. He will not let the memory of it die, but embodies it in some belief, so that his enthusiasm may not be lost. In like manner, when Catholic Christendom feels a sentiment of larger life than is its wont, and recognizes the presence of its Creator, it will not suffer that moment to pass, its spirit to fade away, but through the Pope, who by his position is sensible to all the movements of Christendom, the church embodies the noble sensation in a form which, in spite of the inadequacy of human symbols, is most able to preserve it. A new truth is proclaimed in order to help all Catholics remember their best selves.

The doctrine of indulgences is only blameworthy in corrupt practice. In its honesty who shall say it is devoid of truth? It declares that the good deeds and good thoughts of good men fill an invisible treasury, out of which the needy may receive alms. Who will gainsay that good deeds and great thoughts help many who are unable to help themselves? There must be some agency to convey the benefit from the benefactor to the beggar. Is not the church the custodian of the great religious traditions; is it not she who has kept the memory of spiritual longings fresh, who holds annual festivals in honor and memory of the good, who promulgates ennobling thoughts which otherwise would have been forgotten? It is the church which on every

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Sunday morning summons men to reflect upon the thoughts of men long dead. Has not the spirit of the noble dead lived on through the church; is it not memories of them which make the place holy? These memories make a great storehouse filled with the abundant life of happy men, to which the needy may come every day; and the church is the great factor which distributes the alms.

The dogma of the immaculate conception of the Virgin is the assumption of a woman into a spiritual idea. It tends to remove the anthropological part of a spiritual thought. It helps to bridge the space between the world of flesh and the world of spirit.

Taken one by one, the dogmas of the Roman Church present no great difficulty; and taken together they persuade men by one great virtue in them, the attribute of growth. The body of Roman Catholic dogma is not complete and fixed. New dogmas are added as new truths appear. The church acknowledges her own imperfect knowledge; she admits that she sees as through a glass darkly. This admission implies the capacity for indefinite enlargement. There is nothing to limit the immensity of new truths still to be discovered. The church stands on a foundation which seems fixed and immovable, but infinity lies before it; and the church bows before its own incompleteness. Hers is no petrified foundation, but a living rock on which she stands.

Here seems to be the peculiar power of this great organization to serve men. It combines the sense of certainty and fixedness, necessary to most men, and the capacity for growth, necessary to the few. To compare the old and the religious to the young and the secular, the church bears a significant likeness to the American Constitution.

VI.

Religious dogmas do not depend upon themselves for their success, but upon the ideas with which they associate themselves. There is the element of a parasite in every successful dogma. In the long past Catholic dogmas have allied themselves to hopes of heaven and fears of hell; but now, when conceptions of a future state are less vivid, dogmas seek to ally themselves with one social idea or another. Some may attach themselves to the ideas of order, some to those of revolution. One great task of the church is to watch over religious ideas, mark what company they keep, and prevent a misalliance, not only for the sake of success, but also for the sake of purity.

The doctrine of the immaculate conception of the Virgin, for example, left to itself might or might not commend itself to the mind; but when it is linked to a number of beliefs, of the sacrament of marriage, of regarding the body as the temple of the soul, of strengthening the family, it both gains and gives strength; it fits into a creed, it props social order and prospers.

Religious dogmas sometimes unite with ideas of other kinds from the mere fact of a fortuitous meeting in the same mind. Like lodgers at an inn, they establish mutual ties. Sometimes such unions seem very incongruous, as the joining of a belief in the Trinity to that of payment of debts. But this is an advantage both to the ideal and to the practical.

In the United States it may well be that the dogmas of the Roman Catholic Church will depend for their prosperity upon their affinity with certain social ideas. Of these one of greatest importance is improvement of the condition of the laboring classes. The increase of wages, accomplished by unions of workingmen, is a patent fact; and as wealth is creating in greater abundance all the time, the working classes will insist upon a larger share. Unions of workingmen will not only spread all over the United States, but will include Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Germans. The great causes of dissension among men will no

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longer coincide with national divisions; there will be no fellow countrymen of all the disputants; cosmopolitan quarrels must be made up by cosmopolitan counsels. Then the mediation of the great organization to which specially belongs the task of mediation will be of great value to mankind, and most to the workingmen who suffer most from disagreement with capitalists. Ministers of the Church of England will not be acceptable mediators in matters which concern Frenchmen, the clergy of the Greek Church will not be welcome to the Germans; but the priests of a cosmopolitan church, free from temporal sovereignty and national bias, will be fit to intervene and give counsel in cosmopolitan disputes. The creed of the Catholic Church naturally blends with mediation and peacemaking, in labor troubles as in others; witness Manning in England, Lavigerie in France, Ireland in America, and in Italy the Pope himself. Let the Church of Rome once join in the public mind her creed, and an active mediation to secure justice and peace, and she shall carry a thousand dogmas on her back.

The poor are the most ignorant. Dogma presents no difficulties to them. Help the poor, and they will believe that the sun revolves about the earth. The church has always deemed the poor her little children. Poverty in her eyes is freedom from temptation. As the poor always will be among us, that church, without regard to dogma, which shall open her arms the most generously toward them will have a multitude at her heels. A ministering church will receive unexpected friends. Many men now spend themselves in little attempts at social improvement here and there; they fritter away their high purposes in scattered efforts. At present they will not work with a church, partly on account of sectarian differences, partly because they have been misled by the vast increase of wealth into thinking that a fair division of wealth is the greatest present need. With their eyes fixed on physical ills, their ears hear only cries of physical distress. They regard religion as superstition and deception. But when the great church of the poor, bent though she be with ancient creeds, shall support the cause of the poor, social reformers will not only forget their former disbeliefs, but will associate with every word of her creed their own measures of reform, and murmur Amen. Limited now to the knowledge that increase of wages is good, they will learn through the church that not the goods which diminish, but those which multiply by sharing, make the happiness of mankind.

Every idea of practical good round which she can entwine her dogma will establish the power of Rome.

There is also the religious need of men. That need is friendly to any church. The desire to prostrate themselves, the thirst for sentiment, the longing to worship, the craving for more life, the fear of death, all demand comfort and succor. These needs break dogmas as Samson burst the green withes. What are dogmas to love? The lover has infinite capacities for belief. The Roman Church has many attributes which reach out friendly hands to the needy, immemorial tradition, ancient authority, ritual, mysticism, freedom from the world.

If the Roman Church shall succeed in establishing herself as the counselor of the laborer, the helper of the poor, the comforter of those in need of religion, her dogmas will be encumbrances no heavier than shadows.

Yet before Rome shall help the United States, they must help Rome. They must wake up her priests who sleep in the past; they must remind her that she is a church universal, and the oldest fabric of democracy; that she must recognize that all nations form her commonwealth; that her college of cardinals must represent them all; that new thoughts are as good as old thoughts;

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that saints may be born to-day as noble as those of old; that the world is as near to heaven as ever it was in the past; that the church must forsake the old order and conform to the new. The church must receive so that she may give, and enable her to play the great part which a church may still play in the civilization of mankind.

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VII.

Indications of these religious or political movements have already appeared both in the United States and in England.

The struggle in the Roman Catholic Church over what has been called Americanism is but the forerunner of the agitations of the twentieth century. Naturally the first stirring is within the church; it is the inevitable discomfort which takes place in an ancient body politic adapting to new uses. Conservatism limbers out with creaks and groans. Father Hecker's name has become a kind of shibboleth. Father Hecker, as is well known, was a member of the Brook Farm community. Afterward he was converted to Catholicism, and joined the congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. He was expelled from that order in consequence of an act of disobedience in a regulation, by going to Rome. He then founded the body known as the Paulist Fathers. He died in 1888. In 1891 Father Elliott wrote his life, to which Archbishop Ireland wrote an introduction. Subsequently this life, but with various changes, was translated into French, together with the preface by Archbishop Ireland, and a new introduction was added by M. l'Abbé Klein, a French priest. This book has been answered by M. l'Abbé Maignen. In this way has been brought before the secular public the controversy which had already been carried on with vigor within the church. Father Hecker represented a union between the ideas of personal independence and of personal responsibility and the beliefs of the Catholic Church. He believed that sole control of the church should pass from Latin hands; that the Teutonic races, with their appreciation of the value of self-reliance and of personal freedom, must take, for a time at least, the government of the church, in ideas, if not in politics. He believed in the direct action of the Holy Spirit upon the human soul. That belief carried the corollary, that if a man did not need the mediation of priest, of church, of saints, he could appeal to the Holy Spirit of God, and would be heard.

Archbishop Ireland says, "Each century calls for its type of Christian perfection." The value of the passive virtues — of contemplation, of resignation, of asceticism — has in a measure passed. The spirit of action is now the holier power. Hecker writes: "The church, says Schelling in substance, was first Petrine, then Pauline, and must be love-embracing, John-like. Peter, Catholicism; Paul, Protestantism; John, what is to be. What we want, and are tending to, is what shall unite them both as John's spirit does — and that in each individual. We want neither the authority of history, nor of the individual, neither infallibility, nor reason by itself, but both combined in life. Neither precedent nor opinion, but being — neither a written nor a preached Gospel, but a living one."

These ideas are all allied to the notions that religion is for the strong as well as for the weak, for those who succeed in this world as well as for those who fail; that the self-sufficient, resolute man needs the uplifting influences of religion as much as the downtrodden; and imply that the Roman Church has been misled by a too fixed attention on the misgoverned countries of Italy and Spain, and not understanding the needs of successful peoples, has left to the Protestant churches attempts that should have been hers.

Such and similar ideas have had great success among the more vigorous of the

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Catholic clergy here. Archbishop Ireland and Monsignor Keane are the most distinguished advocates thereof. These men stand for separation of church and state. Archbishop Ireland has said: "The Church recognizes as her own sphere faith and morals; she possesses and claims no mission in civil and political matters. If the Church encroaches upon the sphere of the State we should bid her away."

Their views have been resented by conservative members of the church in Europe. There has been a little jealousy lest the self-sufficient Americans foist new ideas upon them. The disagreement has reached the Holy See, and has been treated with much discretion. The great prelates in Rome recognize the necessities of the church, but they take their steps very warily. The common interpretation is, that the Pope's letters touching the question bear strongly in favor of the conservatives; nevertheless, our war with Spain has not passed unnoticed. The Holy See is not likely to uphold M. l'Abbé Maignen when he rejoices in the fact that "in Spain, the country of all Europe where the clergy seems to retain the purest theological sense and the most virile apostolic energy, the episcopate recently protested against the opening of an evangelical temple in Madrid." The doctrine that God is on the side of the big battalions is not confined to soldiers.

In England the manifestation of a recognition that the Roman Church, in one way or another, of God or of men, does satisfy human need, has shown itself in the established church. The extreme high churchmen have adopted auricular confession; they instruct the young to believe in the Eucharist; they have taken up great part of the ceremonies and ritual of the Roman Church. The bishops, as a body, are inclined to support them. The low churchmen and the non-conformists have taken alarm. The cry of "no Popery" — that open sesame to the ordinary English heart — has been taken up. Appeals to Parliament have been made; church discipline bills have been introduced; speeches and editorials declare that the fruits of the glorious Reformation, the personal independence of the free-born Briton, must not be lost. Sir William Vernon Harcourt waves his *panache*. Talk of disestablishment is everywhere. Probably the Protestant inheritances of England are too strong to permit the Roman Church to make large gain; but the significance of the affair for us is that, in an English-speaking country, where Protestantism is far stronger than in the United States, there are a large number of persons who are persuaded that they can attain a fuller life through the ministry of the Roman Church, and that these same persons see their duty in the cause of the poor, and lay their hands to social reform, with far greater zeal and energy than their adversaries.

Of greater moment than the movements of the disciples of Father Hecker in America, and of the high churchmen in England, is the conduct of the Holy Apostolic See during the pontificate of Leo XIII. It is interesting to read a chapter or two from Dean Milman, upon some great Pope, such as Innocent III., and see how he narrates successively the papal relations with Germany, France, England, Spain and Italy, ending, perhaps, with a brief account of papal dealings with other countries; and then to take up some book upon Leo XIII., and read the headings of the chapters, Germany — the Kulturkampf, France, the Republic, England, Ireland, Spain, Italy, The United States, and so on. Permanence is there, but during Leo's pontificate the permanence has not been of petrification, but of life. In Germany the church successfully maintained a hard struggle, during which archbishops, bishops, and hundreds of priests were sent to jail. Bismarck had determined that the state should supersede the Papacy as the

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head of the church in Germany; but the hostile legislation enacted after the close of the French war, in the floodtide of German national feeling, has been greatly modified, and the former powers of the church have been practically restored. In Ireland, the Pope declared for law and order against the violence of the land league. In France, he has advised all Catholics loyally to accept the Republican government.

In the United States, Cardinal Gibbons has upheld the Knights of Labor. In England, Cardinal Manning, in the time of the great dock strike, showed the interest of the church in the workingman. In Africa, Cardinal Lavigerie struggled against the slave trade. The famous encyclical of the Pope on the condition of labor has been spread all over the world.

All these matters are signs which show that the Roman Church is conscious that the world is changing; that she recognizes that new modes of life alter men's habits, opinions, and beliefs; that the church must change too. She must not fight against science, she must recognize that truth is of God. She must not coddle the weak, but cheer forward the strong. Who is so bold as to predict the future of the Catholic Church in America? At present she is the church of the ignorant, but her ambition seeks to extend her influence over the whole nation. There are but three classes of citizens, which, as classes, we are sure will not come under her sway. Men of scientific knowledge; men of independent character who are resolute to manage their own affairs, a class which is on the wane; and third, the negroes, with whom the Catholic Church has not been successful, but who, as a class, will never have a share in guiding our national life. Set these classes aside, and divide the remainder into thirds. One third, composed of the educated, will be divided among disagreeing Protestant sects; but the remaining two thirds will be a great flock, now scattered and wandering, ready for a wise church to guide. The danger to the world from priestly intolerance and greed is practically past; the danger to the world from oligarchs, free from religious influences, is far greater. The church may well have the sympathy of the unbiased.

There is one great source from which the church will be able to draw strength. The tide of reaction against the materialistic beliefs of the passing generation is rising fast, and there is a vast army of persons now calling themselves by strange names, Healers, Faith Curers, Christian Scientists, who have a mighty power of enthusiasm. The church must open her arms to these hundreds of thousands of persons who are seeking to come nearer to God, and are spelling out new words for old supernatural cravings and old supernatural beliefs. In times past the church would have been their refuge, and they would have strengthened the church. Even now, the next Pope, like him who saw in his dream St. Francis propping the falling walls of St. John Lateran, may see that among those enthusiasts is the power to stablish the church.

H. D. Sedgwick, Jr.

QUATRAIN.

In a dumb world, we mortals, deaf and blind,
Grope through the mystery in hope to find
An immortality, and, scorning life,
Waste it to leave an empty name behind.

Albert Phelps.

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LANGUAGE AS INTERPRETER OF LIFE.

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Blood is thicker than water, but language is more than blood. Let any one debate with a modern Greek the question of old Greek pronunciation, and undertake to show him by the coolest of scientific demonstration that it differed in essential points from the modern, and he will find he has trespassed upon holy ground. Phonetic law is for these Greeks a pollution of the sacred temple grounds of patriotism. Belief in the essential identity of the modern language with the old stands as a fundamental article of the national faith. A Greek who would deny it is a high traitor. What wonder? It is the birthright of its tongue which gives his people its first claim, if not its only claim, to recognition as a nation.

When, on the evening of October 20, 1827, in the harbor of Navarino, the boom of the last cannon echoing back from the cliffs of old Sphakteria proclaimed the end of Turkish domination in the land of old time swayed by the Hellenes, there stood sponsorless and nameless before the nations of the world a population, — not yet a people, but sundry scattered and ill-ordered groups of peoples whose habitations chanced to plant foundations on the sacred soil. It was the same old crumpled, sea-gnawed, sun-bathed Greece; but council house and temple, palæstra and theatre, colonnade and college garden, were gone, — all was gone that gave the ancient life of the dwellers in the land its outward form and semblance of a settled order, and made it a nation's life. Vague memories, half caricatured upon the traditions of a glorious past, floated in the air that hung over ruin and site; but where was the people to enter in to the inheritance, or who might claim "to know the manner of the god of the land"?

Neither the leading of goats to pasture over the slopes of Hymettus, the tilling of the battlefield of Mantinea, nor the sailing of fisher-boats through the blue waters of Salamis gave to men a claim on the traditions and name of the past, or provided a bond of union by virtue of which shepherds, peasants, traders, and sailors could be named a people and a nation. The population was of various blood, — Greek, Albanian, Slavic, Frankish, Wallachian. But with all their diversity of blood, these men had been for once united in the sharing of a common risk and the performance of one common task, — the expulsion of the Turk. The fact of this union in risking and achieving gave the impulse and the occasion to the formation of nationality; the conditions under which the union was inspired gave the bond its insignia and its form. From the hearths of the monasteries and from the lamps and altars of the chapels, the enthusiasm of revolt had gathered its sacred fire. The old Byzantine Christian Church was the one institution surviving in that wasted land not only to remind men of a life higher than that of "bread alone," but to maintain, by even the slenderest thread, connection with a past that had meaning and body and purpose such as vindicate the existence of nationality.

The language of the Church, kept alive in the ritual of the chapels and in the decadent learning of the monasteries, was in substance the language in which Demosthenes spoke and Paul wrote. Feeble as it might seem in comparison with the old standards, it still kept its connection with the old, and was capable of receiving limitless refreshment from the sources of the old. The various Greek patois of the peasants and villagers, on the other hand, had long since passed beyond the bounds of literary or national expression. They were now mere van-

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ishing, enfeebled remnants of greatness, suited to the chatterings of goatherds and children and the hagglings of petty traders, or the chantings mayhap of the folk, but incapable of giving an expression to the wants and aspirations of a nation or of a people that had part in the doings of the great outer world. The same was true of the Albanian patois spoken by large masses of the population, and especially by most of the sailor folk whose prowess on the sea had carried no small part of the burden of war. So it fell out that the new national consciousness arising from the ashes of the Revolution clothed itself in the language of the Church which erstwhile had been the nation. The Greek patois were lifted through this higher type of the language into the channels of connection with the old Greek speech that once had been the vehicle of a world civilization, and a modern Greek, in outward form at least, half ancient, half recent, arose as the standard language of the new nation, and became at once its educator, its voice, and its emblem. In form, in manner, in materials, it stands a living monument to the methods and the spirit in which the Greek nationality of the nineteenth century was requickened and reëstablished from the scanty remnants of the old. Even when it drapes the classical *himation* over the vulgate trousers and waistcoat of to-day in what seems fantastic masquerading, it pays thereby its tribute to the weirdly sentimental spirit of Philhellenism that has helped to make and maintain the state.

The lesson taught here in the small has, like so many of the products of this little land, its larger lesson in terms of greater things. Every standard language, as distinguished from local folk speech and dialect, has been in the history of the world the exponent of some special movement in intercourse and civilization, the garb of some special type of human culture, the voice of some special form of instituted order among men, — commercial, political, religious, or cultural. The very genius of a standard makes it something extended beyond its natural habitat to serve the conveniences of a wider intercourse. The standard divisions of time which deal in multiples like 12, 60, 360, hark back to the old Chaldean astronomers, from whom came too the "60 minas make a talent," as well as the gross and the quire. Wherever 60 seconds make a minute the ancient empire of Mesopotamia has not utterly ceased to be. The conflict of the metre and the foot is still in substance a contest between the innovating Frenchman and the sturdy conservatism of English influence.

Latin, once the speech of a petty district by the Tiber, became the standard medium of intercourse for a mighty empire, absorbed into itself the spirit of the institution, became its outward embodiment, and survives to-day as a monument to the essential character of that institution better and truer than Colosseum or Forum. Its present place in education, in literature, in law, is determined by the place that Rome still holds in the organized life of Europe and in all organized life whose sources are in European civilization. A visible emblem is the place it still holds as the language of the Roman Church; for the Roman Church is in all reality the Roman Empire expressed in terms of the things of the soul. The schoolboy learns from his Latin, if he learns it well, more than words, rules, paradigms, maxims, bits of history, or scraps of mythology; he drinks in the life of old Rome and the spirit of its institutions, — law, order, organization, authority. There is nothing left us, now that the Romans are gone, so Roman as Latin.

What Latin is to the Roman Church Sanskrit is to the Brahmin. Two thousand years and more ago it parted company with the vernacular, and ever since has been maintained as a more or less

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artificial standard, serving to express and embody the culture which made the classical age and literature of India. What the Romanic languages are to Latin, the various Prakrits of India are to Sanskrit; and one of these in particular, the Pali, as the language of the earliest Buddhistic writings, has become a standard, lifted above time and habitat, and is the distinctive idiom of Buddhism.

When, with the emergence of a national spirit in the form of the Protestant Revolution, German speech in the sixteenth century pushed its way through the crust of Latin that had hitherto overspread the entire literary expression of the land, there *was* no German language; there was only a tangle of local dialects, none of which had been deemed worthy of conveying a message to Germany at large, few of aught else than the quick-vanishing message of the lips, and that in the common homely matters of every-day village life. In the fire and zeal of a great national uprising, of a struggle that was a battle of language standards as well as of creeds, the German language sprang into existence. It came in response to a need, but it was men, and the message of men to men struggling for expression, that made it. The idiom which carried the burden of the great controversy melted with the heat of conviction, and moulded itself into the form of a language that could voice the thought of a whole people.

The conquest of Italy made Latin, the crystallization of the Brahmin caste made Sanskrit, the preaching of Buddha made Pali, the dominance of Attic standard Greek over all the dialects of Greece is a reflection of Athens's fourth-century dominance in the sphere of thought and art, the modern Greek is daughter of the Revolution, German as a nation's speech is an outgrowth of Luther's Reformation. Most great standard languages will be found to have taken their rise in some movement of human interest that stirred the lives and thought of men toward a larger sympathy and a larger intercourse than the things of village, clan, or cult demanded. It is the same class of movements which have begotten nationalities, at least the nationalities of the modern type.

The ancient state was founded upon religion, and the bond of religion was in its genesis a bond of blood. The modern state tends to obscure the bonds and boundaries of blood, and to substitute for them the ties of common interest and common conditions. Trade, intercourse, like customs, like forms of life, like forms of belief, like forms of thought, count more than blood. And so it comes about that more and more, as the world grows riper, the paths of nationality and of language unite. What levels the way for the one gives life and being to the other. The oldest state is the tribe, and its watchword is blood; the modern state is the nation, and the emblem which the course of history is choosing for it unmistakably is language. The toils and trials of a quasi-nation like Austria-Hungary, with its plurality of tongues, only prove the rule. What we have here is a refuge, not a nation.

But a national language is more than an emblem; more than a flag or a coat of arms; more than a monument to a great historic nation-making act, which may serve as a rallying point for patriotism and the sentiment of nationality. It is all that, but it is thousandfold more. A written creed or constitution which cannot be amended or reinterpreted may stand as a landmark and a sacred relic, and appeal to the reverence and even the affection of men; but a very different thing it is from a body of usage and precedent fashioned in historic testings, such as is the English constitution. That bears within itself at any given time a record of past experience in composite. A man's character at any given time is said to be the resultant of all the conscious choices of his life. Mistakes have

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left their scars, self-denials have toughened the fibre of the will, lies have left behind them perverted vision of the truth, deeds of mercy have made their deposit of mercifulness.

Language is of like sort with character. Every speaker in all the generations, in every word he has uttered, has helped to build it. Light-winged words, they sped through the barriers of the lips, but could not be lost. They either tended to strengthen the standing norm, — and that either in hearer, speaker, or both, — or they played their part in starting divergence and change or in loosening the foundations of the norm.

The crude methods of the new-born science of language are as yet but playing with the pebbles on the shore of a mighty deep. We read of etymologies, but they only tear away with cumbrous hand the silken warp from the cocoons of words, and miss the pattern and the motive of the weaving, and ignore the life within. Words are not words without context, motive, and life. Synonyms galore printed in Italics cannot compass a description of their life values. The clumsy devices of letters cannot yield a vision of even their bodily form. To know them really one must know them warm, — warm with the life blood of actual living speech; one must have met them under every variety of life conditions; one must have "summered and wintered" with them.

We arrange them in paradigms, and think we have compassed and measured them; but these paradigm pigeonholes only betray the limitations of our own petty logic. We try to cram words into compartments under our so-called rules of syntax, and the splendid failure which results offers the finest demonstration of the narrow range of reason as compared with the great background of soul life, the vast reaches of the divine indefinite.

Grammar is to the average healthy human being the driest and deathliest of all the disciplines. Except as it serves a temporary practical purpose of offering a first approach to the acquisition of a language, or of presenting to maturer study a convenient tentative and artificial classification of certain facts, it brings spiritual atrophy and death to him who gives and him who takes. Treated as an end unto itself, it desiccates teacher and pupil alike. The fact requires neither demonstration nor illustration. The reason for it, too, is not far to seek. Grammar represents the application of a method that is lifeless to a subject-matter that is life, and the discrepancy between the method and the matter determines the spiritual revulsion against the former. It is a case of inevitable and eternal misfit. Grammar as we practice it is derived from the Sophists and the Stoics, and is still, however much we try to disguise the fact, based upon a confidence in logic, or something in the ordering faculties of the intellect close akin thereto. But language, which is the property of life and personality in the whole, will not yield its secret to the meagre analyses of reason and intellect, which are by their nature partial, which see as in a glass darkly, and not face to face. Language cannot be unlocked by logic; it can be unlocked only by sympathy.

It would not be my purpose to deny for a moment the possibility of a science of language or to question its utility; far from it. As little would I undertake to deny the possibility of a science of theology, merely because it fails, as it notably does, to cover and represent the facts of living faith. But what we must recognize, what we must in honesty confess, though it gives us pain to do it, is that the finest endeavors of the finest scientific grammar, like all other processes which apply the purely objective tests to the products of life, and preeminently of soul life, can only serve at the best as correctives and stimulants of vision in detail; they cannot induct any human being into real understanding

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and appreciation of the life of the whole. Learn and know Meyer's Grammar and the Kühner-Blass from title-page to index, and what a pitiful travesty that by itself would yield upon a real sympathy with the magnificent idiom in which — not merely *through* which by its content of idea, but *in which* itself — Sophocles conveys the touch of the Hellenic fervors and unfolds the Hellenic attitude toward the universe of being: love, awe, joy, hope, regret, simplicity, harmony, beauty, temperance.

If language were a mass of conventional cipher, like a Volapük or the price marks of a secretive hardware shop; if the ordering faculties that haunt the superficies of mind had dominated it entire and formed it, as they have the price marks, then would there be some hope for grammar. A grammar of Volapük is an eminently satisfactory thing. A code telegram can be translated by purely mechanical processes. The translation, however, of a literary masterpiece, in which language is at the highest flush of vitality, is one of the severest and most evasive tasks to which human endeavor can address itself. You can transfer patches of flesh and skin, and even infuse blood, but you cannot transfer life from one body to another. Words do not live in dictionaries any more than plants in herbariums. They live in the usage of living men. Every word, every phrase, has it subtle, unanalyzable coloring, derived from myriad associations in myriad sentences, as impossible of summary and final description as a personality.

A word has a personal character, and wherever it goes it carries like a human being its character with it; so that in every use of it there is implicit the power and the possibility of standing for vastly more than the special emergency seemed at first to demand. Jest and poetry depend for much of their flavor, as did old-fashioned town meetings, upon this habit of taking along the entirety of individual character. Put language under the same severe restraints which depress personality and turn the town meeting into a battalion of soldiers, and you have the prose of the law code and the auctioneer's catalogue. But poetry, which always antedates prose, as the Vedic hymns antedate the Brahmanas, and Homer and the dramatic poets the orators, is far more in accord with the inner spirit and purpose of speech than is prose. Language is indeed, as Emerson said, only "fossil poetry."

Language is through and through a social product. Schleicher, the fine old botanist-philologist of Jena, tried his best in vain to apply to it the analogies of his flower beds and kitchen garden. Stammbaums and branches have gone the way of roots and stems. The laws of sound-change, instead of being like the laws of nature governing the growth of plants and the revolving of planets, prove to be founded on the tendency to social compromise, in the necessity which men are under of getting along together and understanding one another, and resemble, therefore, the laws which govern dress coats, dinner calls, the holding of forks, and the wording of wedding cards.

Even in the outward characteristics of their structure, languages represent in the grand style of summary the dominant social conditions in the history of those peoples who speak them. Thus, at one end of the line stand the so-called agglutinative languages, at the other the monosyllabic. The agglutinative languages, of which the Bantu tongues of Africa and the Mongolian of Central Asia afford illustration, represent the experience of widely scattered populations which maintain over a vast extent of territory a desultory communication with one another. Corresponding to the necessities of the case which demand that every idea and phase of idea be explicitly indicated, these languages are perfectly transparent; that is, perfectly "regular" in structure. Like modifi-

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cations of idea are always expressed by like inflexional elements. Little or nothing is left to be inferred. Every division and subdivision of the thought is duly tagged and labeled.

The Chinese goes to the other extreme. Here almost everything is implicit. Far more is left to be inferred from context, word order, and intonation than is really presented in bodily form. The monosyllabic dabs in which the Chinaman speaks are mere running hints, — a shorthand of speech condensed to the uttermost. They are the natural products of a stable, long-established, densely-compacted civilization, in which unwritten precedent outweighs written statutes; in which multifold social compromise has finally made life artificial in place of natural, and its acts symbolic rather than presentive. The monosyllabic languages have been produced under tremendous social pressure. They represent, from the artistic as well as the historical point of view, the most finished type of human speech. The maximum of idea is *implicit* in their structure. They contain the minimum of mechanism for the maximum of expression.

We might multiply illustrations of the way in which language, sensitive as milk to its environment, takes upon it the impress of social conditions as they develop and pass. The modern rapid development of intercourse is, for instance, making itself slowly but irresistibly felt in dulling the colors which mark the linguistic areas on the map of the civilized world. Not only interchange of loan-words, but in far subtler form the acceptance of common syntactical moulds, is gradually lifting the great European culture languages toward the levels of a common medium of communication. While the question whether English, French, Russian, is to become the universal language is awaiting the slow unfolding of political and commercial history, this deep and subtle drift into unity is steadily advancing toward a distant goal. It means no more than that the languages, in their chameleon habit, are taking on the colorings of internationalism.

Man is first and foremost a social being. Language is the social bond, and therefore man's badge of membership in the body social; but more than that, it is the embodiment of the nature and spirit of that social fabric to which the individual owns allegiance, and through which he becomes a man. If that social spirit is the *logos*, then language is the logos made flesh. Man as a member of society is assigned to his place and is made by the language he commands. More or less unconsciously we even locate men by the language they use. So fine and exacting are our tests, for instance, that one who is to command a hearing as representative of a type of the higher civilization of a nation must, on platform or in pulpit, speak in the recognized standard of that civilization. The dialectal colorings of province and district, much as they may delight us in other ways and for other purposes, carry insensibly with them the impression of limitation and provincialism. Through the language a man speaks, or the form of it he uses at any given time, he betrays the scheme of human culture and the order of human society with which at the moment he is in sympathy.

These considerations concerning the place and meaning of language in human society determine what we believe is its place and meaning in the education of mankind. Through language nations in the modern sense are made and held together. Through language the individual is lifted into membership in the nation. The child comes into the world and finds a language awaiting him. The acquiring of that language constitutes his first education. Compared with this all other education is of entirely secondary importance. Observation of the processes by which a child

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acquires its mother tongue teaches that it is not the language which is drilled into the child's mind, but it is the child's mind which is fitted into and expanded into the language. Words and expressions come to the child, not as full and finished globules of thought, but as empty shells which he must fill with idea, as spools on which he must wind the warp of thought. Words are not defined for the child. If they were, he could not understand. He must learn their various uses from single experiences, and by slow and gradual processes arrange the concepts, which by associations, metaphors, and metonymies cling together in the mind and usage of the language community, into their compact place within the shell or about the spool. In doing this he is coming into possession of the folk wisdom of the folk; he is coming into accord with the mind of the historic-social body of which he is to be a member; he is learning to estimate and quote the values of the world in terms of the standard coinage of his place and time; he is making himself standing ground in human society; he is forming and building a *pou sto* for the exercise and development of his free personality. Without school or schoolmaster, textbook or pedagogue, the child and then the man are brought before the seat of the greatest and wisest teacher their lives are ever in all their scope to have, and this teacher is their mother tongue. It is a teacher whose learning they are never to exhaust, and whose stimulating influence toward mental growth is not likely soon to fail. Happy are they who are born into the inheritance of a speech developed and enriched by highest literary use and by long traditions of noble expression; for then it will be a teacher to age as well as to youth. Happy are they who, through the formal education of the schools, are brought into touch with the life attitude of other peoples as embodied in their languages, and especially of those peoples whose spiritual life has blended into the early currents of our own.

It is particularly, however, for the years of earlier mental development that language plays its chief involuntary part as educator. That which it does now without conscious direction provides the basis and guidance for use in formal and systematic education. It points the way to what is the prime consideration in education, even if it does not swallow up and include all others.

We educate a human being to the end that his personality may most nearly fulfill its inherent possibilities within the human society of which it is to be a part. We do not seek primarily, if we are wise, to fill the mind with various knowledge; for we know that the mind is not so much a reservoir as a mill wheel, not so much a storehouse as a laboratory, not so much a receptacle as an instrument. We do not, if we are wise, rear the child in isolation from life or in untamed individualism; for we know that man is born to live in society, and that society is historically conditioned, and that the life man lives is part of a succession, — a historical life.

What we really do first of all, if we are wise, is to take the budding bit of individuality in hand, and induce it, constrain it, persuade it, cajole it, overawe it, and, if need be, spank it, into recognition of the existing order. The first thing a child has to learn is to do as it is told to do. (To become a historical being is its mission, and as soon as possible it must recognize the authority of the historically constituted order.) The acceptance of the authority of society is the gate through which one passes into freedom. The stern law it is, like the rough hand of the *paidagogos*, that leads us unto Christ; it is through obedience and conformity to the spirit that dominates the world that we come to a realization of ourselves, and to our birthright of freedom as sons of God. In the isolation of selfhood we sit without the pale

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and yearn for the husks the swine eat, but once we have set our faces toward home and order there is enough and to spare. This is what is meant, alike in the statutes of society, in the constitution of the state, and in the oracles of God, by the "consent of the governed."

It is the mission of language and literature in education to bring young individual life into accord with the moulds of historical life. Through word and phrase and sentence, through tale and myth and verse, mind is quickened to enter in and occupy these nests and shells that have sheltered other human thought. Mind is expanded in the moulds of mind; not in the lifeless geometric cells of logic and reasoning, but in the life cells shapen to contain the products of the soul, — the whole, the living soul.

The practically logical mind is a healthy, well-nourished mind, — nothing more nor less. Such mind is produced by feeding it during the years of development upon healthy normal food, not upon the embalmed food of the logicians or the chemists. The Chinese mandarins, trained upon language and innocent of pure logic, are said to be the keenest practical logicians of the world. The forms of reasoning, indeed, to which a child is stimulated in catching the meanings of sentences of the mother speech, or which a boy uses in making out the meaning of a sentence in his Cæsar from the imperfect data of words and syntax, are the forms of contingent reasoning, the ones which are almost exclusively employed in the decisions and judgments of actual life. Men who pretend to regulate their lives according to well-constructed syllogisms — and it must be pretense or self-deception, for there are no such syllogisms in *life* — are generally regarded as impossible men. They are what are politely known as cranks.

The methods of thought which are based upon objective tests, and which, whether applied in the field of the humanities or of nature studies, we call scientific, have their place in education as well as those we have discussed; but in elementary education they are to be introduced gradually, and as correctives rather than as staples. Nature study need not be scientific any more than language study. We are not concerned here with any conflict between the study of nature and the study of the humanities, nor are we making protest against the scientific method of studying either; we are insisting merely upon the educational value that inheres in the *direct* study of language and of language as literature.

Literary training can never be disjoined from language study. There never was a suggestion more perverse than that which recommends the substitution of translations for originals, on the theory that all the great and choice ideas can thus be exploited as well as through the toil of learning the language. What, pray, are these ideas? Why not pick them out, arrange them alphabetically by initial words, and print them in double columns like market lists? The reason straight and simple is that they are inseparable from the language. Language is no mere vehicle. It is itself in large part its own content.

The main educative purposes of literary study and of language study are, in the end, one and the same. They approach the mysteries of the folk mind directly. They deal face to face with the soul and its expression. Contact and sympathy are their instruments; not the lens, the scalpel, and the syllogism. They throw wide open the window and look straight out into life and the day.

So long as intimations of the larger life, the life social and the life spiritual, have power to call man out of himself and his cell, these studies have their place in the schooling of mankind; for the reach of the soul is higher than the clutch of the hand.

Benjamin Ide Wheeler.

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TO HAVE AND TO HOLD.[1]

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XIX.

IN WHICH WE HAVE UNEXPECTED COMPANY.

THE wind, which had heretofore come in fierce blasts, was now steadying to a gale. What with the flying of the heaped clouds, the slanting, groaning pines, and the rushing of the river, the whole earth seemed a fugitive, fleeing breathless to the sea. From across the neck of land came the long-drawn howl of wolves, and in the wood beyond the church a catamount screamed and screamed. The town before us lay as dark and as still as the grave; from the garden where we were we could not see the Governor's house.

"I will carry madam's bundle," said a voice behind us.

It was the minister who had spoken, and he now stood beside us. There was a moment's silence, then I said, with a laugh: "We are not going upon a summer jaunt, friend Sparrow. There is a warm fire in the great room, to which your reverence had best betake yourself out of this windy night."

As he made no movement to depart, but instead possessed himself of Mistress Percy's bundle, I spoke again, with some impatience: "We are no longer of your fold, reverend sir, but are bound for another parish. We give you hearty thanks for your hospitality, and wish you a very good night."

As I spoke I would have taken the bundle from him, but he tucked it under his arm, and, passing us, opened the garden gate. "Did I forget to tell you," he said, "that worthy Master Bucke is well of the fever, and returns to his own to-morrow? His house and church are no longer mine. I have no charge anywhere. I am free and footloose. May I not go with you, madam? There may be dragons to slay, and two can guard a distressed princess better than one. Will you take me for your squire, Captain Percy?"

He held out his great hand, and after a moment I put my own in it.

We left the garden and struck into a lane. "The river, then, instead of the forest?" he asked in a low voice.

"Ay," I answered. "Of the two evils it seems the lesser."

"How about a boat?"

"My own is fastened to the piles of the old deserted wharf."

"You have with you neither food nor water."

"Both are in the boat. I have kept her victualed for a week or more."

He laughed in the darkness, and I heard my wife beside me utter a stifled exclamation.

The lane that we were now in ran parallel to the street to within fifty yards of the guest house, when it bent sharply down to the river. We moved silently and with caution, for some night bird might accost us or the watch come upon us. In the guest house all was darkness save one room, — the upper room, — from which came a very pale light. When we had turned with the lane there were no houses to pass; only gaunt pines and copses of sumach. Behind us lay the square, and presently in a lull of the wind there came to us the sound of footsteps and suppressed voices. The marshal and his men would soon knock at the door of the minister's house. I took my wife by the hand and hurried her on. A hundred yards before us ran the river, dark and turbulent, and be-

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tween us and it rose an old, unsafe, and abandoned landing. Sparrow laid his hand upon my arm. "Footsteps behind us," he whispered.

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Without slackening pace I turned my head and looked. The clouds, high around the horizon, were thinning overhead, and the moon, herself invisible, yet lightened the darkness below. The sandy lane stretched behind us like a ribbon of twilight, — nothing to be seen but it and the ebony mass of bush and tree lining it on either side. We hastened on. A minute later and we heard behind us a sound like the winding of a small horn, clear, shrill, and sweet. Sparrow and I wheeled — and saw nothing. The trees ran down to the very edge of the wharf, upon whose rotten, loosened, and noisy boards we now trod. Suddenly the clouds above us broke, and the moon shone forth, whitening the mountainous clouds, the ridged and angry river, and the low, tree-fringed shore. Below us, fastened to the piles and rocking with the waves, was the open boat in which we were to embark. A few broken steps led from the boards above to the water below. Descending these I sprang into the boat and held out my arms for Mistress Percy. Sparrow gave her to me, and I lifted her down beside me; then turned to give what aid I might to the minister, who was halfway down the steps — and faced my Lord Carnal.

What devil had led him forth on such a night; why he, whom with my own eyes, three hours agone, I had seen drunken, should have chosen, after his carouse, cold air and his own company rather than sleep; when and where he first spied us, how long he had followed us, I have never known. Perhaps he could not sleep for triumph, had heard of my impending arrest, had come forth to add to the bitterness of my cup by his presence, and so had happened upon us. He could only have guessed at those he followed, until he reached the edge of the wharf and looked down upon us in the moonlight. For a moment he stood without moving; then he raised his hand to his lips, and the shrill call that had before startled us rang out again. At the far end of the lane lights appeared. Men were coming down the lane at a run; whether they were the marshal's men, the watch, or my lord's own rogues we tarried not to see. There was not time to loosen the rope from the piles, so I drew my knife to cut it. My lord saw the movement, and sprang down the steps, at the same time shouting to the men behind to hasten. Sparrow, grappling with him, locked him in a giant's embrace, lifted him bodily from the steps and flung him into the boat. His head struck against a thwart, and he lay, huddled beneath it, quiet enough. The minister sprang after him, and I cut the rope. By now the wharf shook with running feet, and the backward-streaming flame of the torches reddened its boards and the black water beneath; but each instant the water widened between us and our pursuers. Wind and current swept us out, and at that wharf there were no boats to follow us.

Those whom my lord's whistle had brought were now upon the very edge of the wharf. The marshal's voice called upon us in the name of the King to return. Finding that we vouchsafed no answer, he pulled out a pistol and fired, the ball going through my hat; then whipped out its fellow and fired again. Mistress Percy, whose behavior had been that of an angel, stirred in her seat. I did not know until the day broke that the ball had grazed her arm, drenching her sleeve with blood.

"It is time we were away," I said, with a laugh. "If your reverence will keep your hand upon the tiller and your eye upon the gentleman whom you have made our traveling companion, I 'll put up the sail."

I was on my way to the foremast, when the boom lying prone before me

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rose. Slowly and majestically the sail ascended, tapering upward, silvered by the moon, — the great white pinion which should bear us we knew not whither. I stopped short in my tracks, Mistress Percy drew a sobbing breath, and the minister gasped with admiration. We all three stared as though the white cloth had veritably been a monster wing endowed with life.

"Sails don't rise of themselves!" I exclaimed, and was at the mast before the words were out of my lips. Crouched behind it was a man. I should have known him even without the aid of the moon. Often enough, God knows, I had seen him crouched like this beside me, ourselves in ambush awaiting some unwary foe, brute or human; or ourselves in hiding, holding our breath lest it should betray us. The minister who had been a player, the rival who would have poisoned me, the servant who would have stabbed me, the wife who was wife in name only, — mine were strange shipmates.

He rose to his feet and stood there against the mast, in the old half-submissive, half-defiant attitude, with his head thrown back in the old way.

"If you order me, sir, I will swim ashore," he said, half sullenly, half — I know not how.

"You would never reach the shore," I replied. "And you know that I will never order you again. Stay here if you please, or come aft if you please."

I went back and took the tiller from Sparrow. We were now in mid-river, and the swollen stream and the strong wind bore us on with them like a leaf before the gale. We left behind the lights and the clamor, the dark town and the silent fort, the weary Due Return and the shipping about the lower wharf. Before us loomed the Santa Teresa; we passed so close beneath her huge black sides that we heard the wind whistling through her rigging. When she, too, was gone, the river lay bare before us; silver when the moon shone, of an inky blackness when it was obscured by one of the many flying clouds.

My wife wrapped her mantle closer about her, and, leaning back in her seat in the stern beside me, raised her face to the wild and solemn heavens. Diccon sat apart in the bow and held his tongue. The minister bent over, and, lifting the man that lay in the bottom of the boat, laid him at full length upon the thwart before us. The moonlight streamed down upon the prostrate figure. I think it could never have shone upon a more handsome or a more wicked man. He lay there in his splendid dress and dark beauty, Endymion-like, beneath the moon. The King's ward turned her eyes upon him, kept them there a minute or two, then glanced away, and looked at him no more.

"There 's a parlous lump upon his forehead where it struck the thwart," said the minister, "but the life 's yet in him. He 'll shame honest men for many a day to come. Your Platonists, who from a goodly outside argue as fair a soul, could never have been acquainted with this gentleman."

The subject of his discourse moaned and stirred. The minister raised one of the hanging hands and felt for the pulse. "Faint enough," he went on. "A little more and the King might have waited for his minion forever and a day. It would have been the better for us, who have now, indeed, a strange fish upon our hands, but I am glad I killed him not."

I tossed him a flask. "It 's good aqua vitæ, and the flask is honest. Give him to drink of it."

He forced the liquor between my lord's teeth, then dashed water in his face. Another minute and the King's favorite sat up and looked around him. Dazed as yet, he stared, with no comprehension in his eyes, at the clouds, the sail, the rushing water, the dark figures about him. "Nicolo!" he cried sharply.

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"He 's not here, my lord," I said.

At the sound of my voice he sprang to his feet.

"I should advise your lordship to sit still," I said. "The wind is very boisterous, and we are not under bare poles. If you exert yourself, you may capsize the boat."

He sat down mechanically, and put his hand to his forehead. I watched him curiously. It was the strangest trick that fortune had played him.

His hand dropped at last, and he straightened himself, with a long breath. "Who threw me into the boat?" he demanded.

"The honor was mine," declared the minister.

The King's minion lacked not the courage of the body, nor, when passionate action had brought him naught, a certain reserve force of philosophy. He now did the best thing he could have done, — burst into a roar of laughter. "Zooks!" he cried. "It 's as good a comedy as ever I saw! How 's the play to end, captain? Are we to go off laughing, or is the end to be bloody after all? For instance, is there murder to be done?" He looked at me boldly, one hand on his hip, the other twirling his mustaches.

"We are not all murderers, my lord," I told him. "For the present you are in no danger other than that which is common to us all."

He looked at the clouds piling behind us, thicker and thicker, higher and higher, at the bending mast, at the black water swirling now and again over the gunwales. "It 's enough," he muttered.

I beckoned to Diccon, and putting the tiller into his hands went forward to reef the sail. When it was done and I was back in my place, my lord spoke again.

"Where are we going, captain?"

"I don't know."

"If you leave that sail up much longer, you will land us at the bottom of the river."

"There are worse places," I replied.

He left his seat, and moved, though with caution, to one nearer Mistress Percy. "Are cold and storm and peril sweeter to you, lady, than warmth and safety, and a love that would guard you from, not run you into, danger?" he said in a whisper. "Do you not wish this boat the Santa Teresa, these rude boards the velvet cushions of her state cabin, this darkness her many lights, this cold her warmth, with the night shut out and love shut in?"

His audacity, if it angered me, yet made me laugh. Not so with the King's ward. She shrank from him until she pressed against the tiller. Our flight, the pursuing feet, the struggle at the wharf, her wounded arm of which she had not told, the terror of the white sail rising as if by magic, the vision of the man she hated lying as one dead before her in the moonlight, the cold, the hurry of the night, — small wonder if her spirit failed her for a time. I felt her hand touch mine where it rested upon the tiller. "Captain Percy," she murmured, with a little sobbing breath.

I leaned across the tiller and addressed the favorite. "My lord," I said, "courtesy to prisoners is one thing, and freedom from restraint and license of tongue is another. Here at the stern the boat is somewhat heavily freighted. Your lordship will oblige me if you will go forward where there is room enough and to spare."

His black brows drew together. "And what if I refuse, sir?" he demanded haughtily.

"I have rope here," I answered, "and to aid me the gentleman who once before to-night, and in despite of your struggles, lifted you in his arms like an infant. We will tie you hand and foot, and lay you in the bottom of the boat. If you make too much trouble, there is always the river. My lord, you are not now at Whitehall. You are with desperate men, outlaws who have no king, and so

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fear no king's minions. Will you go free, or will you go bound? Go you shall, one way or the other."

He looked at me with rage and hatred in his face. Then, with a laugh that was not good to hear and a shrug of the shoulders, he went forward to bear Diccon company in the bow.

XX.

IN WHICH WE ARE IN DESPERATE CASE.

"God walketh upon the sea as he walketh upon the land," said the minister. "The sea is his and we are his. He will do what it liketh him with his own." As he spoke he looked with a steadfast soul into the black hollow of the wave that combed above us, threatening destruction.

The wave broke, and the boat still lived. Borne high upon the shoulder of the next rolling hill, we looked north, south, east, and west, and saw only a waste of livid, ever forming, ever breaking waves, a gray sky streaked with darker gray shifting vapor, and a horizon impenetrably veiled. Where we were in the great bay, in what direction we were being driven, how near we might be to the open sea or to some fatal shore, we knew not. What we did know was that both masts were gone, that we must bail the boat without ceasing if we would keep it from swamping, that the wind was doing an apparently impossible thing and rising higher and higher, and that the waves which buffeted us from one to the other were hourly swelling to a more monstrous bulk.

We had come into the wider waters at dawn, and still under canvas. An hour later, off Point Comfort, a bare mast contented us; we had hardly gotten the sail in when mast and all went overboard. That had been hours ago.

A common peril is a mighty leveler of barriers. Scant time was there in that boat to make distinction between friend and foe. As one man we fought the element which would devour us. Each took his turn at the bailing, each watched for the next great wave before which we must cower, clinging with numbed hands to gunwale and thwart. We fared alike, toiled alike, and suffered alike, only that the minister and I cared for Mistress Percy, asking no help from the others.

The King's ward endured all without a murmur. She was cold, she was worn with watching and terror, she was wounded; each moment Death raised his arm to strike, but she sat there dauntless, and looked him in the face with a smile upon her own. If, wearied out, we had given up the fight, her look would have spurred us on to wrestle with our fate to the last gasp. She sat between Sparrow and me, and as best we might we shielded her from the drenching seas and the icy wind. Morning had shown me the blood upon her sleeve, and I had cut away the cloth from the white arm, and had washed the wound with wine and bound it up. If, for my fee, I should have liked to press my lips upon the blue-veined marble, still I did it not.

When, a week before, I had stored the boat with food and drink and had brought it to that lonely wharf, I had thought that if at the last my wife willed to flee I would attempt to reach the bay, and passing out between the capes would go to the north. Given an open boat and the tempestuous seas of November, there might be one chance out of a hundred of our reaching Manhattan and the Dutch, who might or might not give us refuge. She had willed to flee, and we were upon our journey, and the one chance had vanished. That wan, monotonous, cold and clinging mist had shrouded us for our burial, and our grave yawned beneath us.

The day passed and the night came, and still we fought the sea, and still the wind drove us whither it would. The

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night passed and the second morning came, and found us yet alive. My wife lay now at my feet, her head pillowed upon the bundle she had brought from the minister's house. Too weak for speech, waiting in pain and cold and terror for death to bring her warmth and life, the knightly spirit yet lived in her eyes, and she smiled when I bent over her with wine to moisten her lips. At length she began to wander in her mind, and to speak of summer days and flowers. A hand held my heart in a slowly tightening grip of iron, and the tears ran down the minister's cheeks. The man who had darkened her young life, bringing her to this, looked at her with an ashen face.

As the day wore on, the gray of the sky paled to a dead man's hue and the wind lessened, but the waves were still mountain high. One moment we poised, like the gulls that now screamed about us, upon some giddy summit, the sky alone above and around us; the next we sank into dark green and glassy caverns. Suddenly the wind fell away, veered, and rose again like a giant refreshed.

Diccon started, put his hand to his ear, then sprang to his feet. "Breakers!" he cried hoarsely.

We listened with straining ears. He was right. The low, ominous murmur changed to a distant roar, grew louder yet, and yet louder, and was no longer distant.

"It will be the sand islets off Cape Charles, sir," he said. I nodded. He and I knew there was no need of words.

The sky grew paler and paler, and soon upon the woof of the clouds a splash of dull yellow showed where the sun would be. The fog rose, laying bare the desolate ocean. Before us were two very small islands, mere handfuls of sand, lying side by side, and encompassed half by the open sea, half by stiller waters diked in by marshes and sand bars. A coarse, scanty grass and a few stunted trees with branches bending away from the sea lived upon them, but nothing else. Over them and over the marshes and the sand banks circled myriads of great white gulls. Their harsh, unearthly voices came to us faintly, and increased the desolation of earth and sky and sea.

To the shell-strewn beach of the outer of the two islets raced long lines of surf, and between us and it lurked a sand bar, against which the great rollers dashed with a bull-like roar. The wind drove us straight upon this bar. A moment of deadly peril and it had us fast, holding us for the waves to beat our life out. The boat listed, then rested, quivering through all its length. The waves pounded against its side each watery battering-ram dissolving in foam and spray but to give place to another, and yet it held together and yet we lived. How long it would hold we could not tell; we only knew it could not be for long. The inclination of the boat was not so great but that, with caution, we might move about. There were on board rope and an axe. With the latter I cut away the thwarts and the decking in the bow, and Diccon and I made a small raft. When it was finished, I lifted my wife in my arms and laid her upon it and lashed her to it with the rope. She smiled like a child, then closed her eyes. "I have gathered primroses until I am tired," she said. "I will sleep here a little in the sunshine, and when I awake I will make you a cowslip ball."

Time passed, and the groaning, trembling timbers still held together. The wind fell, the sky became blue, and the sun shone. Another while, and the waves were less mountainous and beat less furiously against the boat. Hope brightened before us. To strong swimmers the distance to the islet was trifling; if the boat would but last until the sea subsided, we might gain the beach. What we would do upon that barren spot, where was neither man nor brute, food nor water, was a thing that we had not

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the time to consider. It was land that we craved.

Another hour, and the sea still fell. Another, and a wave struck the boat with force. "The sea is coming in!" cried the minister.

"Ay," I answered. "She will go to pieces now."

The minister rose to his feet. "I am no mariner," he said, "but once in the water I can swim you like any fish. There have been times when I have reproached the Lord for that he cased a poor silly humble preacher like me with the strength and seeming of some mighty man of old, and there have been times when I have thanked him for that strength. I thank him now. Captain Percy, if you will trust the lady to me, I will take her safely to that shore."

I raised my head from the figure over which I was bending, and looked first at the still tumultuous sea, and then at the gigantic frame of the minister. When we had made that frail raft no swimmer could have lived in that shock of waves; now there was a chance for all, and for the minister, with his great strength, the greatest I have ever seen in any man, a double chance. I took her from the raft and gave her into his arms. A minute later the boat went to pieces.

Side by side Sparrow and I buffeted the sea. He held the King's ward in one arm, and he bore her safely over the huge swells and through the onslaught of the breaking waves. I could thank God for his strength, and trust her to it. For the other three of us, we were all strong swimmers, and though bruised and beat about we held our own. Each wave, overcome, left us nearer the islet, — a little while and our feet touched bottom. A short struggle with the tremendous surf and we were out of the maw of the sea, but out upon a desolate islet, a mere hand's breadth of sand and shell in a lonely ocean, some three leagues from the mainland of Accomac, and upon it neither food nor water. We had the clothes upon our backs, and my lord and I had kept our swords. I had a knife, and Diccon too was probably armed. The flint and steel and tinder box within my pouch made up our store.

The minister laid the woman whom he carried upon the pebbles, fell upon his knees and lifted his rugged face to heaven. I too knelt, and with my hand upon her heart said my own prayer in my own way. My lord stood with unbent head, his eyes upon that still white face, but Diccon turned abruptly and strode off to a low ridge of sand, from the top of which one might survey the entire island.

In two minutes he was back again. "There 's plenty of driftwood further up the beach," he announced, "and a mort of dried seaweed. At least we need n't freeze."

The great bonfire that we made roared and crackled, sending out a most cheerful heat and light. Under that genial breath the color came slowly back to madam's cheek and lip, and her heart beat more strongly. Presently she turned under my hand, and with a sigh pillowed her head upon her arm and went to sleep in that blessed warmth like a little child.

We who had no mind for sleep sat there beside the fire and watched the sun sink behind the low black line of the mainland, now plainly visible in the cleared air. It dyed the waves blood red, and shot out one long ray to crimson a single floating cloud, no larger than a man's hand, high in the blue. Sea birds, a countless multitude, went to and fro with harsh cries from island to marsh, and marsh to island. The marshes were still green; they lay, a half moon of fantastic shapes, each parted from the other by pink water. Beyond them was the inlet dividing us from the mainland, and that inlet was some eight miles wide. We turned and looked seaward. Naught but leaping waves white-capped to the horizon.

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"We touched here the time we went against the French at Port Royal and St. Croix," I said. "We had heard a rumor that the Bermuda pirates had hidden gold here. Argall and I went over every foot of it."

"And found no water?" questioned the minister.

"And found no water."

The light died from the west and from the sea beneath, and the night fell. When with the darkness the sea fowl ceased their clamor, a dreadful silence suddenly enfolded us. The rush of the surf made no difference; the ear heard it, but to the mind there was no sound. The sky was thick with stars; every moment one shot, and the trail of white fire it left behind melted into the night silently like snowflakes. There was no wind. The moon rose out of the sea, and lent the sandy isle her own pallor. Here and there, back amongst the dunes, the branches of a low and leafless tree writhed upward like dark fingers thrust from out the spectral earth. The ocean, quiet now, dreamed beneath the moon and cared not for the five lives it had cast upon that span of sand.

We piled driftwood and tangles of seaweed upon our fire, and it flamed and roared and broke the silence. Diccon, going to the landward side of the islet, found some oysters, which we roasted and ate; but we had nor wine nor water with which to wash them down.

"At least there are here no foes to fear," quoth my lord. "We may all sleep to-night; and zooks! we shall need it!" He spoke frankly with an open face.

"I will take one watch, if you will take the other," I said to the minister.

He nodded. "I will watch until midnight."

It was long past that time when he roused me from where I lay at Mistress Percy's feet.

"I should have relieved you long ago," I told him.

He smiled. The moon, now high in the heavens, shone upon and softened his rugged features. I thought I had never seen a face so filled with tenderness and hope and a sort of patient power. "I have been with God," he said simply. "The starry skies and the great ocean and the little shells beneath my hand,—how wonderful are thy works, O Lord! What is man that thou art mindful of him? And yet not a sparrow falleth"—

I rose and sat by the fire, and he laid himself down upon the sand beside me.

"Master Sparrow," I asked, "have you ever suffered thirst?"

"No," he answered. We spoke in low tones, lest we should wake her. Diccon and my lord, upon the other side of the fire, were sleeping heavily.

"I have," I said. "Once I lay upon a field of battle for a day and a night, sore wounded and with my dead horse across my body. I shall forget the horror of that lost field and the torment of that weight before I forget the thirst."

"You think there is no hope?"

"What hope should there be?"

He was silent. Presently he turned and looked at the King's ward where she lay in the rosy light; then his eyes came back to mine.

"If it comes to the worst I shall put her out of her torment," I said.

He bowed his head and put his great hand before his eyes.

"I love her," I said. "God help me!"

He took his hand away and raised his face to the stars. "And I love her," he echoed. "God forgive me!"

We sat in silence, our gaze upon the ground between us, listening to the low thunder of the surf and the crackling of the fire. "I beg your pardon," he said at last.

I held out my hand, and he took it. "While I watched to-night I prayed," he said. "I prayed to God to bring you out of all your troubles, and to lead you all your lives through green pastures and

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by still waters. I prayed that she should grow to love you who are her husband; that you might walk together, hand and heart, all the days of your lives. To my own prayer, now and forever, I can say 'Amen;' upon mine honor, sir!"

He rose to his feet and bowed to me. I stood likewise and returned the salute. "I have no inclination to doubt your word, sir," I said. "I have much to thank you for, and I can find in my heart for you to-night naught but pity, esteem, and some reverence. I have not known one whom I would rather call friend."

He put his finger to his lips. Mistress Percy had stirred and opened her eyes. I knelt beside her, and asked her how she did and if she wanted aught.

"It is warm," she said wonderingly.

"You are no longer in the boat," I told her. "You are safe upon the land. You have been sleeping here by the fire that we kindled."

An exquisite smile just lit her face, and her eyelids drooped again. "I am so tired," she said drowsily, "that I will sleep a little longer. Will you bring me some water, Captain Percy? I am very thirsty."

After a moment I said gently, "I will go get it, madam." She made no answer; she was already asleep. Nor did Sparrow and I speak again. He laid himself down with his face to the ocean, and I sat with my head in my hands, and thought and thought, to no purpose.

XXI.

IN WHICH A GRAVE IS DIGGED.

When the stars had gone out and the moon begun to pale, I raised my face from my hands. Only a few glowing embers remained of the fire, and the driftwood that we had collected was exhausted. I thought that I would gather more, and build up the fire against the time when the others should awake. The driftwood lay in greatest quantity some distance up the beach, against a low ridge of sand dunes. Beyond these the islet tapered off to a long gray point of sand and shell. Walking toward this point in the first pale light of dawn, I chanced to raise my eyes, and beheld riding at anchor beyond the spit of sand a ship.

I stopped short and rubbed my eyes. She lay there on the sleeping ocean like a dream ship, her masts and rigging black against the pallid sky, the mist that rested upon the sea enfolding half her hull. She might have been of some three hundred tons burthen; she was black and two-decked, and very high at poop and forecastle, and she was heavily armed. My eyes traveled from the ship to the shore, and there dragged up on the point, the oars within it, was a boat.

At the head of the beach, beyond the line of shell and weed, the sand lay piled in heaps. With these friendly hillocks between me and the sea, I crept on as silently as I might, until I reached a point just above the boat. Here I first heard voices. I went a little further, then knelt, and, parting the long coarse grass that filled the hollow between two hillocks, looked out upon two men who were digging a grave.

They dug in a furious hurry, throwing the sand to left and right, and cursing as they dug. They were powerful men, of a most villainous cast of countenance, and dressed very oddly. One with a shirt of coarsest dowlas, and a filthy rag tying up a broken head, yet wore velvet breeches, and wiped the sweat from his face with a wrought handkerchief; the other topped a suit of shreds and patches with a fine bushy ruff, and swung from one ragged shoulder a cloak of grogram lined with taffeta. On the ground, to one side of them, lay something long and wrapped in white.

As they dug and cursed, the light strengthened. The east changed from gray to pale rose, from rose to a splendid crimson shot with gold. The mist rose.

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and the sea burned red. Two boats were lowered from the ship, and came swiftly toward the point.

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"Here they are at last," growled the gravedigger with the broken head and velvet breeches.

"They 've taken their time," snarled his companion, "and us two here on this d——d island with a dead man the whole ghost's hour. Boarding a ship 's nothing, but to dig a grave on the land before cockcrow, with the man you 're to put in it looking at you! Why could n't he be buried at sea, decent and respectable, like other folk?"

"It was his will, — that 's all I know," said the first; "just as it was his will, when he found he was a dying man, to come booming away from the gold seas up here to a land where there is n't no gold, and never will be. Belike he thought he 'd find waiting for him at the bottom of the sea, all along from the Lucayas to Panama, the many he sent there afore he died. And Captain Paradise, he says, says he: 'It 's ill crossing a dead man. We 'll obey him this once more'" —

"Captain Paradise!" cried he of the ruff. "Who made him captain? — curse him!"

His fellow threw down the cutlass with which he had been digging, and straightened himself with a jerk. "Who made him captain? The ship will make him captain. Who else should be captain?"

"Red Gil!"

"Red Gil!" exclaimed the other. "He 's got no eddication!"

"He can take a ship, rummage her, and send her to the bottom, eddication or no eddication!"

"Can't Paradise do that? Has n't he done it? Off Cartagena" —

"I know all about that galleon. Red Gil never gives no quarter."

"While I stand by, no man shall say that Paradise ever gives it!"

"I don't say that he does. But my voice goes for Red Gil."

"Mine don't. I 've always sailed under a gentleman. I 'd rather have the Spaniard."

"The Spaniard would do well enough, if the rest of us were n't English. If hating every other Spaniard would do it, he 'd be English fast enough."

The scoundrel with the broken head burst into a loud laugh. "D' ye remember the bark we took off Porto Bello, with the priests aboard? Oho! Oho!"

The rogue with the ruff grinned. "I reckon the padres remember it, and find hell easy lying. This hole 's deep enough, I 'm thinking."

They both clambered out, and one squatted at the head of the grave and mopped his face with his delicate handkerchief, while the other swung his fine cloak with an air and dug his bare toes in the sand.

The two boats now grated upon the beach, and several of their occupants, springing out, dragged them up on the sand.

"We 'll never get another like him that 's gone," said the worthy at the head of the grave, gloomily regarding the something wrapped in white.

"That 's gospel truth," assented the other, with a prodigious sigh. "He was a man what was a man. He never stuck at nothing. Don or priest, man or woman, good red gold or dirty silver, — it was all one to him. 'Kill and take,' — that was his motto, and he lived up to it. But he 's dead and gone!"

"Now, if we had a captain like Kirby," suggested the first.

"Kirby keeps to the Summer Isles," said the second. "'T is n't often now that he swoops down as far as the Indies."

The man with the broken head laughed. "When he does, there 's a noise in that part of the world."

"And that 's gospel truth, too," swore the other, with an oath of admiration.

By this the score or more who had come in the two boats were halfway up

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the beach. In front, side by side, as each conceding no inch of leadership, walked three men: a large man, with a villainous face much scarred, and a huge, bushy, dark red beard; a tall dark man, with a thin fierce face and bloodshot eyes, the Spaniard by his looks; and a slight man, with the face and bearing of an English gentleman. A strange company they were to be walking on the beach of that desert isle. From Red Gil's powerful chest depended gold chains, seven in number, gold hoops were in his ears, and a most marvelous sword belt girt him around the middle; but the velvet of his doublet was soiled and frayed, and he wore one Spanish and one French boot. The tall dark man wore a breastplate, morion, and gauntlets of damascened steel, and the slight man was dressed point-device, and with a finical nicety, in black and silver. The men behind them differed no whit from the two gravediggers, being as scoundrelly of face, as great of strength, and as curiously attired. They came straight to the open grave, and the dead man beside it. The three who seemed of most importance disposed themselves, still side by side, at the head of the grave, and their following took the foot.

"It 's a dirty piece of work," said Red Gil in a voice like a raven's, "and the sooner it 's done with, and we are aboard again and booming back to the Indies, the better I 'll like it. Over with him, brave boys!"

"Is it yours to give the word?" asked the man in black and silver. His voice was low and clear, and of a somewhat melancholy cadence, going well with the pensiveness of fine, deeply fringed eyes.

"Why should n't I give the word?" growled the personage addressed, adding with an oath, "I 've as good a right to give it as any man, — maybe a better right!"

"That would be scanned," said he of the pensive eyes. "Gentlemen, we have here the pick of the ship. For the captain that these choose, those on board will throw up their caps. Let us bury the dead, and then let choice be made of one of us three, each of whom has claims that might be put forward" —

"I 've helped sink a hundred ships!" roared Red Gil.

"I wear armor until I have slain Spaniards a thousand and one!" shouted the worthy of the steel breastplate.

"Every link on this chain was a ring torn from a woman's finger!" pursued Red Gil.

"The Church has its Holy Office which gives to be burnt wives of nobles of Spain!" cried the Spaniard, with a wild laugh. "I am a higher Holy Office sitting in judgment on the nation which hugs the first to its bosom. Witness the two galleons in the bay of Venezuela, the bark off Cuba, the man-of-war of St. Catherine's! Witness the priests who would go from Porto Bello to Cartagena!"

The man in black and silver put forward no claims. Instead, he picked up a delicate shell, and began to study its pearly spirals with a tender, thoughtful, half-pleased, half-melancholy countenance.

The gravedigger with the wrought handkerchief looked from him to the rascal crew massed at the foot of the grave, and, seeing his own sentiments mirrored in the countenances of not a few, snatched the bloody clout from his head, waved it, and cried out, "Paradise!" Whereupon arose a great confusion. Some bawled for Paradise, some for Red Gil, a few for the Spaniard. The two gravediggers locked horns, and a brawny devil with a woman's mantle swathed about his naked shoulders drew a knife, and made for a partisan of the Spaniard, who in his turn skillfully interposed between himself and the attack the body of a bawling wellwisher to Red Gil.

The man in black and silver tossed aside the shell, rose and entered the lists. With one hand he seized the gravedig-

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ger of the ruff, and hurled him apart from him of the velvet breeches; with the other he presented a dagger with a jeweled haft at the breast of the ruffian with the woman's mantle, while in tones that would have befitted Astrophel plaining of his love to rocks, woods, and streams, he poured forth a flood of wild, singular, and filthy oaths, such as would have disgraced a camp follower. His interference was effectual. The combatants fell apart and the clamor was stilled, whereupon the gentleman of contrarieties at once resumed the gentle and indifferent melancholy of manner and address.

"Let us off with the old love before we are on with the new, gentlemen," he said. "We 'll bury the dead first, and choose his successor afterward, — decently and in order, I trust, and with due submission to the majority."

"I 'll fight for my rights," growled Red Gil.

"And I for mine," cried the Spaniard.

"And each of us 'll back his own man," muttered in an aside the gravedigger with the broken head.

The one they called Paradise sighed. "It is a thousand pities that there is not amongst us some one of merit so preëminent that faction should hide its head before it. But to the work in hand, gentlemen."

They gathered closer around the yawning grave, and some began to lift the corpse. As for me, I withdrew as noiselessly as an Indian from my lair of grass, and, hidden by the heaped-up sand, made off across the point and down the beach to where a light curl of smoke showed that some one was mending the fire I had neglected. It was Sparrow, who alternately threw on driftwood and seaweed and spoke to madam, who sat at his feet in the blended warmth of fire and sunshine. Diccon was roasting the remainder of the oysters he had gathered the night before, and my lord stood and stared with a frowning face at the eight-mile-distant mainland. All turned their eyes upon me as I came up to the fire.

"A little longer, Captain Percy, and we would have had out a search warrant," began the minister cheerfully. "Have you been building a bridge?"

"If I build one," I said, "it will be a perilous one enough. Have you looked seaward?"

"We waked but a minute agone," he answered. As he spoke, he straightened his great form and lifted his face from the fire to the blue sea. Diccon, still on his knees at his task, looked too; and my lord, turning from his contemplation of the distant kingdom of Accomac; and Mistress Percy, one hand shading her eyes, the slender fingers of the other still immeshed in her long dark hair which she had been braiding. They stared at the ship in silence until my lord laughed.

"Conjure us on board at once, captain," he cried. "We are thirsty."

I drew the minister aside. "I am going up the beach, beyond that point, again; you will one and all stay here. If I do not come back, do the best you can, and sell her life as dearly as you can. If I come back, — you are quick of wit and have been a player; look that you take the cue I give you!"

I returned to the fire, and he followed me, amazement in his face. "My Lord Carnal," I said, "I must ask you for your sword."

He started, and his black brows drew together. "Though the fortunes of war have made me in some sort your captive, sir," he said at last, and not without dignity, "I do not see, upon this isle to which we are all prisoners, the need of so strong testimony to the abjectness of my condition, nor deem it generous" —

"We will speak of generosity another day, my lord," I interrupted. "At present I am in a hurry. That you are my prisoner in verity is enough for me, but not for others. I must have you so in seeming as well as in truth. Moreover, Master Sparrow is weaponless, and I

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must needs disarm an enemy to arm a friend. I beg that you will give what else we must take."

He looked at Diccon, but Diccon stood with his face to the sea. I thought we were to have a struggle, and I was sorry for it, but my lord could and did add discretion to a valor that I never doubted. He shrugged his shoulders, burst into a laugh, and turned to Mistress Percy.

"What can one do, lady, when one is doubly a prisoner, prisoner to numbers and to beauty? E'en laugh at fate, and make the best of a bad job. Here, sir! Some day it shall be the point!"

He drew his rapier from its sheath, and presented the hilt to me. I took it with a bow, and handed it to Sparrow.

The King's ward had risen, and now leant against the bank of sand, her long dark hair, half braided, drawn over either shoulder, her face marble white between the waves of darkness.

"I do not know that I shall ever come back," I said, stopping before her. "May I kiss your hand before I go?"

Her lips moved, but she did not speak. I knelt and kissed her clasped hands. They were cold to my lips. "Where are you going?" she whispered. "Into what danger are you going? I — I — take me with you!"

I rose, with a laugh at my own folly that could have rested brow and lips on those hands, and let the world wag. "Another time," I said. "Rest in the sunshine now, and think that all is well. All will be well, I trust."

A few minutes later saw me almost upon the party gathered about the grave. The grave had received that which it was to hold until the crack of doom, and was now being rapidly filled with sand. The crew of deep-dyed villains worked or stood or sat in silence, but all looked at the grave, and saw me not. As the last handful of sand made it level with the beach, I walked into their midst, and found myself face to face with the three candidates for the now vacant captaincy.

"Give you good-day, gentlemen," I cried. "Is it your captain that you bury or one of your crew, or is it only pezos and pieces of eight?"

XXII.

IN WHICH I CHANGE MY NAME AND OCCUPATION.

"The sun shining on so much bare steel hurts my eyes," I said. "Put up, gentlemen, put up! Cannot one Brother of the Coast attend the funeral of another without all this crowding and display of cutlery? If you will take the trouble to look around you, you will see that I have brought to the obsequies only myself."

One by one cutlass and sword were lowered, and those who had drawn them, falling somewhat back, spat and swore and laughed. The man in black and silver only smiled gently and sadly. "Did you drop from the blue?" he asked. "Or did you come up from the sea?"

"I came out of it," I said. "My ship went down in the storm yesterday. Your little cockboat yonder was more fortunate." I waved my hand toward that ship of three hundred tons, then twirled my mustaches and stood at gaze.

"Was your ship so large, then?" demanded Paradise in pensive tones, while a murmur of admiration, larded with oaths, ran around the circle.

"She was a very great galleon," I replied, with a sigh for the good ship that was gone.

A moment's silence, during which they all looked at me. "A galleon," then said Paradise softly.

"They that sailed her yesterday are to-day at the bottom of the sea," I continued. "Alackaday! so are one hundred thousand pezos of gold, three thousand bars of silver, ten frails of pearls, jewels uncounted, cloth of gold and cloth of silver. She was a very rich prize."

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The circle sucked in their breath. "All at the bottom of the sea?" queried Red Gil, with gloating eyes fixed upon the smiling water. "Not one pezo left, not one little, little pearl?"

I shook my head and heaved a prodigious sigh. "The treasure is gone," I said, "and the men with whom I took it are gone. I am a captain with neither ship nor crew. I take you, my friends, for a ship and crew without a captain. The inference is obvious."

The ring gaped with wonder, then strange oaths arose. Red Gil broke into a bellow of angry laughter, while the Spaniard glared like a catamount about to spring. "So you would be our captain?" said Paradise, picking up another shell, and poising it upon a hand as fine and small as a woman's.

"Faith, you might go farther and fare worse," I answered, and began to hum a tune. When I had finished it, "I am Kirby," I said, and waited to see if that shot should go wide or through the hull.

For two minutes the dash of the surf and the cries of the wheeling sea fowl made the only sound in that part of the world; then from those half-clad rapscallions arose a shout of "Kirby!"—a shout in which the three leaders did not join. That one who looked a gentleman rose from the sand and made me a low bow. "Well met, noble captain," he cried in those his honey tones. "You will doubtless remember me who was with you that time at Maracaibo when you sunk the galleasses. Five years have passed since then, and yet I see you ten years younger and three inches taller."

"I touched once at the Lucayas, and found the spring de Leon sought," I said. "Sure the waters have a marvelous effect, and if they give not eternal youth at least renew that which we have lost."

"Truly a potent aqua vitæ," he remarked, still with thoughtful melancholy. "I see that it hath changed your eyes from black to gray."

"It hath that peculiar virtue," I said, "that it can make black seem white."

The man with the woman's mantle drawn about him now thrust himself from the rear to the front rank. "That's not Kirby!" he bawled. "He's no more Kirby than I am Kirby! Did n't I sail with Kirby from the Summer Isles to Cartagena and back again? He's a cheat, and I am agoing to cut his heart out!" He was making at me with a long knife, when I whipped out my rapier.

"Am I not Kirby, you dog?" I cried, and ran him through the shoulder.

He dropped, and his fellows surged forward with a yell. "Yet a little patience, my masters!" said Paradise in a raised voice and with genuine amusement in his eyes. "It is true that that Kirby with whom I and our friend there on the ground sailed was somewhat short and as swart as a raven, besides having a cut across his face that had taken away a part of his lip and the top of his ear, and that this gentleman who announces himself as Kirby hath none of Kirby's marks. But we are fair and generous and open to conviction"—

"He 'll have to convince my cutlass!" roared Red Gil.

I turned upon him where he stood, legs apart, his uncouth and powerful body swinging to and fro, his face scarlet with rage and amazement. "If I do convince it, what then?" I demanded. "If I convince your sword, Sir Knight of the Armor, and yours, Sir Black and Silver?"

The Spaniard stared. "I was the best sword in Lima," he said stiffly. "I and my Toledo will not change our minds."

"Nor I and my cutlass with which I sheared off twenty heads at St. Christopher!" vociferated Red Gil.

"Let him try to convince Paradise;

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he 's got no reputation as a swordsman!" cried out the gravedigger with the broken head.

A roar of laughter followed this suggestion, and I gathered from it and from the oaths and allusions to this or that time and place that Paradise was not without reputation.

I turned to him. "If I fight you three, one by one, and win, am I Kirby?"

He regarded the shell with which he was toying with a thoughtful smile, held it up that the light might strike through its rose and pearl, then crushed it to dust between his fingers.

"By skull and crossbones, yes!" he said.

I looked at the Spaniard, who smiled sourly, and being a man of few words only bowed with gravity.

Red Gil swore until he was weary, but ended with a burst of amazed laughter. "If you win against the best blade of Lima, the sword of Paradise, and the cutlass of Red Gil, you may call yourself the devil an you please!"

"And we will all subscribe to it," said Paradise, rising to his feet with melancholy grace.

I lifted my hand. "I shall have fair play? On the honor of the Brethren of the Coast!"

As one man that crew of desperate villains swore that the odds should be only three to one. By this the whole matter had presented itself to them as an entertainment more diverting than bullfight or bearbaiting. They that follow the sea, whether honest men or black-hearted knaves, have in their composition a certain childlikeness that makes them easily turned, easily led, and easily pleased. The wind of their passion shifts quickly from point to point, one moment blowing a hurricane, the next sinking to a happy-go-lucky summer breeze. I have seen a little thing convert a crew on the point of mutiny into a set of rollicking, good-natured souls who — until the wind veered again — would not hurt a fly. So with these. They spread themselves into a circle, squatting or kneeling or standing upon the white sand in the bright sunshine, their sinewy hands that should have been ingrained red clasped over their knees, or, arms akimbo, resting upon their hips, on their scoundrel faces a broad smile, and in their eyes that had looked on nameless horrors a pleasurable expectation as of spectators in a playhouse awaiting the entrance of the players.

"There is really no good reason why we should gratify your whim," said Paradise, still amused. "But it is something to do, and we have killed no one for some days. We will fight you, one by one."

"And if I win?"

He laughed. "Then, on the honor of a gentleman, you are Kirby and our captain. If you lose, we will leave you where you stand for the gulls to bury."

"A bargain," I said, and drew my sword.

"I first!" roared Red Gil. "God's wounds! there will need no second!"

As he spoke he swung his cutlass and made an arc of blue flame. The weapon became in his hands a flail, terrible to look upon, making lightnings and whistling in the air, but in reality not so deadly as it seemed. The fury of his onslaught would have beaten down the guard of any mere swordsman, but that I was not. A man, knowing his weakness and insufficiency in many and many a thing, may yet know his strength in one or two and his modesty take no hurt. I was ever master of my sword, and it did the thing I would have it do. Moreover, as I fought I saw her as I had last seen her, standing against the bank of sand, her dark hair, half braided, drawn over her bosom and hanging to her knees. Her eyes haunted me, and my lips yet felt the touch of her hand. I fought well, — how well the lapsing of

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oaths and laughter into breathless silence bore witness.

The ruffian against whom I was pitted began to draw his breath in gasps. "Am I Kirby?" I demanded. He answered with a dreadful oath and a more furious hail of blows which touched me not. He was a scoundrel not fit to die, less fit to live, unworthy of a gentleman's steel. I presently ran him through with as little compunction and as great a desire to be quit of a dirty job as if he had been a mad dog. He fell, and a little later, while I was engaged with the Spaniard, his soul went to that hell which had long gaped for it. To those his companions his death was as slight a thing as would theirs have been to him. In the eyes of the two remaining would-be leaders he was a stumbling block removed, and to the squatting, open-mouthed commonalty his taking off weighed not a feather against the solid entertainment I was affording them. I was now a better man than Red Gil, — that was all.

The Spaniard was a more formidable antagonist. The best blade of Lima was by no means to be despised; but Lima is a small place, and its blades can be numbered. The sword that for three years had been counted the best in all the Low Countries was its better. But I fought fasting and for the second time that morning, so maybe the odds were not so great. I wounded him slightly, and presently succeeded in disarming him. "Am I Kirby?" I demanded, with my point at his breast.

What answer his Spanish pride would have dictated I do not know, but he was a man deeply wronged, in his own estimation, perhaps, more sinned against than sinning, and while he could feed fat his vengeance he desired his life.

"There are yet priests to slay," he cried. "Little matters in the world beside the priests. You are Kirby, of course, señor."

"And your captain?" I suggested.

"And our captain," he agreed. "So that you give me, as he whom we bury gave me, all the men of the Church that we take, I am content."

I lowered my point and we bowed to each other, after which he sat down upon the sand and applied himself to stanching the bleeding from his wound. The pirate ring gave him no attention, but stared at me instead. I was now a better man than the Spaniard.

The man in black and silver rose and removed his doublet, folding it very carefully, inside out, that the sand might not injure the velvet, then drew his rapier, looked at it lovingly, made it bend until point and hilt well-nigh met, and faced me with a bow.

"You have fought twice, and must be weary," he said gently. "Will you not take breath before we engage, or will your long rest afterward suffice you?"

"I will rest aboard my ship," I made reply. "And as I am in a hurry to be gone we won't delay."

Our blades had no sooner crossed than I knew that in this last encounter I should need every whit of my skill, all my wit, audacity, and strength. I had met my equal, and he came to it fresh and I jaded. I clenched my teeth and prayed with all my heart; I set her face before me, and thought if I should fail her to what ghastly fate she might come, and I fought as I had never fought before. The sound of the surf became a roar in my ears, the sunshine an intolerable blaze of light; the blue above and around seemed suddenly beneath my feet as well. We were fighting high in the air, and had fought thus for ages. I knew that he made no thrust I did not parry, no feint I could not interpret. I knew that my eye was more quick to see, my brain to conceive, and my hand to execute than ever before; but it was as though I held that knowledge of some other, and I myself was far away, at Weyanoke, in the minister's garden, in the haunted wood, anywhere save on that barren islet. So far we had been fol-

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lowers of the Italian school. Now he changed like a flash to the Spanish, — I bent as quickly; he threw his sword from his right hand to his left — I was ready for that sharp surprise. I heard him swear under his breath, and in the face I had set before me the eyes brightened. As if she had loved me I fought for her with all my powers of body and mind. He swore again, and my heart laughed within me. The sea now roared less loudly, and I felt the good earth beneath my feet. Slowly but surely I wore him out. In his art he was a master craftsman, but for that hour I was that art itself. His breath came short, the sweat stood upon his forehead, and still I deferred my attack. He made the thrust of a boy of fifteen, and I smiled as I put it by.

"Why don't you end it?" he breathed. "Finish and be d——d to you!"

For answer I sent his sword flying over the nearest hillock of sand. "Am I Kirby?" I said. He fell back against the heaped-up sand and leaned there, panting, with his hand to his side. "Am I Kirby?" I demanded again, and in a moment when he could get his breath he answered, "Yes."

I turned to the now highly excited rabble. "Shove the boats off, half a dozen of you!" I ordered. "Some of you others take up that carrion there and throw it into the sea. The gold upon it is for your pains. You there with the wounded shoulder! you have no great hurt. I'll salve it with ten pieces of eight from the captain's own share, the next prize we take."

A shout of acclamation arose that scared the sea fowl. They who so short a time before had been ready to tear me limb from limb now with the greatest apparent delight hailed me as captain. How soon they might revert to their former mood was a question that I found not worth while to propound to myself.

By this the man in black and silver had recovered his breath and his equanimity, and was again the thoughtful young gentleman of a while before.

"Have you no commission with which to honor me, noble captain?" he asked in gently reproachful tones. "Have you forgot how often you were wont to employ me in those sweet days when your eyes were black?"

"By no means, Master Paradise," I said courteously. "I desire your company and that of the gentleman from Lima. You will go with me to bring up the rest of my party. The three gentlemen of the broken head, the bushy ruff, which I protest is vastly becoming, and the wounded shoulder will escort us."

"The rest of your party?" said Paradise softly.

"Ay," I answered nonchalantly. "They are down the beach and around the point warming themselves by a fire which this piled-up sand hides from you. Despite the sunshine it is a biting air. Let us be going! This island wearies me, and I am anxious to be on board ship and away."

"So small an escort scarce befits so great a captain," he said. "We will all attend you." One and all started forward.

I called to mind and gave utterance to all the oaths I had heard in the wars. "I entertain you for my subordinate whom I command, and not who commands me!" I cried, when my memory failed me. "As for you, you dogs, who would question your captain and his doings, stay where you are, if you would not be taught a thing or two! I am Kirby!"

Sheer audacity is at times the surest steed a man can bestride. Now at least it did me good service. With oaths and grunts of admiration the pirates stayed where they were, and went about their business of launching the boats and stripping the body of Red Gil, while the man in black and silver, the gentleman

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from Lima, the two gravediggers, the knave with the wounded shoulder, and myself walked briskly up the beach.

With these five at my heels I strode up to the dying fire and to those who had sprung to their feet at our approach. "Sparrow," I said easily, "luck being with us as usual, I have fallen in with a party of Brethren of the Coast. I have told them who I am, — that Kirby, to wit, whom an injurious world calls the blackest pirate unhanged, — and have recounted to them how the great galleon which I took some months ago went down yesterday with all on board, you and I with these others being the sole survivors. By dint of a little persuasion they have elected me their captain, and we will go on board directly and set sail for the Indies, a hunting ground which we never should have left. You need not look so blank; you shall be my mate and right hand still." I turned to the five who in company called themselves buccaneers and Brethren of the Coast. "This, gentlemen, is my mate, Jeremy Sparrow by name, who hath a taste for divinity that in no wise interferes with his taste for a galleon or a guarda costa. This man, Diccon Demon by name, was of my crew. The gentleman without a sword is my prisoner, taken by me from the last ship I sunk. How he, an Englishman, came to be upon a Spanish bark I have not found leisure to inquire. The lady is my prisoner, also."

"Sure by rights she should be gaoler and hold all men's hearts in ward," said Paradise, with a low bow to my unfortunate captive.

While he spoke a most remarkable transformation was going on. The minister's grave, rugged, and deeply lined face smoothed itself and shed ten years at least; in the eyes that I had seen wet with noble tears a laughing devil now lurked, while his strong mouth became a loose-lipped, devil-may-care one. His head with its aureole of bushy, grizzled hair set itself jauntily upon one side, and from it and from his face and his whole great frame breathed a wicked jollity quite indescribable.

"Odsbodikins, captain!" he cried. "Kirby's luck! — 't will pass into a saw! Adzooks! and so you 're captain once more, and I 'm mate once more, and we 've a ship once more, and we 're off once more

To sail the Spanish Main,
And give the Spaniard pain,
Heave ho, bully boy, heave ho!

By 'r lakin! I 'm too dry to sing. It will take all the wine of Xeres in the next galleon to unparch my tongue!"

Mary Johnston.

(*To be continued.*)

THE NOVELS OF GEORGE MEREDITH.

When a novelist's works come to us in a new edition, revised and complete, it is time to consider him seriously as one whose task is accomplished, and to ask what place he holds in the history of fiction; and such a consideration may seem in an especial manner timely in the case of an author like George Meredith,[1] whose novels have elicited such extravagant praise and such sweeping condemnation from different readers. Indeed, I know of nothing much more discouraging than to read in succession the various reviews of Mr. Meredith's works.

[1] The Works of George Meredith. 16 vols. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1898.

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There appears to be no middle ground between the homage of R. L. Stevenson, to whom Rhoda Fleming was "the strongest thing in English letters since Shakespeare died," and the equally excessive detraction of William Watson, who has put on record his impression of The Egoist as being "the most entirely wearisome book purporting to be a novel that" he had "ever toiled through in" his "life." And withal few or none of these critics have deemed it necessary to give a rational explanation of their opinions. One asks in amazement whether the judgment is utterly and forever to be excluded from criticism by this kind of irresponsible impressionism.

Probably the first characteristic of these novels to attract the attention of even the most heedless reader is the peculiar language, employed, one might almost say, with malice prepense. "Our language is not rich in subtleties for prose. A writer who is not servile, and has insight, must coin from his own mint." So Mr. Meredith states his case, and it must be admitted he has coined with a liberal hand, not so much in the formation of new words, though he is apt to prefer a strange word to a common one, as in his distortion of language in order to surcharge it with thought and sensation. It is perhaps this peculiarity of style that led an eminent critic to declare his chief fault was inability to tell a story, — rather a grave charge against a story-teller, if it could be substantiated. The construction of a plot like that of Evan Harrington may be sufficient answer to such a charge, but it may not be so easy to contradict the censure of over-cleverness to which his pointed style lays him open.

Mr. Meredith alludes more than once to his own philosophic intentions, and speaks with some irritation of the necessity of disguising his deeper meaning for fear of seeming obscure. We fancy, nowever, that it is not profundity of reflection on human life which causes obscurity so much as the refraction of this into innumerable burning points. And herein lies much of the difference between real depth and mere cleverness. In any true sense of the word there is as much depth of reflection in Henry Esmond as in The Egoist; but the earlier novel is less obscure, because the thought is presented in broad masses, so to speak, which rest the mind while stimulating it, whereas The Egoist confuses with its endless clashing epigrams. Mr. Meredith, like his own Mrs. Mountstuart, is "mad for cleverness," and does not stop often enough to remember his judgment on Sir Austin Feverel: "A maker of proverbs — what is he but a narrow mind, the mouthpiece of a narrower?" and, "A proverb is a halfway house to an idea, I conceive." Now, although the highest culture must always demand more repose of mind than an epigrammatist can offer, yet the flippant public is readily caught by a superficial sparkling cleverness, as recent popular novels sufficiently attest, and Mr. Meredith might be expected to attract such an audience, were it not for one grave defect. His cleverness is sparkling, but it is by no means superficial, and such cleverness does not make easy reading. Mr. McCarthy, one of his admirers, has said of the novels that "a man or woman must be really in earnest to care much about them at all." Really, our author seems to be caught between the devil and the deep sea. Yet criticise his style as you will, there is after all a note of sincerity in it, something so naturally artificial, if the paradox may be pardoned, that we are prone to overlook its extravagances, and can even appreciate its fascination for certain minds. It may be pretty well characterized in his own words as "the puffing of a giant; a strong wind rather than speech."

To Stevenson Meredith's is the only conversation since Shakespeare. It is a little hard to understand Stevenson's unreasoning enthusiasm for an author who

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is in every respect a direct contrast to him, — a contrast nowhere more apparent than in the dialogue of these novels. Mr. Meredith's characters all talk Meredith; they are all epigrammatic, and all his fools are wits. This might perhaps be pardoned, if our author had only learned from Shakespeare the further art of making his fools witty and natural at the same time; but it must be confessed that Mr. Meredith too often employs language so artificial as entirely to destroy the illusion. In one respect, however, he has been led by his oblique method of thought into a false kind of realism which a deeper sense of art would have corrected. He says of one of his characters that "she had not uttered words, she had shed meanings;" and this is an admirable description of much of his conversation. To be sure, in real life we are apt to leave our thoughts half expressed, or even to say one thing while another thought is in our mind; but the artist should remember that in actual conversation there are, besides words, a hundred ways of conveying our meaning which the printed page cannot employ. To produce the same impression, the novelist's language must necessarily be fuller and more explicit than is needed in life, and true realism should recognize this difference. Generally Mr. Meredith leaves his readers to gather this undercurrent of thought as best they may, but in one place he has been kind enough to add a comment to the dialogue, which sets in so clear a light this troublesome source of obscurity that I am tempted to quote the passage in full, though it has already been used for the same purpose. This conversation, then, between Rhoda Fleming and Robert proceeds as follows: —

"'I 've always thought you were born to be a lady!' (You had that ambition, madam.)

"She answered: 'That 's what I don't understand.' (Your saying it, O my friend!)

"'You will soon take to your new duties.' (You have small objection to them even now.)

"'Yes, or my life won't be worth much.' (Know that you are driving me to it.)

"'And I wish you happiness, Rhoda.' (You are madly imperiling the prospect thereof.)

"To each of them the second meaning stood shadowy behind the utterances. And further: —

"'Thank you, Robert.' (I shall have to thank you for the issue.)

"'Now it 's time to part.' (Do you not see that there is a danger for me in remaining?)

"'Good-night.' (Behold I am submissive.)

"'Good-night, Rhoda.' (You were the first to give the signal of parting.)

"'Good-night.' (I am simply submissive.)

"'Why not my name? Are you hurt with me?'

"Rhoda choked. The indirectness of speech had been a shelter to her, permitting her to hint at more than she dared clothe in words.

"Again the delicious dusky rose glowed beneath her eyes.

"But he had put his hand out to her, and she had not taken it.

"'What have I done to offend you? I really don't know, Rhoda.'

"'Nothing.' The flower had closed."

Here as so often Mr. Meredith has himself furnished the means of criticising him. Indeed, it would be quite practicable to compose a full review of his works by forming a cento of phrases from his own pen. The conversation just quoted has been commended for its high realism, and the praise is not undeserved; but unfortunately the volumes are packed with dialogue of this oblique character, where there is no comment added to guide the bewildered reader. The intellectual labor required for such writing is prodigious; the pity of it is

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that simpler language would be a higher form of realism, because truer to life as life must be expressed through the novelist's artistic medium. It is in the larger sense an error of style, the same error which has led him to break up his thought into points, and leave the labor of the intellect everywhere disagreeably manifest. I have called it the substitution of cleverness for true wisdom; and if Mr. Meredith stands far above the ordinary shrewd writer of the day, it is because he is indeed clever where others only strive to be so. In the end we are tempted once more to turn against him his own weapon of attack, and quote from The Egoist: "You see how easy it is to deceive one who is an artist in phrases. Avoid them, Miss Dale; they dazzle the penetration of the composer. That is why people of ability like Mrs. Mountstuart see so little; they are so bent on describing brilliantly."

One cannot help remarking, in this connection, how few of our English novel-writers are great as stylists. It is a noteworthy fact that any other class of authors — essayists, historians, divines, and even philosophers — can boast a greater number of avowed masters of language. Fielding has a strong virile style, but lacks charm and grace; Sterne is capricious; Jane Austen's language is as limpid as still water, and occasionally as biting as acid, but fails in compass; Hawthorne's style is perfect for romance, but scarcely flexible enough for an ordinary novelist's use. Perhaps Thackeray alone can be accounted a master in word-craft, and certainly Meredith is not the least peccant among the brotherhood. For one who desires to penetrate into the secrets of the art, I suppose no better course could be adopted than the careful study of two books, Henry Esmond and Castiglione's Il Cortegiano; the former being the most perfect specimen among English novels of the science of writing as cunningly defined by the Italian. I was amazed, recently, to find that not a single copy of Castiglione's famous work was discoverable in a city of six hundred thousand inhabitants; and indeed, Italian literature in general is so little read among us that it may not be amiss to transcribe a sentence or two from Il Cortegiano. This work, as the name indicates, is a discussion of the qualities necessary to form a perfect courtier, or, as we should say to-day, gentleman; and in the first book, after dwelling at some length on the need of grace in every action, the dialogue turns aside to touch on the use of language or style, and continues as follows: —

"Often I have considered in myself whence this grace arises, and, leaving aside those who have received it from the stars, I have discovered one universal rule which more than any other seems to me in this respect to prevail in all things that men do or say: and that is, so far as possible, and as if it were a sharp and perilous rock, to avoid affectation; and, if I may be pardoned the word, to adopt in everything a certain *sprezzatura* [I hardly know how to translate the word; it signifies an easy contempt for the means employed, a sort of gentlemanlike superiority to the results] — a certain sprezzatura, which hides the art, and shows that what we say or do is done without fatigue and as it were without taking thought. From this, as I think, springs the highest grace; for every one knows the difficulty of things rare and well done, and in such things a sense of ease produces the greatest wonder; whereas, the display of force and effort destroys the charm and detracts from the honor of things that may be great in themselves. . . .

"Now writing, in my opinion, is only a form of speech which abides after the man has spoken, being an image, or rather the life itself, of his words. Therefore, in spoken language, which is dispersed with the breath that formed it, a certain license is permitted beyond what is allowed in writing; for writing

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preserves speech, submitting it to the judgment of him who reads and affording time for mature consideration. Hence it is reasonable to employ greater diligence in order that our written language may be pure and elegant, but not to such a degree that it should differ essentially from speech."

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Castiglione was an avowed Platonist, and it is probable that his conception of style is based on a study of that philosopher who certainly, more than any other writer of the past or present, succeeded in combining the elements of *grazia* and *sprezzatura*. In reading Thackeray I have often been struck by a kind of similarity in his use of language to Plato's; there is the same easy conversational tone, which is always graceful, and never, even at its loosest, slipshod, and which on the proper occasion can express sentiments of true sublimity without the slightest apparent effort. It is the complete absence of this grace and this sprezzatura that renders so much of Meredith uncomfortable and at times even painful reading. And yet it must be confessed that now and again, without losing the peculiar flavor of his style, he is able to produce pages of a strange and haunting beauty that almost atone for chapters of dreary affectation. I have quoted Mr. Meredith in condemnation of himself; scant justice calls for quotation from that famous scene by the old weir in Richard Feverel, withal one of the most enchanting love scenes in our literature: —

"Above green-flashing plunges of a weir, and shaken by the thunder below, lilies, golden and white, were swaying at anchor among the reeds. Meadow-sweet hung from the banks thick with weed and trailing bramble, and there also hung a daughter of earth. Her face was shaded by a broad straw hat with a flexible brim that left her lips and chin in the sun, and, sometimes nodding, sent forth a light of promising eyes. Across her shoulders, and behind, flowed large loose curls, brown in shadow, almost golden where the ray touched them. She was simply dressed, befitting decency and the season. On a closer inspection you might see that her lips were stained. This blooming young person was regaling on dewberries. They grew between the bank and the water. . . . The little skylark went up above her, all song, to the smooth southern cloud lying along the blue: from a dewy copse dark over her nodding hat the blackbird fluted, calling to her with thrice mellow note: the kingfisher flashed emerald out of green osiers: a bow-winged heron traveled aloft, seeking solitude: a boat slipped toward her, containing a dreamy youth; and still she plucked the fruit, and ate, and mused, as if no fairy prince were invading her territories, and as if she wished not for one, or knew not her wishes. Surrounded by the green shaven meadows, the pastoral summer buzz, the weir-fall's thundering white, amid the breath and beauty of wild flowers, she was a bit of lovely human life in a fair setting; a terrible attraction. The Magnetic Youth leaned round to note his proximity to the weir-piles, and beheld the sweet vision. Stiller and stiller grew nature, as at the meeting of two electric clouds. Her posture was so graceful that though he was making straight for the weir, he dared not dip a scull. Just then one enticing dewberry caught her eyes. He was floating by unheeded, and saw that her hand stretched low, and could not gather what it sought. A stroke from his right brought him beside her. The damsel glanced up dismayed, and her whole shape trembled over the brink. Richard sprang from his boat into the water. Pressing a hand beneath her foot, which she had thrust against the crumbling wet sides of the bank to save herself, he enabled her to recover her balance, and gain safe earth, whither he followed her.

"He had landed on an island of the still-vexed Bermoothes. The world lay wrecked behind him: Raynham hung in

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mists, remote, a phantom to the vivid reality of this white hand which had drawn him thither away thousands of leagues in an eye-twinkle. Hark, how Ariel sang overhead! What splendor in the heavens! What marvels of beauty about his enchanted brows! And, O you wonder! Fair Flame! by whose light the glories of being are now first seen. . . . Radiant Miranda! Prince Ferdinand is at your feet."

We have delayed at some length on this matter of language, because it seems to us of vital importance, — as vital, for instance, as color to a painter, — and because in Meredith particularly an appreciation of his style carries with it a pretty general understanding of his work as novelist. There is the same lack of graceful ease, the same labored ingenuity in his narration and character-drawing.

His characters do not stand forth smoothly or naturally, so that we comprehend them and live with them without effort. We seem to be with the author in his *phrontisterion*, or thinking-shop; there is continual evidence of the intellectual machinery by which his characters are created. To some this creaking of the wheels and pulleys is so offensive that they throw away the books in disgust, while others, themselves professional writers in large part, take an actual pleasure in seeing the whole process of construction laid bare before them. We have in Mr. Meredith's works the analytical novel *par excellence*, and it would be hard to exaggerate the contrast between these and the perceptive novel, or novel of manners, of which Thackeray is the great exemplar. There is undoubtedly a certain legitimate joy of the intellect in pure analysis; yet it should seem that in the novel, as in every other form of art, the true master imitates nature more unconsciously, more objectively, if you will. The actions and thoughts of his characters present themselves to his mind as a concrete reality, and so he reproduces them. It is rather the part of the scientist to evoke a character from conscious analysis of motives. I have heard an eminent critic censure Thackeray as shallow, and extol Meredith for his profundity, without perhaps pausing to reflect that the same logic would condemn Shakespeare. Indeed, such a question would resolve itself into a debate over the respective profundity of art and science, — surely the idlest of all possible questions. More to the point is it to observe that the highest pleasure, such as comes with a sense of inner expansion, and which art aims above all things to bestow, is largely dependent on that sprezzatura whose lack is felt as much in Mr. Meredith's character study as in his style.

Despite the admirable narrative powers displayed in Rhoda Fleming and elsewhere, the same lack of ease is too often manifest in the construction and plot of Mr. Meredith's stories. So difficult is it, for example, to follow the events in the closing chapters of The Egoist that the pleasure of a first reading of that inimitable book is considerably diminished. But in the construction of these novels there lurks a deeper error than mere want of facility. We cannot but feel that the author has shown unusual genius in a wrong direction; and in fact, strange as it may seem, any sound criticism of Mr. Meredith must continually reprobate his methods, while at the same time admiring his powers. To this is partly due, no doubt, the extreme divergence of opinion in regard to his work. It is easy to retort, as Mr. McCarthy retorted long ago, that the great advantage of the novel lies in the very fact that it has not been subjected to literary canons, and remains free to follow any direction. Epic has been strangled by epic law; tragedy was for a long time suffocated by the three unities; and so it has been with other branches of literature; but in the novel there is no form admitted to be of itself right or wrong. There is

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truth in this idea, and the nature of the novel has kept it free from many useless restrictions. Yet, however we may welcome every form of narration, and even rejoice that all novels are not all cast in one mould, still our judgment must distinguish, and must regard one form as higher than another in so far as it is capable of arousing greater and more satisfactory interest in the reader.

Apart from the story of pure adventure, which as a reaction has come into favor of late, but which can never touch the reader's deeper feelings, there have been from the beginning two classes of novels; and, although the terms may be slightly misleading, since the rules of prose and poetical narration can never be quite the same, I would distinguish these two classes as the epic and the dramatic. Tom Jones is epic in its aim; Clarissa Harlowe is dramatic. The two schools still persist side by side, and a clear understanding of their different aims is of prime importance in estimating the works under question.

It is rather a far cry from latter-day fiction to Homer and Sophocles; yet in distinguishing between the aims of epic and dramatic narration I am tempted to appeal to Greek rather than to modern poets, for the very reason that in Greece the various genres were more sharply defined in practice. The theme of the Iliad is ostensibly the wrath of Achilles, but in reality the effect of the poem is double. The central theme is heightened and diversified by the picture of its influence on a great series of events, while at the same time a wonderful panorama of war and life is unrolled before us, to whose varied scenes unity of effect is lent by the main subject. During a considerable portion of the poem Achilles is almost forgotten. No drama remains which deals directly with the quarrel of Achilles and Agamemnon, but from the other dramas of Sophocles it is not hard to conceive how the action would appear on the stage. The attention of the audience would be concentrated throughout on Achilles' passion; the language employed would enhance its intensity; and all the details of life not bearing directly upon it would be omitted. In a sense, the aim of the epic is breadth of view, the aim of tragedy is intensity; the one proposes to offer a large picture of life artistically disposed, the other to express a brief passion or conflict. The drama which should attempt to concentrate its passionate discourse upon such a series of events as those depicted in the epic would be intolerable. It would at once seem out of proportion, for existence is not normally narrowed down to one grand passion, and the throwing of such intense light on the little details of life would affect our emotional nature very much as close confinement would affect the body: we should gasp to be free. Besides keeping out of view the trivial features of life, the tragedy must further idealize by the generalizing influence of highly wrought metaphorical language. Compare, for instance, one of Ibsen's plays with Macbeth. Ibsen has violated the law of tragedy by descending to trivialities and by using prosaic language. The result is evident. He affects our emotional nature strongly, more poignantly than Shakespeare; but we lay down such a play as Ghosts with a sense of inner suffocation, whereas Macbeth gives a feeling of expansion, and so, as Aristotle would say, purges the passions. Ibsen is as false to life as he is to art. Deep emotion in reality tends to evoke general ideas, though in the dumbness of our heart we may need a poet to give them utterance. And all the while the daily trivial events of existence go on about us as it were in another sphere. We are conscious of a great gap between them and our inner experience; and when at intervals the two spheres touch, the shock is like a bitter awakening. Any artist who confounds these regions of experience is false to life and to his art.

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And what has this to do with the novel? Everything. Despite its elasticity of form, the novel which would do more than offer the lightest and most transient amusement must in aim be either epic or tragic, — tragic not because of its disastrous dénouement necessarily, but in the way it treats the deeper passions. Now, whatever else fiction may be, its first purpose is to entertain; and its power of entertainment becomes of a higher and more lasting character in so far as it succeeds in enhancing our sense of life and in purging the emotions. Tom Jones and the works of that class down to the great novels of Thackeray offer a picture of the large currents of life; the passions and struggles of the hero are used, like the wrath of Achilles, to give unity to the narrative; and we rise from perusing such books with a feeling of expansion. Clarissa Harlowe and its successors, including modern problem novels, follow in part the laws of tragedy. Everything revolves about a single emotion; and the longer and more complicated the plot which the author is able to concentrate upon this one emotion, the more contracting and painful is the result. And this, we maintain, is not an arbitrary question of literary procedure, but a matter of psychology.

In the tragedy proper this sense of expansion is obtained by purging the passions, — by liberating them from the sphere of petty details, and so depersonalizing them, — and further by the use of lofty thought couched in language far removed above the speech of daily intercourse. Who ever wept over Macbeth or Antigone? Indeed, the story is well known that the Athenians actually fined a dramatist for putting on the stage a tragedy which appealed too strongly to their sympathies, and forbade the play ever to be presented again. But the novel which is denied the employment of these tragic means must proceed in another manner. Even more than the epos it must purge the passions by enveloping them in the free current of life, which proceeds serenely on its way untroubled by the anguish and complaints of the individual, — and thus lighten the emotions of their personal poignancy.

Were space at our disposal, it would be possible to analyze in detail each of Mr. Meredith's novels, and show how they turn for their effect to the laws of the drama rather than the epos, and how, in consequence, they leave the reader with a sense of contraction. So, in brief, Richard Feverel holds the mind from first to last on a single problem (and that, by the way, a fairly disagreeable one), and every incident is made to bear upon its development. There seems to be but one aspect — the sexual relation — to human life; and this is presented without any of the alleviating circumstances of genuine tragedy. The point is made clear at once by comparison with Tom Jones or Pendennis, where the infinite variety of human activity is unrolled before us. So too in The Egoist a single problem, as the name implies, is studied with unflagging persistence. Not even a complete character, but one predominant trait is made the centre about which all the incidents of the book revolve. The novel is unquestionably a most astounding piece of analytical cleverness, yet is it true to nature? Hardly, we think. The final impression is one of mental and emotional contraction; and however useful such an impression may be in a sermon, it is not altogether amusing in a work of art. Compare the book with Pride and Prejudice, where again a single trait in hero and heroine is the central theme, but where this theme is used rather to lend interest to a picture of life, a picture in miniature yet complete in its way, and the difference is immediately apparent. The one contracts, the other expands. Nor should it be supposed that this difference depends to any large extent on the tragic or non-tragic ending of the

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plot; although the formal law of the epic demands a peaceful conclusion, and the novel, to give the highest pleasure, would seem to follow the epic rather than the drama in this respect also.

So much may be said to explain why a writer of such extraordinary genius as Mr. Meredith fails to produce works of art that can be ranked with the greatest. And we would repeat that these artistic laws which he transgresses are not conventional rules imposed arbitrarily. They are inherent in the medium which the novelist must use; any infraction of them means that the author does not adopt the best and highest method of giving pleasure at his disposal, and his error is more likely to be condoned by the half-informed critic than by the unreflecting reader of native good taste.

In the case of Mr. Meredith the artistic fault is more or less intimately connected with a still deeper error, which concerns his mode of regarding human nature, and which associates him to a certain degree with the naturalists. The weakness of the naturalistic novel has been exposed more than once, but never, perhaps, so exhaustively and competently as by Juan Valera in his Nuevos Estudios. Naturalism is an outgrowth or degradation, he would have it, of romanticism. The romantic movement reflected an abnegation of the will as controlled by reason, and a substitution in its place of the emotions guided by the vagaries of fancy. From this untrammeled use of the fancy, naturalism, following in the wake of the materialistic advances of science, turned to the boasted study of reality, thus leaving room neither for the free will nor for the imagination. The novelist, according to Zola, "is one who studies man experimentally, mounting and dismounting piece by piece the human mechanism by which, under the influence of environment, he performs his functions." Here is no account of man as a free agent; his acts are the inevitable outcome of his inherited disposition and surrounding circumstances. As Paul Alexis forcibly expresses it in his book on Zola, "man is, fatally, the product of a particular hereditary temperament, which unfolds itself in a certain physical, intellectual, and moral environment."

It would be neither critical nor just to class Mr. Meredith unreservedly with the naturalists. In many respects he is widely removed from them. Naturalism can flourish only where the audience itself has become enfeebled in its will-power, and the Anglo-Saxon race is too healthy to permit one of its greatest writers to fall completely under this decadent influence. Nevertheless, it is true that such novels as Richard Feverel and The Egoist do belong in part to this category. So long as the free will is paramount, a novel tends to depict a full character, and to unfold a picture of life wherein the individual acts upon the world, and the world reacts upon him. So soon as the will is dethroned, the novel tends to become a treatise on the influence of environment upon character or an analytical study of particular inherited traits of character. Just this has happened in the case of Mr. Meredith. Like his own Captain Baskelett, "the secret of his art would seem to be to show the automatic human creature at loggerheads with a necessity that winks at remarkable pretensions, while condemning it perpetually to doll-like actions." Richard Feverel is a long and patiently elaborated monograph on the development of character under peculiar circumstances. Given a lad of normal temper, how will he be affected by a certain systematic course of training? It will be noticed, however, that the modifying influence is here the active personality of his father; we are still a wide step from regarding man as a mere mechanism. Justice will further add that, despite the delicacy of its theme, the book remains perfectly decent throughout. In The Egoist a particular trait of character is analyzed and expatiated on with vast in-

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genuity and, it must be confessed, rather tedious monotony. Indeed, the ordinary fault of naturalism is its lack of interest, so that we see the genuine naturalists constantly seeking to attract readers by all sorts of illegitimate allurements of the animal senses. Juan Valera curtly asks: "How can such novels interest, when they present a temperament, and not a character; a mere machine which moves in obedience to physiological laws?"

Mr. Meredith is again far from portraying man from the purely physiological point of view, although parts of Richard Feverel and others of his novels do approach perilously near this view, and always there is in him a tendency to confuse things of the body and of the spirit. This is seen in his treatment of love and women, and more generally in his analysis of the emotions. Now, apart from the bald statement that a character feels such and such an emotion, the novelist has at command two modes of description, — conversation and physical action. Readers of Plato will remember that philosopher's scathing denunciation of the poets, and of Homer in particular, because of their portrayal of passion by means of physical attributes. Their heroes weep, rend the hair, roll on the ground, and give way to other demonstrations which excite the critical Athenian's scorn. Plato in this is consistent, for his dismissal of the poets is but a part of his sweeping condemnation of art in general, in so far as art must depend on the body for its power of expression. There is undoubtedly in all art an insidious lurking danger, which, as Plato clearly sets forth, lies in its tendency to relax the moral fibre by translating things spiritual into corporeal symbols. If this be true, we ought to be the more jealous of any false encroachment of physical methods into its realm; for there is a right and a wrong method, and unfortunately Mr. Meredith has not always kept in the narrow path. Physical actions, which are under control of the will and thus remain to a great extent voluntary, are legitimate; physical states, which do not depend on the free agency of the individual, must be used with a sparing hand, for frequent recurrence to such means of expression at once tends to confuse the spirit with the body, and to offer us the study of a temperament in place of true characterization. This pathological mode of description is distinctly a sin of modern times, culminating in the nauseous abuse of the naturalists. It would be easy to take all the great emotions of the heart, — fear, revenge, love, jealousy, hate, rage, despair, — and show how differently they are treated in this respect by Fielding or Thackeray and by writers of the modern school. Here again the translation of these passions into physical acts that depend on the energy of the will leaves us with a sense of expansion and mental relief, whereas the pathological method disturbs and contracts. I cannot emphasize this truth better than by quoting several brief passages from Meredith, and allowing them to speak for themselves. So he says of one of his characters: "His head throbbed with the hearing of a heavy laugh, as if a hammer had knocked it." Elsewhere: "His natural horror of a resolute man, more than fear, made him shiver and gave his tongue an acid taste." And again: "Emilia thought of Wilfrid in a way that made the vault of her brain seem to echo with jarred chords." It is not, of course, the occasional recourse to such means which is objectionable, but their perpetual use. Every one will admit with our novelist that "we are all in submission to mortal laws," but a stancher belief in the power of the will hesitates to accept his declaration that "our souls are hideously subject to the conditions of our animal nature!"

In one respect Mr. Meredith has carried this passive physical expression to a fantastic extremity, which I mention as much for its amusing absurdity as for

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its real significance. Apparently he has found a new seat of all the emotions: this is no longer the heart, or the Biblical bowels, or the brain, but — the eyelids. Let me justify the statement by quotations: "Hurt vanity led Wilfrid to observe that the woman's eyes dwelt with a singular fullness and softness void of fire, a true ox-eyed gaze, but human in the fall of the eyelids." "She had reddened deliciously, and therewith hung a dewy rosy moisture on her underlids." "We are creatures of custom. I am, I confess, a poltroon in my affections; I dread changes. The shadow of the tenth of an inch in the customary elevation of an eyelid!" These are not isolated cases. After a while one begins to believe that hope, fear, humor, love, hate, anger, horror, friendship, cunning, timidity, modesty, — all the passions of human nature are bound up with the flutter of an eyelid. It is the very *ad absurdum* of passive physical description.

Mr. Meredith's psychological attitude may be further traced in his characterization of women. It is, in fact, noteworthy that the present race of novelists are wont to take more interest in, and succeed better with, their feminine than their male characters. But here we tread on perilous ground. After all that has been written by women on the failure of the masculine mind to grasp the subtleties of the female heart, what man is rash enough to step forward as a judge? Fortunately for me, a clever woman has settled the matter. Miss Adeline Sargent has left on record that "George Meredith is one of the few novelists of any age or time who see not but man but woman as she is." Strange that, after such an avowal, she should object so vehemently to Mr. Meredith's psychological analysis of woman! We may perhaps explain the discrepancy by supposing that he depicts women as they are, though not as they are to be. But let us hear Miss Sargent again. She quotes from Meredith as follows: "Women have us back to the conditions of the primitive man, or they shoot us higher than the topmost star. But it is as we please. Let them tell us what we are to them: for us, they are the back and front of life: the poet's Lesbia, the poet's Beatrice, ours is the choice. They are to us what we hold of best or worst within." Miss Sargent's comment on this theory is naive: "In these sentences there is an assumption of woman's want of consciousness or want of volition in the matter." So delicate is this subject that I may be pardoned for again taking refuge behind authorities, — this time a man, but a man of the most feminine genius. Mr. Le Gallienne is enthusiastic in his praise of our novelist, as will be seen: "In his delineation of them [women] his fearless adoption of the modern conception of the unity of body and spirit finds its poetry. No writer with whom I am acquainted has made us so realize 'the value and significance of flesh,' and spirit as the flower of it. In his women we seem to see the transmutation in process." It is in the last analysis just because Mr. Meredith discovers this "want of volition" in human nature, and adopts so fearlessly this "modern conception of the unity of body and spirit," that his feminine characters are complete; whereas his studies of men, though wonderfully keen and incisive, always leave something to be desired. Clara Middleton and Diana, with their feverish attempt at revolt, and their final succumbing in marriage with a character of placid but undeveloped strength, are perhaps his most perfect creations. But we hasten to take leave of this perilous subject, and with it of Mr. Meredith.

In the end, I see that my criticism, whatever its value may be, has been almost entirely destructive; yet I would not leave this as the final impression. In spite of the error of his methods, Mr. Meredith is a writer of extraordinary and, to me at least, fascinating genius. If he cannot stand with the three great

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novelists who were almost his contemporaries, this is due rather to perversion than to feebleness of wit; and at the least he ranks far above the common herd. One might say of him, distorting Gray's familiar line, —

"Above the good how far — but far beneath the great."

There are many reasons, and alas that it should be so, for believing that the novel, like other literary forms in the past, has reached its highest perfection and is already declining in excellence. Mr. Meredith, if compared with Thackeray and his peers, shows only too clearly a decadent tendency; yet what a treasure of enjoyment his wit and imagination have left to the world! And so refreshing at times is his obstinate originality that one is almost tempted, when reflecting on the tameness of lesser men, to extol his faults as added virtues.

Paul Elmer More.

LETTING IN THE LIGHT.

I HAD been out of town and my way had not fallen through the Mulberry Bend in weeks until that morning when I came suddenly upon the park that had been made there in my absence. Sod had been laid, and men were going over the lawn cutting the grass after the rain. The sun shone upon flowers and the tender leaves of young shrubs, and the smell of new-mown hay was in the air. Crowds of little Italian children shouted with delight over the "garden," while their elders sat around upon the benches with a look of contentment such as I had not seen before in that place. I stood and looked at it all, and a lump came in my throat as I thought of what it had been, and of all the weary years of battling for this. It had been such a hard fight, and now at last it was won. To me the whole battle with the slum had summed itself up in the struggle with this dark spot. The whir of the lawn mower was as sweet a song in my ear as that which the skylark sang when I was a boy, in Danish fields, and which gray hairs do not make the man forget.

In my delight I walked upon the grass. It seemed as if I should never be satisfied till I had felt the sod under my feet, — sod in the Mulberry Bend! I did not see the gray-coated policeman hastening my way, nor the wide-eyed youngsters awaiting with shuddering delight the catastrophe that was coming, until I felt his cane laid smartly across my back and heard his angry command: —

"Hey! Come off the grass! D' ye think it is made to walk on?"

So that was what I got for it. It is the way of the world. But it was all right. The park was there, that was the thing. And I had my revenge. I had just had a hand in marking five blocks of tenements for destruction to let in more light, and in driving the slum from two other strongholds. Where they were, parks are being made to-day in which the sign "Keep off the grass!" will never be seen. The children may walk in them from morning till night, and I too, if I want to, with no policeman to drive us off. I tried to tell the policeman something about it. But he was of the old dispensation. All the answer I got was a gruff: —

"G'wan now! I don't want none o' yer guff!"

It was all "guff" to the politicians, I suppose, from the day the trouble began about the Mulberry Bend, but toward the end they woke up nobly. When the park was finally dedicated to the people's use they took charge of the

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celebration with immense unction, and invited themselves to sit in the high seats and glory in the achievement which they had done little but hamper and delay from the first. They had not reckoned with Colonel Waring, however. When they had had their say, the colonel arose and, curtly reminding them that they had really had no hand in the business, proposed three cheers for the citizen effort that had struck the slum this staggering blow. There was rather a feeble response on the platform, but rousing cheers from the crowd, with whom the colonel was a prime favorite, and no wonder. Two years later he laid down his life in the fight which he so valiantly and successfully waged. It is the simple truth that he was killed by politics. The services which he had rendered the city would have entitled him in any reputable business to be retained in the employment that was his life and his pride. Had he been so retained he would not have gone to Cuba, and would in all human probability be now alive. But Tammany is not "in politics for her health" and had no use for him, though no more grievous charge could be laid at his door, even in the heat of the campaign, than that he was a "foreigner," being from Rhode Island. Spoils politics never craved a heavier sacrifice of any community.

It was Colonel Waring's broom that first let light into the slum. That which had come to be considered an impossible task he did by the simple formula of "putting a man instead of a voter behind every broom." The words are his own. The man, from a political dummy who loathed his job and himself in it with cause, became a self-respecting citizen, and the streets that had been dirty were swept. The ash barrels which had befouled the sidewalks disappeared, almost without any one knowing it till they were gone. The trucks that obstructed the children's only playground, the street, went with the dirt despite the opposition of the truckman who had traded off his vote to Tammany in the past for stall room at the curbstone. They did not go without a struggle. When appeal to the alderman proved useless, the truckman resorted to strategy. He took a wheel off, or kept a perishing nag, that could not walk, hitched to the truck over night to make it appear that it was there for business. But subterfuge availed as little as resistance. In the Mulberry Bend he made his last stand. The old houses had been torn down, leaving a three-acre lot full of dirt mounds and cellar holes. Into this the truckmen of the Sixth Ward hauled their carts, and defied the street cleaners. They were no longer in their way, and they were on the Park Department's domain, where no Colonel Waring was in control. But while their owners were triumphing, the children playing among the trucks set one of them rolling down into a cellar, and three or four of the little ones were crushed. That was the end. The trucks disappeared. Even Tammany has not ventured to put them back, so great was the relief of their going. They were not only a hindrance to the sweeper and the skulking places of all manner of mischief at night, but I have repeatedly seen the firemen baffled in their efforts to reach a burning house, where they stood four and six deep in the wide "slips" at the river.

Colonel Waring did more for the cause of labor than all the walking delegates of the town together, by investing a despised but highly important task with a dignity which won the hearty plaudits of a grateful city. When he uniformed his men and announced that he was going to parade with them so that we might all see what they were like, the town laughed and poked fun at the "white wings;" but no one went to see them who did not come away converted to an enthusiastic belief in the man and his work. Public sentiment, that had been half reluctantly suspend-

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ing judgment, expecting every day to see the colonel "knuckle down to politics" like his predecessors, turned in an hour, and after that there was little trouble. The tenement house children organized street cleaning bands to help along the work, and Colonel Waring enlisted them as regular auxiliaries and made them useful.

They had no better friend. When the unhappy plight of the persecuted pushcart men, all immigrant Jews, who were blackmailed, robbed, and driven from pillar to post as a nuisance, though licensed to trade in the street, appealed vainly for a remedy, Colonel Waring found a way out in a great morning market in Hester Street that should be turned over to the children for a playground in the afternoon. Though he proved that it would pay interest on the investment in market fees, and many times in the children's happiness, it was never built. It would have been a most fitting monument to the man's memory. His broom saved more lives in the crowded tenements than a squad of doctors. It did more: it swept the cobwebs out of our civic brain and conscience, and set up a standard of a citizen's duty which, however we may for the moment forget, will be ours until we have dragged other things than our pavements out of the mud.

Even the colonel's broom would have been powerless to do that for "the Bend." That was hopeless and had to go. There was no question of children or playground involved. The worst of all the gangs, the Whyós, had its headquarters in the darkest of its dark alleys; but it was left to the police. We had not begun to understand that the gangs meant something to us beyond murder and vengeance, in those days. No one suspected that they had any such roots in the soil that they could be killed by merely destroying the slum. The cholera was rapping on our door and, with the Bend there, we felt about it as a man with stolen goods in his house must feel when the policeman comes up the street. Back in the seventies we began discussing what ought to be done. By 1884 the first Tenement House Commission had summoned up courage to propose that a street be cut through the bad block. In the following year a bill was brought in to destroy it bodily, and then began the long fight that resulted in the defeat of the slum a dozen years later.

It was a bitter fight, in which every position of the enemy had to be carried by assault. The enemy was the deadly official inertia that was the outcome of political corruption born of the slum plus the indifference of the mass of our citizens, who probably had never seen the Bend. If I made it my own concern to the exclusion of all else, it was only because I knew it. I had been part of it. Homeless and alone, I had sought its shelter, not for long, — that was not to be endured, — but long enough to taste of its poison, and I hated it. I knew that the blow must be struck there, to kill. Looking back now over those years, I can see that it was all as it should be. We were learning the alphabet of our lesson then. We could have learned it in no other way so thoroughly. Before we had been at it more than two or three years it was no longer a question of the Bend merely. The Small Parks law that gave us a million dollars a year to force light and air into the slum, to its destruction, grew out of it. The whole sentiment which in its day, groping blindly and angrily, had wiped out the disgrace of the Five Points, just around the corner, crystallized and took shape in its fight. It waited merely for the issue of that, to attack the slum in its other strongholds; and no sooner was the Bend gone than the rest surrendered, unconditionally.

But it was not so easy campaigning at the start. In 1888 plans were filed for the demolition of the block. It took

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four years to get a report of what it would cost to tear it down. About once in two months during all that time the authorities had to be prodded into a spasm of activity, or we would probably have been yet where we were then. Once when I appealed to the Corporation Counsel to give a good reason for the delay I got the truth out of him without evasion.

"Well, I tell you," he said blandly, "no one here is taking any interest in that business. That is good enough reason for you, is n't it?"

It was. That Tammany reason became the slogan of an assault upon official incompetence and treachery that hurried things up considerably. The property was condemned at a total cost to the city of a million and a half, in round numbers, including the assessment of half a million for park benefit which the property owners were quick enough, with the aid of the politicians, to get saddled on the city at large. In 1894 the city took possession and became the landlord of the old barracks. For a whole year it complacently collected the rents and did nothing. When it was shamed out of that rut, too, and the tenements were at last torn down, the square lay as the wreckers had left it for another year, until it became such a plague spot that, as a last resort, with a citizen's privilege, I arraigned the municipality before the Board of Health for maintaining a nuisance upon its premises. I can see the shocked look of the official now, as he studied the complaint.

"But, my dear sir," he coughed diplomatically, "is n't it rather unusual? I never heard of such a thing."

"Neither did I," I replied, "but then there never was such a thing before."

That night, while they were debating the "unusual thing," happened the accident to the children of which I spoke, emphasizing the charge that the nuisance was "dangerous to life," and there was an end. In the morning the Bend was taken in hand, and the following spring the Mulberry Bend Park was opened.

A million dollars a year had been lost while we were learning our lesson. The Small Parks Fund was not cumulative, and when it came to paying for the Bend a special bill had to be passed to authorize it, the award being "more than one million in one year." The wise financiers who framed and hung in the comptroller's office a check for three cents that had been under-paid on a school site, for the taxpayer to bow before in awe and admiration at such business methods, could find no way to make the appropriation for two years apply, though the new year was coming in in a week or two. But the Gilder Tenement House Commission had been sitting, the Committee of Seventy had been at work, and a law was on the statute books authorizing the expenditure of three million dollars for two open spaces in the parkless district on the East Side, where Jacob Beresheim was born. It had shown that while the proportion of park area inside the limits of the old city was equal to one thirteenth of all, below Fourteenth Street, where one third of the people lived, it was barely one fortieth. It took a citizen's committee appointed by the mayor just three weeks to seize the two sites which are now being laid out in playgrounds chiefly, and it took the Good Government clubs with their allies at Albany less than two months to get warrant of law for the tearing down of the houses ahead of final condemnation lest any mischance befall through delay or otherwise, — a precaution which subsequent events proved to be eminently wise. The slow legal proceedings are going on yet.

The playground part of it was a provision of the Gilder law that showed what apt scholars we had been. I was a member of that committee, and I fed fat my grudge against the slum tenement, knowing that I might not again

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have such a chance. Bone Alley went. I shall not soon get the picture of it, as I saw it last, out of my mind. I had wandered to the top floor of one of the ramshackle tenements in the heart of the block, to a door that stood ajar, and pushed it open. On the floor lay three women ragpickers with their burdens, asleep, overcome by the heat and the beer, the stale stench of which filled the place. Swarms of flies covered them. The room — no! let it go. Thank God, we shall not again hear of Bone Alley. Where it stood workmen are to-day building a gymnasium with baths for the people, and a playground and park which may even be turned into a skating pond in winter if the architect keeps his promise. A skating pond for the children of the Eleventh Ward! No wonder the politician is in a hurry to take the credit for what is going forward over there. It is that or nothing with him now. It will be all up with Tammany, once the boys find out that these were the things she withheld from them all the years, for her own gain.

Half a dozen blocks away the city's first public bath house is at last going up, after many delays, and godliness will have a chance to move in with cleanliness. The two are neighbors everywhere, but in the slum the last must come first. Glasgow has half a dozen public baths. Rome, two thousand years ago, washed its people most sedulously, and in heathen Japan to-day, I am told, there are baths, as we have saloons, on every corner. Christian New York never had a bath house. In a tenement population of 255,033 the Gilder Committee found only 306 who had access to bath rooms in the houses where they lived. The Church Federation canvass of the fifteenth Assembly district counted three bath tubs to 1321 families. Nor was that because they so elected. The People's Baths took in 115,000 half dimes last year for as many baths, and forty per cent of their customers were Italians. The free river baths admitted 5,096,876 customers during the summer. The "great unwashed" were not so from choice, it would appear.

Bone Alley brought thirty-seven dollars under the auctioneer's hammer. Thieves' Alley, in the other park down at Rutgers Square, where the police clubbed the Jewish cloakmakers a few years ago for the offense of gathering to assert their rights to "being men, live the life of men," as some one who knew summed up the labor movement, brought only seven dollars, and the old Helvetia House, where Boss Tweed and his gang met at night to plan their plundering raids on the city's treasury, was knocked down for five. Kerosene Row would not have brought enough to buy kindling wood with which to start one of the numerous fires that gave it its bad name. It was in Thieves' Alley that the owner in the days long gone by hung out the sign: "No Jews need apply." Last week I watched the opening of the first municipal playground upon the site of the old alley, and in the thousands that thronged street and tenements from curb to roof with thunder of applause, there were not twoscore who could have found lodging with the old Jew-baiter. He had to go with his alley before the better day could bring light and hope to the Tenth Ward.

In all this the question of rehousing the population, that had to be so carefully considered abroad in the destruction of slums, gave no trouble. The speculative builder had seen to that. In the five wards, the Seventh, Tenth, Eleventh, Thirteenth, and Seventeenth, in which the unhoused ones would look for room, if they wanted to stay near their old home, there were, according to the tenement census at the time when the old houses were torn down, 4268 vacant apartments, with room for more than 18,000 persons at our average of four and a half to the family. Even including the Mulberry Bend, the whole

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number of the dispossessed was not 10,000. On Manhattan Island there were at this time more than 37,000 vacant apartments, so that the question could not arise in any serious shape, much as it plagued the dreams of some well-meaning people. As a matter of fact the unhoused were scattered much more widely than had been anticipated, which was one of the very purposes sought to be attained. Many of them had remained in their old slum more from force of habit and association than because of necessity.

"Everything takes ten years," said Abram S. Hewitt when, exactly ten years after he had as mayor championed the Small Parks Act, he took his seat as chairman of the Advisory Committee on Small Parks. The ten years had wrought a great change. It was no longer the slum of to-day, but that of to-morrow that challenged attention. The committee took the point of view of the children from the first. It had a large map prepared showing where in the city there was room to play and where there was none. Then it called in the police and asked them to point out where there was trouble with the boys; and in every instance the policeman put his finger upon a treeless slum.

"They have no other playground than the street," was the explanation given in each case. "They smash lamps and break windows. The storekeepers kick and there is trouble. That is how it begins." "Many complaints are received daily of boys annoying pedestrians, storekeepers, and tenants by their continually playing baseball in some parts of almost every street. The damage is not slight. Arrests are frequent, much more frequent than when they had open lots to play in." This last was the report of an uptown captain. He remembered the days when there were open lots there. "But these lots are now built upon," he said, "and for every new house there are more boys and less chance for them to play."

The committee put a red daub on the map to indicate trouble. Then it asked those police captains who had not spoken to show them where their precincts were, and why they had no trouble. Every one of them put his finger on a green spot that marked a park. "My people are quiet and orderly," said the captain of the Tompkins Square precinct. The police took the square from a mob by storm twice in my recollection, and the commander of the precinct then was hit on the head with a hammer by "his people" and laid out for dead. "The Hook Gang is gone," said he of Corlears Hook. The professional pursuit of that gang was to rob and murder inoffensive citizens by night and throw them into the river, and it achieved a bad eminence at its calling. "The whole neighborhood has taken a change, and decidedly for the better," said the captain of Mulberry Street, and the committee rose and said that it had heard enough.

The map was hung on the wall, and in it were stuck pins to mark the site of present and projected schools as showing where the census had found the children crowding. The moment that was done the committee sent the map and a copy of chapter 338 of the laws of 1895 to the mayor and reported that its task was finished. This is the law and all there is of it: —

"The people of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows: —

"Section 1. Hereafter no schoolhouse shall be constructed in the city of New York without an open-air playground attached to or used in connection with the same.

"Section 2. This act shall take effect immediately."

Where the map was daubed with red the school pins crowded one another. On the lower East Side, where child crime was growing fast, and no less than three storm centres were marked down by the police, nine new schools were going up

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or planned, and in the uptown precinct whence came the wail about the ball players there were seven. The playground had proved its case. Where it was expedient it was to be a school playground. It seemed a happy combination, for the new law had been a stumbling block to the school commissioners, who were in a quandary over the needful size of an "open-air playground." The success of the roof-garden idea suggested a way out. But schools are closed at the time of the year when playgrounds are most needed for city children. To get the garden on the roof of the schoolhouse recognized as the public playground seemed a long step toward turning it into a general neighborhood evening resort that should be always open, and so toward bringing school and people, and especially the school and the boy, together in a bond of mutual sympathy highly desirable for both.

That was the burden of the committee's report. It made thirteen recommendations besides, as to the location of parks and detached playgrounds, only one of which has been adopted. But that is of less account — as also was the information imparted to me as secretary of the committee by our peppery Tammany mayor, that we had "as much authority as a committee of bootblacks in his office" — than the fact that the field has at last been studied and its needs have been made known. The rest will follow, with or without the politician's authority. The one recommendation that has been carried out was that of a riverside park in the region uptown on the West Side where the Federation of Churches and Christian Workers found "saloon social ideals minting themselves upon the minds of the people at the rate of seven saloon thoughts to one educational thought." There is an outdoor gymnasium to-day on the chosen site, — while the legal proceedings to take possession are unraveling their red tape, — and a recreation pier hard by. In the evening the young men of the neighborhood may be seen trooping riverward with their girls to hear the music. The gang that "laid out" two policemen, to my knowledge, has gone out of business.

The best laid plans are sometimes upset by surprising snags. We had planned for two municipal playgrounds on the East Side where the need is greatest, and our plans were eagerly accepted by the city authorities. But they were never put into practice. A negligent attorney killed one, a lazy clerk the other. And both served under the reform government. The first of the two playgrounds was to have been in Rivington Street, adjoining the new public bath, where the boys, for want of something better to do, were fighting daily battles with rocks, to the great damage of windows and the worse aggravation of the householders. Four hundred children in that neighborhood petitioned the committee for a place of their own where there were no windows to break, and we found one. It was only after the proceedings had been started that we discovered that they had been taken under the wrong law and the money spent in advertising had been wasted. It was then too late. The daily assaults upon the windows were resumed. The other case was an attempt to establish a model school park in a block where more than four thousand children attended day and night school. The public school and the pro-cathedral, which divided the children between them, were to be allowed to stand, at opposite ends of the block. The surrounding tenements were to be torn down to make room for a park and playground which should embody the ideal of what such a place ought to be, in the opinion of the committee. The roof garden was not in the original plan except as an alternative of the street-level playground, where land came too high. The plentiful supply of light and air, the safety from fire to be obtained by putting the school in a park, beside the

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fact that it could thus be "built beautiful," were considerations of weight. Plans were made, and there was great rejoicing in Essex Street, until it came out that this scheme had gone the way of the other. The clerk who should have filed the plans in the register's office left that duty to some one else, and it took just twenty-one days to make the journey, a distance of five hundred feet or less. The Greater New York had come then with Tammany, and the thing was not heard of again. When I traced the failure down to the clerk in question, and told him that he had killed the park, he yawned and said: —

"Yes, and I think it is just as well it is dead. We have n't any money for those things. It is very nice to have small parks, and very nice to have a horse and wagon, if you can afford it. But we can't. Why, there is n't money enough to run the city government."

So the labor of weary weeks and months in the children's behalf was all undone by a third-rate clerk in an executive office; but he saved the one thing he had in mind: the city government is "run" to date, and his pay is secure.

Neither stupidity, spite, nor the false cry that "reform extravagance" has wrecked the city's treasury will be able much longer, however, to cheat the child out of his rights. The playground is here to wrestle with the gang for the boy, and it will win. It came so quietly that we hardly knew of it till we heard the shouts. It took us seven years to make up our minds to build a play pier, — recreation pier is its municipal title, — and it took just about seven weeks to build it when we got so far; but then we learned more in one day than we had dreamed of in the seven years. Half the East Side swarmed over it with shrieks of delight, and carried the mayor and the city government, who had come to see the show, fairly off their feet. And now "we are seven," or will be when the one in Brooklyn has been built, — great handsome structures, seven hundred feet long, some of them, with music every night for mother and the babies, and for papa, who can smoke his pipe there in peace. The moon shines upon the quiet river, and the steamers go by with their lights. The street is far away with its noise. The young people go sparking in all honor, as it is their right to do. The councilman who spoke the other day of "pernicious influences" lying in wait for them there made the mistake of his life, unless he has made up his mind to go out of politics. The play piers have taken a hold of the people which no crabbed old bachelor can loosen with trumped-up charges. Their civilizing influence upon the children is already felt in a reported demand for more soap in the neighborhood where they are, and even the grocer smiles approval.

The play pier is the kindergarten in the educational campaign against the gang. It gives the little ones a chance. Often enough it is a chance for life. The street as a playground is a heavy contributor to the undertaker's bank account. I kept the police slips of a single day in May two years ago when four little ones were killed and three crushed under the wheels of trucks in tenement streets. That was unusual, but no day has passed in my recollection that has not had its record of accidents which bring grief as deep and lasting to the humblest home as if it were the pet of some mansion on Fifth Avenue that was slain. The kindergarten teaching bore fruit. To-day there are half a dozen full-blown playgrounds downtown and uptown where the children swarm. Private initiative set the pace, but the idea has been engrafted upon the municipal plan. The city helped get at least one of them under way. The Outdoor Recreation League was organized last year by public-spirited citizens, including many amateur athletes and enthusiastic women, with the object of "obtaining recognition of the necessity for recreation and

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physical exercise as fundamental to the moral and physical welfare of the people." Together with the Social Reform Club and the Federation of Churches and Christian Workers it maintained a playground on the uptown West Side last summer. The ball came into play there for the first time as a recognized factor in civic progress. The day might well be kept for all time among those that mark human emancipation, for it was social reform and Christian work in one, of the kind that tells.

Only the year before, the athletic clubs had vainly craved the privilege of establishing a gymnasium in the East River Park, where the children wistfully eyed the sacred grass, and cowered under the withering gaze of the policeman. A friend whose house stands opposite the park found them one day swarming over her stoop in such shoals that she could not enter, and asked them why they did not play tag under the trees instead. The instant shout came back: "'Cause the cop won't let us." Now a splendid gymnasium has been opened on the site of the people's park that is to come at Fifty-Third Street and Eleventh Avenue. It is called Hudsonbank. A board fence more than a thousand feet long surrounds it. The director pointed out to me with pride, last week, that not a board had been stolen from it in a year, while other fences within twenty feet of it were ripped to pieces. And he was right. The neighborhood is one that has been anything but distinguished for its respect for private property in the past, and where boards have a market value among the Irish settlers. Better testimony could not have been borne to the spirit in which the gift was accepted by the children.

Poverty Gap, that was fairly transformed by one brief season's experience with its "Holy Terror Park," [1] a dreary sand lot upon the site of the old tenements in which the Alley Gang once murdered the one good boy of the block for the offense of supporting his aged parents by his work as a baker's apprentice, — Poverty Gap is to have its permanent playground, and Mulberry Bend and Corlears Hook are down on the League's books; which is equivalent to saying that they, too, will shortly know the climbing pole and the vaulting buck. For years the city's only playground that had any claim upon the name — and that was only a little asphalted strip behind a public school in First Street — was an old graveyard. We struggled vainly to get possession of another, long abandoned. The dead were of more account than the living. But now at last it is their turn. The other day I watched the children at their play in the new Hester Street gymnasium. The dusty square was jammed with a mighty multitude. It was not an ideal spot, for it had not rained in weeks, and powdered sand and cinders had taken wing and floated like a pall over the perspiring crowd. But it was heaven to them. A hundred men and boys stood in line, waiting their turn upon the bridge ladder and the traveling rings that hung full of struggling and squirming humanity, groping madly for the next grip. No failure, no rebuff discouraged them. Seven boys and girls rode with looks of deep concern — it is their way — upon each end of the see-saw, and two squeezed into each of the forty swings that had room for one, while a hundred counted time and saw that none had too much. It is an article of faith with these children that nothing that is "going" for their benefit is to be missed. Sometimes the result provokes a smile, as when a band of young Jews, starting up a club, called themselves the Christian Heroes. It was meant partly as a compliment, I suppose, to the ladies that gave them club room; but at the same time, if there was anything in a name, they were bound to have it. It is rather to cry

[1] The name was bestowed before the fact, not after.

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over than to laugh at, if one but understands it. The sight of these little ones swarming over a sand heap until scarcely an inch of it was in sight, and gazing in rapt admiration at the poor show of a dozen geraniums and English ivy plants in pots on the window sill of the overseer's cottage, was pathetic in the extreme. They stood for ten minutes at a time resting their eyes upon them. In the crowd were aged women and bearded men with the inevitable Sabbath silk hat, who it seemed could never get enough of it. They moved slowly, when crowded out, looking back many times at the enchanted spot, as long as it was in sight.

Perhaps there was in it, on the part of the children at least, just a little bit of the comforting sense of proprietorship. They had contributed of their scant pennies more than a hundred dollars toward the opening of the playground, and they felt that it was their very own. All the better. Two policemen watched the passing show, grinning. But their clubs hung idly from their belts. The words of a little woman whom I met last year in Chicago kept echoing in my ear. She was the "happiest woman alive," for she had striven long for a playground for her poor children, and had got it.

"The police like it," she said. "They say that it will do more good than all the Sunday-schools in Chicago. The mothers say, 'This is good business.' The carpenters that put up the swings and things worked with a will; everybody was glad. The police lieutenant has had a tree called after him. The boys that did that used to be terrors. Now they take care of the trees. They plead for a low limb that is in the way, that no one may cut it off."

The twilight deepens and the gates of the playground are closed. The crowds disperse slowly. In the roof garden on the Hebrew Institute across East Broadway lights are twinkling and the band is tuning up. Little groups are settling down to a quiet game of checkers or love-making. Paterfamilias leans back against the parapet where palms wave luxuriously in the summer breeze. The newspaper drops from his hand; he closes his eyes and is in dreamland, where strikes come not. Mother knits contentedly in her seat, with a smile on her face that was not born of the Ludlow Street tenement. Over yonder a knot of black-browed men talk with serious mien. They might be met any night in the anarchist café, half a dozen doors away, holding forth against empires. Here wealth does not excite their wrath, nor power their plotting. In the roof garden anarchy is harmless, even though a policeman typifies its government. They laugh pleasantly to one another as he passes, and he gives them a match to light their cigars. It is Thursday and smoking is permitted. On Friday it is discouraged because it offends the orthodox, to whom the lighting of a fire, even the holding of a candle, is anathema on the Sabbath eve.

The band plays on. One after another, tired heads droop upon babes slumbering peacefully at the breast. Ludlow Street, the tenement, are forgotten; eleven o'clock is not yet. Down along the silver gleam of the river a mighty city slumbers. The great bridge has hung out its string of shining pearls from shore to shore. "Sweet land of liberty!" Overhead the dark sky, the stars that twinkled their message to the shepherds on Judsean hills, that lighted their sons through ages of slavery, and the flag of freedom borne upon the breeze,—down there the tenement, the— Ah, well! let us forget, as do these.

Now if you ask me: "And what of it all? What does it avail?" let me take you once more back to the Mulberry Bend, and to the policeman's verdict add the police reporter's story of what has taken place there. In fifteen years I never knew a week to pass without a

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murder there, rarely a Sunday. It was the wickedest, as it was the foulest, spot in all the city. In the slum the two are interchangeable terms for reasons that are clear enough to me. But I shall not speculate about it, only state the facts. The old houses fairly reeked with outrage and violence. When they were torn down I counted seventeen deeds of blood in that place which I myself remembered, and those I had forgotten probably numbered seven times seventeen. The district attorney connected more than a score of murders of his own recollection with Bottle Alley, the Whyó gang's headquarters. Two years have passed since it was made into a park, and scarce a knife has been drawn, or a shot fired in all that neighborhood. Only twice have I been called as a police reporter to the spot. It is not that the murder has moved to another neighborhood, for there has been no increase of violence in Little Italy or wherever else the crowd went that moved out. It is that the light has come in and made crime hideous. It is being let in wherever the slum has bred murder and robbery, bred the gang, in the past. Wait, now, another ten years, and let us see what a story there will be to tell.

Avail? Why, here is Tammany actually applauding Comptroller Coler's words in Plymouth Church last night: "Whenever the city builds a schoolhouse upon the site of a dive and creates a park, a distinct and permanent mental, moral, and physical improvement has been made, and public opinion will sustain such a policy, even if a dive-keeper is driven out of business and somebody's ground rent is reduced." And Tammany's press agent sends forth this pæan: "In the light of such events how absurd it is for the enemies of the organization to contend that Tammany is not the greatest moral force in the community." Tammany a moral force! The park and the playground have availed, then, to bring back the day of miracles.

Jacob A. Riis.

HIS LETTER.

As Nature wasting for the rain of Spring,
  She waited for his letter — over seas,
Long hills lay dusty for her traveling,
  The Summer days but bloom-girt travesties!
She waited by the moon, with sightless eyes,
  Unbearable her woman's industries,
She waited brave or pensive, woman wise,
  For that uncoming voice across the seas.

Weary the while, she lent her ear to catch
  The constant rhythm of a neighbor's tune,
That clung as bees about a rose-clad thatch,
  Piped 'neath her window noon by noon.
Last night she oped the lattice of her heart
  And took it in; — to-day, as if to shame
Inconstancy unto the rover's faith,
  Across the silent seas his letter came!

Martha Gilbert Dickinson.

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THROUGH OLD-ROSE GLASSES.

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GABRIELLE felt the cool, earth-scented dawn against her face. The wondering starlight, the ghostly sand road leading off among the pines, the shadowy closed station, all bewildered her.

At dusk the evening before, she had left the crowded, lighted city, had gone to sleep and dreamed. Still in the dusk, she had been called up and left on the lonely station platform where she stood.

"Your trunk is already in the carriage," said the general, picking up her valise. "This way. Miss Cameron came, Peter."

A white-haired negro driver bowed and replied, "We suhtainly is glad to see you, miss," while the general helped her into the carriage.

Gabrielle did not know who the general was or why he was meeting her, until he said, "I am an old friend of your mother's, dear Miss Gabrielle. She was greatly admired in Virginia, and I one of her warmest admirers. Miss Sarah sent me to bring you safely to Sweet Hall. I am General Brandon."

"Tell me about Miss Sarah," Gabrielle begged. "You know I have never met her. This is my first visit in Virginia."

The general glanced up at the paling stars, and Gabrielle caught the outlines of his face for the first time. It was thin and hard and bony, evidently worn by years, and perhaps by other things. "Miss Sarah is an angel," he answered concisely. "A beautiful woman, a patient friend, a lady of the old school, gentle, refined, pure, — an angel."

Gabrielle smiled. There was an impulse of retort in her which even the starlight could not quite subdue. "But I never knew an angel," she said. "Tell me what she is like."

"I can't!" he exclaimed harshly. "You have to know her a lifetime to know what she is like, and then you can't tell, more than you can tell of one of those stars. It 's a point of light infinitely above you, — that 's all."

The girl looked up where he pointed, wondering that he should permit himself so bitter a tone. The dusk had a faint pallor, as if the silver lining were showing itself through the night clouds. The stars themselves were silvery and faint, and they twinkled down at the moving blot of the carriage on the white road and at the even lances of the pines in rest on either side, as if they were signaling farewell. Slowly and gently one of them left its place and slipped across the sky. It would not have seemed strange if the others had followed it, leaving empty space for the day.

"That means that some one has died," Gabrielle murmured, — "when a star falls."

"I 'm glad it 's not I," the general answered. "I 'm afraid of dying."

"Are you?" Gabrielle asked helplessly. This old man seemed rather an eerie companion with whom to be watching the mysterious death of night.

"Yes," he declared, "I 'm afraid. Most bad men are afraid to die."

There was no comment possible on such a remark at such short acquaintance. It would have been idle for Gabrielle to assure him that he was not bad, when she did not know. Old Peter chirruped to the horse in a way that was almost a chuckle. The breeze stirred through the pines, and the horse's hoofs padded softly in and out of the sand.

"I suppose you wonder at my admitting myself to be bad," the general went on, "but this is a world in which evil succeeds. It makes its mark in more ways than one, though, and our faces show it in the end. A man might as well have it written across his forehead — afraid to die."

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"Perhaps you read more in faces than most people can," Gabrielle suggested.

"Perhaps," he admitted tersely. "A lawyer should, and I 'm a lawyer. I 'm a religious man, too," he went on presently; "that is, I 'm a religious man just this far: I believe in a hell where the people who miss their punishment here will get it hereafter. That 's why I am afraid of dying."

Gabrielle glanced sidewise at him to see if there was any suggestion of insanity in his face. She thought that either he or Miss Sarah, or perhaps both of them, must be insane, or a man who was capable of beginning an acquaintance in this way would never have been sent in the gray dawn to meet her at the station. The general did not look insane. An impartial light had stolen swiftly into the whole sky, putting out the stars, and it showed a man with a haggard face in which all the lines suggested wickedness, but it had intellectual strength which saved it from entire repulsiveness. Apparently he was talking for the relief of expressing himself frankly, as people are tempted to speak to strangers; but he must have forgotten that she was not to be a stranger long. When they reached Sweet Hall and Miss Sarah, he might remember and be sorry. A moment of silence had fallen between them, and she broke it in the thoughtful, gently combative voice of abstract discussion.

"Don't you think that most people are punished in this life?" she asked.

He laughed with a clatter of ridicule, but no mirth, and for the first time since they had left the station he looked at her. A glint of approbation shone out through the contemptuous expression on his face, and died away. "I am a lawyer," he repeated, "a successful lawyer, and I know whether people are punished as they deserve or not." His voice fell so that Peter could not hear. "If I were punished as I deserve, I should be hung myself, — hung for murder. Every one knows it, but I am the only one who dares say so. I have sent more than one innocent man to the gallows to clear a guilty client. Nobody in the state can arrange evidence or plead against me, and whenever I see a chance of winning my services are to be had. I have held high offices, and defied the laws which I made other people obey. I have been above the law, a law unto myself, but I 'm getting old, and I 'm afraid to die. I have triumphed in this life, but there is a hell for such as me."

Gabrielle had withdrawn her glance from his face, and was watching the little flurries of white sand scatter to left and right as the horse trotted; but she could feel him watching her narrowly, and it occurred to her that he was deliberately studying the effect of his words. With the reassurance of daylight he seemed less uncanny and more to be disliked. She turned to him again with a smile.

"Let us think of the past instead of the future, General Brandon," she said. "Tell me of the old times, when my mother was a girl."

He acquiesced with a bow. "I was one of your mother's warmest admirers," he declared; "and now that the light is fuller, the years seem to glide away. You are your mother's image, dear Miss Gabrielle."

"That is what people always say to daughters who go back," the girl said, parrying his gallant tone.

"You will find that Miss Sarah will say so," he answered simply, "and Miss Sarah's statements are above and beyond all doubt."

Gabrielle wondered at the conviction of his tone. He might be old and wicked and afraid to die, but he had a child's faith in Miss Sarah. She tried to picture her mother's friend out of the reminiscences with which he passed the remainder of the six miles to Sweet Hall; but the image was elusive, for his praise was so absolute that it was colorless. Miss Sarah was an angel, that was all,

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and the girl's mind grew alert with curiosity about her.

To an angel, six o'clock of a spring morning was evidently too early an hour for revelations. Peter opened the great hall door, and the girl passed into the loneliness of an unawakened house. An old negro woman came forward with a hushed manner, and, after greeting her, led the way upstairs. Gabrielle bade the general good-morning, and followed her. From the upper hall a soft voice spoke, flatting and twisting its vowels in a way which takes the place of a written lineage.

"Did Miss Gabrielle arrive, Lucy?"

"Yes, Miss Sarah."

"Come here, child."

The upper hall was dusky, its windows curtained. Gabrielle went toward the voice, and found herself at a door held slightly open by the white intimation of a hand.

"Has the general gone home?" questioned the voice behind the door.

"Yes, Miss Sarah."

The door opened further, and a white frill with the voice inside peeped out. A slender hand clasped the girl's warmly. "Dear Gabrielle," the voice said, "it was mighty sweet of you to come so far to visit me, and I certainly do appreciate it. Go right to your room, child, and go to sleep. We will breakfast late, for you must be tired."

The white frill brushed the girl's face, and she was kissed and sent away. She had not seen well enough to return the kiss very accurately, but she had an impression of soft cheeks, delicately curved but thin, an oval face, and a kindly manner exquisitely finished with a reserve like the mist of cold dew on a rose. Miss Sarah's door closed, and opened again.

"We shall breakfast at ten, my dear, so you will have time for a refreshing sleep."

Daylight was prying round the curtains in Gabrielle's room. The long drive, the excitement of arriving at a strange place at a strange hour, her interest in Miss Sarah, her unpleasant impressions of the general, all combined to make her wakeful past all possibility of sleep. It seemed to her that she could not bear the slow passage of the hours till ten o'clock. She was impatient to explore Sweet Hall, to know Miss Sarah, to meet Miss Sarah's neighbors, and to find out what their life was like.

Her mother had said to her: "You cannot understand it till you see it, Gabrielle. You cannot imagine such endless empty days, such thin husks of life, such narrow views. You would go crazy there. I was brought up in it, and I escaped; now you want to marry Staige Gordon and go back into it without knowing what it is. I only ask you to visit Miss Sarah before you answer him." And Gabrielle had complied, without much fear, but with great curiosity. Her mother had told her so little of Virginia that she had never come into her birthright of interest in the old state until she met Staige Gordon. He was different from any other man she knew, — more vitally alive, more earnest. He was a minister; she had never cared much for ministers out of the pulpit, but Staige was different, — so young, so free from set phrase or any badge except his manliness to mark him as a special servant of the Lord. He had made the life she lived seem empty and purposeless, and she had only smiled to herself when her mother had said the same things of his life; and yet, for her mother's sake, she was willing to make this visit before she promised him. Her meeting with the general had dismayed her a little, giving her a sense of having entered an atmosphere more foreign than she could apprehend; but she laughed at the thought of letting the strange conversation of one bad old man oppress her like an omen of unhappiness for herself and Staige.

More and more brightness came through the window, until, in spite of the curtain, the room was white with day.

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It was strangely bare, and affected the wide-eyed girl like a cell, a big graceless cell, from which she would not be freed till ten o'clock. She turned restlessly in her bed, and thought over the things which she had thought before. She felt her mother's good-by kiss, and heard the whispered last words, "Think every day what it would be if it went on for years."

There was not a book in the room. She turned again, and discovered herself to be frantically hungry; if that went on for years, she should grow very thin. It was as if she had been sent to bed supperless for punishment, and while the hours dragged along she wondered if hunger was an affliction unknown to angels, and ladies of the old school. At last Lucy came to the door to call her, and her heart began beating tumultuously with the thought that the first day of her odd investigation had begun.

At breakfast her question about Miss Sarah's appetite was answered; notwithstanding the late hour, Miss Sarah did little more than say grace over her plate. She recommended Gabrielle to help herself, again and again, to batter bread, beaten biscuit, and waffles; and when Gabrielle continually accepted, she looked pleased, but surprised.

"Traveling always makes me hungry," Gabrielle explained; "in fact, I 'm usually hungry."

"A good appetite is a great blessing, my dear," Miss Sarah assured her. "Did you enjoy your journey down?"

"I slept," Gabrielle answered. "I always sleep well on the cars."

Miss Sarah's delicate face grew sympathetic. "Are you troubled with wakefulness at home?" she asked.

"No," said Gabrielle.

A smile which had once owned dimples in Miss Sarah's cheeks gave a hasty glance across her face to see if they were still there. "It is fortunate that you sleep well," she said. "To sleep well and to have a good appetite assure good health. Did you find the drive tiresome from the station?"

"Oh, not at all," the girl answered. "It was just dawn, you know, and one meteor fell when the stars were so faint we could scarcely see it."

"And the general was entertaining? He insisted upon meeting you, though I feared it might embarrass you to be met by a stranger."

Gabrielle was aware that all her answers were the answers of a child, but she could find no other way to speak. It seemed appropriate, too, for the four walls of the room stared at her with grim prudery out of the eyes of yellowed engravings, giving her a persistent consciousness of youth. "I was n't embarrassed," she said half shyly, thinking of the queer statements of the general. "I found him interesting."

"The general is always interesting," Miss Sarah declared. "He is a very prominent man in Virginia. He is considered very fascinating."

Gabrielle marveled, but dared not show it. "I think it was kind of him to meet me," she said. "No, I really could n't take another waffle, thank you."

Miss Sarah dismissed Lucy and the waffles. "I suppose your mother has told you a great deal about General Brandon, my dear?" she suggested, folding her napkin with exactitude.

"No," Gabrielle acknowledged; "or at least I don't remember, if she has. Mamma is seldom reminiscent."

A thin flush spread over Miss Sarah's delicately chiseled face. "My dear," she said, with an unexpected quality of tone, which showed that, with all her sedateness, she was speaking from impulse and right out of her heart, — "my dear, it is a great gratification to me that your mother should have sent you to me. I have always half feared that she did not quite forgive me for something that happened in the past. But her letter showed all the old friendship. We had never quarreled, you

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know; and although she is somewhat younger than I, we were always the most intimate of friends, yet I feared that in the depths of her heart there might be some feeling of injury or regret. But when her letter came, saying that she could not bear to have your girlhood all pass in ignorance of the old places and the life we lived, I knew that she had forgiven me. I think she must be very happy, or she could not have written so. She *is* very happy, is she not, Gabrielle?"

"Yes," the girl answered, with an odd little pain at thought of the double meaning of her mother's words. "I think, as the world goes, that mamma is very happy. I know few people as interested in their lives as she is in hers. She is sure that everything is worth while, — that is, in New York. I don't think she has any regrets, and I don't believe you ever injured any one, Miss Sarah."

Miss Sarah glanced down at one of her fragile hands, which rested, trembling slightly, on the table. The fine blue veins and the slender tendons showed in it, and an old-fashioned ring hung loosely on the third finger. "You would scarcely believe it from seeing me now," she began hurriedly, "but except for me, my dear, the general and your mother might have married. You might have been General Brandon's daughter."

"Oh no!" cried Gabrielle.

Miss Sarah misunderstood her little gasp of surprise and revulsion. "Indeed, my dear, his manner makes him seem young, but he is more than old enough to be your father," she declared. "He is always attentive to young ladies. Did he tell you that he was coming over to take you driving this morning?"

"No, he did n't mention it," said Gabrielle. She wondered if it was a necessary part of old-fashioned etiquette that she should have no voice in the matter.

Miss Sarah looked rather pleased at his omission, although she had evidently been pleased at his planning to be attentive to her guest. "I presume he thought that, on such short acquaintance, it would be more appropriate for me to speak of it," she explained. "The general is very thoughtful, my dear, and he will not forget his appointment. He never forgets, — in fact, I think he is coming now."

She rose and went to the window. Gabrielle followed, and saw the general in a single-seated phaeton, driving a lively span of horses toward the door. Miss Sarah clasped the girl's arm. The color came up into her cheeks and her eyes shone. "Gabrielle, dear, don't think me impertinent," she begged, "but I must take care of you in your mother's place. Perhaps she did not think to tell you that the general is very fascinating to young girls. It is because he is so attentive and chivalrous, but — but if he says anything to you while you are out driving, you must not take him too seriously."

Gabrielle felt a shudder of alarm. It had been bad enough to drive with him when he talked of dying; his love-making would be more than she could bear. "Do I *have* to go with him, Miss Sarah?" she asked anxiously.

"Indeed, I don't mean to keep you from having a good time," Miss Sarah answered. "I hope you 'll see a great deal of the general while you are here. Of course you 'll go with him."

The general had little to say in the beginning of the drive, and his hard old countenance seemed more evil at midday than at dawn. Lines of suffering in it, which would have gained Gabrielle's sympathy at once if they had been in the face of a good man, only added to her sense of revulsion from him. Under his eyes there were swollen areas of purple outlined by deep black marks, and heavy downward creases debarred the narrow fold of his cheek on each side from his mouth. If his eyes had been more prominent, they would have added the last touch of repugnance to his fea-

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tures; but they were deep-set, and might have suggested a soul, if they had not been too dull to express anything but illness and pain.

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Gabrielle made the few remarks which seemed necessary, and then sat in silence, giving more thought to the man beside her and the woman she had left than to the lonely old homesteads which the general pointed out with brief mention as they passed. Her heart sank with a desolation which she did not understand, and she shivered and drew a little further toward her side of the seat, remembering Miss Sarah's almost proud assurance, "You might have been General Brandon's daughter."

"Do you drive?" the general asked suddenly.

"Yes," Gabrielle answered. "I like to."

"Good," he said, and held the reins across to her. "There is more pleasure in driving. Take them."

His hand was shaking, and a glance at his face showed all the signs of physical illness which she had ignored in it before. The veins on his forehead were swollen, and his color was congested and dark, as if he were on the point of some violent seizure.

"Thank you," she said, taking the reins. Her own hands were trembling, and at first she could not confront the situation. The road stretched down a long wild hillside, with no houses in sight. Behind was an empty bit of forest. The general leaned back with his eyes closed, and groaned. She bent toward him.

"You are suffering. What can I do for you?" she asked.

"At the bottom of the hill — a spring," he said. "Drive fast."

She nodded, and spoke to the horses. They were ready for speed, but tender-mouthed, and there was exhilaration in guiding them down the rough road, with constant swervings to avoid rocks and ruts. At the bottom of the road a strip of dark mud across the track marked the overflow of the spring. The spring itself was half hidden by the rich growth which it watered. Gabrielle sprang out, hurried to the clump of green, and parted the leaves. Her own excited face looked up at her out of a shadowed hand breadth of water. An old brown gourd hung on a beheaded sapling at one side. She filled it, and turned to hurry back.

The general was hanging at the side of the carriage, one foot on the step, one hand grasping the dashboard, and the other clinging to the supports of the carriage cover. Before she could reach him or call out, he sank heavily to the ground between the wheels. She dropped the gourd, and, running behind the phaeton, lifted the back of it round so that the wheels could turn without passing over him; then she led the horses away, and tied them.

The general followed her motions with his eyes, and when she filled the gourd again and came back to him, he was able to say, "Vertigo — my head."

She poured water over his forehead and hair, and, taking him by the shoulders, drew him on to the grass at the roadside. After that she saturated the linen lap-robe at the spring, and wrapped it round his head. His hands were cold. She chafed them, searched through the carriage, found a heavier lap-robe, and covered him with it. Then she stood and looked down at him.

As long as there was anything she could do, she had worked with little thought except to take as good care of him as she knew how. His slight weight had seemed easy to handle, and she had moved him with no consciousness of his personality, just as she had swung the carriage to one side without being aware of its weight. But now he and his illness became gruesome to her. The fear of death which he had confessed was in his eyes, and a horror of his darkened face and struggling respiration crept over her and surrounded her, as if she had

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suddenly begun to feel the pressure of the atmosphere, from which there is no escape. The sensation got into her throat, so that she could scarcely find her voice, but, commanding it, she stooped and asked if she should go for help.

"No, it is passing," he said. "Stay."

His eyes implored her with the last word, so that she took his hands again and rubbed them; but the tenderness of the action did not change her sense of being held against her will. His illness seemed like part of the moral degradation which she felt about him. She believed that she should have felt it if he had not declared it to her himself, and she wondered if Miss Sarah, with her exquisite refinement, could be as ignorant of it as she appeared.

Not a wayfarer came in sight of them. The white clouds drifted silently above, and somewhere in the distance a mourning dove cooed, with insistent repetition of its hopelessness. The horses strained back and forth to the limit of their tether, cramping the phaeton until the wheels scraped against the guards, and kept looking inquiringly toward the general. Once one of them whinnied.

The general's hand closed sharply on Gabrielle's. "I shall die like this some day," he whispered. "I shall die and go to hell. Don't you see why I 'm afraid?"

The girl's nerves recoiled; he was aware of it, and he pulled her hand closer to him, though she had not tried to withdraw it. She had to lean a trifle nearer, while his eyes held hers by their revolting fear of being left alone. She could not speak to reassure him; she would scarcely have spoken if she could. The moments passed in an intense abhorrence which turned her white and haggard. A vision of herself as another person came to her, and a shudder of pity crossed her face.

The general saw it, and his grasp relaxed a little, though he still detained her hand. "You are sorry for me," he said weakly, "sorry for a bad man fea ing death. But I am much better now soon we can go on. You have been ver good to me, and very brave. You a your mother's image, dear Miss Gabr elle. She feared nothing."

The girl followed an unexpected in pulse in her answer. "Miss Sarah tel me you were very fond of my moth once," she told him.

The old man smiled. "Your moth was charming. I was one of her warme admirers," he declared in the set phra which was part of his code of comp ment. "I have been fond of many w men at many times, but only of one w man at all times, dear Miss Gabrielle.

"Miss Sarah?" Gabrielle asked.

"She is an angel," the old man sa softly, — "like a point of light infinite above me, like a star" —

Gabrielle looked away. She had se the tears gathering in his eyes. He w silent a moment, and then his hand tigh ened again on hers. "You will not t her," he pleaded. "This is nothin only a passing vertigo, but it might alar her, and she could scarcely pardon m for giving you such an unpleasant exp rience, — such an unsuitable experien for a young girl. She had intrusted y to me for entertainment. I felt ill, b I had no thought of anything like this

Gabrielle could see his haggard so in his eyes, and she felt sure that som thing deeper than his fear of Mi Sarah's displeasure at the turn her e tertainment had taken was pleading f secrecy. "Of course I shall say nothi about this," she assured him, "but think you ought to tell her you are fe ing ill. She is such an old friend."

"No, no!" he answered sharply, pus ing the wet cloth back from his forehea and rising to his elbow. "I am Mi Sarah's suitor. It would be taking a vantage of her sympathy." His ar shook as it supported him, but his fa was determined. "We will drive on. am well enough now," he said. "Th

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will all pass. I have had a touch of it before, and I know. The air is what I need. We will take a long drive, and by dinner time I shall be myself. You are not afraid to take a ten-mile circuit with me, round by Lochinvar, to save Miss Sarah from alarm?"

"For Miss Sarah's sake," Gabrielle answered, with a smile, thinking of Miss Sarah's warning. The general had evidently passed the time when he could be relied on to make love to all young girls, but it was terrible to think of driving with him ten miles further. She helped him into the carriage, in spite of his protest that he should be helping her. The horses pawed eagerly as she untied them. The general leaned back against the cushions, weak and a trifle dizzy still, and did not talk. Gabrielle gave her attention to the horses, and tried to keep herself from consciously loathing him. She felt as if she had taken the skeleton out of somebody's closet, and were driving with it. And this was Miss Sarah's lover, and too chivalrous to tell her he was ill. She wondered upon what footing he and Miss Sarah stood.

Gradually her thought wandered from these strange old lovers to her own life, in which love wavered in the balance against the loneliness of which her mother had told her, and which she realized now as she rode beside the general through the silent country, meeting only negroes and curious-eyed, unkempt white people who could never be a part of her life. And yet it was unfair to judge of the queer old country without Staige. Staige, with his vitality and purpose, could bring any place to life, and the very loneliness which her reason counted against his cause had an opposite effect upon her heart. Here of all places she felt that she needed him. Thinking of him seemed to protect her from the general's presence, and all the way round Lochinvar she played with the fancy that he was sitting between her and the old man with the ghastly face.

The days passed slowly at Sweet Hall. To Gabrielle their unbroken aimlessness was not plausible. They were all like dreams in which the dreamer is conscious of unreality, although the knowledge of the general's concealed illness hung above each hour like a threat. Time and again he quitted Sweet Hall abruptly, with such a look as had preceded his attack, and, until his next visit, Gabrielle watched every figure that approached along the road with a certainty that it was a messenger bringing bad news.

Miss Sarah, all in ignorance, talked of the general's odd fascinating ways, and exerted herself to provide other social life, in order, Gabrielle felt, that her young friend might not become too much attached to him. Two maiden ladies and a broken-down college student drove across from Lochinvar, and asked Gabrielle over some afternoon to play croquet. The clergyman from a cross-roads chapel called, and two girls, third cousins of Miss Sarah's, came from their homes, twenty miles distant, and stayed three days. There was a ball in Sweet Briar, the little railway town, and although Gabrielle would not let the general and Miss Sarah take her, for fear it would tire them, the discussion of the question was an event in itself. Gabrielle wrote home about it. When excitements crowded very close in the daytime, the Sweet Hall ladies went early to bed; and when the general came in the evening, to play dummy whist, Miss Sarah and Gabrielle took a nap next day. Gabrielle was amazed at the facility with which she learned to take naps, when other entertainments failed. Something favorable to napping pervaded the air. The people she met all spoke of taking naps, and sometimes, when she looked out across the green, sun-warmed hills, she caught the whole landscape taking its beauty sleep under a half-visible spring haze.

One morning after Peter had been to Sweet Briar for the mail, Gabrielle came

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dancing into Miss Sarah's room with an open letter in her hand. She was blushing with pleasure, excitement, and a certain shyness, and she looked at Miss Sarah half appealingly.

Miss Sarah folded the sheets of the county paper she was reading. "You have news, my dear?" she asked. She often said that Gabrielle wrote and received more letters than any one else she ever saw, — "certainly more than any other young lady," she would correct herself, thinking of the probable magnitude of the general's correspondence.

Gabrielle was transformed to childishness by her news. She gave a joyful swoop, and kissed Miss Sarah on both cheeks. "Oh, I 'm so happy, — so happy!" she cried. "I have a letter from Staige Gordon, and he 's coming. Only think of it, he 'll be here this afternoon, and I suppose I ought to meet him at the train."

"Meet him at the train, — Staige Gordon?" Miss Sarah gasped out of a sea of bewilderment. "Not Staige Gordon of Gordonsville?" She got her head out of one wave only to have another break above it.

"Yes, Staige Gordon of Gordonsville!" Gabrielle cried. "Do you know him? He 's coming this afternoon, and do you think it would be wrong if I asked the general to lend me his horses to drive to Sweet Briar and meet the train? Peter has been once, you know, and Job must be tired. The general is sure to be over before time to start."

"Sit down, sit down, my dear." Miss Sarah was smoothing out her dress, as if to have it in more correct folds would soothe her mind. "You speak so rapidly that I don't quite understand. Is Staige Gordon an acquaintance of yours?"

"An acquaintance!" the girl echoed frankly. "Why, I 'm jumping up and down and clapping my hands at the thought of seeing him. He 's a very dear friend."

Miss Sarah gasped again. "My dear," she protested, "if people were to hear you speak so unguardedly, they might think — why, I don't know what they would think."

"I suppose they would think I am very fond of him," the girl said, "and I am."

"But surely," Miss Sarah insisted, flushing a little, "you would not wish people to know — why, I reckon that even if I were engaged to a young man I should hesitate — I should fear people would consider me indiscreet or unmaidenly" —

Gabrielle saw the whole refined, reticent, repressed, insincere life of the old-fashioned maidenly maidens exemplified in Miss Sarah's shocked face. She had never realized before how far her own ideals varied from those of the women a generation older than she. It hurt her a little that she had shocked Miss Sarah, not so much because she disliked being misunderstood as because it was painful to Miss Sarah to misunderstand. Her manner lost the exuberance which the thought of Staige's coming into that lonely place had given her.

"Why, Miss Sarah," she said gently, "can it be unmaidenly to show that one likes a man who is worthy to be liked, particularly if he has sought one's friendship?"

"There are little ways of showing favor," Miss Sarah answered, "but to go about revealing one's liking openly is certainly indiscreet; and — and do you not shrink from the idea of it, my dear?"

"Not at all," said Gabrielle. "Women and men are both human; I don't see why a girl should shrink from liking a man unless there is something repulsive about him, — some coarseness or wickedness."

Miss Sarah drew back perceptibly from the mere words. "Don't, my dear," she protested. "A young girl like you knows nothing about the wickedness of the world. It is better for you not to think

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of it. As long as a girl keeps her maidenly reserve she will never admit a man to too great intimacy, and if his intentions are serious, her parents can inquire into his habits. And as for your meeting a young man at the train, I could never permit that, my dear."

"But why not?" asked Gabrielle. "I meet so many of them every summer, when we are in the country, you know."

"And your mother permits it?" Miss Sarah's face was troubled.

"Why, of course she does. Sometimes they are to be guests at the house, and I take them home" —

"Your mother must have changed very much," Miss Sarah interrupted, "and perhaps in the North it is not misunderstood; but Staige Gordon is a Virginian, and if you were to meet him at the train he would consider it an unbecoming advance; and so, even if your mother permits it at home, I cannot permit it here."

"But, Miss Sarah" — Gabrielle wanted of all things to see Staige alone, and she felt as if she could not wait for the slow formalities. She dropped on one knee beside her friend, and looked up, half laughing, half pleading, into the frail old face which made her think of one of those exquisite miniatures in which all the lines glide imperceptibly beyond beauty into attenuated grace. "Staige will not misunderstand," she declared. "He knows our ways, and perhaps you will think differently when I tell you that he wants me to marry him."

"You are engaged?" Miss Sarah asked.

"No-o," said Gabrielle. "I 'm thinking about it. I feel now as if he could help me think."

Miss Sarah smiled, and the smile turned wistful as she looked into the girl's face, seeing a little beyond its frankness into a sweet reserve just changing into confidence. "It is strange," she said more sadly than she knew, "it seems natural for most women to look forward to marriage, but I could never bring myself to consider it."

Gabrielle understood, but she could not reach out impulsively, as she would if Miss Sarah had been less timid. They were silent a moment, the shy, repressed older woman unconsciously envying the girl who dared to take her womanhood in full, and yet was broadly human quite as much as womanly. Gabrielle was first to speak: —

"It 's all right, then, for me to meet him, is n't it?"

Miss Sarah came out of her musing. "Why, my dear," she said in agitation, — "why, my dear, if he is your suitor and you have not accepted him, you certainly must not meet him at the train. It pains me to refuse you anything, but I should feel very remiss if I let you go. Peter can go again, or perhaps the general will go himself. Neither the general nor I have seen Staige since he was a little boy, but we shall both be pleased to meet him again. The Gordons are related to the Brandons, and of course the general will ask Staige to stop with him. It will be much pleasanter than at the hotel in Sweet Briar."

"And much closer, too," said Gabrielle. "I 'm glad of that."

"My dear!" expostulated Miss Sarah.

The girl laughed. She could not be repressed when Staige was coming. Staige would make her sure again that life is for the living in all places. It had scarcely been fair of her mother to send her down to judge of modern conditions in a spot which chance had made the loneliest in the state, robbing it of its young people, and preserving it from contact with the world until all its old maids and bachelors and widows had fallen asleep.

The general had not fallen asleep, to be sure, but he was likely to at any time, and for long. He was looking very ill,

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yet he entered at once into the project of meeting and entertaining Staige, when Miss Sarah decorously intimated it to him, and he showed an old man's alertness in regard to love affairs, with an old beau's affectation of jealousy. It was hard to convince him that Staige was more than nineteen; yet when he expressed a mournful resignation at the prospect of sharing the ladies of Sweet Hall with a younger rival, it was evident that the difference in their ages did not strike him as very great. He begged Miss Sarah and Gabrielle to save him one or two smiles a day, and when he set out for Sweet Briar he kissed their hands. Gabrielle had never seen him so gay, and she and Miss Sarah had never been so full of repartee. She wanted to cry and laugh at the same time. The observer in her saw it all as such a pathetic spectacle, and the starved youth in her was so happy.

The carriage returned at last, but Gabrielle found that even happiness could not quite overcome the embarrassment which she felt at meeting Staige, with Miss Sarah looking on, ready to be horrified at too much cordiality, and the general watching like a hawk for something to joke about. Miss Sarah was painstakingly careful to say nothing which would mark Staige as a lover, but the general was anxious that he should be branded past mistake. Gabrielle had never heard jests so alarmingly personal, so evidently intended to make self-conscious sweethearts blush and writhe.

Staige did not seem disconcerted, and once his eyes sought hers, full of laughter, and she realized that he understood the general's lightness better, and was more prepared for it, than she. He had probably been teased in this way about every girl in his congregation, and was used to it. The thought pained her. It took from his dignity.

When the mid-afternoon dinner was over, relief finally came in the form of a discussion between the general and Miss Sarah in regard to a date which was quite out of Gabrielle's and Staige's memory; the sun, too, went down just then in a cloud of glory which required witnesses, and Miss Sarah thought there was excuse enough for sending the young people out into the garden, where they could talk alone.

"You will find it like the garden of Eden," the general said as they started out. "One thing grows there which you must not bring back to the house."

"What is that?" Staige asked. "What are we forbidden?"

The general laughed, but there was a curious undernote in his voice. "Bleeding hearts grow out there," he explained. "Don't bring them back."

Miss Sarah blushed faintly, though only Gabrielle was looking at her. "The dicentra is a flower that is very much admired," she said.

The general turned and lifted her hand to his lips. "It is so much admired that we pick it whether we would or no," he answered.

A silence which had loitered all through the brilliant sunlit day, waiting patiently for twilight in Miss Sarah's garden, came forward to meet the two young people as they went outdoors. They walked down a box-bordered path, and between blossoming lilacs, syringas, and calacanthus, standing in crowded groups, with their perfume around them like a special atmosphere; and, as they walked, they wondered what would be the first word they should say. Then they came to beds of lower-growing flowers, and in one of them was a great clump of bleeding hearts.

Gabrielle stooped and lifted a long stem which had curved over until the bright unbroken flowers at the tip were almost on the ground. Her own heart was torn by many thoughts. Doubts which she had believed Staige's coming would silence rose in her, unanswered. Even the sweetness of the garden would be hard to breathe, if it were to last for

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years. Staige bent toward her, but she must not let him speak.

"Tell me," she said, — "everybody here knows everybody else, — tell me about the general and Miss Sarah."

Staige straightened himself, feeling as if he had let a moment which he needed slip out of his hands. "All Virginia knows their story," he answered. "The general has been courting Miss Sarah for thirty-five years. They say he proposes to her once a month, and she would miss it sadly if he stopped. There was a time when he held the love of half the girls in the state in his hands, and he threw it all away to reach for Miss Sarah's. He has never tired of reaching for it, because it is never within reach, — that 's all."

"And yet she loves him," Gabrielle said, — "I know she loves him. But how can she, — how could all of them, — when he seems so horribly evil?"

She spoke with an earnestness which made Staige feel as if the question of the general and Miss Sarah had some bearing upon his own life. "You must remember," he said almost sadly, "things were very different in those days. They are very different down here still. You can scarcely understand. The old-fashioned idea was to bring girls up in a sort of shy ignorance. They did not know that wickedness meant cruelty and uncleanness and selfishness. If they heard that a man was bad, they were not repelled from him, because they did not know what badness really means in any form. It was all a mystery, and so it fascinated them."

"Yes," the girl interrupted, "that is Miss Sarah's expression. She says the general is 'considered very fascinating.' It has seemed to me the strangest word for him; and sometimes, when I see her eyes resting on him in such a shy, pathetic way, I feel like crying. It 's so pitiful that any good woman should not know some better fascination than that. And yet, when she can look at him so, why does n't she marry him?"

Staige shook his head. "I don't know, but perhaps it is like this," he suggested. "She may have an instinct which takes the place of knowledge, and keeps her above her own ideals. She is flattered by his devotion, and she loves him, and yet the pure soul in her unconsciously holds aloof; she thinks it is just 'maidenliness,' but perhaps she would never have felt so if the general had been a different man."

"But all those other girls," Gabrielle urged. "They were ready to marry him. Is it true that my mother was one of them?"

"Report says so," he told her. "It scarcely seems possible when one thinks of your father; but perhaps her memory of Virginia would be pleasanter except for that."

Gabrielle lifted a quivering face. "Perhaps so," she said; "but even without that, life would still be the same. People would still think that sleep was activity; ignorance, virtue; and insincerity, reserve. Miss Sarah is sure that a hundred things which make up my daily life are wicked, and yet she shuts her ears to all the wickedness the general boasts of, and her eyes to all that his face tells. I begin to understand why my mother said 'escaped.'"

He looked at her as she stood tremulous among the flowers, and the fear of what her words might be foretelling to him rose choking in his throat. He was too unprepared to plead with her, or to tell her what his life was as he saw it; he had told her long ago, and he had thought she understood, — that this trial was a mere form. He stepped closer; but when she saw his face the tears came up in her eyes, and she stooped again, groping for the bleeding hearts.

He caught at her arm. "Don't pick them," he begged hoarsely.

"Would n't it be better to pick them

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now than afterward?" she whispered. "I — I don't think I can face it, Staige. I believed I could when I came, I believed it this morning when I heard from you; but now, someway, the thought of the long, repressed years — you are so much better than I — you can do it for your work, for the hope of helping people, but I — I am afraid of all the people telling stories of the past. And to think it would n't be for a little while, but for all our lives; that is the awful part, — for all our lives."

He took his hand from her arm and stood silent, his pride pierced to the quick by realizing how much he had asked. She still searched blindly among the flowers, her breast rising and falling with quick, noiseless sobs, and he could not take her in his arms and comfort her, because she dared not face his life. The insistent sweetness of the garden swayed around them, and the sunlight left the tips of the tall pine trees behind the house. It was one of those torturing pauses which are too sad to put an end to, because after them follows the full, unending sadness of the years.

After a long time she faced him once more. She had expected that he would speak. "Can you forgive me?" she asked.

"I wanted you to sacrifice too much," he said. "I did not know. You must forgive me."

"Don't," she begged sharply. He seemed to have gone further from her than she thought he could with so few words, and she saw that he would not be like the general. He would never ask again.

He glanced toward the house. "Shall we go in so soon, or walk a little farther?" he questioned.

"I can't go in yet," she said, and so they walked on through the importuning of the twilight; the dew distilled around them, and out of the slowly fading glow in the west the evening star began to shine. At the foot of the garden they turned to retrace their steps. It was startling to see how near they still were to the house, — they had gone so far.

"There is another thing," she said, wavering. "I — I can't go back to where I was before."

"Gabrielle?"

"Oh, I don't know, I don't know yet!" she cried. "I must take more time."

The house door was flung open, and Miss Sarah called in a voice as sharp and terrifying as a shot. Without a word they ran to answer her. She stood on the porch, bending a white face forward into the dusk. Her hands were locked together in front of her, to hold her quiet till they came.

"The general!" she cried, as Staige bounded up the steps. "The general!"

Staige and Gabrielle ran past her into the parlor. Shadows filled it, but a sound of heavy breathing guided them to the general, lying on the floor. Staige struck a match, and its flicker showed them the limp figure, the darkened face, and the fixed, unconscious eyes. Gabrielle hurried away for lights and cold water. Peter and Lucy and the cook were huddled together in the dining room, drawn by Miss Sarah's scream, but too much frightened to come farther. She gave them directions and hurried back.

Miss Sarah had come in, and stood near the general. "We were talking, and he grew — agitated" — she said, "and suddenly he fell here at my feet." She wrung her hands, and then buried her face in them, giving way to loud sobs. "I — I felt — as if I had struck him down," she gasped pitifully, for her calamity had shattered the reserve which was as much a part of her as the old-fashioned primness of her dress.

"Staige will take the general's horses, and go with Peter for the doctor," Gabrielle said, and drew her to a seat. "Peter does n't dare drive them, and Job is too slow. I know what to do until the doctor comes. You must not be frightened. He may be better very

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soon." She turned back to Staige. "You must go," she told him in a lower voice. "I have seen the general almost like this before, only Miss Sarah does n't know. There is n't much to be done except to get the doctor, and you will drive faster than Peter. He has gone to get the carriage."

"All right," Staige said. He gave a questioning, hopeless glance at Miss Sarah, and left the room.

Lucy and the cook came in with a mattress, and laid the general on it. Gabrielle bound his head in wet cloths, and raised it with pillows; she had the women bring warm irons for his feet and chafe his hands. He continued to breathe with a heavy labor which made his unconsciousness seem brutish and horrible. His face photographed itself on the girl's mind, and she knew that it would haunt her in moments of morbid weariness, appearing out of the dark when she longed for sleep; Miss Sarah's sobbing completed her sense of chaotic disorder and desolation.

She went to Miss Sarah and put a hand on her shoulder. "You *must* stop crying," she said. "What if the general were to come to, and hear you? It would make him worse again."

Miss Sarah controlled herself a moment, and looked up through the dimness of her tears. "Will he get better?" she asked.

"I don't know," Gabrielle answered. "We can only wait."

The older woman slipped to her knees, and bowed her head on her clasped hands. She was trembling violently and sobbing harder than before, and in broken, half-coherent words she began begging God for the general's life. Gabrielle stood by her side, hurt by the necessity which made her hear, inexpressibly pained and sympathetic, yet tingling with the consciousness of the torture which would burn Miss Sarah's cheeks some time when she remembered. Through the broken apology and petition, she learned that the general had taken the time when she and Staige were in the garden to press his suit again, and Miss Sarah had again refused. There seemed to be no reason except the intangible one that she preferred his friendship to any closer relation, and she explained to God that the general had often said that it would kill him if she kept on refusing, but she had thought that it was only a part of his chivalry. This time he had cried out sharply, "You are leaving me to die alone," and had fallen at her feet. She huddled herself close to the chair, gasping and spent, while Gabrielle found the tears running down her own face, it was so terrible a thing to have happened to Miss Sarah. The colored women working over the general began to sob, and one of them prayed softly, begging the Lord to listen, and not leave her little mistress with a broken heart. Miss Sarah found articulate speech again, and in sharp moans, wrung by mental anguish out of physical exhaustion and suffering, she promised to marry the general if God would let him live. Gabrielle left her and stood by the general, finding his oblivion less hard to bear than Miss Sarah's convulsive pleading.

"What a strange thing it is," the girl thought, "that she is willing to grant to him dying what she would never grant while he lived!"

She knew of nothing more to be done for the general, and she could only wait, — wait with an awed feeling that she was in the anteroom of the great chamber of decrees. Within it God sat in silence, pondering his answer to Miss Sarah's prayer. The beautiful dim night which breathed through the windows was his council room, and this small lighted space, crowded and audible with suffering, was no greater, compared to his domain, than the time of a single life is to eternity. But it was very terrible. Her thoughts went back to the city, — another, larger waiting room, with lights and hurrying figures, laughter, anguish,

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cries, timid innocence and faithful wickedness, — it was all the same as here, with the great thoughtful silence on the other side the door; she could not straighten out the puzzle of it, but she saw that the small activities of her existence in the city would be no better a refuge from the solemnity of life than Miss Sarah's wakeful napping in the middle of the day. She had told Staige that she could not face his outlook, but perhaps it was all life that she shrank from, having had time in the quiet weeks to look deeper than ever before into its mystery.

The general's breathing grew easier. Lucy touched Gabrielle, calling her attention, and she knelt beside him. His eyes were conscious, and haunted by the knowledge that he had been near to death.

"Miss Sarah will come to you," she said softly. "She will never leave you."

Miss Sarah hurried across the room, but paused, swaying, as she met the general's eyes. For a moment their imploring only made her remember that she would rather be his friend.

"You promised," Gabrielle whispered tensely, — "you promised God."

Miss Sarah drew her breath with a final sob, and pressed one frail hand tight against her heart. "I — promised," she murmured, and, dropping on her knees, she passed her arm under his head. Her soft wet cheek pressed his. She glanced up, wondering if the room and her old self could see, then bent again and kissed him. Death would part them soon, but in the sweetness of the moment lost peace came back to the general's face, and lost youth to hers. Gabrielle's heart seemed breaking as she left the room.

The white driveway led from the house, and she followed it. At the gate she paused, and held her head between her hands. Tears coursed down her cheeks, but she could not tell why she was crying. It was so strange and sad and holy just to live that every nerve quivered, and flashes of understanding kept the pulse in her temples struggling like a bird beating its wings. She tried to brush the tears from her eyes and look up at the big kind stars, so full of perfect knowledge and of calm; but the stars blurred, and she bowed her head. A pause of weariness came to her, and through the hush of thought she heard a far-off rhythm of hoofbeats muffled in the sand. She did not stir, but her thought timed itself to the distant measure, and a cool air dried the tears upon her cheeks.

The sound grew closer and closer. She could not break the suspense by looking to see how close, but stood with her head bowed, waiting by the open gate. Wheels creaked through the sand. She heard Staige's voice, and looked up. The foam-flecked horses reared beside her, checked suddenly. Staige jumped from the carriage, and Peter drove on.

"The doctor was gone; he 'll come as soon as he gets home," Staige said. "I hurried back to help" — There was dread and question on his face.

Gabrielle took a step toward him. "The general is better, Staige," she began tremulously, "but — oh, Staige, I have been waiting so long."

Mary Tracy Earle.

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THE ROAD TO ENGLAND.

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"The noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees is the highroad that leads him to England." — BOSWELL'S *Johnson* (A. D. 1763).

IT has often been a question in my mind whether I was personally helped or hindered by the fact of never having set foot on the shores of England until forty-eight years old. The very juvenile age at which young people now go there, and the fact that we generally regard this arrangement as a thing in itself desirable, are curiously in contrast with the time when early foreign travel was comparatively rare. In my own case, the postponement never, on the whole, seemed to be a distinct injury, since I cannot but think that the strictly American fibre was likely to be knit more strongly, at least in those days, for persons bred in their own country. The interval certainly gave time for measuring men and thoughts at home, for testing one's self by different forms of action, and for accumulating knowledge which made the new experience more valuable. Undoubtedly, during such years of waiting, the eagerness of every American to see the home of his fathers grew stronger and stronger; and he was apt to share the feeling of Johnson's imaginary Scotchman, though perhaps from a higher motive, that the noblest prospect he could see would be the highroad leading to England. The circumstance that, in this instance, his path was to be "o'er the mountain waves," in Campbell's phrase, only increased the attraction.

Yet as a matter of fact the American began to walk on the road to England from the time when he first encountered English literature and Englishmen, even as transplanted to this continent. Of course, the knowledge of English literature traveled to us easily, and this all the more because the responsible literary authorities, even of American imprint, were then almost wholly English; the leader among them, in my boyhood, being the weekly Albion, then published in New York. It is to be remembered, however, that the actual contact with such English authors, statesmen, or men of high social rank as visited this country was much easier in Boston and Cambridge than elsewhere, because the early Cunard steamers made Boston, not New York, their terminus. In the society of that city, and still more in the academical society of Cambridge, it was more common than now, very probably, to meet distinguished Englishmen. It was rare indeed to see the Harvard Commencement events pass by without visitors of this description. Englishwomen of rank, however, rarely came to America, nor do they abound even now. I think that the first titled Englishwoman whom I ever met was that very original and attractive young representative of this class, Lady Amberley, who visited this country about 1868, — daughter of Lord Stanley of Alderley, and wife of the young Lord Amberley, son and heir of Earl Russell. I had found it quite easy to overcome the vague American deference for the supposed authority of a title in case of the Englishmen of rank who had passed before my eyes, for I could not convince myself that their manners or bearing were superior to those of various gentlemen — Bostonians, Philadelphians, and Virginians — whom I had met. I may add that no later experience has ever removed this impression, while undoubtedly the Latin blood often exhibits to us, even in lower social grades, finer examples of courtesy than can easily be paralleled in the Germanic races.

Thus much for Englishmen of rank; and as for women of the corresponding class, it is certain that Miss Burney's and Miss Edgeworth's novels had formed

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for us a very imperfect anticipation of such a type as Lady Amberley, a girlish wife of nineteen, as frank and simple as any American girl, and with much more active interest in real things than was to be found in most of the Newport dowagers who shook their heads over her heretical opinions. I had once the pleasure of driving her in a pony phaeton to White Hall, a former residence of the English bishop, Berkeley, and the place where he wrote his Minute Philosopher. All the memories of Berkeley, I observed, did not absorb the boyish husband and wife so eagerly as the old-fashioned well-sweep that crowned the well; and they were never weary of pulling down the buckets. I took her, on the way, to call on La Farge and see his then recent designs from Browning; being dismayed, however, to learn from her that although Browning was a great favorite socially at her father's house in London, yet neither she nor her friends cared anything about his poetry. She talked with the greatest frankness about everything, being particularly interested in Vassar College, then the only example of its class; and she persistently asked all the young girls why they did not go there, until she was bluntly met at last by a young married woman as frank in speech as herself, though less enlightened, who assured her that no society girl would think of going to college, and that nobody went there except the daughters of "mechanics and ministers."

I remember that she in turn gave me some admirable suggestions from her own point of view; as, for instance, when I asked her whether the highest London society was not made more tame by the fact that all guests were necessarily determined by rank rather than by preference, and she answered that it was not so at all, pointing out the simple fact that the recognized aristocracy was on quite too large a scale to be included in any private drawing room, so that there had to be a selection, and this made it very easy to drop out the unavailable patricians, and bring in plebeians who were personally attractive. Young girls, for example, she said, who were staying as guests in great houses, and who had strong points in the way of beauty or music or conversation, might have an immensely successful social career, however unknown or humble their origin, while whole families of magnates would come from the more distant counties for the London season and entirely fail of actual success. "I know lots of dukes' daughters," she said casually, "who get no attention whatever." There was really something quite delicious, to my republican ears, in thus sweeping, as it were, a débris of dukes' daughters into this dustpan of indifference.

Perhaps the young speaker was herself not so much a type as a bit of eccentricity, yet she was an interesting and high-minded one, and reinforced her equally independent but personally insignificant husband with potent strength. There was a story in Cambridge that when he had rashly trusted himself, one day, in a circle of bright people without her, and had suffered some repression, she drove out the next day alone to fight the battle over again with the accomplished host. "Mr. ——," she said impetuously, "Amberley has been telling me what you were saying to him yesterday. Now you know that 's all bosh." This story gave some pleasure, I fear, to those previously disposed to take sides against her entertainer, and it suggests a somewhat similar bit of retaliation which occurred in case of another English visitor, also highly connected, but oppressively well informed, who once at a Philadelphia dinner table, when some suburban town in Pennsylvania was mentioned, remarked incidentally that its population was 3278. While the company sat dumb with admiration, a quiet man farther down at the table, who had hitherto been speechless, opened his lips to say: "I think the gentleman is mistaken. The population

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is 3304." An eminent Oxford professor told me, years after, that this incident, which soon got into the newspapers, might be said to have delighted two continents.

When I lived at Newport, Rhode Island, from 1864 to 1878, there was a constant procession of foreign visitors, varying in interest and often quite wanting in it. I remember one eminent literary man, who, in spite of all cautions to the contrary, appeared at a rather fashionable day reception in what would now be called a golf suit, of the loudest possible plaid, like that of the Scotch cousin in Punch who comes down thus dressed for church, to the terror of his genteel cousins. What was more, the visitor also wore a spyglass of great size, hung round his neck, all through the entertainment. Another highly connected Englishman, attending an evening reception given expressly for him, came into the parlor with his hat and umbrella in his hand, declining to be parted from them through the whole evening; which suggested to a clever Newport lady the story of the showman who exhibited a picture of Daniel in the lions' den, and pointed out that Daniel was to be distinguished from the lions by having a blue cotton umbrella under his arm. In this case, the lady remarked that the conditions were reversed, since it was the lion that carried the umbrella.

One also saw at Newport many foreigners of distinction and positive interest, especially at the house of Mr. George Bancroft, where I remember seeing the Emperor of Brazil, traveling as Dom Pedro, with his wife, she having with her a little lady in waiting who felt it her duty to go about and whisper to the other guests not to forget that her Imperial Majesty was a Bourbon. When I paused to recall what that name had signified through centuries of despotism and gloom, it was startling to think that I was sitting on the same sofa chatting peacefully with one of its last representatives. A more interesting visitor was Thomas Hughes, still dear to the schoolboy heart, whom I took up on the cliffs for a stroll, which he has kindly commemorated in his published journal, but which was saddened to me by the fact that as we stood together beside the Spouting Rock, and he, despite caution, went too near, a sudden jet of salt water deluged his only white duck suit from top to toe, and he was driven hastily back to the house. I recall with pleasure, also, a visit to Newport by the young Baron Mackay, now Lord Reay, whom I took with me, at his request, to see a public grammar school, where he talked to the children with such simplicity and frankness as to win their hearts, and to prefigure his fine career as chairman of the London school board, lord rector of St. Andrews University, president of University College, and governor of Bombay.

It may be said in general that American strangers who had decent introductions were most kindly received, twenty-five years ago, in London. A little flavor of foreignness was not only borne patiently, but accepted as a merit; and indeed Lord Houghton told me that the early Americans, as Ticknor and Sumner, had been sometimes characterized as not having enough flavor of their own soil. I cannot forget, however, that Miss Kate Field, then living in London and having a decided circle of popularity of her own, used to declare that the English kindliness toward our fellow countrymen was strictly limited by selfishness; that it must be a poor letter of introduction which would not bring forth an invitation to dinner. "After that," she said, "if you do not make yourself agreeable, they will drop you like a hot potato." From this calamity a very short stay is a sure preventive, and may work successful results, like Sam Weller's brief love letter. At the time of which I write (1872) many cultivated Englishmen were meditating visits to

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America, and even lecturing tours, so that such men as Tyndall, Froude, and others were naturally inclined to make the acquaintance of those familiar with the field; and authors, again, are always fancied to be kindly disposed to those who write literary criticisms for the press. It was also a period when two or three American writers were so enormously popular in England that I could at once command the ear of any Englishwoman by telling her that I had been a pupil of Longfellow, or of any Englishman by dropping out the fact that I had dined with Mark Twain in his own house and that he had said grace at table.

But even apart from these phantom ties I was constantly struck with the genuine spirit of hospitality among Englishmen toward Americans as such, even those with whose pursuits they might have almost nothing in common, and for whom they had not the least reason to put themselves out. I liked this none the less because it had definite limitations as to pecuniary obligations and the like, including everything in the nature of "treating;" all this being, in my opinion, a weak point in our more gushing or more self-conscious habit. I remember to have once been taken by a gentleman, on whom I had but the slightest claim, to the country house of another, on whom I had no claim whatever. The latter was not at all literary, and had not even the usual vague English interest in American affairs; yet he gave up his whole afternoon to drive me to Kenilworth, which he had seen a thousand times. But that for which I liked him best, and which afforded a wholly new experience, was that, as we entered the outer doorway, he, going first, looked back over his shoulder and said simply, "They make you pay threepence for admission here," and then added, speaking to the attendant, "Here is my threepence." After all the time and trouble he had given to his stranger guest, he yet left him to pay his own threepence, a thing which most Americans would not have dreamed of doing. It would have been the American notion of good breeding to save a guest from expense as it was the English impulse to save him from the sense of obligation. I confess that I prefer the latter method.

On the other hand, I was much impressed with the English weakness constantly shown in the eagerness of even radical audiences to secure, if possible, a man of rank to take the chair at any public meeting; and also with the deference with which such hearers would listen to very poor or dull speaking backed by a title, while they would promptly stamp down a man of their own rank, with a rudeness rarely paralleled in America, if he spoke a little too long or not clearly enough. This I noticed, for instance, at a large meeting in the Freemason's Tavern (in 1878), at which I had been invited to speak in favor of opening picture galleries and museums on Sunday. Lord Rosebery and Lord Dunraven both argued acceptably, followed by the late Lord Dorchester, who spoke with the greatest difficulty and quite inaudibly, but received nevertheless a rapt attention, whereas a delegate from Manchester, who spoke far better and more to the point, was stamped down without mercy. In following him I was received and heard with the greatest cordiality as an American, while I said nothing to compare in value with what the man from Manchester had said. Again, it is held in England perfectly legitimate for a party to break up by force a meeting of the opposite party, whereas this is very rare with us, and always hurts the rioters. Much is said about the English love of fair play, but this instinct would really seem less strong among the English than among ourselves.

I had the great advantage, both in England and France, of being sent in 1878 as a delegate to some prison discipline meetings; and although this was

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a subject with which I was somewhat unfamiliar, yet I went, fortunately, under the wing of the late Rev. Dr. E. C. Wines, whom I found everywhere to be treated with great deference as the recognized leader in that whole matter. I particularly enjoyed a meeting at the Social Science Rooms in London at which the late Lord Carnarvon presided. I became acquainted for the first time with the much more formal habits of English public meetings, as compared with ours, — the detailed proposing and seconding of everything, even of votes of thanks to chairmen and secretaries, always accompanied by speeches by the proposer and seconder. I noticed there, also, the marked difference between English and Irish public speaking, the latter exemplified by the late Lord O'Hagan, and remarkable in his case for its ease and flow.

But most remarkable of all, and surpassing in spontaneous oratory anything I ever heard in England, was the speech, at this meeting, of Cardinal Manning, a man whose whole bearing made him, as my friend Conway said, "the very evolution of an ecclesiastic." Even the shape of his head showed the development of his function; he had the noble brow and thin ascetic jaw, from which everything not belonging to the upper realms of thought and action seemed to have been visibly pared away; his mouth had singular mobility; his voice was in the last degree winning and persuasive; his tones had nothing in them specifically English, but might have been those of a highly cultivated American, or Frenchman, or Italian, or even German. I felt as if I had for the first time met a man of the world, in the highest sense, — and even of all worlds. His knowledge of the subject seemed greater than that of any other speaker; his convictions were wholly large and humane, and he urged them with a gentle and controlling courtesy that disarmed opposition. In reading his memoirs, long after, I recognized the limitations which came from such a temperament and breeding; but all his wonderful career of influence in England existed by implication in that one speech at the Prison Congress. If I were looking for reasons in favor of the Roman Catholic Church, its strongest argument, in my opinion, would be its power to develop and promote to high office one such man. The individual who stands next to him in my personal experience, and perhaps even as his superior, is a French priest I once met by chance in one of the great Continental cathedrals, and whose very name I do not know; but who impressed and charmed me so profoundly by his face, manner, and voice, it has seemed to me ever since that if I waked up to find myself betrayed into a great crime, I should wish to cross the ocean to confess it to him.

In meeting the Englishman whom I had perhaps most desired to encounter, — Mr. Gladstone, — I had a curious illustration of the uncertain quality of a letter of introduction. On one's first visit to a foreign country one collects these with a curious interest, as if each were a magic key to open a realm of unbounded promise; but he may live to find that there is much difference in the keys. I was offered a letter to Mr. Gladstone from an English clergyman, an Oxford doctor of divinity, not now living, who had resided for some time in this country as a very successful tutor or coach for college students. He had written, when in England, a pamphlet in support of Gladstone, at some important crisis, and in his letter of introduction recalled himself to the great man's memory by this good deed. On arriving in London I sent out my letters with my card in the usual way, and that to Mr. Gladstone was the only one which remained unanswered. This state of things continuing for many days, it crossed my mind that I had heard a vague rumor at home to the effect that the clergy-

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man had left England under a cloud, and mentioning the matter to Sir John Rose, whom I had met in America and whom I knew to be on intimate terms with Mr. Gladstone, the matter was soon set right, and the obstacle turned out to have been just what I supposed. After all, however, I had but a brief interview with Mr. Gladstone, by his own appointment, on which occasion, as I find by my notebook, I was struck with his being in voice and appearance more like an American than most Englishmen I had seen. He was surprisingly well acquainted with our leading American authors, and came near to conceding, so I fancied, that the outcome of our civil war had been quite unlike what he had expected. He showed great pleasure in the fact that Edward Everett had sent his son to the English Cambridge, and expressed earnest hope that this would become more common for American youth. It was pleasant to carry him the first information that his Juventus Mundi had been reprinted in this country, a thing which seemed to please him exceedingly. I find recorded of him in my brief diary: "A fine, wise, keen face; a voice like Emerson's without the hesitancy." My visit to London being very hurried, it was necessary to decline an invitation to breakfast, and through a series of circumstances we did not meet again.

The radical side of London was more conspicuous then than now, and I should have been extremely sorry to have missed it. I wished particularly to hear Charles Bradlaugh, who was just at the height of his fame as a popular speaker. I was piloted to his hall by Mr. Odger, a prominent workingmen's leader, a diminutive, sturdily built man, who ploughed his way before me through the Sunday-evening crowd like a bluff little English tug making the way for a clumsier craft. The place of meeting was a low and dingy hall, crowded with people who listened with great enthusiasm to an address on Jehovah. Bradlaugh seemed to me one of the natural orators, like Beecher, a man of commanding appearance and fine voice, and without mere sensationalism or the pursuit of antagonism for its own sake; in all these points quite surpassing Colonel Ingersoll, with whom he has been often compared. I never shall forget the impressiveness of one passage in which he described a shipwrecked mother, stranded upon a rock in the ocean during a rising tide and continually lifting her baby higher and higher, still praying to her God to preserve her child, until the moment when the pitiless waves submerged them both. I imagined that it would be almost impossible to paint a picture from the agnostic point of view which would be more powerful with an audience. He came to lunch with me a few days later, and I found in his talk that vigor and power of adaptation which made his career in Parliament so remarkable. I saw him also in frequent attendance at the trial of Mrs. Annie Besant, an occasion which presented the strange combination of a contest for the custody of a child between a Christian father and an atheistic or agnostic mother, the case being up for determination before a Jewish judge.

It is a constant attraction about London that the step from the associations of radicalism to those of royalty is always easy, and implies hardly more than the crossing of a park. So I felt, at least when, on May 13, 1878, I found myself taking the breezy walk on a showery morning from Aldershot railway station to the Common, amid an irregular procession of carriages and pedestrians with that fringe of vagabond life, always more abundant and picturesque in England than among ourselves, consisting of gypsies, showmen, tinkers, peddlers, and donkeys. One of the habitual English showers came on. A crowd under dripping umbrellas soon loses all visible distinction of caste, and I drifted easily into

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a very favorable position, quite near the flagstaff beneath which the Majesty of England was to take its stand for a review of troops. In England, when it is sunshine men know it will soon rain; and when it rains hard they know that the sun will promptly reappear. In this case the gleaming of light was presently brilliant; umbrellas were lowered, raindrops glistened on horses' manes and on officers' plumes, and brightly against the intense green of English hills shone the scarlet regiments advancing to take their places. Her Majesty has the royal virtue of punctuality, and all eyes were turned toward a low straw wagon with two white ponies which came trotting along the line of spectators.

But now all eyes were turned in another direction, where they were riveted so long that the Queen herself became an object of secondary interest. Two soldiers had long stood ready at the flagstaff to hoist the great standard, and when the Queen was seen the signal for its raising was given. Up it went, flapping in the strong wind; but so clumsily was the flag handled that it was wrapped around the staff, and not half of it blew out freely. The men twitched and tugged in vain; and her Majesty drove by, apparently not noticing the mishap, but nodding and smiling good-naturedly to some of the ladies who sat in favored positions.

When she had gone by and had turned to drive past the line of troops opposite us, there was a subdued murmur of "Lower the flag, and try it again." An officer stepped forward to give orders, and down it came. Then it began to go up once more, this time blowing out clearly, until it reached half-mast and stopped. There was a general groan. Again twitching and pulling were tried in vain; the halyard was plainly choked in the block. At last a soldier advanced to climb the flagstaff; subdued cheers greeted him; the Queen was now far away, driving down the long line of soldiers; there was plenty of time. Up and up he went, and when he stopped, halfway, to rest, the cheering grew more outspoken. But more than halfway up he never got, and the cheering died into a muffled groan when the poor fellow, with a sheepish smile, slid slowly downward, downward, quite exhausted; and the flag was still at half-mast, and the Queen was still advancing.

Then, after a pause and hurried consultation, came forward a cavalryman, and great was the relief when, on stripping off his coat, he showed the tattooed arms of a sailor. "Bless him!" gasped a lady near me. "There 's but just time!" growled her husband. Up went the bold dragoon, not stopping even to take off his heavy boots; no applause met him till he had passed the point where his predecessor had stopped; then all seemed to take breath, and the murmur of triumph swelled. But as he went higher he went ominously slower; and ten feet from the top, utterly powerless to climb an inch farther, he stuck helpless, an object of dismay to twenty thousand people. Stretching out his tired arm, bending and unbending it, as if to say, "If you only knew how I feel!" the poor victim of unavailing patriotism slid slowly down; and there was the Queen now in full sight and rapidly approaching.

The commander of her advanced guard had just reached the flagstaff as the poor cavalryman slunk back among his mates. "Pull down that flag!" shouted the officer or somebody. Down it came, and her Majesty the Queen of England and Empress of India reviewed her troops without a flag over her head. I do not know how many Englishmen present recalled the fact that a somewhat similar mishap occurred when the flag of the ill-fated Charles I. was first raised at Nottingham, in 1642; indeed, I did not find a single one who remembered it; but it was at least a curious coincidence. There was,

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at the time of this review at Aldershot, quite a general impression that war with Russia was impending; and the more songs one sang about "the meteor flag of England," the more awkward it certainly was to have the meteor go down instead of up. But so far as England's Queen was concerned, this annoying test only brought out her finer qualities. Her expression was, as all said, unusually bright and cheerful on that day; she cast one light glance at the empty flagstaff, and from that moment seemed to ignore the whole matter. The effect was to make every one else ignore it, and all were soon absorbed in the brilliancy of the review.

That is, it was called very brilliant; and no doubt the predominant English scarlet is incomparably more effective to the eye than our sober blue. But the very perfection of the appointments made it all seem to me rather a play-soldier affair; I had grown so accustomed to judging of soldiers by their look of actual service that a single company of bronzed and tattered men would have been a positive relief among these great regiments of smooth-faced boys. This involved no reproach to the young recruits, and did not affect the mere spectacle, but it impaired the moral interest. However, the drill and the marching were good, though there is a sort of heaviness about the British soldier when compared with the wonderful vigor and alertness of German infantry. As for the uniforms, the arms, the appointments, the horses, they were simply admirable. I do not believe that there ever was an army in finer material condition than those sixteen thousand men at Aldershot.

And all this brilliant display was subject to a woman; and when the final salute was paid, every gun was at "present arms" for her, and in her honor the band played "God save the Queen!" I find written in my journal: "There was something of real majesty in her manner, as she stood up before her soldiers in acknowledgment of the salute. She is short, stout, with a rather heavy and not altogether a pleasing face; but in spite of all this, she has a dignity of bearing which amounts almost to grace, and is the only personal charm that her subjects claim for her. Even this does not make her exactly popular, and at this very time I heard ungracious remarks in regard to the large Highlander, John Brown, her confidential servant, who, in gorgeous array, sat behind her Majesty, much more lofty and conspicuous than herself. But I am afraid it is true that England still prefers to be ruled by a queen; and it is certain that the present sovereign will hold her prerogatives, such as they are, with a firm hand. I never find myself quite such a ruthless republican anywhere else as in England; and yet there is a certain historic interest and satisfaction, after the long subordination of women, in thinking that the leading monarchy of the world still takes its orders from a woman's hand."

It has rarely happened in history that a single sovereign, by the mere prolongation of a peaceful reign, has so influenced human history as has been the case with Queen Victoria. It was everywhere distinctly recognized in England, in 1878, even among radicals, that this strong personal influence was sure to be exerted while she lived. I was struck with the remark made by one of the ablest women I met, the late Mrs. Augusta Webster, who pointed out to me that, in the existing state of public opinion, the British throne was a thing just suited to a woman. It was largely, she said, a position of ceremony; the sovereign must reign without governing. And this would hardly be a dignified position for a man; one occupying it must either seem rather insignificant, or else be tempted to acts of aggression in order to enhance his dignity, and this the people would not endure. An English

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army officer of high rank told me, in that same year, when I asked him if England would ever become a republic, that while the Queen lived it would be an absolute impossibility; but that if she outlived the Prince of Wales, which was quite possible, and if there were then to be a disputed succession, or some young and imprudent sovereign were to ascend the throne, it would be difficult to predict the consequences. There is undoubtedly much less of visible republican feeling in England to-day than was the case twenty years ago; but we must always remember, on the other hand, that the Emperor of Germany, with all his high-flown theories of absolutism, is Queen Victoria's grandson; that he has been claimed by some English journals as the rightful heir to the English crown; and that, even if we set this heirship aside as wholly impossible, we do not know what influence his example might have upon that still untried cousin who may succeed him to the throne. I have never yet met an Englishman who would admit that the British people would tolerate for a month any assumptions like those habitually made by the present German Emperor. Great as might be the sacrifice implied in the adoption of a republic, I am persuaded that to the vast majority of Englishmen it would be the more palatable alternative, than to be ruled, I will not say by him personally, but by such traditions and standards as the German Emperor represents.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

THE FLAW IN OUR DEMOCRACY.

REPRESENTATIVE government, entirely democratic, has been tried in the United States of America under conditions as favorable as can easily be conceived. Its beginnings were on virgin ground, clear of everything obstructive that could impair its foundations or narrow its plan. Its architects had no incongruous remains of old feudal institutions to build over and around. They were architects, too, from the best of preparatory schools. They were educated in the traditions and trained by the habits of the English race. There can never be a work of political construction undertaken more competently than theirs, nor executed with a freer hand. Nor can any political structure ever rise with less experience of disturbing influences from the outer world. It has practically possessed a continent of its own, and surrounding oceans have given their protection to it. Thus militarism, the great peril of democracy, has been excluded with a completeness unknown in previous history.

In a word, the American experiment of democratic republicanism has been tried with a fairness from circumstances that cannot be impeached, and it has gone far enough at the present day for its results to be fairly judged. That the results are satisfying, as they now appear, is probably more than any believer in republicanism can be willing to say. That they are painfully dissatisfying is the verdict that few will hesitate to pronounce. By more than a disappointment of hopes, and by worse than a realization of fears, the outcome is troubling to thoughtful minds because of the surprises it has brought. Threatening forces that were never suspected have come to light, and influences that roused no dread in early days are found to be the most sinister of all. On the other hand, it is true that some dangers which loomed large in former times have been dimin-

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ished by the years, and seem to hold no serious threat. But, on the whole, it is difficult to believe that popular government in the American republic shows as favorably to-day, and gives a promise as fair, as it did when Washington left the presidency or when Lincoln was slain. It is more than difficult — it is impossible — not to feel that our country is farther from government by the fittest to govern than it ever was in any former time. When all reasonable allowance is made for the habitual discontent of mankind with that which is, and for its magnified remembrance of that which was, there remains an obstinate mass of disheartening fact. The decadence — the sickening decadence — of the Senate of the United States, once the pride of the nation; increasing venality in most legislative bodies, and a puppet-dancing quality in the men who make up their majorities; deepening corruption and extravagance in municipal government; a manifest deadening of opinion and spirit in politics, by methods of organization which convert parties into "machines" and the leader into a "boss;" the consequent exclusion, more and more, of superior men from public careers, and abandonment, more and more, of the political arena to self-seeking and vulgar crowds, — these are things that have come to be recognized beyond dispute. And the deplorable phenomena are no plainer than the causes that have worked to produce them.

Among the causes there are several conspicuous ones; but behind them all stands a master spirit of mischief, — the organizing politician. He is no new character, in America or elsewhere. He has always been with us, as he always will be. In the primitive days, say, of Aaron Burr or of Amos Kendall, he did his work, no doubt, with quite as much shrewdness and quite as little scruple as now; but he did it with scant resources and few agents. His "campaign funds" were meagre. Hopes of petty office, and sometimes the brief reality of it, were all the wages he had to offer for party service. He was a general commanding forces so small and so wretchedly paid that what he accomplished in organization and discipline is more wonderful than the finest machine work in politics to-day. Under that disadvantage he labored until times that are not remote. The spoils of office grew large, but they were never rich enough for the demands of his task. Yet always, as he persevered, the organizing politician must have watched the rise and experimented in the use of new resources that were destined to make him independent of mere patronage and official spoils. These came with the creation of capital interests and corporate combinations, in which both wants and fears of legislation are easily aroused. Within a few years past such combinations have had a tropical growth, and the perfecting of the party machine, the evolution of the omnipotent boss, coincided with the sudden spring of their fertility. If there be any limit to the draft which a master of legislatures and municipal councils can make on corporations or persons whose profits or taxes, or both, can be heavily increased or diminished by an ordinance or an act, it is not probable that the boss has yet found it out. The great scale and the perfection of his organizing work prove the magnitude of the staff employed in it, and the satisfying liberality with which it must necessarily be paid.

Along with these abounding subsidies from corporations that crave his friendship, there has been given to the party organizer in late years an extraordinary multiplication of instruments and facilities for his work. Everything that electricity and cheapened steam and cheapened print have been doing to put men into more communicable relations with one another has tended to make combination and organization easy, for every kind of purpose. The organizers of business, of industries, of religious move-

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ments, of reforms, of sports, have all profited immensely from these instruments, and the political organizer has not been behind. No other, indeed, has been helped so much. To what other, for example, could the value of a whisper from lips in New York to an ear at the Albany Capitol, with no syllable recorded, be so great?

To understand what organization in this matter of the action of political parties means, we must consider the elements of which political society is composed. In every democratic body politic there are not less than four well-marked classes of citizens, whose conduct as such will be actuated very differently. There are (1) those citizens who desire good government, and who interest themselves in public affairs simply because of that desire, having no personal objects of place or profit in view; (2) those citizens who are too sordidly absorbed in pursuits of gain, or too frivolously absorbed in pursuits of pleasure, or otherwise too much occupied, to give attention to public concerns; (3) those in the unfortunate social grade where ignorance is so gross, or character so shallow or so debased, that political opinion and independent conduct are out of the question; (4) those who are actively self-seeking in partisan politics, with keen eyes on something that will bring a reward. Of these four classes of citizens, I am sure that the one first described is larger than any other, and that the last in the list is the least of all; and it is between those two that the great, momentous standing issue in politics — the issue that is determining, not of party questions, but of the quality and character of government — lies always. The remaining two classes count in results only by the weight of their indifferent votes, as they are acted upon and used by the other two. In the real forces of the battle, numbers are on the side of good government almost unfailingly, and what has been wanting when victory fails is, not number, nor will, nor courage, nor intelligence, but organization. The little band of the self-seekers — the professionals of politics — harvest the fruit of elections by controlling the nominations of parties, and control the nominations of parties by perfect manipulation of a small minority of votes, directed with precision to a definite end, systematically planned.

To the mastery and management of all controllable elements in the body politic the professional politicians bring training, experience, constant thought, ceaseless labor, systematic combination and organization among themselves. They can afford to give time, thought, and energy without reserve to the work; it is their vocation; it is what they live for, — commonly what they live by; and the vast tribute levied for their "committee funds" puts every possibility of action and influence into their hands. The Tammany organization in New York maintains, as is well known, a paid captain in each election district, whose business is to know each voter in the district; to establish friendly relations with him; to flatter him with attentions; to bring all appropriate influences to bear on him; to enlist him, if possible, as a recognized Tammany man; and to foster an effective *esprit de corps* among such supporters by means of social clubs, balls in winter, excursions in summer, and the like. For the fruit of his exertions, gathered in substantial votes, each captain is responsible to a responsible committee in his assembly district. He is liberally supplied with funds and with bits of petty patronage, for use in employing assistants and covering his expenditures. His position depends on his success. He loses it if he fails to keep the Tammany vote of his district up to an expected mark. His superiors in the assembly district committee are similarly accountable, in their turn, for the work of all their captains, to the executive committee of Tammany Hall, which is made up of district leaders. It is a system of

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more precision and more efficiency than that of the city government. The discipline maintained is stricter than in the military organization of the state. At every moment the forces of Tammany are ready for call; for every need they are exactly known. This is the perfected machine organization of party in American politics, — the model to which all of its kind, state or municipal, are more or less closely conformed. It is a costly piece of administrative mechanism. It involves the employment of an army of paid agents, picked for cleverness and energy, with a great staff of able chiefs, whose services claim high rewards. The maintenance of such a system demands the revenues of a state and the taxing power of a state; and it is precisely because the machine and the boss have acquired that power and those revenues, under conditions lately developed, that they have become what they are.

To resist the self-seeking, the deluding, the corrupt and corrupting labors for which combinations so extraordinary in effectiveness as these are formed, we have an admirable multitude of honest citizens, whose interest in politics is their common interest in the public welfare; who snatch occasional time and thought from their daily occupations for their performance of political duty; who come together once a year, at the best, picking up on the eve of an election the threads of combination that they dropped at the last one, and tying them as they can; who rally for the work of a campaign such agents as they find at the moment, and equip them with such resources as they can beg. What chance have they against the compact "regulars" of politics, who never quit the field from November to November? Just the chance of militia trainbands against a standing army.

If nothing but elections were involved in this matter, the situation would not be hopeless. Elections are decided, in the main, by majorities, and the citizens whose votes are aimed, with more or less intelligence, at no end but the public good are always a large majority. But it is not in elections that the quality and character of our government are determined. That is done in party nominations. There only is *selection* exercised, and it is there that the machine organization of politicians finds its chief end. There they triumph, almost inevitably; for they do not depend on majorities in a party to control the choice of party nominees. Minorities, handled with organized precision, have a wonderful potency in this primary, selective suffrage, compared with which the *elective* suffrage has small importance. The trick of it, which a territorial or district system of representation makes possible, is seldom noticed and is little understood. A bare majority of bare majorities, in caucusing and delegating, under that system, may be a small minority of the total party vote, but it will control the resultant nominations. This fact can be shown most plainly, perhaps, in an imagined situation. Suppose a state to be divided into one hundred districts for representation in one branch of its legislature, each district containing twenty towns or city wards, in each of which there are 200 voters of a given party. That would make the total vote of the party in the state 400,000. One hundred and one votes in each of eleven out of the twenty towns or wards composing a district (being 1111 votes in all) will elect a majority of delegates to the district convention and control the nomination of a legislative candidate. If this is done in fifty-one of the hundred districts of the state, by bare majorities in each (that is, by 56,661 of the 400,000 voters of the party), it will insure the nomination of a majority of legislative candidates in the interest of the leagued politicians who organize their efforts to that end. In other words, the legislative representation of a party, in this illustrative situation, could be controlled by less than one seventh of its

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members, even if the whole strength of opposition to that fraction were brought to the primaries. A much smaller minority would suffice, if opposition became discouraged and negligent of the ineffectual vote, as it usually does. The possibilities are the same in all political action that is districted or broken up by geographical lines.

Picking the needed number of districts in which its work is surest of success, the organization can cheerfully permit opposing majorities to waste themselves in the remainder. It can cheerfully put itself under strict surveillance of law, as it has recently done in the state of New York. The day of its dependence on packed caucuses and fraudulent primaries may be looked upon as substantially past. The system of the machine, at its best, is refined beyond so gross a need. With nice distribution and manipulation, it can shuffle its little minority into the top of the great party pack, and deal out delegates and nominees at will, while it seems to be playing the fairest of games.

Now, this is the situation at which we have arrived in the evolution of representative democracy, and it looks lasting. What can change it for the better? It is the product of conditions that appear to lie beyond the reach of any possible reform in parties, — any possible awakening of political earnestness among the people who desire to be better represented in their government. Is escape from it possible?

It is manifest that an organic weakness in the constitution of representative democracy, by which it is betrayed almost hopelessly to self-seeking and demagogical politicians, is found in the system of territorial or district representation. At the best, that system is incapable of realizing the end for which it was designed. It mixes in one heterogeneous constituency all the differences of will and opinion which pure accident of residence has neighbored within some given geographical boundary, and leaves them to scramble for a single "representative." There are no circumstances conceivable under which a true representation of the people could be attained by that method. But under the circumstances that actually exist, as we have seen, its almost certain effect is to give a majority of the representation to the most self-seeking and unscrupulous minority in the whole body of the citizenship.

Considering the facts without prejudice of mind, may we not reasonably suspect that the sending of men to Congress, to state legislatures, and to municipal councils, as representatives of the mixed total population of given areas of land, will some day — perhaps soon — be looked upon very much as we now look on the "rotten borough" representation of England before 1832, wondering that it could be endured so long?

Theory would seek an ideal of perfected representation in some plan of free but strictly regulated association, whereby people might be grouped together, in appropriate numbers, according to their affinities in opinion and character, and more or less independently of residence, for the purpose of choosing the representatives who shall act for them in government. Is there anything except the historical habit of voting by wards and towns that discredits such a plan? At least, let theory suggest the mode of it for consideration!

A voluntary association of, say, 200 electors is as well defined and controllable a unit of political action in suffrage proceedings as an election district containing the same number of voters. Its members can be registered and identified as such just as easily and certainly as they are now registered and identified in the character of district residents. They can be certificated, if needful, at each registration, as French voters are, and allowed to vote only on the production of a certificate. They can have the same

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freedom of change from one association to another that they now have in their changes of residence from district to district. By proper provisions of law, to regulate the formation and registration of such associated bodies of citizens, to keep them within right limits of least and greatest number, and to formulate the mode of their combination in constituencies, for this and that purpose of representation, the whole system can, apparently, be made as manageable and as practicable as the present territorial system, and better secured against irregularities and fraud.

With what probable results? Certainly one of prime importance, to begin with, — namely, proportional representation of parties. Of many elaborate plans that have been contrived for the accomplishment of that just end, this would seem to be the simplest and most easily carried out. Any party of agreeing citizens, sufficient in number to make up a constituency, as determined in number by law, could readily unite in one, first by the forming of their primary associations, which would be of a neighborhood character, and then by federating these to the number desired. One group of such associations would form a municipal constituency; larger groupings would produce assembly and senatorial constituencies, for representation in the state legislature; a still larger combination would give the constituency for congressional representation. Each constituency, thus voluntarily made up, would be, as nearly as possible, a unit of political opinion and of character in the citizenship. The representative chosen by it would necessarily be as nearly representative of the whole as one man *can* be representative of many. All parties in the state would make up constituencies and elect representatives, therefore, exactly in the proportion of their several numbers, and by no possibility otherwise. Of "gerrymandering" there would be no more.

Not only would the representation be proportional as between political parties, but it could not fail to be likewise proportional, within parties, to an inevitable classification of character and quality among the people composing them. Those in each party who aim at higher standards, of purity, of dignity, of ability in government, would come together in the same associations and constituencies, controlling the representation of these, and bringing the full weight of their numbers to bear in pressing men of the higher stamp into public life. Even a few such constituencies, inviting and attracting the best brain and character into politics, — even a few protected shelters, where the finer fruits of a democratic franchise might have opportunity to ripen and be tasted by the people, — would be worth a revolution. But we have no good reason to believe that they would be few. The desire for these better things is not limited to some small number of our population. It is probably more widespread than any present manifestation of it could lead us to suspect. It has been dulled by discouragement; it has not been killed. Give it free exercise, and it will have the growth which opportunity produces in any human desire, evil or good. Our present system gives that stimulant to the meaner pursuits in politics. A reversal of the conditions would change the face of the political world.

Moreover, if those citizens who are thoughtful of the public good and high-minded in their views of it could mass themselves, in the manner suggested, and act together, who can doubt that they would draw a great part of their more careless fellows into association with them, by an influence that is nearly powerless now?

Of course, it may be objected that nothing would prevent the politicians who now construct political machines from constructing associations and constituencies under the system proposed.

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True; there is nothing to prevent, except the inefficacy of the work. The machine of their present construction is an apparatus for the conversion of a minority of votes into a majority of nominating delegates and elected representatives. Of that profitable product there would be nothing more. Majorities alone will weigh, when the districting of representation is done away with; the votes that elect will then be the votes that *select;* and if there is the making of a political boss in those conditions, then our democracy is hopelessly servile indeed.

All that I suggest is consistent with the doctrine that the true ground of political constitutions and political systems is in expediency. The acceptance and admittance of this doctrine into the habits of our political thought would open, I am sure, many new and more hopeful possibilities in the future of democracy. The franchises of our democratic citizenship would then take on an aspect of *privilege* rather than of *right*, with a deepened sense of responsibility attaching to them. They could not seem to be, so much as now, a personal possession of the citizen, to be exercised carelessly, selfishly, ignorantly, corruptly, as he will. They would have to be recognized for what they ought to be, and are, — a trust with which each is invested for the good of all, and for which the accountability of each to all is beyond dispute.

If we came, in this view, to a purely rational dealing with political franchises, we should deny them alike to the incoming alien and to the native young man who gave no fair evidence of political intelligence and reputable character; we should withdraw them, unfailingly and forever, from the man who sold his vote and from him who bought it, and equally from the man who attempted to coerce the suffrage of another. As for the citizen who neglected his electoral privilege, showing no consciousness of the duty that reasonably binds him to the exercise of it, we should take it from him, at the least, until he had learned its significance and value.

These are some of the possibilities that seem discernible to me in the future of democracy. If they are not possibilities, I do not know how to look hopefully into coming time. I see no other escape from the mean tyranny of the organizing politician, — the meanest tyranny known to history, and the most disgraceful to its submissive subjects. The old, crude system of territorial representation, historically venerable, but practically delusive and logically absurd, has betrayed us into his power. Unless we break from it, what can deliver us?

J. N. Larned.

AN OLD VIRGINIA CORRESPONDENCE.

THE letters here given stretch over a period of forty-three years, and cover a lifetime spent under conditions that are now past. The earliest of them were written during the Revolutionary War, the last when nearly a quarter of this century had gone. They have the charm of their time, a gentle formality and a quiet regard for effect, and the grace of good company; the little accounts of Washington and Chief Justice Marshall having a pleasant air of intimacy.

The first is from Miss Mildred Smith, a grave person of sixteen years, to Miss Betsy Ambler, who is a year younger.

I.

YORK, VA., 1780.

When you left our dear little town, I felt as if every ray of comfort had

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fled. Oh, my dearest loved Betsy (now what would I give if you had a name a little more romantic!), how shall I exist without you? Life seems a dreary waste since deprived of your loved society.

The girls here are charming and very fond of me, but they are all so much my senior; and besides, there is so much freedom and levity, almost amounting to indiscretion, in their conduct that I often blush for them, and certainly can never repose that confidence in them that I have long been accustomed to place in you. . . .

Fain would I cast a veil over their frivolities, but since the arrival of the French ships, commanded by the Viscount Rochambeau and Captain M——, their heads seem turned, and a thousand times have I said that it is well for my well loved Betsy that she is removed from these scenes of amusement and dissipation. *Her* giddy brain would also have been turned were she here. There is something so flattering in the attentions of these elegant French officers, and though not one in ten of them can speak a word of English, yet their style of entertaining and their devotion to the ladies of York are so flattering that almost any girl of sixteen would be enchanted.

But you know how little effect they can have on *me*, nor would I exchange one rational hour's conversation with my solid English B——d for all the bagatelles these sprightly Frenchmen lavish daily upon me. Apropos of poor B——d, he has abjured his own country and got a commission in our army, I really and truly believe, from principle; but my Uncle and Aunt still look coldly on him. Alas! I must endeavour to do so too! What a prospect have I of ever having it in my power to reward his constancy? None, for, as my Aunt says, poverty and dependence must be the portion of those who marry a stranger without a shilling! My own weak heart reluctantly consents to the truth of the observation.

As soon as the bustle and fatigue of moving is over I shall expect a long letter from you. I am all impatience to hear your description of Richmond, which they tell me is enchantingly beautiful. You must not for the world draw any comparisons between it and York. We lowlanders cannot yet make up our minds to give Richmond credit for anything, so vexed are all our old folks at the removal of the seat of government; to *us* it is pretty much the same.

God bless you, prays your affect.

MILDRED.

Though the letter in reply has no date other than 1780, it was evidently an early response.

II.

FROM BETSY JAQUELIN AMBLER TO MILDRED SMITH.

RICHMOND, VA., 1780.

MY DEAREST MILDRED, — . . . And so you really wish that the name of Betsy could be changed, — softened and romanticized into Bessie or Jaquelin or Sophia, or a more modern termination of any sort. Who would have thought that my Millia, or rather my charming Mildred, who is just as sweet and lovely as any heroine of times past, present, or to come, should try her powers of the heroic?

You who know me so well can readily judge how my heart fluttered when, on the second evening after our arrival at Williamsburg, we received invitations for a ball. It was given at the Palace, by certain gentlemen, in compliment, it was said, "to the Misses Amblers." Though I cannot for my life treat the poor fellow who was the prime mover in this civility with common good manners, yet was I delighted with an opportunity of showing my consequence by accepting his invitation and playing off a thousand airs which would have provoked a lecture from you an hour long. His

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more successful friend, Marshall,[1] was devoted to my sister.

The entertainment in itself was like most of the entertainments of the present time, simple and frugal as to its viands, but of the brilliancy of the company too much cannot be said; it consisted of more Beauty and Elegance than I had ever witnessed before, and I was transported with delight at being considered a distinguished personage. (The lady to whom a party is given must always be held, you know, as making the principal character in the Drama.)

In serious truth, however, it was a most charming entertainment, and so much attention did your giddy friend receive as almost turned her poor distracted brain. However, we proceeded on our journey the next morning at a very early hour.

Nothing material happened on our way, and we arrived on the evening of the second day at this famous Metropolis; for so we may now call it, as all heads of departments,[2] like ourselves, have arrived here in safety. But *where* we are to lay our weary heads Heaven knows; so recently has it become a place of any consequence that accommodations cannot be found for one half the people who are necessarily brought here. It is indeed a lovely situation, and may at some future period be a great city, but at present it will scarce afford one comfort in life.

With the exception of two or three families this little town is made up of Scotch factors, who inhabit small tenements scattered here and there from the river to the hill. Some of them look, as Colonel Marshall[3] observed, as if the poor Caledonians had brought them over on their backs, the weakest of whom being glad enough to stop at the bottom of the hill, others a little stronger proceeding higher, whilst a few of the stoutest and the boldest reached the summit.

One of these hardy Scots has thought proper to vacate his little dwelling on the hill, and though our whole family can scarcely stand up all together in it, my father has determined to rent it as the only decent tenement on the hill.

When I have seen more of this delectable spot you may expect another epistle. It would seem as if I should have abundance of leisure for writing, so little have we to amuse us in this New World, for it is absolutely a New World to me. Farewell. Your Betsy.

In the interval of more than a year that seems to have elapsed between this letter and that which follows the war was pressed with vigor in Virginia, Tarleton's men making themselves especially dreaded by the patriots. The letter itself, broken by sudden flights and its various parts written in different places, is the best evidence of the disturbed state of the country.

III.

FROM BETSY AMBLER TO MILDRED SMITH.

Richmond, 1781.

My dear Mildred, — Our removal from York to this place, which I considered one of the calamities of my life, lost much of its bitterness when I found, the succeeding fall, that you and your much loved family would also be obliged to follow. No sooner had you from necessity been forced to join us, and we were looking forward to days of happiness, than we were forced to separate again. Even here we found no rest for the sole of our foot. Another alarm this morning! Should it be confirmed that the British are really coming up James River, my poor dear mother will not continue a moment. Poor dear soul, what sufferings are hers!

The Cottage, *Friday evening.*

At the moment I was writing you, we had too certain confirmation of the Brit-

[1] Afterward Chief Justice Marshall.

[2] Her father, Richard Ambler, was first Treasurer of Virginia.

[3] Father of the Chief Justice.

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ish having landed and being actually on their way to town. Not a moment was to be lost, and we were off in a twinkling. I would have almost wished you could get a view of them in your snug little retreat, — where I should hope that you are perfectly secure; — but my father seemed to think we had not a moment to lose. Such terror and confusion you have no idea of. Governor, Council, everybody scampering.

I have just received yours of last night. How thankful I am that your residence was too remote to subject you to the outrages of these barbarians! What a gloomy time do I look forward to! Oh that you were here with me to beguile the tediousness of these unmeasurable days! Continue to write, I beseech you.

Your account of your neighbour S——'s escape just as the enemy entered the town made even my poor mother smile. What a gallant fellow he was, to look back and bid them come on, when he was a full mile ahead, with a swift horse that had borne him off many a day before! But this is not more laughable than the accounts we have of our illustrious Governor, who, they say, took neither rest nor food for man or horse till he reached C——r's Mountain.

Louisa Court House, *Tuesday.*

Oh, my dearest girl, I tremble for your safety. Where were you hid when the enemy passed your door? We only had time to learn that they were on the road from Richmond, when we were again in the carriage, and in a few hours reached this place where it would seem impossible for us to be in any danger.

My much loved father is full of anxiety for us. Much have we to apprehend for him. The public office which he holds makes it absolutely necessary for him to run no risks of falling into the hands of the enemy. We therefore see him safely lodged in the old coach every night, with faithful old Sam as his guard, while we endeavour to make ourselves as comfortable as we can in the overseer's tiny dwelling, which will scarcely hold us all.

Thursday morning.

When or where shall we find rest? Such a journey as we have again had, and now are precisely in the same spot we set out from!

No sooner had we committed our dear father to his solitary confinement on the night I last wrote you, and were endeavouring to console ourselves with the idea that the miserable little hovel we were in was too solitary a situation for us to fear any danger; then while enjoying our frugal supper of Bonny Clabber, honey, etc., a terrible clatter of horses at the door set us all scampering. The British! Nothing but the word *British* did we hear; upon opening the door, however, we soon discovered a parcel of miserable militia belonging to the neighbourhood. They had called to give notice that the enemy were actually proceeding on their way through the country, but not one of them could say which route they had taken. A consultation of our party was then held, and if we had had one particle of our natural reason about us, we should have quietly stayed where we were, but flight had so long been the word that it was determined unanimously that we should be off in a moment. The nearer the mountains the greater the safety, was the conclusion; so on we traveled through byways and brambles until we could get to the main road leading to Charlottesville. Our design was first to reach a plantation in the neighbourhood of the Springs, where we were at least sure of house room and a bed (a friend of ours having removed his furniture to this place for security); and to this place we proceeded, where we arrived just as the sun appeared in all his glory. With difficulty we got admittance, — no soul being in the house, — and were just spreading pallets to rest

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our weary heads, when the landlord, out of breath, reached the house, saying that Tarleton and all his men had just passed, and would catch the Governor before he could reach Charlottesville.

What a panic for us all! Our best beloved father had pursued the same route only a half hour before, Charlottesville being the place appointed for public officers to repair to. Fortunately, however, the enemy had got ahead of him by another road, which he by good luck hearing, he immediately joined us and hurried us back to the selfsame spot we had left the night before. Thus were we one whole night and the greater part of the next day accomplishing what placed us precisely in the same situation we were in before, a spot that I defy the British or even the d——l himself to find.

Great cause have we for thankfulness, and however dreary it is I will endeavour to be contented, hoping and trusting for a speedy deliverance.

But how dreadful the idea of an enemy passing through such a country as ours committing enormities that fill the mind with horror, and returning exultingly without meeting one impediment to discourage them!

Your affectionate E. J. A.

Another break of about a year occurs in our record of the relations between the two friends, but the next letter shows Miss Smith still in the position of mentor.

IV.

MILDRED SMITH TO BETSY AMBLER.

YORK, 1782.

MY DEAR BETSY, — Again are we quietly seated in our old mansion. But oh! how unlike it once was! Indeed, were you to be suddenly and unexpectedly set down in the very spot where you and I have so often played together, — in that very garden where we gathered flowers or stole your father's choice fruit, — you would not recognize a solitary vestige of what it once was. *Ours* is not so totally annihilated, being more remote from the shock and battery — but Heaven knows, it is shocking enough! Others that remain are so mutilated — particularly the L——ys' home, which several balls passed through — as to grieve one's very soul. But it is over!

Our individual sufferings are nothing now we can reflect that the great end is accomplished. Peace is again restored, and we may yet look forward to happy days.

The time passed in the neighbourhood of Richmond so near you, though so often spent in fear and trembling, not infrequently without cause, — particularly that memorable period which made it necessary that you abandon your home, — was yet productive of many pleasurable moments, and but for our British prejudices respecting this one native home, I should have been well satisfied to have made it my residence. Then I should always be near you, always ready with my watchful tenderness to guard you against those juvenile extravagances that, you must allow me to say, need some restraint. . . .

And this leads me to the recollection of your late obstinate infatuation concerning a certain Mr. B——. Oh, my friend, a thousand times have I wondered at the strange weakness of your conduct. It appears to me that if left entirely to your own will you would marry W——, and yet, as if purposely to vex your father, you have suffered the matter to go such lengths! Will you quit such trifling? Remember you are this year leaving your childhood. Farewell.

Yours sincerely, M. S.

The three years that elapse between this letter and the one in reply seem not to have been wasted by Miss Smith, and at last her friend feels moved to defend herself. Her disclaimer of vanity appears not wholly superfluous.

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V.

FROM BETSY AMBLER TO MILDRED SMITH.

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RICHMOND, 1785.

DEAREST MILDRED, — Cease now, dearest friend, with your lectures; all former follies are done away, and now I am about to take a new character entirely. Really it must be acknowledged that I have behaved very badly, but hereafter you shall have no cause to blame me. You know I have never, with all my faults, betrayed one symptom of vanity; but now if you should discover a little spice of it, can you wonder? Just at this moment are at my disposal two of the very smartest beaux this country can boast of. What think you of G—— and B——, both at my feet at once? There is much speculation going on as to the preference I shall give — and though I do not intend to practice one coquettish air, as you are pleased to call my little innocent gaieties, yet for my own amusement do I intend to leave these speculating geniuses to their own conjectures for some time. At least till I have made up my mind as to the time. For you must know I mean to make one surprise do for all, by being married off-hand. Believe me, it is impossible for me to think too long on the subject lest I should in truth be whimsical. They are both men that are not to be trifled with, — men that, either coming separately, no girl in our city would refuse; but both in one day! What would be done if a little fluttering at the heart did not enable me to decide? This I found no hesitation in doing; and yet had the other appeared some little time ago, it would not have been impossible to have loved him. Still a little spice of the coquette, I hear you say. No, my friend, not one particle, believe me; it is only when the object is not entirely to my mind that I could ever feel the least disposition to trifle. Now is my heart seriously interested, and from this moment do I resolve to act precisely as you and all my dear friends would have me.

Colonel Brent is everything that can be wished. In his last visit to Richmond during the summer session he was introduced to me at the theatre. He remained long in our box, but as my friend Eliza was with me, who has the knack of attracting more certainly than the Loadstone, I took it for granted that her charms had riveted him. Not so; your own giddy friend, who did not consider it worth while to practice one grace extraordinary, stole into his heart, and now he is declaring most vehemently that he *has* thought nor could think of no other mortal since. How ready we poor silly girls are to believe! He has lost no opportunity since he has been in town, which is nearly two months, of repeating this, and indeed has done everything in his power to ingratiate himself with my family through our mutual friend Carrington.

He has had a communication with my father, and now, if you were not just at this time laying a similar plan for yourself, I would entreat that about the last week in March you would gladden our hearts by repairing to ——. But this is impossible, so after wishing you as much happiness as I am contemplating for myself, I am

Your own affectionate E. J. A.

The next, which is the first dated letter we have had, gives a melancholy cause for the new observance of days and dates. In spite of the youthful excess of the letter, it is difficult to realize that the writer was only twenty when it was written.

VI.

FROM BETSY AMBLER BRENT TO MILDRED SMITH.

RICHMOND, *July* 10, 1785.

MY DEAR MILDRED, — When I prevailed upon my friend Eliza Marshall to write you before I left the Potomac, it did not appear possible that I should

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ever gain composure enough to write myself; but now that I have reached my dear Parents and changed those dreadful scenes which Eliza's letter too well described to you, I feel as if unburthening my heart to my friend would in some measure mitigate my sufferings.

Four months only have passed since I last wrote you. What have I not endured since then! Widowed, wretched, forlorn — a month since, I was the happiest of wives, and now — Oh, my friend! In February only I think it was I last wrote you. What vicissitudes have I not experienced since!

The 31st of March made me the happiest of wives; the 15th of June — oh, day never to be forgotten — my adored Brent was snatched from my arms. Forty hours of suffering such as no pen can describe, and then, oh then, I had to give him up forever. Think, oh think, my friend, what it is to part forever with those we fondly love. Forever did I say? Let me indulge in better hopes and blot out that word.

This dreadful, dreadful blow came too under the most aggravating circumstances. Three weeks after our marriage the carriage of my husband's mother was sent to convey us to his seat on the Potomac. E—— and C—— accompanied us. Everything that the season held there so delightful to one who had seldom had an opportunity of beholding the beauties of nature; the full tide of health and spirits; in short, every circumstance that could spread a charm over mortals conspired to make our journey delightful.

On our arrival at Richlands what a reception had we! A tender and respectable mother, with a countenance beaming with delight at the view of her eldest son's appearance, watched our approach; two lovely sisters, eager to call me by that endearing name, ran to meet us. Relations of every degree assembled to welcome us; in short, nothing was wanting to my happiness.

A few weeks was I permitted to taste these pure delights, and then — one fatal night — but it is impossible for me to give you an idea of the scene that succeeded. How I kept my senses is the wonder. The melancholy news soon reached my father, and, with his wonted tenderness, he despatched the carriage with my darling brother Marshall to bring me to my old apartment, where I now sit, — no longer the happy, cheerful friend you once had, but miserable, oh, how miserable! Come, if it is possible, to soothe my wretched state. Farewell.

Yours ever affect.

E. J. A. B.

A period of fourteen years separates this broken-hearted letter from the next, which is written to her sister from the serene atmosphere of Washington's home at Mount Vernon. The writer has won a serenity of spirit, too. She is again married, — to Colonel Carrington, an old friend of hers and her husband's; in fact, the "mutual friend" she speaks of in an earlier letter, and a friend and comrade-in-arms of Washington.

VII.

FROM BETSY AMBLER CARRINGTON TO HER SISTER NANCY.

MOUNT VERNON, *November* 22, 1799.

MY DEAR NANCY, — We arrived at this venerable mansion in perfect safety, where we are experiencing every mark of hospitality and kindness that the good old General's friendship for Colonel Carrington could lead us to expect. His reception of my husband was that of a Brother. He took us each by the hand, and, with a warmth of expression not to be described, pressed mine and told me that I had conferred a favour, never to be forgotten, in bringing his old friend to see him. Then bidding a servant to call the Ladies, he entertained us most facetiously till they appeared. They were, Mrs. Washington, venerable, kind, and plain, very much resem-

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bling our Aunt Ambler; Mrs. Steward, her daughter-in-law, once Mrs. Custis, with her two young daughters, Misses Steward, all pleasant and agreeable; Mrs. H. Lewis, formerly Miss P—— of Richmond; and last, but not least, Mrs. Lawrence Lewis. But how describe her? Once I had heard my neighbour, Mrs. Tucker, give a romantic account of her when Miss Custis; how, her lovely figure made doubly interesting by a light fanciful summer dress, with a garland of flowers she had just entwined and an apron full that she had selected, she came in and threw them at her grandmother's feet, — all which I considered as the fanciful effusions of my friend's romantic turn of mind. But now when I see her the Matron, — for such her situation makes her appear, though she has only been ten months a wife; lovely as nature could form her; improved in every female accomplishment, and what is still more interesting, amiable and obliging in every department that makes woman most charming, particularly in her conduct to her aged Grandmother and the General, whom she always calls Grandpa, — I seem actually transported in beholding her. Having once seen her as she passed through our town seems to give me a claim to her kindness, and her attentions are unremitted. On retiring for the night, she took me into her apartment, which was elegantly prepared for an expected event. When we separated, "How glad I am that you are here!" she said. "What a pleasure it will be to me to retain you, till this dreaded event has passed." I assured her nothing would give me more pleasure than to remain and to offer every friendly aid in my power. In this promise I thought this morning I should be indulged, for, on entering the Breakfast Room, I understood she had been complaining all night; but unfortunately my husband spied the armchair being carried up-stairs, and a moment after ordered our carriage. In vain did the General insist upon our stay, p mising to take him over the grounds a farm and show him the Mill, etc., whi would occupy them until 3 o'clock; b no, — the world could not tempt him stay, at a time when, he said, every c should leave the family entirely und turbed, but that, after a few days, wh we should have finished our visit to r friends in Maryland, we would again them and prolong our visit. Is it r vexatious to have so scrupulous a hu band? Nothing could distress me mo than to leave this charming family such a moment; but I am bound obey, and at 12 we are to leave t place for Washington. When I retu you may expect to hear further from m

MOUNT VERNON, *November 27th*

After passing a week most charmin ly with my numerous friends in a about the City, we returned to finish o visit to this revered mansion. Our He quarters whilst in the city (for I sh have no terms to use but what are mi tary, hearing as I do a repetition, fr these dear old veterans, of Battles, Fo fications, Marches and Countermarch which are familiar as every-day top to one connected as I have been wi Soldiers and Heroes) — our Headqu ters, then, as I said before, were here D—— C——'s, the husband of your c friend Annie Brent. This visit of a we would furnish subjects for a series letters instead of one. I must the fore only tell you that I found mys while in Washington in a new worl though in the selfsame spot where a fe years before I felt quite at home. those very farms where dwelt my c friends, the Youngs, the Carrolls, et did I see the stately edifices of the Ca itol, President's house, etc., all appea ing to me like enchantment. But a fe years since, when passing an Autum with these dearly loved friends, I sa the first trees felled on their farms. No avenues and intersecting streets cov

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the ground I so often passed over in going from one friend's house to another. It is absolutely magic! I could not have imagined that the cutting down trees and rearing a few houses (for as yet there are but few in the city) could so totally have metamorphosed this charming spot.

I, having missed the post, continue to scribble, and am well pleased that my letter was not ready, as I have much to say, and am really delighted that our first visit here was shortened so that we are at liberty to finish it at a time when our presence is of more consequence to this amiable family than it would have been before. It is really an enjoyment to be here and to witness the tranquil happiness that reigns throughout the house, except now and then a little bustle occasioned by the young Squire Custis, when he returns from hunting, bringing in a "Valiant Deer," as he terms it, "that Grandpa and the Colonel will devour." Nice venison, I assure you, it is, and my taste in seasoning the stew is not passed unnoticed while the whole party — I won't say *devour* it, but do it ample justice. My mornings are spent charmingly, alternately in the different chambers. First, an hour after breakfast, with The Lady in the Straw, dressing the pretty little stranger, who is the delight of the Grandmamma. Then we repair to the old lady's room, which is precisely on the style of our good old Aunt's; that is to say, nicely fixed for all sorts of work. On one side sits the chambermaid with her knitting; on the other a little colored pet learning to sew; a decent old woman, with her table and shears, cutting out the negroes' winter clothes; while the good old lady directs them all, incessantly knitting herself, and pointing out to me several pairs of nice colored stockings and gloves she has just finished, and presenting me with a pair half done, which she begs I will finish and wear for her sake. Her netting too is a great source of amusement, and is so neatly done that all the younger part of the family are proud of trimming their dresses with it, and have furnished me with a whole suit, so that I shall appear *à la domestique* at the first party we have when I get home.

It is wonderful, after a life spent as these good people have necessarily spent theirs, to see them, in retirement, assume the domestic manners that prevail in our country, when but one year since they were forced to sacrifice all these innocent delights, which are so congenial to their years and taste, to the parade of the Drawing Room and Levee. The recollections of these "Lost Days," as Mrs. Washington calls them, seem to fill her with regret, but the extensive knowledge she has gained in this general intercourse with persons from all parts of the world has made her a most extraordinary companion, and having a vastly retentive memory, she presents an entire history of half a century.

The weather is too wintry to enjoy out-of-door scenes, but, as far as I can judge in a view from the windows, the little painting we have seen, that hangs up in my friend Mrs. Wood's drawing room, furnishes a good specimen of the outlook.

Everything within doors is neat and elegant, but nothing remarkable except the paintings of different artists which have been sent as specimens of their talent, — I think there are five portraits of the General, — some done in Europe and some in America, that do honour to the painters. There are other specimens of the fine arts from various parts of the world, that are admirably executed and furnish pleasant conversation. Besides these there is a complete greenhouse, which at this season is a vast source of pleasure. Plants from every part of the world seem to flourish in this neatly finished apartment, and from the arrangement of the whole I conclude that it is managed by a skilful hand, but whose I cannot tell. Neither the General nor Mrs. Washington seems more interested than the visitors.

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We have met with no visitors here, but are told that scarcely a week passes without some, and often more than is convenient or agreeable. When transient persons who call from curiosity, they are treated with civility, but never interfere with the order of the House or the General's disposition of time, which is as regular as when at the head of the army or in the President's chair. Even friends who make a point of visiting him are left much to themselves, — indeed, scarcely see him from breakfast to dinner, unless he engages them in a ridé, which is very agreeable to him. But from dinner to tea our time is charmingly spent. Indeed, one evening the General was so fascinating, and drew my husband out into so many old stories relating to several campaigns where they had been much together, and had so many inquiries to make respecting their mutual friends, particularly Kosciusko and Pulaski, — who have always corresponded with Colonel Carrington, — that it was long after twelve o'clock before we separated. By the bye, I will show you some of those letters, on my return, for I know you will find great pleasure in them. At breakfast I feel quite at home, — everything is so plain. . . .

[The rest of this letter is missing.]

After another long silence, Mrs. Carrington, who has now become matronly and begun to be reminiscent, writes to strengthen her sister's remembrances of their father. The office their father held to which she refers was that of Collector of Customs for the King at York, Virginia.

VIII.

RICHMOND, 1807.

MY DEAR NANCY, — In my last letter I dwelt entirely upon the virtues of our inestimable mother; now would I bring the best of fathers to your recollection.

Our poor mother being too infirm to engage much in the care of her children, it almost entirely devolved upon my father. When my sister Moll and myself were barely five and six years old, he went through the arduous task of teaching us, and in every particular supplying the place of a mother. Notwithstanding he held an office that afforded little leisure for such employment, every hour from business was devoted to us. Our copies, as soon as we could write, were written in the fairest hand by himself; short, but always containing a lesson of piety or an elegant moral quotation, the orthography and grammar entirely defective, which we were to correct. No English grammar at that time could be found. Parents and teachers in later times owe much to Lindley Murray in that branch of education, but in my own opinion the good *old-fashioned teaching to spell* has greatly the advantage of the modern. Our arithmetic commenced most pleasantly. The first figures, I well remember, were encircled with flowers, which had a happy effect in drawing our attention. Amusing books were carelessly left open on the writing table; letters from the children of his friends in Philadelphia were given us to answer; and so our education went on without rules or forms.

Thus did our dear father devote himself to us and pursue every means in his power to give us instruction at a time when girls in our country were simply taught to read and write at twenty-five pounds and a load of wood per year. A boarding school in Virginia was nowhere to be found. Such attentions as we experienced were without parallel. It was thought, however, to have too much of severity; for the Rod, at that time, was an instrument never to be dispensed with, and our dear father used it most conscientiously. . . .

At this time our country was thrown into great confusion by the long continuance of the war, and afterwards seemed to imbibe too much of that infidelity

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which so much prevailed when Paine and Godwin disseminated their writings abroad, and a more insinuating distinguished personage gave his lessons at home.

The churches in Virginia were almost entirely shut up, and the holy ordinances of religion were unobserved. Most of our men were engaged in the war.

Your loving sister, E.

In the next letter, also to her sister, Mrs. Carrington, in setting down the memories of her girlhood, gives an interesting picture of travel in the Virginia of the eighteenth century. Among the officers with Colonel Carrington, whom she mentions meeting on the way, was Major Brent, who became her first husband.

IX.

1810.

My dear Nancy, — When in our childhood we were left at Winchester, as we were, our female relation who had us in charge, though truly amiable, was but young and inexperienced, and almost as childish as ourselves.

The society of Winchester consisted of all descriptions of persons who seek a new country to better their fortunes. Thus, you may suppose there could be little refinement and of course little improvement gained amongst them. There were, however, a few genteel and respectable families. There were English, Irish, and Dutch, but the chief population was Dutch. During our stay we often met with genteel travellers, and not unfrequently made acquaintance with agreeable men, who were condemned in various parts to banishment to this dreary place, on account of disaffection, as it was called, to the great cause of liberty. In this remote corner they were entirely precluded any intercourse with Britain or British agents, of course, unable if they had the disposition to enter into any plans with them. Amongst these, proscribed genteel Quakers from Philadelphia were numerous, and I also remember with much pleasure a Colonel Elligood from Norfolk. Added to these there were many charming young officers who had been prisoners in Canada, and just then liberated. Such were Heath, Brown, McGuire, etc. Here was a fine field open for a romantic girl to exhibit in, and here I could tell you many pretty stories of sighing swains, tender billets, love-inspiring sonnets, etc., but that they would be blended with so many childish absurdities that I will not venture to repeat them. Fortunately, nature blessed me with such versatility of temper that at that time it would have been impossible to have fixed my attention on any one object, so that consequently I escaped an entanglement that might have eventuated in regret.

Early in the spring our good father returned and withdrew us from scenes that were so truly improper; and though he treated us himself as children, yet it was evident he saw that we had been considered of an age to attract too much attention. The only consolation I have ever felt for the youthful follies was that, in a subsequent visit to Winchester, I found that my temper and deportment, to those of my acquaintance who remained there, had been such as to inspire them with an affection for me which had induced them to throw a veil over my youthful follies, and that they continued to love me with unabated affection.

It is not a pleasant thing to retrace the follies of youth, but I have determined, by a candid representation of different periods of my life, to guard our dear little girls against errors that I have fallen into; if our lives are prolonged, probably they may not be exposed or placed in similar situations. Certain it is that another Revolutionary War can never happen to affect and ruin a family so completely as ours has been. The only possible good from the

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entire change in our circumstances was that we were made acquainted with the manner and situation of our country, which we otherwise should never have known. Added to this, necessity taught us to use exertions which girls of the present day know nothing of. We were forced to industry, to appear genteelly; to study manners, to supply the place of education; and to endeavour by amiable and agreeable conduct to make amends for the loss of fortune, which by this time was reduced to a pretty low ebb.

See us at this period reduced to the necessity of travelling in a common wagon, which to be sure was fixed comfortably with swinging seats, etc. Like Goldsmith's good old vicar's family we were rather ashamed of our cavalry, but the constant attentions we received from all who knew the virtuous and independent spirit of my father rendered it more supportable. One little mortification, however, I may relate.

We arrived at Fredericksburg rather at a late hour in the evening. Our equipage was safely lodged. We passed the next day with our friends there, had much attention paid us, and were invited to a ball that evening that we declined going to, not having ball dresses with us, which, by the way, were not to be found elsewhere, and besides we were to take our departure at a very early hour in the morning. We prevailed upon our father to let us walk to the outskirts of the town where our vehicle would be in readiness for us, when lo and behold! just as we were stepping into it several genteel and elegant officers appeared who had encamped with their regiment the preceding night at this very spot. Here was a terrible blow to our fancied consequence. Like the Miss Primroses we began to bridle, and perhaps would have glanced at better days and talked of the coach we had lately passed that way in, on our journey up, but our vicar-like father cut the matter short by shaking hands with the gentlemen, all of whom he had known before, said he was carrying his children (for he still treated us as such) to join their mother, and wished them a good journey. The commanding officer proved to be Colonel Carrington, afterwards the friend of all others most respected, and ultimately the husband of my choice.

Your loving sister.

The account of Chief Justice Marshall contained in the next letter is interesting for its warm personal tone and the pleasant light in which it reveals his domestic relations, especially his care of Mrs. Marshall, who, as the letter shows, was an invalid for the greater part of her life.

The York referred to is of course Yorktown, the scene of Cornwallis' surrender, and the river is York River.

X.

Richmond, Va., 1810.

My dear Nancy, — Had I the talents or the necessary information for writing the history of my country, the period of my life mentioned in my last letter would afford an ample opportunity to distinguish myself; but possessing neither the one nor the other, it is impossible to give you an idea of the interesting state of the Colonies at that time.

That eventful war, which I so often had occasion to dwell on, was at that period carried on in the Northern States with the utmost rigor. Our own, however, for some time was exempt from its ravages, and we returned to our dear York; not indeed to our former mansion, but to a small, retired tenement that had long been occupied by others.

My father at this time accepted an appointment which kept him almost constantly in Williamsburg. Our town had now become a garrison. We should have been left to experience repeated alarms had we not been fortunately next-door neighbour to the commanding officer,

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Colonel Marshall. It was at this time we became acquainted with our much loved brother, then called Captain Marshall, who, being just then without a command, left the Northern army, to visit his father and friends.

Perhaps no officer that had been introduced to us excited so much interest. We had been accustomed to hear him spoken of by all as a very *paragon;* we had often seen letters from him fraught with filial and paternal affection. The eldest of fifteen children, devoted from his earliest years to his younger brothers and sisters, he was almost idolized by them, and every line received from him was read with rapture.

Our expectations were raised to the highest pitch, and the little circle of York was on tip-toe on his arrival. Our girls, particularly, were emulous who should be first introduced. It is remarkable that my sister Mary, then only fourteen, and diffident beyond all others, declared that we were giving ourselves useless trouble, for that she, for the first time, had made up her mind to go to the ball, though she had not even been at dancing school, and was resolved to set her cap at him, and eclipse us all. This in the end proved true, and at the first introduction he became devoted to her.

For my own part, I am free to confess that I felt not the smallest wish to contest the prize with her; in this, as in every other instance of my life, my sister's superior discernment and solidity of character has made me feel my own insignificance. She with a glance divined his character and understood how to appreciate it, while I, expecting an Adonis, lost all desire of becoming agreeable in his eyes when I beheld his awkward figure, unpolished manners, and total negligence of person (which, by the bye, did often produce a blush on her cheek).

Nevertheless, how trivial now seem such objections! Under the slouched hat there beamed an eye that penetrated at one glance the inmost recesses of the human character; and beneath the slovenly garb there dwelt a heart complete with every virtue. From the moment he loved my sister he became truly a brother to me (a blessing which before I had never known), and the reciprocal interest which we have each felt for the other has never known abatement.

During the short stay he made with us our whole family became attached to him, and though there was then no certainty of his becoming allied to us, we felt a love for him that can never cease; and how could it have been otherwise when there was no circumstance, however trivial, in which we were concerned that was not his care? Much indeed do I owe him in every respect, and if I claim any consequence in life it may be ascribed to my early intimacy with so estimable a friend. Certain it is that whatever taste I may have for reading was entirely gained from him, who used to read to us from the best authors, particularly the Poets, with so much taste and feeling, and pathos too, as to give me an idea of their sublimity, which I should never have had an idea of. Thus did he lose no opportunity of blending improvement with our amusements, and thereby gave us a taste for books which probably we might never otherwise have had.

Soon after making his acquaintance we learned with pleasure that he was determined to attend the law studies in Williamsburg during his absence from his regiment, of about three months; and at the end of that time, after obtaining a license, he rejoined his regiment, — gaining as much in that short time as would have employed many the same number of years.

Notwithstanding his amiable and correct conduct, there were those who would catch at the most trifling circumstance to throw a shade over his fair fame. Once in particular, I remember an ob-

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servation of one of his contemporaries, when allusion was made to his short stay at William and Mary College, that he could have gained but little there, and that his talents were greatly overrated. How far he has left this *wise observer* behind him might be easily shown, were I at liberty to describe the *distinguished* personage.

One remarkable trait, however, in his character is that he was never known to make even to his most intimate friends an invidious or malevolent retort, though slanders were propagated and whispered in the ear of those with whom of all others he wished to stand well, insidiously representing the most trifling failings into crimes of the blackest dye. And yet has he always preserved the same amiable, unsuspicious temper which so remarkably distinguished him, and has wisely shown that nothing can so completely blunt the shaft of envy and malice as a life spent in virtuous and noble usefulness.

The year after the war closed, his marriage took place at the cottage in Hanover County, to which place we had been invited by our relation, John Ambler. It has been ill-naturedly said that my father made objection on the score of fortune, but nothing was ever less true; for though I have heard Mr. Marshall say a hundred times that, after paying the parson, he had but one solitary guinea left, yet had that been lacking, my father would have considered him the very best choice his daughter could have made. Certainly the event has proved so, for no man, in my estimation, has ever, save one, stood so high in our country. What his conduct has been in the tender relations of domestic life you have had as good an opportunity of knowing as myself. His exemplary tenderness to our unfortunate sister is without parallel. With a delicacy of frame and feeling that baffles all description, she became early after her marriage a prey to extreme nervous affection which more or less has embittered her comfort through life; but this has only seemed to increase his care and tenderness, and he is, as you know, as entirely devoted as at the moment of their first being married. Always and under every circumstance an enthusiast in love, I have very lately heard him declare that he looked with astonishment at the present race of lovers, so totally unlike what he had been himself.

His never failing cheerfulness and good-humor are a perpetual source of delight to all connected with him, and, I have not a doubt, have been the means of prolonging the life of her he is so tenderly devoted to.

Affect. your sister,
ELIZA JAQUELIN AMBLER CARRINGTON.

The closing letter of this broken series, written on her fifty-eighth birthday, is an old woman's letter; cheerful, however, and showing the mellowness and serenity of spirit which came with age.

XI.

RICHMOND, *March* 11, 1823.

MY DEAR NANCY, — This date brings me indeed to my grand climacteric. What an age, with such infirmities as I have had to contend with! Surely they are now fast drawing to an end. This being a snowy day, my natural propensity for scribbling to you recurs. It is my habit, when time hangs heavy on my hands, which is often the case, to look over old manuscripts and letters which have been carefully put away with a view to retrace a long and variegated life, and so many of them appear so frivolous that I am tempted to commit them to the flames. Frequently have they been brought to the verge of that close, and at this moment I can scarcely forbear consigning them to everlasting oblivion.

With the reflection that they have frequently beguiled a miserable day, I again put them back into the little cabi-

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net which with its contents was always intended for you, either to destroy or to be handed to your daughter. You will discover in them what you have often seen, a strange mixture of good and bad that should induce you to peruse them with a sister's eye, such as they are. Unless I again change my mind they will at my death be yours.

In the same cabinet are my letters to and from friends (for by strange circumstances I have fallen heir to my own letters). Many from dear Miss Cairns, Kingsdown, Bristol, England. Mildred Smith's, afterwards Mrs. Dudley of York, etc., etc., with whom I was in correspondence from early life. . . .

[The remainder of this letter torn off.]

The mention, in the closing sentence of the last letter, of Mildred Smith, the writer of the first letter of this correspondence, serves in a manner to close the long gap of time and knit the series together.

THE LOUISIANA EXPANSION IN ITS WORLD ASPECT.

I.

"My intention is to take possession of Louisiana with the shortest delay, and that this expedition be made in the utmost secrecy, under the appearance of being directed against San Domingo."

These words were addressed by Bonaparte to Decrès, his Minister of Marine, who was directed to draw up plans and figure out the cost of an expedition from France to New Orleans. The date was June 4, 1802, two months after the peace of Amiens. After ten years of war, in which, at one time and another, most of the nations of Europe had been involved, the hands of France, the foremost military nation in the world, were freed, and Bonaparte was France. The First Consul despised republics, although theoretically France was still a republic. He had an especial contempt for a country, republic or absolutism, which had only a small army and navy. The United States had but 5,000,000 inhabitants at that time, while France had 27,000,000. It was controlled by a party which thought that even the little army and navy which the country possessed at the retirement of John Adams from the presidency were a peril to liberty, and started to abolish both. The country was presided over by a philosopher and philanthropist, Thomas Jefferson, who would have been an admirable head of the state during a period of tranquillity, but who was as poorly calculated to deal with the cyclonic conditions generated in the wars between Bonaparte and his world foes as Leo XIII. would have been to control the Robespierres, Couthons, and Saint-Justs of France's reign of terror. It was a fateful hour in the life of the United States.

Why did the First Consul want to take possession of Louisiana? Because Louisiana would have aggrandized France at the expense of her old rival England, which was also believed to be anxious to get a foothold in it, and because its possession would restore to France a province which formerly was hers, and which Bonaparte and the other French statesmen of his day believed had been needlessly sacrificed in the war of 1756–63. From Champlain's days in 1608 down to 1763, France, by exploration and occupation, owned Canada. By La Salle's descent of the Mississippi to its

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mouth in 1682, supplemented by the planting of a few colonies on the banks of the Mississippi, the Illinois and other streams running into the Mississippi, by La Salle, Iberville, Bienville, and their successors, France claimed the entire watershed of the Mississippi, from the Alleghanies to the Rocky Mountains, and called it Louisiana. As a result of the French and Indian War, which was the American extension of the Seven Years' War (1756–63), but which began two years earlier, France, then under the shiftless and pusillanimous Louis XV., lost all her possessions on the American continent, ceding the region west of the Mississippi, with New Orleans and its district on the east side of the river, to which collectively the name Louisiana was afterward restricted, to her ally Spain, in the secret treaty of Fontainebleau on November 3, 1762. France gave Canada and all her territory between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi, except the New Orleans district, to England by the treaty of Paris on February 10, 1763.

The Duke of Choiseul, Louis XV.'s minister, probably had two secret objects in ceding Louisiana to Spain: to keep it out of England's hands, and to place it where, when the opportune time arrived, France could get it back again. Spain had been under French influence during most of the time since 1700, when Louis XIV. placed his Bourbon grandson on the Spanish throne as Philip V., and abolished the Pyrenees. The opportune time came when, by the secret treaty of San Ildefonso, October 1, 1800, Bonaparte, on the promise to give Tuscany to the young Prince presumptive of Parma, the son-in-law of Charles IV. of Spain, deluded that weak monarch into retroceding Louisiana to France. Probably Bonaparte did not intend to carry out his promise. He very likely knew he could not carry it out if he wanted to; and he knew also that if it were carried out, it would be an absurdly small compensation for the territory which Spain ceded to him.

Technically, therefore, Louisiana had been French soil a year and two thirds at the time that the First Consul told Decrès he intended to send an expedition to New Orleans. Why did he not send the expedition in 1800 or 1801? Because he wanted to conceal from England and the United States the fact that France had obtained a title to the territory: from England, because he was at war with her then, and by her command of the sea she could prevent him from taking possession, and she might capture it herself; from the United States, because he knew this country would object to France as a near neighbor, and might be inclined to join the combination with England against him. Why did he delay taking possession after his announcement to Decrès? Because when the treaty of Amiens of March 25, 1802, brought peace with England, a rebellion, under the lead of Toussaint L'Ouverture at the outset, was raging against France in Santo Domingo. In various phases it continued for years, and was ultimately successful. The skill of Toussaint and that of his successors, the courage of their black soldiers, but chiefly the yellow fever, which swept away the French troops by the thousand, blocked Bonaparte's purpose to use Santo Domingo as a base in his projected operations at the mouth of the Mississippi, and temporarily affected the current of the world's history.

II.

"The day that France takes possession of New Orleans fixes the sentence that is to restrain her forever within her low-water mark. It seals the union of two nations, who, in conjunction, can maintain exclusive possession of the ocean. From that moment we must marry ourselves to the British fleet and nation."

These were Jefferson's words, in a let-

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ter, dated April 18, 1802, to Robert R. Livingston, the American Minister to France. They were called out by two facts of vital consequence to the American republic. One was the confirmation — by a letter of Rufus King, the American Minister at London, dated November 21, 1801, to Madison, the Secretary of State — of the reports which had been floating around the United States for several months at that time, that France had obtained Louisiana from Spain. The other was the news that General Leclerc, about the end of January, 1802, had landed in Santo Domingo with a French army.

The second fact confirmed the fears aroused in Jefferson's mind by the first fact. Bonaparte had not only recovered Louisiana, but he intended to occupy it at the earliest possible moment, using Santo Domingo as a base of operations. These were the facts which called out Jefferson's warning letter to Livingston. About the same time, Dupont de Nemours, a French friend of both Jefferson and Bonaparte, was prompted by Jefferson to assist Livingston in persuading Bonaparte, through threats of an Americo-English alliance, to desist from occupying his new territory. Right here the beginning of the United States activity in the struggle for the possession of Louisiana may conveniently be placed.

As Jefferson and the rest of the world well knew, a rebellion against France was under way in Santo Domingo, incited by the First Consul's decree to restore slavery there, which had been abolished by the French National Assembly in 1793. The war and the yellow fever swept away the French armies sent to the island, including Leclerc. A large force was designed to leave France for Louisiana at the end of September, 1802, to be commanded by Victor, one of Bonaparte's ablest marshals, but the blacks and Yellow Jack blocked its way.

While Jefferson and Bonaparte, with widely different emotions, were watching the conflict in Santo Domingo that was affecting the history of two great nations, the alarming news reached Washington from Claiborne, the governor of Mississippi Territory, on October 2, 1802, that Morales, the Spanish intendant at New Orleans (the actual transfer of Louisiana from Spain to France did not take place until 1803), had rescinded to Americans the right of deposit for their goods at that port. This privilege was one of the most important features of the treaty of San Lorenzo of 1795, negotiated by Pinckney, the American Minister to Spain, and Godoy, the Prince of Peace, Spain's Prime Minister. In it Spain had stipulated to allow Americans to deposit their merchandise at New Orleans, on its way down the river to the markets of the Eastern states and of Europe, free of duty for three years, and agreed that if this entrepôt were withdrawn, some other place of deposit on the Mississippi should be provided. Morales, however, furnished no other place of deposit.

Jefferson, though seriously disturbed at the turn events had taken, concealed his alarm from the country by a mere incidental mention of the burning issue of the day in his annual message to Congress on December 15, 1802. The cession "of the Spanish province of Louisiana to France . . . will, if carried into effect, make a change in the aspect of our foreign affairs which will doubtless have just weight in any deliberations of the legislature connected with that subject." This minimizing of the gravity of affairs by Jefferson was done to quiet, as far as possible, the popular apprehension, and to delay matters with the hope that Bonaparte's fears might ultimately be worked on by threats of an American league with England.

To placate the enraged West, Jefferson, on January 11, 1803, nominated, and the Senate on the 13th confirmed, James Monroe, who was especially pop-

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ular in the West, because of his championship of its interests, to be Minister Extraordinary to France and Spain, to assist Livingston and Pinckney in "enlarging and more effectually securing our rights and interests in the river Mississippi, and in the territory eastward thereof." Monroe started for France on March 8, 1803, and arrived there on April 7, carrying with him instructions to buy, at a price not exceeding $10,000,000, New Orleans and East and West Florida, — West Florida being a narrow strip stretching from the present state of Florida on to the Mississippi. The two Floridas were still Spanish territory, but Jefferson supposed that France, by the acquisition of 1800, had obtained both of them as well as Louisiana.

The draught of the proposed treaty carried by Monroe read thus: "France cedes to the United States forever the territory east of the Mississippi, comprehending the two Floridas, the island of New Orleans, and the islands to the north and east of that channel of the river which is commonly called the South Pass, together with all such other islands as appertain to East or West Florida; France reserving to herself all her territory on the west side of the Mississippi." As a means of inducing the First Consul to sell New Orleans and the Floridas, Monroe was instructed, if this concession were necessary, to go as far as to offer a guarantee by the United States of the west side of the Mississippi to France. If Bonaparte were still obdurate, Monroe, by instructions agreed upon by Jefferson and the Cabinet April 18, 1803, was directed to delay matters as long as possible, with the hope of arranging an Anglo-American alliance to bring pressure against him.

Happily, neither the delay nor the British alliance was necessary. Before these instructions were written, the First Consul had decided to sell Louisiana to the United States. "They ask of me only one town in Louisiana, but I already consider the colony as entirely lost, and it appears to me that in the hands of this growing power it will be more useful to the policy, and even to the commerce, of France than if I should attempt to keep it."

These were Bonaparte's words to Marbois, his finance minister, on Sunday, April 10, 1803. That is an important date mark in Louisiana's annals. It was the day of Bonaparte's first definite disclosure of his purpose to sell Louisiana to the United States. The reason he assigned to Marbois for this course was his dread that England would seize the territory in the war which other developments about that time showed he had already determined upon, and which began in May of that year. Having decided to give up the territory, with his characteristic energy he started to carry his purpose into immediate effect. "Irresolution and deliberation are no longer in season," he declared to Marbois next day, April 11. "I renounce Louisiana. It is not only New Orleans that I cede; it is the whole colony without reserve. Have an interview with Mr. Livingston this very day."

Livingston heard from Bonaparte that day, but it was through Talleyrand, the foreign minister. With calm duplicity Talleyrand asked Livingston how much he would give for Louisiana, but pretended he spoke without authority. Livingston, as well as Monroe, to whom he communicated Talleyrand's offer, was startled. Well they might be. The offer was far beyond their instructions and plans. It was beyond their wildest hopes.

The negotiations between Talleyrand and Marbois on the one side, and Livingston and Monroe on the other, culminated in a treaty dated April 30, 1803, by which, for the payment of $15,000,000 by the American government, Louisiana, stretching from the Mississippi River to the Rocky Mountains, and

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from the Gulf of Mexico to Canada, and including New Orleans on the east side of the river, was added to the domain of the United States.

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III.

Why did Bonaparte cede Louisiana to the United States? There were several reasons. Some of them are part of world politics. Like Sheridan, he felt that the treaty of Amiens settled nothing and pleased nobody. Lord Grenville said that by the terms of that adjustment "England gave up everything, and France nothing." But the terms were not carried out by either side. England distrusted Bonaparte and kept Malta, which she had stipulated to surrender. March 12, 1803, a month before the First Consul announced to Marbois that he would sell Louisiana, he said to Lord Whitworth, the British Ambassador at Paris, "I must either have Malta or war." Whitworth told Livingston about this immediately afterward, and at once notified the London government. Unquestionably Bonaparte knew at that time that war was inevitable. War was declared by England in May, shortly after the Louisiana cession was signed. Bonaparte was aware that French occupation of Louisiana would make the United States an enemy of his at a time when most of the nations of Europe were to be arrayed against him. He felt that if he attempted to hold the territory, England, by her command of the sea, might wrest it from him. He needed money to prosecute his war. By selling Louisiana he would keep it out of his old rival's hands, would gain the friendship of the United States, and would get money.

These were some of the obvious reasons for the transfer. There were other reasons, which were not so obvious to the average person then, but which can be made plain now. Some of them were undoubtedly grasped by Bonaparte. The Americans belonged to a world-conquering race. As Bonaparte knew, their ancestors, eighteen centuries earlier, in the Teutonberg forest, under Arminius, destroyed Varus and his army, drove the Romans out of Germany, and kept them out, though Rome, then under Augustus, its greatest emperor, was at the summit of its power. In the fifth century, the descendants of Rome's conquerors, the Angles, Saxons, and Jutes, landed in England, exterminated or drove out the Celts and the other Romanized inhabitants of Britain, and took possession of the country. These victors' descendants landed in Jamestown and Plymouth in the seventeenth century, exterminated the Indians or brushed them out of their path, held the Spaniards at bay at the south, helped England to drive the French out of Canada, and then drove England out. For eighteen hundred years their march had continued without interruption, and that march had been westward. No ground which they occupied was ever lost. Wherever their flag went up, it stayed up. Their march's momentum, moreover, was constantly growing. Eleven and a half centuries passed between the landing in Britain and the landing at Jamestown. A century and three quarters took them from Jamestown to the Alleghanies. And now, just as the older branch of the race, with which Bonaparte's country had been warring for over seven centuries, had carried its flag from Canada to India, encircling the globe, the younger and more vigorous offshoot of the family, bursting through the barriers of the Appalachians, had pushed its vedettes to within sight of the Mississippi. Terror at this menacing movement was one of the reasons which incited Spain, as a protection to her Mexican territory, which she valued far more highly than Louisiana, to throw France as a barrier across the path of the American advance.

To the imagination of Bonaparte, the soldier and the fatalist, this march without retreat or reverse was majestic, tre-

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mendous. On the banners of this oncoming host, headed by the men of the western wilds, he read Crécy, Agincourt, and Quebec. And, still more imminent and portentous, there were the names of Bunker Hill, King's Mountain, and Vincennes. The Hengist, Horsa, and Cerdic of the western legions were there, — Boone, Robertson, and John Sevier. There, too, he discerned the westerners' Arminius, George Rogers Clark. Jefferson, the civilian, had seen in the shouts of the Kentuckians and the Tennesseans for immediate war against France, upon the news of the transfer of Louisiana by Spain to France, only a restlessness and an irritation which the possession of the Floridas and New Orleans by the United States might appease. If he could get possession of the east bank of the Mississippi, Jefferson would be willing to guarantee to France the west bank. Bonaparte, clearer-eyed and larger-visioned, knew that the west bank would be wrested from France within a few years, even if circumstances permitted him to occupy it then. It was not Jefferson who gained the territory west of the Mississippi. Nor was it Santo Domingo's war, or the war then about to open between France and England, which was destined to last a dozen years, and to end at Waterloo. These merely determined the time and the conditions of its acquisition. It was the might of the American people, particularly of their western contingent, the heirs of the traditions and fortunes of a world-mastering race, which won Louisiana for the United States.

IV.

"We have lived long, but this is the noblest work of our lives!" exclaimed Livingston to Monroe and Marbois, — one of the framers of the Declaration of Independence to a man even then seen to be in the line of succession to the presidency, and to one of Bonaparte's most experienced and most trusted ministers, — after their signatures had been put to the treaty of cession. Livingston did not exaggerate the importance of the transaction. It was the first and greatest step in national expansion ever taken by the United States, and it made all subsequent steps — the acquisition of Florida, Texas, Oregon, New Mexico, California, Alaska, Hawaii, Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines — inevitable. To a country comprising 827,844 square miles it added 1,171,931 square miles. Within this region there are now, in whole or in part, chiefly in whole, twelve states and the territory of Oklahoma and the Indian Territory. One of Louisiana's states, Missouri, ranks fifth in population among the forty-five states of the Union, and one of its cities, St. Louis, stands fourth on the roll of the country's cities. The Louisiana region has to-day about 15,000,000 of the 75,000,000 population of the United States.

But the strictly physical effects of the acquisition were in themselves less important than were the moral consequences. "The Constitution," said Jefferson in a private letter written after the acquisition, "has made no provision for our holding foreign territory, still less for incorporating foreign nations into our Union," and he proposed amendments to legalize the transaction. His political friends, however, had none of his constitutional scruples, and the proposed amendments were never presented in Congress. John Randolph, Wilson Cary Nicholas, John Taylor, and others, all as ultra strict constructionists as Jefferson himself, contended that the President and Congress had ample authority to make the purchase; Gallatin and some of the others found it in the treaty-making power, just where Chief Justice Marshall afterward declared it to be. But if these men had promulgated this doctrine a year or two before 1803, they would have landed themselves in the Federalist camp. On this theory the treaty was ratified by the Senate, and the appropriation to put it in operation

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was carried through Congress, in both branches of which Jefferson's party was overwhelmingly predominant. Jefferson himself became reconciled to this exercise of power before Congress acted, and said he should "acquiesce with satisfaction" in the views of his friends, "confiding that the good sense of our country will correct the evil of construction when it shall produce ill effects."

Thus, in 1803, did the author of the Kentucky Resolutions of 1798 "acquiesce" in the exercise of governmental powers far more sweeping and destructive to his own particularist theories than were those against which that deliverance was directed. The strict constructionist theory of constitutional interpretation broke down long before the first term of the first strict constructionist President was ended. As Jefferson's Republican (Democratic) party controlled the government, with only two short periods of interruption, from 1801 to 1861, the change of front which the Louisiana legislation forced had mighty historic consequences for the country.

In many concrete ways the Louisiana acquisition has profoundly altered the current of political and social thought in the United States down to the present hour. The states carved out of it (like, of course, all the states except the original thirteen), being creations of Congress, had none of the old state sovereignty notions which threatened to destroy the Union many times, and which attempted to do this in 1861–65. The abundance of fertile lands at low prices in the territory which France sold to us attracted millions of emigrants from Europe, all of whom were nationalists in sentiment; all of whom, by settling in the northerly part of the region, helped to give the free states their preponderance over the slave states, when the inevitable conflict came, and contributed their quota to the armies of the Union. The country saw the nationalizing effects of the Louisiana legislation and ideas when, during the strike in 1894, President Cleveland, of the state rights party, sent soldiers into Illinois to enforce federal laws, against the fierce protests of that state's executive, Governor Altgeld. By one of the ironies of politics, the state sovereignty party established the policy which destroyed state sovereignty.

The necessity that the Mississippi River should be controlled through its entire length by one nation was one of the demands which would have forced the annexation of Louisiana ultimately. Jefferson told Dupont de Nemours, just before the annexation, that the control of the Mississippi is so "indispensable to us that we cannot hesitate one moment to hazard our existence for its maintenance." "The Father of Waters again goes unvexed to the sea," exultantly exclaimed Lincoln in 1863, when Grant at Vicksburg supplemented the work done by Farragut and Butler at New Orleans in 1862. Without the nationalizing influences generated by the purchase of this new territory, there was a chance that Hayne instead of Webster would have been the recognized interpreter of the Constitution; that the ideas of Jefferson Davis, and not those of Abraham Lincoln, would have triumphed in 1861–65; and that the little country shut in on the east side of the Mississippi might have been split up into two or three diminutive and discordant nations like those of Central and South America.

Even Jefferson, one of the most sanguine men of his day, had some doubts regarding the success of the democratic experiment which was being tried in this country; for he said in 1804, before the effects of his purchase began to reveal themselves, that "whether we remain in one confederacy or divide into Atlantic and Mississippi confederations I believe not very important to the happiness of either part." The possession of the western territory ultimately banished all peril of a dismemberment of the Union, and

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made real democracy — the spirit which, radiating from the United States, incited the Central and South American countries long ago to expel Spain; which has registered itself in the political reforms of the past half or two thirds of a century in England, France, Germany, and other nations; which established a confederation in Canada in 1867, and in Australia in 1899; and which has just brought Japan into the family of modern states — for the first time in the world's history a working principle in government. At the same time, it gave us a purpose and a strength which enabled us to round out our territorial boundaries to conform to the demands of physical geography, by compelling Spain to give up Florida; by peopling Texas and making that republic a part of the United States; by sending settlers into Oregon who won that region for the nation; and by acquiring, through conquest and purchase, the territory of New Mexico and California which placed our boundary line along the great western ocean.

These expansions and triumphs have in the lapse of time profoundly changed American ideas as to the country's ultimate place and purpose among the nations. The country which had 827,000 square miles of territory at the time of Washington's first election has 3,600,000 now, exclusive of the accessions made in 1898. The population of 3,000,000 at that time has been increased to 75,000,000 at present, and the national wealth, which was about $1,000,000,000 at that time, has expanded to $90,000,000,000 to-day. No other civilized nation except Russia has so many inhabitants as the United States. This country's wealth equals that of the United Kingdom and France combined, the nations which stand second and third respectively on this roll. A trip round the world occupied over two years at the time when, in 1792, the Yankee skipper Gray sailed into the mouth of the Columbia River, and the United States obtained its first claim to Oregon. When the Trans-Siberian railroad, now in process of construction, is completed, the globe can be encircled in thirty-three days. In time required for transit, the Philippines are as near New York as Missouri was when Jefferson bought it.

In his first inaugural, Jefferson said that the United States, then bounded on the west by the east bank of the Mississippi, and shut off from the Gulf of Mexico by the Spanish territory of East and West Florida, had room enough for our people to the "thousandth and thousandth generation." A United States three times larger than the one Jefferson had in mind has filled up most of its waste places in three generations. Jefferson, who was thought to be a visionary in his time, did not, and could not, foresee the steamboat, locomotive, and telegraph. The sweeping changes of conditions which have taken place in the United States since the beginning of the century have rendered obsolete some of the counsel appropriate for the early days, and have altered the entire perspective of the American people.

Frémont, hoisting the stars and stripes at San Francisco in the later forties, and looking through the Golden Gate at the broad Pacific, probably asked, "Is this the end of the westward march of the American race?" Dewey's guns in Manila Bay on that fateful May day of 1898 were the answer. A new pathfinder has blazed new paths to the spread of American civilization, influence, and power. "The settlers in Oregon will open to us the North American road to India. It lies through the South Pass and the mouth of the Oregon." The spirit voiced in these words of Benton when the nation was striving for a boundary on the Pacific is more vital than ever, but the goal has been advanced. A richer prize than India lies before us. Dewey has opened to us, by way of the Philippines, the gateway to China. The world's future is in the keeping of three countries, — Russia,

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England, and the United States. In the race for universal empire, the two Anglo-Saxon nations, whose paths henceforth are likely to lie parallel, have an immeasurable superiority over Russia, and the larger, more progressive, expansive, and resourceful branch of the race is the American people, —

"The heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time."

In this story of the continuous advance of the American race and its progenitor and present collateral branch across the continents there are no accidents. All the triumphs are the result of the operation of clearly recognized forces. No link in the chain of occurrences could have been spared. Midway, not in time, but in the sequence of events, between Arminius' liberation of the Teutonic family of men from Roman thralldom and America's enfranchisement in 1898 of the last of the peoples subject to the nation which was once the most powerful of Rome's progeny, stands Jefferson's territorial acquisition of 1803. The Louisiana expansion was a step in the conquest of a world.

Charles M. Harvey.

THE APOTHEOSIS OF P'TIT JEAN.

HUMAN nature is a good deal like vegetable nature in some things. Asparagus, for instance, needs a treatment under which lettuce would not thrive. A humiliation hardens one heart, whereas it softens another. All the world knows how changed Madame Martin, our mayor's wife, has been of late, with more sympathy for, and less aggressiveness toward, her neighbors. The train of events leading to this happy culmination began one October afternoon.

The cold wind was blustering unpleasantly through the village, whirling the dust about in a way that could not be calculated upon in time to shield the eyes from it, and worrying wisps of straw and scraps of paper that had been inoffensive enough until this unmannerly breeze had discovered their hiding places and forced them into unseemly caperings. Near the corner by the hooded well was a group of women; they were clustered so closely together that a table napkin could have covered their white caps, all bent over something in their midst, while the score or more of ankles rising above an equal number of sabots formed a circle of considerable size. Their coarse woolen skirts swayed in the wind which twisted them about. The object which absorbed their attention was a small boy, not much over four years old. He was alternately bellowing loudly and showering abuse, collectively and individually, upon his audience. In spite of the bitter weather, he had on only a ragged cotton shirt, gaping at the throat, and a pair of trousers so much too large for him that he was forced to keep one hand continually busy in holding them up. His bare feet were thrust into ill-mated shoes, and his matted mop of yellow hair was covered by no hat. Notwithstanding the thinness of his little body and the liberal coating of dirt which crusted every available place, he was a pretty child; straight, well made, with bright blue eyes, and a rosy skin peering through the grime.

"And then what happened, little one?" asked a woman coaxingly, in a lull after a long roar.

"Why, then, you old cabbage head, you, I got back — and Bibi was gone! That beast of a mère Victorine! I want Bibi. I do, — I do. I don't want all you big turkeys."

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"Ah, here is Monsieur le Curé!" exclaimed another member of the group, drawing back, and breaking up the circle.

"That is well; he may find out the truth," said a third.

The village priest was seen coming near, his black robe swinging from side to side, and his wide hat pressed firmly on his head. He was a man of middle age, with a misty, far-away look in his eyes. He always answered appropriately, but his expression was such that it came as a slight shock that he had heard and understood the question.

"What is the trouble?" he asked, raising his hat to his parishioners.

A chorus of voices replied, which, loud as they were, seemed low beside the shrill scream coming from the small boy: "Go away, you black crow biddy! I won't have you about! Go away!"

"I apparently excite the child," said the curé mildly. "Who is he?"

"We don't know," came the answering chorus. "We have been at him for half an hour, and can't find out anything."

"I'm P'tit Jean, you stupid woodcocks!" rang clear and distinct from the unknown.

At this moment Madame Martin bustled round the corner, two steps in advance of her brother, the blacksmith. Madame Martin is invariably two steps, if not more, in advance of her men folk. All the village used to call her a "master woman," and respected her energy, even if in those days they did not love her overmuch. Her superior position was emphasized by the fact that she wore neither cap nor sabots. The pink of neatness, she recalled one of her own copper saucepans, rotund, ruddy, glittering with cleanliness, and hard. Her nose and chin showed an inclination to meet, and her firm, straight mouth seemed bashfully taking its place in the middle distance.

Outwardly, her brother, Jérôme Lucas, was like her, but his rotundity was expressive of cotton wool rather than copper, and his approaching nose and chin expressed amiability rather than rapaciousness.

"Good-afternoon, Monsieur le Curé. What is the reason of this to-do?" demanded the lady mayoress.

"These ladies can tell you better than I, madame," returned the unenlightened priest.

"'T is a lost child, Madame Martin," spoke up Madame Dubois, a small landowner: "he was found wandering round and crying, and we think he belongs to the gypsy wagon that halted by the roadside yesterday, and made off early this morning."

Madame Martin seated herself with much majesty on the well-curb, and held out one hand.

"Come to me and answer my questions, child. I represent the mayor. — I have sent him to the upper farm to see to getting in the wine casks," she threw out in parenthesis to her townsfolk, as if explaining her tone of authority, "so you must obey me."

P'tit Jean drew near with reluctant tread, until her outstretched hand had descended on his shoulder. "Faugh! how dirty he is!" she exclaimed; adding in a catechismal manner, "What is your father's name?" Her allusion to the mayor had evidently impressed the boy, for he ceased his bawls and abusive names.

"Have n't no father," he replied doggedly.

"What is your mother's name, then?"

"Have n't no mother."

"Who took care of you?"

"Nobody."

"Where did you live?"

"In the wagon."

"Who else was there?"

"Nasty old mère Victorine." P'tit Jean's color began to rise, and his voice lost its subdued tone.

"How did you lose her?"

"Oh, my Bibi! I want my Bibi!"

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broke out the boy, digging both fists into his eyes.

"Don't let go your trousers, for mercy's sake!" exclaimed Madame Martin energetically, as she jerked him nearer to her. "Dear Lord, how thin he is!" she added in a different key, as she raised him to her lap to adjust the unruly garment. The lady mayoress had no living child, but in her neat bedroom, hanging beside her mirror, was a black oval frame inclosing a thick golden curl. It was twenty-three years since that curl had been cut off, and people called her hard; yet something waked and fluttered inside her breast, as she held the waif on her knee, something that had not died in all this time. Her baby had been thin, too, at the last, although she had done all she could to save him.

But she was not a woman to show her feelings, and after a moment's pause went on. "Who is Bibi?" she demanded.

"I won't tell you."

"Why?"

"Because I won't," said P'tit Jean, defiantly raising his head. "But I will you," he added, slipping from her knees, and running as well as he could with his descending drapery to the blacksmith.

"Well said, my good little man," answered Jérôme, with his slow smile. "Tell me all about him."

"He 's the big yellow dog who sleeps under the wagon, and I cuddle up with him when they 're drunk inside."

"Good! good! And what made you let them get away without you?"

"Mère Victorine woke me up early this morning, and showed me a castle away over the hills, and said they would give me little cakes and nice white wine there. And I walked and walked, and they only gave me nasty bread; and I came back, and Bibi was gone."

"Oh, the cruel wretch! The poor little lamb!" came from the kindly women.

"The child must be worn out," said Madame Martin. "I will take him home with me, and give him a bath and some supper. Then to-morrow I will tell the mayor what to decide about him. Come along, little one."

She rose and advanced in P'tit Jean's direction, but he speedily dodged round Jérôme's portly person.

"I won't go with her," he asserted, "but I will with you; for you put shoes on our Moustie a long, long time ago, and you were kind to her and gave her a rotten apple."

"You can't take him, Jérôme; there 's no woman now to look after him," said Madame Martin.

"I can give him shelter for the night as well as another. It 's lonesome since Marthe died, and the children married and left," replied the blacksmith, with simplicity.

"There, hear to him! He 's still grieving for his wife!" exclaimed his unsympathetic sister, raising her eyes, and apparently addressing a colossal sabot, painted scarlet, which hung as a sign above a neighboring door. "And Marthe Lucas was but a poor little body, say what you may, — always ailing; while I, strong as a horse as I am, never sick so to call it but once, when I broke my ankle doing double work, although the mayor talks about that idle slut of a chambermaid as if she was ten servants — yes — I — Where was I? Oh, I remember. No one would wet two pocket handkerchiefs crying for me, if *I* died. One would be enough, from the laying out to the graveyard."

"Oh no, no. Don't say that, Agathe, — don't, now," urged Jérôme tearfully. "You shall keep the kid, if you hold to it."

"I don't. I would n't have him tracking his filth through *my* house for sums untold," retorted the irritated representative of law and justice.

"The poor child should be fed, however," gently suggested the curé: "perhaps if my good friend Jérôme got him

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some supper, he would be more easily managed afterward."

"Monsieur le Curé is right," affirmed Madame Dubois, and the other women being of the same mind the crowd dispersed, blowing right and left to neglected tasks, while Jérôme led off P'tit Jean, limping and stumbling between lameness and the disorder of his nether garment.

Madame Dubois accompanied Madame Martin to her house, wishing to see a wonderful bit of crochet work, the pattern of which came originally from Paris.

"When little Mademoiselle Leroy was at the convent in Paris she made a tidy of this stitch," said the mayoress, ushering her caller into her spick-and-span salon. "Her older sister married a nephew of my mother-in-law's second husband, and that is how I happened" — She broke off as if a new thought had struck her, although in fact it had been in her head ever since she had left her brother. "I don't think he has a thing in the house that a child would like the taste of!" she cried. "Besides, I 'm just dying to clean that young one. What do you say, Louise Dubois, to going with me? We 'll take him a good bite, and then we 'll wash him, and cut his hair, and get him to bed."

"Would you wash him all over?" asked Madame Dubois doubtfully. It was a village theory that Madame Martin's baby had been kept too clean for this world. She was not averse to sectional bathing herself, this worthy Madame Dubois, but when it came to wholesale immersion she shrank somewhat.

"Indeed I would; 't won't do him a mite of harm. Come on!" exclaimed her energetic friend. She led the way to the kitchen, where she opened a cupboard door. "Here, Louise Dubois, do you hold this," she said, taking a basket from a hook where it hung, "and I 'll see what I can find to put in it. Here 's a piece of chocolate and some bread. There 's some jam left in that tumbler; well, I might as well give it to him as let it mildew. These cakes are getting dry; it 's only waste to keep them any longer; I 've had them since the mayor's birthday. The child talked, too, about white wine. I gave the mayor a fresh bottle for his breakfast, and there 's a good deal left in it. I suppose it won't do any harm to let him have another fresh one for his dinner, — he 's partial to it that way, — and the little scamp can have this. There 's a slice of cold chicken — no, I must keep that for — Oh, it 's not enough to make a good-sized dish, and the mayor would eat the most of it, anyway. I 'll put that in. And here 's a bit of *brioche*, too. Now you wait till I get towels and soap, and then we 'll start."

The two women had but a step to take to reach the blacksmith's by way of the smithy. Jérôme's assistant was hammering on some ironwork, and ran to open the door that gave on to the small garden which separated the house from the shop. They stepped across the narrow space paved with square red bricks, and paused a moment on the threshold to look into Jérôme's kitchen. It was a large, low-beamed room, into which the divided door opened directly; through the open upper half they could see the ample fireplace, with a fagot of dry sticks crackling merrily on the hearth, before which P'tit Jean sat stiffly in a chair, gazing with wide eyes at the fire. Jérôme was going helplessly about peering into crockery jars and tin boxes.

"Has he had his supper?" asked Madame Martin in her sharp voice.

"No, poor little man; I can find naught but tobacco and dried coffee," answered Jérôme, still searching in impossible places.

"Are men stupid, or are they not?" demanded his sister, entering and casting her eyes ceilingward. No reply being vouchsafed to her question, she briskly drew P'tit Jean's chair to the table without disturbing him, and spread before him the contents of her basket.

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"Look at the kid's face!" exclaimed Jérôme in a stolid ecstasy. "Just look at it, will you? He never saw such a lay-out before, I 'll warrant."

"It will be a better sight yet when the child is clean," returned the mayoress, beginning to enjoy herself in her own way.

In the garden stood an iron pot on three legs: without disturbing Jérôme, who kept repeating, "Look at the kid, look at him!" the two women filled this pot half full of water, and then kindled a fire beneath. This accomplished they indulged in a whispered consultation, which ended in the disappearance of Madame Dubois. As she whisked importantly through the smithy door, Jérôme looked up. "What 's the fire for?" he asked.

"To clean things."

"But you saw to my wash not so very long ago. Besides, it 's too late in the day to get linen dried."

"It 's not linen that 's to be washed."

"What is it, then?"

"Flesh, human flesh," was Madame Martin's emphatic answer.

"Agathe, you 're not going" —

"Yes, I am," she snapped. "I could never sleep in my bed for thinking of the dirt on that child." She dipped her finger into the water as she spoke. "It 's not near warm enough yet. Why, bless his heart," she added, putting her head into the kitchen, "he 's finished every crumb, and is licking the jam tumbler."

P'tit Jean looked round with an air of placid comfort. "I 'm sleepy," he announced.

"And you shall go to sleep in a nice soft bed, with feathers all round you, as soon as you are clean," said the mayoress.

"I 'd rather be dirty, and have Bibi."

"Oh fie! dirty boys are not nice," she returned, ignoring the allusion to his lost friend. "Now come here and let me fix your hair."

Snip, snip, went the scissors in those capable hands which never trembled. Truth to tell, in the active delight of doing something, the curl in its black frame was for the moment forgotten. By the time that the matted locks were shorn, during which performance the patient was sleepily quiescent, Madame Dubois returned in breathless triumph. A timely friend had lent a helping hand, and between them they carried a tin bath tub of antiquated pattern.

"A thousand thanks, madame," she panted, dismissing her aid with a dignified bow; then, turning to Madame Martin, she continued: "I 'd have been here sooner, but the curé's housekeeper had a hunt to find it. She had put it in the loft over the sacristy, after the English pupil left, two years ago, and had forgotten all about it. I told her that you had kept your eye on it, and here it is at last."

"I 've always thought Agathe had English blood in her," remarked the blacksmith.

Madame Dubois gave him an uncompromising stare, and asked, "Is the water warm?"

Madame Martin felt again, this time plunging her arm far down into the pot. "Yes, it 's hot near the bottom, and lukewarm near the top. Now, then, Louise Dubois."

With an adroit movement they lifted the heavy receptacle and poured half its contents into the tub, which they then lifted by its handles and set before the cheerful fire.

"Now, master," said the mistress of ceremonies, "in twenty minutes you will be the cleanest boy in the village."

But P'tit Jean's naturally violent disposition had only been lulled by food and warmth; at this horrible threat it sprang into activity. He directed a kick at his tormentor's shins, which missed its aim, and then made for the door and liberty. Madame Dubois shut off this retreat, however, upon which he began a series of dodges between the two women.

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The mayor would have scarcely believed his eyes had he been there, but Madame Martin, despite her rotundity and ordinary domineering propensities, entered into these manœuvres as a sort of game. Jérôme stood gaping, shrinking sensitively each time he saw his sister's hand outstretched, expecting to see it followed by a cuff on the waif's ear; instead, with purple cheeks she lumbered about, uttering shrill screams of excitement. Madame Dubois joined in the chase, and the noise drew the apprentice from his bellows. At last those unlucky trousers tripped up the quarry; he stumbled; strong arms caught him, and in a second he was immersed in that fluid which had previously impressed him as synonymous with the wheel and rack.

To his surprise he rather liked the sensation; his little legs, stiff from their long tramp that morning, stretched luxuriously out; the suds made pretty colors in the firelight; the touch of the grand inquisitor was vigorous, but not rough, and the faces of the three spectators expressed kindly curiosity.

How intensely Madame Martin enjoyed that scrubbing! When even she felt that nothing more remained to be rubbed off but skin, P'tit Jean was lifted from the tub in her strong arms, allowed to drip for a moment, and then stood on a bit of flannel close to the hearth, where she rubbed him with her towels till his little body glowed red in the flames.

"Is n't he a picture?" she said, breathing hard from her exertions and standing erect. "Heavenly powers, but I have a crick in my back from bending!"

"He 's a real little Saint John," said Madame Dubois with enthusiasm, as she slipped over his head a nightdress of the late Madame Lucas. P'tit Jean was too surprised to rebel, and too sleepy to do anything but roll up in a ball and go immediately to sleep when the blacksmith had tucked him into poor Marthe's side of the bed.

The following morning Jérôme had a thrill of pleasure at feeling the soft, warm little body cuddled close to his, and when the boy, not quite awake, murmured "Bibi," he stroked the hand that tugged at his beard.

There was not much search made for the gypsies, who, according to popular opinion, had purposely deserted the child. The villagers gave enough from their scanty stores to dress P'tit Jean respectably, and the curé presented him with a pair of shoes. The situation remained vaguely outlined. Jérôme promised nothing, made no definite proposition, thereby driving his sister nearly wild. She hated to have anything left to chance, and wavered between the pleasure it gave her to see the waif growing plump and rosy and the resentment caused by the thought that her family was "being put upon by other folks' brats." She was still undecided as to which side to cast her weight, when the problem was solved by an unthought-of factor.

In Touraine news travels but slowly, and three weeks had passed before the rumor of a new inmate in Jérôme Lucas' cottage traversed the ten miles which lie between our village and the valley of the Cher, where lived Jérôme's eldest son with his father-in-law. Young Madame Lucas had brought six little Lucases to the light of day, and possessed a fine will of her own. She quickly made up her mind that the gypsy's outcast should not gain the heart of her offspring's grandfather, and one bright Sunday morning set out betimes in the two-wheeled cart for Jérôme's house. Her husband and her eldest hope, a boy of twelve, accompanied her, but she was fully aware that she herself was the pivot on which would turn the day's events.

A drive of something less than two hours brought them to the smithy. Madame clambered carefully from her high perch, keeping her second-best black skirt from the mud on the wheel. Very

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determined was she in her bearing as she pushed young Jérôme ahead of her through the forge, dim with a holiday twilight, and opened the door into the court. The sun shone bright that cool, crisp morning, making a bit of transparency worthy of a cathedral window as it smote athwart a grapevine branch still bearing some yellow and crimson leaves. Two clumps of ordinary chrysanthemums, the one with white, the other with reddish-brown flowers, flanked the doorway, just inside of which, his feet in the sunshine, sat the ruddy blacksmith. His hair was plastered to his head, and he wore his Sunday suit. By his side sat the sleek house cat, and between his knees stood P'tit Jean in a clean black blouse strapped about his waist with a leather belt, his shining locks already escaping from the extra care lately bestowed upon them, and his cheeks glowing with health and a vigorous application of Madame Martin's soap. He was explaining, with an earnestness that supplemented his limited vocabulary, why he had been naughty and had refused to go to mass with "la tante Agathe," as he calmly called the lady mayoress. He looked up as the smithy door opened, and the words died away before the newcomers, — a lady very finely dressed, and a big, *big* boy.

Jérôme looked, too, and rose slowly; he advanced to meet his daughter-in-law, solemnly kissed her on both cheeks, went through the same performance with young Jérôme, and then said, "And Jacques?"

"He is putting up the horse at the inn," said Madame Jacques, showing by every angle of her rigid figure that she came for war, not peace.

There was a long silence, while Jérôme felt that he must make an effort to rise to the duties of host and parent. At last he brought forth the words, "You 'll have a snack with me?"

"You are too good." This came with elaborate politeness from the unexpected guest. During the pause she had been examining the interloper, who had returned her gaze with one of frank admiration.

"Your aunt Agathe," volunteered Jérôme, "will be here soon. She is at mass, and it must be nearly over."

As he spoke the church bells began a joyous clash; then sounded a clatter of hobnailed shoes as the advance guard of boys dashed down the steep paved alley that ran up to the church from the village road along the other side of the blacksmith's wall. After this noise had died away came the sound of more restrained footfalls, accompanied by a murmur of voices, — women's voices; only one man went to church in those days, and as he was lame he followed haltingly. Conversation seemed difficult in the small court. Jérôme had pointed to his chair, and Madame Jacques had plumped down into it. She wished her husband to uphold her in the coming interview, and she did not wish la tante Agathe to be present; but she suspected that neither desire would be satisfied. She had a shrewd idea that Jacques would keep out of the way until the storm had blown over; being willing (after the manner of men) to fight, but a very coward when it came to looking on at another's engagement.

"We came over to see how things were with you, father," said the young woman in a gloomy tone. "There were stories told us last week we did not want to believe unless our own eyes told the same tale." She stared pointedly at P'tit Jean as she spoke.

Jérôme answered never a word. He took from his pocket a buff-and-white-plaid handkerchief, which he applied to his nose and gave an unnecessary, trumpet-like blow. Then he cocked his head on one side, like an aged terrier, and listened to a voice in the alley beyond the wall, while his face brightened. The voice was Agathe's, and was announcing emphatically: "Yes, I always see to his

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Sunday breakfast myself. Men are such helpless souls! He and the child would go hungry, if I did n't look after them." Jérôme felt instinctively that his sister would protect him; and he also felt that he might need her aid, for in spite of his daughter-in-law's reticence he was fully aware what had caused her visit.

There was a short interval between the overheard conversation and the smart opening of the forge door, through which swept Madame Martin in all the glories of a black silk dress and a Parisian bonnet only three years old. She halted at the sight of her niece. There was no love lost betwixt the two, and they had had many a skirmish, but this fine Sunday morning saw their first pitched battle.

A detailed account of the affair would be grotesque, and give a distorted view of the valor displayed on both sides. Madame Martin's temper rose the moment she saw Madame Jacques in Jérôme's doorway, and P'tit Jean's wistful, admiring look at her. She divined the object of the reconnoissance at a glance, and boldly charged the younger woman. After this first shot both talked at once, their voices soaring with shrill iteration above the garden wall, attracting a small knot of inquisitive gossips. Finally, those without heard only a series of pants which followed the wildest outburst of all; then Madame Martin was heard to speak in slow, emphatic accents. "The child is my care," she said. "I shall see to his future, so that you will lose naught. But I am not bound to provide for grandnephews nor yet for grandnieces, and the less baiting I get on the subject the better for them at the last. The boy is company for my poor brother, and keeps him warm nights, so there is no need to buy a new coverlid for the cold weather."

"That he does, the young rogue!" exclaimed Jérôme, highly delighted at the way things were going. "And now, Agathe, let 's have a good meal for the young folks; they have a long drive before them, and the days are short."

Thus was the situation defined, and P'tit Jean's future assured.

Madame Martin had been surprised into giving this promise, but her word was good, and she kept it stanchly. Needless to say that her townspeople criticised her unmercifully, and she heard more than once that she had fallen from her formerly high estate in their esteem. She shook her head at the dismal prophecies regarding the waif's future, and was unusually happy all through the winter; adding to and supervising her protégé's wardrobe, giving him an occasional bath, leading him to school, and trying to lead him to church. Although P'tit Jean was what is called "a handful," she generally contrived to get her way by bribes, coaxings, and an occasional cuff. For the first few months no power could induce him to enter the church. Some dim prejudice against the "crow biddy," as he persisted in calling the curé, made him fight his benefactress tooth and nail. But on Easter Sunday Madame Martin's desire to prove to all the world what a success she was making of her experiment gained the upper hand. He was flattered into a new suit of clothes, and dragged up the steep lane to the porch.

"Now listen. You will be a good boy within," she said, giving a final touch to his vast cravat of bright blue silk that nearly strangled him.

"I won't," he replied, with his naughtiest look. "You 'll see how bad I 'm going to be."

In spite of this threat, he was so amused by the service, with its flowers, lights, incense, and music (such as it was), that his demeanor was truly pious until the very end. Madame Martin was triumphant; not a boy in the whole congregation had sat so still and looked so angelic as her waif. She had waved her flag of victory before the eyes of all men, and as she gained the door, with

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elated mien, she paused to scatter a few condescending remarks among the group of neighbors gathered together. Up to this moment she had kept P'tit Jean's hand tightly grasped within her own, but now the weight of responsibility was off her heart, and relaxing her hold she said, "Run out, my boy, into the air."

P'tit Jean's attention, however, had been attracted by the stoup for holy water; it was in the shape of a cockle-shell, carved out of stone, and attached to one of the pillars. He wanted very much to see what was in that curious shell, wondering why the people dipped their fingers into it. He stood on tip-toe to peer within; but the rim was just above the level of his eyes, so, drawing back a few steps, he gave a short run and jumped up, catching hold of the fluted edge with both hands to support himself. He had been so good that he felt he had earned the right to equalize matters a little. The water was very clear, and reflected the crude tones of the window glass, which he thought the most beautiful thing he had ever seen. He was admiring the tremulous blobs of crimson and blue when he caught a horrified exclamation: "Just see what that imp is doing!"

Madame Martin, whose back was turned, wheeled round. P'tit Jean saw that he must take some means of defense, so, plunging his rosy face into the water, he filled his mouth with the blessed liquid. At the same moment he felt a heavy hand on his shoulder, and Madame Martin dragged him to his feet in the midst of the group of women. For perhaps three seconds he stood in their midst, casting merry, malicious gleams at them, his cheeks distended until the skin at the corners of his mouth nearly cracked. Then, with a most unecclesiastical sound, he showered all within reach with a fine stream, half spray, half water. His victims scattered with stifled screams, and the culprit was hauled by his collar to the *place* before the church, where he was cuffed heartily. But, upheld by a philosophy worthy of a better cause and the memory of far more cruel chastisements from mère Victorine, he stood in sturdy silence until Madame Martin paused for want of breath. Then he said, "Dame! it was worth it."

After this scene the first symptoms of softness in the character of the lady mayoress were observed.

In spite of his mischievous ways the blacksmith and his sister doted on P'tit Jean, while even the mayor entertained for him a feeling composed of fear and admiration. He feared him, never knowing on whom would fall the consequences of his next trick; he admired him for standing up to the redoubtable Agathe.

The month of June drew near. All the village was agog with excitement over the preparations for the "Fête Dieu," or Corpus Christi Day. It is one of the pretty customs in Touraine to erect open-air altars for this festival of the Church, before which the priest, marching in a procession of his parishioners, pauses and holds a short service.

Madame Martin always took an interest in the celebration, and had one of the altars before her gate. This year she was more important than before. Her preparations were carried on in secret. It was whispered that the decorations would be something more splendid than ever, and that her manner suggested a surprise of some sort. She was continually running up to the presbytery to hold whispered consultations with the curé's housekeeper; she hid things in her own room; she was absent one day for the entire afternoon, and some one saw her returning from the big farm on the uplands. A very Sphinx in her mysterious silence, neither husband nor brother guessed at her plans.

At last the great morning dawned. It was a "day made on purpose," as the peasants say. Towering mountainous clouds, with dazzling peaks and depths of violet and rosy shades, tempered the

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heat, while the sky was intensely blue between the cumulous masses. The road running through the hamlet was strewn with reeds placed in the form of stars, with poppy petals for their centres. Three *reposoirs* had been erected, and the first one to be visited was in front of Madame Dubois' house, and under her supervision. She stood with two neighbors eagerly waiting for the signal that the procession had started from the church, when they would make haste to light their candles. It came at last in the blatant notes of the band. The good women flew to their tasks, and the pale candle flames flickered and bent in the fresh breeze. Now they are coming! They have turned the corner. What a crowd! Nearly a hundred and fifty souls.

Madame Dubois, satisfied with the artistic effect of her work, stood aside with a sigh of relief to watch the pageant. She noticed that something of which she could catch no glimpse was attracting unusual attention. The boys broke rank and ran along to see. The men straggled, and threw glances over their shoulders, giving amused, indulgent chuckles as they did so. The curé, under the white canopy with white plumes nodding at the four corners, was unheeded. The bunch of young girls in their muslin frocks and blue ribbons drew no admiration. Everybody was staring one way. Madame Dubois strained her eyes and stretched her neck, rising on tiptoe, and then for the first time she saw —

P'tit Jean! He was standing on a square of solid wood fitted with handles at the corners, which were upheld by four men, conspicuous among them being the mayor and the blacksmith. He represented Saint John as he is painted in pictures of the Holy Family. A sheepskin half covered his chubby limbs; in his right hand was held a slender cross, and in his left he firmly grasped a red ribbon, the other end of which was tied about the throat of a white and woolly lamb. So happy and so holy was his look that more than one woman had tears in her eyes without knowing why.

P'tit Jean was moved. He vaguely felt himself on a higher moral plane than any he had ever touched. Soft, gentle impulses crept into his laughter-loving nature, and he could even have hugged the curé. Many thousand thoughts passed through his little head as the procession moved slowly along. He was curiously agitated; the brazen music excited him, and the big drum seemed to play against his stomach. At the halting places before the altars, the sound of the priest's voice, rising like incense in the pure air, touched him; he knelt beside the lamb at the elevation and bent his shining curls, while his heart swelled at the memory of his old friend Bibi.

Madame Martin could hardly restrain her joy. That cherub, that saint, was her own work. She swelled with gratified importance, like a pouter pigeon, and threw satisfied glances about her that all might see.

Two of the reposoirs had been visited, and now the procession was to wind down through the wheatfields to the highway, make a turn to the left, and return by the road that leads off to the town hall.

The dry rustle of the wheat mingled with the tramp of the feet as they passed along the narrow path; the band was silent for a moment, and the birds had it all their own way. There is a slight incline before the highway is reached, and P'tit Jean staggered a little as the last bearers of his holiness failed to bring his platform to the right level. When he had recovered his balance they had turned the corner, and his eyes fell on something that caused them nearly to start from his head.

And yet it was a common sight: only a traveling house wagon standing on one side of the road. The horse had been let loose, and P'tit Jean craned his neck

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to look underneath the wagon; it might not be his old home, after all. No, he decided with a long sigh, the dog was an ugly black thing, not his Bibi. But at that instant he saw a slovenly, dirty woman leaning against the wall, staring at the procession. It was la mère Victorine! It was! There was no doubt. That was her cruel face; those were her hard hands that had given him many a fierce blow. P'tit Jean recalled what he had suffered from her, and a great gush of gratitude toward Jérôme and la tante Agathe swept over him. This was followed by a feeling of such supreme triumph that, unless he expressed it, he felt there was danger of his bursting. The silence was broken only by the solemn Latin words chanted by the curé. P'tit Jean dared not interrupt by any sound. He wound the red ribbon of the lamb round one wrist, and tucked his cross under his arm; then looking la mère Victorine full in the face, heedless of the gaze of all the surrounding populace, he placed one thumb on the end of his nose, and joining his hands spread out all ten fingers in her direction.

And the sonorous Latin phrases rolled out, and the procession moved slowly on.

Helen Choate Prince.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MRS. OLIPHANT.

"ALL knowledge," says the old Chinese proverb, "is by nature implanted in the mind of a woman;" and one cannot run through the presumably complete list of works appended to the reminiscences of the late Mrs. Margaret Oliphant,[1] born Wilson, without being reminded of the kernel of everlasting, though to some women peculiarly unpalatable truth so smoothly enveloped in this crafty paradox.

From the amazing bibliography in question, it seems that in her half century of unresting literary activity, from 1847 to 1897, Mrs. Oliphant produced some hundred and twenty-five novels and biographies, and nearly twice that number of shorter essays, critical, descriptive, and speculative. Most of the latter appeared first in Blackwood's Magazine, and that they did so appear is in itself a warrant of their general excellence. The range of subjects treated in these pieces is enormous; and while some of them are light enough and of merely ephemeral interest, a good many display far more than the average reviewer's grasp of the kind of theme on which a man trained in modern methods of research, or a woman trying to proceed like a man, would think well bestowed the *gründlich* investigation and slow constructive labor of a lifetime. Mrs. Oliphant was capable of industrious research, too, and knew when her task required it, as the best of her historical summaries and her half dozen almost unrivaled biographies conclusively show. Her mind was keen, her temper candid and conscientious; and she was gifted by nature with that unerring sense of the relative value of facts which is so mighty a help in the study of original documents. Yet it is by no means to the wealth of her accumulated knowledge, or to any academic equipment whatsoever, that the main charm and value of this woman's remarkable work are due. That work has been thoroughly discussed and appreciated since her lamented death in 1897, and adjudged by the almost unanimous verdict of the best living critics to have been not only fabu-

[1] *Autobiography and Letters of Mrs. Oliphant.* Edited by Mrs. HARRY COGHILL. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1899.

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lous in quantity, but upon the whole admirable in quality. It was unequal, because human; but it was all good, and some of it very nearly of the very best. The writer managed, however, to keep herself out of her work and her affairs hidden from the world, as very few authors of either sex have ever done; and her posthumous memoirs claim attention most of all for the light they shed on a life of heroic endeavor, and the picture they artlessly reflect of a highly distinguished yet curiously debonair, detached and retiring personality.

The so-called autobiographical part of the new volume will be found a little disappointing at first, in that it is not a complete and continuous narrative, but consists of several fragments. The earliest of these, which is dated, 1864, is little more than a desperate outpouring of the mother's grief over the loss of her eldest child and only daughter, Margaret, who died in Rome at the age of eleven, on January 27 of that year. Twenty-one years later, in 1885, Mrs. Oliphant went back to the recollections of her own infancy, and began a systematic narrative of the events of her outwardly commonplace life, for the benefit of her remaining children, the two idolized boys whom she fondly and naturally expected to survive her. But this narrative was again interrupted by the stress of professional work, to be resumed only in 1894, and then abruptly and most tragically concluded after her sons also had been taken from her.

"Orba resedit
Exanimes inter natos, natasque, virumque."

Mrs. Oliphant was not quite thirty-six years old when her beautiful Maggie died. Already a popular author, she was to achieve, during the desolate years immediately following that sore bereavement, her best creative and dramatic work in the Chronicles of Carlingford, as she had already touched the limit of her analytic power in the Life of Edward Irving. She had been married at twenty-four, and her long connection with the house of Blackwood, so honorable and profitable to both parties, began at exactly the same time; she having received, as she always loved to remember, the proofs of her pretty Scotch tale of Katie Stewart on the morning of her wedding day. Her husband, a cousin on the mother's side, and an artist of some promise, died of pulmonary consumption, also at Rome, four years before the visit which proved fatal to little Margaret; and her youngest child, Francis, always mentioned in these naif pages by his Italian baby name of Cecco, was born there six weeks after his father's decease.

Left a widow when only a little over thirty, with three babies and debts to the amount of £1000, she provided by the all but unassisted labor[1] of her pen for her own maintenance during almost forty years, and for that of her sons, both of whom she educated at Eton and Oxford; beside giving a happy home, a mother's care, and an advantageous start in life to three children, — a son and two daughters of her brother, Francis Wilson, who became insolvent and a helpless wreck in 1868. From a purely commercial point of view, this record is sufficiently remarkable; and to censure Mrs. Oliphant, as some of her critics presume to do, for not having also left a fortune behind her seems to me unreasonable. It might, at all events, be worth the while of those would-be reformers — mostly women of too much leisure, who so earnestly advocate the "economic independence" of their sex — to consult these pages for information as to what such independence really means, in the case even of a superla-

[1] Not absolutely unassisted, because she had for a number of years a pension of £100 a year from the Crown. But the effort to secure for her, when she was first widowed, one of the lodgings at Hampton Court proved unsuccessful.

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tively endowed and exceptionally successful woman.

The editor of Mrs. Oliphant's Autobiography, her kinswoman Mrs. Harry Coghill, — also, for some years previous to her own marriage, a member of the household at Windsor, — has bridged the gaps in the personal story simply and skillfully; and has added an interesting selection from the great mass of her cousin's letters, chiefly from those addressed to different members of the Blackwood family, beside a brief but touching and pertinent preface and the bibliography aforesaid. No editor could have done more or better, under the restrictions imposed by the authoress herself; and these restrictions were so entirely in harmony with her habitual view of life, and of Margaret Oliphant's very moderate importance in it, that no true lover of hers can wish them absent. She had an indifference to renown, and a constitutional and cultivated antipathy to *réclame*, which amounted almost to a foible. Pose of any kind was abhorrent to her, the literary pose most of all; and she records with unmistakable glee the fact that people were very apt to relieve their minds, after a short acquaintance, by whispering in her ear their dislike of literary women. She did with her might what her hands found to do at the bidding of her brain, — as unto God always, and not unto man; and she lay down at night, for threescore and ten brave years, to the laborer's welcome rest, with no thought, apparently, that her particular daily task was worth more than another's. It had sufficed to keep intact the home of her womanly affections, the seat of her true life, and even to make fair that beloved interior with a little modest adornment: and this was enough for her.

The mixture in her of whimsical humility and a rare power of humorous observation preserved her from ever taking herself too seriously; but neither was she always able to take with entire seriousness reputations much more stately than her own; and her quaint ingenuousness and freedom from conventional bias give much piquancy to the incidental allusions to other writers which occur during the retrospect of her own career.

When the Life of George Eliot came out, in 1885, "I wonder," muses Mrs. Oliphant, "if I am a little envious of her. I always avoid considering formally what my own mind is worth. I have never had any theory on the subject. I have written because it gave me pleasure, because it came natural to me, because it was like walking or breathing, besides the big fact that it was necessary for me to work for my children. . . . How I have been handicapped in life! Should I have done better if I had been kept, like her, in a mental greenhouse and taken care of? This is one of the things it is perfectly impossible to tell. In all likelihood, our minds and our circumstances are so arranged that, after all, the possible way is the way that is best; yet it is hard sometimes not to feel with Browning's Andrea that the men who have no wives, who have given themselves up to their art, have had almost an unfair advantage over us who have had, perhaps, more than one Lucrezia to take care of. . . . I used to be much impressed in the Laurence Oliphants with that curious freedom from human ties which I have never known, and that they always felt it possible to make up their minds to do what was best, whether they could or not! . . . I know I am giving myself the air of being *au fond* a finer character than the others. I may as well take the little satisfaction to myself, for nobody will give it to me. No one even will mention me in the same breath as George Eliot. And that is just. It is a little satisfaction to me to think how much better off she was, — no trouble in all her life, so far as appears, but the natural one of her father's death, and perhaps coolnesses

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with her brothers and sisters, though that is not said. And though her marriage (with Mr. Cross) is not one that most of us would have ventured on, still it seems to have secured her a worshiper unrivaled. *I think she must have been a dull woman, with a great genius distinct from herself,* — something like the gift of the old prophets, which they sometimes exercised with only a dim sort of perception of what it meant. But this is a thing to be said only with bated breath, and perhaps further thought on the subject may change even my mind. She took herself with tremendous seriousness, that is evident, never relaxing; — her letters ponderous beyond description, and those to the Bray party giving one the idea of a mutual improvement society for the exchange of essays."

In the same spirit of mild detachment, she contrasts herself with a woman of a yet more vivid and original genius: "I was reading of Charlotte Brontë the other day, and could not help comparing myself with the picture, more or less, as I read. I don't suppose my powers are equal to hers, — my work, to myself, looks perfectly pale and colorless beside hers, — but yet I have had far more experience, and, I think, a fuller conception of life. I have learned to take, perhaps, more a man's view of mortal affairs, — to feel that the love between men and women, the marrying and giving in marriage, occupy, in fact, so small a portion of either existence or thought. When I die, I know what people will say of me. They will say that I did my duty with a kind of steadiness, not knowing how I have groaned under the rod."

She first made the acquaintance of the Carlyles while collecting her materials for the Life of Edward Irving; and she always claimed to understand them and their unique relation to each other much better than did most of their English contemporaries, through her own old Scotch blood and the memory of her delightful Scotch mother. Of her she has left a portrait as picturesque as Barrie's of Margaret Ogilvie, and she thought her very like Mrs. Carlyle. "God bless them," she says, — "that much maligned and misunderstood pair! His treatment of me was not much like the old ogre his false friends have made him out to be!" She won the heart of Mrs. Carlyle directly, and saw always the most affectionate and sunny side of her; but she owns to having been mortally afraid beforehand of approaching the Sage of Chelsea, and proportionably relieved when he deigned to bestow his difficult approval on her history of his early friend. Nothing, he declared, had so taken him by the heart for years as that biography. Its author was "a fine, clear, loyal, sympathetic female being, worth whole cartloads of Mulocks, Brontës, and *things of that sort!*"

It is in very truth a masterly piece of human portraiture, and hardly less so is her life of another eminent pietist, though a totally different type of man, — much more complex and sophisticated, — Count Charles de Montalembert. Him she had known personally from the anxious first days of her widowhood, when she gallantly undertook, among other tremendous tasks, the translation of his monumental work on the Monks of the West. "Montalembert's English," observes Mrs. Oliphant, "was delightful, perfect in accent and idiom. I don't remember any mistake of his except the amusing and flattering one with which he expressed his surprise, when we first met, to find me 'not so *respectable* as he had supposed.' . . . It was then 1865, and I must have been thirty-seven, and had gray hair. Montalembert himself was, I think, one of the most interesting men I ever met. He had that curious mixture of the — shall I say? — supernaturalist and man of the world (not mystic, he was no mystic, and yet *miraculous*, if there is any meaning in that) which has always had so great an attrac-

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tion for me; keen and sharp as a sword, and yet open to every superstition far more than I ever could have been, who looked up to him with a sort of admiring wonder and sympathy, not without a smile in it. He was a little like Laurence Oliphant in this; but Laurence was not a highly educated man like Montalembert."

Some of the most graphic of Mrs. Oliphant's letters describe her visit in the winter of 1871 to the widowed countess at the château of La Roche-en-Bressy, when she was preparing Montalembert's Memoir. When she came, twenty years later, as an aging woman, to tell the life stories of Principal Tulloch of St. Andrews and of Laurence Oliphant, she was writing of intimate personal friends, the secrets of whose mental being they might themselves have communicated to her. But her sympathetic perception of the springs of human action, and her seemingly instantaneous divination of the key to a character, served her almost as well with subjects she had never known, and served her to the very last. They are nowhere more conspicuous than in her Life of Jeanne d'Arc and in the sketches of early contributors to Maga embodied in her history — unfinished, alas! — of the house of Blackwood. And yet these tasks were executed when hope was dead, even in her buoyant breast, and she had no more interest in her work at all; and their excellence appears to be due merely to the automatic infallibility of a fine intellectual machine kept always in bright running order.

Along with Mrs. Oliphant's own letters, in this volume, there are given a few from distinguished people to herself, and among them several from Kinglake, the brilliant author of Eothen and the History — which is rather a prose epic — of the Crimean War. Mr. Kinglake was a great admirer and a diligent reader of Mrs. Oliphant's novels, of which he never thought there could be too many; and the point upon which, in discussing them and their characters, he always dwells, with a wonder that approaches envy, is her unflagging imagination, — a quality in which he himself, as an historian, has not always been thought deficient. But he was quite right: her one supreme and incommunicable native endowment — that which enabled her both to draw real men and women to the life, and to create an almost endless succession and variety of living and convincing fictitious types — was imagination, kindled and guided by inexhaustible human sympathy.

The discovery of her own gift for biography was a delight to her, and she had a passing impulse, half jestingly expressed in a letter to Miss Isabella Blackwood, to forsake for it all other and more trivial forms of composition. "I like biography. I have a great mind to set up in that as my future trade, and tout for orders. Do you know anybody that wants his or her life taken? Don't fail to recommend me, if you do." And not far from the same time she wrote with reference to one of the very cleverest of her own novels: "As for Miss Majoribanks, I am a little disgusted with her, and with novels in general: with the latter so greatly that I am contemplating an indignant address to all who are worth their salt in the trade, praying them to give it up, and take to some more honest mode of livelihood. Let us take people's lives or anything that is worth the trouble." To similar purport she says early in the autobiography, — which might more accurately be termed her Apology: "Occasionally my books pleased me; very often they did not. I always took pleasure in a little bit of fine writing (afterward called in the family language 'a trot'), which, to do myself justice, was only when I got moved by my subject, and began to feel my heart beat, and perhaps a little water in my eyes, and ever more really satisfied by some little conscious felicity

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of words than by anything else." And yet once more: "I shall not leave anything behind me that will live. What does it matter? Nothing at all now, — never anything to speak of. At my most ambitious times, I would rather my children had remembered me as their mother than in any other way, and my friends as their friend. . . . God help us all, what is the good done by such work as mine, or even better than mine? . . . There is one thing, however, I have always whimsically resented, and that is the contemptuous compliments that for many years were the right things to address to me, and to say of me, as to my 'industry.' Now that I am old, the world is a little more respectful, and I have not heard so much about my industry for some time. The delightful superiority of it in the mouth of people who had neither industry nor anything else to boast of used to make me very wroth, I avow. The same kind of feeling, the other day, even, made me comically angry at a bit of a young person who complimented me on my Beleaguered City. Now, I am quite willing that people like Mr. Hutton should speak of The Beleaguered City as the one little thing among my productions that is worth remembering, but I felt inclined to say to the other: 'The Beleaguered City, indeed, my young woman! I should think a good deal less than that might be good enough for you.' By which it may perhaps be suspected that I do not always think such small beer of myself as I say, but this is a pure matter of comparison."

Always the same humor and spirit and captivating spontaneity; the wholesome light of common day; the broad, clear outlook upon life and its values; the irrepressible candor, now pensive, and now playful! If ever there was a soul that needed not conversion to become as that of a little child, it was hers.

Nevertheless, as the clouds returned after the brief sunshine of her noonday, and the storm of calamity gathered which darkened the late afternoon of her earthly life and tried her spiritual mettle to the utmost, we find Mrs. Oliphant's personal record assuming more and more the character of a severe and sometimes almost remorseful self-examination. Her boys — the objects of her passionate and unwearying devotion, for whom alone she had been ambitious — both disappointed her cruelly. Brilliant and amiable, and invariably sweet and flattering to herself, they were morally unstable and incurably indolent. They did little or nothing to justify to the world the mother's fond faith in their powers; and while both lived to be over thirty, — that is, to the age at which she herself was the willing breadwinner for a large and expensive household, — neither was ever able to maintain himself, or to lighten in any way, save by the sunshine of delightful manners, the burden that she had carried so long. And how far, she now and then sadly asked herself, was she answerable for their failure? Had her lavish devotion actually minimized their sense of responsibility, — her glad self-denial entangled them irreparably in habits of selfish luxury?

Such questions are natural to a spirit as ingenuous and as far from any tendency to self-exaltation as that of this Mother of Sorrows. To cry *mea culpa* for the faults of others is the instinctive impulse of a generous heart. But to me it seems that she distressed herself needlessly, and these are the passages which I, if I had been her editor, would certainly have omitted from the fragmentary record of her life. Private confession may be good for the soul; it is undoubtedly comforting, and needful to many a soul of the most élite. But only in very exceptional cases, as I believe, is public confession good either for the confessor or for the public. Minute researches into motive, the subtle analysis of foregone mistakes and misadventures, are always of doubtful profit;

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but at any rate they belong to the arcana of the human spirit, and should have but one confidant. The truth which leaps to the eyes in this case, the only one with which the world has any concern, is that the moral infirmities of Cyril and Francis Oliphant were due largely to the constitutional taint which they inherited from their father, and which closed the careers of both before they had had time to retrieve the faults of their adolescence. If their mother were responsible for their weakness at all, it was only in some obscure physiological sense, through the excessive and abnormal, though as it seemed indispensable activity of her own brain at the time of their birth and nurture. It is here, if anywhere, that the honorable and yet sorrowful story of her life may furnish an important lesson. Intelligence is not sexless, as many people contend, and Mrs. Oliphant's was, when all is said, only an unspoiled feminine intelligence of the very best kind. I do not know, either, why I should use that deprecatory word "only." Hers was one of the two kinds of genius which apparently have been appointed for the illumination and rectification of the world. The intuition suggested by the Oriental proverb is, after all, a noble instrument for the discovery of truth, and one no less legitimate than the power of acquiring and coördinating an infinitude of dates and facts. Or rather, it is an essential factor in all discovery; for induction at best can only justify deduction, and imagination must precede them both.

And so I come back to the thought which was uppermost in my mind when I finished Mrs. Oliphant's Apologia, and I ask myself and the reader how far the efficiency of her vigorous and beautiful but comparatively untrained powers would have been enhanced — whether it might not possibly have been impaired — if, instead of working in freedom, her mind had been constrained from girlhood by masculine rules and methods, and weighted by a heavier panoply of masculine armor.

Harriet Waters Preston.

A CENTURY OF INDIAN EPIGRAMS.[1]

It is refreshing to find in Mr. More's little volume of epigrams a book on India which is at once scholarly and attractive to the general reader. The new Renaissance to which Schopenhauer looked forward as a result of the study of Sanskrit has found as yet but scant expression in literature. For a century past German scholars have hewn from Sanskrit huge blocks of erudition, but there has been no successful attempt — except perhaps in the stanzas of Rückert — to extract from this crude ore of scholarship its residue of human wisdom and experience. Yet the problem raised by the meeting in India of the two extremes of Aryan civilization, of English and Hindu, and by the slow infiltration of Indian thought into the West, is in itself of real interest to all thinking men. Mr. More has rendered a service to those who wish to reflect on the larger aspects of the question by attempting to give in brief compass a faithful image of the ideals of ancient India. He has only in rare instances used his Sanskrit originals as a background on which to embroider his own poetical fancies, nor has he, like Fitzgerald, read into them any of the moods of the modern agnostic.

[1] *A Century of Indian Epigrams.* Chiefly from the Sanskrit of Bhartrihari. By Paul Elmer More. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1898.

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It would hardly have been possible to make a literary rendering of the older Sanskrit writings, as any one will testify who has read a book like the translation of the Upanishads in the Sacred Books of the East, and has consented, for the sake of an occasional impressive passage, to struggle through dreary wastes of ineptitude. Mr. More has turned the difficulty by drawing for half his epigrams on the collection of stanzas attributed to Bhartrihari, a work which, as much as anything in Sanskrit, has a distinct personal flavor, and seems to belong to that brief period of the literature when it had attained to some degree of conscious art without as yet having fallen into entire artificiality. And then he has rounded out his "century" by borrowing freely from the earlier sources. The stanzas of Bhartrihari are divided into three centuries, one for each of the "paths," — Love, Worldly Wisdom, and Renunciation. Mr. More has imitated this division in the sequence of his epigrams, giving due prominence to the first and third of the paths, since, as he remarks, the Hindu conceived of but little middle ground between the ideal of the voluptuary and that of the ascetic.

"One walketh in Renunciation's way;
Another fain would pay
In Worldly Wisdom all his soul's large debt;
And one in Pleasure's path
With love still wandering on would all forget: —
Three roads the wide world hath."

Mr. More tells us in his preface that the Hindu treatment of love, etc., is in many ways more akin to our own sentiment than is that of the classics. This romantic attitude toward woman is visible in whole episodes of the epics, such as the story of Nala and Damayanti, and perhaps also in epigrams like the following: —

"A flower whose fragrance none hath savored,
A singing bird no ear hath favored,
White pearl no jeweler hath bored,
Untasted honey freshly stored
In a clean jar, unbroken fruit
That ripens now from virtue's root, —
Wondering I ask, O form unspotted,
To whose delight, sweet girl, thou art allotted."

The Hindu conception of woman, however, in general reminds us of the one held in the Middle Ages. Gaston Paris, indeed, in his studies on old French poetry, has attempted to show how largely the mediæval conception is derived from India. A portion of Mr. More's epigrams, then, have a real historical interest, in that they take us back to the far Indian origins of that ascetic distrust of woman which permeated mediæval thought, and entered as so important a part into the monkish ideal, — *mulier hominis confusio*: —

"In woman is the cause of shame,
For woman burneth hatred's flame,
Through woman in this body's snare
The soul is mewed, — of woman, ah! beware."

Mr. More has taken as motto for his little volume a stanza of Emerson; and indeed one cannot help being struck by an analogy between the thought of Emerson — and, we may add, the thought of Tennyson in his old age — and the philosophy of India. This analogy, if we consider it more carefully as it appears in the essay on the Over-Soul or in a poem like the New Pantheism, will be found, we imagine, to consist in a certain sense of the absolute. It is a familiar remark of Scherer that the chief achievement of nineteenth-century thought has been to weaken the faith in the absolute; but by this remark Scherer meant the absolute as visibly embodied in rules and observances, the attempt to imprison perfect and immutable truth in creeds and formulas. There is obviously little relation between this form of the absolute and the absolute of Emerson and Tennyson, which may be defined as a purely spiritual perception of the light beyond the reason, entirely disassociated from the faith in creeds and formulas.

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"Fire is the Brahmin's god; the seer
Knows in his heart the godhead near;
Fools have their idol; but the clear,
Untroubled ision sees him there and here."

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It is in this inner sense of the absolute, this constant aspiration toward the central unity of life, that we are to seek, if anywhere, the message of India to the modern world. The disappearance of faith in a visible absolute, as understood by Scherer, has meant for the average man the lapse into pure impressionism. He has not as yet succeeded in creating by reflection a set of inner standards, to take the place of the outer standards he has lost. We of America, as being most completely emancipated from the past, from all respect for authority and tradition, are likewise the most impressionistic. We are, to a degree almost unexampled in history, a nation of impressionists. Herein lies the secret both of our weakness and of our strength. We owe to this fact especially our freedom from exclusiveness and intolerance, those twin vices almost inseparable from the faith in an outer absolute. Our less lenient critics might also trace to this source a certain triviality and lack of elevation in our temper, an absence of vigorous personal conviction, a weakening of the sense of conduct, and a falling off in the stanchness of individual character. If these evils of impressionism are masked from us at present, it is possibly because we are still living on the capital of moral energy inherited from Puritanism. The study of Oriental philosophy, therefore, might find some justification if it gave even a few of us a means of escape from our impressionism, — from that intellectual anarchy of the present which has so frightened thinkers like M. Brunetière that they are ready to return to the old conception of the absolute as embodied in Catholicism. In truth, if an effective resistance is to be offered to the arguments of M. Brunetière, some new vision of the absolute would seem to be needed to crown the edifice of modern rationalism, and reconcile the antinomies into which life resolves itself when viewed from the platform of pure intellect.

This new insight, if we are to judge from India, will bring with it a new sense of obligation, a new form of self-discipline, to take the place of that "principle of restraint" the gradual disappearance of which fills M. Brunetière with so much alarm. The goal toward which everything tends in Hindu philosophy is to enter into communion with the Atman, or true Self, the divinity hidden in the secret place of the heart, and then to subdue to its authority the senses and the turbulent passions of the lower self.

"Seated within this body's car
The silent Self is driven afar;
And the five senses at the pole
Like steeds are tugging, restive of control.

"And if the driver lose his way,
Or the reins sunder, who can say
In what blind paths, what pits of fear,
Will plunge the chargers in their mad career?

"Drive well, O Mind, use all thy art,
Thou charioteer! O feeling Heart,
Be thou a bridle firm and strong!
For the Lord rideth, and the way is long."

The present, then, is perhaps one of those moments in the history of the West when its sense of certain truths needs to be refreshed and quickened by contact with the thought of the East. Entirely absorbed as we have been in the pursuit of the secret of power, it may be well for us, if we would avoid satiety, to turn at times to a country like India, which has given itself no less entirely to the pursuit of the secret of peace.

"Like an uneasy fool thou wanderest far
Into the nether deeps,
Or upward climbest where the dim-lit star
Of utmost heaven sleeps.

"Through all the world thou rangest, O my soul,
Seeking and wilt not rest;

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Behold, the peace of Brahma, and thy goal,
Hideth in thine own breast."

Our endeavor to penetrate by analysis to the infinitely small may result in mere pedantry and immersion in detail, unless tempered by something of the Oriental's aspiration toward the infinitely large. The West tends more and more to pure activity, just as India, when most herself, has tended toward pure repose. Here again the half truth of the East may serve as a corrective to the half truth of the West, and may bring to pass that activity in repose which some one has defined as the classical ideal. We in America, especially, if we are not to spend ourselves in vain surface agitation, might profitably cultivate some feeling for the "ultimate element of calm." We should thus avoid the reproach of Ruskin, that as a nation we are incapable of rest.

The friend of classical culture will not be deterred from thus commending the thought of India by any fear that we may be led into the opposite excess of quietism. We appear at present to be in no danger of being too much preoccupied by the thought that the kingdom of heaven is within us. The danger is rather that serious attempts to interpret Eastern thought to American readers should fail of due recognition. There is, it is true, no lack of a certain kind of interest in things Oriental; no lack of people ready to listen to some Brahmin, specially imported for the occasion, as he holds forth on the blessedness of dissolving one's self in the divine essence. One is tempted, indeed, to think at times that Orientalism, in order to attract one portion of the American public, requires a dash of charlatanry. How many persons who wax enthusiastic over Buddhism as set forth in the works of Mr. Paul Carus would shrink back if brought into direct contact with a Pali text, repelled by the virtues even more than the faults of their original! Nothing at bottom could run more counter to the gregarious and humanitarian instincts of the present age than that insistence on renunciation and meditation, on the essential loneliness of the human spirit, which is the burden of so many of Mr. More's epigrams.

"Alone each mortal first draws breath,
Alone goes down the way of death;
Alone he tastes the bitter food
Of evil deeds, alone the fruit of good."

The real reason that the Indian point of view is so foreign to us is not far to seek. The main concern for the Hindu, as it was for the mediæval Christian, is the salvation of the individual soul, whereas the interest of the modern man centres more and more in the progress, not of the individual, but of society. Bhartrihari is more akin in spirit to a mediæval saint than to a nineteenth-century philanthropist, as appears in epigrams like the following, which is very nearly literal: —

"O mother earth! O father air! O light
My friend! O kindred water! and thou height
Of skies, my brother! crying unto you,
Crying, I plead adieu.

"Well have I wrought among you, — now the day
Of Wisdom dawning strikes old Errors' sway,
And the light breaks, and the long-waiting soul
Greeteth her blissful goal."

It is translations of this quality which make of Mr. More's little book a contribution to general literature. At the same time, its success, and the success of other work done in the same spirit, will serve as a measure of the legitimate interest taken in this country in the thought of the Far East.

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THE CASE OF THE NEGRO.

All attempts to settle the question of the Negro in the South by his removal from this country have so far failed, and I think that they are likely to fail. The next census will probably show that we have nearly ten million black people in the United States, about eight millions of whom are in the Southern states. In fact, we have almost a nation within a nation. The Negro population in the United States lacks but two millions of being as large as the whole population of Mexico, and is nearly twice as large as that of Canada. Our black people equal in number the combined populations of Switzerland, Greece, Honduras, Nicaragua, Cuba, Uraguay, Santo Domingo, Paraguay, and Costa Rica. When we consider, in connection with these facts, that the race has doubled itself since its freedom, and is still increasing, it hardly seems possible for any one to take seriously any scheme of emigration from America as a method of solution. At most, even if the government were to provide the means, but a few hundred thousand could be transported each year. The yearly increase in population would more than likely overbalance the number transported. Even if it did not, the time required to get rid of the Negro by this method would perhaps be fifty or seventy-five years.

Some have advised that the Negro leave the South, and take up his residence in the Northern states. I question whether this would make him any better off than he is in the South, when all things are considered. It has been my privilege to study the condition of our people in nearly every part of America; and I say without hesitation that, with some exceptional cases, the Negro is at his best in the Southern states. While he enjoys certain privileges in the North that he does not have in the South, when it comes to the matter of securing property, enjoying business advantages and employment, the South presents a far better opportunity than the North. Few colored men from the South are as yet able to stand up against the severe and increasing competition that exists in the North, to say nothing of the unfriendly influence of labor organizations, which in some way prevents black men in the North, as a rule, from securing occupation in the line of skilled labor.

Another point of great danger for the colored man who goes North is the matter of morals, owing to the numerous temptations by which he finds himself surrounded. More ways offer in which he can spend money than in the South, but fewer avenues of employment for earning money are open to him. The fact that at the North the Negro is almost confined to one line of occupation often tends to discourage and demoralize the strongest who go from the South, and makes them an easy prey for temptation. A few years ago, I made an examination into the condition of a settlement of Negroes who left the South and went into Kansas about twenty years since, when there was a good deal of

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excitement in the South concerning emigration from the West, and found it much below the standard of that of similar communities in the South. The only conclusion which any one can reach, from this and like instances, is that the Negroes are to remain in the Southern states. As a race they do not want to leave the South, and the Southern white people do not want them to leave. We must therefore find some basis of settlement that will be constitutional, just, manly; that will be fair to both races in the South and to the whole country. This cannot be done in a day, a year, or any short period of time. We can, however, with the present light, decide upon a reasonably safe method of solving the problem, and turn our strength and effort in that direction. In doing this, I would not have the Negro deprived of any privilege guaranteed to him by the Constitution of the United States. It is not best for the Negro that he relinquish any of his constitutional rights; it is not best for the Southern white man that he should, as I shall attempt to show in this article.

In order that we may concentrate our forces upon a wise object, without loss of time or effort, I want to suggest what seems to me and many others the wisest policy to be pursued. I have reached these conclusions not only by reason of my own observations and experience, but after eighteen years of direct contact with leading and influential colored and white men in most parts of our country. But I wish first to mention some elements of danger in the present situation, which all who desire the permanent welfare of both races in the South should carefully take into account.

First. There is danger that a certain class of impatient extremists among the Negroes in the North, who have little knowledge of the actual conditions in the South, may do the entire race injury by attempting to advise their brethren in the South to resort to armed resistance or the use of the torch, in order to secure justice. All intelligent and well-considered discussion of any important question, or condemnation of any wrong, whether in the North or the South, from the public platform and through the press, is to be commended and encouraged; but ill-considered and incendiary utterances from black men in the North will tend to add to the burdens of our people in the South rather than to relieve them. We must not fall into the temptation of believing that we can raise ourselves by abusing some one else.

Second. Another danger in the South which should be guarded against is that the whole white South, including the wise, conservative, law-abiding element, may find itself represented before the bar of public opinion by the mob or lawless element, which gives expression to its feelings and tendency in a manner that advertises the South throughout the world; while too often those who have no sympathy with such disregard of law are either silent, or fail to speak in a sufficiently emphatic manner to offset in any large degree the unfortunate reputation which the lawless have made for many portions of the South.

Third. No race or people ever got upon its feet without severe and constant struggle, often in the face of the greatest discouragement. While passing through the present trying period of its history, there is danger that a large and valuable element of the Negro race may become discouraged in the effort to better its condition. Every possible influence should be exerted to prevent this.

Fourth. There is a possibility that harm may be done to the South and to the Negro by exaggerated newspaper articles which are written near the scene or in the midst of specially aggravating occurrences. Often these reports are written by newspaper men, who give the impression that there is a race conflict throughout the South, and that all Southern white people are opposed to the Negro's progress; overlooking the fact that

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though in some sections there is trouble, in most parts of the South, if matters are not yet in all respects as we would have them, there is nevertheless a very large measure of peace, good will, and mutual helpfulness. In the same relation, much can be done to retard the progress of the Negro by a certain class of Southern white people, who in the midst of excitement speak or write in a manner that gives the impression that all Negroes are lawless, untrustworthy, and shiftless. For example, a Southern writer said, not long ago, in a communication to the New York Independent: "Even in small towns the husband cannot venture to leave his wife alone for an hour at night. At no time, in no place, is the white woman safe from the insults and assaults of these creatures." These statements, I presume, represented the feelings and the conditions that existed, at the time of the writing, in one community or county in the South; but thousands of Southern white men and women would be ready to testify that this is not the condition throughout the South, nor throughout any Southern state.

Fifth. Owing to the lack of school opportunities for the Negro in the rural districts of the South, there is danger that ignorance and idleness may increase to the extent of giving the Negro race a reputation for crime, and that immorality may eat its way into the fibre of the race so as to retard its progress for many years. In judging the Negro we must not be too harsh. We must remember that it has been only within the last thirty-four years that the black father and mother have had the responsibility, and consequently the experience, of training their own children. That perfection has not been reached in one generation, with the obstacles that the parents have been compelled to overcome, is not to be wondered at.

Sixth. Finally, I would mention my fear that some of the white people of the South may be led to feel that the way to settle the race problem is to repress the aspirations of the Negro by legislation of a kind that confers certain legal or political privileges upon an ignorant and poor white man, and withholds the same privileges from a black man in a similar condition. Such legislation injures and retards the progress of both races. It is an injustice to the poor white man, because it takes from him incentive to secure education and property as prerequisites for voting. He feels that because he is a white man, regardless of his possessions, a way will be found for him to vote. I would label all such measures "laws to keep the poor white man in ignorance and poverty."

The Talladega News Reporter, a Democratic newspaper of Alabama, recently said: "But it is a weak cry when the white man asks odds on intelligence over the Negro. When nature has already so handicapped the African in the race for knowledge, the cry of the boasted Anglo-Saxon for still further odds seems babyish. What wonder that the world looks on in surprise, if not disgust? It cannot help but say, If our contention be true that the Negro is an inferior race, then the odds ought to be on the other side, if any are to be given. And why not? No; the thing to do — the only thing that will stand the test of time — is to do right, exactly right, let come what will. And that right thing, as it seems to us, is to place a fair educational qualification before every citizen, — one that is self-testing, and not dependent on the wishes of weak men, — letting all who pass the test stand in the proud ranks of American voters, whose votes shall be counted as cast, and whose sovereign will shall be maintained as law by all the powers that be. Nothing short of this will do. Every exemption, on whatsoever ground, is an outrage that can only rob some legitimate voter of his rights."

Such laws as have been made, — in Mississippi, for example, — with the "understanding" clause, hold out a tempta-

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tion for the election officer to perjure and degrade himself by too often deciding that the ignorant white man does understand the Constitution when it is read to him, and that the ignorant black man does not. By such a law, the state not only commits a wrong against its black citizens; it injures the morals of its white citizens by conferring such a power upon any white man who may happen to be a judge of elections.

Such laws are hurtful, again, because they keep alive in the heart of the black man the feeling that the white man means to oppress him. The only safe way out is to set a high standard as a test of citizenship, and require blacks and whites alike to come up to it. When this is done, both will have a higher respect for the election laws, and for those who make them. I do not believe that, with his centuries of advantage over the Negro in the opportunity to acquire property and education as prerequisites for voting, the average white man in the South desires that any special law be passed to give him further advantage over one who has had but a little more than thirty years in which to prepare himself for citizenship. In this relation, another point of danger is that the Negro has been made to feel that it is his duty continually to oppose the Southern white man in politics, even in matters where no principle is involved; and that he is only loyal to his own race and acting in a manly way in thus opposing the white man. Such a policy has proved very hurtful to both races. Where it is a matter of principle, where a question of right or wrong is involved, I would advise the Negro to stand by principle at all hazards. A Southern white man has no respect for or confidence in a Negro who acts merely for policy's sake; but there are many cases, and the number is growing, where the Negro has nothing to gain, and much to lose, by opposing the Southern white man in matters that relate to government.

Under the foregoing six heads I believe I have stated some of the main points which, all high-minded white men and black men, North and South, will agree, need our most earnest and thoughtful consideration, if we would hasten, and not hinder, the progress of our country.

Now as to the policy that should be pursued. On this subject I claim to possess no superior wisdom or unusual insight. I may be wrong; I may be in some degree right.

In the future we want to impress upon the Negro, more than we have done in the past, the importance of identifying himself more closely with the interests of the South; of making himself part of the South, and at home in it. Heretofore, for reasons which were natural, and for which no one is especially to blame, the colored people have been too much like a foreign nation residing in the midst of another nation. If William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, or George L. Stearns were alive to-day, I feel sure that he would advise the Negroes to identify their interests as closely as possible with those of their white neighbors, — always understanding that no question of right and wrong is involved. In no other way, it seems to me, can we get a foundation for peace and progress. He who advises against this policy will advise the Negro to do that which no people in history, who have succeeded, have done. The white man, North or South, who advises the Negro against it advises him to do that which he himself has not done. The bed rock upon which every individual rests his chances for success in life is the friendship, the confidence, the respect, of his next-door neighbor in the little community in which he lives. The problem of the Negro in the South turns on whether he can make himself of such indispensable service to his neighbor and the community that no one can fill his place better in the body politic. There is at present no other safe course for the black man to pursue. If the Negro in

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the South has a friend in his white neighbor, and a still larger number of friends in his own community, he has a protection and a guarantee of his rights that will be more potent and more lasting than any our Federal Congress or any outside power can confer.

The London Times, in a recent editorial discussing affairs in the Transvaal, where Englishmen have been denied certain privileges by the Boers, says: "England is too sagacious not to prefer a gradual reform from within, even should it be less rapid than most of us might wish, to the most sweeping redress of grievances imposed from without. Our object is to obtain fair play for the Outlanders, but the best way to do it is to enable them to help themselves." This policy, I think, is equally safe when applied to conditions in the South. The foreigner who comes to America identifies himself as soon as possible, in business, education, and politics, with the community in which he settles. We have a conspicuous example of this in the case of the Jews, who in the South, as well as in other parts of our country, have not always been justly treated; but the Jews have so woven themselves into the business and patriotic interests of the communities in which they live, have made themselves so valuable as citizens, that they have won a place in the South which they could have obtained in no other way. The Negro in Cuba has practically settled the race question there, because he has made himself a part of Cuba in thought and action.

What I have tried to indicate cannot be accomplished by any sudden revolution of methods, but it does seem that the tendency should be more and more in this direction. Let me emphasize this by a practical example. The North sends thousands of dollars into the South every year for the education of the Negro. The teachers in most of the Southern schools supported by the North are Northern men and women of the highest Christian culture and most unselfish devotion. The Negro owes them a debt of gratitude which can never be paid. The various missionary societies in the North have done a work which to a large degree has proved the salvation of the South, and the results of it will appear more in future generations than in this. We have now reached the point, in the South, where, I believe, great good could be accomplished in changing the attitude of the white people toward the Negro, and of the Negro toward the whites, if a few Southern white teachers, of high character, would take an active interest in the work of our higher schools. Can this be done? Yes. The medical school connected with Shaw University at Raleigh, North Carolina, has from the first had as instructors and professors almost exclusively Southern white doctors who reside in Raleigh, and they have given the highest satisfaction. This gives the people of Raleigh the feeling that the school is theirs, and not something located in, but not a part of, the South. In Augusta, Georgia, the Payne Institute, one of the best colleges for our people, is officered and taught almost wholly by Southern white men and women. The Presbyterian Theological School at Tuscaloosa, Alabama, has only Southern white men as instructors. Some time ago, at the Calhoun School in Alabama, one of the leading white men in the county was given an important position; since then the feeling of the white people in the county has greatly changed toward the school.

We must admit the stern fact that at present the Negro, through no choice of his own, is living in the midst of another race, which is far ahead of him in education, property, and experience; and further, that the Negro's present condition makes him dependent upon the white people for most of the things necessary to sustain life, as well as, in a large measure, for his education. In all history, those who have possessed the pro-

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perty and intelligence have exercised the greatest control in government, regardless of color, race, or geographical location. This being the case, how can the black man in the South improve his estate? And does the Southern white man want him to improve it? The latter part of this question I shall attempt to answer later in this article.

The Negro in the South has it within his power, if he properly utilizes the forces at hand, to make of himself such a valuable factor in the life of the South that for the most part he need not seek privileges, but they will be conferred upon him. To bring this about, the Negro must begin at the bottom and lay a sure foundation, and not be lured by any temptation into trying to rise on a false footing. While the Negro is laying this foundation, he will need help and sympathy and justice from the law. Progress by any other method will be but temporary and superficial, and the end of it will be worse than the beginning. American slavery was a great curse to both races, and I should be the last to apologize for it; but in the providence of God I believe that slavery laid the foundation for the solution of the problem that is now before us in the South. Under slavery, the Negro was taught every trade, every industry, that furnishes the means of earning a living. Now if on this foundation, laid in a rather crude way, it is true, but a foundation nevertheless, we can gradually grow and improve, the future for us is bright. Let me be more specific. Agriculture is or has been the basic industry of nearly every race or nation that has succeeded. The Negro got a knowledge of this under slavery: hence in a large measure he is in possession of this industry in the South to-day. Taking the whole South, I should say that eighty per cent of the Negroes live by agriculture in some form, though it is often a very primitive and crude form. The Negro can buy land in the South, as a rule, wherever the white man can buy it, and at very low prices. Now, since the bulk of our people already have a foundation in agriculture, are at their best when living in the country engaged in agricultural pursuits, plainly, the best thing, the logical thing, is to turn the larger part of our strength in a direction that will put the Negroes among the most skilled agricultural people in the world. The man who has learned to do something better than any one else, has learned to do a common thing in an uncommon manner, has power and influence which no adverse surroundings can take from him. It is better to show a man how to make a place for himself than to put him in one that some one else has made for him. The Negro who can make himself so conspicuous as a successful farmer, a large taxpayer, a wise helper of his fellow men, as to be placed in a position of trust and honor by natural selection, whether the position be political or not, is a hundredfold more secure in that position than one placed there by mere outside force or pressure. I know a Negro, Hon. Isaiah T. Montgomery, in Mississippi, who is mayor of a town; it is true that the town is composed almost wholly of Negroes. Mr. Montgomery is mayor of this town because his genius, thrift, and foresight have created it; and he is held and supported in his office by a charter granted by the state of Mississippi, and by the vote and public sentiment of the community in which he lives.

Let us help the Negro by every means possible to acquire such an education in farming, dairying, stock-raising, horticulture, etc., as will place him near the top in these industries, and the race problem will in a large part be settled, or at least stripped of many of its most perplexing elements. This policy would also tend to keep the Negro in the country and smaller towns, where he succeeds best, and stop the influx into the large cities, where he does not succeed so well. The race, like the indi-

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vidual, which produces something of superior worth that has a common human interest, wins a permanent place, and is bound to be recognized.

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At a county fair in the South, not long ago, I saw a Negro awarded the first prize, by a jury of white men, over white competitors, for the production of the best specimen of Indian corn. Every white man at the fair seemed to be proud of the achievement of the Negro, because it was apparent that he had done something that would add to the wealth and comfort of the people of both races in that county. At the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, in Alabama, we have a department devoted to training men along the lines of agriculture that I have named; but what we are doing is small when compared with what should be done in Tuskegee, and at other educational centres. In a material sense the South is still an undeveloped country. While in some other affairs race prejudice is strongly marked, in the matter of business, of commercial and industrial development, there are few obstacles in the Negro's way. A Negro who produces or has for sale something that the community wants finds customers among white people as well as black. Upon equal security, a Negro can borrow money at the bank as readily as a white man can. A bank in Birmingham, Alabama, which has existed ten years, is officered and controlled wholly by Negroes. This bank has white borrowers and white depositors. A graduate of the Tuskegee Institute keeps a well-appointed grocery store in Tuskegee, and he tells me that he sells about as many goods to one race as to the other. What I have said of the opening that awaits the Negro in the business of agriculture is almost equally true of mechanics, manufacturing, and all the domestic arts. The field is before him and right about him. Will he seize upon it? Will he "cast down his bucket where he is"? Will his friends, North and South, encourage him and prepare him to occupy it? Every city in the South, for example, would give support to a first-class architect or housebuilder or contractor of our race. The architect or contractor would not only receive support, but through his example numbers of young colored men would learn such trades as carpentry, brickmasonry, plastering, painting, etc., and the race would be put into a position to hold on to many of the industries which it is now in danger of losing, because in too many cases brain, skill, and dignity are not imparted to the common occupations. Any individual or race that does not fit itself to occupy in the best manner the field or service that is right about it will sooner or later be asked to move on and let another take it.

But I may be asked, Would you confine the Negro to agriculture, mechanics, the domestic arts, etc.? Not at all; but just now and for a number of years the stress should be laid along the lines that I have mentioned. We shall need and must have many teachers and ministers, some doctors and lawyers and statesmen, but these professional men will have a constituency or a foundation from which to draw support just in proportion as the race prospers along the economic lines that I have pointed out. During the first fifty or one hundred years of the life of any people, are not the economic occupations always given the greater attention? This is not only the historic, but, I think, the common-sense view. If this generation will lay the material foundation, it will be the quickest and surest way for enabling later generations to succeed in the cultivation of the fine arts, and to surround themselves with some of the luxuries of life, if desired. What the race most needs now, in my opinion, is a whole army of men and women well trained to lead, and at the same time devote themselves to agriculture, mechanics, domestic employment, and business. As to the mental

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training that these educated leaders should be equipped with, I should say, give them all the mental training and culture that the circumstances of individuals will allow, — the more the better. No race can permanently succeed until its mind is awakened and strengthened by the ripest thought. But I would constantly have it kept in the minds of those who are educated in books that a large proportion of those who are educated should be so trained in hand that they can bring this mental strength and knowledge to bear upon the physical conditions in the South, which I have tried to emphasize.

Frederick Douglass, of sainted memory, once, in addressing his race, used these words: "We are to prove that we can better our own condition. One way to do this is to accumulate property. This may sound to you like a new gospel. You have been accustomed to hear that money is the root of all evil, etc.; on the other hand, property, money, if you please, will purchase for us the only condition by which any people can rise to the dignity of genuine manhood; for without property there can be no leisure, without leisure there can be no thought, without thought there can be no invention, without invention there can be no progress."

The Negro should be taught that material development is not an end, but merely a means to an end. As Professor W. E. B. Du Bois puts it, the idea should not be simply to make men carpenters, but to make carpenters men. The Negro has a highly religious temperament; but what he needs more and more is to be convinced of the importance of weaving his religion and morality into the practical affairs of daily life. Equally does he need to be taught to put so much intelligence into his labor that he will see dignity and beauty in the occupation, and love it for its own sake. The Negro needs to be taught to apply more of the religion that manifests itself in his happiness in prayer meeting to the performance of his daily task. The man who owns a home, and is in the possession of the elements by which he is sure of a daily living, has a great aid to a moral and religious life. What bearing will all this have upon the Negro's place in the South, as a citizen and in the enjoyment of the privileges which our government confers?

To state in detail just what place the black man will occupy in the South as a citizen, when he has developed in the direction named, is beyond the wisdom of any one. Much will depend upon the sense of justice which can be kept alive in the breast of the American people; almost as much will depend upon the good sense of the Negro himself. That question, I confess, does not give me the most concern just now. The important and pressing question is, Will the Negro, with his own help and that of his friends, take advantage of the opportunities that surround him? When he has done this, I believe, speaking of his future in general terms, that he will be treated with justice, be given the protection of the law and the recognition which his usefulness and ability warrant. If, fifty years ago, one had predicted that the Negro would receive the recognition and honor which individuals have already received, he would have been laughed at as an idle dreamer. Time, patience, and constant achievement are great factors in the rise of a race.

I do not believe that the world ever takes a race seriously, in its desire to share in the government of a nation, until a large number of individual members of that race have demonstrated beyond question their ability to control and develop their own business enterprises. Once a number of Negroes rise to the point where they own and operate the most successful farms, are among the largest taxpayers in their county, are moral and intelligent, I do not believe that in many portions of the South such

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men need long be denied the right of saying by their votes how they prefer their property to be taxed, and who are to make and administer the laws.

I was walking the street of a certain town in the South lately in company with the most prominent Negro there. While we were together, the mayor of the town sought out the black man, and said, "Next week we are going to vote on the question of issuing bonds to secure waterworks; you must be sure to vote on the day of election." The mayor did not suggest whether he should vote yes or no; but he knew that the very fact of this Negro's owning nearly a block of the most valuable property in the town was a guarantee that he would cast a safe, wise vote on this important proposition. The white man knew that because of this Negro's property interests he would cast his vote in the way he thought would benefit every white and black citizen in the town, and not be controlled by influences a thousand miles away. But a short time ago I read letters from nearly every prominent white man in Birmingham, Alabama, asking that the Rev. W. R. Pettiford, a Negro, be appointed to a certain important federal office. What is the explanation of this? For nine years Mr. Pettiford has been the president of the Negro bank in Birmingham, to which I have alluded. During these nine years, the white citizens have had the opportunity of seeing that Mr. Pettiford can manage successfully a private business, and that he has proved himself a conservative, thoughtful citizen, and they are willing to trust him in a public office. Such individual examples will have to be multiplied, till they become more nearly the rule than the exception they now are. While we are multiplying these examples, the Negro must keep a strong and courageous heart. He cannot improve his condition by any short-cut course or by artificial methods. Above all, he must not be deluded into believing that his condition can be permanently bettered by a mere battledoor and shuttlecock of words, or by any process of mere mental gymnastics or oratory. What is desired along with a logical defense of his cause are deeds, results, — continued results, in the direction of building himself up, so as to leave no doubt in the mind of any one of his ability to succeed.

An important question often asked is, Does the white man in the South want the Negro to improve his present condition? I say yes. From the Montgomery (Alabama) Daily Advertiser I clip the following in reference to the closing of a colored school in a town in Alabama: —

"EUFAULA, May 25, 1899. The closing exercises of the city colored public school were held at St. Luke's A. M. E. Church last night, and were witnessed by a large gathering, including many whites. The recitations by the pupils were excellent, and the music was also an interesting feature. Rev. R. T. Pollard delivered the address, which was quite an able one, and the certificates were presented by Professor T. L. McCoy, white, of the Sanford Street School. The success of the exercises reflects great credit on Professor S. M. Murphy, the principal, who enjoys a deserved good reputation as a capable and efficient educator."

I quote this report, not because it is the exception, but because such marks of interest in the education of the Negro on the part of the Southern white people may be seen almost every day in the local papers. Why should white people, by their presence, words, and actions, encourage the black man to get education, if they do not desire him to improve his condition?

The Payne Institute, an excellent college, to which I have already referred, is supported almost wholly by the Southern white Methodist church. The Southern white Presbyterians support a theological school for Negroes at Tusca-

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loosa. For a number of years the Southern white Baptists have contributed toward Negro education. Other denominations have done the same. If these people do not want the Negro educated to a higher standard, there is no reason why they should pretend they do.

Though some of the lynchings in the South have indicated a barbarous feeling toward Negroes, Southern white men here and there, as well as newspapers, have spoken out strongly against lynching. I quote from the address of the Rev. Mr. Vance, of Nashville, Tennessee, delivered before the National Sunday School Union, in Atlanta, not long since, as an example: —

"And yet, as I stand here to-night, a Southerner speaking for my section and addressing an audience from all sections, there is one foul blot upon the fair fame of the South, at the bare mention of which the heart turns sick and the cheek is crimsoned with shame. I want to lift my voice to-night in loud and long and indignant protest against the awful horror of mob violence, which the other day reached the climax of its madness and infamy in a deed as black and brutal and barbarous as can be found in the annals of human crime.

"I have a right to speak on the subject, and I propose to be heard. The time has come for every lover of the South to set the might of an angered and resolute manhood against the shame and peril of the lynch demon. These people whose fiendish glee taunts their victim as his flesh crackles in the flames do not represent the South. I have not a syllable of apology for the sickening crime they meant to avenge. But it is high time we were learning that lawlessness is no remedy for crime. For one, I dare to believe that the people of my section are able to cope with crime, however treacherous and defiant, through their courts of justice; and I plead for the masterful sway of a righteous and exalted public sentiment that shall class lynch law in the category with crime."

It is a notable and encouraging fact that no Negro educated in any of our larger institutions of learning in the South has been charged with any of the recent crimes connected with assaults upon women.

If we go on making progress in the directions that I have tried to indicate, more and more the South will be drawn to one course. As I have already said, it is not to the best interests of the white race of the South that the Negro be deprived of any privilege guaranteed him by the Constitution of the United States. This would put upon the South a burden under which no government could stand and prosper. Every article in our Federal Constitution was placed there with a view of stimulating and encouraging the highest type of citizenship. To continue to tax the Negro without giving him the right to vote, as fast as he qualifies himself in education and property for voting, would insure the alienation of the affections of the Negro from the state in which he lives, and would be the reversal of the fundamental principles of government for which our states have stood. In other ways than this the injury would be as great to the white man as to the Negro. Taxation without the hope of becoming voters would take away from one third of the citizens of the Gulf states their interest in government, and a stimulus to become taxpayers or to secure education, and thus be able and willing to bear their share of the cost of education and government, which now rests so heavily upon the white taxpayers of the South. The more the Negro is stimulated and encouraged, the sooner will he be able to bear a larger share of the burdens of the South. We have recently had before us an example, in the case of Spain, of a government that left a large portion of its citizens in ignorance, and neglected their highest interests.

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As I have said elsewhere: "There is no escape, through law of man or God, from the inevitable.

> 'The laws of changeless justice bind
> Oppressor with oppressed;
> And close as sin and suffering joined
> We march to fate abreast.'

Nearly sixteen millions of hands will aid you in pulling the load upwards, or they will pull the load downwards against you. We shall constitute one third and more of the ignorance and crime of the South, or one third of its intelligence and progress; we shall contribute one third to the business and industrial prosperity of the South, or we shall prove a veritable body of death, stagnating, depressing, retarding every effort to advance the body politic."

My own feeling is that the South will gradually reach the point where it will see the wisdom and the justice of enacting an educational or property qualification, or both, for voting, that shall be made to apply honestly to both races. The industrial development of the Negro in connection with education and Christian character will help to hasten this end. When this is done, we shall have a foundation, in my opinion, upon which to build a government that is honest, and that will be in a high degree satisfactory to both races.

I do not suffer myself to take too optimistic a view of the conditions in the South. The problem is a large and serious one, and will require the patient help, sympathy, and advice of our most patriotic citizens, North and South, for years to come. But I believe that if the principles which I have tried to indicate are followed, a solution of the question will come. So long as the Negro is permitted to get education, acquire property, and secure employment, and is treated with respect in the business world, as is now true in the greater part of the South, I shall have the greatest faith in his working out his own destiny in our Southern states. The education and preparation for citizenship of nearly eight millions of people is a tremendous task, and every lover of humanity should count it a privilege to help in the solution of a problem for which our whole country is responsible.

Booker T. Washington.

A LESSON FROM THE MALAY STATES.

WHATEVER the future may hold, it is certain that in the present America is called upon to make many and heavy sacrifices as an immediate consequence of her victory over Spain. Not only must she now, perforce, abandon the position of magnificent aloofness which she has held so long; not only must she step down into the arena in which other white races have struggled and striven with such varied success, there to strain her thews and sinews in the effort to rule her distant and undesirable dependency; but she must also consent to make many concessions against which her national pride will inevitably rise in revolt. Not the least of these, perhaps, will be found in the necessity under which she must labor of sitting at the feet of older nations, to learn from them and from their hard-won experience the rudiments of her new trade. The task upon which she is now embarking is one which she has never contemplated; for which she is in no wise fitted by training, by inclination, or by tradition. The sensitive brown folk whom she is suddenly called upon to rule have nothing in common with her own sturdy people. The latter press forward with restless energy

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in the van of the dying century; the former lag lazily at the tail of the Middle Ages. The Americans are democratic by instinct and by education; the Filipinos, like all Malayan races, are intensely aristocratic. The Americans love progress, and the change which means improvement and advance; the natives of the Philippines are conservative to the backbone. It would be difficult to find two peoples more entirely dissimilar in character, in opinions, in ambitions and aspirations, than are the Filipinos and the race by which they are now to be ruled. Yet it is by sympathy, and by a thorough understanding of the native point of view alone, that an Oriental race can be successfully governed, and this is part of the hard lesson which Americans who may be concerned in the administration of the Philippines must set themselves to learn.

In the first place, then, the people of the United States, who have hitherto regarded such matters as lacking both interest and importance, must turn their attention to the records of the work performed in Asia by other white races, and must make a careful study of the methods which have produced the most satisfactory results. This, at the best, will be experienced only at second hand, but in the absence of anything better it will probably be useful. The English and the Dutch civil servant, who is sent out to the East at an early age, has the advantage of receiving from those under whom he serves some portion of the inherited tradition of the manner in which the Oriental can be most successfully ruled, which has been transmitted from generation to generation by those of his race who have labored in Asia before him. He holds no responsible position until he has been some years in the land of his adoption, and during that time he has had many opportunities of acquiring a practical working knowledge of the character of the natives, and of the means best calculated to give good results. At the age of thirty he is two hundred years old. Behind him is the accumulated experience of his race. His official forbears have blundered through small beginnings, until, by slow degrees, an empire has been won. Almost every mistake that is possible has at one time or another been made by them, though at a period when things were on a scale so small that they mattered little, and the modern civil servant thus knows what to avoid. It is due to those who have gone before him, not to himself personally, that now, when each false step would be a disaster, he blunders less seriously, less frequently, than they were wont to do.

Lacking such continuity of experience and tradition, the American administrators of the Philippines will labor under great disadvantages. Not only will they miss the knowledge of the people and the country, which is in itself well-nigh essential, but they will be forced to assume posts of the first importance without having received any previous training for the work, without the aid of any men grown old in Eastern lore to guide them in their difficulties, without any records in their past history to serve as signposts on their perilous way. The sterling common sense of the Anglo-Saxon will doubtless stand them in good stead. The extreme cool-headedness for which Americans are remarkable will save them from making many mistakes into which a more excitable race might be betrayed; but where error of a serious nature is so fatally easy, it is hardly possible that men thus heavily handicapped by circumstances should avoid the perpetration of blunders which may well prove disastrous.

In seeking for an analogy by means of which the Americans may to some extent be guided in their administration of the Philippines, the records of the British in the Federated States of the Malay Peninsula, and of the Dutch in Acheen, most readily occur to the mind. With the work performed by the British in In-

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dia we need not concern ourselves. The conditions and the peoples are both unlike those with which the Americans in the Philippines will have to deal. In the beginning, the conquest of the vast peninsula was neither contemplated nor foreseen. The Indian empire built itself up gradually, fortuitously, almost imperceptibly, and its history, marvelous and soul-stirring though it be, offers no analogy to the problem in the Philippines. The conquest of Burma is in some ways more analogous to the work which lies before the Americans; but the Mongolian race with whom the British there had to deal is wholly unlike the Malayan peoples who inhabit the newly acquired archipelago. In the Malay Peninsula and in Acheen, however, the British and the Dutch, respectively, have had to find solutions for problems very similar to those which now present themselves to the Americans. The two nations have adopted different means to the same end, and in the policy of the English the best road to success may perhaps be found, while in the weary little war which the Dutch have protracted with such miserable results for more than twenty-five years may be seen an awful warning, which he who runs may read.

Before turning our attention to a more minute examination of the system employed by the British in the Malay states, it may be instructive to glance at the recent history of Acheen, to see how far it illustrates points of importance to American statesmen concerned in the administration of the Philippine archipelago.

In 1819, at a time when the British still held certain colonies in Sumatra, a treaty with Acheen was executed, whereby all Europeans were excluded from making the latter country the place of their permanent residence. In 1824 the British colonies on the shores of Sumatra were ceded to the Dutch in exchange for certain advantages; but in the agreement no mention was made of Acheen, though it was understood by the two contracting parties that England abandoned her right to protect that state, while Holland stood pledged not to interfere with its independence. The position created was somewhat anomalous, and in 1871 a further treaty with the Netherlands relieved Great Britain of all remaining responsibility with regard to the Sumatran kingdom. The conduct of the governor of the Straits Settlements, who was mainly responsible for this abandonment, has been often and sharply criticised, but this is a matter with which we are not now concerned.

The immediate result of his action was that war was declared upon Acheen by the Dutch before eighteen months had elapsed, and an armed force landed on the coast in April, 1873. Thus began the Acheenese war, which at the present time of writing is still dragging along, with no more prospect of a final issue than existed twenty-five years ago. The country is ill suited to the operations of troops trained and disciplined on European lines. In the interior it is exceedingly mountainous. The interminable forest, tangled with creepers and underwood, covers most of the country, affording refuge for the enemy, and enabling them to draw the Dutch soldiers into frequent ambushes, where they may be stricken down without even having the satisfaction of catching a glimpse of their foes. No blockade of the coast has been successful in cutting off supplies of arms and ammunition, although the British government has done its best to aid by prohibiting export from its possessions; nor will any such attempt ever prove effective so long as the seas of Asia continue to be thronged by hundreds of disreputable little craft, owned by men of all nationalities and colors, and manned by folk who love heavy profits and a spice of danger and excitement. Of food the Acheenese will always have a sufficiency. Their country is fertile, and they can grow their crops with little labor in

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the valleys and on the hillsides of the mountainous interior, where they are safe from the Dutch. The people, who thoroughly realize the nature of their advantages, are firmly set in their determination to carry on the struggle to the bitter end; and since poor and simple, gentle and wealthy, alike, have grown up to regard the Hollanders as their hereditary enemies, the disastrous war may well prove to be practically interminable.

Meanwhile, it is not only with the Acheenese that the Dutch have had to contend. The mortality among their troops has often been terrible. Fever, dysentery, beriberi, — that most dreaded form of tropical dropsy, — have all claimed their victims, and even the native soldiers whom the Dutch have been able to put into the field have suffered severely. During the first decade of the war, if rumor speak truly, peculation was rife, and enormous sums were realized by contractors and underlings. Latterly, more supervision and stricter economy have done something to reduce the expenses of the campaign; but the Acheenese war continues to be a constant and heavy drain upon the revenue of the Dutch colonies, which now has to be supplemented from the income of the mother country, instead of contributing to it, as it formerly did.

Lives of men and money in profusion have been devoted to the war, and what has Holland gained, after so many years of strife? A certain influence in the districts lying immediately upon the seaboard; a few forts, held in an enemy's country by garrisons in a constant state of siege; the hatred of the natives of the land, upon whom she has brought unspeakable sufferings, and for whose good she has not been able to effect anything; and a serious loss of prestige throughout all her Asiatic possessions. This is, in truth, a deplorable result to have attained after a struggle which has lasted more than twenty-five years, and there is small room for wonder if the Dutch nation as a whole, and more especially those responsible for the administration of the Netherland Indies, are heartily sick of Acheen and all connected therewith. But it is now too late to withdraw from the policy of conquest by force of arms to which the nation is committed, and therefore the war, hateful and detestable though it be, must still be carried on. Any change of tactics now would be likely to endanger the power of Holland in the East.

The theory upon which the Dutch have worked, that the colonies should contribute to the support of the mother country, has resulted in a system of taxation which cannot but be regarded as oppressive, if it be compared with that in force in any civilized state in Europe or in the British dominions in the East. The natives of the Malay Peninsula and Archipelago were less heavily taxed, even under native rule, than the Malay population in the Dutch colonies. This is the principal reason for the lack of popularity which the Netherlands government has eternally to face; for Malays love money dearly. There are other causes, sufficiently serious in themselves, which need not be further alluded to in this place. That the government recognizes the fact, however, is proved by the excessive precautions against native risings which are taken by the authorities in Batavia, and in all the large centres of the Dutch colonies. With the danger forever before their eyes of fanning these smouldering embers of discontent into a flame, Dutch statesmen dare not discontinue the war with Acheen; and so the troublous affair drags on and on, unending, but inevitable.

The conclusions to be drawn from the above facts can be more fittingly dealt with in a later paragraph of this article. I will therefore now turn to the Malay states of the peninsula, and will relate as concisely as I am able the history of the British connection with them; making a rough examination of the system

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which has been adopted, and the results thereby attained.

In the very early days of "Old John Company," at a time when the conquest of India was as yet undreamed of and the Eastern trade was still in its infancy, the emissaries of the London merchants had for their principal field of activity the islands of the Malay Archipelago. In the reign of James I. of England trade with many native states in Borneo, Java, and Sumatra was in full swing. On the shores of the Malay Peninsula itself a factory was established, in the kingdom of Patâni, in 1612, and was maintained for a period of ten years. Later, when a firm hold had been obtained upon the peninsula of Hindustan, it was from Calcutta that the initiative was taken which had for its result the foundation of the colony now known as the Straits Settlements. In 1786, Captain Light, an officer in the employment of the Indian government, procured the cession of the island of Penang from the sultan of Kĕda. Nine years later, the town and territory of Malacca, situated on the mainland of the peninsula halfway down the straits which bear their name, were wrested from the Dutch by an expedition fitted out from Calcutta. In 1819 Sir Stamford Raffles acquired for the Indian government the cession of the island of Singapore from the then sultan of Jôhore. Having so obtained these possessions, the East India Company continued to administer them, as outlying flanges of its growing empire, until that great corporation passed out of existence, and the Straits Settlements did not become a crown colony until 1867. During the whole of this period, and for seven years later, the administrators who had the straits in their charge did not attempt to gain a foothold upon the shores of the peninsula other than such as was afforded by the little territories of Malacca, and the district known as Province Wellesley opposite to the island of Penang. The various native states of the Malay Peninsula were suffered to manage, or mismanage, their own affairs in the fashion which most commended itself to them. The despotic rule of the native râjas and chiefs remained as entirely unchecked as in the days before the coming of Magellan; the cruelties and barbarities, which in the peninsula are inseparable from native government, were perpetrated as of old; the pirate craft which infested the mangrove-covered coast committed their depredations almost without let or hindrance; ancient abuses flourished exceedingly; the peasants were ground down and deprived of the barest rights of human beings, and no one conceived it to be his duty to come to their assistance; even British subjects who were so foolhardy as to risk their lives by traveling in the interior did so at their own risk, and the authorities of the colony did not greatly concern themselves. So matters went on until 1874, when the government of the Straits Settlements, which was just beginning to feel its feet as a separate entity after its emancipation from the control of the Calcutta executive, bethought it that the time had come for setting the houses of those who dwelt in such close proximity to itself in something resembling order.

At this time civil wars were raging in the native states of the peninsula, on the western seaboard. In Pêrak, a pretender, who had fraudulently obtained possession of the regalia, was striving for the throne with the legitimate ruler of the land. In Sĕlângor a sultan lived who recognized that his own best chance of safety lay in permitting the hot-blooded youngsters of his house to fight with one another unchecked. To this end, he supplied all parties indifferently with arms and ammunition when they asked for help, gave to each applicant an informal authority, and sat by complacently as a spectator of a quarrel of so many Kilkenny cats. In each state the

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struggle was further complicated by the presence of a fairly large population of Chinese miners banded into secret societies, which were largely controlled by capitalists of their own nationality, residing in the colony of the Straits Settlements. The possession of the richest stanniferous land was the prize of victory, and the Malay chiefs, divided among themselves, were quite unable to cope with the Chinese factions. Anarchy, complete as it can be only in Asia, barbarous cruelties, warfare and bloodshed, scarcity and misery, — such were the things which held undisputed possession of the Malayan states when the British government first began to interest itself in their affairs.

The legitimate ruler of Pêrak applied at last, in despair, to the governor of the Straits Settlements, for assistance against his enemies and in the administration of his troubled country. A treaty was signed; the sultan bound himself to be guided by his European adviser, and the first British Resident was appointed to live in Pêrak. Almost simultaneously a Resident was sent to reside in Sĕlângor. These men were unsupported by even a show of force. They had no settled place of abode, and their duty, for the most part, was to learn all that could be ascertained about the little-known states, and to lead the people and their rulers into better ways. It was heart-breaking work, of course. The Malays regarded them with dislike and with suspicion, for they represented the horror of the unknown. The worst that might be looked for from their own chiefs was a matter of which the Malay peasants had a very full knowledge; the evil that the white men might work upon them, on the other hand, was something of which they could form no estimate. Therefore, the bulk of the population eyed the coming of the white men with the utmost disfavor and fear. The chiefs themselves, who saw in the advent of the strangers a danger which must threaten alike their authority and their privileges, hated the European officers quite sincerely, and did all in their power to thwart them.

Our experience of Malays was of the slightest description at that time. The principal Resident did not even know the language. Like the Americans in the Philippines to-day, the English were playing a game which was new to them, the veriest rudiments of which they had yet to learn. As a consequence, though in a new country it is perhaps inevitable that one or more men should die for the people, Mr. J. W. W. Birch, the first Resident of Pêrak, was brutally murdered in November, 1875. A military expedition was dispatched to avenge his death, and the main rivers, the principal highways of the country, were occupied by troops. No attempt was made, however, to conquer the land by force of arms. The thickly wooded country made military operations impossible, and the only engagements fought were in the last degree inglorious. Had an effort been made to reduce the state by overrunning it with troops, it is probable that the war would have been as bitter and as unsuccessful as that in Acheen. Instead, the English political officials did all in their power to convince the people that the occupation would last only so long as they by their own actions rendered it necessary; that Mr. Birch's murderers must be delivered up to justice; that those who had organized the assassination must be punished; and that, for the rest, there was no desire to tamper with the liberties of the natives. The Malays were impressed by the show of force, doubtless, for such things commend themselves to the imagination of Orientals; but the principal advantage which was gained by the occupation is to be looked for in the fact that, through better acquaintance with our methods and with the character of our officers, the natives learned that their fear of us had been groundless, and that by our aid the meanest members of the community might obtain a measure

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of justice and liberty such as they had never enjoyed under their own râjas and chiefs. With the peasantry thus won over to our side, the native rulers no longer caused us any serious difficulty. The power of a chief lies in the number of his adherents; when this has shrunk to insignificance, he continues to exist merely as a discontented person who is impotent for harm.

Sĕlângor did not need to be reduced to order by means of a military expedition. The example of Pêrak proved to be sufficient. In Sûngei Ûjong and the Nĕgri Sembilan, the little states round the territory of Malacca, troops were required before our grip upon the natives had become so firm that the aid of military force could be safely dispensed with; and in Pahang, the last acquired of the native states, no army of occupation was ever needed, though the police forces of Pêrak and Sĕlângor were used in 1892 to quell disturbances which had their rise in the discontent of certain native chiefs.

The troops withdrawn, the real labor of setting the troubled lands in order was begun. The Resident appointed to each state was furnished with a number of European officers. The country was divided up into districts, each with a white man in charge. Men who had experience of the Chinese and could speak their language were set to rule that portion of the population. The mining lands were leased to those who had the ability to work them, and private enterprises of all kinds were encouraged to the utmost. At first the greatest caution had to be employed, coupled with the most untiring patience. It was vastly important that things should not be hurried unduly, that the natives should not be terrified by unnecessary innovations, that the old landmarks to which they clung should be respected, that ancient customs should be adhered to when possible, that on all occasions the greatest tact should be exercised, that native susceptibilities should never be wantonly wounded. It was recognized that our power lay in the good will of the bulk of the people; that the only justification for our presence among them lay in our ability to make them freer, happier, and more prosperous than in the days before our coming. Crime of a serious description was punished with rigor, but with justice, for the Malay respects firmness in his rulers; the ill deeds of the chiefs, which had the peasantry for their victims, were ruthlessly repressed, yet the commoners were made to treat the fallen despots with the ceremony required by custom, and any failure in this respect was treated as an offense. At first, of necessity, many things which were opposed to European ideas of the eternal fitness were suffered to continue. The white men who ruled the land were alone among aliens, and their ability to administer the country was due solely to their personal influence. To maintain this, they were bound to act in a manner which often harmonized more nearly with native than with European notions; but little by little, as their grip grew surer, they led the people out of the darkness into the light.

Meanwhile, in more material things they adopted a most energetic policy. The country, when they entered it, was one huge forest, threaded here and there by footpaths, cleft in twain by great shallow rivers, but for the rest trackless and impenetrable. Villages which did not lie upon the banks of the same river, though separated from one another by only a few miles of jungle, were so remote that it was a journey of several days' duration to pass from one to the other. Vast tracts of stanniferous land were rendered inaccessible through lack of facilities for transport. The natural wealth of the country was thus hermetically sealed. To develop the resources of the states, and at the same time, by increasing the means of communication, to facilitate the work of administration,

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large sums were devoted to the construction of roads. At first the native states could not produce sufficient revenue to defray the cost of such works; but the colony lent money freely, and later Pêrak aided Sĕlângor with funds, just as at present Sĕlângor is financing Pahang. The sums thus expended were well and wisely spent. The country was opened up in every direction, markets for their produce were brought to the very doors of the peasants, the wealth and prosperity of every section of the population were enormously increased, the revenue rose by leaps and bounds, and the success of the administration was assured.

But perhaps the most interesting and instructive feature of the work effected among the Malays of the native states by British officers is the part which, under their guidance, has been played in the administration of these countries by the natives themselves. Formerly, a Malay chief regarded his position merely as "a vantage ground for pleasure," and his people as folk of no account, whom Providence had thoughtfully bestowed upon him for the satisfaction of his desires. He had no sense of responsibility; duty was to him a thing unknown. He had never been taught to recognize any obligation to the country or to the people over whom he ruled. Before him the commoners and peasantry were as driven cattle, and as beasts of burden he treated them. Thousands of years, during which their forbears had exercised the privileges of undisputed authority, had given to the dominant classes of the Malays no higher conception of their *raison d'être* than this; had brought upon them all the evils consequent on complete self-indulgence; and had not even developed in them the manly qualities which come to those who are marked out by instinct, not merely by birth, as the rulers of their fellows. Then the white men came. The chiefs watched these strangers laboring, with small regard for their own comfort, in an uncongenial climate, and wearing out bodies and souls alike for the betterment of those around them.

At first they wondered blankly at the eccentric actions of the Europeans; speculated wildly as to their motives; tried to discover what personal ambition, what love of greed or gain, they might be seeking to satisfy at the cost of so much unremitting toil. Then, gradually and by slow degrees, the conviction was forced upon their minds that there was some driving power at the back of these men, some force or principle to which they themselves had hitherto been strangers. Later still they made the discovery that this was a sense of duty, duty toward the state and the alien people whom the white men had come so far to serve, coupled with a keen interest in the work which they were performing and a love of labor for its own sake. The idea was so foreign to the indolent native temperament that for a long time it could not be thoroughly grasped; but little by little the example of the strangers was found to be contagious, and the better class of Malayan chiefs learned to assimilate something of the altruistic spirit which they recognized as dominating their European teachers. They met with ready encouragement; and so it has come to pass that, at the present time of writing, the detailed work of administration throughout British Malaya is largely performed by the natives of the peninsula. On the bench, in the custom houses, in every village throughout the land, Malays, trained by Europeans to deal justly by the people, are to be found working for the good of the state in a fashion which would have been incomprehensible to their fathers a short generation ago; and the number of capable native officers who are annually produced by our system of administration is ever on the increase. The Malayan states are even now only under the "protection" of Great Britain. They do not form an integral part of the em-

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pire, and the sultans and chiefs have therefore a full right to exercise authority in the government of their countries. That, aided by their white advisers, they use this right wisely and well is not the least remarkable feature in the British record in Malaya.

One word as to the European officers themselves. The most responsible posts were filled almost from the first by men of a deep and wide experience in the management of natives, but the subordinate officers were nominated by the Colonial Office in London and by the governors of the Straits Settlements. In many cases they were men who had received no special training for the work which they were to perform, but they received an education in Eastern lore from the older men under whom they served. They were selected from the class which we, in our archaic European phraseology, term "gentlemen;" they possessed the refinement, the good manners, and the care for the susceptibilities of others which make men tactful, and in dealing with Orientals, the most sensitive of human beings, are worth all the 'ologies; and physically they were generally sound specimens of their race. Moreover, in those very early days there were few amusements or distractions of any kind to tempt them from their work. They lived almost alone among a native population, and they made a study of the people their principal aim and recreation. They were thoroughly in touch with the folk over whom they ruled, and this gave them a surprising influence. Also, they caught the enthusiasm for the work which distinguished their superiors in the service, and they lived for the state, — men with a single idea, whose hobby it was to manage the country in a manner which satisfied their high ideals. Now that the whole face of the land has undergone alteration, the men have to some extent changed with it. European society has grown up about them; race courses and cricket fields occupy much of the time which of old was devoted to toil; men think themselves ill used if they are kept for long in the solitude of out-stations; and the cadets, recruited by competitive examination, are content to learn only so much of the language of the natives as will enable them to satisfy the by no means searching tests to which they are subjected. But the most difficult part of the work has already been accomplished; many of the original crew are still at hand to man the ship; and for the time, at any rate, the prosperity of the Malay states is so well assured that nothing can do it any very serious injury.

Meanwhile, under British protection the Malay Peninsula has emerged from its former obscurity, and has begun to play a part not insignificant in the world to which it belongs. For the last ten years it has produced from fifty to seventy-five per cent of the tin of the globe, its output exceeding largely that of Australia, South America, Cornwall, and all other tin-yielding countries put together. The revenue of the existing federation has risen in five-and-twenty years from a few hundred thousand to over seven million silver dollars. Out of current receipts, roads, which intersect the states from end to end, have been constructed. Over two hundred miles of railway are open to traffic, and an elaborate system, joining Penang to Malacca, is in course of completion. Planting and other private enterprises have been stimulated; the material well-being of the natives has been enormously improved; and the once lawless land has been made as peaceful and as secure as are the best ordered countries of Europe. This has attracted large numbers of Chinese, the most orderly, hard-working, money-loving, and thrifty natives in the East, and by them has been performed the heavy labor of a kind which the indolent, ease-seeking Malays could never have accomplished. Some Chinese came to the Malay states before

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ever white men set foot on the peninsula; but as a race they love best a land where they can make money undisturbed by risk of war and robbery, and this they find in modern Malaya, ruled by a strong government under European control. Without the aid of the white men the present condition of affairs could never have been arrived at; and this fact, which justifies our presence in the Malay states, is one of which Englishmen may well be proud.

In the space of an article such as this, it is impossible to give more than an outline sketch of the work which has been accomplished, and the methods which the British have adopted for the attainment of their ends; and the only interest which these things can have for American readers must be sought in the analogy between the Malay states and the Philippines. This is to be sought chiefly in the fact that the natives of the newly acquired archipelago are, with a few exceptions, of the Malayan race.

As in the peninsula and other parts of Asia, the aboriginal natives of the Philippines are negrits, — little curly-haired, soot-colored creatures, like African negroes seen through the reverse end of a field glass. They are not very numerous, and are too profoundly ignorant and uncivilized to be in any way formidable. The prevailing native tribes, called Igorrotes by the Spaniards, are probably the descendants of the next race wave which passed over the islands. They belong to the Mon-Annam stock, and resemble the Sâkai hill tribes of the peninsula in their physical characteristics, though they have attained to a higher degree of civilization. Last to arrive were the people of the Malayan family, who, though now divided into some fifty different tribes, are scattered up and down the fifteen hundred islands which compose the Philippine archipelago.

Asia is so vast a continent that the maps which most of us are accustomed to see give but a faint idea of the extent of the countries composing and adjoining it. Thus, as shown on the chart, the Philippines appear to be an insignificant group, whereas their most northerly extremity is as distant from the southern islands of Sûlu as is the north of Scotland from the toe of Italy. The work of administering such an extensive area will necessarily be difficult; and if the opposition made be of a serious nature, it will be almost hopeless to attempt to subdue it by force of arms, unless the people of the United States are prepared to make sacrifices of a kind which no nation can pretend to regard with equanimity. Lying as they do in the womb of the tropics, the islands have a climate which is not well suited to white troops. The seasons of the year may, speaking broadly, be said to be three in number: the cold season, from November to March; the hot season, from April to June; and the wet season, from July to October. The name which I have given to the first of these divisions is somewhat misleading, for in the Philippines it is never really cold. The distinction between the seasons in the islands is much like that made by Mark Twain in writing of the weather in Calcutta: the hot season is that which will melt a brass doorknob; the cold season will only make it mushy. The wet season, however, lives up to its reputation. The rain falls in torrents, day after day, night after night; the rivers and lagoons rise in angry spate, flooding the surrounding country for miles; the heavy malarious mists curl upwards and hang over the steaming land; everything is clammy to the touch, miserable and oppressive. The country is in places very mountainous. It is covered, as is the Malay Peninsula, with interminable forests, affording excellent cover to those engaged in carrying on a guerrilla warfare, and most hampering and heartbreaking for white soldiery. In the lowlands the floods will enforce a cessation of hostilities for several months in

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each year, and the truce will give the enemy time in which to make ready for a fresh effort. The geographical features of the islands are of a kind which will render the maintenance of a blockade well-nigh impossible, and the natives will therefore have little difficulty in obtaining all the warlike stores of which they will stand in need. The Americans will find that they have opposed to them all the obstacles which have proved so effectual in defeating the Dutch in Acheen, but always on a much vaster scale. They will have no brown troops to put into the field, such as the British employed largely in the Malay states, and the Dutch summon to their aid in Sumatra; their base is many thousand weary miles away; they have no intimate acquaintance with the country or the people; and if they continue to act in a manner calculated to inspire universal hostility, they will in the end be forced to conquer the group, island by island, a work which may well occupy them for the greater part of the coming century.

Some months ago I had a long talk with the sultan of the Sûlu Islands, and learned his view of the position of the Spaniards with regard to his territories. He laughed at any pretensions they might make that the land was a Spanish possession, and pointed out that they had never attempted to win a surer foothold on the islands than was afforded them by the land ceded for the erection of their forts. With the internal administration of the group, he declared, they had neither the right nor the power to interfere, and further inquiries on the subject bear out the sultan's contention. A closer examination will also show us that in many of the outlying portions of the archipelago the white men's control was purely nominal. It must be remembered that the position of the Spaniards in the Philippines was won, in the beginning, not by the sword, but by the Spanish priesthood, — devoted men who penetrated into the unknown wilderness, converting the natives from paganism to Christianity, and lifting them from a barbarism which was almost savagery to a degree of civilization greater than that enjoyed by Malays of any other land.

Whatever the complaints which the natives may now prefer against the Spanish clergy, the fact can never be forgotten that it is to these men they owe their education, and all that makes up their present mental and moral acquirements; and it is only natural that these missionaries, who in the past had exerted so great an influence upon the people, should cling to the power which they had won for themselves long after their good offices had grown useless to the executive. Thus, the priestly element in the government of the Philippines preponderated under Spanish dominion, and the class of men who were sent out from Spain to fill civil posts were little suited to the task. The cadets of the best families could not be tempted into exile; the sons of tradesmen and of the *bourgeoisie* filled the gap; and the only men of gentle blood and intellectual attainments in the islands were the priests. The administration was hopelessly behind the times; the policy of taxation was clumsy, old-fashioned, and oppressive; the government fell into disrepute with the natives, and the priests, who had become so closely identified with the temporal power, shared in its unpopularity. Rapidly the discontent, fermented by the obvious inefficiency of the executive, spread and deepened; eventually the collection of revenue became the only task which the administration even attempted to perform; the Spanish control exercised by incompetent officials waxed weaker and weaker; and now, when the rotten system has suddenly crumbled away into dust, the Americans find themselves in nominal possession of the islands which their predecessors were not in a position to hand over to them, and with no sure foundations established by the

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former rulers upon which they themselves may begin to build.

A consideration of the foregoing facts points clearly to two very definite conclusions. Every nerve should be strained by the United States to avoid the adoption of a policy of unnecessary aggression, and she should endeavor as far as possible to administer the Philippines with the aid of the natives themselves. "Now is the accepted time." Later, steps may have been taken and a spirit of antagonism awakened which will render withdrawal from a policy of military coercion a practical impossibility; yet if once she become committed to such a course, the United States can look only for results which are likely to prove both humiliating and disastrous. If, on the other hand, her statesmen decide to act somewhat on the lines followed by the British in the Malay states, her hold upon her new possessions, if she be content to go forward slowly, but surely, will eventually be firmly secured, "broad-based upon a people's will."

In order to attach the natives to herself, she must begin by convincing them that her motives in coming among them are entirely altruistic, that she seeks nothing but the improvement of their lot, and that she has no desire to exclude them from the administration of their country. To do this, she must for a time allow more power to be vested in the native officials than may theoretically be advisable. She should bear in mind the aphorism, "It is ill to hustle the East," and she should make up her mind to move very patiently and deliberately. Her officers should be sprinkled about the islands, to learn all that can be known concerning them, to make themselves acquainted with the people, and gradually to obtain an influence over them. The *gobernadorcillos*, the men who, under Spanish rule, were the heads of the village communes, are mostly natives of the islands. To begin with, these men should be intrusted with the administration of their people and their parishes; the American political agents contenting themselves with giving such advice as may be necessary from time to time, and interfering only to prevent injustice of a gross description. Very soon the force of character of the white men will make itself felt; the natives will learn where to look for help in their distresses, and for the justice which is incorruptible. When this system has been in force for a period of years, if it be deemed advisable to assume a more complete control of the archipelago, the American officers will find that they have the support and the good will of the bulk of the population behind them, and the change will be effected almost without difficulty. This, in the opinion of those who best know the nature of a Malayan race, will be at once the safest, the surest, and the easiest manner in which the Philippines may be subjected.

To carry out a policy such as this, America must select men of a stamp similar to that of the officers who did the early work among the Malays of the peninsula. They must be men of refinement and education, physically fit to stand the strain of a very trying life spent in a tropical climate, and they must devote themselves to the task allotted to them with enthusiasm and with sympathy. For them there will be no applause of the populace, no short cut to wealth, no reward of any kind save the power to perform quietly and obscurely a noble work for the benefit of a race which has no natural claim upon their services. England has found many of her sons ready to bind themselves to a permanent exile for no higher guerdon. It is for the people of the United States to say whether men of the required stamp will be prepared to make a similar sacrifice on behalf of their country.

I have not left myself space in this article to enter upon such matters as the necessity, to which Americans must become reconciled, for the establishment of

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a permanent civil service for the management of her colonies, the best tests by which the number of candidates for service in Asia may most fittingly be selected, and many other points bearing upon the question at issue, all of which are worthy of careful consideration. At almost every step America will be called upon to surrender some preconceived idea, some national prejudice, some cherished tradition of her people. In the East she will be dealing with men of an inferior race, and her theories of human equality must be abandoned. The natives under her control will decline to disregard the real distinction between class and class which, despite all disclaimers, exists in the United States as rigidly as in Europe. In other words, only men who have the manners, the refinement, and the education of gentlemen will have any chance of success in administering this Eastern colony, and the United States must either resign herself to failure, or allow the civil service devoted to the East to be drawn from what can only be termed the aristocracy of the land. France, Germany, and Spain have tried to work with materials of a coarser type, and their example is not encouraging. In this lies yet another lesson which the ancient and eternal East will teach the youngest of the white races.

The encouragement of Chinese immigration is viewed by a large number of Americans with superstitious horror, and the arguments against it, where these rice-eaters compete with white laborers, as in Australia and the Western states of the Union, are sound. In the Philippines, however, where the native population is composed of indolent brown folk, the yellow man will be the best tool that the executive can lay their hands on for the rapid development of the islands. It is a commonplace in the Malay states that without the aid of Chinese capitalists and of Chinese labor the white men, no matter how great their energy, would have effected little. The same will be found to apply to the new American possession; and if they be managed with skill and firmness by men who understand their character, the Chinese make as useful and as peaceable citizens as any government can well desire. The United States will have no difficulty in procuring the services of men who know the Chinese intimately in their own country, and no American prejudice should be suffered to interfere with the work of introducing as large a number of Chinamen into the archipelago as can be induced to immigrate.

Another point upon which the administrators of the Philippines will find it necessary to act with caution is that of the religious beliefs of the people. The majority of the natives of the islands are Roman Catholics; and though they have had occasion to complain of the action of their priests with reference to interference in temporal affairs, and though they retain many of their pagan superstitions, they will resent keenly any attempt to tamper with their faith. The Muhammadans of the Sûlu group will regard their religion no less jealously; and the Americans should make it clear from the first that they intend to respect the convictions of their new subjects, and will take no part in aiding missionaries who desire to effect their conversion to other creeds.

As one who desires whole-heartedly to see the American nation succeed in Asia in a degree as signal as that of the other section of the Anglo-Saxon race, I wish the people of the United States three things: a speedy abandonment of the present policy of armed aggression; the selection of a band of men who possess the *instinct* for the rule of a brown people; and a reliance upon the moral influence of the higher over the lower breed instead of mere brute force. By that path, and by no other, lies the highroad to success.

Hugh Clifford.

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CAN NEW OPENINGS BE FOUND FOR CAPITAL?

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THE question which is forcing itself home upon every civilized people to-day is, where openings are to be found in the future for the productive investment of their saved capital. For a score of years there has been a tendency toward higher prices for first-class securities, and a diminishing return upon investments. Only within the past year have higher discount rates appeared in Germany and other Continental countries, raising the hope that new fields for investment were absorbing a part of surplus capital. The vital question was discussed with much learning at the January meeting of the Society of Political Economy at Paris, whether this relief was permanent, or was only an eddy in the downward course of the rate of interest. It was pointed out by Professor Clément Juglar that, while many European securities were selling at prices lower than when they were issued a few years ago, indicating a rise in their interest-paying value, the return upon Australian and American securities had permanently fallen from six to four per cent.

The discussion of the small returns upon saved capital and the absolute necessity for new opportunities for its investment marks an important turning point in economic history. It is not the first time that the supply of capital has outrun the limits of effective demand in sound investments, and has by its excess forced down the interest rate to a point which has caused heavy losses and alarm among the owners of capital. The economic history of the world has afforded several periods of congestion of this sort, when it seemed that savings must be relaxed or new outlets for them found, unless the point of saturation was to be reached for saved capital, and state socialism was to supersede the system of private saving. The congestion has on previous occasions reduced interest rates as low as those of the last few years, but never before has the accumulation of capital been so enormous, nor have so many millions of individuals — those of modest means as well as the typical "capitalist" of socialistic dreams — been confronted by the condition that their savings must be greatly multiplied in order to afford the old return, and that even such savings as they had could with difficulty find safe lodgment in productive enterprises.

The essential question of the future, regarding the great accumulations of saved capital, is whether they shall continue to depress interest rates to the vanishing point, and at the same time create such a competition for safe investments that a large proportion of the world's savings will be stolen by company promoters and swallowed up in unproductive enterprises. The mere reduction of the returns upon saved capital offers in itself a serious social problem, independent of the danger of unsound investments and the loss of savings. If the savings of a lifetime have heretofore been just sufficient, with interest at six per cent, to afford a comfortable maintenance for old age, they will prove pitifully insufficient with interest reduced to three per cent, and inadequate to avert destitution if interest should fall to one or one and a half per cent, as has seemed among the possibilities of the future. The necessary saving in capital would be four times greater, in order to obtain a comfortable maintenance, with interest at one and a half per cent than with interest at six per cent. While the increased earning power of civilized men by means of machinery would bridge a part of this chasm, it would not solve the problem. If it should become practically impossible

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for persons of small and moderate earnings to save enough during their years of active life to provide for their years of decline, the civilized world would confront the problem whether saving for investment, among the laboring masses at least, should not be abandoned, and the support of old age derived entirely from current taxation. Such a moderate step as this in state socialism — already well under way in Germany, and seriously discussed in Great Britain — might avert for many generations the congestion and consolidation of capital without shaking the pillars of the existing social system.

It is proper to inquire, however, whether there is not a prospect that new openings will be found for saved capital in the future without the reconstruction of society. An answer in the affirmative can probably be given as to the immediate future, and perhaps as far into the future as human foresight can penetrate. It is necessary that these new openings should be important enough to absorb considerable amounts of saved capital beyond the demands for the mere maintenance of existing means of production, and the incidental improvements in them which are required from time to time. It is not probable that the new openings will be sufficient to raise permanently the rate of interest in the near future; but they may stay its downward course. M. Paul Leroy-Beaulieu, in discussing this subject in L'Economiste Français of January 28, 1899, calls attention to the fact that there were interruptions in the downward course of interest when steam came to be generally employed as a motive power, between 1850 and 1865, and again after the great destruction of capital in the Franco-Prussian war. But, he declares, "after each of these interruptions, the rate of interest again tended to decline to a level lower than before; so that, in taking as the point of departure the beginning of the last quarter century or that of the last half century, — the year 1874 or the year 1850, — it may be noted that the rate of interest has considerably fallen, not in a straight line, it is true, but in a broken line, and that never in our history was it as low as in 1897."

A reason for believing that openings for saved capital may be found in the immediate future without the reconstruction of society is the fact that such periods of congestion have occurred before, but have been terminated by new demands for capital, caused by discoveries in the field of invention or by territorial acquisition. The world may continue for many centuries to go through the process of capitalization, consolidation, and the shifting to new peoples of commercial supremacy without the abandonment of the institution of private property, which seems so essential to individual ambition and national achievement. The fall in the earning power of capital permits the substitution of mechanical devices for human labor whenever the interest upon the capital required for a new improvement falls below the cost of the labor which it replaces. Thus fields are opened for capital which remained closed while labor was the cheaper instrument, and the labor released is free to seek higher employments. Machinery, which is the fruit of saved capital, thus invades new fields not only with the reduction in the price of its manufacture, but with the fall in the rental cost of the capital invested in it.

The accumulation of saved capital is now so much more rapid than it was even a quarter of a century ago, and the world is so much more completely equipped with the machinery of production, that something more than a new invention or an important war will be required permanently to raise the rate of interest. There are indications, however, of several possible openings which may absorb surplus savings and afford a moderate return for several decades to come. One of these is the universal applicati[redacted]

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of electricity as a motive power; a second is the extension of railways over the undeveloped countries of Africa and Asia; and a third is the equipment of these countries with the machinery of production. These openings for capital promise to absorb many millions within the next ten or twenty years. Prior to the extension of European influence in Africa and recent development in China, society was reaching the state of economic congestion portrayed by Mr. Brooks Adams in his interesting work The Law of Civilization and Decay, and his more recent article in the Fortnightly Review for February last, on The New Struggle for Life among the Nations. The congestion has not, however, as he seems to believe, very much to do with the supply of gold and silver, the mere tools of exchange; it has to do with the subject of exchange, — the great mass of capital seeking employment, and unable to find it at home.

A congestion of capital of serious proportions was threatened during the third and fourth decades of the century, as the result of the favorable conditions of civil order and the growing use of labor-saving machinery in the textile industries which followed the Napoleonic wars. There came suddenly, however, several great outlets for saved capital. The most conspicuous was the building of railways, which demanded hundreds of millions, first in England and France, then in America, and finally in the countries of Eastern Europe, South America, Australia, and India. Interest rates rose under the pressure of active demand for capital, and the outlook was again rosy for the profitable use of savings, whether of the laborer or the merchant prince. The organization of the credit system by joint-stock banks, and later by savings banks, afforded an opportunity for bringing into productive use the small and scattered savings of the many. This organization and transfusion of small credits into an efficient aggregate by means of banking came as the natural result of great demands for capital, of fortunes made in joint-stock companies, and of the increased openings for the employment of savings in the hands of the organizers of industry and commerce.

Two immensely powerful influences in accelerating the growth of available capital came into operation by the middle of the century, — the full organization of credit and the development of machine production. On the one hand, machine production so increased the power of the individual arm that if savings were possible under the old conditions of hand labor, the capacity for them became many times as great under the new conditions of machine production. But these savings in the early years had lain idle in old stockings and bureau drawers. They were largely made in gold or silver, withdrawing from active use without interest a part of the capital produced by arduous labor in the mines. But the banks of England and France, which had stood almost alone down to 1850, were about that time imitated all over Europe. Belgium was dowered with a national bank; banks sprung up in Spain, in Italy, in the little states of Switzerland, and all over Germany; while in England and France the great monopoly banks of issue witnessed the growth of potent rivals in the joint-stock banks and the credit societies. Savings which, under earlier conditions, had lain idle, until perhaps an amount equal to their entire value was consumed in the interest lost, became, under the new system, immediately available for increasing the machinery of production and exchange at home, and swelling the fund to be loaned to new countries for the creation of railways, steamships, cotton mills, and public works. To put into mathematics the greater potency of a given unit of saved capital under the new system, and then to multiply this by the constantly accelerating savings, is hardly within the limits of human capacity; but

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it is obvious that the slow accumulations which had gone on in early centuries were now multiplied almost in a geometrical ratio as the increased savings of one year went to develop the capacity for saving by the growth of machine plants and means of communication in the years which followed.

It is not surprising that economic crises of the gravest character have grown out of the adjustments to the new conditions. Consumption has far from kept pace with increased production. The average man of small means, content to live from hand to mouth a century ago, has become a capitalist, a contributor toward the construction of railways in South America, Asia, and Africa, and a bidder on the world's exchanges for national and industrial securities against the sons of the great Jewish bankers of the last century. Capital can be saved only in gold, in consumable goods, or in those permanent contributions to the machinery of production — buildings, tools, and improvements — which are happily described by French economists as *installations*. The saving of capital in gold has practically ceased. The saving of consumable goods is practiced only to the extent that they are needed for immediate wants and in current processes of production. The saving of capital in permanent works has found an expanding outlet as new methods of machine production have been devised, increasing wealth and demand have developed new wants, and as the state has availed herself of the growing wealth of the community to create highways, bridges, railways, harbors, and public buildings for the benefit of all. But these outlets have threatened for a moment to be choked. The rate of interest, in orderly societies, is the measure of the relation of supply of capital to the demand for it, and this rate has indicated in recent years a constantly increasing supply in proportion to legitimate demand.

The saving of capital in permanent form has been greatly promoted by the issue of negotiable securities. These instruments have given a transferable character, approximating that of money, to property in almost all productive enterprises, because they have, like money, established a common denominator in which such values might be expressed and transferred. So long as new productive enterprises can be created by means of stock companies, the capital of the individual flows readily from the reservoirs of his own saving into the great channels of available capital. The difficulty which is disclosed at a certain stage of social development is an excess of saved capital over the opportunities for safe investment. There is little doubt that the owners of capital are intelligent enough, upon the average, to invest their savings chiefly in productive enterprises rather than unproductive ones, while the productive enterprises constitute the chief means of investment. The prevalence of abuses in company promotion, gigantic losses in unproductive enterprises, and the persistent flotation of the stocks and bonds of projects which afford no real promise of adequate returns are not the results of a sudden accession of rascality in human nature, but merely of the great excess of saved capital seeking investment over safe and profitable outlets.

An interesting proof that the supply of capital has become so excessive that it is simply doubling upon itself without profit to its owners is afforded by the conversions of government, railway, and industrial securities in Europe during the last few years. M. Georges de Laveleye, who presents annually in the Moniteur des Interêts Matériels of Brussels a statement of all the issues of negotiable securities for the year, expressed the opinion in 1892 that Europe was capable of absorbing from four to five thousand millions of francs in new securities upon the average each year. The average issues from 1886 to 1890 were 8,070,-

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000,000 francs, and M. de Laveleye came to the conclusion that this was an excessive movement, and would involve losses and liquidations. The issues from 1891 to 1895, inclusive, fell within his limit of the digestive capacity of European capital, but 1896 showed net issues, exclusive of conversions, amounting to 9,129,054,150 francs; 1897 showed issues of 8,911,870,530 francs, and 1898 issues of 8,902,776,660. It is the conversions which throw the most searching light upon the problem of excessive savings. These conversions amounted in 1894 to 12,641,200,000 francs ($2,450,000,000), or more than double the issues for new enterprises, and they amounted in 1896 to 7,593,013,475 francs ($1,465,000,000). The remarkable fact connected with the conversions of 1894 was that the saving in interest to the issuers of the securities was 119,433,000 francs ($23,000,000) a year, and this saving was sufficient to pay the interest on all the new issues upon a two and a half per cent basis. In other words, the savings of capital in Europe and other civilized countries in 1894, applied to the purchase of new securities to the amount of $1,000,000,000 (5,173,448,035 francs), were absorbed without increasing the earning power of the capital invested. The situation in 1896 was not quite so barren for investors, but the conversions effected afforded a saving to the issuers of securities to the amount of 40,000,000 francs ($7,740,000) a year. The conversions of five per cent obligations to four per cent in 1894 were 3,145,000,000 francs ($600,000,000), and the conversions of four and a half per cent obligations upon a three per cent basis were 7,000,000,000 francs ($1,350,000,000). Most of the obligations of solvent states and corporations have been reduced to four per cent or less, and their actual return to the investor at market prices, in spite of some recent fluctuations, has tended toward two and a half per cent.

Strong proof that the United States has reached the state of excessive capitalization, unable to find productive investment at home in new enterprises, is afforded by the recent activity in floating the securities of industrial trusts and by the piling up of unused funds in the banks. The common and preferred stock of trust combinations organized and proposed during 1898 was given by the United States Investor of February 11, 1899, as $1,725,099,200, while additions to the list in the first two months of 1899 of $844,800,000 carried the total for fourteen months to $2,569,899,200. These great combinations and issues of securities are symptomatic of two things, — the economic tendency to arrest overproduction and ruinous competition by limiting production, and the eagerness of promoters to take advantage of the masses of idle capital seeking investment to transfer a part of it to their own pockets.

Let us turn to the three suggested openings for the great mass of saved capital seeking investment, and consider how immense an outlet they afford, and how important it is that they should not be closed to the capital and enterprise of the great producing countries. The three outlets named were the application of electricity to motive power, the building of railways in undeveloped countries, and the further equipment of such countries with the machinery of production and intercommunication. It is obvious that capital should be given free entrance into all these fields, in order that it may not be shut up to feeding upon itself, without increased earning power, as is coming to be the case in the great capitalistic countries. Protective tariffs have not heretofore been raised against capital, and the countries most in need of development are not likely to bar foreign capital of their own motion from their limits. But capital as well as trade "follows the flag" to a large extent, because under the flag of its own government, or that

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of some civilized and responsible state, it finds the guarantee of security and respect for contracts which make possible safe investments and uninterrupted industrial and commercial growth.

The application of electricity to motive power is likely to absorb a very large amount of capital within the next one or two decades, without involving considerations of national policy. The railways of the world, with a capital estimated by Mr. Mullhall in 1894 at £6,745,000,000, will be called upon to replace that portion of their capital invested in locomotives by new machinery at a cost of several thousand millions of dollars. The creation of electric street-car lines is already extending over Europe, and M. Fournier de Flaix declares, in the Revue des Banques for November last, that the Paris Exposition of 1900 will draw its chief attraction from the various modes of applying electricity to locomotion and production. Statistics at the beginning of 1898 showed 2289 kilometers (1420 miles) of electric roads in Europe, with 4514 motors. The General Electric Company of Germany now employs 12,000 persons, and during 1898 increased its trackage 329 kilometers, and its cars from 1343 to 1861. The capital for these enterprises has already been obtained without any marked effect upon the existing supply seeking investment; but this is only the beginning, and while the change from steam to electric power will come gradually, and will be met to some extent out of railway and factory earnings, the demand for capital for this purpose may be more potent than any single mechanical change within the present generation.

The building of railways in undeveloped countries seems likely to attain within a short time an extension and importance almost equal to the great outbreak of railway-building activity between 1850 and 1870. That phenomenon promoted the creation of banks and finance companies, and absorbed capital so rapidly as to raise the rate of interest materially above that which prevailed when Great Britain was loaning her surplus capital, early in the century, to the new countries of South America. The Trans-Siberian railway, already well advanced toward completion by the Russian government, and projected to stretch over 4200 miles from the Ural Mountains to the Pacific Ocean, is the pioncer among the intercontinental lines. The government had already expended upon it, up to the close of 1897, $188,000,000. The construction of the Trans-Saharian across "the Great Desert," binding the French province of Algiers to the French colonies in Central Africa, is one of the dreams of French economists and statesmen which is upon the point of being put into practical form. Englishmen in Egypt and South Africa are urging the creation of a line "from Cairo to the Cape," which will almost equal the Trans-Siberian in its length, and will surpass it in the savage character of the country through which it will pass. Concessions have been granted by the Turkish government for a line from Tripoli on the Mediterranean to the Persian Gulf, with branches extending into Persia, which will reduce by five days the time between Brindisi in southern Italy and Bombay in the heart of India. Extensions of this line might afford a powerful counterpoise to the Trans-Siberian, and increase the facilities of England for protecting her Indian empire against Russian aggression on the north.

China is on the point of being gridironed with the means of railway transportation. It is the result of inevitable economic tendencies that Great Britain, France, Germany, and Russia have been contending for the privilege of advancing the capital for these great works, and have almost gone to war for the political preponderance and commercial influence which this privilege involves. A recent publication of the Prussian

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government sets forth that Asia, the greatest of the continents and the most largely peopled, has but 26,890 miles of railway, — about one sixteenth of the mileage of the world. This condition is rapidly changing. A list of operating and projected lines in China, in the Revue des Banques for November, 1898, names six lines under English control, one Anglo-German, one Anglo-Italian, two German, four French, one Franco-Belgian, and four Russian lines, including the sections of the Trans-Siberian. The construction of these lines will call for many millions of British, French, German, and American savings, and will help to postpone the further fall in the rate of interest. It is very doubtful, however, whether all these lines will at once prove remunerative, and whether investors will not suffer again some of the losses which resulted from British investments in South America in the twenties, and from later ventures in American railways, Australian banks and land, and Western farm mortgages.

Those investors are likely to be safest who have a government guarantee, by means of a public loan, for the interest on the investment, whether the particular enterprise for which the loan is placed proves successful or not. An important feature of the present policy for finding safe investments for national capital is the control of the field of investment by responsible governments. Many of the great loans in new countries, early in the century, and even down to recent times, like those in the Argentine Republic and Haiti, have been made chiefly to revolutionary governments, where unwise financiering, official corruption, and the adoption of an irredeemable paper currency have wrecked business and frightened away foreign capital. A new era is opening for such investments, under the protection of responsible powers, whether a direct guarantee of the interest is given by the powers themselves, or reliance is placed upon the governing capacity of the men of the Anglo-Saxon or other European races, who exercise indirectly the control over the finances of the protected country. Already the powers have intervened in Egypt and Greece for the creation of boards of control, which see to it that the taxes are honestly collected, that the interest on the public debt is paid, and that the funds obtained are not diverted from their proper uses to the pockets of corrupt officials.

Egypt was found by the powers a financial wreck in 1881, but under the efficient direction of Lord Cromer, British adviser of the Khedive, Egyptian securities have become among the safest which are quoted on European bourses. At the close of the war with Turkey Greece found herself practically bankrupt, with her securities depreciated, and her forced paper currency at a heavier discount than before the war. The intervention of Great Britain, France, and Russia, with the appointment of a board of control to supervise the proper collection of the taxes and the payment of interest on the debt, promptly put her upon a solvent basis. A loan of 155,000,000 francs ($30,000,000) was issued under the guarantee of the three powers, at the rate of two and a half per cent, upon which a slight premium was charged. Notwithstanding this low return upon the capital invested, the amount offered at Paris — 41,500,000 francs ($8,000,000) — was subscribed twenty-three times over by 1387 subscribers. The deposits made on behalf of subscribers at the Bank of France were 196,579,000 francs, and the amounts subscribed for were 987,809,475 francs ($190,000,000). The British government has taken a somewhat different course in regard to its own dependencies by a bill, now pending, to give the guarantee of the home government to the colonial loans of the crown colonies. All these plans have this feature in common, — that they have behind them the moral support of

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a great civilized state, capable of protecting the interests of its citizens by force of arms, and ready to do so if occasion requires. The government of adventurers and financial freebooters is coming to an end in Europe, Africa, and Asia, and it may yet be the mission of the United States to bring it to an end in portions of Latin America.

Only by the firm hand of the responsible governing races, as Mr. Benjamin Kidd has so forcibly pointed out in his thoughtful works on social development, can the assurance of uninterrupted progress be conveyed to the tropical and undeveloped countries. This duty, imposed upon the superior races by the evolution of events, if not by the moral order, affords the opportunity for the absorption of the surplus of savings not applied to current consumption which is going on under the existing social system. Those who do not welcome the responsibilities and the opportunity which this situation creates are fostering the discontent within the old civilized countries which breeds social and political revolution. The excess of production of finished goods over effective demand, the creation of trust combinations to check production, the resulting reductions of wages and of opportunity for the employment of labor, — all these are the consequences of shutting up capital to feed upon itself by closing the fields for new investments. The present production of finished goods far outruns the effective demand, and the investment of saved capital in new manufacturing plants in the producing countries simply divides or destroys the small profits heretofore earned by the existing establishments. The owners of these plants are in many cases widows, orphans, and those of small means who are trying to save for a rainy day. They suffer more by the failure of manufacturing and railway dividends than the princes of industry and finance. The latter are usually able to take care of themselves, by such projects as the present multiplication of trust syndicates, whose securities can be unloaded upon the small investor before their over-capitalization and barrenness of productive power are ascertained. Trust combinations for limiting production and reducing the number and wages of the employed are the only safeguard against destructive competition and the ruin of the less perfected manufacturing plants, so long as outlets cannot be found for saved capital in countries whose producing plant and means of communication are not yet substantially complete. It is useless to say that the capital might be employed productively at home under existing conditions. It could be thus employed if saving were checked, and the money now directed toward investments were applied to the purchase of consumable goods. But such a change in the conduct of the governing races means a reversal of the lessons taught by five centuries of civilization; it means the serious modification of the present social order, and the adoption of old-age pensions and other devices for applying the results of current production to consumption instead of saving for the future.

The opponents of the intervention of the civilized countries in the undeveloped countries perpetually discuss the position of the supporters of intervention, as if the entire demand on their part were for new markets for finished goods, and point out with truth that the equipment of the new countries with the machinery of production tends to narrow the market for the finished products of the old countries. But this is setting up and knocking down a man of straw. The benefits to the old countries in the control of the undeveloped countries do not lie chiefly in the outlet for additional goods. It is precisely to escape the necessity for the reduplication of the plants which produce the goods, by finding a field elsewhere for the creation of new plants, including not only competing machinery, but the

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highways of commerce, — railways, roads, canals, and improved harbors, — that the savings of the capitalistic countries are seeking an outlet beyond their own limits. It is not the assurance that more goods can be sold which is needed by the manufacturer so much as the assurance that perpetually increasing savings shall not bid against his present production in his own market, by the creation of rival plants, equipped with every improvement of modern machinery. Incidentally and for a time, political dependencies and "spheres of influence" afford an enlarged market for finished goods; but the essential benefit of such openings is the opportunity which they present, under the guarantee of order and the sanctity of contracts, for the productive use of the surplus savings of the masses of the people, — laboring men, small merchants, and professional men, as well as great capitalists.

The question may naturally be asked — and has been asked by those who can make no other answer to this argument — whether this requirement of new countries for the employment of saved capital does not bring the human race to a jumping-off place as soon as Africa and Asia are capitalized by the extraordinarily rapid processes which have marked the capitalization of the western part of the United States, Germany, and Russia. This question looks too far into the future to be capable of a precise answer. It does not necessarily follow, however, from the congestion of capital which appears to exist to-day, that conditions may not arise within another generation which will work a revolution in the conditions of production. It may be suggested, at the risk of penetrating into the domain of the fanciful, that when the food-supplying area of the world becomes circumscribed in proportion to population, — as Mr. John Hyde pointed out, in the North American Review for February, 1898, might be the case in the United States in less than half a century, — great demands for capital may arise for the production of food by chemical processes. Already distinguished chemists are dreaming of an era when chemistry shall banish agriculture from the field and farm, and when the interior heat of the earth and the warmth of the sun shall be utilized to obtain the power now derived from the rapidly shrinking coal supply.

The present generation cannot grapple with those problems, and is not required to. Thus far in the history of the world, mechanical inventions, chemical discoveries, and the development of the mechanism of money and credit have barely kept pace with the imperative needs of human society. Inventions and discoveries which are not yet needed fall upon an unheeding world. The inventors and discoverers go to neglected graves, and wait for later generations to do them justice. The present generation can face only the problems at hand and the opportunities at hand for the maintenance of its own social system. These opportunities embrace the equipment of the whole world with a producing plant, and with means of communication and exchange, which will raise the undeveloped portions as far as may be to the level of comfort, producing power and civilization of the more advanced portions. This is the mission of the great civilized states to-day; and those states which timidly withdraw from competition with powerful rivals, either from defects in their political system or lack of commercial energy, will sentence themselves to the fate of the decadent countries, like Persia, Turkey, and Spain, — once masters of the world, but now the victims of the greater energy and foresight of the northern races.

Charles A. Conant.

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GOETHE'S MESSAGE TO AMERICA.

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ANNIVERSARIES of great men of the past are valuable as incentives for stating anew the abiding elements of their fame, for reëxamining their essential contributions to the higher life, for realizing afresh those traits in them which, in spite of changed surroundings and conditions, appeal to us with the force of immediate actuality. The Goethe anniversary, then, which has been celebrated this year with a good deal of popular enthusiasm in not a few American cities as well as throughout Germany, may well induce us to ask, not what *was* Goethe for his time and his people, but what *is* he for our time and our people, — what insights, convictions, ideals, may we gain from his work and his personality that will help us in facing the manifold problems that beset our own life; in short, what is Goethe's message to America? I shall try to answer this question under the head of two ideas, the ideas of freedom and culture; for in these two conceptions, it seems to me, the sum total of Goethe's message to America is contained.

I.

That Goethe, before everything else, is a spiritual emancipator must be clear to every one who has felt, however faintly, the breath of his genius. Yet nowhere can this emancipating force of Goethe's character be better understood or work more freely than here in America. Happily, the time is long since past when he was feared by respectable society as a libertine and destroyer of good morals, when he was hated by the church as an atheist and a subverter of faith. Even his adversaries, nowadays, have agreed to respect him as the great apostle of free humanity. Nevertheless, it may not be superfluous to show how closely Goethe's ideal of a free humanity is allied to the best in American life.

Goethe is a classic of individualism. His moral conceptions are founded upon the unwavering belief in the paramount value of personality; and the full assertion, the complete development, of this personality is to him the fundamental and inviolable law of all human activity. If his Wilhelm Meister had no other importance or interest for us, this novel would be sure of a lasting place in the history of American culture for this reason alone: that here an idea is anticipated which may be called the very corner stone of educational thought in America, — the idea that the true task of education is, not to preserve from error, but to guide through error to fuller individuality and richer experience. It is, however, not only in this general principle of individualism that Goethe is at one with the strongest tendencies of American intellectual life; in the application also of this principle to concrete reality he seems to address himself above all to a people which, like the American, is engaged in the struggle of shaping its own national individuality.

Outright American, one might say to begin with, is the extraordinary sense of reality which has prevented Goethe from becoming a prey to the fantastic speculations and romantic hallucinations of his time, and which perhaps more than anything else has helped him in the manifold conflicts of his life to assert incessantly his own self. To be sure, he too paid his tribute to the sentimentalism of the period in which his youth fell; he too was affected by the exaggerated idealism of the Weimar epoch; he too suffered from the overstraining of the æsthetic sense which gives to most of the great German writers of the beginning of this century an almost feminine character. Yet how does his Werther stand out from the other sentimental novels of

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the Storm and Stress period through genuine feeling and plastic power! In what clear and simple outline does his Iphigenie stand forth against the shadowy productions of the other classicists! How firm and resolute even as idealized figures as Hermann and Dorothea tread the ground of reality! And with what inexorable truthfulness does Goethe, in Tasso and The Elective Affinities, expose the immorality of aspirations which do not rest upon the recognition of actual facts and existing laws! It was this incorruptible sense of reality which enabled Goethe, in the affairs of church and state, always to find out the truly productive and significant, no matter to what party it might belong; so that the admirer of Napoleon could also be an admirer of English parliamentary government, the follower of Spinoza also a glorifier of mediæval popery. It was this same sense of reality which preserved Goethe from subscribing to any of the metaphysical tenets which, during his long life, one after the other intoxicated the minds of his contemporaries. It was this same sense of reality which in scientific matters kept him in the narrow path of patient and unbiased observation; which made him in biological research a forerunner of Darwin; in the history of literature and art a master of that criticism which does not condemn or canonize, but analyzes and comprehends. It was this same sense of reality which made him speak the blunt but wholesome word, "The occupation with thoughts on immortality is for aristocratic circles, and especially for ladies who have nothing to do;" which made him put into the mouth of the aged Faust this confession of faith: —

"The sphere of earth is known enough to me;
The view beyond is barred immutably.
A fool, who there his blinking eyes directeth
And o'er his clouds of peers a place expecteth!
Firm let him stand, and look around him well!
This world means something to the capable.
Why needs he through eternity to wend?
He here acquires what he can apprehend.
Thus let him wander down his earthly day;
When spirits haunt, go quietly his way;
In marching onward bliss and torment find,
Though, every moment, with unsated mind."

Do we not recognize in all this a deep affinity between Goethe and the genius of the American people? Do we not see here symptoms of the same state of mind which is the source of the traditional fairness and impartiality of the American commonwealth toward the manifold creeds and religious denominations, of the preëminently experimental bent of American science, of the decidedly practical type of American life even in its religious and ethical aspects? Do we not see here an anticipation of the truly American conviction, — American in spite of demagogues and jingoes, — the conviction that freedom has no more dangerous enemy than blind enthusiasm for any theory or any party principle?

Intimately associated with this thoroughly masculine sense of reality, and again closely akin to American character, is the glorification of work and deed which shines forth with such beneficent and freeing splendor from all of Goethe's works, from Götz von Berlichingen down to the Second Part of Faust, and no less from his own life. The fundamental importance of this conception for Goethe's whole view of the world is in the first place proved by a superabundance of individual utterances, which, made at widely separated times and on most different occasions, all agree in this, that man acquires true freedom only by action. "Ah, writing is but busy idleness," says Götz; "it wearies me. While I am writing what I have done, I lament the misspent time in which I might do more." Faust translates the first line of the Gospel according to John by, "In the beginning was the Deed;" and at the end of his life he draws the balance of his earthly experience in the words, "En-

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joyment makes debased," and, "The deed is everything, the glory naught!" And more personally still Goethe expresses this same thought in his Maxims and Reflections: "Endeavor to do your duty, and you know at once what you are. What is your duty? The demand of the day." Under the title Five Things, he lays down in the Divan this succinct and intensely practical rule of life: —

"What makes time short to me?
Activity!
What makes it long and spiritless?
Idleness!
What brings us to debt?
To delay and forget!
What makes us succeed?
Decision with speed!
How to fame to ascend?
One's self to defend!"

And as a last sacred bequest he leaves to his friends the message: —

"Solemn duty's daily observation —
More than this it needs no revelation."

But not only in such isolated though significant utterances has Goethe expressed his conviction of the saving quality of work; his whole moral attitude is determined by this one idea. Goethe shares with the Christian religion a strong sense of the sinfulness of human nature and of the necessity of redemption. With the Christian religion he sees the true aim of life in the delivery from hereditary weakness, in the victory of mind over matter. But of all church conceptions none was ever more foreign to him than the idea of repentance as a condition of the soul's salvation. Repentance seemed to him something entirely negative and unproductive, a gratuitous and useless self-humiliation. Not through contrition and self-chastisement, but through discipline and self-reliance, he thought, is the way to perfection. For this reason, throughout his life he kept as much as possible aloof from all influences which seemed to endanger his self-possession, such as pain, care, grief, fear; while he incessantly and systematically cultivated in himself and others whatever tends to heighten the feeling of self, as joy, cheerfulness, hope, courage. For this reason, Wilhelm Meister finds lasting satisfaction in calm renunciation of a happiness which lies outside the limits of his nature, and in the firm conviction that by this very renunciation he insures his true spiritual freedom. For this reason, finally, Faust atones for his guilt, not by self-destruction, but by a life devoted to freedom and progress.

And this leads us to the third manifestation of Goethe's individualism which most preëminently points to the spirit of modern American life, — his belief in the saving power of unceasing progress. As in the development of the earth, of plant and animal life, he saw progress not in sudden and unexpected convulsions, but in gradual and steady transformation, so in spiritual matters, also, he found the essence of personal life not in ecstatic emotions and violent upheavals, but in an unremitting and even growth from one mental state to another, until at last a condition should be reached in which the fetters of earthly personality would fall away, and the individual spirit be drawn into the restless movement of the universal spirit.

"Im Grenzenlosen sich zu finden
Wird gern der Einzelne verschwinden,
Da löst sich aller Ueberdruss;
Statt heissem Wünschen, wildem Wollen,
Statt läst'gem Fordern, strengem Sollen,
Sich aufzugeben ist Genuss.

"Weltseele, komm', uns zu durchdringen!
Dann mit dem Weltgeist selbst zu ringen
Wird unsrer Kräfte Hochberuf.
Teilnehmend führen gute Geister,
Gelinde leitend, höchste Meister,
Zu dem, der Alles schafft und schuf.

"Und umzuschaffen das Geschaffne,
Damit sich's nicht zum Starren waffne,
Wirkt ewiges, lebendiges Thun.
Und was nicht war, nun will es werden,
Zu reinen Sonnen, farbigen Erden,
In keinem Falle darf es ruhn.

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"Es soll sich regen, schaffend handeln,
Erst sich gestalten, dann verwandeln;
Nur scheinbar steht's Momente still.
Das Ewige regt sich fort in Allen:
Denn Alles muss in Nichts zerfallen,
Wenn es im Sein beharren will."[1]

Might one not say, Here there is a dream of the life beyond, here there is a prophetic delineation of the future world, such as might well have presented itself to Goethe's eye as a continuation and completion of modern American life, with its endless movement, change, and restless striving? It is, at any rate, well worth noticing that not long after this poem was written Goethe expressed himself on questions of the political and commercial life of the United States in a manner which betrays an extraordinary insight into the vital problems and tasks of our national development. Through Alexander von Humboldt Goethe was informed, in 1827, of the project of a Panama canal, and the octogenarian listened to this project with a youthful eagerness and enthusiasm, as though it concerned an undertaking in his own immediate neighborhood. "All this," he said to Eckermann, "is left to the future and to wide-reaching enterprise. This much, however, is certain: if a canal is constructed, through which vessels of every size and cargo may go from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific Ocean, there will result from it incalculable consequences for the whole civilized and uncivilized world. I should be surprised, therefore, if the United States would let the opportunity pass of getting such a work into its hands. It is to be foreseen that this youthful republic, with its decided tendency toward the west, will have annexed and populated, within thirty or forty years, even the wide areas beyond the Rocky Mountains. It is also to be foreseen that along the whole Pacific coast, where nature has formed the roomiest and safest harbors, there will arise, in course of time, very important cities, which will serve as points of commerce between the United States and China. In that case, however, it will be not only desirable, but almost indispensable, for men-of-war as well as merchantmen to maintain a quicker connection between the Atlantic and the Pacific coast of North America than has been heretofore possible. I repeat, then: it is absolutely necessary for the United States to construct and control a passage from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific Ocean, and I am sure they will accomplish it. I shall not live to see it; but it might well be worth the while on that account to stand it here for another fifty years."

[1] So far as I know, this wonderful poem has never been translated into English; and it seems indeed untranslatable.

II.

Goethe is not only a representative of freedom; he is also, and in a still more peculiar sense, a representative of culture.

What is culture? Does it consist in the refinement of the senses, in the increase of needs, in the perfection of talents, in the acquisition of knowledge, in the widening of the intellectual horizon? All these elements contribute to produce culture, but they are not culture. Culture is not an accomplishment, but a state of mind. Culture he alone has who realizes the relation of his accomplishments, whatever they may be, to the larger life of which he forms a part; whose aim in heightening his own personality is only to make it better fitted for service to the community. The striving for true culture, therefore, contains a democratic as well as an aristocratic tendency. It is aristocratic; for it tends to give to the most refined, the best schooled, the most fully developed, the part in public life which is their due. It is democratic; for it is bound to no class and no rank, and it increases the feeling of public responsibility in direct proportion to the increase of personal attainments.

This, if I am not mistaken, is the con-

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ception of culture which is becoming more and more dominant among the best representatives of American civilization. To be sure, there are still not a few of our college professors and college alumni who think that culture is bound up with the possession of certain magic formulæ, as the verbs in $\mu\iota$, or the absolute ablative, or the Thirty-Ninth Theorem. But it certainly seems as though the rule of such magic formulæ were nearing its end, even in academic circles; it certainly seems as though the time were not far distant when the conviction will have become universal that every kind of knowledge and every kind of accomplishment may lead to genuine culture, provided that this knowledge and this accomplishment have been acquired in a thorough manner, and are employed in such a way as to benefit the community.

As to Goethe, it is perfectly obvious that his conception of culture entirely agrees with the view just propounded. Some critics have taken offense at the sudden turn from classic sublimity to practical reality which marks the end of Faust's career. To me this turn is the most beautiful proof of the noble large-mindedness of Goethe's ideal of culture. Faust has gone through the world in all its length and breadth; he has felt the highest happiness and the deepest woe; he has seen the splendor of an imperial court and experienced the intrigues of political life; he has passed in review the grotesquely fantastic figures of mediæval folklore and the heroic forms of classic legend; his striving for complete humanity has thus acquired ever fuller and richer reality; and how does this striving now culminate? Wherein does he gain final and lasting satisfaction? Therein that he puts all his knowledge and accomplishments, all his experience and intuition, at the service of the common need; therein that, standing "on a free soil with a free people," shoulder to shoulder with his brethren, in daily renewed toil he fights the cause of the common man. Is not this a striking glorification of the principle that the essential thing in culture is not the What, but the How; that its measure is not a certain amount of knowledge and accomplishments, but the state of mind in which these acquisitions are employed? Is it not a shining symbol of the necessity of the submission of the individual, even the most refined individual, to the common weal? Is it not a poetic anticipation of the ideal for which our whole age is struggling, and on whose realization depends the future of the American people, the reconciliation and amalgamation of intellectual aristocracy with democratic organization of society?

Three practical consequences which may be drawn from this submission of the individual to the whole, which indeed have been drawn by Goethe himself, seem to me of especial significance for American life.

First, the necessity of self-limitation, if the individual is really to accomplish something for the whole. On this point Goethe has expressed himself in a manner which cannot help being a welcome message to those of us who expect from the specialization of studies not a narrowing, but a deepening of culture. "Many-sidedness," he says, "prepares only the element in which the one-sided can work. Now is the time for the one-sided; well for him who comprehends it, and who works for himself and others in this spirit. Practice till you are an able violinist, and be assured that the director will have pleasure in assigning you a place in the orchestra. Make an instrument of yourself, and wait and see what sort of place humanity will grant you in universal life. Every one needs to serve from the lowest rank upward. To limit one's self to one craft is the best. To the narrow mind it will be, after all, a craft; to the more intelligent, an art; and the most enlightened, when he does one thing, does everything, — or, to be less paradoxical, in the one thing which he does

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rightly he beholds the semblance of everything that is rightly done."

Secondly, the necessity of a reverent attitude toward the large whole of which the individual is only an insignificant part. "Freedom lies not in this," says Goethe, "that we are not willing to acknowledge anything above us, but that we revere what is above us. For by revering it we raise ourselves to its level, and evince by our recognition that we ourselves have the higher in us, and are worthy of being part of it." Words like these — words which are borne out by Goethe's habitual attitude toward small things as well as great — may well serve to rectify certain defects of American life brought about by exaggerated individualism.

Finally, the assurance that this reverent attitude toward the larger whole, of which each of us forms a part, is the best foundation for genuine enjoyment. The joylessness of American life is caused, in part at least, by the absence of this feeling of reverence. We hasten and hurry after a distant, unknown happiness, and trample in the dust the flowers which blossom round about us. Titan-like we pile Pelion upon Ossa, forgetting that divine joy is to be found only upon the calm heights of Mount Olympus. How different Goethe! To be sure, in a moment of discouragement he once said that his life, after all, had been nothing but toil and trouble, the continual rolling of a stone which had to be lifted ever anew, and that in the seventy-five years upon which he was looking back he had had not four weeks of real comfort. But these very words show the infinite capacity of his reverent soul for true enjoyment. For in spite of his unfulfilled desires, in spite of his consciousness of the fragmentariness and insufficiency of human life, he retained to his last moment the power of deriving joy from the apparently most insignificant source, of losing himself in worshipful feeling for the small wonders that surround us. A few weeks before his death he wrote to Boisserée: "I have now come to my limit, in this sense: that I begin to believe where others despair, those, namely, who expect too much from knowledge, and thereby are led to deem the greatest treasures of mankind as naught. Thus we are driven from the whole to the part, and from the part to the whole, whether we will or not."

III.

A little episode from the German War of Liberation may give us an idea of how the figure of Goethe stood before the minds of the noble youths who at that time flocked from the colleges and universities to the defense of their country. It is an incident which happened to a company of Lützow volunteers at the beginning of the campaign of 1813, in the town of Meissen. A member of this company — Friedrich Foerster, the friend of Theodor Koerner — relates the occurrence as follows: "We had just finished our morning song, in front of the inn in which our captain was quartered, when I saw a man whose features seemed familiar to me entering a mail coach. I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw it was Goethe! Having at once communicated the glorious discovery to my comrades, I approached the coach with a military salute and said: 'I beg to report to your Excellency that a company of Royal Prussian Volunteers of the Black Rifle Corps, en route for Leipzig, have drawn up before your headquarters and desire to salute your Excellency.' The captain gave the command 'Present arms!' and I called, 'The poet of all poets, Goethe, hurrah!' The band played, and the whole company cheered. He touched his cap and nodded kindly. Now I once more stepped up to him and said: 'It is no use for your Excellency to try to keep your incognito; the Black Riflemen have sharp eyes, and to meet Goethe at the beginning of our march was too good an omen to pass un-

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noticed. We ask from you a blessing for our arms!' 'With all my heart,' he said. I held out my gun and sword; he laid his hand on them and said: 'March forward with God! And may all good things be granted to your joyous German courage!' While we again cheered him, still saluting he drove past us."

To us Americans this little scene from the "Holy War" of the Germans may well symbolize our own relation to Goethe. We too are engaged in a holy war; we too are fighting for the highest ideals of life, the freedom and the culture of our people; we too ask the great man whose prophetic eye so clearly foresaw our destiny to bless our arms.

Kuno Francke.

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD.[1]

XXIII.

IN WHICH WE WRITE UPON THE SAND.

DAY after day the wind filled our sails and sang in the rigging, and day after day we sailed through blue seas toward the magic of the south. Day after day a listless and voluptuous world seemed too idle for any dream of wrong, and day after day we whom a strange turn of Fortune's wheel had placed upon a pirate ship held our lives in our hands, and walked so close with Death that at length that very intimacy did breed contempt. It was not a time to think; it was a time to act, to laugh and make others laugh, to bluster and brag, to estrange sword and scabbard, to play one's hand with a fine unconcern, but all the time to watch, watch, watch, day in and day out, every minute of every hour. That ship became a stage, and we, the actors, should have been applauded to the echo. How well we played let witness the fact that the ship came to the Indies, with me for captain and the minister for mate, and with the woman that was on board unharmed; nay, reverenced like a queen. The great cabin was hers, and the poop deck; we made for her a fantastic state with doffing of hats and bowings and backward steps. We were her guard, — *the gentlemen of the Queen*, — I and my Lord Carnal, the minister and Diccon, and we kept between her and the rest of the ship.

We did our best, and our best was very much. When I think of the songs the minister sang; of the roars of laughter that went up from the lounging pirates when, sitting astride one of the main-deck guns, he made his voice call to them, now from the hold, now from the stern gallery, now from the masthead, now from the gilt sea maid upon the prow, I laugh too. Sometimes a space was cleared for him, and he played to them as to the pit at Blackfriars. They laughed and wept and swore with delight, — all save the Spaniard, who was ever like a thundercloud, and Paradise, who only smiled like some languid, side-box lord. There was wine on board, and during the long, idle days, when the wind droned in the rigging like a bagpipe, and there was never a cloud in the sky, and the galleons were still far away, the pirates gambled and drank. Diccon diced with them, and taught them all the oaths of a free company. So much wine, and no more, should they have; when they frowned, I let them see that their frowning and their half-

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drawn knives mattered no doit to me. It was their whim — a huge jest of which they could never have enough — still to make believe that they sailed under Kirby. Lest it should spoil the jest, and while the jest outranked all other entertainment, they obeyed as though I had been indeed that fierce sea wolf.

Time passed, though it passed like a tortoise, and we came to the Lucayas, to the outposts of the vast hunting ground of Spaniard and pirate and buccaneer, the fringe of that zone of beauty and villainy and fear, and sailed slowly past the islands, looking for our prey.

The sea was blue as blue could be. Only in the morning and the evening it glowed blood red, or spread upon its still bosom all the gold of all the Indies, or became an endless mead of palest green shot with amethyst. When night fell, it mirrored the stars, great and small, or was caught in a net of gold flung across it from horizon to horizon. The ship rent the net with a wake of white fire. The air was balm; the islands were enchanted places, abandoned by Spaniard and Indian, overgrown, serpent-haunted. The reef, the still water, pink or gold, the gleaming beach, the green plume of the palm, the scarlet birds, the cataracts of bloom, — the senses swooned with the color, the steaming incense, the warmth, the wonder of that fantastic world. Sometimes, in the crystal waters near the land, we sailed over the gardens of the sea gods, and, looking down, saw red and purple blooms and shadowy waving forests, with rainbow fish for humming birds. Once we saw below us a sunken ship. With how much gold she had endowed the wealthy sea, how many long drowned would rise from her rotted decks when the waves gave up their dead, no man could tell. Away from the ship darted many-hued fish, gold-disked, or barred and spotted with crimson, or silver and purple. The dolphin and the tunny and the flying fish swam with us. Sometimes flights of small birds came to us from the land. Sometimes the sea was thickly set with full-blown pale red bloom, the jellyfish that was a flower to the sight and a nettle to the touch. If a storm arose, a fury that raged and threatened, it presently swept away, and the blue laughed again. When the sun sank, there arose in the east such a moon as might have been sole light to all the realms of faery. A beauty languorous and seductive was most absolute empress of the wonderful land and the wonderful sea.

We were in the hunting grounds, and men went not there to gather flowers. Day after day we watched for Spanish sails; for the plate fleets went that way, and some galleass or caravel or galleon might stray aside. At last, in the clear green bay of a nameless island at which we stopped for water, we found two caracks come upon the same errand, took them, and with them some slight treasure in rich cloths and gems. A week later, in a strait between two islands like tinted clouds, we fought a very great galleon from sunrise to noon, pierced her hull through and through and silenced her ordnance, then boarded her and found a king's ransom in gold and silver. When the fighting had ceased and the treasure was ours, then we four stood side by side on the deck of the slowly sinking galleon, in front of our prisoners, — of the men who had fought well, of the ashen priests and the trembling women. Those whom we faced were in high good humor: they had gold with which to gamble, and wine to drink, and rich clothing with which to prank their villainous bodies, and prisoners with whom to make merry. When I ordered the Spaniards to lower their boats, and taking with them their priests and women row off to one of those two islands, the weather changed.

We outlived that storm, but how I scarcely know. As Kirby would have done, so did I; rating my crew like hounds, turning my point this way and

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that, daring them to come taste the red death upon it, braving it out like some devil who knows he is invulnerable. My lord, swinging the cutlass with which he was armed, stood beside me, knee to knee, and Diccon cursed after me, making quarterstaff play with his long pike. But it was the minister that won us through. At length they laughed, and Paradise, standing forward, swore that such a captain and such a mate were worth the lives of a thousand Spaniards. To pleasure Kirby, they would depart this once from their ancient usage and let the prisoners go, though it was passing strange, — it being Kirby's wont to clap prisoners under hatches and fire their ship above them. At the end of which speech the Spaniard began to rave, and sprang at me like a catamount. Paradise put forth a foot and tripped him up, whereat the pirates laughed again, and held him back when he would have come at me a second time.

From the deck of the shattered galleon I watched her boats, with their heavy freight of cowering humanity, pull off toward the island. Back upon my own poop, the grappling irons cast loose, and a swiftly widening ribbon of blue between us and the sinking ship, I looked at the pirates thronging the waist below me, and knew that the play was nearly over. How many days, weeks, hours, before the lights would go out I could not tell: they might burn until we took or lost another ship; the next hour might see that brief tragedy consummated.

I turned, and going below met Sparrow at the foot of the poop ladder.

"I have sworn at these pirates until my hair stood on end," he said ruefully. "God forgive me! And I have bent into circles three half pikes in demonstration of the thing that would occur to them if they tempted me overmuch. And I have sung them all the bloody and lascivious songs that ever I knew in my unregenerate days. I have played the bravo and buffoon until they gaped for wonder. I have damned myself to all eternity, I fear, but there 'll be no mutiny this fair day. It may arrive by to-morrow, though."

"Likely enough," I said. "Come within. I have eaten nothing since yesterday."

"I 'll speak to Diccon first," he answered, and went on toward the forecastle, while I entered the state cabin. Here I found Mistress Percy kneeling beside the bench beneath the stern windows, her face buried in her outstretched arms, her dark hair shadowing her like a mantle. When I spoke to her she did not answer. With a sudden fear I stooped and touched her clasped hands. A shudder ran through her frame, and she slowly raised a colorless face.

"Are you come back?" she whispered. "I thought you would never come back. I thought they had killed you. I was only praying before I killed myself."

I took her hands and wrung them apart to rouse her, she was so white and cold, and spoke so strangely. "God forbid that I should die yet awhile, madam!" I said. "When I can no longer serve you, then I shall not care how soon I die."

The eyes with which she gazed upon me were still wide and unseeing. "The guns!" she cried, wresting her hands from mine and putting them to her ears. "Oh, the guns! they shake the air. And the screams and the trampling — the guns again!"

I brought her wine and made her drink it; then sat beside her, and told her gently, over and over again, that there was no longer thunder of the guns or screams or trampling. At last the long, tearless sobs ceased, and she rose from her knees, and let me lead her to the door of her cabin. There she thanked me softly, with downcast eyes and lips that yet trembled; then vanished from my sight, leaving me first to wonder at that terror and emotion in her who sel-

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dom showed the thing she felt, and finally to conclude that it was not so wonderful after all.

We sailed on, — southwards to Cuba, then north again to the Lucayas and the Florida straits, looking for Spanish ships and their gold. The lights yet burned, — now brightly, now so sunken that it seemed as though the next hour they must flicker out. We, the players, flagged not in that desperate masque; but we knew that, in spite of all endeavor, the darkness was coming fast upon us.

Had it been possible we would have escaped from the ship, hazarding new fortunes on the Spanish Main, in an open boat, sans food or water. But the pirates watched us very closely. They called me "captain" and "Kirby," and for the jest's sake gave an exaggerated obedience, with laughter and flourishes; but none the less I was their prisoner, — I and those I had brought with me to that ship.

An islet, shaped like the crescent moon, rose from out the sea before us. We needed water, and so we felt our way between the horns of the crescent into the blue crystal of a fairy harbor. One low hill, rose-colored from base to summit, with scarce a hint of the green world below that canopy of giant bloom, a little silver beach with wonderful shells upon it, the sound of a waterfall and a lazy surf, — we smelt the fruits and the flowers, and a longing for the land came upon us. Six men were left on the ship, and all besides went ashore. Some rolled the water casks toward the sound of the cascade; others plunged into the forest, to return laden with strange and luscious fruits, birds, guanas, conies, — whatever eatable thing they could lay hands upon; others scattered along the beach to find turtle eggs, or, if fortune favored them, the turtle itself. They laughed, they sang, they swore, until the isle rang to their merriment. Like wanton children, they called to each other, to the screaming birds, to the echoing bloom-draped hill.

I spread a square of cloth upon the sand, in the shadow of a mighty tree that stood at the edge of the forest, and the King's ward took her seat upon it, and looked, in the golden light of the sinking sun, the very spirit of the isle. By this we two were alone on the beach. The hunters for eggs, led by Diccon, were out upon the farthest gleaming horn; from the wood came the loud laughter of the fruit gatherers, and a most rollicking song issuing from the mighty chest of Master Jeremy Sparrow. With the woodsmen had gone my lord.

I walked a little way into the forest, and shouted a warning to Sparrow against venturing too far. When I returned to the giant tree and the cloth in the shadow of its outer branches, my wife was writing on the sand with a pointed shell. She had not seen or heard me, and I stood behind her and read what she wrote. It was my name. She wrote it three times, slowly and carefully; then she felt my presence, glanced swiftly up, smiled, rubbed out my name, and wrote Sparrow's, Diccon's, and the King's in succession. "Lest I should forget to make my letters," she explained.

I sat down at her feet, and for some time we said no word. The light, falling between the heavy blooms, cast bright sequins upon her dress and dark hair. The blooms were not more pink than her cheeks, the recesses of the forest behind us not deeper or darker than her eyes. The laughter and the song came faintly to us now. The sun was low in the west, and a wonderful light slept upon the sea.

"Last year we had a masque at court," she said at length, breaking the long silence. "We had Calypso's island, and I was Calypso. The island was built of boards covered with green velvet, and there was a mound upon it of pink

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silk roses. There was a deep blue painted sea below, and a deep blue painted sky above. My nymphs danced around the mound of roses, while I sat upon a real rock beside the painted sea and talked with Ulysses — to wit, my Lord of Buckingham — in gold armor. That was a strange, bright, unreal, and wearisome day, but not so strange and unreal as this."

She ceased to speak, and began again to write upon the sand. I watched her white hand moving to and fro. She wrote, "How long will it last?"

"I do not know. Not long."

She wrote again: "If there is time at the last, when you see that it is best, will you kill me?"

I took the shell from her hand, and wrote my answer beneath her question.

The forest behind us sank into that pause and breathless hush between the noises of the day and the noises of the night. The sun dropped lower, and the water became as pink as the blooms above us.

"An you could, would you change?" I asked. "Would you return to England and safety?"

She took a handful of the white sand and let it slowly drift through her white fingers. "You know that I would not," she said; "not if the end were to come to-night. Only — only" — She turned from me and looked far out to sea. I could not see her face, only the dusk of her hair and her heaving bosom. "My blood may be upon your hands," she said in a whisper, "but yours will be upon my soul."

She turned yet further away, and covered her eyes with her hand. I arose, and bent over her until I could have touched with my lips that bowed head. "Jocelyn," I said.

A branch of yellow fruit fell beside us, and my Lord Carnal, a mass of gaudy bloom in his hand, stepped from the wood. "I returned to lay our first-fruits at madam's feet," he explained, his darkly watchful eyes upon us both. "A gift from one poor prisoner to another, madam." He dropped the flowers in her lap. "Will you wear them, lady? They are as fair almost as I could wish."

She touched the blossoms with listless fingers, said they were fair; then, rising, let them drop upon the sand. "I wear no flowers save of my husband's gathering, my lord," she said.

There was a pathos and weariness in her voice, and a mist of unshed tears in her eyes. She hated him; she loved me not, yet was forced to turn to me for help at every point, and she had stood for weeks upon the brink of death and looked unfalteringly into the gulf beneath her.

"My lord," I said, "you know in what direction Master Sparrow led the men. Will you reënter the wood and call them to return? The sun is fast sinking, and darkness will be upon us."

He looked from her to me, with his brows drawn downwards and his lips pressed together. Stooping, he took up the fallen flowers and deliberately tore them to pieces, until the pink petals were all scattered upon the sand.

"I am weary of requests that are but sugared commands," he said thickly. "Go seek your own men, an you will. Here we are but man to man, and I budge not. I stay, as the King would have me stay, beside the unfortunate lady whom you have made the prisoner and the plaything of a pirate ship."

"You wear no sword, my Lord Carnal," I said at last, "and so may lie with impunity."

"But you can get me one!" he cried, with ill-concealed eagerness.

I laughed. "I am not zealous in mine enemy's cause, my lord. I shall not deprive Master Sparrow of your lordship's sword."

Before I knew what he was about he crossed the yard of sand between us and struck me in the face. "Will that

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quicken your zeal?" he demanded between his teeth.

I seized him by the arm, and we stood so, both white with passion, both breathing heavily. At length I flung his arm from me and stepped back. "I fight not my prisoner," I said, "nor, while the lady you have named abides upon that ship with the nobleman who, more than myself, is answerable for her being there, do I put my life in unnecessary hazard. I will endure the smart as best I may, my lord, until a more convenient season, when I will salve it well."

I turned to Mistress Percy, and giving her my hand led her down to the boats; for I heard the fruit gatherers breaking through the wood, and the hunters for eggs, black figures against the crimson sky, were hurrying down the beach. Before the night had quite fallen we were out of the fairy harbor, and when the moon rose the islet looked only a silver sail against the jeweled heavens.

XXIV.

IN WHICH WE CHOOSE THE LESSER OF TWO EVILS.

The luck that had been ours could not hold; when the tide turned, it ebbed fast.

The weather changed. One hurricane followed upon the stride of another, with only a blue day or two between. Ofttimes we thought the ship was lost. All hands toiled like galley slaves; and as the heavens darkened, there darkened also the mood of the pirates.

In sight of the great island of Cuba we gave chase to a bark. The sun was shining and the sea fairly still when first she fled before us; we gained upon her, and there was not a mile between us when a cloud blotted out the sun. The next minute our own sails gave us occupation enough. The storm, not we, was victor over the bark; she sank with a shriek from her decks that rang above the roaring wind. Two days later we fought a large caravel. With a fortunate shot she brought down our foremast, and sailed away from us with small damage of her own. All that day and night the wind blew, driving us out of our course, and by dawn we were as a shuttlecock between it and the sea. We weathered the gale, but when the wind sank there fell on board that black ship a menacing silence.

In the state cabin I held a council of war. Mistress Percy sat beside me, her arm upon the table, her hand shadowing her eyes; my lord, opposite, never took his gaze from her, though he listened gloomily to Sparrow's rueful assertion that the brazen game we had been playing was well-nigh over. Diccon, standing behind him, bit his nails and stared at the floor.

"For myself I care not overmuch," ended the minister. "I scorn not life, but think it at its worst well worth the living; yet when my God calls me, I will go as to a gala day and triumph. You are a soldier, Captain Percy, you and Diccon here, and know how to die. You too, my Lord Carnal, are a brave man, though a most wicked one. For us four, we can drink the cup, bitter though it be, with little trembling. But there is one among us" — His great voice broke, and he sat staring at the table.

The King's ward uncovered her eyes. "If I be not a man and a soldier, Master Sparrow," she said simply, "yet I am the daughter of many valiant gentlemen. I will die as they died before me. And for me, as for you four, it will be only death, — naught else." She looked at me with a proud smile.

"Naught else," I said.

My lord started from his seat and strode over to the window, where he stood drumming his fingers against the casing. I turned toward him. "My Lord Carnal," I said, "you were over

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heard last night when you plotted with the Spaniard."

He recoiled with a gasp, and his hand went to his side, where it found no sword. I saw his eyes busy here and there through the cabin, seeking something which he might convert into a weapon.

"I am yet captain of this ship," I continued. "Why I do not, even though it be my last act of authority, have you flung to the sharks, I scarcely know."

He threw back his head; all his bravado returned to him. "It is not I that stand in danger," he began loftily; "and I would have you remember, sir, that you are my enemy, and that I owe you no loyalty."

"I am content to be your enemy," I answered.

"You do not dare to set upon me now," he went on, with his old insolent, boastful smile. "Let me cry out, make a certain signal, and they without will be here in a twinkling, breaking in the door" —

"The signal set?" I said. "The mine laid, the match burning? Then 't is time that we were gone. When I bid the world good-night, my lord, my wife goes with me."

His lips moved and his black eyes narrowed, but he did not speak.

"An my cheek did not burn so," I said, "I would be content to let you live; live, captain in verity of this ship of devils, until, tired of you, the devils cut your throat, or until some victorious Spaniard hung you at his yardarm; live even to crawl back to England, by hook or crook, to wait, hat in hand, in the antechamber of his Grace of Buckingham. As it is, I will kill you here and now. I restore you your sword, my lord, and there lies my challenge."

I flung my glove at his feet, and Sparrow unbuckled the keen blade which he had worn since the day I had asked it of its owner, and pushed it to me across the table. The King's ward leaned back in her chair, very white, but with a proud, still face, and hands loosely folded in her lap. My lord stood irresolute, his lip caught between his teeth, his eyes upon the door.

"Cry out, my lord," I said. "You are in danger. Cry to your friends without, who may come in time. Cry out loudly, like a soldier and a gentleman!"

With a furious oath he stooped and caught up the glove at his feet; then snatched out of my hand the sword that I offered him.

"Push back the settle, you; it is in the way!" he cried to Diccon; then to me, in a voice thick with passion: "Come on, sir! Here there are no meddling governors; this time let Death throw down the warder!"

"He throws it," said the minister beneath his breath.

From without came a trampling and a sudden burst of excited voices. The next instant the door was burst open, and a most villainous, fiery-red face thrust itself inside. "A ship!" bawled the apparition, and vanished. The clamor increased; voices cried for captain and mate, and more pirates appeared at the door, swearing out the good news, come in search of Kirby, and giving no choice but to go with them at once.

"Until this interruption is over, sir," I said sternly, bowing to him as I spoke. "No longer."

"Be sure, sir, that to my impatience the time will go heavily," he answered as sternly.

We reached the poop to find the fog that had lain about us thick and white suddenly lifted, and the hot sunshine streaming down upon a rough blue sea. To the larboard, a league away, lay a low, endless coast of sand, as dazzling white as the surf that broke upon it, and running back to a matted growth of vivid green.

"That is Florida," said Paradise at

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my elbow, "and there are reefs and shoals enough between us. It was Kirby's luck that the fog lifted. Yonder tall ship hath a less fortunate star."

She lay between us and the white beach, evidently in shoal and dangerous waters. She too had encountered a hurricane, and had not come forth victorious. Foremast and forecastle were gone, and her bowsprit was broken. She lay heavily, her ports but a few inches above the water. Though we did not know it then, most of her ordnance had been flung overboard to lighten her. Crippled as she was, with what sail she could set, she was beating back to open sea from that dangerous offing.

"Where she went we can follow!" sang out a voice from the throng in our waist. "A d——d easy prize! And we'll give no quarter this time!" There was a grimness in the applause of his fellows that boded little good to some on either ship.

"Lord help all poor souls this day!" ejaculated the minister in undertones; then aloud and more hopefully, "She hath not the look of a don; maybe she's buccaneer."

"She is an English merchantman," said Paradise. "Look at her colors. A Company ship, probably, bound for Virginia, with a cargo of servants, gentlemen out at elbows, felons, children for apprentices, traders, spies, French vignerons, glasswork Italians, returning Councilors and heads of hundreds, with their wives and daughters, men servants and maid servants. I made the Virginia voyage once myself, captain."

I did not answer. I too saw the two crosses, and I did not doubt that the arms upon the flag beneath were those of the Company. The vessel, which was of about two hundred tons, had mightily the look of the George, a ship with which we at Jamestown were all familiar. Sparrow spoke for me.

"An English ship!" he cried out of the simplicity of his heart. "Then she's safe enough for us! Perhaps we might speak her and show her that we are English, too! Perhaps" — He looked at me eagerly.

"Perhaps you might be let to go off to her in one of the boats," finished Paradise dryly. "I think not, Master Sparrow."

"It's other guess messengers that they'll send," muttered Diccon. "They 're uncovering the guns, sir."

Every man of those villains, save one, was of English birth; every man knew that the disabled ship was an English merchantman filled with peaceful folk, but the knowledge changed their plans no whit. There was a great hubbub; cries and oaths and brutal laughter, the noise of the gunners with their guns, the clang of cutlass and pike as they were dealt out, but not a voice raised against the murder that was to be done. Had they been buccaneers pure and simple, that English ship would have been spared, might even have been helped upon her way; but though, for their own convenience, they dubbed themselves Brethren of the Coast, they were as entirely pirates as any hellhounds of Algerines. I looked from the doomed ship, upon which there was no frantic haste and confusion, to the excited throng below me, and knew that I had as well cry for mercy to winter wolves.

The shore was no longer to leeward; the helmsman behind me had not waited for orders, and we were bearing down upon the disabled bark. Ahead of us, upon our larboard bow, was a patch of lighter green, and beyond it a slight hurry and foam of the waters. Half a dozen voices cried warning to the helmsman. It was he of the woman's mantle, whom I had run through the shoulder on the island off Cape Charles, and he had been Kirby's pilot from Maracaibo to Fort Caroline. Now he answered with a burst of vaunting oaths: "We're in deep water, and there's deep water be-

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yond. I 'll carry ye safe past that reef were 't hell's gate!"

The desperadoes who heard him swore applause, and thought no more of the reef that lay in wait. Long since they had gone through the gates of hell for the sake of the prize beyond. Knowing the appeal to be hopeless, I yet made it.

"She is English, men!" I shouted. "We will fight the Spaniards while they have a flag in the Indies, but our own people we will not touch!"

The clamor of shouts and oaths suddenly fell, and the wind in the rigging, the water at the keel, the surf on the shore, made themselves heard. In the silence, the terror of the fated ship became audible. Confused voices came to us, and the scream of a woman.

On the faces of a very few of the pirates there was a look of momentary doubt and wavering; it passed, and the most had never worn it. They began to press forward toward the poop, cursing and threatening, working themselves up into a rage that would not care for my sword, the minister's cutlass, or Diccon's pike. One who called himself a wit cried out something about Kirby and his methods, and two or three laughed.

"I find that the rôle of Kirby wearies me," I said. "I am an English gentleman, and I will not fire upon an English ship."

As if in answer there came from our forecastle a flame and thunder of guns. The gunners there, intent upon their business, and now within range of the merchantman, had fired the three forecastle culverins. The shot cut her rigging and brought down the flag. The pirates' shout of triumph was echoed by a cry from her decks and the defiant roar of her few remaining guns.

I drew my sword. "I am captain and Kirby no longer!" I cried. "I am the servant of the Company upon whose ship you have fired!"

The minister and Diccon moved nearer to me, and the King's ward, still and white and braver than a man, stood beside me. From the pirates that we faced came one deep breath, like the first sigh of the wind before the blast strikes. Suddenly the Spaniard pushed himself to the front; with his gaunt figure and sable dress he had the seeming of a raven come to croak over the dead. He rested his gloomy eyes upon my lord. The latter, very white, returned the look; then, with his head held high, crossed the deck with a measured step and took his place among us. He was followed a moment later by Paradise. "I never thought to die in my bed, captain," said the latter nonchalantly. "Sooner or later, what does it matter? And you must know that before I was a pirate I was a gentleman." Turning, he doffed his hat with a flourish to those he had quitted. "Hell litter!" he cried. "I have run with you long enough. Now I have a mind to die an honest man."

At this defection a dead hush of amazement fell upon that crew. One and all they stared at the man in black and silver, moistening their lips, but saying no word. We were five armed and desperate men; they were fourscore. We might send many to death before us, but at the last we ourselves must die, — we and those aboard the helpless ship.

In the moment's respite I bowed my head and whispered to the King's ward.

"I had rather it were your sword," she answered in a low voice, in which there was neither dread nor sorrow. "You must not let it grieve you; it will be added to your good deeds. And it is I that should ask your forgiveness, not you mine."

Though there was scant time for such dalliance, I bent my knee and rested my forehead upon her hand. As I rose, the minister's hand touched my shoulder and the minister's voice spoke in my ear. "There is another way," he said. "There is God's death, and not man's. Look and see what I mean."

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I followed the pointing of his eyes, and saw how close we were to those white and tumbling waters, the danger signal, the rattle of the hidden snake. The eyes of the pirate at the helm, too, were upon them; his brows were drawn downward, his lips pressed together, the whole man bent upon the ship's safe passage. Five minutes, and she would be out of danger. . . . The low thunder of the surf, the cry of a wheeling sea bird, the gleaming lonely shore, the cloudless sky, the ocean, and the white sand far, far below, where one might sleep well, sleep well, with other valiant dead, long drowned, long changed. "Of their bones are coral made."

The storm broke with fury and outcries, and a blue radiance of drawn steel. A pistol ball sang past my ear.

"Don't shoot!" roared the gravedigger to the man who had fired the shot. "Don't cut them down! Take them and thrust them under hatches until we've time to give them a slow death! And hands off the woman until we've time to draw lots!"

He and the Spaniard led the rush. I turned my head and nodded to Sparrow, then faced them again. "Then may the Lord have mercy upon your souls!" I said.

As I spoke, the minister sprang upon the helmsman, and, striking him to the deck with one blow of his huge fist, himself seized the wheel. Before the pirates could draw breath he had jammed the helm to port, and the reef lay right across our bows.

A dreadful cry went up from that black ship to a deaf heaven, — a cry that was echoed by a wild shout of triumph from the merchantman. The mass fronting us broke in terror and rage and confusion. Some ran frantically up and down with shrieks and curses; others sprang overboard. A few made a dash for the poop and for us who stood to meet them. They were led by the Spaniard and the gravedigger. The former I met and sent tumbling back into the waist; the latter whirled past me, and rushing upon Paradise thrust him through with a pike, then dashed on to the wheel, to be met and hewn down by Diccon.

The ship struck. I put my arm around my wife, and my hand before her eyes; and while I looked only at her, in that storm of terrible cries, of flapping canvas, rushing water, and crashing timbers, the Spaniard clambered like a catamount upon the poop, that was now high above the broken forepart of the ship, and fired his pistol at me point-blank.

XXV.

IN WHICH MY LORD HATH HIS DAY.

I and Black Lamoral were leading a forlorn hope. With all my old company behind us, we were thundering upon an enemy as thick as ants, covering the face of the earth. Down came Black Lamoral, and the hoofs of every mad charger went over me. For a time I was dead; then I lived again, and was walking with the forester's daughter in the green chase at home. The oaks stretched broad sheltering arms above the young fern and the little wild flowers, and the deer turned and looked at us. In the open spaces, starring the lush grass, were all the yellow primroses that ever bloomed. I gathered them for her, but when I would have given them to her she was no longer the forester's daughter, but a proud lady, heiress to lands and gold, the ward of the King. She would not take the primroses from a poor gentleman, but shook her head and laughed sweetly, and faded into a waterfall that leaped from a pink hill into a waveless sea. Another darkness, and I was captive to the Chickahominies, tied to the stake. My arm and shoulder were on fire, and Opechancanough came and looked at me, with his dark, still face

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and his burning eyes. The fierce pain died, and I with it, and I lay in a grave and listened to the loud and deep murmur of the forest above. I lay there for ages on ages before I awoke to the fact that the darkness about me was the darkness of a ship's hold, and the murmur of the forest the wash of the water alongside. I put out an arm and touched, not the side of a grave, but a ship's timbers. I stretched forth the other arm, then dropped it with a groan. Some one bent over me and held water to my lips. I drank, and my senses came fully to me. "Diccon!" I said.

"It 's not Diccon," replied the figure, setting down a pitcher. "It is Jeremy Sparrow. Thank God, you are yourself again!"

"Where are we?" I asked, when I had lain and listened to the water a little longer.

"In the hold of the George," he answered. "The ship sank by the bows, and well-nigh all were drowned at once. But when they upon the George saw that there was a woman amongst us who clung to the poop deck, they sent their longboat to take us off."

The light was too dim for me to read his face, so I touched his arm.

"She was saved," he said. "She is safe now. There are gentlewomen aboard, and she is in their care."

I put my unhurt arm across my eyes.

"You are weak yet," said the minister gently. "The Spaniard's ball, you know, went through your shoulder, and in some way your arm was badly torn from shoulder to wrist. You have been out of your head ever since we were brought here, three days ago. The chirurgeon came and dressed your wound, and it is healing well. Don't try to speak, — I 'll tell you all. Diccon has been pressed into service, as the ship is short of hands, having lost some by fever and some overboard. Four of the pirates were picked up, and hung at the yardarm next morning."

He moved as he spoke, and something clanked in the stillness. "You are ironed!" I exclaimed.

"Only my ankles. My lord would have had me bound hand and foot; but you were raving for water, and, taking you for a dying man, they were so humane as to leave my hands free to attend you."

"My lord would have had you bound," I said slowly. "Then it 's my lord's day."

"High noon and blazing sunshine," he answered, with a rueful laugh. "It seems that half the folk on board had gaped at him at court, and his spiriting away from Jamestown was yet a nine days' wonder when they left England. All thought him dead, together with the lady who had sold herself to the devil for a hundred and twenty pounds of tobacco, and the desperate villain and traitor who had bewitched her into continued contumacy, — surely perished in the storm that followed their flight from Jamestown. Lord! when he put his foot over the side of the ship, how the women screeched and the men gaped! He 's cock of the walk now, my Lord Carnal, the King's favorite!"

"And we are pirates."

"That 's the case in a nutshell," he answered cheerfully.

"Do they know how the ship came to strike upon that reef?" I asked.

"Probably not, unless madam has enlightened them. I did n't take the trouble, — they would n't have believed me, — and I can take my oath my lord has n't. He was only our helpless prisoner, you know; and they would think madam mistaken or bewitched."

"It 's not a likely tale," I said grimly, "seeing that we had already opened fire upon them."

"I trust in heaven the sharks got the men who fired the culverins!" he cried, and then laughed at his own savagery.

I lay still and tried to think. "Who are they on board?" I asked at last.

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"I don't know," he replied. "I was only on deck until my lord had had his say in the poop cabin with the master and a gentleman who appeared most in authority. Then the pirates were strung up, and we were bundled down here in quick order. But there seems to be more of quality than usual aboard."

"You do not know where we are?"

"We lay at anchor for a day, — whilst they patched her up, I suppose, — and since then there has been rough weather. We are still off Florida, and that is all I know. Now go to sleep. You 'll get your strength best so, and there 's nothing to be gotten by waking."

He began to croon a many-versed psalm. I slept and waked, and slept again, and was waked by the light of a torch against my eyes. The torch was held by a much-betarred seaman, and by its light a gentleman of a very meagre aspect, with a weazen face and small black eyes, was busily examining my wounded shoulder and arm.

"It passeth belief," he said in a sing-song voice, "how often wounds, with naught in the world done for them outside of fair water and a clean rag, do turn to and heal out of sheer perversity. Now, if I had been allowed to treat this one properly with scalding oil and melted lead, and to have bled the patient as he should have been bled, it is ten to one that by this time there would have been a pirate the less in the world." He rose to his feet with a highly injured countenance.

"Then he 's doing well?" asked Sparrow.

"So well that he could n't do better," replied the other. "The arm was a trifling matter, though no doubt exquisitely painful. The wound in the shoulder is miraculously healing, without either blood-letting or cauteries. You 'll have to hang after all, my friend." He looked at me with his little beady eyes. "It must have been a grand life," he said regretfully. "I never expected to see a pirate chief in the flesh. When I was a boy, I used to dream of the black ships and the gold and the fighting. By the serpent of Esculapius, in my heart of hearts I would rather be such a world's thief, uncaught, than Governor of Virginia!" He gathered up the tools of his trade, and motioned to his torch-bearer to go before. "I 'll have to report you rapidly recovering," he said warningly, as he turned to follow the light.

"Very well," I made answer. "To whom am I indebted for so much kindness?"

"I am Dr. John Pott, newly appointed physician general to the colony of Virginia. "It is little of my skill I could give you, but that little I gladly bestow upon a real pirate. What a life it must have been! And to have to part with it when you are yet young! And the good red gold and the rich gems all at the bottom of the sea!"

He sighed heavily and went his way. The hatches were closed after him, and the minister and I were left in darkness while the slow hours dragged themselves past us. Through the chinks of the hatches a very faint light streamed down, and made the darkness gray instead of black. The minister and I saw each other dimly, as spectres. Some one brought us mouldy biscuit that I wanted not, and water for which I thirsted. Sparrow put the small pitcher to his lips, kept it there a minute, then held it to mine. I drank, and with that generous draught tasted pure bliss. It was not until five minutes later that I raised myself upon my elbow and turned on him.

"The pitcher felt full to my lips!" I exclaimed. "Did you drink when you said you did?"

He put out his great hand and pushed me gently down. "I have no wound," he said, "and there was not enough for two."

The light that trembled through the

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cracks above died away, and the darkness became gross. The air in the hold was stifling; our souls panted for the wind and the stars outside. At the worst, when the fetid blackness lay upon our chests like a nightmare, the hatch was suddenly lifted, a rush of pure air came to us, and with it the sound of men's voices speaking on the deck above. Said one, "True the doctor pronounces him out of all danger, yet he is a wounded man."

"He is a desperate and dangerous man," broke in another harshly. "I know not how you will answer to your Company for leaving him unironed so long."

"I and the Company understand each other, my lord," rejoined the first speaker, with some haughtiness. "I can keep my prisoner without advice. If I now order irons to be put upon him and his accomplice, it is because I see fit to do so, and not because of your suggestion, my lord. You wish to take this opportunity to have speech with him, — to that I can have no objection."

The speaker moved away. As his footsteps died in the distance my lord laughed, and his merriment was echoed by three or four harsh voices. Some one struck flint against steel, and there was a sudden flare of torches and the steadier light of a lantern. A man with a brutal, weather-beaten face — the master of the ship, we guessed — came down the ladder, lantern in hand, turned when he had reached the foot, and held up the lantern to light my lord down. I lay and watched the King's favorite as he descended. The torches held slantingly above cast a fiery light over his stately figure and the face which had raised him from the low estate of a doubtful birth and a most lean purse to a pinnacle too near the sun for men to gaze at with undazzled eyes. In his rich dress and the splendor of his beauty, with the red glow enveloping him, he lit the darkness like a baleful star.

The two torchbearers and a third man descended, closing the hatch after them. When all were down, my lord, the master at his heels, came and stood over me. I raised myself, though with difficulty, for the fever had left me weak as a babe, and met his gaze. His was a cruel look; if I had expected, as assuredly I did not expect, mercy or generosity from this my dearest foe, his look would have struck such a hope dead. Presently he beckoned to the men behind him. "Put the manacles upon him first," he said, with a jerk of his thumb toward Sparrow.

The man who had come down last, and who carried irons enough to fetter six pirates, started forward to do my lord's bidding. The master glanced at Sparrow's great frame, and pulled out a pistol. The minister laughed. "You 'll not need it, friend. I know when the odds are too great." He held out his arms, and the men fettered them wrist to wrist. When they had finished he said calmly: "'I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay tree. Yet he passed away, and, lo, he was not: yea, I sought him, but he could not be found.'"

My lord turned from him and pointed to me. He kept his eyes upon my face while they shackled me hand and foot; then said abruptly, "You have cords there: bind his arms to his sides." The men wound the cords around me many times. "Draw them tight."

There came a wrathful clank of the minister's chains. "The arm is torn and inflamed from shoulder to wrist, as I make no doubt you have been told!" he cried. "For very shame, man!"

"Draw them tighter," said my lord between his teeth.

The men knotted the cords, and rose to their feet, to be dismissed by my lord with a curt "You may go." They drew back to the foot of the ladder, while the master of the ship went and perched himself upon one of the rungs. "The

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air is fresher here beneath the hatch," he remarked.

As for me, though I lay at my enemy's feet, I could yet set my teeth and look him in the eyes. The cup was bitter, but I could drink it with an unmoved face.

"Art paid?" he demanded. "Art paid for the tree in the red forest without the haunted wood? Art paid, thou bridegroom?"

"No," I answered. "Bring her here to laugh at me as she laughed in the twilight beneath the guest-house window."

I thought he would murder me with the poniard he drew, but presently he put it up.

"She is come to her senses," he said. "Up in the state cabin are bright lights, and wine and laughter. There are gentlewomen aboard, and I have been singing to the lute, to them — and to her. She is saved from the peril into which you plunged her; she knows that the King's Court of High Commission, to say nothing of the hangman, will soon snap the fetters which she now shudders to think of; that the King and one besides will condone her past short madness. Her cheeks are roses, her eyes are stars. But now, when I pressed her hand between the verses of my song, she smiled and sighed and blushed. She is again the dutiful ward of the King, the Lady Jocelyn Leigh — she hath asked to be so called" —

"You lie," I said. "She is my true and noble wife. She may sit in the state cabin, in the air and warmth and light, she may even laugh with her lips, but her heart is here with me in the hold."

As I spoke, I knew, and knew not how I knew, that the thing which I had said was true. With that knowledge came a happiness so deep and strong that it swept aside like straw the torment of those cords, and the deeper hurt that I lay at his feet. I suppose my face altered, and mirrored that blessed glow about my heart, for into his own came a white fury, changing its beauty into something inhuman and terrifying. He looked a devil baffled. For a minute he stood there rigid, with hands clenched. "Embrace her heart, if thou canst," he said, in a voice so low that it came like a whisper from the realm he might have left. "I shall press my face against her bosom."

Another minute of a silence that I disdained to break; then he turned and went up the ladder. The seamen and the master followed. The hatch was clapped to and fastened, and we were left to the darkness and the heavy air, and to a grim endurance of what could not be cured.

During those hours of thirst and torment I came indeed to know the man who sat beside me. His hands were so fastened that he could not loosen the cords, and there was no water for him to give me; but he could and did bestow a higher alms, — the tenderness of a brother, the manly sympathy of a soldier, the balm of the priest of God. I lay in silence, and he spoke not often; but when he did so, there was that in the tone of his voice — Another cycle of pain, and I awoke from a half swoon, in which there was water to drink and no anguish, to hear him praying beside me. He ceased to speak, and in the darkness I heard him draw his breath hard and his great muscles crack. Suddenly there came a sharp sound of breaking iron, and a low "Thank Thee, Lord!" Another moment, and I felt his hands busy at the knotted cords. "I will have them off thee in a twinkling, Ralph," he said, "thanks to Him who taught my hands to war, and my arms to break in two a bow of steel." As he spoke, the cords loosened beneath his fingers.

I raised my head and laid it on his knee, and he put his great arm, with the broken chain dangling from it, around me, and, like a mother with a babe, crooned me to sleep with the twenty-third psalm.

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XXVI.

IN WHICH I AM BROUGHT TO TRIAL.

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My lord came not again into the hold, and the untied cords and the broken chain were not replaced. Morning and evening we were brought a niggard allowance of bread and water; but the man who carried it bore no light, and may not even have observed their absence. We saw no one in authority. Hour by hour my wounds healed and my strength returned. If it was a dark and noisome prison, if there were hunger and thirst and inaction to be endured, if we knew not how near to us might be a death of ignominy, yet the minister and I found the jewel in the head of the toad; for in that time of pain and heaviness we became as David and Jonathan.

At last some one came beside the brute who brought us food. A quiet gentleman, with whitening hair and bright dark eyes, stood before us. He had ordered the two men with him to leave open the hatch, and he held in his hand a sponge soaked with vinegar. "Which of you is — or rather was — Captain Ralph Percy?" he asked, in a grave but pleasant voice.

"I am Captain Percy," I answered.

He looked at me with attention. "I have heard of you before," he said. "I read the letter you wrote to Sir Edwyn Sandys, and thought it an excellently conceived and manly epistle. What magic transformed a gentleman and a soldier into a pirate?"

As he waited for me to speak, I gave him for answer, "Necessity."

"A sad metamorphosis," he said. "I had rather read of nymphs changed into laurel and gushing springs. I am come to take you, sir, before the officers of the Company aboard this ship, when, if you have aught to say for yourself, you may say it. I need not tell you, who saw so clearly some time ago the danger in which you then stood, that your plight is now a thousandfold worse."

"I am perfectly aware of it," I said. "Am I to go in fetters?"

"No," he replied, with a smile. "I have no instructions on the subject, but I will take it upon myself to free you from them, — even for the sake of that excellently writ letter."

"Is not this gentleman to go too?" I asked.

He shook his head. "I have no orders to that effect."

While the men who were with him removed the irons from my wrists and ankles he stood in silence, regarding me with a scrutiny so close that it would have been offensive had I been in a position to take offense. When they had finished I turned and held Jeremy's hand in mine for an instant, then followed the newcomer to the ladder and out of the hold; the two men coming after us, and resolving themselves above into a guard. As we traversed the main deck we came upon Diccon, busy with two or three others about the ports. He saw me, and, dropping the bar that he held, started forward, to be plucked back by an angry arm. The men who guarded me pushed in between us, and there was no word spoken by either. I walked on, the gentleman at my side, and presently came to an open port, and saw, with an intake of my breath, the sunshine, a dark blue heaven flecked with white, and a quiet ocean. My companion glanced at me keenly.

"Doubtless it seems fair enough, after that Cimmerian darkness below," he remarked. "Would you like to rest here a moment?"

"Yes," I said, and, leaning against the side of the port, looked out at the beauty of the light.

"We are off Hatteras," he informed me, "but we have not met with the stormy seas that vex poor mariners hereabouts. Those sails you see on our quar-

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ter belong to our consort. We were separated by the hurricane that nigh sunk us, and finally drove us, helpless as we were, toward the Florida coast and across your path. For us that was a fortunate reef upon which you dashed. The gods must have made your helmsman blind, for he ran you into a destruction that gaped not for you. Why did every wretch that we hung next morning curse you before he died?"

"If I told you, you would not believe me," I replied.

I was dizzy with the bliss of the air and the light, and it seemed a small thing that he would not believe me. The wind sounded in my ears like a harp, and the sea beckoned. A white bird flashed down into the crystal hollow between two waves, hung there a second, then rose, a silver radiance against the blue. Suddenly I saw a river, dark and ridged beneath thunderclouds, a boat, and in it, her head pillowed upon her arm, a woman, who pretended that she slept. With a shock my senses steadied, and I became myself again. The sea was but the sea, the wind the wind; in the hold below me lay my friend; somewhere in that ship was my wife; and awaiting me in the state cabin were men who perhaps had the will, as they had the right and the might, to hang me at the yardarm that same hour.

"I have had my fill of rest," I said. "Whom am I to stand before?"

"The newly appointed officers of the Company, bound in this ship for Virginia," he answered. "The ship carries Sir Francis Wyatt, the new Governor; Master Davison, the Secretary; young Clayborne, the surveyor general; the knight marshal, the physician general, and the Treasurer, with other gentlemen, and with fair ladies, their wives and sisters. I am George Sandys, the Treasurer."

The blood rushed to my face, for it hurt me that the brother of Sir Edwyn Sandys should believe that the firing of those guns had been my act. His was the trained observation of the traveler and writer, and he probably read the color aright. "I pity you, if I can no longer esteem you," he said, after a pause. "I know no sorrier sight than a brave man's shield reversed."

I bit my lip and kept back the angry word. The next minute saw us at the door of the state cabin. It opened, and my companion entered, and I after him, with my two guards at my back. Around a large table were gathered a number of gentlemen, some seated, some standing. There were but two among them whom I had seen before, — the physician who had dressed my wound and my Lord Carnal. The latter was seated in a great chair, beside a gentleman with a pleasant active face and light brown curling hair, — the new Governor, as I guessed. The Treasurer, nodding to the two men to fall back to the window, glided to a seat upon my lord's other hand, and I went and stood before the Governor of Virginia.

For some moments there was silence in the cabin, every man being engaged in staring at me with all his eyes; then the Governor spoke: "It should be upon your knees, sir."

"I am neither petitioner nor penitent," I said. "I know no reason why I should kneel, your Honor."

"There 's reason, God wot, why you should be both!" he exclaimed. "Did you not, now some months agone, defy the writ of the King and Company, refusing to stand when the marshal called upon you to do so in the King's name?"

"Yes."

"Did you not, when he would have stayed your lawless flight, lay violent hands upon a nobleman high in the King's favor, and, overpowering him with numbers, carry him out of the King's realm?"

"Yes."

"Did you not seduce from her duty to the King, and force to fly with you,

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his Majesty's ward, the Lady Jocelyn Leigh?"

"No," I said. "There was with me only my wife, who chose to follow the fortunes of her husband."

He frowned, and my lord swore beneath his breath. "Did you not, falling in with a pirate ship, cast in your lot with the scoundrels upon it, and yourself turn pirate?"

"In some sort."

"And become their chief?"

"Since there was no other situation open, — yes."

"Taking with you as captives upon the pirate ship that lady and that nobleman?"

"Yes."

"You proceeded to ravage the dominions of the King of Spain, with whom his Majesty is at peace" —

"Like Drake and Raleigh, — yes," I said.

He smiled, then frowned. "Tempora mutantur," he said dryly. "And I have never heard that Drake or Raleigh attacked an English ship."

"Nor have I attacked one," I said.

He leaned back in his chair and stared at me. "We saw the flame and heard the thunder of your guns, and our rigging was cut by the shot. Did you expect me to believe that last assertion?"

"No."

"Then you might have spared yourself — and us — that lie," he said coldly.

The Treasurer moved restlessly in his seat, and began to whisper to his neighbor the Secretary. A young man, with the eyes of a hawk and an iron jaw, — Clayborne, the surveyor general, — who sat at the end of the table beside the window, turned and gazed out upon the clouds and the sea, as if, contempt having taken the place of curiosity, he had no further interest in the proceedings. As for me, I set my face like a flint, and looked past the man who might have saved me that last speech of the Governor's as if he had never been.

There was a closed door in the cabin, opposite the one by which I had entered. Suddenly from behind it came the sound of a short struggle, followed by the quick turn of a key in the lock. The door was flung open, and two women entered the cabin. One, a fair young gentlewoman, with tears in her brown eyes, came forward hurriedly with outspread hands.

"I did what I could, Frank!" she cried. "When she would not listen to reason, I e'en locked the door; but she is strong, for all that she has been ill, and she forced the key out of my hand!" She looked at the red mark upon the white hand, and two tears fell from her long lashes upon her wild-rose cheeks.

With a smile the Governor put out an arm and drew her down upon a stool beside him, then rose and bowed low to the King's ward. "You are not yet well enough to leave your cabin, as our worthy physician general will assure you, lady," he said courteously, but firmly. "Permit me to lead you back to it."

Still smiling he made as if to advance, when she stayed him with a gesture of her raised hand, at once so majestic and so pleading that it was as though a strain of music had passed through the stillness of the cabin.

"Sir Francis Wyatt, as you are a gentleman, let me speak," she said. It was the voice of that first night at Weyanoke, all pathos, all sweetness, all entreating.

The Governor stopped short, the smile still upon his lips, his hand still outstretched, — stood thus for a moment, then sat down. Around the half circle of gentlemen went a little rustling sound, like wind in dead leaves. My lord half rose from his seat. "She is bewitched," he said, with dry lips. "She will say what she has been told to say. Lest she speak to her shame, we should refuse to hear her."

She had been standing in the centre

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of the floor, her hands clasped, her body bowed toward the Governor, but at my lord's words she straightened like a bow unbent. "I may speak, your Honor?" she asked clearly.

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The Governor, who had looked askance at the working face of the man beside him, slightly bent his head and leaned back in his great armchair. The King's favorite started to his feet. The King's ward turned her eyes upon him. "Sit down, my lord," she said. "Surely these gentlemen will think that you are afraid of what I, a poor erring woman, rebellious to the King, traitress to mine own honor, late the plaything of a pirate ship, may say or do. Truth, my lord, should be more courageous." Her voice was gentle, even plaintive, but it had in it the quality that lurks in the eyes of the crouching panther.

My lord sat down, one hand hiding his working mouth, the other clenched on the arm of his chair as if it had been an arm of flesh.

XXVII.

IN WHICH I FIND AN ADVOCATE.

She came slowly nearer the ring of now very quiet and attentive faces until she stood beside me, but she neither looked at me nor spoke to me. She was thinner and there were heavy shadows beneath her eyes, but she was beautiful.

"I stand before gentlemen to whom, perhaps, I am not utterly unknown," she said. "Some here, perchance, have been to court, and have seen me there. Master Sandys, once, before the Queen died, you came to Greenwich to kiss her Majesty's hands; and while you waited in her antechamber you saw a young maid of honor — scarce more than a child — curled in a window seat with a book. You sat beside her, and told her wonderful tales of sunny lands and gods and nymphs. I was that maid of honor. Master Clayborne, once, hawking near Windsor, I dropped my glove. There were a many out of their saddles before it touched the ground, but a gentleman, not of our party, who had drawn his horse to one side to let us pass, was quicker than them all. Did you not think yourself well paid, sir, when you kissed the hand to which you restored the glove? All here, I think, may have heard my name. If any hath heard aught that ever I did in all my life to tarnish it, I pray him to speak now and shame me before you all!"

Clayborne started up. "I remember that day at Windsor, lady!" he cried. "The man of whom I afterward asked your name was a most libertine courtier, and he raised his hat when he spoke of you, calling you a lily which the mire of the court could not besmirch. I will believe all good, but no harm of you, lady!"

He sat down, and Master Sandys said gravely: "Men need not be courtiers to have known of a lady of great wealth and high birth, a ward of the King's, and both beautiful and pure. I nor no man else, I think, ever heard aught of the Lady Jocelyn Leigh but what became a daughter of her line."

A murmur of assent went round the circle. The Governor, leaning forward from his seat, his wife's hand in his, gravely bent his head. "All this is known, lady," he said courteously.

She did not answer; her eyes were upon the King's favorite, and the circle waited with her.

"It is known," said my lord.

She smiled proudly. "For so much grace, thanks, my lord," she said, then addressed herself again to the Governor: "Your Honor, that is the past, the long past, the long, long past, though not a year has gone by. Then I was a girl, proud and careless; now, your Honor, I am a woman, and I stand here in the dignity of suffering and peril. I fled from England" — She paused, drew herself up, and turned upon my lord a

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face and form so still, and yet so expressive of noble indignation, outraged womanhood, scorn, and withal a kind of angry pity, that small wonder if he shrank as from a blow. "I left the only world I knew," she said. "I took a way low and narrow and dark and set with thorns, but the only way that I — alone and helpless and bewildered — could find, because that I, Jocelyn Leigh, willed not to wed with you, my Lord Carnal. Why did you follow me, my lord? You knew that I loved you not. You knew my mind, and that I was weak and friendless, and you used your power. I must tell you, my lord, that you were not chivalrous, nor compassionate, nor brave" —

"I loved you!" he cried, and stretched out his arm toward her across the table. He saw no one but her, spoke to none but her. There was a fierce yearning and a hopelessness in his voice and bent head and outstretched arm that lent for the time a tragic dignity to the pageant, evil and magnificent, of his life.

"You loved me," she said. "I had rather you had hated me, my lord. I came to Virginia, your Honor, and men thought me the thing I professed myself. In the green meadow beyond the church they wooed me as such. This one came and that one, and at last a fellow, when I said him nay and bade him begone, did dare to seize my hands and kiss my lips. While I struggled one came and flung that dastard into the brook, then asked me plainly to become his wife, and there was no laugh or insult in his voice. I was wearied and fordone and desperate. . . . So I met my husband, and so I married him. . . . That same day I told him a part of my secret, and when my Lord Carnal was come I told him all. . . . I had not met with much true love or courtesy or compassion in my life. When I saw the danger in which he stood because of me, I told him he might free himself from that coil, might swear to what they pleased, whistle me off, save himself, and I would say no word of blame. There was wine upon the table, and he filled a cup and brought it to me, and we drank of it together. We drank of the same cup then, your Honor, and we will drink of it still. We twain were wedded, and the world strove to part us. Which of you here, in such quarrel, would not withstand the world? Lady Wyatt, would not thy husband hold thee, while he lived, against the world? Then speak for mine!"

"Frank, Frank!" cried Lady Wyatt. "They love each other!"

"If he withstood the King," went on the King's ward, "it was for his honor and for mine. If he fled from Virginia, it was because I willed it so. Had he stayed, my Lord Carnal, and had you willed to follow me again, you must have made a yet longer journey to a most distant bourne. That wild night when we fled, why did you come upon us, my lord? The moon burst forth from a black cloud, and you stood there upon the wharf above us, calling to the footsteps behind to hasten. We would have left you there in safety, and gone ourselves alone down that stream as black and strange as death. Why did you spring down the steps and grapple with the minister? And he that might have thrust you beneath the flood and drowned you there did but fling you into the boat. We wished not your company, my lord; we would willingly have gone without you. I trust, my lord, you have made honest report of this matter, and have told these gentlemen that my husband gave you, a prisoner whom he wanted not, all fair and honorable treatment. That you have done this I dare take my oath, my lord" —

She stood silent, her eyes upon his. The men around stirred, and a little flash like the glint of drawn steel went from one pair of eyes to another.

"My lord, my lord!" said the King's

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ward. "Long ago you won my hatred; an you would not win my contempt, speak truth this day!"

In his eyes, which he had never taken from her face, there leaped to meet the proud appeal in her own a strange fire. That he loved her with a great and evil passion, I, who needs had watched him closely, had long known. Suddenly he burst into jarring laughter. "Yea, he treated me fairly enough, damn him to everlasting hell! But he's a pirate, sweet bird; he's a pirate, and must swing as such!"

"A pirate!" she cried. "But he was none! My lord, you know he was none! Your Honor"—

The Governor interrupted her: "He made himself captain of a pirate ship, lady. He took and sunk ships of Spain."

"In what sort did he become their chief?" she cried. "In such sort, gentlemen, as the bravest of you, in like straits, would have been blithe to be, an you had had like measure of wit and daring. Your Honor, the wind before which our boat drave like a leaf, the waves that would engulf us, wrecked us upon a desert isle. There was no food or water or shelter. That night, while we slept, a pirate ship anchored off the beach, and in the morning the pirates came ashore to bury their captain. My husband met them alone, fought their would-be leaders one by one, and forced the election to fall upon himself. Well he knew that if he left not that isle their leader, he would leave it their captive; and not he alone! God's mercy, gentlemen, what other could he do? I pray you to hold him absolved from a willing embrace of that life! Sunk ships of Spain! Yea, forsooth; and how long hath it been since other English gentlemen sunk other ships of Spain? The world hath changed indeed if to fight the Spaniard in the Indies, e'en though at home we be at peace with him, be conceived so black a crime! He fought their galleons fair and knightly, with his life in his hand; he gave quarter, and while they called him chief those pirates tortured no prisoner and wronged no woman. Had he not been there, would the ships have been taken less surely? Had he not been there, God wot, ships and ships' boats alike would have sunk or burned, and no Spanish men and women had rowed away and blessed a generous foe. A pirate! He, with me and with the minister and with my Lord Carnal, was prisoner to the pirates, and out of that danger he plucked safety for us all! Who hath so misnamed a gallant gentleman? Was it you, my lord?"

Eyes and voice were imperious, and in her cheeks burned an indignant crimson. My lord's face was set and white; he looked at her, but spoke no word.

"The Spanish ships might pass, lady," averred the Governor; "but this is an English ship, with the flag of England above her."

"Yea," she said. "What then?"

The circle rustled again. The Governor loosed his wife's fingers and leaned forward. "You plead well, lady!" he exclaimed. "You might win, an Captain Percy had not seen fit to fire upon us."

A dead silence followed his words. Outside the square window a cloud passed from the face of the sun, and a great burst of sunshine entered the cabin. She stood in the heart of it, and looked a goddess angered. My lord, with his haggard face and burning eyes, slowly rose from his seat, and they faced each other.

"You told them not who fired those guns, who sunk that pirate ship?" she said. "Because he was your enemy, you held your tongue? Knight and gentleman — my Lord Carnal — my Lord Coward!"

"Honor is an empty word to me," he answered. "For you I would dive into the deepest hell, — if there be a deeper

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than that which burns me, day in, day out. . . . Jocelyn, Jocelyn, Jocelyn!"

"You love me so?" she said. "Then do me pleasure. Because I ask it of you, tell these men the truth." She came a step nearer, and held out her clasped hands to him. "Tell them how it was, my lord, and I will strive to hate you no longer. The harm that you have done me I will pray for strength to forgive. Ah, my lord, let me not ask in vain! Will you that I kneel to you?"

"I fix my own price," he said. "I will do what you ask, an you will let me kiss your lips."

I sprang forward with an oath. Some one behind caught both my wrists in an iron grasp and pulled me back. "Be not a fool!" growled Clayborne in my ear. "The cord's loosening fast: if you interfere, it may tighten with a jerk!" I freed my hands from his grasp. The Treasurer, sitting next him, leaned across the table and motioned to the two seamen beside the window. They left their station, and each seized me by an arm. "Be guided, Captain Percy," said Master Sandys in a low voice. "We wish you well. Let her win you through."

"First tell the truth, my lord," said the King's ward; "then come and take the reward you ask."

"Jocelyn!" I cried. "I command you"—

She turned upon me a perfectly colorless face. "All my life after I will be to you an obedient wife," she said. "This once I pray you to hold me excused. . . . Speak, my lord."

There was the mirth of the lost in the laugh with which he turned to the Governor. "That pretty little tale, sir, that I regaled you with, the day you obligingly picked me up, was pure imagination; the wetting must have disordered my reason. A potion sweeter than the honey of Hybla, which I am about to drink, hath restored me beforehand. Gentlemen all, there was mutiny aboard that ship which so providentially sank before your very eyes. For why? The crew, who were pirates, and the captain, who was yonder gentleman, did not agree. The one wished to attack you, board you, rummage you, and slay, after recondite fashions, every mother's son of you; the other demurred, — so strongly, in fact, that his life ceased to be worth a pin's purchase. Indeed, I believe he resigned his captaincy then and there, and, declining to lift a finger against an English ship, defied them to do their worst. He had no hand in the firing of those culverins; the mutineers touched them off without so much as a 'by your leave.' His attention was otherwise occupied. Good sirs, there was not the slightest reason in nature why the ship should have struck upon that sunken reef, to the damnation of her people and the salvation of yours. Why do you suppose she diverged from the path of safety to split into slivers against that fortunate ledge?"

The men around drew in their breath, and one or two sprang to their feet. My lord laughed again. "Have you seen the pious man who left Jamestown and went aboard the pirate ship as this gentleman's lieutenant? He hath the strength of a bull. Captain Percy here had but to nod his head, and hey, presto! the helmsman was bowled over, and the minister had the helm. The ship struck: the pirates went to hell, and you, gentlemen, were preserved to order all things well in Virginia. May she long be grateful! The man who dared that death rather than attack the ship he guessed to be the Company's is my mortal foe, whom I will yet sweep from my path, but he is not a pirate. Ay, take it down, an it please you, Master Secretary! I retreat from a most choice position, to be sure, but what care I? I see a vantage ground more to my liking. I have lost a throw, perhaps, but I will

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recoup ten such losses with one such — kiss. By your leave, lady."

He went up to her where she stood, with hanging arms, her head a little bent, white and cold and yielding as a lady done in snow; gazed at her a moment, with his passion written in his fierce eyes and haggard, handsome face; then crushed her to him.

If I could have struck him dead, I would have done so. When her word had been kept, she released herself with a quiet and resolute dignity. As for him, he sank back into the great chair beside the Governor's, leaned an elbow on the table, and hid his eyes with one shaking hand.

The Governor rose to his feet, and motioned away the two seamen who held me fast. "We 'll have no hanging this morning, gentlemen," he announced. "Captain Percy, I beg to apologize to you for words that were never meant for a brave and gallant gentleman, but for a pirate who I find does not exist. I pray you to forget them, quite."

I returned his bow, but my eyes traveled past him.

"I will allow you no words with my Lord Carnal," he said. "With your wife, — that is different." He moved aside with a smile.

She was standing, pale, with downcast eyes, where my lord had left her. "Jocelyn," I said. She turned toward me, crimsoned deeply, uttered a low cry, half laughter, half a sob, then covered her face with her hands. I took them away and spoke her name again, and this time she hid her face upon my breast.

A moment thus; then — for all eyes were upon her — I lifted her head, kissed her, and gave her to Lady Wyatt, whom I found at my side. "I commend my wife to your ladyship's care," I said. "As you are woman, deal sisterly by her!"

"You may trust me, sir," she made answer, the tears upon her cheeks. "I did not know, — I did not understand. . . . Dear heart, come away, — come away with Margaret Wyatt."

Clayborne opened the door of the cabin, and stood aside with a low bow. The men who had sat to judge me rose; only the King's favorite kept his seat. With Lady Wyatt's arm about her, the King's ward passed between the lines of standing gentlemen to the door, there hesitated, turned, and, facing them with I know not what of pride and shame, wistfulness of entreaty and noble challenge to belief in the face and form that were of all women's most beautiful, curtsied to them until her knee touched the floor. She was gone, and the sunlight with her.

When I turned upon that shameless lord where he sat in his evil beauty, with his honor dead before him, men came hastily in between. I put them aside with a laugh. I had but wanted to look at him. I had no sword, — already he lay beneath my challenge, — and words are weak things.

At length he rose, as arrogant as ever in his port, as evilly superb in his towering pride, and as amazingly indifferent to the thoughts of men who lied not. "This case hath wearied me," he said. "I will retire for a while to rest, and in dreams to live over a past sweetness. Give you good-day, gentles! Sir Francis Wyatt, you will remember that this gentleman did resist arrest, and that he lieth under the King's displeasure!" So saying he clapped his hat upon his head and walked out of the cabin. The Company's officers drew a long breath, as if a fresher air had come in with his departure.

"I have no choice, Captain Percy, but to keep you still under restraint, both here and when we shall reach Jamestown," said the Governor. "All that the Company, through me, can do, consistent with its duty to his Majesty, to lighten your confinement shall be done" —

"Then send him not again into the

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hold, Sir Francis!" exclaimed the Treasurer, with a wry face.

The Governor laughed. "Lighter and sweeter quarters shall be found. Your wife 's a brave lady, Captain Percy" —

"And a passing fair one," said Clayborne under his breath.

"I left a friend below in the hold, your Honor," I said. "He came with me from Jamestown because he was my friend. He had naught to do with the planning of that escape, and it was not he that the marshal called upon to stay. The King hath never heard of him. And he 's no more a pirate than I or you, your Honor. He is a minister, — a sober, meek, and godly man" —

From behind the Secretary rose the singsong of my acquaintance of the hold, Dr. John Pott. "He is Jeremy, your Honor, Jeremy who made the town merry at Blackfriars. Your Honor remembers him? He had a sickness, and forsook the life and went into the country. He was known to the Dean of St. Paul's. All the town laughed when it heard that he had taken orders."

"Jeremy!" cried out the Treasurer. "Nick Bottom! Christopher Sly! Sir Toby Belch! Sir Francis, give me Jeremy to keep in my cabin!"

The Governor laughed. "He shall be bestowed with Captain Percy where he 'll not lack for company, I warrant! Jeremy! Ben Jonson loved him; they drank together at the Mermaid."

A little later the Treasurer turned to leave my new quarters, to which he had walked beside me, glanced at the men who waited for him without, — Jeremy had not yet been brought from the hold, — and returned to my side to say, in a low voice, but with emphasis: "Captain Percy has been a long time without news from home, — from England. What would he most desire to hear?"

"Of the welfare of his Grace of Buckingham," I replied.

He smiled. "His Grace is as well as heart could desire, and as powerful. The Queen's dog now tuggeth the sow by the ears this way or that, as it pleaseth him. By this the dead is quite forgot, — and resurrections are unseemly things. Since we are not to hang you as a pirate, Captain Percy, I incline to think your affairs in better posture than when you left Virginia."

"I think so too, sir," I said, and gave him thanks for his courtesy, and wished him good-day, being anxious to sit still and thank God, with my face in my hands and summer in my heart.

Mary Johnston.

(*To be continued.*)

JUSTICE FOR THE BOY.

Sometimes, when I see my little boy hugging himself with delight at the near prospect of the kindergarten, I go back in memory forty years and more to the day when I was dragged, a howling captive, to school, as a punishment for being bad at home. I remember, as though it were yesterday, my progress up the street in the vengeful grasp of an exasperated servant, and my reception by the aged monster — most fitly named Madame Bruin — who kept the school. She asked no questions, but led me straightway to the cellar, where she plunged me into an empty barrel and put the lid on over me. Applying her horn goggles to the bunghole, to my abject terror, she informed me, in a se-

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pulchral voice, that that was the way bad boys were dealt with in school. When I ceased howling from sheer fright, she took me out and conducted me to the yard, where a big hog had a corner to itself. She bade me observe that one of its ears had been slit half its length. It was because the hog was lazy, and little boys who were that way minded were in danger of similar treatment; in token whereof she clipped a pair of tailor's shears suggestively close to my ear. It was my first lesson in school. I hated it from that hour.

The barrel and the hog were never part of the curriculum in any American boy's school, I suppose; they seem too freakish to be credited to any but the demoniac ingenuity of my home ogre. But they stood for a comprehension of the office of school and teacher which was not patented by any day or land. It is not so long since the notion yet prevailed that the schools were principally to lock children up in for the convenience of their parents, that we should have entirely forgotten it. Only the other day a clergyman from up the state came into my office to tell of a fine reform school they had in his town. They were very proud of it.

"And how about the schools for the good boys in your town?" I asked, when I had heard him out. "Are they anything to be proud of?"

He stared. He guessed they were all right, he said, after some hesitation. But it was clear that he did not know.

It is not necessary to go back forty years to find us in the metropolis upon the clergyman's platform, if not upon Madame Bruin's. Ten will do. They will bring us to the day when roof playgrounds were contemptuously left out of the estimates for an East Side school, as "frills" that had nothing to do with education; when the Board of Health found but a single public school, in more than sixscore that was so ventilated as to keep the children from being poisoned by foul air; when the authority of the Talmud had to be invoked by the Superintendent of School Buildings to convince the president of the Board of Education, who happened to be a Jew, that seventy-five or eighty pupils were far too many for one classroom; when a man who had been dead a year was appointed a school trustee of the Third Ward, under the mouldy old law surviving from the day when New York was a big village, and filled the office as well as if he had been alive, because there were no schools in his ward; when manual training and the kindergarten were yet the fads of yesterday, looked at askance; when fifty thousand children roamed the streets for whom there was no room in the schools, and the only defense of the School Commissioners was that they "did n't know" there were so many; and when we mixed truants and thieves in a jail with entire unconcern. Indeed, the jail filled the title rôle in the educational cast of that day. Its inmates were well lodged and cared for, while the sanitary authorities twice condemned the Essex Market school across the way as wholly unfit for children to be in, but failed to catch the ear of the politician who ran things unhindered. When (in 1894) I denounced the "system" of enforcing — or not enforcing — the compulsory education law as a device to make thieves out of our children by turning over their training to the street, he protested angrily; but the experts of the Tenement House Committee found the charge fully borne out by the facts. They were certainly plain enough in the sight of us all, had we chosen to see.

When at last we saw, we gave the politician a vacation for a season. To say that he was to blame for all the mischief would not be fair. We were to blame for leaving him in possession. He was only a link in the chain which our indifference had forged; but he was always and everywhere an obstruction to betterment, — sometimes, illogically, in

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spite of himself. Successive Tammany mayors had taken a stand for the public schools, when it was clear that reform could not be delayed much longer; but they were helpless against a system of selfishness and stupidity of which they were the creatures, though they posed as its masters. They had to go with it as unfit, and upon the wave that swept out the last of the rubbish came reform. The Committee of Seventy took hold, the Good Government Clubs, the Tenement House Committee, and the women of New York. Five years we strove with the powers of darkness, and look now at the change! The New York school system is not yet the ideal one, — it may never be; but the jail, at least, has been cast out of the firm. We have a compulsory education law under which it will be possible, when a seat has been provided for every child, to punish the parent for the boy's truancy, unless he surrenders him as unmanageable; and we can count the months now till every child shall find the latchstring out on the school door. We had to put our hands deep into our pockets to get to that point, but we are very nearly there now. Since 1895 the expenditure of twenty-two and a half millions of dollars for new schools in the old city has been authorized by law, and two thirds of the money has been spent. Fifty-odd new buildings have been put up, or are going up while I am writing, every one of them with its playground, which will by and by be free to all the neighborhood. The idea is at last working through that the schools belong to the people, and are primarily for the children and their parents; not mere vehicles of ward patronage, or for keeping an army of teachers in office and pay.

The silly old régime is dead. The ward trustee is gone with his friend the alderman, loudly proclaiming the collapse of our liberties in the day that saw the schools taken from "the people's" control. They were "the people." Experts manage our children's education, which was supposed in the old plan to be the only thing that did not require any training. To superintend a brickyard demanded some knowledge, but anybody could run the public schools. It cost us an election to take that step. One of the Tammany district leaders, who knew what he was talking about, said to me after it was all over: "I knew we would win. Your bringing those foreigners here did the business. Our people believe in home rule. We kept account of the teachers you brought from out of town, and who spent the money they made here out of town, and it got to be the talk among the tenement people in my ward that their daughters would have no more show to get to be teachers. That did the business. We figured the school vote in the city at forty-two thousand, and I knew we could not lose." The "foreigners" were teachers from Massachusetts and other states, who had achieved a national reputation at their work.

There lies upon my table a copy of the minutes of the Board of Education of January 9, 1895, in which is underscored a report on a primary school in the Bronx. "It is a wooden shanty," is the inspector's account, "heated by stoves, and is a regular tinder box; cellar wet, and under one classroom only. This building was erected in order, I believe, to determine whether or not there was a school population in the neighborhood to warrant the purchase of property to erect a school on."

That was the way then of taking a school census, and the result was the utter failure of the compulsory education law to compel anything. To-day we have a biennial census, ordained by law, which, when at last it gets into the hands of some one who can count, will tell us how many Jacob Beresheims are drifting upon the shoals of the street. And we have a truant school to keep them safe in. To it, says the law, no thief shall

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be committed. It is not yet five years since the burglar and the truant — who, having been refused admission to the school because there was not room for him, inconsequently was locked up for contracting idle ways — were herded in the Juvenile Asylum, and classified there in squads of those who were four feet, four feet seven, and over four feet seven! I am afraid I scandalized some good people, during the fight for decency in this matter, by insisting that it ought to be considered a good mark for Jacob that he despised such schools as were provided for him. But it was true. Except for the risk of the burglar, the jail was preferable by far. A woman has now had charge of the truant school for fourteen months, and she tells me that of quite twenty-five hundred boys scarce sixty were rightly called incorrigible, and even these a little longer and tighter grip would probably win over. For such, a farm school is yet to be provided. The rest responded promptly to an appeal to their pride. She "made it a personal matter" with each of them, and the truant vanished; the boy was restored. The burglar, too, made it a personal matter in the old contact, and the result was two burglars for one. In common with nearly all those who have paid attention to this matter, Mrs. Alger believes that the truant school strikes at the root of the problem of juvenile crime. After thirty years of close acquaintance with the child population of London, Mr. Andrew Drew, chairman of the Industrial Committee of the School Board, declared his conviction that "truancy is to be credited with nearly the whole of our juvenile criminality." But for years there seemed to be no way of convincing the New York School Board that the two had anything to do with each other. As executive officer of the Good Government Clubs, I fought that fight to a finish. We got the school, and in Mrs. Alger, at the time a truant officer, a person singularly well qualified to take charge of it. She has just been removed, that her place might be given to a man. It is the old scheme come back, — a voter behind the broom, — and the old slough waiting to overwhelm us again.

But it will not get the chance. I have my own idea of how this truancy question is going to be solved. Yesterday I went with Superintendent Snyder through some of the new schools he is building, upon what he calls the letter H plan, in the crowded districts. It is the plan of the Hôte de Cluny in Paris, and to my mind as nearly perfect as it is possible to make a schoolhouse. There is not a dark corner in the whole structure, from the splendid gymnasium under the red-tiled roof to the indoor playground on the ground floor, which, when thrown in one with the two open-air playgrounds that lie embraced in the arms of the H, will give the children nearly an acre of asphalted floor space from street to street, to romp on. Seven such schools are going up to-day, each a beautiful palace, and within the year sixteen thousand children will be housed in them. When I think of the old Allen Street school, where the gas had to be kept burning even on the brightest days, recitations suspended every half hour, and the children made to practice calisthenics so that they should not catch cold while the windows were opened to let in fresh air; of the dark playground downstairs, with the rats keeping up such a racket that one could hardly hear himself speak at times, or of the other East Side playground where the boys "were n't allowed to speak above a whisper," so as not to disturb those studying overhead, I fancy that I can make out both the cause and the cure of the boy's desperation. "We try to make our schools pleasant enough to hold the children," wrote the Superintendent of Schools in Indianapolis to me once, and added that they had no truant problem worth bothering about.

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With the kindergarten and manual training firmly engrafted upon the school course, as they are at last, and with it reaching out to enlist also the boy's play through playground and vacation schools, I shall be willing to turn the boy, who will not come in, over to the reformatory. They will not need to build a new wing to the jail for his safekeeping.

All ways lead to Rome. The reform in school-building dates back, as does every other reform in New York, to the Mulberry Bend. It began there. The first school that departed from the soulless old tradition, to set beautiful pictures before the child's mind as well as dry figures on the slate, was built there. At the time I wanted it to stand in the park, hoping so to hasten the laying out of that; but although the Small Parks law expressly permitted the erection on park property of buildings for "the instruction of the people," the officials upon whom I pressed my scheme could not be made to understand that as including schools. Perhaps they were right. I catechised thirty-one Fourth Ward girls in a sewing school, about that time, twenty-six of whom had attended the public schools of the district more than a year. One wore a badge earned for excellence in her studies. In those days every street corner was placarded with big posters of Napoleon on a white horse riding through fire and smoke. There was one right across the street. Yet only one of the thirty-one knew who Napoleon was. She "thought she had heard of the gentleman before." It came out that the one impression she retained of what she had heard was that "the gentleman" had two wives. They knew of Washington that he was the first President of the United States, and cut down a cherry tree. They were sitting and sewing at the time almost on the identical spot where he lived and held office. To the question who ruled before Washington the answer came promptly: no one; he was the first. They agreed reluctantly, upon further consideration, that there was probably "a King of America" before his day, and the Irish damsels turned up their noses at the idea. The people of Canada, they thought, were copper-colored. The same winter I was indignantly bidden to depart from a school in the Fourth Ward by a trustee who had heard that I had written a book about the slum and spoken of "his people" in it.

Those early steps in the reform path stumbled sadly at times over obstacles that showed how dense was the ignorance and how rank were the prejudices we had to fight. When I wrote that the Allen Street school was overrun by rats, which was a fact any one might observe for himself by spending five minutes in the building, I was called sharply to account by the Mayor in the Board of Estimate and Apportionment. There were no rats, he said. The Allen Street school was the worst of them all, and I determined that the time had come to make a demonstration. I procured a rat trap, and was waiting for an idle hour to go over and catch one of the rats, so that I might have it stuffed and sent to the board over which the Mayor presided, as a convincing exhibit; but before I got so far reform swept the whole conspiracy of ignorance and jobbery out of the City Hall.

That was well enough as far as it went; but that the broom was needed elsewhere we learned later, when the Good Government Clubs fought for the inspection of the schools and of the children by trained oculists. The evidence was that the pupils were made both nearsighted and stupid by the want of proper arrangement of their seats and of themselves in the classroom. The fact was not denied, and the scheme was strongly indorsed by the Board of Health and by some of the ablest and best known oculists in the city; but it was wrecked upon an opposition in which we heard the ignorant

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and selfish cry that it would "interfere with private practice," and so curtail the profits of the practitioner. The proposal to inspect the classes daily for evidence of contagious disease — which, carried out, has proved a most effective means of preventing the spread of epidemics, and one of the greatest blessings — had been opposed, happily unsuccessfully, with the same arguments.[1] It is very well to prate about the rapacity of politicians, but these things came often enough to show what they meant by the claim that they were "closer to the people" than we who were trying to help them; and they were all the more exasperating because they came rarely from below, — the tenement people, when they were not deliberately misled, were ready and eager to fall in with any plan for bettering things, notably where it concerned the schools, — but usually from those who knew better, and from whom we had a right to expect support and backing.

Speaking of that reminds me of a mishap I had in the Hester Street school, — the one with the "frills" which the Board of Education cut off. I happened to pass it after school hours, and went in to see what sort of a playground the roof would have made. I met no one on the way, and, finding the scuttle open, climbed out and up the slant of the roof to the peak, where I sat musing over our lost chance, when the janitor came to close up. He must have thought I was a crazy man, and my explanation did not make it any better. He haled me down, and but for the fortunate chance that the policeman on the beat knew me I should have been taken to the lockup as a dangerous lunatic, — all for dreaming of a playground on the roof of a schoolhouse.

Janitor and Board of Commissioners to the contrary notwithstanding, the dream became real. There stands another school in Hester Street to-day within easy call, that has a playground measuring more than twelve thousand square feet on the roof, one of half that size down on the ground, and an asphalted indoor playground as big as the one on the roof. Together they measure a trifle less than thirty thousand feet. To the indignant amazement of my captor, the janitor, his school was thrown open to the children in the last summer vacation, and in the winter they put a boys' club in to worry him. What further indignities there are in store for him, in this day of "frills," there is no telling. A resolution is on record which states, under date of May 18, 1897, that "it is the sense of the Board of Superintendents that the schoolhouses may well be used in the cause of education as neighborhood centres, providing reading rooms, branch offices of public libraries, etc." And to cut off all chance of relapse into the old doubt whether "such things are educational," that laid so many of our hopes on the dusty shelf of the circumlocution office, the state legislature has expressly declared that the commonwealth will take the chance, which Boards of Education shunned, of a little amusement creeping in. The schools may be used for "purposes of recreation." To the janitor it must seem that the end of all things is at hand.

In the crowded districts, the school playgrounds were thrown open to the children during the long vacation last year, with kindergarten teachers to amuse them, and half a score of vacation schools tempted more than four thousand children from the street into the cool shade

[1] I set down reluctantly this censure of an honored profession, to individual members of which I have been wont, in a long succession of troubled years, to go for advice and help in public matters, and never in vain. The statement of the chief sanitary officer of the School Department, reaffirmed at the time I am writing, is, however, positive to the effect that to this opposition, and this only, was due the failure of that much-needed reform which had for years been with me a pet measure.

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of the classrooms. They wrought in wood and iron, they sang and they played and studied nature, — out of a barrel, to be sure, that came twice a week from Long Island filled with "specimens;" but toward the end we took a hint from Chicago, and let the children gather their own specimens on excursions around the bay and suburbs of the city. That was a tremendous success. The mere hint that money might be lacking to pay for the excursions this summer set the St. Andrew's Brotherhood men on Long Island to devising schemes for inviting the schoolchildren out on trolley and shore trips. With the Christian Endeavor, the Epworth League, and kindred societies looking about for something to try their young strength and enthusiasm on, we may be here standing upon the threshold of something which shall bring us nearer to a universal brotherhood than all the consecrations and badges that have yet been invented.

The mere contact with nature, even out of a barrel, brought something to those starved child lives that struck a new note. Sometimes it rang with a sharp and jarring sound. The boys in the Hester Street school could not be made to take an interest in the lesson on wheat until the teacher came to the effect of drought and a bad year on the farmer's pocket. Then they understood. They knew the process. Strikes cut into the earnings of Hester Street, small enough at the best of times, at frequent intervals, and the boys need not be told what a bad year means. No other kind ever occurs there. They learned the lesson on wheat in no time, after that. Oftener it was a gentler note that piped timidly in the strange place. A barrel of wild roses came one day, instead of the expected "specimens," and these were given to the children. They took them greedily. "I wondered," said the teacher, "if it was more love of the flower, or of getting something for nothing, no matter what." But even if it were largely the latter, there was still the rose. Nothing like it had come that way before, and without a doubt it taught its own lesson. The Italian child might have jumped for it more eagerly, but its beauty was not wasted in Jew-town, either. The baby kissed it, and it lay upon more than one wan cheek, and whispered who knows what thought of hope and courage that were nearly gone. Even in Hester Street the wild rose from the hedge was not wasted.

The result of it all was wholesome and good, because it was common sense. The way to fight the slum in the children's lives is with sunlight and flowers and play, which their child hearts crave, if their eyes have never seen them. The teachers reported that the boys were easier to manage, more quiet, and played more fairly than before. The police reports showed that fewer were arrested or run over in the streets than in other years. A worse enemy was attacked than the trolley car or the truck. In the kindergarten at the Hull House in Chicago there hangs a picture of a harvest scene, with the man wiping his brow, and a woman resting at his feet. The teacher told me that a little girl with an old face picked it out among all the rest, and considered it long and gravely. "Well," she said, when her inspection was finished, "he knocked her down, did n't he?" A two hours' argument for kindergartens or vacation schools could not have put it stronger or better.

The awakening of the civic conscience is nowhere more plainly traced than in our public schools. The last five years have set us fifty years ahead, and there is now no doubling on the track we have struck. We have fifty kindergartens to-day where five years ago we had one, and their method has invaded the whole system of teaching. Cooking, the only kind of temperance preaching that counts for anything in a school course, is taught in the girls' classes. Five years ago a minister of justice declared in the

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Belgian Chamber that the nation was reverting to a new form of barbarism, which he described by the term "alcoholic barbarism," and pointed out as its first cause the "insufficiency of the food procurable by the working classes." He referred to the quality, not the quantity. The United States experts, who lately made a study of the living habits of the poor in New York, spoke of it as a common observation that "a not inconsiderable amount of the prevalent intemperance can be traced to poor food and unattractive home tables." The toasting fork in Jacob's sister's hand beats preaching in the campaign against the saloon, just as the boys' club beats the police club in fighting the gang.

The cram and the jam are being crowded out as common-sense teaching steps in and takes their place, and the "three H's," the head, the heart, and the hand, — a whole boy, — are taking the place too long monopolized by the "three R's." There was need of it. It had seemed sometimes as if, in our anxiety lest he should not get enough, we were in danger of stuffing the boy to the point of making a hopeless dunce of him. It is a higher function of the school to teach principles than to impart facts merely. Teaching the boy municipal politics and a thousand things to make a good citizen of him, instead of so filling him with love of his country and pride in its traditions that he is bound to take the right stand when the time comes, is as though one were to attempt to put all the law of the state into its constitution to make it more binding. The result would be hopeless congestion and general uselessness.

It comes down to the teacher in the end, and there are 5600 of them in the old city alone, 10,000 for the greater city;[1] the great mass faithful and zealous, but yoked to the traditions of a day that is past. Half the machine teaching, the wooden output of our public schools in the past, I believe was due to the practical isolation of the teachers between the tyranny of politics and the distrust of those who had good cause to fear the politician and his work. There was never a more saddening sight than that of the teachers standing together in an almost solid body to resist reform of the school system as an attack upon them. There was no pretense on their part that the schools did not need reform. They knew better. They fought for their places. Throughout the fight no word came from them of the children's rights. They imagined that theirs were in danger, and they had no thought for anything else. We gathered then the ripe fruit of politics, and it will be a long while, I suppose, before we get the taste out of our mouths. But the grip of politics on our schools has been loosened, if not shaken off altogether, and the teacher's slavery is at an end, if she herself so wills it. Once hardly thought worthy of a day laborer's hire, she will receive a policeman's pay for faithful service[2] in the school year now begun, with his privilege of a half-pay pension on retirement. Within three weeks after the passage of the salary bill forty-two teachers in the boroughs of Manhattan and Bronx had applied for retirement. The training schools are hard at work filling up the gaps. The windows of the schoolhouse have been thrown open, and life let in there too with the sunlight. The day may be not far distant when ours shall be schools "for discovering aptitude," in Professor Felix Adler's wise plan. The problem is a vast one, even in its bulk; every year seats must be found on the school benches for twenty thousand additional children. However deep we have gone down into our pockets to pay for new schools, there are to-day in

[1] The exact number for April was 9989; number of pupils registered, 401,761; average daily attendance, 370,722.

[2] The teacher's pay, under the new act, is from $600 to $1400. The policeman's pay is $1400.

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the greater city nearly thirty thousand children in half-day or part-time classes, waiting their chance. But that it can and will be solved the experience of the last five years fully warrants.

In the solution the women of New York will have had no mean share. In the struggle for school reform they struck the telling blows, and the credit for the victory was justly theirs. The Public Education Association, originally a woman's auxiliary to Good Government Club E, has since worked as energetically with the school authorities as it before worked against them. It has opened many windows for little souls by hanging schoolrooms with beautiful casts and pictures, and forged at the same time new and strong links in the chain that bound the boy all too feebly to the school. At a time when the demand of the boys of the East Side for club room, which was in itself one of the healthiest signs of the day, had reached an exceedingly dangerous pass, the Public Education Association broke ground that will prove the most fertile field of all. The Raines law saloon, quick to discern in the new demand the gap that would divorce it by and by from the man, attempted to bridge it by inviting the boy in under its roof. Occasionally the girl went along. A typical instance of how the scheme worked was brought to my attention at the time by the manager of the College Settlement. The back room of the saloon was given to the club free of charge, with the understanding that the boy members should "treat." As a means of raising the needed funds, the club hit upon the plan of fining members ten cents when they "got funny." To defeat this device of the devil some way must be found; but club room was scarce among the tenements. The Good Government Clubs proposed to the Board of Education that it open the empty classrooms at night for the children's use. It was my privilege to plead their cause before the School Board, and to obtain from it the necessary permission, after some hesitation and doubt as to whether "it was educational." The Public Education Association promptly assumed the responsibility for "the property," and the Hester Street school was opened. There are now two schools that are given over to evening clubs. The property has not been molested, but the boys who have met under Miss Winifred Buck's management have learned many a lesson of self-control and practical wisdom that has proved "educational" in the highest degree. Her plan is simplicity itself. Through their play — the meeting usually begins with a romp — in quarters where there is not too much elbowroom, the boys learn the first lesson of respecting one another's rights. The subsequent business meeting puts them upon the fundamentals of civilized society, as it were. Out of the debate of the question, Do we want boys who swear, steal, gamble, and smoke cigarettes? grow convictions as to why these vices are wrong that put "the gang" in its proper light. Punishment comes to appear, when administered by the boys themselves, a natural consequence of law-breaking, in defense of society; and the boy is won. He can thenceforward be trusted to work out his own salvation. If he does it occasionally with excessive unction, remember how recent is his conversion. "*Resolved*, that wisdom is better than wealth," was rejected as a topic for discussion by one of the clubs, because "everybody knows it is." This was in the Tenth Ward. If temptation had come that way in the shape of a pushcart with pineapples — we are all human! Anyway, they had learned the right.

With the women to lead, the school has even turned the tables on the jail and invaded it bodily. For now nearly two years the Public Education Association has kept school in the Tombs, for the boys locked up there awaiting trial. Of thirty-one pupils on this school register, the other day, twelve were charged

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with burglary, four with highway robbery, and three with murder. That was the gang run to earth at last. Better late than never. The windows of their prison overlooked the spot where the gallows used to stand that cut short many a career such as they pursued. They were soberly attentive to their studies, which were of a severely practical turn. Their teacher, Mr. David Willard, who was a resident of the University Settlement in its old Delancey Street home, — the fact that the forces for good one finds at work in the slum usually lead back to the settlements shows best that they have so far escaped the peril of stiffening into mere institutions, — has his own sound view of how to head off the hangman. Daily and nightly he gathers about him in the house on Chrystie Street, where he makes his home, three hundred boys and girls, whom he meets as their friend, on equal terms. The club is the means of getting them there, and so it is in its right place.

Once a week another teacher comes to the Tombs school, and tells the boys of our city's history, its famous buildings and great men; trying so to arouse their interest as a first step toward a citizen's pride. This one also is sent by a club of women, the City History Club, which in three years has done strange things among the children. It sprang from the proposition of Mr. Robert Abbe that the man and the citizen has his birth in the boy, and that to love a thing one must know it first. The half dozen classes that were started for the study of our city's history have swelled into nearly a hundred, with quite eighteen hundred pupils. The pregnant fact was noted early by the teachers that the immigrant boy easily outstrips in interest for his adopted home the native, who perchance turns up his nose at him, and later very likely complains of the "unscrupulousness" of the Jew who forged ahead of him in business as well.

"Everything takes ten years." Looking back from the closing year of the century, one is almost tempted to turn Mr. Hewitt's phrase about, and say that everything has been packed into ten years. The tenth winter of the free lectures, which the city provides to fill up in a measure those gaps which the earlier years left, has just passed. When the first course showed an attendance of 22,149 upon 186 lectures, we were all encouraged; but the last season saw 1923 lectures delivered upon every topic of human interest, from the care of our bodies and natural science to literature, astronomy, and music, and a multitude of 519,411 persons, chiefly workingmen and their wives, the parents of the schoolboy, heard them. Forty-eight schools and halls were employed for the purpose. The People's Institute adds to this programme a forum for the discussion of social topics, nineteenth-century history, and "present problems" on a wholly non-partisan, unsectarian basis. The Institute was launched upon its educational mission within six weeks after the disastrous Greater New York election in 1897. It has since drawn to the platform of the Cooper Institute audiences, chiefly of workingmen more or less connected with the labor movement, that have filled its great hall. The spirit that animates its work is shown in its review of the field upon the threshold of its third year. Speaking of the social issues that are hastening toward a settlement, it says: "Society is about to be organized, gradually, wisely, on the lines of the recognition of the brotherhood of man. The People's Institute holds today, as no other institution in this city, the confidence of all classes of the working people; also of the best minds among the well-to-do classes. It can throw all its influence upon the side of removing misunderstandings, promoting mutual confidence. . . . This is its great work." A great undertaking, truly, but one in which no one may rashly say it shall not succeed. As an installment, it or-

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ganized last spring, for study, discussion, and social intercourse, the first of a chain of People's Clubs, full of a strong and stirring life, which within three months had a membership of three hundred and fifty, and a list of two hundred and fifty applicants.

While the Institute's plan has met with this cordial reception downtown, uptown, among the leisure classes, its acceptance has been nothing like so ready. Selfish wealth has turned a cold shoulder to the brotherhood of man, as so often in the past. Still the proffered hand is not withdrawn. In a hundred ways it is held out with tender of help and sympathy and friendship, these days, where distrust and indifference were once the rule. The People's University Extension Society, leaving the platform to its allies, invades the home, the nursery, the kindergarten, the club, wherever it can, with help and counsel. Down on the lower East Side, the Educational Alliance conducts from the Hebrew Institute an energetic campaign among the Jewish immigrants that reaches fully six thousand souls, two thirds of them children, every day in the week. Sixty-two clubs alone hold meetings in the building on Saturday and Sunday. Under the same roof the Baron Hirsch Fund has taught sixteen thousand children of refugee Jews in nine years. It passes them on to the public schools within six months of their landing, the best material they receive from anywhere.

So the boy is being got ready for dealing, in the years that are to come, with the other but not more difficult problems of setting his house to rights, and ridding it of the political gang which now misrepresents him and us. And justice to Jacob is being evolved. Not yet without obstruction and dragging of feet. The excellent home library plan that proved so wholesome in the poor quarters of Boston has failed in New York, except in a few notable instances, through the difficulty of securing the visitors upon whom the plan depends for its success. The same want has kept the boys' club from reaching the development that would apply the real test to it as a barrier against the slum. There are fifteen clubs for every Winifred Buck that is in sight. From the City History Club, the Charity Organization Society, from everywhere, comes the same complaint. The hardest thing in the world to give is still one's self. But it is all the time getting to be easier. There are daily more women and men who, thinking of the boy, can say, and do, with my friend of the College Settlement, when an opportunity to enter a larger field was offered her, "No, I am content to stay here, to be ready for Johnnie when he wants me."

Justice for the boy, and for his father. An itinerant Jewish glazier, crying his wares, was beckoned into a stable by the foreman, and bidden to replace a lot of broken panes, enough nearly to exhaust his stock. When, after working half the day, he asked for his pay, he was driven from the place with jeers and vile words. Raging and impotent, he went back to his poor tenement cursing a world in which there was no justice for a poor man. If he had next been found ranting with anarchists against the social order, would you have blamed him? He found instead, in the Legal Aid Society, a champion that pleaded his cause and compelled the stableman to pay him his wages. For a hundred thousand such — more shame to us — this society has meant all that freedom promised: justice to the poor man. It too has earned a place among the forces that are working out through the new education the brighter day, for it has taught the lesson which all the citizens of a free state need most to learn, — respect for law.

Jacob A. Riis.

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THE BOUQUET.

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MARY MYROVER'S friends were somewhat surprised when she began to teach a colored school. Miss Myrover's friends are mentioned here, because nowhere more than in a Southern town is public opinion a force which cannot be lightly contravened. Public opinion, however, did not oppose Miss Myrover's teaching colored children; in fact, all the colored public schools in town — and there were several — were taught by white teachers, and had been so taught since the state had undertaken to provide free public instruction for all children within its boundaries. Previous to that time there had been a Freedman's Bureau school and a Presbyterian missionary school, but these had been withdrawn when the need for them became less pressing. The colored people of the town had been for some time agitating their right to teach their own schools, but as yet the claim had not been conceded.

The reason Miss Myrover's course created some surprise was not, therefore, the fact that a Southern white woman should teach a colored school; it lay in the fact that up to this time no woman of just her quality had taken up such work. Most of the teachers of colored schools were not of those who had constituted the aristocracy of the old régime; they might be said rather to represent the new order of things, in which labor was in time to become honorable, and men were, after a somewhat longer time, to depend, for their place in society, upon themselves rather than upon their ancestors. But Mary Myrover belonged to one of the proudest of the old families. Her ancestors had been people of distinction in Virginia before a collateral branch of the main stock had settled in North Carolina. Before the war they had been able to live up to their pedigree. But the war brought sad changes. Miss Myrover's father — the Colonel Myrover who led a gallant but desperate charge at Vicksburg — had fallen on the battlefield, and his tomb in the white cemetery was a shrine for the family. On the Confederate Memorial Day no other grave was so profusely decorated with flowers, and in the oration pronounced the name of Colonel Myrover was always used to illustrate the highest type of patriotic devotion and self-sacrifice. Miss Myrover's brother, too, had fallen in the conflict; but his bones lay in some unknown trench, with those of a thousand others who had fallen on the same field. Ay, more, her lover, who had hoped to come home in the full tide of victory and claim his bride as a reward for gallantry, had shared the fate of her father and brother. When the war was over, the remnant of the family found itself involved in the common ruin, — more deeply involved, indeed, than some others; for Colonel Myrover had believed in the ultimate triumph of his cause, and had invested most of his wealth in Confederate bonds, which were now only so much waste paper.

There had been a little left. Mrs. Myrover was thrifty, and had laid by a few hundred dollars, which she kept in the house to meet unforeseen contingencies. There remained, too, their home, with an ample garden and a well-stocked orchard, besides a considerable tract of country land, partly cleared, but productive of very little revenue.

With their shrunken resources, Miss Myrover and her mother were able to hold up their heads without embarrassment for some years after the close of the war. But when things were adjusted to the changed conditions, and the stream of life began to flow more vigor-

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ously in the new channels, they saw themselves in danger of dropping behind, unless in some way they could add to their meagre income. Miss Myrover looked over the field of employment, never very wide for women in the South, and found it occupied. The only available position she could be supposed prepared to fill, and which she could take without distinct loss of caste, was that of a teacher, and there was no vacancy except in one of the colored schools. Even teaching was a doubtful experiment; it was not what she would have preferred, but it was the best that could be done.

"I don't like it, Mary," said her mother. "It 's a long step from owning such people to teaching them. What do they need with education? It will only make them unfit for work."

"They 're free now, mother, and perhaps they 'll work better if they 're taught something. Besides, it 's only a business arrangement, and does n't involve any closer contact than we have with our servants."

"Well, I should say not!" sniffed the old lady. "Not one of them will ever dare to presume on your position to take any liberties with us. *I* 'll see to that."

Miss Myrover began her work as a teacher in the autumn, at the opening of the school year. It was a novel experience at first. Though there always had been negro servants in the house, and though on the streets colored people were more numerous than her own people, and though she was so familiar with their dialect that she might almost be said to speak it, barring certain characteristic grammatical inaccuracies, she had never been brought in personal contact with so many of them at once as when she confronted the fifty or sixty faces — of colors ranging from a white almost as clear as her own to the darkest livery of the sun — which were gathered in the schoolroom on the morning when she began her duties. Some of the inherited prejudice of her caste, too, made itself felt, though she tried to repress any outward sign of it; and she could perceive that the children were not altogether responsive; they, likewise, were not entirely free from antagonism. The work was unfamiliar to her. She was not physically very strong, and at the close of the first day she went home with a splitting headache. If she could have resigned then and there without causing comment or annoyance to others, she would have felt it a privilege to do so. But a night's rest banished her headache and improved her spirits, and the next morning she went to her work with renewed vigor, fortified by the experience of the first day.

Miss Myrover's second day was more satisfactory. She had some natural talent for organization, though she had never known it, and in the course of the day she got her classes formed and lessons under way. In a week or two she began to classify her pupils in her own mind, as bright or stupid, mischievous or well behaved, lazy or industrious, as the case might be, and to regulate her discipline accordingly. That she had come of a long line of ancestors who had exercised authority and mastership was perhaps not without its effect upon her character, and enabled her more readily to maintain good order in the school. When she was fairly broken in she found the work rather to her liking, and derived much pleasure from such success as she achieved as a teacher.

It was natural that she should be more attracted to some of her pupils than to others. Perhaps her favorite — or rather, the one she liked best, for she was too fair and just for conscious favoritism — was Sophy Tucker. Just the ground for the teacher's liking for Sophy might not at first be apparent. The girl was far from the whitest of Miss Myrover's pupils; in fact, she was one of the darker ones. She was not the brightest in intellect, though she always tried

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to learn her lessons. She was not the best dressed, for her mother was a poor widow, who went out washing and scrubbing for a living. Perhaps the real tie between them was Sophy's intense devotion to the teacher. It had manifested itself almost from the first day of the school, in the rapt look of admiration Miss Myrover always saw on the little black face turned toward her. In it there was nothing of envy, nothing of regret; nothing but worship for the beautiful white lady — she was not especially handsome, but to Sophy her beauty was almost divine — who had come to teach her. If Miss Myrover dropped a book, Sophy was the first to spring and pick it up; if she wished a chair moved, Sophy seemed to anticipate her wish; and so of all the numberless little services that can be rendered in a schoolroom.

Miss Myrover was fond of flowers, and liked to have them about her. The children soon learned of this taste of hers, and kept the vases on her desk filled with blossoms during their season. Sophy was perhaps the most active in providing them. If she could not get garden flowers, she would make excursions to the woods in the early morning, and bring in great dew-laden bunches of bay, or jasmine, or some other fragrant forest flower which she knew the teacher loved.

"When I die, Sophy," Miss Myrover said to the child one day, "I want to be covered with roses. And when they bury me, I 'm sure I shall rest better if my grave is banked with flowers, and roses are planted at my head and at my feet."

Miss Myrover was at first amused at Sophy's devotion; but when she grew more accustomed to it, she found it rather to her liking. It had a sort of flavor of the old régime, and she felt, when she bestowed her kindly notice upon her little black attendant, some of the feudal condescension of the mistress toward the slave. She was kind to Sophy, and permitted her to play the rôle she had assumed, which caused sometimes a little jealousy among the other girls. Once she gave Sophy a yellow ribbon which she took from her own hair. The child carried it home, and cherished it as a priceless treasure, to be worn only on the greatest occasions.

Sophy had a rival in her attachment to the teacher, but the rivalry was altogether friendly. Miss Myrover had a little dog, a white spaniel, answering to the name of Prince. Prince was a dog of high degree, and would have very little to do with the children of the school; he made an exception, however, in the case of Sophy, whose devotion for his mistress he seemed to comprehend. He was a clever dog, and could fetch and carry, sit up on his haunches, extend his paw to shake hands, and possessed several other canine accomplishments. He was very fond of his mistress, and always, unless shut up at home, accompanied her to school, where he spent most of his time lying under the teacher's desk, or, in cold weather, by the stove, except when he would go out now and then and chase an imaginary rabbit round the yard, presumably for exercise.

At school Sophy and Prince vied with each other in their attentions to Miss Myrover. But when school was over, Prince went away with her, and Sophy stayed behind; for Miss Myrover was white and Sophy was black, which they both understood perfectly well. Miss Myrover taught the colored children, but she could not be seen with them in public. If they occasionally met her on the street, they did not expect her to speak to them, unless she happened to be alone and no other white person was in sight. If any of the children felt slighted, she was not aware of it, for she intended no slight; she had not been brought up to speak to negroes on the street, and she could not act differently

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from other people. And though she was a woman of sentiment and capable of deep feeling, her training had been such that she hardly expected to find in those of darker hue than herself the same susceptibility — varying in degree, perhaps, but yet the same in kind — that gave to her own life the alternations of feeling that made it most worth living.

Once Miss Myrover wished to carry home a parcel of books. She had the bundle in her hand when Sophy came up.

"Lemme tote yo' bundle fer yer, Miss Ma'y?" she asked eagerly. "I 'm gwine yo' way."

"Thank you, Sophy," was the reply. "I 'll be glad if you will."

Sophy followed the teacher at a respectful distance. When they reached Miss Myrover's home Sophy carried the bundle to the doorstep, where Miss Myrover took it and thanked her.

Mrs. Myrover came out on the piazza as Sophy was moving away. She said, in the child's hearing, and perhaps with the intention that she should hear: "Mary, I wish you would n't let those little darkies follow you to the house. I don't want them in the yard. I should think you 'd have enough of them all day."

"Very well, mother," replied her daughter. "I won't bring any more of them. The child was only doing me a favor."

Mrs. Myrover was an invalid, and opposition or irritation of any kind brought on nervous paroxysms that made her miserable, and made life a burden to the rest of the household; so that Mary seldom crossed her whims. She did not bring Sophy to the house again, nor did Sophy again offer her services as porter.

One day in spring Sophy brought her teacher a bouquet of yellow roses.

"Dey come off'n my own bush, Miss Ma'y," she said proudly, "an' I did n' let nobody e'se pull 'em, but saved 'em all fer you, 'cause I know you likes roses so much. I 'm gwine bring 'em all ter you as long as dey las'."

"Thank you, Sophy," said the teacher; "you are a very good girl."

For another year Mary Myrover taught the colored school, and did excellent service. The children made rapid progress under her tuition, and learned to love her well; for they saw and appreciated, as well as children could, her fidelity to a trust that she might have slighted, as some others did, without much fear of criticism. Toward the end of her second year she sickened, and after a brief illness died.

Old Mrs. Myrover was inconsolable. She ascribed her daughter's death to her labors as teacher of negro children. Just how the color of the pupils had produced the fatal effects she did not stop to explain. But she was too old, and had suffered too deeply from the war, in body and mind and estate, ever to reconcile herself to the changed order of things following the return of peace; and with an unsound yet not unnatural logic, she visited some of her displeasure upon those who had profited most, though passively, by her losses.

"I always feared something would happen to Mary," she said. "It seemed unnatural for her to be wearing herself out teaching little negroes who ought to have been working for her. But the world has hardly been a fit place to live in since the war, and when I follow her, as I must before long, I shall not be sorry to go."

She gave strict orders that no colored people should be admitted to the house. Some of her friends heard of this, and remonstrated. They knew the teacher was loved by the pupils, and felt that sincere respect from the humble would be a worthy tribute to the proudest. But Mrs. Myrover was obdurate.

"They had my daughter when she was alive," she said, "and they 've killed her. But she 's mine now, and I won't have them come near her. I don't want

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back part of the gallery. Of course I can't tell yet whether there 'll be any room or not."

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Now the statement of the usher was a very reasonable one; but, strange to say, none of the colored people chose to remain except Sophy. She still hoped to use her floral offering for its destined end, in some way, though she did not know just how. She waited in the yard until the church was filled with white people, and a number who could not gain admittance were standing about the doors. Then she went round to the side of the church, and, depositing her bouquet carefully on an old mossy gravestone, climbed up on the projecting sill of a window near the chancel. The window was of stained glass, of somewhat ancient make. The church was old, had indeed been built in colonial times, and the stained glass had been brought from England. The design of the window showed Jesus blessing little children. Time had dealt gently with the window; but just at the feet of the figure of Jesus a small triangular piece of glass had been broken out. To this aperture Sophy applied her eyes, and through it saw and heard what she could of the services within.

Before the chancel, on trestles draped in black, stood the sombre casket in which lay all that was mortal of her dear teacher. The top of the casket was covered with flowers; and lying stretched out underneath it she saw Miss Myrover's little white dog, Prince. He had followed the body to the church, and, slipping in unnoticed among the mourners, had taken his place, from which no one had the heart to remove him.

The white-robed rector read the solemn service for the dead, and then delivered a brief address, in which he spoke of the uncertainty of life, and, to the believer, the certain blessedness of eternity. He spoke of Miss Myrover's kindly spirit, and, as an illustration of her love and self-sacrifice for others, referred to her labors as a teacher of the poor ignorant negroes who had been placed in their midst by an all-wise Providence, and whom it was their duty to guide and direct in the station in which God had put them. Then the organ pealed, a prayer was said, and the long cortége moved from the church to the cemetery, about half a mile away, where the body was to be interred.

When the services were over, Sophy sprang down from her perch, and, taking her flowers, followed the procession. She did not walk with the rest, but at a proper and respectful distance from the last mourner. No one noticed the little black girl with the bunch of yellow flowers, or thought of her as interested in the funeral.

The cortége reached the cemetery and filed slowly through the gate; but Sophy stood outside, looking at a small sign in white letters on a black background: —

"*Notice.* This cemetery is for white people only. Others please keep out."

Sophy, thanks to Miss Myrover's painstaking instruction, could read this sign very distinctly. In fact, she had often read it before. For Sophy was a child who loved beauty, in a blind, groping sort of way, and had sometimes stood by the fence of the cemetery and looked through at the green mounds and shaded walks and blooming flowers within, and wished that she could walk among them. She knew, too, that the little sign on the gate, though so courteously worded, was no mere formality; for she had heard how a colored man, who had wandered into the cemetery on a hot night and fallen asleep on the flat top of a tomb, had been arrested as a vagrant and fined five dollars, which he had worked out on the streets, with a ball-and-chain attachment, at twenty-five cents a day. Since that time the cemetery gate had been locked at night.

So Sophy stayed outside, and looked through the fence. Her poor bouquet had begun to droop by this time, and

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the yellow ribbon had lost some of its freshness. Sophy could see the rector standing by the grave, the mourners gathered round; she could faintly distinguish the solemn words with which ashes were committed to ashes, and dust to dust. She heard the hollow thud of the earth falling on the coffin; and she leaned against the iron fence, sobbing softly, until the grave was filled and rounded off, and the wreaths and other floral pieces were disposed upon it. When the mourners began to move toward the gate, Sophy walked slowly down the street, in a direction opposite to that taken by most of the people who came out.

When they had all gone away, and the sexton had come out and locked the gate behind him, Sophy crept back. Her roses were faded now, and from some of them the petals had fallen. She stood there irresolute, loath to leave with her heart's desire unsatisfied, when, as her eyes fell upon the teacher's last resting place, she saw lying beside the new-made grave what looked like a small bundle of white wool. Sophy's eyes lighted up with a sudden glow.

"Prince! Here, Prince!" she called.

The little dog rose, and trotted down to the gate. Sophy pushed the poor bouquet between the iron bars. "Take that ter Miss Ma'y, Prince," she said, "that 's a good doggie."

The dog wagged his tail intelligently, took the bouquet carefully in his mouth, carried it to his mistress's grave, and laid it among the other flowers. The bunch of roses was so small that from where she stood Sophy could see only a dash of yellow against the white background of the mass of flowers.

When Prince had performed his mission he turned his eyes toward Sophy inquiringly, and when she gave him a nod of approval lay down and resumed his watch by the graveside. Sophy looked at him a moment with a feeling very much like envy, and then turned and moved slowly away.

Charles W. Chesnutt.

THE GOOD GOVERNMENT OF AN EMPIRE.

THE test of good or bad government in a self-governing nation lies in its power of forming citizens with "self-reliance, self-respect, and a sense of duty." The success of a democracy is shown by the formation of the individual characters of the native-born and the assimilation of extraneous elements so that they come to be good citizens. But the criterion for empires is different, since they embrace so many and such varied elements that it is impossible for any one type to be universally adopted. Imperial government may be said to be good if it is conducted so as not merely to protect persons and property, but in such a manner that it also gives free scope for the maintenance and perpetuation of the various social elements which it covers with its shield. I can illustrate what I mean by reference to the Roman Empire. In many ways this polity was badly governed, and exhausted the resources of its immense territory, so that it gradually lost its military strength; but yet it served to maintain and to transmit to posterity a great deal of the best of the civilized life that came under its guardianship. The best of Greek learning was cherished in such Greek cities as Alexandria and Marseilles; Judaism survived under Roman protection, until it was superseded by Christianity; and the virtues of the barbarian were consciously utilized when the tribes were set to defend the empire. As the Ro-

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man Republic expanded, and province after province was added, there was no effort whatever at general assimilation. The rights of citizenship were carefully guarded, and therefore, for the most part, the local customs and habits and languages were carefully respected; disdainfully, perhaps, but still with considerable appreciation of the diverse merits both of the Greeks and of the Gauls. The Roman Empire was oppressive in many ways: its fiscal system was bad; it was a military despotism, and gave no encouragement to the development of political capacity among its subjects. But it did preserve the best that men of different peoples and languages had yet attained in literature and art and science; it gave conditions for diffusing them at the time, and for perpetuating them for all time. It was in this that the greatness of the Roman Empire really lay.

We live in a period when England has come to be an empire as well as a nation, — has become such in name as well as in fact, since the Queen assumed the imperial title to India. Of course, its success in its double capacity, like that of all other governments, is to be gauged by its power of maintaining law and order, repressing crime, and developing the material resources of the lands under its sway. As a democratic national government it is to be judged by its ability to develop good citizens and men of political capacity: this is of the highest importance, since the citizens must also furnish the chiefs of the administration in many areas of the territory of the British Empire. But as an empire it is to be judged by its success in maintaining the best of all the culture and civilization and political life that have come under its protection. Nothing is more interesting than the changes that have occurred in the English political system, as the rôle of imperial has been gradually added to that of national government.

The principal change has been in regard to assimilation. For centuries there was an eager effort to attract the men of other countries to England and to absorb them. Normans and Danes were successfully introduced, and lost in the common stock. Edward I. found that the Jews could not be brought into line, and so he expelled them; whether through their misfortune or their fault, they would not make good citizens according to the English standards at that day, and they had to go. In the time of Edward III. numbers of Flemings found a welcome in England, and were merged in the existing population. The great change came in the time of Elizabeth, when large numbers of Flemings or Walloons came to the country, and established themselves in colonies which desired to maintain their independent life. This question of assimilation was the fundamental issue in the great conflict of the seventeenth century. The Puritans would not conform to the existing system in church and state, and got their *congé;* the Walloons succeeded in maintaining their right to live outside the ordinary conditions of English citizenship, — social, industrial, and religious; and from the time of the Revolution the policy of assimilating to one model all the people who are inhabitants of territory under English control has been abandoned.

In this matter the contrast between the action of England toward Scotland and toward Ireland and Wales is instructive. Ireland had no effective government of its own, and repeated experiments were made in assimilating it to English custom and law. In the time of Charles I. there was a genuine effort to deal thoroughly with the matter once for all, and to reduce the native Irish to the conditions of civilized political life. That attempt was arrested when it was just beginning to succeed: we see the results of carrying it out in Ulster, and the monument of its failure in other parts

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of Ireland. Since that time English statesmen have been confronted with the problem of how to govern a population that is only partially assimilated.

In Scotland, on the other hand, the case was entirely different. The government of Scotland had not been particularly effective, but the south of the country was so far consolidated that it could claim to have a custom and tradition — legal and ecclesiastical — which it would not sacrifice. The Stuarts endeavored to carry through the work of assimilation, and roused a storm which cost Charles I. his throne and his life; and at the union of the kingdoms, in 1707, the law and custom of Scotland were carefully preserved. A barrier was reared against any further attempts at merging the two kingdoms into one; and from that date onward English statesmen have ceased to take much pains about assimilating the inhabitants of any territory that passes under our control. If any individuals like to adopt our ways, good and well, — we recognize them readily as our own kith and kin, and speak of them as English; but if they prefer to hold aloof, we really do not care. If they wish to speak Welsh and to hold noisy political meetings in places of worship, we have no objections; it is not our way, but that is no reason why they should not do it. We now regard it as oppressive to aim at assimilation, though we used to do it in the times of the great Eliza.

Two centuries make a long period in the history of any nation; and the fact that we have discarded the attempt to assimilate during all that time has had much to do with the present condition of English political life, and with bringing out what is most distinctive of Englishmen. All other nations are busy trying to assimilate populations of sorts to a given model. France is trying to force men of royalist traditions to become good citizens in a republic. Bismarck used all the power at his command to Germanize the population of the Polish provinces, and later of Elsass and Lothringen; and the difficulty of assimilation is constantly mooted when discussion turns on the future of Cuba or the Philippines. For Englishmen it has ceased to be a political question for the last two hundred years. We are not indifferent to our own system, — we are proud of it; but we no longer regard it as a model for other people, or expect anybody to imitate it; we feel that it is *unique;* and while we are well content to live under it, and eager to improve it when occasion arises, we have no longer any desire to impose it on other people, or to force them to adapt themselves to it.

This indifference to assimilation, and willingness to accept different types of custom and habit and social life, has had remarkable effects, even within the bounds of Great Britain. Life and opinion have been insular, perhaps, but they have never been stereotyped by being reduced to one dead level. Scotland, with its differences of disposition and education and government, has contributed not a little to the progress of English thought and the building up of the English Empire. Ireland, with a less distinctive character, because a less homogeneous population, has furnished models of English eloquence and numbers of military heroes. England has been the gainer in her own life by the variety which she has admitted in her political system during the last two hundred years.

The most remarkable feature, however, is her treatment of the countries that have come under her control since she discarded the policy of assimilation.

There is a striking example in the Province of Quebec. In 1759 the most successful of all the French colonies was brought under English rule; but there was no insistence on stamping out what was characteristically French. The language and religion were carefully maintained; there is no place on the globe where the more wholesome elements of

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the life of Old World France have been so effectually preserved as in Canada; while the French population are thoroughly loyal to the English rule, just because they are confident that there is no danger of attempts at assimilating them to customs and institutions they dislike. It may be that we do not think the habitant a very high intellectual type, and believe he might be improved. But that is not the question so far as empire is concerned: he has been free to retain his own institutions and his own ways, and he values that freedom.

In exactly the same way, as the administration of India has come more and more under English authority, there has been a scrupulous effort to understand native custom and law, to take account of them and to respect them. Englishmen have not always found them easy to grasp, and we have made many mistakes in the effort; but there has been so far as possible careful regard for native institutions and prejudices. The very exceptions, in such things as the abolition of *Sati*, prove the rule. There are many enthusiasts who are prepared to criticise the British government for having done so little to break down the power of the Brahmins or level the distinctions of caste. But that is not the business of imperial government as we conceive it. We want to supply such law and order that the people of India shall be free to lead their lives in their own way, according to their own institutions. If they prefer, as individuals, to adopt our habits, we are ready to welcome them and generous in appreciating them. There probably never has been an athlete, in the whole history of the world, whose feats of strength and dexterity have moved the wondering admiration of so many hundreds of thousands of critical spectators as Ranjitsinghi. But though there is compulsory cricket in many English schools, we do not impose it on Rajputs and Hindus. If they like to assimilate themselves to English athleticism, good and well, but manly sports are not forced upon them.

Here, then, we see one analogy between the English and the Roman Empire. Just as Rome rescued the best of Greek literature and art and institutions when Greek political life was perishing, so English influence is helping to preserve for the world the great heritage of Eastern civilization and thought and art. English-speaking people are finding a new interest in the Sacred Books of the East or the Light of Asia; while the contact with the West is doing something to purify, without destroying, the ancient systems by such movements as that headed by Keshub Chunder Sen. The man of progress might wish to sweep this culture away; but it is the glory of the British rule that it is being retained as a living thing, and that the best of it is being rendered available for the whole world.

While there is this resemblance, there are also striking differences between the English and the Roman Empire. These lie on the surface, but it is just worth while to enumerate them. The Roman Empire was chiefly territorial, and was held together by military power. The English Empire is chiefly maritime, and in so far as it depends on force at all — the loyalty of the French Canadians does not rest on the presence of English soldiers — it is mainly dependent on the navy. The pressure of military expenditure is very much greater than that of naval; for the English navy, by the protection it gives to commerce and the encouragement it offers to maritime pursuits, has, as it were, helped to call English commerce into being, and thus to open up a vast field of national resources. It serves in a fashion to pay its own way; while military expenditure and military service are generally undertaken at the expense of industrial pursuits. It is commonly alleged that the desirability of disarma-

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ment has been pressed upon the attention of the Czar by the strain which is involved in the maintenance of Russia's military establishments; at all events, this opinion serves to illustrate the kind of pressure under which the resources of the Roman Empire were gradually exhausted. But English shipping and the English food supply demand the maintenance of a navy, even if there were no colonies and dependencies at all. The utilization of natives as soldiers has not involved any severe pressure on the natives of India; it has rendered it possible to make the most of the energies of some of the least tamable of the border tribes who lived by plundering their neighbors, and to raise such regiments as the Goorkhas for the defense of the empire. England has been able to provide an army capable of effecting her purposes by merely voluntary enlistment, and has not been compelled to increase it proportionately as her territory has expanded.

Again, the provinces of the Roman Republic and the Roman Empire were deliberately exploited in the interests of the people of Rome. In so far as anything similar ever occurred, it has long ceased to be the case in the countries under English control. The policy of England has never been to derive revenue from dependencies for public purposes: she did not do so in the very beginnings of her colonial empire, for the single attempt to impose taxation for revenue was regarded as unprecedented by the men of Boston. Observe the contrast. The mob of Rome were fed on tribute procured from the provinces, and syndicates of Roman millionaires exploited the richest lands and left them a desert. But English rule does not thus drain any land: it establishes orderly government, and arranges that the expense shall be locally defrayed; while, by developing resources and opening up the country, it seeks to provide the means for defraying this cost. When the expense to India of the British rule is counted up, the effects of the work of the Public Works Department in making roads and irrigating, and the new sources of revenue that these improvements have rendered possible, should be taken into account as an offset. But the contrast between the Roman and the English rule can be put in a nutshell: the effect of the Roman rule was to exhaust the provinces; the effect of the English rule is to develop them.

There is undoubtedly a price which the varied social elements of India have to pay for protection under the English shield: they have to abdicate their civil independence and to accept an alien rule. The order which Englishmen establish is not always the order their subjects desire: it protects the lives and property of the Mohammedans, whom the Hindus hate; it restrains the plundering habits of the Pindaris; it involves elements of submission. The people of India have no political freedom: they have no right of selecting Lord Curzon as successor to Lord Elgin, at the end of a term of office. What such an elective voice may be worth as a badge of freedom I do not know; I have heard that similar rights are sometimes sold for comparatively small sums of money; but at any rate, the Hindus have no political rights of the representative, self-governing sort. And it is a loss.

Yet two things are to be taken into account, — apart altogether from the question of the fitness of the people of India for self-government, if they had it: —

(1.) They have never enjoyed such political rights, and therefore do not feel the want of them. They have lived under one master or another time out of mind, and longer than that.

(2.) But besides all this, if they had political independence, they could not maintain it. Each territory in India is a little state, surrounded by hostile neighbors; those principalities could not be at

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peace; they could not preserve themselves through the miserable kaleidoscope of intrigue and murder and petty warfare which make up so much of the history of India. In the world of the present day, and on the scale on which warfare is now waged, it is becoming obvious that only the great and wealthy nations can hold their own, if they are forced into a struggle, and that the smaller polities have the best chance of preserving a real independence by commending themselves to the political protection of a powerful neighbor. In accepting British suzerainty, instead of having many petty governments of their own, the people of India have for the most part given up that which they never had, and sacrificed something they could never have kept.

And against this loss — I will venture to say this imaginary loss — which has come on the people of India as a whole we should set the gain in political opportunity which is now opened up to individual natives of India. The subordinate positions in the government service are open to them, and such of them as are qualified can enter into the highest ranks as well. Nor is it to India alone that their energies are confined: a seat in the British Parliament is an object of ambition to thousands of Englishmen who strive for it unsuccessfully; this coveted position is open to natives of India, and a seat has recently been held by one of them. Men of political capacity have more opportunity of employing their talents, and in far more important spheres, than they had before India was part of the empire.

Let me add but a few words in conclusion. The days in which we live are times when many established usages are questioned, and when all claims of title and exclusive privilege are narrowly scanned. There are frequent objections made to pretensions to the exclusive control of the opportunities for production, and to the claim to decide in what manner and at what rate the mining for coal, for example, shall be carried on. It is not easy for any one to justify the pretension to keep to himself some possession which the world values, and to prevent it from being rendered available for the world at large. Great economic forces are demanding that every part of the globe shall be utilized for its highest possible economic use, and they are not to be gainsaid. Native races and primitive peoples are being forced to define their position toward the inroads of modern civilization, and to come to terms with it or to pass away before it.

It is well that we should sometimes try to "clear our minds of cant," as the first great literary exponent of anti-slavery sentiment put it. There is a great deal of cant, in the present day, about the mischief of civilization, and the superiority of noble savages and nomadic peoples; it is an echo of the false sentiment of Rousseau and his like, caught up by decadent voices; and it makes me tired. People speak at times as if the hurry of modern life and the rush of progress were crushing us all; as if the struggle for existence and the greed of gain were grinding away all that is soundest and happiest in human nature. But there are some of us who do not mean to sit down and whine, but prefer to be up and doing. The forces of modern civilization are grand powers which may be used for the good of man; they bring all the resources of the globe into circulation among all races, and they are not going to be held back. The only question is this: Are we going to let them run riot, or shall we master them? Are we going to let each adventurer do as he likes, wastefully and recklessly, or are we going to try to establish such orderly government that these forces shall be controlled and their power for mischief limited?

Modern commerce and economic progress make great changes in the polity of every land that is brought under their

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influence; it seems clear to the passing stranger that the trend of economic forces in America is such that certain classes are drifting away from the standpoint that was taken in Washington's Farewell. And if this is so in the newest of all lands, it follows *a fortiori* that the contact of modern business methods and interests with primitive and half-civilized races must cause a sweeping change. But that contact has come, and is likely to continue, in India and Japan; it is beginning in China. Wherever it occurs there is a measure of loss; but there are also infinite possibilities of benefit, not only to the older countries, but to the newer lands. And that change will certainly proceed; it cannot be restrained. No barriers can be erected now to hold back modern enterprise; no title can be alleged by barbarous folk which the pioneers of modern civilization will respect; and wherever they force their way the existing society and institutions will be changed.

To men who are men these things come as a call of duty. Just because the forces of modern civilization are so great, we are bound not to let them be blind forces, but to try to keep them well in hand and direct them. There must be effective authority in all parts of the globe, such as white men will regard, to control their doings, wherever white men go. There must be wise control to save the waste of natural resources, and to give a chance of survival to ancient races and primitive institutions. There are always those who are ready to stay at home and sneer; but there are also men who feel that the task of opening up the resources of the globe, yet with careful regard to the well-being of primitive peoples, is work that English hands have found to do, and who mean to do it with their might.

William Cunningham.

IN HONOR OF VAN DYCK.

The ease and frequency with which the European puts aside his work to take a holiday will probably never cease to bewilder the American. But even in countries where every church feast is an excuse for a day's active idleness, it is not usual for a big bustling town to spare an entire week to play; it is more unusual still when the sole reason for its excess is to do homage to an artist. We no longer proclaim the greatness of our Cimabues in the public streets. But this is just what Antwerp has been doing. As if it had not quite enough to attend to with its ever increasing commerce, its growing industries, its steady return to its old importance as a seaport, its hordes of American tourists who have helped to bring this about, it has turned itself topsy-turvy, it has made itself into one big playground, in order to celebrate the fact that just three hundred years ago Van Dyck was born there. The tribute of a great exhibition, it is true, was paid to Rembrandt last year in Amsterdam; but it was a mere incident in a series of celebrations in honor of the Queen's coronation. This year, at Antwerp, Van Dyck was the one and only excuse for as pretty and protracted a festival as I have ever taken part in; and I have come away asking myself which is the more extraordinary, — that an artist should figure as a town's popular hero, or that this town should know how to give so much dignity and gayety to its hero worship.

For really, no matter what the occasion, it is a delight to see Antwerp *en fête*. The town — in the old quarters,

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that is, not in the modern bald, ugly, pretentious wilderness that might as well be a bit of Chicago or brand-new Budapest — has never lost its charm, though it is exposed more than most others to the full fury of the tourist. Years ago Thackeray regretted the "many hundreds of thousands of English" who visited it, and now he would have to add as many hundreds of thousands of Americans; and yet the beauty, that "stiff antique splendor" he described, survives. Nowhere is one readier to accept and forgive the petty persecutions imposed on the sightseer, simply because in the sights themselves one is so amply repaid. In its sudden outbreak of decorations it looked more charming than ever. So far as I saw, only one house — that well-known bricabrac shop at the corner in the Grand' Place — had hung from its windows tapestries and embroideries recalling the richness and lavishness of the pageants of Van Dyck's time; the very stuffs, perhaps, that adorned those pageants. But still, much may be done with flags and pennons, with garlands and palm branches, judiciously disposed, and Antwerp wore its modest finery with a gayety that was irresistible. Its most dramatic effect was reserved for the evening, when innumerable lanterns flamed among the withering trees of the Place Verte, and lines of fire blazed along the wide façade of the Hôtel de Ville and from the shadowy, unilluminated square in front of the cathedral; the great belfry, reflecting the brilliant light on every side as it rose from out the darkness, towered in the deep blue of the summer night, a golden beacon for all the mariners of the Scheldt. And the first day's festivity ended in a *retraite aux flambeaux*, in which the whole town was invited to join, — and did most joyfully. The Fleming is slow by nature: he needed twelve good hours to realize that his holiday had begun; then he threw himself into it with such abandonment, I wondered how he would ever throw himself out again and go back to his every-day work.

But, enchanting as it all was, I am not sure what it had to do with Van Dyck. He belonged essentially to the court; he was an aristocrat by nature, if not by birth; he would always have sought his reward in the royal approval, never in a popular demonstration. During his lifetime he had no use for the people, and to me it seemed part of the irony of things that now, centuries after his death, that handsome head of his, which he took so much pleasure in painting with all the elegance for which his brush was famed, should be caricatured in countless cheap chromos and cheaper photographs; that his name should be bandied about on signboards, as if he had been a favorite soap or a universal pill; that every little local club or society should display its badge and flaunt its banner because he happened to be a citizen of its town. For days Antwerp was as crowded with parades as the Thames Embankment near Charing Cross on a summer Sunday afternoon. But there was only one in which I could fancy Van Dyck taking the shadow of an interest. This was a street spectacle more in the manner of the pageants of Whitehall. It represented the progress of art through the ages, until the day Van Dyck, according to the loyal people of Antwerp, left no further work for the centuries to do. The art of Egypt and the East, of Greece and Rome, of mediæval Europe and Europe of the Renaissance, even of Flanders when Rubens was its master, but led to the apotheosis of the younger Fleming in a sort of Drury Lane spectacular gilded gorgeousness. One could not criticise the exaggeration at such a moment; and besides, each group, though here and there marred by tawdry detail and theatrical glitter and gaudiness, was admirably composed and arranged, — each the design of an artist, — while the first group of all, the prelude, as it were, was as old as, or older than, Van Dyck. For the

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way was led by a colossal whale, a little pink-and-white Cupid sitting astride, armed with two hose which he played right and left to clear the road, in such good earnest that, at his approach, rows of umbrellas and parasols opened as if by magic on either side. And after the whale came dolphins only less colossal, and a ship with sails spread, and then a couple of the most adorable giants: the woman with a far-away resemblance to Britannia, the man fierce and bearded, with a terrible eye that rolled from right to left upon the gaping crowd, — first cousins both of the Sire de Gayant of whom Miss Repplier has told us, descendants of the same large Spanish family whose members are still to be met in Granada and Toledo at Corpus Christi, or, at intervals in the summer time, in almost every little Flemish town, French or Belgian. And this entire group, whale and Cupid, dolphins, ship, and giants, just as I watched it yesterday passing the Hôtel de Ville, you may see in an old sixteenth-century print that still hangs on the walls of the Plantin Museum. But the most memorable beauty was the effect of the procession as a whole, when it went winding, a moving line of color, through the narrow gabled streets or across the Grand' Place, below the tall Guild Halls which have looked down upon all Antwerp's triumphant processions, and the bells in the belfry were ringing their fantastic melodies overhead as cheerfully as they rang "whilst the French were pitching their *fulgura* into Chassé's citadels, . . . whilst the scaffolds were up and guarded by Alva's soldiers, and regiments of penitents, blue, black, and gray, poured out of churches and convents, droning their dirges, and marching to the Place of the Hôtel de Ville," — as cheerfully as they have rung for "how many days, nights, and years!" I saw the spectacle a second time on one of the broad new boulevards, but half the picturesqueness had gone with the old background.

These were the entertainments for the people. A more serious side of the festival was for the academicians and delegates who had been sent from every country to add the tribute of their presence. There was the solemn Conference, at which the members of the French Institut in the historic coats with the green palm leaves that make one think of Daudet, and the German academicians in their red velvet robes, and all the other delegates in irreproachable evening dress and many medals, read papers to the greater glory of Van Dyck. There was their amazing procession from the Conference, through the town, to lay wreaths before the statue of Van Dyck, where I saw one poor Englishman so overcome at finding himself in his dress suit at two o'clock in the afternoon that he concealed the mortifying fact from public gaze under a heavy Inverness cloak, though the sun was scorching. There was the banquet in state, with the burgomaster presiding; and surely, not in Van Dyck's day was there ever a burgomaster of finer presence and more golden speech. And there was, above all, the exhibition of the life work of Van Dyck, to explain why and how far he was worthy of the homage shown him.

As a rule, one is forced to form one's estimate of an artist by studying his pictures scattered here and there in public museum and private gallery, in church and palace; or else, according to the ingenious modern scientific method, in a collection of photographs after them. The Prado leaves little to be discovered of the genius of Velasquez; all Franz Hals is in Haarlem; a visit to the Ducal Palace and the Scuola di San Rocco, at Venice, gives the clue to the magnificence of the Venetians. But these are the exceptions. In the case of most of the old masters, one must travel from end to end of Europe before one has the chance to understand the manner of their development, or to ap-

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preciate the full scope of their powers, the tendency of their influence. Therefore, the collecting of the work of any one of these masters into one gallery is an event of no small importance to artist and student alike. This was felt last year, when the Rembrandt exhibition was held at Amsterdam, even though one's pleasure in it was tempered by disappointment. It is felt again this year, now the Van Dyck show has opened at Antwerp, though again there is an element of disappointment, if for quite another reason. Some rubbish crept in among the Rembrandts, and some doubtful canvases; too many masterpieces were missing; several rooms were badly hung. The Van Dycks have been much more carefully, or successfully, selected. There are masterpieces one would have wished to see included, but these belong mainly to different national galleries, which, naturally, will not risk sending their treasures on tour. The Hermitage in St. Petersburg, and of course the Belgian galleries, alone are represented. On the other hand, there is little if any rubbish, and the pictures that excite least admiration are often those most characteristic of certain periods and phases in the art of Van Dyck. The arrangement, too, is admirable. M. Koch, Conservateur of the Musée, deserves all praise. He has had the advantage of spacious galleries, decorated with a richness and simplicity Van Dyck would have loved, and he has known how to make use of this advantage. The pictures are well placed on the walls, well balanced, well distributed; it is a pleasure to look at them, — not the usual back-breaking business: so that, as one lingers in these delightful rooms, it does not seem easy to say just where lies the reason for one's feeling of disappointment.

Yet I think I understand. The trouble is that one goes to the exhibition expecting too much; one believes it must add that little more to Van Dyck's reputation that will place him with the world's greatest masters. So complete a collection, one of the London critics has just been writing, should settle the question of Van Dyck's position once and for all. That position was defined by Fromentin long ago. Van Dyck, he declared, stands alone between the painters of the first rank and the painters of the second. But there are times when one is ready to cry out that this is an injustice; that he should stand really with Rubens, with Rembrandt, with Velasquez. The glamour of his personality, of his conquering career, half blinds us to the truth; the distinction, the grace, of an occasional portrait, not always the most celebrated, carries one away with enthusiasm. All sense of proportion is easily lost in reading the story of his life, of his triumphs that followed quick one upon the other. His talent asserted itself when he was but a child; his entry into the studio of Rubens from Van Balen's was the signal for immediate recognition, and orders for church decoration, intrusted to the master's practical workshop, stipulated that the young Van Dyck should be the chief workman employed. His chance for the journey to Italy came almost at once, and with it, according to legend, for romance, broken hearts marking the stages of his route, and, according to facts, for commissions, the outcome of one being the gay little St. Martin of Saventhem. The stay in Italy modified his style by the intimate study of the Venetians, brought him innumerable sitters, and, no less promptly, fame and fortune, as well as the reputation of *il pittore cavalleresco*, that was to cling to him. His return to Flanders secured more demands for altarpieces and religious pictures than he could satisfy; his long visit to England won for him fresh laurels as the favorite of Charles, as the painter of every distinguished man and every great lady in the kingdom, and resulted in his knighthood, in the wealth

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that enabled him to live like the prince he would assuredly have been had the choice been his, and in his marriage into a noble house. Wherever he went, whatever he did, he was made much of, he was fêted and courted. Kings disputed for the favor of sitting to him, and throughout the length and breadth of England there was scarcely a royal palace, a castle, a manor house, that did not clamor to have one of his portraits on its walls. English painters based their art upon his, and handed down the tradition to the Reynolds and Gainsborough, the Romney and Lawrence and Hoppner, of later generations. It seems impossible, in the face of these facts, not to accept Van Dyck as the incomparable master who silenced the criticism of his contemporaries.

And in his portraits of himself he looks so essentially the artist; in the very pose of his fine head, with the delicate, sensitive features, there is something of the same swagger so convincing in Velasquez as you see him standing by his easel in the picture of the Maids of Honor, or half lost in the crowd of the Lances. Even Van Dyck's weaknesses and vices are those the world is predisposed to forgive in an artist. Extravagance, luxuriance, dissipation, love of women, are popularly supposed to belong to the artistic temperament, which has been made conveniently responsible for so many indiscretions. Nor was his dissipation of the pothouse order. He would have been no boon companion for Franz Hals, despite the story of his visit to the Dutchman's studio, ending in a drink at the nearest tavern. There was an elegance (I wish the word had not come to suggest Mr. Turveydrop's "deportment" or the enthusiasm of the American "young person") in everything he did as in everything he painted; it is the keynote to his character as to his art. In a word, he had the personal charm that so often atones for the absence of finer and more vigorous qualities.

If he had the good fortune to lend this charm to all his work, there are, as I have said, pictures that make a more legitimate bid for applause. I do not mean only the more famous portraits, the Charles of the Louvre and the Charles of the National Gallery, the royal children at Windsor and the amusing little girl in blue of the Antwerp Musée, and a dozen others. Occasionally, in some smaller, more obscure collection, one comes unexpectedly upon a canvas that proclaims the master. I remember finding just such a picture, last summer, at Frankfort. I was tired. I had been wandering listlessly through the galleries, when of a sudden my eyes were caught and held by a portrait. Nothing could have been simpler. It was one of the half-lengths Van Dyck liked best to paint. The unknown man who posed for it was sitting quietly in his chair, his head resting on one hand. There was character in the face, character in the hands, character in the pose. And there was dignity as well, and color in the rich blacks and grays. The man was alive, not merely an excuse for a beautiful conventional pattern; he remains in my memory a distinct person, like the unknown old lady by Franz Hals in the gallery at Ghent, or, for that matter, like more than one nameless man or woman by Rembrandt or Velasquez. It is a picture that tempts one to believe the mistake heretofore has been to judge the merit of Van Dyck's portraits by the importance of the people who sat to him; that the interest has been in his sitters rather than in his work; that in a collection of his pictures this fact would at once become apparent, settling the question of his position entirely in his favor, and reversing the verdict of Fromentin; and that the opportunity alone was needed to compel one to form a new and juster estimate of his genius.

Yet this is precisely what one cannot do at Antwerp. Van Dyck gains no-

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thing — on the contrary he loses — when so much of his work is seen together. Take first of all the big religious compositions. To look at one of them in a church, in its proper place, is not to be very much impressed. From documents that have been preserved, it is proved that Van Dyck, like all experienced decorators, considered the conditions under which his altarpiece was to be seen, and painted it that it might tell best under those conditions. Therefore, it is in the church for which it was intended that it should be looked at. When it does not fill effectively the space for which it was designed, one is likely to lay the blame upon the bad light or inharmonious surroundings; one is confident that it has but to be hung in the good light of a modern gallery to reveal the great qualities which one imagines it must possess. The galleries in the Antwerp Musée could not be better lighted, more admirably arranged. But I do not think any one could study or glance at the Crucifixions and the Descents from the Cross, the Ecstasy of St. Augustine and the St. Sebastian, so generously lent by Belgian churches and convents, without wishing them back over the altars or in the chapels where they belong. Their faults are here doubly conspicuous. Make every allowance one will for the lack of care taken of them, for the unintelligent restoration to which several have been subjected, and it is still not to be denied that they are unworthy of so famous a painter. They are the work of an accomplished craftsman. Yes, of one who was a master of modeling and drawing, as was to be expected after his training with Rubens; one who understood the laws of composition; one who had command of every technical method and device. But they are theatrical, empty; the emotion is forced, the incident is expressed in melodramatic rather than tragic terms. The truth is, Van Dyck was not a religious painter. The gayety and worldliness of his life had nothing to do with it. I do not agree with Mr. Ruskin that genius or talent depends upon the artist's morals. It is evident that religious subjects did not amuse or appeal to him. His pictures of this kind are only too plainly the veriest potboilers. Even the St. Martin, decidedly the best, — although the saint, in armor, on his prancing steed, has a touch of the distinction and grace of Van Dyck's knights and cavaliers, — would not, I fear, seem so interesting but for the proverbial devotion of the villagers of Saventhem to their altarpiece, and the tales of their armed defense to protect it against the invader.

Now turn to the portraits which did amuse him, into which he put all that was best in him, all that was strongest. They are as disappointing in their way as the altarpieces. M. Guiffrey, Van Dyck's most ardent advocate, was conscious of the same disappointment, if in a minor degree, when he saw but a few grouped together at Munich. He had to invent reasons to account for it. Men of rank, he suggested, would insist on being painted in the stilted pose they thought became their station; the costume of the day was not picturesque; the black universally worn made monotony inevitable; a number of portraits by one man, anyway, should not be hung side by side. These are no reasons. Velasquez spent his life painting people of royal and noble rank; never was a more hideous costume decreed by fashion than the dress of his Infantas; black was a favorite color at the Spanish court; one is confronted by rows of his portraits at the Prado. There is less beauty, less variety, less splendor, in the gayest, most flamboyant Regent pictures of Franz Hals' early years than in those two quiet, stately groups of elderly men and women in sombre black which Velasquez painted in his old age. When there is monotony, the fault is not in the subject, but in the artist's treatment of it. And it is the monotony above all else that strikes one

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in the vast array of portraits at Antwerp, as it struck M. Guiffrey at Munich. A single pose seems to have answered for Van Dyck's great ladies, another for his cavaliers; heads are turned at the same angle, eyes follow one in the same direction; hands are but studio properties, their arrangement — one at the waist, one hanging — but a studio trick. It could be proved without the authority of Jabach that the workshop at Blackfriars had borrowed a hint or two from the workshop of the Place de Meir. Pupils and apprentices drew in the figure on the canvas, a professional model supplied the hands and drapery, the master condescended to give the final touches. Otherwise, how could any painter, the most facile or industrious, have turned out so many hundred portraits in so few years? And why should he have hesitated if his patrons were more than satisfied? No doubt, like the patrons of Rembrandt, they would have deserted him had he dared to outgrow the methods that first made his reputation, had he ventured to assert his individuality until the end.

But to-day we are not satisfied. Now and then there is a break in the monotony, and we stand before a picture that no pupil touched, or else a pupil to whom we must take off our hat; a picture for which no hack of the studios posed, but the actual man or woman painted. There are several of these fine exceptions at Antwerp, and almost all have come from England. Whatever M. Guiffrey may think, Van Dyck's most distinguished work was produced during the English period, before illness and dissipation had undermined his health and lessened the cunning of his hand. English owners of masterpieces are marvelously generous. They insured the success of the Rembrandt show last year; this year they have made the glory of the Van Dyck exhibition. Except for England, for Windsor, the collection could not boast the superb portrait of Carew the poet, of Killigrew the actor, so haunting in its picturesque golden perfection. But for England it would not include his portrait of himself in the youthful, languid beauty he had outlived before he left Flanders, but could not forget; nor the three heads — profile, full face, three quarters — of Charles, on one canvas, that were to serve as model for Bernini; nor the Henrietta Maria presenting the laurel wreath to the King; nor one of the most delicious of the several groups of royal children; nor too many for me to mention here. Thirty-six examples in all were sent from England, and among them some of the most notable pictures in the collections of the Queen, the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Westminster, the Duke of Grafton, Lord Spencer, and Lord Darnley. I do not attempt to describe these fine exceptions, simply because they are too well known. The originals have figured, at different times, in the winter exhibitions of old masters at the Royal Academy, and other exhibitions at home; the reproductions are everywhere. In them, as in the unknown portrait at Frankfort, Van Dyck is supreme. Curiously, it is his supremacy in a few portraits that makes one resent more keenly his pure conventionalism in the many. And it is not possible to attribute the impression received at Antwerp to the mere chance of a loan exhibition which, in this case, has brought together the least fortunate of his portraits. For the same monotony exists in equal measure in the etchings, in the prints of the iconography, lent from the Royal Print Room in Brussels, and arranged by M. Hymans; it exists in the full and representative collection of photographs after his pictures, though some of these may help to demonstrate how many of his masterpieces have necessarily been omitted.

Before all this evidence there is no blinding one's self to the fact that, great as were the things Van Dyck had it in him to do, he could be content, most of the time, to relapse into commonplace. He

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evolved a convention, — a very beautiful one, but still only a convention, a formula, — and this he substituted for honest, loving study of nature. To such a device the greatest artist could not stoop if he would. Rembrandt, Velasquez, Titian, might fail, but they were original, individual, true to themselves even in their failures. Van Dyck, more often than not, was true, not to himself, but to his conventions. There are versions of his Charles that can almost hold their own with Velasquez's Philip; there are some of his knights and poets and artists that would scarcely be overshadowed by Rembrandt's Dutch burghers. But by far the larger number of his portraits rise little above the level of Mytens, of Honthorst, of De Keyser. When we see his portraits separately, the quality we call grace, for want of a better name, which is always conspicuous in them, helps us to forget his weakness; hang a number together, and there is no escape from it. I am convinced that here is the right explanation of the disappointment in wait at Antwerp for the student. The present collection, so far from revealing the artist in a new and more brilliant light, as one hoped it would, confirms Fromentin in appointing him a place between painters of the first rank and painters of the second. I must, however, in justice add that the exhibition is the more interesting for a disappointment that checks impulsive enthusiasm, and sets one to a closer study of Van Dyck and his art.

Elizabeth Robins Pennell.

A HARBOR FEUD.

PREDESTINATION absolute, inevitable as the tides, ordained the tugboat McGuire for Tim Haggin. In the beginning she was laid down under municipal contract on plans approved by politics, and — as if not sufficiently damned by that — some one extracted the price of a mahogany barroom from what she cost the city. Onward thereafter, with Misfortune her pilot, as it seemed, she threaded the channel of Circumstance, fast footing toward the end. Hard names followed in her train. Owens, the first at her wheel when she ran among the Islands, left at the end of six months, with reasons intelligent, though profane. McGinnis had her next, and, as you know, he came from the Union Company, whose tugs are the worst in the world. But even McGinnis lost heart; uncommon indeed for him whose berths had ranged through boats from bad to worse, — tugs wherein death hung upon the turning of a shaft.

"Some day," said he sagely, "her biler 'll lave that sudden-like," — marked by a snap of his fingers, — "and, by me choice, I 'll not be lavin' wit' it."

McGinnis withdrew, but his expert opinion of the McGuire clung like an orphan's curse. Politics stepped in to stop the scandal; but it was little use. Heffron had her more than a year, being desperate for the want of better, with a wife and babes to support. Then, after these three years of uncanny junketing and half her price in repairs, she was outlawed by boycott, condemned by the inspectors, and put up at public auction.

Simmons, of the Union Company, bought the McGuire at the price of junk, and added her to his curios. He was minded to use her offhand as she was, but the inspectors came back on him with a warning. So after six weeks' nursing in the Erie Basin she drove up to the Front [illegible] there was the [illegible]

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Now there was a soul among the shipping that fared by the name of O'Rourke. He was a husky, dip-chested man among men, with the voice of a freighter's winch; captain of the Blue Star's tug Annie Rosey, and a certain sort of wit. As they say on the Front, he was the Whole Thing. Haggin knew him, but without honor; for, as a deck hand, Haggin had run lines upon the Annie Rosey. Three months of that was enough, and the last time he stepped from her to the stringpiece of a pier, he remarked in the face of the world that he would shovel first upon a Barney dumper before he would go back to O'Rourke. Whereupon, from that hour onward O'Rourke rendered unto Haggin all that was due upon this account; and course crosses course many times in the harbor trade.

"Do you call her the McGuire?" he asked, when the tug, with her rowdy fresh paint, lay cribbing at the pier. "You do, eh? I'm minded of McGuire meself, Tim Haggin, and ye're callin' him out of his name. It's his sow ye've stole instead, and he'll have the law on ye."

"Sow an' she may be," growled Haggin, "but I've minded pigs enough, *Mister* Denny O'Rourke, to save her wallowin' high tide beyond on the Hoboken rocks."

"Oh, bully!" roared Reddy Rogers, Tim Haggin's engineer, his heel pounding the rail in delight. The crowd tittered, too, for it was fresh memory along the Front how O'Rourke, but a week before, was caught napping by the drift ice, and shouldered ashore at the Point.

"Fair words there," snarled the big man, a brick-red glow of anger burning at the back of his neck, "fair words, or I'll be down wit' a fist to speak me mind, Tim Haggin, and little pity to you."

Haggin reached for the whistle cord, and the short, sharp blast brought the deck hands tumbling aboard.

"Cast off them lines," he ordered, and the tug swung away from the pier. "Ye're a big man, Denny O'Rourke, and yer fist's better learned nor yer head," he called. "But time's comin', man, when ye'll meet yer mate, and all honor to the day." Haggin, solemnly prophetic, bore over on the wheel, and the McGuire, racketing at her high-pressure exhaust, coughed eastward across the stream.

"Reddy, me boy, did ye hear him?" said Haggin down the engine-room tube. "He was callin' of her a sow."

Rogers clucked in his cheek. "I hear him," he answered, a doleful note in the words. "Sure and it's not too far from her kind. Tim, she's drenched wit' lard a'ready, but divvil a bit smoother does she turn over, for all me greasin' of her machines. What's ailin' the boat I dunno, but she's a brute of a beast, and warst of the Simmonses at that."

"Ah, keep at her, Reddy, lad; she'll come round by and by."

"Divvil a bit, I'm thinkin'," he wailed. "It's like that a wrench and a sledge 'll be warkin' among these engynes half the time o' steam."

Reddy turned back to his cripple, and Haggin, aloft, lurched the McGuire along, her pipes whooping like an asthma.

A sore brute of a boat she was, indeed, yet Haggin had his pride. Above all, it was his first command, and that is much to a man. She was his first love, as it were, though sinful uncomely, — stub-nosed, slat-sided, and as full in the flanks as a tub. A palsy lay upon her movements; stroke by stroke, forward from the linkhead, aft to the plunging screw, her engines wrangled like a shrew. On the downward thrust — at full steam ahead — the port column lifted from the bedplates, and for half a stroke, it seemed, the whirling fabric beat in midair. Then, as the grinding crank turned over in its orbit, the weight of metal lurched homeward with a sickening crunch, punctuated by

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a snarl of steam from all her loose-packed valves.

"Will ye mind it!" cried Rogers to the crew, one derisive thumb thrown backward toward the steam-veiled vortex of plunging steel. "Time 's comin', lads, when the string 'll break what holds 'em. Then, in me mind, the bloomin' piston 'll step down t'roo her bilge and kick her daylights out. It 's a sore load, indade, that Simmons has on his mind, but what of us, me lads?"

But, as it was said, Haggin loved the boat.

The winter grew, and with it the ice. It bore down through the upper Hudson, gagging the channel way from Liberty Island to the Hook. A white plain, of mornings, lay upon the Bay, and steam tug and ferry fought across its face, driving black lanes through from pier to pier, up and down the waters. At nightfall, fresh-gathering floes wiped out the crisscross lines of the giant geometry, whereupon dawn arose to renew the struggle. Three days of this dragged by; the third crawled into dusk with half the harbor fleet at a standstill; and more tugs than you ever heard of — loose from overwork — hobbled homeward, lame, their screw blades bitten short and the copper rags upon their strakes.

"'Dad, Tim Haggin, you go easy where yer goin'!" yelled Reddy up the tube. "The whole dommed thing 'll be adrift if you go hammerin' head on t'roo the muss. Eh — what 's that? Come down yerself, man, and see it; I 've been at her wit' the wrench this hour agone. *Would* yer look at the beast of engynes reach out for a felly for all like a Baxter Street clothesman?"

She was running under one bell, making fair time in the trail of a Staten Island ferryboat beyond the Robbin's Reef bell buoy. Slouching along, a cable's length astern, was the Annie Rosey, Denny O'Rourke at the pilot-house window, a leer in his eyes. But Haggin had no eye for him. His sight was riveted to the foremast shrouds of a big Glasgow clipper lying in the stream. Halfway up the ratlines her master stood, a violent, unhappy man, beating to and fro in the cordage.

"Did ye hear me?" yelled Reddy through the tube. "I say, Tim, if" —

A riotous clamor of the jingle bell, calling full speed ahead, drowned his petulant grumbling. Instinctively he gave the engines steam, and then, with sudden second thought, cut it short again, — rank disobedience, by the way. But again the bell tinkled sharply, and a violent voice roared objurgation through the tube.

"Tim Haggin, shut up!" Reddy hurled aloft. "D' ye think, by the soul of man, I 'm takin' chances out here in the cold? Why, boss, ye 'll shake the sow in two if ye go full speed bangin' into this drift. What 's crossin' the course, — what 's in the wind, anyhow, to go ringin' a bell like that?"

"Reddy, Reddy," came the pleading return, "if ye 're a man wit' half a soul, sock it to her, — shake out the last link, lad."

"Ah-r!" growled Reddy. "What 's up?"

"Shake her out, I say, or by the left hind leg of the beast of Balaam I 'll be down there wit' a wrench, teachin' ye yer trade. Reddy!" — here the voice rose to a shriek, — "look beyant to the Goosecap! She 's stuck in the drift; she 's pilin' fast forward on the rocks. For the love of Heaven, Reddy, shove it to her! She 's going ashore beyond old Colligan's bat'house!"

A sudden riot among the McGuire's engines gave answer to Haggin's appeal. Trembling fore and aft, the squat craft shouldered forward into the ice pack, groaning noisily as in mortal pain, her crank shaft drumming fiercely in the whirl. Reddy, with one hand on the lever, stretched outward for a view;

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snapped back and gave her another notch. Beyond was the Goosecap close to the beach, and making further frantic signals for aid.

"Don't take a cent less than two hundred!" yelled Reddy through the tube.

"Not if I know it," answered Haggin; "but O'Rourke 's got on to her, too."

"A curse on him! We 'll beat him or bust."

"That 's the kind, Reddy, — shove it to her!"

The McGuire leaped ahead, her engines pitched upward in a tense, complaining key. One lane lay through the drift, — three lengths ahead and across an almost solid float of ice. Haggin gauged its strength with calculating eye; then resolved on the chance. Head first he drove the McGuire against the wall; she groaned as she took it, and, with a sullen lunge, scrambled half out upon its glittering face. Baffled the boat slipped back, a drench of green water surging about her bitts; then, all hands hanging fast, went at it again. This time the pack broke beneath her weight, and with resounding noises split broadcast like glass.

Grinding onward, Haggin ploughed her through the drift, the cakes astern tossed upon the violent flirting of her screw. Once again she brought up standing, and Reddy, with a mumbled prayer, gave her full head. Thereupon she wrenched the floe apart, and, like a hunted hare, tore down the open lane of water, with the Annie Rosey fast coming up behind.

At each side lay the field, knitted fast by the bitter cold, and majestically sweeping northward toward the studding rocks of Liberty. At its outer edge canted the Goosecap, her cable parted, a babel of orders flinging from her quarter-deck, and disaster close at hand. On the strong flood tide she was driving fast, and with what damage ahead none might tell, when she should rap her knuckles on the rocks.

"Here, you, Davy, take the wheel!" cried Haggin to his mate, stepping to the quarter-rail. "How much?" he yelled across the ice to the clipper. "What?" — a derisive roar at the answer. "Fifty? Not much. Make it three hundred, or not at all."

"Out of the way there, Tim Haggin!" came the warning with a blast of whistles from astern.

Haggin looked back in a sudden panic: the Annie Rosey, swathed in steam, was boiling up the lane of open water, a broad wash of foam spuming from her bows. Haggin held his breath; then the boom of engine bells struck upon his ears, and he waved to Davy within.

"Astern there, and hard aport."

Davy Brown understood, and nodded. The McGuire shook fiercely as her engines turned over, and a moment later droned round till another bell brought her to a standstill, full athwart the channel.

"Hold her!" snapped Haggin, turning shoulder to the yelling skipper in the Goosecap's shrouds. "My job, Denny O'Rourke," he warned the Rosey's captain. "You 'll meddle elsewhere, man, or there 's trouble brewin' to-night. Stand off there, I tell you, and leave this here to me."

The Rosey's bell clanged again, and the soft steam spurted from her exhaust. Her wheel was spinning over, and Haggin breathed freely with the thought that O'Rourke was drawing out. But the Rosey had other schemes a-going: she nosed along the edge of the pack, drove down solemnly toward the McGuire, then set her shoulder against the sullen, lumbering Sow and shoved her contemptuously aside.

At the desperate, bullying trick a storm of blasphemy flung between the two.

"How much was he askin' ?" inquired O'Rourke, sneering backward at Haggin. "Three hundred, hey? Thievin', cap'n, — pure thievin'. I 'll do it for two hun-

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dred. Is it a go? Right! Pass them lines forward, Finnegan, and look sharp about it. Even'n', Mr. Haggin, and how 's the Sow?"

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O'Rourke blew his boast that night up and down the Front; whereas Haggin tied up at Harrison Street, South Brooklyn, and went home a violent man. It was not so much the loss of money, for Simmons allowed only five per cent on stray windfalls like that; but Haggin in his mind foresaw, as in the happening, the ingenious conceit of his enemy's new form of insult whenever they should meet among men. Black with his nursed wrath, he shouldered homeward through the evening crowd, cursing Denny O'Rourke to the last link of perdition, and still with the rage upon him poured out his tale to his wife.

"Haggin," said she, with decisive nods, "you 're a fool. I 'd 'a' sunk him did he try his dirty tricks with me." And she stamped her foot, her eyes flashing, as she gave her mind of the matter.

The winter passed, and Haggin still waited his chance. Trade lay dull, and, in want of better work, the McGuire stood seaward off the Hook, waiting for the inbound craft. Twice the Annie Rosey lunged out of the mouth of Gedney Channel, and hovered by long enough for O'Rourke to sling a taunt across the seas. But Haggin gave no answer, though his eyes blazed and his fingers clung fiercely to the spokes.

One dawn came, with a light air from the westward and a far-away ship drawing up. She was bowling inward on a distant slant of wind, and in half an hour had lifted above the horizon till she showed herself down to the royals. Haggin watched her coming; then, satisfied of the chance, pushed the McGuire about and bore away toward her.

At the same time the Annie Rosey lounged down the channel, and, noting the McGuire plunging eastward, tore along in pursuit.

Haggin had half a mile the better, but could go no higher than ten miles to the Rosey's twelve. Yet, with the clipper drawing up on the freshening westerly breeze, he was fair to hail her first.

"It 's him, fast enough," spoke Davy, glancing toward the head of Gedney's. "Say, I hear his brother Petey 's out lookin' for a job. Same kind as Denny, they tell. I see him talkin' to Simmons over in Dutch John's."

Haggin grunted contemptuously, his eyes fixed on the distant ship.

"Skysails, — she 's a big one," he remarked. "Sort of looks like the old Ah Soon."

"China ship, sure enough," said Davy, when the clipper lifted her hull; "high as a Pocahontas coal barge goin' dry."

The Rosey was drawing up fast, shouldering her way across the seas, all unmindful of the towers of spray drenching her to the stack. Halfway to the chase she had picked up much of the distance, bearing southward of the McGuire. Haggin, however, with reason in his course, was holding more to the east.

"She 'll go about," said he, laying down the glass, "and make it next tack."

The words were on his lips when the tall pyramids of cloth fluttered fore and aft, while, sweeping about in a majestic arc, the clipper hauled her course — aloft everything full and drawing — and bore upward toward the Hook. The Rosey, outflanked by the manœuvre, lost ground; but the McGuire, within sound of the clipper's slatting canvas, rapidly drew down upon her quarter.

"Ah Soon — Glasgow," read Davy, as the tug ranged up under the clipper's counter.

"Ahoy, there! Come alongside, cap'n!" she hailed, and the McGuire, dropping aft again, swung round to the starboard side. But even as she loped across the clipper's wake, panting, swift-breathed, the Rosey shot across the bow, and, swinging to, cut in toward the clipper's flank.

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"My job, cap'n!" Haggin called out to the clipper, his eyes snapping. "Usual rates, no extras, and land ye free when she anchors."

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"What 's this, Tim?" asked the deep-sea pilot, leaning over the rail with a grin. "Is the tug trade growing free with its favors, these days? What 's up?"

"This here!" yelled O'Rourke, driving in along the clipper's towering flank. "Out of the way there, Haggin, or I 'll bust yer bloomin' Sow into side bacon!"

The Rosey's bow fender caught the McGuire at the counter as she lifted on a sea, wrenching the timbers till they shrieked. The shock threw Haggin against the wheel. He arose, white and solemnly quiet. Walking aft, he leaned over the engine-room skylight and spoke to Rogers below.

"It 's him again," he called softly. "Reddy, d' ye mind?"

"On deck!" yelled Reddy to Benny the fireman. "Up there, now," he raged, "and look out for trouble!"

Without second bidding the sooty fireman raced up the ladder.

"All right, Tim!" sang out Reddy, standing by the lever. "Let her go! Curse Simmons for what he is, and the divvil tak' his boat!"

The McGuire dropped back into the clipper's wake, O'Rourke shooting forward to her place. He hurled one derisive taunt; then his eyeballs bulged.

"Out of the way, there, Denny O'Rourke!" Haggin was shouting. "It 's *your* funeral this time."

A gush of foam shot out from under the McGuire's counter; her engines galloped full speed. Head onward she shot at the Annie Rosey, and O'Rourke, caught napping, stared as she charged upon him. As in a dream Haggin heard the footsteps of the clipper's crew scampering across the decks above; then a mighty crash roared upon the sea. The bow of the McGuire, raking the Annie Rosey from the counter forward to the bitts, lopped off her rail as plate shears bite through sheathing. Reddy, clinging to a stanchion, one eye upon the tottering engines, sent her astern again. Then a bell above sounded in the clouding steam, and full tilt he drove her ahead on the return. A riot of profanity stormed about their ears, — died away, drowned out in a sudden stupor of fear. Bell rang upon bell in the Rosey's engine hold; her screw threshed violently within the sea, but as she fell off from the clipper's side the McGuire struck her full upon the beam. Then from the clipper's rails they saw the Rosey's deck planks wrinkle inward weakly, much like sodden paper; splinters showered about her, and the bow of the McGuire riding upward tilted her till the sea played free across the combing of the engine-room door.

"Astern, Reddy!" spoke Haggin gayly through the tube. "We 've given the beggar his askin', and let it go at that!"

A wrench of parting timbers, a renewal of oaths and chiming bells, and the McGuire sagged back from the Rosey's deck, her stub-nose battered beyond fancy, yet triumphant to the fullness of a leer. Staggered by the sight of all this desperation, her crew clung upon the hawser gratings, silent to a man, unknowing from what quarter doom would descend upon them next.

"Ye 've a taste of your own kind, Denny O'Rourke!" called Haggin across the troubled sea. "There 's more waitin', if ye want. Or have ye had enough, me man? Shall it be quits for the while, I 'm askin'?"

O'Rourke wagged a brawny fist across the water, his face drawn with hatred.

"Ye 'll pay for this wit' yer license, Tim Haggin, and I 'll have yer life wit' it, too." Here words failed him in his frenzy, and he took to man-handling his crew. Curse followed curse then about the boat, and Haggin grinned in derision.

"We 'll go home, Reddy, me boy. Will yer engynes stand up to it?"

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Only facts printed legibly in torn timbers and twisted steel interest the Steam Boiler Inspectors, who preside over channel destinies. Occasionally, in matters before them, they ask concerning the speed under way, the signals, and the temperate qualities of the pilot in charge; otherwise they suit themselves in the written signs of disaster. The pilot of the Ah Soon stood up for Haggin at the hearing, but they took Tim's license away. Before this O'Rourke spoke Simmons on the Front, and Simmons, after his kind, flawed round like a December gale.

"You 're a dangerous man, Haggin," said he, "and we 'll part."

"It 's a good thing for both of us," answered Haggin, "but a better thing for me. I 'll be up for my time to-night, and there 's somethin' owin' for grub I 've give the men."

"You 'll pay it yourself, then, Haggin," said Simmons. "D' yer think it 's a free coffee stand I 'm running with the tugs?"

Haggin sat down on the oil locker in the engine room, and idly drummed his heels.

"Reddy, I 'm out," said he.

"Well," remarked Reddy promptly, "ye don't seem desperit-like. I 'm leavin', too. It 's bad grub, hard hours, and worse engynes wit' the fear of sudden death that we quit. Simmons — a curse to him — docked me too for our pleasure beyant, to the chune of one mont's wages. What 's more, O'Rourke's brother has the McGuire, and I 'm dommed, says I, if I 'll work for a galley-jawin', sojerin' hoss of a brute the likes of him."

"I 'm that sorry, Reddy."

"You 'll not be that much sorry the price of a can of beer, Tim Haggin, and thanks to ye."

Reddy grabbed up a wrench, and contemptuously tossed it clanging among the crank throws and rods of the McGuire's tottering engines.

"I 'll fix them, too!" he snapped, a sudden wrath transfiguring his usually placid face. Recovering the discarded wrench, he fell upon the engine gear. "Here goes, Ned Simmons, for that much fun to the price of the wages you 've stole."

"What 's up, Reddy?"

"You put yer eye on me, Tim. I 'll spike the bally boat till she limps one-legged for Simmons — unh!" His wrench bit noisily on the metal. "'T is a bolt that clings faster nor Simmons to a dollar! Unh!"

"If ye 'll be foolin' wit' the valve chest, Reddy Rogers," cried Haggin swiftly, "I 'm away from here till ye 're done! Man, ye 've not cut off the biler! Screw off the stame, there, ye idjit, or ye 'll blow us from here to Greenwood!"

Reddy, shamefaced but determined, climbed across the engines to the main feed and screwed down the valve. Then he swung back to the head of the engine room, and called down to the fireman in the hold: "Benny, are ye there? Ay? Thin git the divvil out of there, lad, and here 's the price of a mulligan."

Benny sauntered shoreward, and with the wrench ringing in its work Reddy went at the valve. One by one he broke the grip of nut on bolt, and with desperate swiftness pried up the head of the valve.

"Out of there, Tim!" he cried, throwing down the wrench. Delving into the locker, he dragged out a ring of metal pipe, — a stray end from a boiler tube. "The chisel, — the chisel!" he panted in his haste, clawing through the waste cotton strewed about the locker. "The chisel — ah! there ye are."

He laid the inch of tubing in the engine-hold vise, and with flying strokes of a hammer sheared it down one side. Then he pried it apart, smoothed off the burr, and raced back to the valve.

"D' ye see, Haggin?" he grunted over the head of the valve chest. "Here 's

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the hand screw what lengthens the stride of the valve. D' ye see? Wit' it screwed up as far as she 'll go, it makes the cranks go faster, — then ye 're having yer speed. Wit' it screwed down hard, she 's joggin' slow-like, though all yer stame be turned adrift to her engynes. Ye 've no understandin' yet? Dommit, man, yer that thick! Sure, watch yer dad."

Reddy lifted the steel cover till he could brace it open with a block. "See that, ye muttonhead," — this to Haggin. "D' ye see that screw what runs down from the hand wheel atop the chist? D' ye see this here biler-pipe piece? Then, can ye putt two and two toget'er, or are ye that dumb wit' yer sight ye 'll never see t'roo a hawse pipe? My mind, Tim Haggin" —

"Will ye be putting the piece in there, Reddy?" burst Haggin from his silence. He leaped from the locker lid, and clapped Reddy on the back.

The grimy engineer nodded gayly, and bent to the work again.

"There, Tim Haggin, I 'm doin' no more than swagin' this bit of jool'ry about the hand-wheel screw, inside where it 'll not be seen. D' ye twig? When the next divvil of a hard-driven oil swinger comes aboard, he 'll have the strength of a Herkles (Herkles? I 'm misminded if that be the name), but he 'll have to be dommed stronger than the fist of mortal man can be to twist up the valve till she 's goin' full speed, the McGuire."

The hammer swung, the deed was done. The inch end of boiler pipe was driven, like a ring, about the threaded screw that keyed up the valve to speed. Then, with a stroke of the hammer again, the head of the chest clanged into place; with hastening fingers the nuts were screwed home upon the bolts; and long before Benny the fireman came staggering back to the pier, half seas over and roaring, the McGuire was a crippled craft.

The society of independent towboatmen, informally met as usual, hovered at the pier head. Denny O'Rourke, livid in triumph, had laid his taunt on Haggin.

"I 've got yer license, ye sow-drivin' lub of a lighterman," said he, "and me brother Petey 's got yer boat. And where are ye now, Mr. Haggin?"

"Here, Denny O'Rourke, and wit' these words in me mout': Ye 've got me license, and yer brother 's got me berth. It 's evil come to the both of ye, and there 's a curse in yer wake, O'Rourke. Mark me, I make no threats, but by the power of the saints above, me man, this day the year 'll see ye wit'out a boat, — ye or yer brother, — an' beggin' a license at that. Good-day to ye, Denny O'Rourke, and put that in yer pipe and smoke it."

The crowd was silent; the big man rang a sneering laugh in answer.

Haggin, with his hands in his pockets, strolled down the pier giving one last fling at his foe: "Ye mind the words, Denny O'Rourke!"

Simmons was standing on the verge of the stringpiece, and his mind was not at peace.

"What 's that?" he bellowed below. "She 'll not run above seven knot? It 's a lie! She 's been driv' eleven point five. Don't give me no talk like that, Petey O'Rourke. And you there, O'Brien: a fine figure of a man you are, hirin' out at full wages, and can't make no steam in her pipes! What 's the pair of you for? Would you break a man, with your talk of dry docks and repairs? You 'll push ten knot out of that there McGuire, or the job 's for better men. You hear me?"

They heard. But it mattered little; Reddy's jewelry had done the job. The McGuire dragged in her work, deader than if she were anchored to the flank of a grain ship laden below the taste of Plimsoll. In her daily rounds skippers

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swore at her lagging; she was passed by all craft but the cotton lighters slouching along the pier line. O'Brien, her new engineer, had gone prospecting among crank throws and cylinder, seeking the source of trouble; Petey O'Rourke, beside himself, suggesting possibilities from the feed pump up to the crown plate.

"Naw," snapped O'Brien, "g' wan wit' yer. The gauges show right; 't ain't in her biler at all, at all. It 's in the light of her blasted evil ways that 's doin' it. I 'm minded to t'row up the job."

"Don't ye be doin' that, Mike; don't be doin' that," pleaded O'Rourke. "Ye 'd not be lavin' me in the lurch?"

"Mebbe the Sow 's overfat from the grub Simmons is givin' her," suggested a caller. He was a friend of Haggin's.

O'Rourke swore.

"The Sow 's got the hog cholera; 't is all she can do to walk," remarked the man, going up the Front. He had worked on a cattle boat once, and was apt in terms.

Haggin heard, and grinned.

Summer passed, autumn treading upon its heels; winter crowded down into spring, and summer was on the harbor again, — all in the inevitable round of seasons. Haggin was deck hand on the Dora Swan of the Layman line, — still waiting, and with the year's brand of the Steam Boiler Inspectors soon to pass from his name. In memory of old times, he really worked as first mate on the C. P. Layman, — a pilot to all purposes, — though without a license; for friendship is even stronger than the arbitrary opinions of the men who see harbor life only from the roof of the Post Office.

"In two days," said he, "I 'll be a free man, wit' me papers back agin. D' ye mind that, Davy Brown?"

Brown nodded, and reached for the bell. As it struck below, the beat of the engines paused, while the tug slid softly heaving along the low ground swell.

"Number Fourteen coming in," murmured Brown, pointing his pipestem toward a trim and shapely pilot boat stealing spectral down the head of the Main Ship Channel. The moonlight lay clear upon her drawing canvas, her hull dark and solemn below, one thin line of foam gushing under her forefoot. Her course lay across the Layman's bow, but as she drew down toward the tug her helm flew up, and she luffed, lying head into the wind, with her white cloths slatting in the breeze.

"Ahoy there, tug!" came a hail across the seas.

"Ay, ay!" cried Brown. "Hello, Fourteen, what 's up?"

"You 'll be in a muss there 'fore long, friend. What boat 's that?"

"C. P. Layman. That you, Cap'n Wolff?"

"Hello, Davy. D' ye know ye 're lyin' half on to the wreck of the Jackson? You better be out of there. What do you draw?"

"Twelve and a half full forward; the tanks were filled to-day."

"Better pull out of there, — you 're right on the Knoll now."

"What 's the odds, cap'n? Can't we carry twelve and a half anywhere on Flynns's Knoll? The charts" —

"Damn the charts!" came the emphatic answer. "You can't carry ten since the Umbria ripped up the coal barge, last night. Half the Jackson's stem tilted upward when they got the Cunarder off. You better get out of there."

"So? Right ye are, then, cap'n, — thanks. How 's trade?"

"Bad, — unreasonable bad. Goodnight, Davy," and with her helm eased off, Number Fourteen made one short board into the channel edge, then flew about and stood on her way to Staten Island.

"Sore thing on poor old Thompson," said Haggin, speaking of the Umbria's pilot. "They say he was telling of the Jackson a short hour afore he ripped the

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Umbria hard through her middle. It 'll go hard wit' the ole felly, and him one of the best in the trade."

"Yep — ten feet, humph!" spoke Brown. "I sure thought that the contractor had put dynamite to the wreck. It 's high time 't was done."

Caldwell, owner of the Layman line, came down to the pier and swung aboard the tug.

"Where 's Haggin?" he asked.

"Here, sir," answered Tim. "Mornin' to ye."

Caldwell nodded him aft to the stern gratings, and Tim followed, wondering.

"Haggin, what 's the worth of the McGuire?"

"As she is? Sure, the price of old junk."

"No, I know that; but can they make a boat of her for less than the price of a new one?"

"Sure, sir, easy. Reddy Rogers, what ran her wit' me, says two thousand 'll do it. He says she 's not so bad; the trouble was she was slung together. Them 's standard engynes, but they was no more than pitched into her hull."

"But I hear she can make no better than eight knots, pushed."

Haggin tittered. "It 's a joke," he answered. "She 's good for ten. Reddy Rogers put it up agin Simmons for the money he 'd docked him. Was Simmons not that mean to be spendin' the price of repairs, he 'd long ago found out."

"How 's that, Tim?"

Haggin told in detail how Reddy had swaged the pipe about the hand screw in the valve chest, a job so deft that for a full year none had found out or even suspected. Caldwell roared with delight.

"I can see a joke, for one," he ended with, "though it is upon the owners. You 're a sly lot, you boys."

Haggin looked deprecatory. "Not that, sir, but we was driven hard. Ye 'll know the kind of Simmons?"

"Yes, there 's better that go to church. See here, Haggin, I 've concluded to buy the McGuire. Simmons paid four thousand when he bought her, hey?"

"It was more than stealin', sir. It was politics."

Caldwell nodded. "I know, but he 's got little good for it. He 's offered the McGuire at the price he paid, and, Tim, I 'm going to buy her in, overhaul her fore and aft, and put you aboard, my lad."

"Sure, sir," answered Haggin, "I 'll ask a prayer for ye. And where is young Petey O'Rourke?"

"Simmons fired him yesterday. Eight knots was the best he could do, — he and O'Brien, — seeing that Reddy's jewelry was mixed up in her machines."

"I 'm minded, sir, there," murmured Haggin, "that half of me curse 's come true."

"Bosh, Tim, you 're foolish. A curse is no more useful than a Dutch hand with the lines. Will you tell Captain Davy that the schooner is waiting at Dow's?"

They dropped the Layman's tow, late that night, off the end of the Hook, and turned westward toward home.

"There 's your friend, Tim," called Davy down to the forward bitts, where Haggin was hove to at ease. "D' ye see her, the dog, astern?" Beyond was the Annie Rosey swaggering along in their wake, like them bound up the channel, homeward.

Haggin stepped down for a look at the following tug, and returned, climbing swiftly aloft to the wheel.

"I say, Davy, there 's Denny O'Rourke behint."

"I told you myself," answered Davy. "What 's that to come tellin' a man?"

"Davy, d' ye mind poor Dan Sweezey that O'Rourke sent to the hospital?"

Brown looked about in wonder.

"Do I, — damn him! — do I remember? Yes."

"Are ye minded, Davy, of the time

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Denny O'Rourke crowded ye agin the bulkhead in the gap at Atlantic Basin? It near cost ye yer boat, Davy."

"Tim Haggin, am I a dummy to forget? And what the devil is in your mind that you 're tellin' *me* these things?"

"Denny O'Rourke is behint us, Davy," said Haggin, gripping him by the arm. "He 's there on the port quarter, and ye 'll not forgit what Wolff was warnin' us, last night, by Flynns's Knoll."

Brown gaped across his shoulder at the white-faced man behind him, who lifted a hand for silence.

"Hold on, Davy, — one minute. Ye 'll mind young Billy, yer brother. D' ye mind the night he cruel beat him in Dutch John's of Coenties Hook?"

Wrathful in the memory, Brown hurled the wheel about till the Layman slewed across her course. As wrathfully, he dragged her back to the channel way, and turned on the man behind him.

"The devil 's in you, Tim Haggin; take the wheel. I 'm goin' below."

Haggin seized the wheel, blindly groping for the bell beneath his hand. As Brown stamped down the companion ladder, the gong clanged in the engine hold, while the boat's gait dropped to half speed. Astern, the Rosey came swinging up the channel; it was growing late, and Denny O'Rourke was crowding on all steam, to get home to his bed in South Brooklyn.

"Ahoy, there!" called Haggin, as the Rosey came into hail.

"Ay, — what 's ailin' yer?" a rasping voice returned.

"Good-evenin' to yer, Denny O'Rourke, and is Petey doin' well?"

Silence; then an oath ripped angrily across the heaving sea.

"Ye 're not happy, *Mister* O'Rourke; they have took Petey's berth away. Could he steer as well as he can steal, — or you, *Mister* O'Rourke, — there would be better money betwane ye."

The Annie Rosey ranged swiftly upward toward the taunter. The bell rang in the Layman's hold, and the screw thumped full speed again.

"Tim Haggin, I 've marked yer voice!" cried O'Rourke. "There 's a pair of black eyes and a broken head waitin' for ye, me friend, when I meet ye beyant. Ye swine, would ye talk to honest men?"

Haggin looked forward in the course, ranging the channel lights together. The Elm Tree Beacon ahead and the Hook light astern gave him the lay across the lighted lane of Gedney's. With one eye, then, upon the tug astern, he crowded the wheel over, and bore slantwise toward the sunken wreck.

"Ye 're a thief, Denny O'Rourke! Would ye come aboard, now, I 'd set the brand upon ye."

At the high words the crews of the two racing tugs pushed to the rails.

"Ye 're a chokin' coward, Denny O'Rourke!" roared Haggin, in one last volley of abuse. Then in a lower tone to the deck hands aft, "Watch, now, boys, for what 's comin'."

There rose a rush of steam from the Annie Rosey's pipes, and the clatter of her engines beat high-stroked upon the night.

"Below there, Finnegan!" yelled Denny O'Rourke, and they saw the mate go scrambling up the ladder. Haggin grinned, leaning from the pilot-house window with one hand upon the wheel.

"It 's me, O'Rourke, — Tim Haggin!" he cried, a scornful taunt in the tone. "Can ye see, or have ye lost thim glasses ye stole the year agone from the Dutch tank down the Kills?"

A black hulk shot down the Rosey's companionway, and Denny O'Rourke, one foot on the rail, roared oath upon oath across the wash between. "I 'll be there to ye, Tim Haggin! Hard down, Finnegan!" They were drawing perilously near, the wake of the Layman drowning the other to the decks. Foot by foot she edged the Rosey inward, al-

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ways toward that sinister trap, the wreck of the Jackson beyond. Haggin shot a glance ahead, marked the place, and bore down on the wheel.

"Crowd her on," he dinned down the tube to the engine room. "They 'll do best to take it hard on."

The Rosey sheered aside, a bare rod of wake between them.

"Ye 'll not be rammin' tugs these days, eh, Denny O'Rourke?" This with a gibing laugh. "Have ye lost heart, ye thievin' coward?"

"Till I get aboard, Tim Haggin, ye 'll live, — no longer!" threatened Denny O'Rourke, beating the air with his fists. "Ye — ye — ahr!" Rage overcame him; his words died on his lips. For once the horrid fluency of his accustomed profanity forsook the man. He shook his fists, baresark in madness, in his rage roaring with inarticulate cries.

The passion, the venom of the two, hurling, high-voiced, the hatred of years, spread to the crews. They laughed and jeered, like masters in the affray. Haggin looked ahead again; then he turned the wheel to starboard.

"One length!" he roared. "There, men, look at that!"

A sudden grunt, a muffled outcry of rending wood; then, uprearing on the sea, the Annie Rosey plunged into the wreck. For one instant she hung suspended; they saw her tall stack totter like a stricken man; over it went, bursting down the pilot house as it fell. Noise followed noise; she tore her way upward on the black oak timbers lying beneath her keel, and a volley of vapor poured from the hold. Still, with the weight of momentum she pressed onward across that abatis beneath her, the cry of breaking timbers speaking shrilly through the hoarse clamor of escaping steam. Then she brought to, her screw, still beating, half revealed; her men clinging, cursing as they fell, to stanchion, bitt, and rail.

"Wit' the compliments of Tim Haggin!" cried the man, beating the wood beneath his hand.

A sea heaved up under the wrecked Rosey; she lurched forward, and slipped from the support beneath. The fallen stack rolled clanking across the deck house, and the fireman, plunging from below, leaped across the deck into the sea.

"Pick him up, there!" yelled Haggin, and a line was thrown to the swimming man. The Rosey, rolling to and fro, dipped stern under, and a stout hand pushed Haggin from the Layman's wheel.

"It 's a night's work to be forgotten, Tim," muttered Davy Brown. "You get below and haul them deck hands aboard."

Cry fell upon cry in the wreck. Her men rushed forward, striving to escape the sea. The whistle cord, by some mischance tangled in the smokestack stays, twitched with every roll of the sea, and hoarse, half-choked blasts came hooting from her twisted pipe.

"Ahoy! Hello, Davy Brown, what 's the row?" a voice hailed them beyond the uproar, and the Layman's sister boat, the Caldwell, ranged beside.

"Nothin' much," answered Davy. "Denny O'Rourke 's gone piling up on the Jackson, and serve him good and right."

The Caldwell nosed inquiringly into the wreck, and one by one, Denny O'Rourke in the lead, the Rosey's crew crawled aboard. Then, with her lights still burning, the tug lurched over on her side, slid from the last grip of the wreck below, and, with a gasp of drowning steam, sank bubbling to the bottom.

"I 'm minded now," said Haggin, unsetting his rigid jaw, "that most of me curse 's come true."

Maximilian Foster.

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THE OHIOANS.

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I.

THE land of the Ohioans had anciently its foundation in the deep sea. Little by little the waters withdrew to the Mexican Gulf, and a measureless sheet of clear ice covered the face of the earth. The ice, melting in the sunshine, slowly passed away; and then there were forests of the evergreen, where savage men, brothers to mastodon and megalonyx, roamed as they would, disposing in many a watered valley their ten thousand fantastic earthworks. Then came Indians, and after the Indians the French, and after the French the English, each claiming freehold, and each in turn displaced, till at last, with no little rumble of wagon wheels and no uncertain sound of ringing axe, came the American citizen, who grubbed up roots, chopped down trees, built a rude cabin of buckeye logs, and set about getting himself elected President of the United States.

Sitting at luncheon one day in a rude log cabin (such antiquities abound in Ohio), Helen looked out through the open doorway, whose lintel still showed marks of the pioneersman's axe, and spied a passing train of flat cars laden with modern steam threshers, electric motors, and newly varnished trolley trams. "Look!" she cried. "From where we sit you can see the whole material evolution of Ohio."

Now when I think of the industrial history of the Ohioans, I ask myself two questions: What kind of man came first to conquer that wilderness? What kind of wilderness had that man to conquer?

The kind of man was a miracle of rugged hardihood, — virile, enduring, belligerent. Think of his record in battles! 1812 put every able-bodied Ohioan in the field. The state sent more troops to Mexico than any other northern commonwealth. "Ohio" is written all over the national cemetery at Chickamauga. Once the Buckeyes disputed the Michigan boundary, and flung an army upon the frontier. In this recent Cuban business men fought with one another like jungle beasts for place in the ranks. Nine tenths of the Ohioans are for holding the Philippine Islands. Such men as these loved a fight with the forest; men of lesser fortitude would never have pioneered. Then, with how brilliant a *dramatis personæ* that age-long play began!

There was first an era of falling trees. Settlers, clad in linsey shirts and buckskin trousers, tracked the wild turkey, shot the deer, picked off the squirrel from the tallest oak, or toiled all day among stubborn roots, and made merry by night in log huts while wolves howled at the door. Meantime their wives made moan with honest Touchstone: "Ay, now am I in Arden; the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place: but travellers must be content."

Then the kind of land rewarded the kind of man. There followed an epoch of growing crops. Corn stood glistening on the red "bottoms," wheat waved in the continual strong winds, vast fields were brown with the bearded barley. For many and many a mile through the north the whole countryside was made a vineyard, and is so now, where Catawba wine, Niagara, and Angelica are sold for a ditty (to the no small demoralization of the northern farmer). Immense flocks of sheep increased and multiplied. All sorts of fruits and garden produce bore witness to the exuberant fertility of the soil. The Buckeye State was suddenly so filled with good things to eat that there were not mouths enough to eat them.

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Ohio must therefore shoulder its wares and get to market; but how? There was not a good road in the land. There goes a legend that the Ohioans turned out gangs of convicts to build them highways. I believe the legend: only criminals — indeed, I may say only instinctive criminals or confirmed recidivists — could have constructed such roads as still disgrace that splendid state. Moreover, Ohio mapped its roads by the *a priori* method, regardless of hill or dale; consequently, as the country, though level in general, is extremely hilly in particular, you climb up the face of Nature.

Canals, coming later, served a better purpose. For a time they enriched the people; and now, when fallen much into decline, owing to the prosperity of railways, they contribute both humor and picturesqueness. "The way for a canal to declare a dividend," say the Ohioans, "is to mow the towpath and divide the grass." Here and there we saw canals lapsed utterly into disuse, — the towpath sliding into the water, bridges in ruins, and the murky channel covered with lily pads, cat-tails, and sagittaria, a happy home for bullfrogs and the skimming dragon flies. Yet think what those same canals once did for Ohio! They advanced the price of farm labor one half; they blazed a path for progress; they ushered in a marvelous prosperity, fully evidenced to-day by the innumerable handsome farmsteads, the large fields, the well-kept hedges, the windmills to fetch water, frequent three-horse teams of heavy Percherons, a telephone in nearly every farmhouse. Seventy-five years have passed since Lafayette called Ohio "the eighth wonder of the world." Canals had made it so.

Then, upon land and river and inland sea, followed a yet more magnificent evolution. Railroads wove an iron web across the state, doubling the price of flour, trebling that of wheat, quadrupling that of corn. On Lake Erie the tiny Walk-in-the-Water led forth a fleet of steamboats, in whose wake came the ungainly old-time "propeller," — with green hull, a row of schooner-rigged masts, and twin smokestacks far astern, — making way for as superb a line of steamships as ever parted the brine of the Atlantic. Ocean greyhounds they are, though they cruise in fresh water. When I behold those graceful vessels — all snowy white without, all a-shimmer with gold leaf and plate glass within, and belching smoke from three yellow funnels — I am inwardly an admiral. And while the lakes linked Cleveland, Sandusky, Toledo, and Lorain to the great chain of ports that stretches from Duluth to Buffalo, the Beautiful River led the way to New Orleans and the sea. Yet how different the shuttles that go flying to and fro in that loom of the lovely South! Take an antiquated summer hotel, brave in piazzas and sparing of paint; set it afloat on a gigantic tea tray; give it a monstrous squirrel cage by way of water wheel at its latter end; add a pair of slender black chimneys, one at either side and fairly well forward; load the deck with agricultural machinery, oil derricks in sections, garden produce, and baled hay; pile sacks of flour in the cabin; post a man in the bow to pour a bucket of water on the pebbles to float the craft where the stream is shallow; and you have — an Ohio River steamboat.

If now the soil of Ohio made good its promise of fertility, if too Ohio were got to market, was that to be the sole reward for the men who waged war with the forest? By no means. For underneath that soil lay buried such riches as not even Lafayette would have dared foretell.

The Buckeye State is modeled in clay. Zanesville they call the Clay City. Cincinnati is famous for artistic potteries. The State University boasts a School of Ceramics. The Ohioans rank first as makers of bricks and tile. They also

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rank first as cutters of stone. In the grand vestibule of the museum at Columbus you will see twenty-four pillars, every one carved from a different kind of native rock. Moreover, there are wells of salt that give Ohio third place among the salt-producing states. Furthermore, oil abounds: whole counties are covered with derricks. At Sistersville they smell oil, taste oil, eat oil. And along with oil goes natural gas, flaming by night in wind-blown torches twenty feet high. Coal, the logical premise of natural gas, covers enormous areas. Only Pennsylvania digs out more bituminous coal than Ohio. In the southeast they build railway roadbeds of coal, sometimes even making whole embankments of coal, while black dumps of coal pour from countless mysterious punctures in the hillside. And to him that hath shall be given. Ohio, already rich in raw materials, and commanding unrivaled facilities for carrying those materials from place to place, perceived the advantages of its location at the gateway of the middle West, and, adding industry to industry, became one vast resounding workshop.

By combining coal and ore in a furnace and roasting them together, men transmute iron through steel to gold. Given the inexhaustible mineral deposits of Lake Superior and the inexhaustible coal measures of Southeastern Ohio, the problem was where to light up the fire. "Cleveland," said the Ohioans, and forthwith did the thing. So Cleveland becomes at once a long-distance mining camp, a long-range coal pit, and a gigantic smithy, where ore is heaped in brown hillocks and coal piled up by millions of tons. It leaves a confused impression of ringing hammers, the heavy smell of the moulding room, the swing of cranes, the hot breath of furnaces, the red gush of molten metal, — sensations vivid, extreme, bizarre. Here they are turning out agricultural implements; yonder a horse goes round a windlass, drawing an immense scarlet boiler through the street; and see! by the bank of the yellow Cuyahoga they are launching a great steel ship, — launching her sidewise, — and the splash goes up like the surf in a hurricane.

Or approach the city from the lake. It is first a long, brown cloud; then a score of dim smokestacks appear; then a spire, then more spires; then the sunlit face of a tall building; then the sun is obscured (you are entering into the gloom), and, borrowing Whistler's phrase, you call that city "an arrangement in black." And now, I beg you, take a look at yourself! You have a mezzotint collar, and your finger nails are reduced to half mourning. As for your trachea, bronchi, and bronchial tubes, there is work for the chimney sweep down there. "But why, pray," you ask, "do Clevelanders suffer such breach of the smoke law?" "My dear fellow," they answer, "if we want factories to come here, we must n't be too stringent." So Clevelanders smile and endure: smoke means business, business means money, and money is the principal thing. Cleveland is therefore a city of laundries. So is Cincinnati.

It was upon some such murky vista as this that Helen's fancy looked out, as she viewed that trainload of modernity from the old log cabin. The Ohioans, impressed with the panoramic splendor of their advancement, feel a similar poetic delight. "Think!" they say. "A hundred and fifty years ago, and this was the wilderness; a hundred years ago, the frontier; fifty years ago, a half-developed farm land. Now, before the stumps are out of the ground, we are cheering for forest preservation; before our cities have fully come to civic self-consciousness, they teem with their hundreds of thousands. Already our state is the great garden, the great workshop, the great schoolhouse, the great council chamber, for half America. Ourselves a nation, we could put a wall around Ohio and live!"

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Dazed with the solid fulfillment of the wildest predictions, the mind runs out into monstrous exaggerations. Every town is half again as large as itself, every trade more prosperous than statistics admit, every institution an infinitude of the sublime. Ohioans measure Ohio as they measure the huge mastodon, — "Twenty feet from the tip of his tusk to the tip of his tail, twenty feet from the tip of his tail to the tip of his tusk, making in all the enormous length of forty feet!" Brag leaps all bounds; the brain reels with superlatives. Ohio is first, best, biggest. Artemus Ward was never so faithful a Buckeye as when he said, "Where, oh where, can my little kangaroo be ekalled? I answer *nowheres* — nor anywheres else!"

II.

Ohio was long a mere social and civic Vagabondia; but the beginning of this century beheld an inpouring of home-seekers from the far corners of the realm. What with Jerseymen settling Symmes's Purchase, Connecticut farmers flocking into the Western Reserve, pioneers from Massachusetts taking up the lands of the Ohio Company, Pennsylvanians developing the Seven Ranges, men from Norfolk and Richmond peopling the Virginia Military District, while a nondescript populace assembled in the United States Military Reserve, the resultant commonwealth still shows more or less distinct traces of its varied lineage. Ohio herein resembles our faithful Cerberus. "Mercy me!" cried Helen, when first I dragged him home. "Oh, mercy on us! What kinds of dog are he?"

Gradually, however, the Ohioans are reducing themselves to their lowest terms. Time, the mixture of newcomers, intermarriage, and the welding consequent upon warfare have so modified original conditions that the main fact begins to stand out bold and strong: in the northern part of Ohio you feel the influence of New England; elsewhere you feel the influence of the South. The Ohioans are the United States in vertical section.

Were I to drop, like Cyrano, from the moon, and to land, unlike Cyrano, in Painesville, Ohio, I should immediately inquire for the Boston and Albany station. There are the same drooping elms, the same pilastered houses, the same Common, the same noble churches, as in lovely Massachusetts. Lake Erie College in Painesville is a lineal descendant of Mount Holyoke. Or what of Oberlin? If Painesville suggests, Oberlin fulfills and verifies. For was not Oberlin, like Plymouth, founded for conscience' sake? Early Oberlin signed a covenant. "Lamenting the degeneracy of the church and the deplorable condition of our perishing world," Oberlin would "eat only plain and wholesome food;" renounce "all bad habits, especially the smoking and chewing of tobacco;" deny itself "all strong and unnecessary drinks, even tea and coffee, and everything expensive that is simply calculated to gratify appetite;" and forswear "all the world's expensive and unwholesome fashions of dress, particularly tight lacing and ornamental attire." And although the covenant is no more, public sentiment still enforces a code of astonishing blue laws. Apothecaries, fearing boycott, sell no cigars. Amble through Oberlin fondling a meerschaum, and the burghers glower as if they would come upon you to eat up your flesh. As local option obtains in Ohio, Oberlin is surrounded by a great American desert, sixteen miles one way and twenty-seven the other, — an epitomized state of Maine, only more so. There has never yet been a dancing party in Oberlin. Theatrical folk walk wide of the place. Here, say I, is the Puritan regimen of Massachusetts and Connecticut, condensed and exaggerated. In what other part of the country save in antique New England could you have brewed such strenuous leaven, and where else in

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Ohio save in the Western Reserve could you have found room to hide it?

Northern Ohio, like New England, gave lodgment to early abolitionism. Ex-President Fairchild, the most picturesque figure in Ohio, loves to tell how Oberlin helped forge that slenderest, though strongest, link in the Federal chain. During the winter vacation, when Oberlin students dispersed through Ohio to teach school, they carried with them their gospel of emancipation. But for their labors, who knows but Ohio might have gone with the South, and severed the line of Union states?

New England is another name for conscience, and conscience is a kind of immovable habit. So the Western Reserve, which reflects New England, is profoundly conservative, particularly in commercial affairs. Judge a city by its banks, and Cleveland looms up like the rock of Gibraltar: in the crisis of 1893 not one bank in the city closed its doors. Judge it by its material progress, and you find that, though the population has mounted in half a century from twenty thousand to four hundred thousand, the city has never been boomed. Judge it by its mercantile buildings, — the sky-scraper is a late arrival. Prudence, then, is the watchword of the Western Reserve, — prudence and caution. In Geauga County the farmers count their bees every night. Yet the clocks of Ohio, rather than its banks or its bees, best illustrate its conservatism. When there went forth an edict to set all clocks by standard time, fully half the Ohioans revolted. Result? Three different kinds of time in Ohio! There is "central time," which is standard time; "eastern time," the time of Washington, in use on the Ohio River steamboats; and "sun time." Church services begin at a quarter past ten; luncheon is served at half past eleven; shops open at seven. The times are out of joint, and the Ohioans with them.

With what a delightful tingle of satisfaction one beholds mere trifles verifying the fact of social transplantation! Would you choose a happy name for an office block? Call it the New England Building. Would you defend the French pastry architecture of the Chamber of Commerce? Jilt the truth, — say it is "Bostonese." So, too, in the open fields. Yonder amongst the blazing tiger lilies stands an old stone well, with an antiquated wellsweep and a mossy oaken bucket. Here, in a farmhouse, observe the rag carpet, and listen to the thump of a handloom in vigorous operation. Across the way a "deestrict" schoolteacher is "larnin'" little children to spell "caow." At table they offer you baked beans. Yet those beans have suffered by transportation; they are a pale, wan, nostalgic sort of bean, without cheer or comeliness. Indeed, so far as I can learn, the baked bean is the least portable of all the herbs of the field.

Helen declares that she felt a pronounced jolt or bump when our Columbias crossed the forty-first parallel. As we had then passed the borders of Yankeedom, Southern traits became immediately apparent, — perhaps because we were looking for them. Later, when we had traversed the lands of the Pennsylvania Dutch and wheeled toward *la belle rivière*, we even kept watch against alligators. What wonder? All about us were Southern trees, — the locust, the cedar, and the cypress. Strange Southern birds fluttered across our path. At night, in the wayside inn, a group of villagers munched peanuts and talked 'possum. More and more often we passed farmhouses with two-story piazzas, all curtained with the gorgeous honeysuckle. Towns teemed with darkies. Shop windows were hung with Southern songs, — 'Mid the Green Fields of Virginia, Echoes from Old Mobile, My Little Georgia Rose, — while Southern speech gave us a delicious sense of foreignness. People asked where our wheels were "at;" they longed to travel "like we

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did;" they addressed Helen as "you all;" at the "levees" along the Ohio River they "wanted on" or "wanted off;" uniformly they "reckoned;" and when describing the rise of the river, which landed baby carriages in treetops and beer kegs on the porches of churches, they called it "a right smart flood." And with all the rest went the pleasing, languid half drawl which speaks of mellow Southern sunshine and the leisurely Southern temperament.

Besides, it was hot. The season had advanced a fortnight. Hence an inclination to lean against a cool stone wall and converse in slow talk, to "loafe and invite my soul." Were I a Southern Ohioan, my trousers, I know, would bag at the knees; my front fence would moult pickets; weeds would invade my garden; and perchance I should have grown over-tolerant of those weeds of the soul, which — But on this point I spare severity. What if the Southern Ohioans are less rigorous of conscience than their Northern cousins?

"Poor beggars, it 's 'ot over'ead."

Note rather the charming Southern graces. How cheerily they greet you upon the highway! How familiarly strangers converse! Here, for instance, in a trolley car, is my friend the carpenter talking earnestly with my friend the lawyer (whose father, by the way, was President of the United States); a Buckeye complains that in Boston he failed to draw his barber into conversation. Even the northern part of the state is catching the spirit of democracy: in a country hotel, the hostler sat at table next the proprietor, and the waitress entertained her chief admirer on the front piazza. "West," said an Ohioan, — "it 's everybody." "Yes," replied the newcomer, "and yet they are all talking about the Western Reserve. Darned if I see any!"

The talk means genuine friendliness. In Southern Ohio, an utter stranger, overhearing my inquiry for lodgings, promptly took me in charge, got his shaving ticket advanced six numbers, lit up his office, and telephoned hither and yon till he got me quartered. Country folk are kinder yet; along the Ohio River you may seek hospitality where you will, and always you will find it. Threaten to pay, and your host turns purple.

In Cincinnati we went to church. As the preacher was a temporary importation from New York city, we witnessed an occurrence. "Brethren," said he, "brethren, let us so live that posterity will honor us as it honors Abraham Linc—" (pause; confusion; premonition of impending rough house) — "um — ah — brethren, let us so live that posterity will honor us as it honors Stonewall Jackson!" I then perceived that while, geographically, the Ohio River skirts the southern border of the Buckeye State, it runs, sociologically, historically, and politically, across the middle of Ohio.

So, when all is told, Ohio is at once North and South; it is also — by grace of its longitude and of its social temper — both East and West. It has boxed the American compass.

III.

Social transplantation, then, is the leading fact in the life of the Ohioans. So it was with the Montanians. And in both cases you had an influx of people who came because they worshiped Mr. Ruskin's "Goddess of Getting On."

Yet how different the ritual! In Montana they praised their Diva Aurea with a miner's pick; the priest of the Ohioans was a man with a spade. In Montana the service was soon done; in Ohio the service has never ceased. The real contrast is this: getting on in Montana meant scurrying back East with your new-found treasure ere brigands held you up; getting on in Ohio meant tilling the soil, building a house, taking a wife, establishing a reputation, and staying put.

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Pioneers in Montana called themselves "prospectors;" pioneers in Ohio were "movers."

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Now, whenever human beings people a new country with intent to stay there, the fact expresses itself architecturally. They build a church and they build a schoolhouse. Religion and education, mere afterthoughts in Montana, were matters of prime concern in Ohio.

The prayerfulness of Ohio is not without interest. Suppose the most splendid church in all that splendid commonwealth: let its style be decorated Gothic, done in sombre gray stone, with towers of pure perpendicular; carve intricate traceries in numberless mullioned windows; bring in the light through colored glass whose radiance leads forth the soul to "so near and yet so remote a paradise." Say, now, to whom shall so grand a church belong? To Congregationalists? It may be. The Ohioans brought Congregationalism from old New England. Or to Presbyterians? It is not unlikely. Presbyterians are strong in Ohio; so are Episcopalians; so, too, the Disciples, called Campbellites; Baptists are rarer. Your noble church, then, might belong to any one of five denominations; but I pledge you the chance is closer that it was built by a sixth, and that the Methodist. Amazing, you say, that a faith originally preached to peasants and colliers should have taken the trappings of fashion, — should even have come in peril of coldness and worldly vanity! Yet so it is.

The reason is this: Methodism, thanks to the heroism of a squadron of circuit riders, conquered the primitive communities of Ohio. Its wealth came later. Nor was any faith more aptly suited to the pioneer than the crude, barbaric Methodism of those early days. It was at once a wholesome religion and a necessary safety valve. For your pioneer is ever a lusty fellow, with blood overstocked with red corpuscles and nerves overstrung with vitality. In Montana, such men were inwardly impelled to rob coaches, wreck barrooms, and hang thieves. In the Ohio forests, however, there was nothing worth stealing, nobody very much in need of hanging, and little occasion for "gun play." "Revivals" (of an obsolete pattern) supplied a genuine need; shouting took the place of shooting.

If the Methodists are the most important of the religious denominations in Ohio, the Dunkards — transplanted from Pennsylvania — are certainly the most picturesque. Towers of Schwarzenau, what bearded elders! What simplicity of garment and habitude! What shy girl faces smiling forth from Quakerish bonnets, and seeming to say, "Ach, mein Herr, but this is a hideous fashion; consider, zum wenigsten, our liebenswürdige complexions!" And the joys of the Dunkards are chiefly these: they taste no wine; they keep out of court; they cling to one another with clannish devotion; they wash one another's feet; and they give and take the holy kiss, man kissing man, maid kissing maid. They are models of simple goodness.

One day, in the Western Reserve, I said, "Helen, let 's visit the Mormons," to which Helen replied with a shudder. Yet we found them a harmless folk. Their temple at Kirtland is an orthodox shrine, built in 1834; polygamy had not then been invented, nor have the Ohio Mormons any toleration for it. The Kirtland minister even opened the Book of Mormon and showed us a text which condemns plural marriages as "an abomination unto the Lord." "Then where," I asked, "did polygamy come from?" "From the rascality of Joseph Smith's successor, Brigham Young," said he. "Brigham Young was an apostate; so are the Utah Mormons!"

Kirtland was designedly but a temporary "stake" for the wide-pitched tabernacle of Mormonism, and it is well-nigh deserted now. Nevertheless, the strange gospel is heralded throughout

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Ohio, where each year adds new numbers to the "Latter-Day Saints," as they greatly prefer to be called. Indeed, they say: "There is no such thing as a Mormon; 'Mormon' is only the name of the book we believe in. You might as well call Presbyterians 'Bibles.'" The name Mormon was conferred by the Saints' enemies and tormentors.

Orthodox Mormonism is a stout Biblical faith, quite like that of our evangelical churches. To this they add that delicious grotesquerie of the golden plates, the transparent stone, and the "reformed Egyptian" records, which afford a "second witness" to the verities of Holy Writ. And where is the harm? Am I less a Christian if I hold that a shining angel revealed to Mr. Ignatius Donnelly the non-Shakespearean origin of Shakespeare? Or is that genial country parson a theologic outcast and gutter snipe because to a conventional creed he appends a conviction that the messenger of the Lord revealed to Joe Smith the history of the North American continent prior to its discovery by Columbus? By no means. Neither, I take it, need I rebuke my Mormon friend for explaining the prehistoric mounds. "Defensive earthworks," said he. "Yes," I replied, "that is what the best archæologists say." "To be sure they do," he rejoined. "Science is daily verifying the Book of Mormon!"

Aside from the good Dunkards and the Latter-Day Saints, the religious element in Ohio is sedately conventional. Moreover, without excess or vagary, it is exceptionally pronounced. The churches are crowded; men attend; the evening service succeeds. The Ohioans have sent out more foreign missionaries than the people of any other state. They have also produced two of the most brilliant preachers in the American pulpit: Frank Gunsaulus of Chicago, and Charles Jefferson of New York.

Thus much for the heart of Ohio: what now of its brain? "The world is saved," said an ancient rabbi, — "the world is saved by the breath of little children in school;" and so say the Ohioans. Country schools are splendidly housed; every school has its library; often the teachers are men. Of late groups of district schools are being "centralized," which means that half a dozen schools are consolidated, and the children brought to each session in covered wagons. (Happy thought, — improved instruction without increased expense.) And as for matters in town, President Eliot recommended the Cleveland school system for Boston, and Eastern states are continually sending committees to spy out the methods of Buckeye pedagogy. Although the state supports no normal schools, freedom of experiment makes Ohio a breeder of teachers. President Charles F. Thwing, of the admirably equipped and ably administered Western Reserve University, spends half his time restraining the Yale trustees from abducting his professors. Ohio has several excellent colleges; and yet this same Ohio is primarily responsible for coeducation; it is also to blame for some nine-and-twenty monohippic "universities."

I have read in a learned treatise upon coeducation that at Oberlin "the student body embraces young women." So? Oberlin has wooden footways — two narrow planks, set wide apart, the space between being filled with exceedingly sharp stones — called "co-ed. walks:" now I know why. I also perceive why my friend Satterlee, who was coeducated at Oberlin, carries his arms so queerly. Satterlee's left arm hangs down straight; his right arm, however, is warped or bent in an affectionate curve.

Where "co-ed. walks" fail, shall laws succeed? If an Oberlin student would take a girl walking, he must file an application with the mother superior. If he meets a young lady upon the street, he must not turn about to accompany her; if, however, he overtake her, the

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two may continue together. The youth therefore passes by, proceeds forty paces, wheels around, and (the law and the prophets being fulfilled) catches up. It is strictly forbidden to treat girls, though the giving of presents is permitted: hence, while shunning the soda fountain, you supply the young lady with bonbons, delivered in the original package, but not consumed on the premises. Such legislation produces the normal effect. Oberlin chants a response of its own: "Lord have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to break these laws!"

Coeducation, I admit, may possess merits I know not of; but the truth is, it began as a makeshift, when the Ohioans were too poor to provide separate colleges for girls. Makeshifts also were the monohippic "universities," for which there is no longer any conceivable excuse. Helen, who so far forgot herself as to visit one of those sorry establishments, brought tidings of two or three dilapidated buildings, four ill-kempt "professors," a curriculum better suited to a second-rate high school, a student rabble made up of poor Smikes (of both sexes), and a president who drives from door to door through the country drumming up pupils. And this they call a "university"! They permit it to grant degrees! What wonder, then, that so disgraceful a situation invites a violent remedy? Already the bugles are blowing, the regiment is formed in hollow square, they will cut away both buttons and stripes; but the monohippic "university," like Danny Deever, dies hard. It has ever the same defense: "The greatest heroes of Ohio received monohippic educations," — a plea which seems rather to illustrate the uses of adversity.

Yet the main question is, not method, but result. Despite its incidental humors, the educational system of the Ohioans somehow produces an accretion of practical, hard-headed horse sense, like that which Captain Lemuel Gulliver observed in the isle of the Houyhnhnms. Nowhere is the diffusion of knowledge more free from objectionable by-products. In Boston you find a more exquisite culture; but in Boston you also find more Spiritualists, more Esoteric Buddhists, more Christian Scientists, more people who see things and hear things and smell things.

Bostonians, I fancy, would ill appreciate the intellectual temper of the Ohioans. They would turn away in contempt at a dozen mispronounced words. The state is uniformly called "Ahia;" "idea" receives the accent on the first syllable; innumerable oddities amaze you; and even the dictates of grammar go disregarded. I met in one of the cities of Southern Ohio a young Bostonian, who said: "I simply detest this place. There are negroes on the police force, a man takes a woman's arm, the theatres are in full blast on Sunday, and there are 'ladies' parlors' attached to the saloons; but what hurts me worst is, they all say 'lay' for 'lie'!" I think it, however, a little more charitable to attribute the vagaries of Ohioan English to what President Thwing has called the Buckeye "individualism." Every man says what is right in his own ears.

Suppose, now, some Bostonian should really seek it, I promise he will find in Ohio the spirit of Copley Square. Though the movement for the higher culture is new, — so new that the last ten years have shown a distinct advance, — there is no sort of flamboyancy or unrestful haste about it. The Chicagoans say they are "making culture hum;" in Ohio, on the other hand, these finer growths are coming to a golden fruitage by grace of quiet sunshine and patient, loving care. And the fruitage already abounds, — a notable development in literary taste, a devotion to great music, an enthusiasm for art, a novel admiration for good architecture, and an increasing desire to ennoble the surroundings of common life.

A hundred praiseworthy tendencies

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unite for progress. Is there a new taste for the essay, for "mere literature," for the volume of enchanted verse? That is due in part to the colleges, to the popularity of the literary lecture (Ohio is the best lecture state in the West), to the work of women's clubs, and to the missionary enthusiasm of certain librarians. "My aim," said an Ohio librarian, "is best worded in this way: 'Give the man another book.'" Nor can I overlook the influence of such literary societies as the Rowfant Club, who, when they meet beneath their emblematic candles at the sign of the gopher, become, like gentle Keats, men "of no opinions except in matters of taste." So, little by little, it has come to pass that Ohio — which produced William Dean Howells, Constance Fenimore Woolson, John Hay, Alice and Phœbe Cary, and George Kennan, all of whom moved out of the state — has set about acquiring that sympathy with letters and good studies which in days to come will tempt the native author to bide content at home.

In the realm of music, Cincinnati, with her Pilsener and her Wienerwurst, her violin and merry Trinklied, sits undisputed Kaiserin. In painting, also, and the reciprocal art of appreciation, it may be that taste is fullest matured amongst the Cincinnatians. But little result have they as yet to boast of, and no doubt for many a year their artists will follow the example of Whittredge, Wyant, Twachtmann, Enneking, Sonntag, Kenyon Cox, the Beards, and the sculptors Powers and Ward, and live in some more congenial region. Architects, on the contrary, find Ohio a Canaan of limitless promise, especially since the World's Fair. Yet perhaps, when all is told, it is in love of the minor arts that Ohio has progressed farthest. Ask the foreign commissionnaires. They will tell you that the choicest of glass, the finest china, the most exquisite of wrought iron, hammered brass, and gleaming silver, — unstinted in cost and unrivaled in artistic excellence, — goes to Boston and Cleveland. Here, too, one may trace the influence of the World's Fair and of European travel.

But the heart of the matter is this: Ohio is in its second generation. The makers of that sturdy commonwealth had neither means nor leisure nor inclination for the mere refinements of life. Besides, the torment of anxiety and the hardship of crude existence left little room for the play of the æsthetic sentiments. As Aunt Chloe put it, "Doan' kyar foh sunset wiv dust in yo' eyes!" And yet those same drudge-bound toilers amassed the wealth which, as in mediæval Venice, became the basis of the new culture. "Money, which represents the prose of life," said Emerson, — and he might have uttered the words in Dayton or Springfield or Toledo, — "money, which represents the prose of life, and which is hardly spoken of in parlors without an apology, is, in its effects and laws, as beautiful as roses."

IV.

On the grounds of the State House in Columbus the Ohioans have set up a most interesting monument. Completely encircling a lofty plinth stand the bronze statues of William Tecumseh Sherman, Ulysses S. Grant, Salmon P. Chase, Philip Henry Sheridan, Rutherford B. Hayes, and James Abram Garfield, while above them the Genius of Ohio stretches forth her hands. And upon the plinth are carven the words, "These are my jewels."

Add to the names of Grant, Hayes, and Garfield that of William McKinley; recall that Benjamin Harrison was born in Ohio; consider that William Henry Harrison was called from his farm at North Bend to the White House; reflect that George Washington was not made chief magistrate until he had been in Ohio; and confess yourself amazed! Why all this presidentiality?

Helen (the precious cannibal!) has

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just consumed The Man of Genius, and is for solving the problem after the manner of Lombroso. "Let us begin," she says, "by making red stars on the map of Ohio wherever Presidents have occurred. Then we will calculate the area of the state, forty thousand square miles; the population, four millions and a half; the legal rate of interest, six per cent; the mean temperature, fifty-three degrees; the annual rainfall, thirty-six inches; and the mean elevation above the sea, eight hundred and eighty-seven feet. Let us also note the absence of mountains, the scarcity of little lakes, and the almost total lack of summer resorts. Then, perhaps, we shall see what makes Presidents." So we have procured a map, and the disciple of Lombroso has gone at her task. There is no telling what will come of it. Meanwhile, my own excogitations leave Lombroso on a siding. Remembering the Rev. William Paley's gold repeater lying flat on its back in the highway, I cleave to the argument for design.

From the very first the Ohioans set their hearts upon seizing the government at Washington, and to this end they exercised unparalleled discretion in the choice of ancestors. Early Ohio, as we have seen, was a selection of daring, masterful spirits from all America. Nor was that all: it was a mingling of widely varied peoples. Hence a stock endowed with indomitable energy. The Glenns of Sweet Auburn, in whose veins flows a salmon-hued, homogeneous fluid, are for sitting on their thumbs and waiting for the future to come. Not so the Ohioans. And ill content with breeding an extraordinary type of manhood, Ohio began to discipline that type. Out of the lair of the wolf came the founder of old Rome, and out of the Ohio forest came rulers for young America. Yet, zounds, what jeering! "William Henry Harrison," shouted a thousand voices at once, "is fitter to sit in a cabin of buckeye logs and drink hard cider than to preside in the White House!" Ah, but were not those precisely the best antecedents for a President? The Ohioans therefore revived the log-cabin song of an earlier campaign: —

> "Oh, what, tell me what, shall be your cabin's fate?
>
> . . . . . .
>
> We 'll wheel it to the capital and place it there elate
> For a token and a sign of the bonnie Buckeye State!"

And this is how the snowy-bloom horse-chestnut lent its name to presidential Ohio, — a good name, full of suggestiveness of that school of adversity through which the Ohioans passed to power. In making Ohio they made themselves.

Moreover, as Mr. Eliot Gregory points out in his charming Worldly Ways and By-Ways, election to office is partly a matter of external appearance. Mr. Chamberlain with his monocle and Mr. Balfour with his white gaiters are safe enough in England, but here we should "snow them under." Tradition pictures the American statesman as a plain citizen, whose foppery is of the inner man. Aware of this, the Ohioans, in spite of their wealth, dress simply, avoid pretense, and despise affected manners. That splendid Cleveland newspaper is well named, — the Ohioans are a nation of Plain Dealers. There are not a hundred silk hats in the state.

Assured of blood and of pioneer training; assured, also, of a prudent political exterior, the Buckeyes set about making Ohio one vast college of civics. They reduced the governor's appointing power, that there might be more officers elected by ballot; they divided their territory into eighty-eight counties, each a political centre or vortex; they arranged that every public question should be ferociously debated in district schoolhouses. And in such debates you felt the force of discordant ancestry. Cavalier joined issue with Puritan, Knickerbocker with Pennsylvania Dutchman, Quaker with

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Kentuckian; no two men had the same point of view. Never, I venture to propose, did argument draw redder fire from keener steel. And although there are not wanting those philosophic cynics who urge that political excitement, like feminine loveliness, runs but skin-deep, there is no denying that the common people get monstrously cross about it.

Again, in a country as big as ours, it is not only necessary to find the man who would be king; he must hail from the right place. Geography is as truly the half of polling bits of paper as it is of shooting bits of lead. And herein were the Ohioans not unthoughtful. They took for their plot of ground a state close to the heart of things. All the world believes in Ohio. You traverse Ohio in order to get anywhere; and although you may stupidly regard it as merely something to go through on the cars (preferably by night), it undeniably exists. Far different in the popular mind are those fairy, half-legendary principalities which stand for palm vistas, or for crimson buttes, or for Midsummer Night's Dreams done in fragrant orange blossoms. Besides, we can trust Ohio with the gravest responsibilities. Its enormous agricultural population makes for conservatism. So does its wealth.

Having seized a superb location, the Ohioans proceeded to pack three or four other states with willing adherents. In the earlier day, when covered wagons went rumbling along the National Pike, with "Illinois," "Wisconsin," or "Iowa" blazoned upon them, the Buckeyes saw their opportunity and joined in. To-day you find Ohio Societies in half a dozen Western commonwealths. The Ohio papers speak reverently of "ex-Ohio men;" "ex-Ohioans" adore Ohio; and when an Ohioan is nominated for the presidency, all "ex-Ohioans" fling their hats heavenward and cheer for the nation. The candidate is therefore supported by an army of old neighbors, numbering, in the delightful enumeration of Jimmie Brown, "mornamillion."

Might not one have supposed that so deep a plot, already constituting the most astounding political conspiracy of the century, could dispense with further precaution? Alas, no; the Ohioans are of one flesh with Luther's devil; their "hidden craft is matchless." They must make Ohio an October state, which means that the state campaign would be fought on a hilltop, and could not be hid. Each presidential year the whole country stood waiting, with its hand on its heart and its eye on Ohio, to see how the state elections would result; for as went Ohio, so went the nation. Thus, whoever won the field in Ohio became a world-wide celebrity. Columbus served as a stepping stone to Washington. Yet six months of acute political mania cost Ohio dearly. Business was halted, sleep disturbed, education debauched, every sane interest deranged. When, therefore, the Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden suggested a change, all Buckeyes acquiesced, and made Ohio a November state. Then rose up prophets, declaring that the Buckeye dynasty was once for all dethroned. Yet the Ohioans are at it again: witness William McKinley.

Such — unless the Lombroso method should outdo itself (which I doubt) — is the story of how a free people have been run away with. "And now," say I, "so be it, — so be it!" Why complain if an Ohioan hold the national sceptre? Were we not at a loss to choose a better to rule over us? "Certainly it is a fearful business," wrote Thomas Carlyle in his wonderful chapter on the king as the man who *can*, — "certainly it is a fearful business, that of having your Ableman to seek, and not knowing in what manner to proceed about it!" Considering the gravity of this "fearful business," America owes a debt of gratitude to the Ohioans. They have graciously helped us out.

Rollin Lynde Hartt.

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SOME NEW LETTERS OF TOURGENIEV.

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THE letters of Tourgeniev to Stassov — now for the first time translated from the Russian — reveal two very opposite personalities, and take us into an atmosphere of controversy which seems to demand some explanation. Tourgeniev is so well known out of Russia that there is little need to dwell upon him here. His novels afford the best record of his views and tendencies, which may be briefly summed up in the words Classicism, Idealism, Occidentalism. But the friend — or should I say adversary? — to whom this correspondence is addressed is a comparative stranger to English readers, and needs some introduction.

Vladimir Vassilievich Stassov is the son of a well-known Russian architect. Besides his ordinary occupations at the Imperial Public Library, where he occupies the position of director of fine arts, Stassov has accomplished a mass of literary work,[1] and has been identified for the last fifty years with almost every literary and artistic movement of the nationalist party in Russia. To explain his position in the art world, and also the enthusiastic veneration with which he is regarded by the representatives of the new schools of music and painting in Russia, I may be permitted to compare him with his more celebrated compatriot whose letters I am now endeavoring to explain.

Tourgeniev, Russian as he was by birth and temperament, lived so long estranged from his own people that he lost touch with the generation that succeeded him, the children of the sixties. He tarried so long

> "With all the circle of the wise,
> The perfect flower of human time,"

that he found himself unable to appreciate the strong new growths of his native land, whose fruits seemed acrid and worthless to his fastidious Western palate. In his novels he shows up — sometimes with truth, but invariably without tenderness — all the weakness, the unpractical endeavors, the crude ideals, of the younger generation of Russian workers; giving thereby a deeper shade to the pessimism, a sharper sting to the self-distrust, which are essential components of the Russian nature. Tourgeniev, in spite of all his accredited gentleness, undoubtedly quenched the smoking flax.

I do not claim for Stassov the creative gift of Tourgeniev. His mission has been to stimulate the creative faculties of others, — a smaller but equally noble part in the building up of a national art and literature. Just as Tolstoi may be said to have revealed Russia to herself morally, so Glinka, and after him Stassov, have given her a revelation of her artistic destinies. "Have faith in your nationality," preaches Stassov, "and you shall have works also." "Russian individuality!" cries the contemptuous voice of Tourgeniev. "What humbug, what blindness and crass ignorance, what willful disregard of all that Europe has done!" To Stassov nationality has ever been the most precious thing in art. Penetrated with this spirit and deeply versed in the past history of Russia, — especially in her wealth of legend and folk song, — he set himself to fire the imaginations and sustain the hopes of that little band of earnest workers who, in the sixties and early seventies, started to break new paths in the world of painting and music. He might

[1] The Jubilee Edition of Stassov's collected works (four volumes, St. Petersburg, 1894), which was published at the expense of his admirers to commemorate his seventieth birthday, contains only a part of his voluminous writings.

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appropriately be called the godfather of the new Russian art, he has stood sponsor for so many newborn works of genius.

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Now that it has been generally conceded that in painting — and more strikingly in music — the Russians have given evidence of a vigorous independent development, it is difficult to realize the sharpness of the conflict which attended the first preaching of the gospel of art in Russia itself. All society was divided upon this question of *Eastern* or *Western* development, and only those who have studied the polemics which raged around this problem can fully understand the significance of these two words, which meant, as the Count de Vogüé has truly said, "a son of light or an accursed traitor," according to the banner a man had elected to follow. To this cause must be referred the animosity — now smouldering half concealed under the guise of banter, now breaking out into something like splenetic fury — which runs throughout Tourgeniev's letters to Stassov.

Stassov saw Tourgeniev for the first time at a concert of the Russian Musical Society, in Petersburg, in 1865. He describes his first impression of the great novelist as follows: —

"Tourgeniev came late, and, on entering the room, he paused to explain to a lady sitting near me the reason of his unpunctuality. 'I have just been hearing Schumann's quintet for the first time. . . . My soul is all aglow,' he said in his soft, tender voice, which had a slightly sibilant note in it. I turned, and saw for the first time in my life Tourgeniev's tall and stately though somewhat stooping figure, his head with the heavy mane of hair, as yet untouched by gray, and his kind, rather dim eyes."

Stassov, like all the disciples of the new school of Russian music, was an ardent admirer of Schumann, and rejoiced to overhear Tourgeniev's praise of him. "It is exceedingly improbable," he says, "that at that time any of our literary men knew anything about Schumann; still less would they have been capable of appreciating him."

Two years later, in 1867, they met again, under similar circumstances, at one of the concerts of the Free School, which Balakirev, Lomakin, and Stassov had been instrumental in founding in Petersburg. This time, Tourgeniev, whose attention had been attracted by Stassov's article upon the painter Brulov, published in the Russky Vestnik a short time before, expressed a wish to be introduced to him. The conversation turned upon "the inflated inanity" of Brulov, whose dull academical canvases were then still considered "the best line" in Russian art, and worshiped accordingly. Afterwards Stassov began to talk of Tourgeniev's novel Smoke, which was just coming out in the Russky Vestnik, and asked him if he himself really held the same opinions about Glinka as he puts into the mouth of Potongin, one of the characters in the book. "Well," replied Tourgeniev, "there may be a little exaggeration in the matter. I intended Potongin to represent a completely Western mind as opposed to the Slavonic; but all the same I agree with him on many points." "What!" exclaimed Stassov. "Glinka only a rough diamond, — nothing more?" "Of course he is a gifted man," Tourgeniev answered, "but he is not what you imagine him to be in Petersburg, nor what the newspapers proclaim him." From this moment began the long conflict on matters of art, destined to be frequently revived in the years to come. The concert, which was devoted chiefly to the works of the modern Russian school, drew many expressions of contempt from Tourgeniev, and many warm retorts on Stassov's part. "When the concert was over," writes the latter, "we had disputed so much that although we shook hands at parting, we separated somewhat at enmity,

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and in a very different frame of mind from that in which our conversation began an hour and a half earlier."

Their next meeting took place on foreign soil. In the summer of 1869 Stassov was staying in Munich. One evening, when dining at the Bayerischer Hof, he observed that several seats near him had been reserved for latecomers. Scarcely had he begun to speculate as to who his neighbors might prove to be, when Tourgeniev entered the room with Madame Viardot on his arm, followed by her husband and one or two friends. It was M. Viardot's unfortunate lot to occupy the chair between Stassov and Tourgeniev; an unenviable position, since the combatants no sooner caught sight of each other than they thirsted for the fray. "Two dinners," says Stassov, "paid for at the Bayerischer Hof that night were never eaten." The heat of the discussion left them neither time nor appetite, and the waiters removed plate after plate untouched, while the heavy guns of argument were fired behind M. Viardot's back. Madame Viardot, who understood neither Russian nor Russian ways, sat opposite, a silent and astonished spectator of this meeting.

Tourgeniev spent the months of April and May, 1871, in Petersburg, and from this place dates his first letter to Stassov, — a note of invitation to a gathering of the leading artists and literary men in the Russian capital, convoked by Anton Rubinstein with the idea of forming an Artists Club, on similar lines to the one which had been so successful in Moscow.

During this visit Tourgeniev first made the acquaintance of two rising artists whose names frequently occur in the course of his letters to Stassov. Antokolsky had just astonished the St. Petersburg public with the first view of his statue of Ivan the Terrible. Tourgeniev had hitherto been ignorant of Antokolsky and his works, but on seeing this masterpiece he united with Stassov, for once, in enthusiasm for a native genius. As may be seen from his letters, the great novelist watched Antokolsky's career with interest, and, ten years later, used to relate with pride that the Russian sculptor had been elected a member of the French Institute without one dissentient voice.

While Antokolsky was making a sensation in Petersburg with Ivan the Terrible, the young painter Repin won his first laurels with his picture of Jairus's Daughter, for which he received the silver medal of the Academy of Arts. But Stassov was less successful in winning for Repin Tourgeniev's sympathy and approbation.

I have already spoken of Tourgeniev's contemptuous attitude toward the new school of Russian music. My readers need only open the pages of his novel Smoke to discover the extreme bitterness of his attack upon the followers of Glinka and Dargomijsky. "The humblest flute player," says the ultra-Western thinker Potongin, "who whistles his part in the poorest German opera has twenty times as many ideas as our self-taught musicians; only the German keeps his ideas to himself, and does not air them in the land of Mozart and Haydn." Yet nowhere, I venture to think, has Tourgeniev shown his animosity to Russian music and musicians so clearly as in his correspondence with Stassov. But splenetic and hostile as is Tourgeniev's style of musical criticism, it loses half its sting when we find out how little he really knew of the men or the music he disparaged. For instance, in one of his letters to Stassov, he makes exceptions in favor of Tchaikovsky and Rimsky-Korsakov; but I cannot discover that at that time he had ever heard anything of these two composers beyond a few songs or pianoforte pieces.

On one of his visits to Petersburg, he seems to have felt that he had not sufficient basis for his harsh judgments upon these young composers, who were fight-

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ing to save all that was best in their national music from a flood of colorless cosmopolitanism. Accordingly he asked Stassov if he could give him an opportunity of hearing some of the new music; not merely fugitive pieces, but part of an opera or an orchestral work. At that time, the members of the new school, whose works were rarely performed in public, held social meetings, at which whole scenes were given from the operas of Dargomijsky, Monssorgsky, Cui, and Rimsky-Korsakov. No orchestra was available. Madame Rimsky-Korsakov presided at the piano; her sister, Madame Molas, and Monssorgsky, who had a charming *voix de compositeur*, aided by other friends, took the chief parts in the new works. Stassov's suggestion that Tourgeniev should be invited to one of these evenings was coldly received by the musicians, many of whom resented his attitude toward their work. However, in May, 1874, Stassov succeeded in organizing a musical gathering at his own house, which included not only the chief representatives of the new school, but also Anton Rubinstein. During the playing of this great artist Tourgeniev evinced unbounded enthusiasm; but at ten o'clock, just as the last act of Cui's Angelo was about to be sung, he was seized with one of his worst attacks of gout. Critics who writhe under the "Slavonic barbarism" and "undisguised nihilism" of the new Russian music may think the moment was well chosen; but there seems no reason to doubt the reality of Tourgeniev's sufferings. Borodin, the composer-physician, did all he could to relieve the unfortunate author, who was removed to his hotel, inveighing not so much against Russian music as against the climate and cookery — the *borstch* and *pirogi* — of his native land. Thus it chanced that Tourgeniev never succeeded in hearing any of the more important works of those "rough diamonds" whose total oblivion he prophesies in one of his letters to Stassov.

Music was the chief topic of disagreement between Stassov and Tourgeniev, but literature was responsible for many of their discussions. While recovering from the attack just mentioned Tourgeniev visited Stassov at the Imperial Public Library, and the conversation turned upon the novelist's own works. I give it, as nearly as possible, in Stassov's words: —

"'Ivan Sergeivich,' I said, 'I have long wished to ask you about one thing. You know my admiration for your works, especially for Fathers and Sons, — we have spoken of it before; I can never say enough about Bazarov and Anna Paulovna. But one thing I cannot understand in you: although you are constantly writing about love, describing scores of love scenes, you never in your tales or novels go so far as to depict passion. Only one scene — between Bazarov and Anna Paulovna — is carried to white heat. Everywhere else emotion and sentiment are restrained, discreet. There is nothing deeper in A Nest of Nobles, nor yet in Smoke. This seems unaccountable.' Tourgeniev replied: 'Each man does what he can. I can do no more. But why dwell on this? Let us rather talk about Poushkin. He is one of the greatest men of the age; but I — well, I just do what I can.'"

The subject of Poushkin was invariably dangerous. Stassov did not yield unreserved homage to the poet, whose works have certainly lost much of their former popularity in Russia. Tourgeniev, on the other hand, would not suffer any breath of disparagement of his idol. These arguments about Poushkin sometimes led to the most ridiculous results. On one occasion Stassov called upon the novelist at his hotel, and found him suffering from gout, and consequently in an irascible frame of mind. The talk drifted imperceptibly to the Russian poet, and led to the usual dispute, in the course of which they chanced

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to agree upon some trifling point. Stassov called attention to the fact that for once their views coincided. At this Tourgeniev burst into a loud laugh, and began to pace the room in his wadded jacket and wide plush shoes, waving his hand and speaking in a tragi-comical voice. "Agreed are we? Agreed indeed! Why, if the moment should ever come in which I felt that I agreed with you about anything, I should rush to the window" (here he suited the action to the word and shuffled to the window on his gouty feet), "fling it wide open, and call to the passers-by: 'Help! help! Take me to a lunatic asylum! I agree with Stassov!'" The scene ended in a hearty laugh on both sides, and the evening wound up "in such a happy and genial mood as rarely happened with us two."

This was their last meeting, but their correspondence was continued at intervals. In the summer of 1883, Stassov, passing through Paris, was about to visit Tourgeniev at Bougival, when he was informed by Madame Viardot that the great novelist was then at death's door. A week later he passed away.

ST. PETERSBURG, HÔTEL DEMOUTH,
4 *March*, 1871.

DEAR M. STASSOV, — I am afraid that, owing to some misunderstanding, you have not received the note inviting you to the meeting this evening, arranged by Rubinstein. In any case, I write to inform you that this evening, at ten o'clock, we shall assemble in the large salon at Demouth's, and we hope that you will come.

Accept the assurance of my perfect esteem. IV. TOURGENIEV.

BADEN-BADEN, 3 THIERGARTENSTRASSE,
15/27 *October*, 1871.

HONORED VLADIMIR VASSILIEVICH, — I have just received your letter, which makes me as anxious about Antokolsky as you are yourself. He really promised to come and stay with me here in Baden, but from the time I left Petersburg I have had no news of him whatever. About two months ago, or more, P. V. Annenkov wrote that he had been to Petersburg to supervise the casting of his statue,[1] — nothing more. I am afraid he has been taken ill somewhere, — I fear so — his health is very poor, — but he might have written to some one. This is all a riddle; but it is terrible to think what the answer may be!

I am leaving in a few days for Paris. Here is my address: Care of Madame Viardot, 48 Rue de Douai. I will keep your letter until my departure, in case Antokolsky should come to Baden, which is improbable. In any case, I shall leave a note for him.

I have only just read through Ostrovsky's comedy in Otechestvenni Zapiskah, but the impression I formed of it was exactly similar to your own. It would be difficult in a few words — or even in many — to account for his case and many similar ones. Besides the lack of culture, there is the monotonous uniformity (at least for us Russians) of the exclusively literary life. Ostrovsky, for example, never for one moment gets outside the limits of his own atmosphere. The technique of art develops in such isolation; style and form, also, perfect themselves; but the substance becomes impoverished and perishes. It is the same with those Russian writers who are said to follow up "the idea" and "the tendencies" of the hour, if not in books, in newspapers, — which is even worse. I do not take upon myself to judge for art, because, it seems to me, its hour has not yet come for Russia. Life begins to awaken, but there is no blood in this life as yet.

I hope to see you again in Petersburg during the winter; meanwhile keep well, and accept the assurance of my devotion. IV. TOURGENIEV.

[1] Of Ivan the Terrible.

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PARIS, 48 RUE DE DOUAI,
Sunday, December 25, 1871.

I ought long since to have answered your letter, dear Vladimir Vassilievich, but what with the trouble of moving, what with gout and my literary work, I have not been able to find time. I am now settled in Paris for a month or two, but in the middle of January (our style) I shall be in Petersburg, if I am alive and well.

I am very glad that Antokolsky has been found. (By the way, I send you back your letter to him.)

With your views upon marriage I agree, on the whole; I should even extend their application to all unions between the sexes. As you know, there are such things as unlegalized marriages; but these sometimes appear to be more undesirable than the commonly accepted form. To me the whole subject is familiar, and I have studied it *au fond*. If, so far, I have not touched upon it in my writings, it is because I always avoid these too intimate subjects; I do not feel at ease with them. Later on, when all this has grown more distant, I may perhaps think it over and make an effort, — if only the taste for writing has not left me. It becomes increasingly difficult to be bothered with this intricate work, and every day it grows harder to satisfy one's self with one's art. For instance, I have only just finished a long novel (for the Messager de l'Europe), which I rewrote *three* times; mine is a kind of labor of Sisyphus! But "qui a bu, boira," as the French say, and it is not impossible that I may do it. I read your article, in the St. Petersburg Viedomosti, about Repin and the Academy competition. I am very glad to hear that this young fellow is coming so quickly and so bravely to the front. He has great talent, and undoubtedly possesses the artistic temperament, — which is the most important thing of all. It is impossible not to rejoice that this Brulov worship is dying out. When all this dead matter falls away, like the scab from a wound, then only will the waters of life be able to spring up.

So far I have not looked about me here; I have seen no one and done nothing, so I have not anything to tell you. The Republic is in a very poor way, — the whole nation is ailing. What will be the outcome of all this God alone knows.

Remember me to Antokolsky, and accept the assurance of my perfect respect and devotion.

IV. TOURGENIEV.

48 RUE DE DOUAI,
Wednesday, 13/1 *March*, 1872.

I address myself to you, honored Vladimir Vassilievich, with the following request. One of these days you will receive a book by our good friend Ralston,[1] Songs of the Russian People. It is very carefully compiled from original sources, and we Russians are under every obligation to encourage such work. As yet nothing like it has appeared in any European language, and Ralston deserves to be patted on the back by so competent a judge as yourself. He will be much obliged to you, as well as your humble servant. I think an article in the Messager de l'Europe would be the best. I, on my part, will write to Stassoulievich.[2] The book is beautifully got up, like all English publications.

Please tell me: Is Antokolsky in Petersburg? Is he married? How is he, and what is he doing?

With all good wishes, I remain,
Yours devotedly,
IV. TOURGENIEV.

48 RUE DE DOUAI, PARIS,
Wednesday, March 27/15, 1872.

I learn from Stassoulievich's letter, dear Vladimir Vassilievich, that Puipin has written an article upon Ralston; and

[1] Of the British Museum.
[2] The editor of the Messager de l'Europe.

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from your letter I see that you are not quite on good terms with the paper now. I am very sorry for the Messager de l'Europe; but there is nothing to be done. I know that Ralston wants to send you a copy, and I believe you will shortly receive it. I will remind him.

Thanks for the news about Antokolsky; it is very interesting. I hope he has now solved his problem,[1] and that his health, at least, has not suffered.

From what you say, I could not imagine a worse subject for a picture than that which Repin has chosen, and I am truly sorry for this.[2] With such a subject, it is so easy to drop into allegory, into the commonplace, and to assume a stilted style.

What a pity that the Hemicycle of Delaroche lacks vitality! But as Delaroche has about as much artistic temperament as Kraevsky, there is not much to spoil.

You are quite wrong in fancying that I "dislike" Glinka: *he* was a very great and original man. But come, now, it is quite different with the others, — with your M. Dargomijsky and his Stone Guest. It will always remain one of the greatest mysteries of my life how such intelligent people as you and Cui, for example, can possibly find in these limp, colorless, feeble, — I beg your pardon, — senile recitatives, interwoven now and then with a few howls, to lend color and imagination, — how you can find in this feeble piping not only music, but a new, genial, and epoch-making music. Can it be unconscious patriotism, I wonder? I confess that, except a sacrilegious attempt on one of Poushkin's best poems, I find nothing in it. And now cut off my head, if you like!

Of all these "young" Russian musicians, only two have decided talent, — Tchaikovsky and Rimsky-Korsakov. All the rest, for what they are worth, may be put in a sack and thrown into the water! Not, of course, as men, — as men they are charming, — but as artists. The Egyptian Pharaoh Rameses XXIX. is not more utterly forgotten than these men will be fifteen or twenty years hence. This is my one consolation.

In about four weeks' time I leave here, and at the end of April I shall be in Petersburg, where I hope to see you and dispute with you to my heart's content, if only you care to talk to such a heretic as I am.

I shake your hand warmly, and remain, Yours devotedly,

Iv. Tourgeniev.

P. S. Like all Russians you do not give your address, and I have wasted two hours looking for it among old letters and papers.

Prechistensky Boulevard, Moscow,
Wednesday, May 26/14, 1872.

I only received your letter of May 17 the day after my arrival here, dear Vladimir Vassilievich. When you wrote it I was actually in Petersburg (at the Hôtel Demouth); but they told me you were away, so I did not look you up, which I now regret very much. However, I stayed but a few days in Petersburg. I leave here on Sunday, if the attack of gout from which I am unexpectedly suffering will permit; but I shall be in Petersburg only twenty-four hours, and it is very unlikely that I shall see you, for probably just now you are in Moscow all the time, only I know nothing about it. We shall have to argue on paper, instead of by word of mouth.

Why should you suppose that I, who am neither a musician nor a painter, and moreover an old man, to whom all insincerity is distasteful, and who merely pays heed to his own impressions, — why

[1] The equestrian statues of Ivan III., Yaroslav the Wise, Dmitri Donskoi, and Peter I., for the Alexander Bridge across the Neva.

[2] Russian and Slavonic Musicians: a picture painted to order by Repin for the concert room of the hotel, Slaviansky Bazaar, in Moscow.

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do you suppose that I am impregnated with fetishism and bow down to European authorities? To hell with the lot of them! I delight in Gluck's recitatives and arias, not because the authorities have praised them, but because at the first notes they draw my tears, while no authorities could compel me to do otherwise than look upon the Stone Guest with utter contempt. I have had the patience to listen to it twice, not with an indifferent, but with a very masterly interpretation of the pianoforte score. You err in your estimate of these authorities, too. For instance, you believe that Ary Scheffer among the French (I am not speaking of Philistines, but of artistic natures), and Kaulbach among the Germans, carry some weight, whereas they have long since been shelved, and nobody speaks of them seriously nowadays. But as to Delacroix, would that we had in our school so highly gifted though unequal a nature!

I have seen Repin's picture,[1] and with sincere regret I confess that this cold *vinaigrette* of life and death is — forgive me — a piece of forced absurdity which could have emanated only from the brain of some Klestakov[2] . . . with his Slaviansky Bazaar! And my opinion is shared by the painter himself, who spent nearly two hours with me, and spoke with great regret about the theme which had been forced upon him. He was even sorry that I had been to see the picture, in which there are evidences of undoubted talent, but which is suffering at this moment a well-merited fiasco. God grant that his other pictures may not be still-born, like this!

No, dear Vladimir Vassilievich, I should be the first to rejoice at the birth of a native art, but I cannot imitate Wagner in Faust, of whom Goethe said: —

"Mit gier'ger Hand nach Schätzen gräbt —
Und froh ist, wenn er Regenwürmer findet."

Having found your rough diamond, Glinka, rejoice and be proud of him, . . . but all these Dargomijskys and Balakirevs and Brulovs, — may the waves scatter them and carry them all away like the common dust.

All this may appear to you sacrilegious and absurd. . . . Well, I recall people who thought me almost a criminal because I did not appreciate that "budding genius" Konkolnik. However, enough of this.

Antokolsky is not here, and I have not heard a word either of him or of his statue.[3] Now *this* I should like to see. I believe in him, because he has *temperament*, and not mere literary froth. But come, this is really enough. We only go on kicking up the dust. Are you not coming to Paris, and will you not come to see me? You can write to me already, if you please, at 48 Rue de Douai.

Good-by and keep well.

Your devoted

Iv. Tourgeniev.

48 Rue de Douai, Paris,
Wednesday, November 4 (*October* 25), 1874.

Dear Vladimir Vassilievich, — I was very glad to hear that Brukhanov had duly executed my commission.[4] The copy of the Iliad sent to you was actually found among the books which formed the library of V. G. Belinsky.

Who can that *Alexander Ivanovich* be, whose mark is to be met with several times on the margins? The handwriting resembles that of A. I. Tourgeniev. But he was a poor Greek scholar; as a stylist, too, he had no special authority. It would be interesting to clear this up.

Although I do not pass for a stanch patriot, still I take great pride in any

[1] Russian and Slavonic Musicians.

[2] A character in Gogol's play The Reviser.

[3] Peter I., on view at the Universal Russian Exhibition, Moscow, 1872.

[4] In 1874, Tourgeniev presented the Imperial Public Library, through Brukhanov, with a proof copy of Gnedich's translation of the Iliad, annotated by himself, Kraevsky, and Lubanov. The copy belonged originally to Belinsky.

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new manifestation of art and poetry in Russia. Consequently I learnt with particular pleasure your double news. Only you do not tell me whether Kutzov's Gashish [1] is published or still exists only in manuscript. The subject pleases me; it is wonderfully well suited as a frame for a variety of pictures. Secondly, Stcherbatchev, as a man, produces an unfavorable impression; but this need not imply that he is destitute of talent, and I should be very much obliged to you if you would send me his compositions as soon as they appear.[2] By the way, you have no ground for fancying that Rubinstein will treat them with contempt; to me, at least, he spoke of Stcherbatchev as a very talented young man. Kharlamov has painted Madame Viardot's portrait. I have not the least doubt that as a portrait painter he has, just now, no equal in the world, and the French begin to say the same.

I keep much as usual; apparently I shall never cease to be ill.

Now I wish you all good, and remain

Your devoted

Iv. Tourgeniev.

48 Rue de Douai, Paris,
Wednesday, 25/13 *November*, 1874.

Dear Vladimir Vassilievich, — I am sorry you are unable (I hope only temporarily) to send me the works of Stcherbatchev and Kutzov, but I beg you not to forget them when they are published.

Katkov's action is worthy of him;[3] that man ought to have been a Bonapartist, he goes to such lengths. . . . At the time of the publication of Fathers and Sons I was not in Moscow, but in Paris. The manuscript of the novel was transmitted by me through M. L——, who kept me informed from Moscow of the requirements and apprehensions of the editor's office. I will send you a note written by this M. L——, who is at present in Paris, and who, having read the statements of the Moscow Viedomosti, desired to bring to light the true facts of the case. But in the first place he is a very . . . man, with whom I do not care to have anything to do; and secondly, I have a positive aversion to all literary scandals and intrigues. The devil take them all! In any case, I was to blame for consenting to the mutilations in the Russky Vestnik, or, at any rate, for not protesting against them; and they were worse in Smoke than in Fathers and Sons. I ought to have known with whom I was dealing. . . .

What can I say about Tutroumov?[4] This man has publicly disgraced himself. His name should be forgotten. Thenceforward, whenever it comes up, it will provoke the exclamation . . .! Or at least, "What a fool!" And when one comes to think that Tutroumov will be called a fool by the kind and indulgent, there is nothing more to be said. . . . A nice turn he has done himself!

My health is still not quite satisfac-

[1] A poem by Count Kutzov, on a subject suggested by me. — V. V. S.

[2] Reference is made to two pianoforte pieces composed by Stcherbatchev in 1873–74, but not published until later.

[3] In 1865 Madame Troubnikov presented to the Imperial Public Library a printed copy of Fathers and Sons, with additions on the margins, in Tourgeniev's own hand, of those portions of the book which were altered or mutilated by Katkov while the novel was appearing in the Russky Vestnik. When Tourgeniev visited Petersburg in May, 1874, I begged him to certify that all the passages inserted on the margins were actually written by his own hand, which he did. I published a little notice of this in the St. Petersburg Viedomosti, 1874, No. 299. To this Katkov replied in the Moscow Viedomosti, No. 273, that in Fathers and Sons every alteration had been made with the consent of the author, at a time when he was still at the zenith of his talent and intellectual powers. — V. V. S.

[4] The well-known story of the painter Tutroumov and V. V. Verestchagin. When the latter refused a professorship offered to him by the Academy of Arts, Tutroumov tried to make the public believe that Verestchagin did not paint his own pictures, but hired the services of painters in Munich.

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tory, and I have not left my room for three weeks.

I shake your hand and wish you all good wishes.

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Your devoted

Iv. Tourgeniev.

Dear Vladimir Vassílievich, — The day before yesterday I received a parcel containing two copies of the Zigzags. I have listened with the utmost attention to two consecutive performances of them, and the interpretation was excéllent. To my great regret, I have not been able to discover in them the merits about which you wrote to me. I cannot say whether in time original talent will show itself in Stcherbatchev, but at present I can see nothing in him but "the clamor of captive thoughts." All this has been written under the influence of Schumann's Carnaval, with a mixture of Liszt's *bizarreries*, dragged in without motive. It is altogether lacking in ideas; is tedious, strained, and wanting in life. The first page pleased me most; the theme is commonplace, but the working out is interesting.

For this you may chop off my head, if you please. I thank you, all the same, for your kindness in sending the music.

I could see from Bourenin's last article that you had shown him my letter to you in which I spoke of Fathers and Sons and of Katkov.[1] No doubt this encouraged that gentleman to a fresh outburst of captious and insulting mendacities; but as to this particular symptom . . . Anyhow, I am glad that Bourenin has mentioned the matter. Whoever chooses to believe me is welcome, and those who do not choose I shall not try to persuade.

Here the winter is not worse than in Petersburg, and my health is improving, so that I have no excuse for not working. However, I am slow in taking up my work again.

I rarely see Repin; he is an excellent fellow, of undoubted talent. His picture is progressing.[2] I still consider Kharlamov the greatest contemporary portrait painter; and the time is coming when I hope you will be convinced of this.

I shake your hand, and remain

Your devoted

Iv. Tourgeniev.

50 Rue de Douai, Paris,
Wednesday, 27/15 *January*, 1875.

Dear Vladimir Vassilievich, — In answer to your letter I have one thing to say: I may be mistaken in my judgment of the new Russian art, and you are fully justified in reproaching me for my ignorance or want of comprehension; but why should you imagine that I speak thus not from a strong personal conviction or sentiment, but because I bow down before the authority of foreigners? What devil should induce me, an old man, — who have never in my whole life valued anything as highly as my own independence, — to bow down or kowtow to these authorities? If for nothing else, then for the sake of my self-respect, you might believe that I should be perfectly indifferent to every "Qu'en dira-t-on?" Certainly, in my time I have dispatched to the Yellow Gate[3] as many of your great authorities as you have, — only they had other names, as famous as those you quote. But the same sentiment of personal liberty, of which I am conscious every second in the minute, does not permit me to acknowledge as beautiful the things which do not please me.

By way of tit for tat, I might retort that you never bow before any authorities but those which you have invented for yourself; but in argument I make a point of never attributing to my ad-

[1] See the St. Petersburg Viedomosti, 1874, No. 336.

[2] The picture of Sadko and the Sea King.

[3] This may be a reference to the madhouse, sometimes spoken of in Russia as "the yellow house."

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versary other motives than those which he attributes to himself.

In short, pray believe that if I find Mozart's Don Juan a work of genius, and Dargomijsky's Don Juan formless and absurd, it is not because Mozart is an authority and others think so, or because Dargomijsky is unknown outside his little circle, but simply because Mozart pleases me, and Dargomijsky does not. Neither do the Zigzags please me. That is the end of the matter! Of course to you Kharlamov is a wretched painter, because he paints in the French style; but he really has nothing French about him. In the truthfulness, sincerity, and realism of his painting the Russian man and the Russian artist unconsciously show themselves. When you go to Moscow, look at his portrait of Tretiakov's wife, Sergeia, — not long since finished and exhibited, — and tell me if, up to now, we have had anything equal to it.

The history of the St. Petersburg Viedomosti is astonishing and lamentable; the same thing will probably be repeated in the Messager de l'Europe. The air is still as foul as in the days of our youth.

Beyond getting back my health I am doing nothing. I am not in the humor; why should I force myself? I am waiting impatiently for the appearance of Tolstoi's novel in the Russky Vestnik. I have not yet thanked you for sending me Stcherbatchev's Valses. They do not alter my opinion of him, but I am none the less grateful to you.

I wish you all prosperity, and remain,

Yours devotedly,

Iv. Tourgeniev.

P. S. Essipoff and Davidoff have had great success here.

50 Rue de Douai, Paris,
April 3/15, 1875.

I received your letter, dear Vladimir Vassilievich, and lost no time in executing your commission with regard to Zola, with whom I am really on intimate terms. (His address is, Paris, 21 Rue St. Georges, Batignolles.) I cannot, however, guarantee its success. Working against time, from morning till night, he hardly makes both ends meet, and has no time to spare for gratuitous correspondence. If you really intend to come to Paris, you will have a good opportunity of speaking to him yourself.

What you say about Kharlamov does not surprise me. It is in the nature of things, seeing the radical — I may say antipodean — antagonism of our views in respect of art and literature; and I was far more astonished at our actually agreeing on the subject of Tolstoi's novel Anna Karenina.

Good Lord, thought I to myself, can it be possible that I have now lost the true criterion of things that I love and hate, namely, the absolute opposition of my tastes to those of V. V. Stassov? But afterwards I thought perhaps it was only a slip of your pen. So not for one moment do I doubt the worthlessness (to my mind) of Maximov's pictures. I at once placed him in the same category as your favorites, MM. Dargomijsky, Stcherbatchev, Repin, and *tutti quanti;* all those half-baked geniuses filled with spiced stuffing in which you keep detecting "the real essence."

By the bye, speaking of Repin, according to your own account you are only laughing in your sleeve, while he has been going about here like a man half dazed, because of the publication of his letters in The Bee.[1] In a word, the man was almost whimpering; but apart from this he could not live here long. It is time he got back under your wing, or, better still, returned to Moscow, to his right place and surroundings.

You see I do not mind showing you my real frame of mind, just as you do not hesitate to show yours.

[1] Tourgeniev refers to the many attacks made upon Repin, both in Paris and in Petersburg, in consequence of his letters to me about the old Italian and new French art. — V. V. S.

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And now I wish you all good things, beginning with good health, and beg you to believe in my sincere devotion.

Iv. Tourgeniev.

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Bougival, Les Frênes,
Monday, July 26, 1875.

Your letter found me here, Vladimir Vassilievich; it is now a fortnight since I left Carlsbad. I hope the poem Gashish will be forwarded to me here. Thank you for remembering me, although you are right in saying that nothing ever comes of our correspondence or our personal intercourse. Our standpoints lie too far apart.

I shall stay here till the end of October. I shall often go to Paris; I have permanent quarters there at 50 Rue de Douai. If you like, you can keep to my Paris address. We might breakfast or dine somewhere together.

Never, never did it enter into my head to accuse Repin of *audacity*. Why, good heavens, it is precisely from the absence of such audacity that our half-baked talents are suffering. He is a poor creature; there is the misfortune. Had he been a good fellow, he might have abused whom he pleased. One good point about Kharlamov is that he neither praises nor abuses any one, but acts boldly himself. Whether well or ill is another question. But our criticules, when they begin their business, either fall into miserable imitation or hatch some fledgeling idea, — something like the procession of types to Poushkin (!!!); then they think themselves God Almighty. It is all dust and decay; always the same decrepitude, with only a semblance of youth.

Now good-by for the present, — until our next encounter. Accept the assurance of my esteem.

Iv. Tourgeniev.

Bougival, Les Frênes,
Friday, August 6, 1875.

Vladimir Vassilievich, your desire to see me is couched in such charming words that I, for my part, hasten to assure you that such a meeting would be quite agreeable to me, although of course it could not be got through without a discussion. If it is not inconvenient to you, meet me at a quarter past eleven on Tuesday, at the Restaurant du Nouvel Opéra, 31 Boulevard Haussmann, Adolphe et Pellé (at the back of the new Opera House). There we can have an excellent breakfast in a private room, and declaim at our ease.

I must thank you for sending Gashish. This trifle is not bad, but only so-so. The lack of color and imagination produces a bad effect (especially in such a subject). If you are going to transport me to the East, — in a state of intoxication, too, — then you must surround me with its wonders and let its enchantments wrap me around until I lose my own identity; instead of which you only give me some very colorless effects. The description of the sea is not amiss, but it does not nearly come up to two lines of Toutchevsky: —

"Dimly radiant (the dream) and weirdly still,
Lightly it swayed above the thundering gloom."

In this little poem (Gashish) there is no trace whatever of that dream fantasy.

I am really sorry you did not get to the concert, although Madame Viardot sang only one thing of Schubert's, — Gretchen.

Good-by till Tuesday.

Yours devotedly,

Iv. Tourgeniev.

Bougival, Les Frênes,
Saturday, August 28, 1875.

I am sorry, Vladimir Vassilievich, that I cannot carry out your wishes as to your books. These very books have been taken away from me. I am not living in Paris, so I cannot get them just now; besides, I am going off shooting for five days.

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Your quotation from Krilov about "the thousand ways"[1] actually speaks in my favor. Good Lord, what connection is there between Krilov and poetry? His talents and merits most certainly do not lie in that direction. You know, too, that Koutouzov's only aim is to use imagery and talk fine. Just try to find in Théophile Gautier — the specialist in this style — anything at all in the manner of "*en cent façons.*" But why discuss it? Even now my cheeks burn with the blush of shame when I remember how we — old gray-headed men — have argued and vociferated until we were hoarse. And for what? About a pedestal! Surely, in all the world, it is only Russians who can descend to such senseless puerilities! We meet and begin "to chew dry grass," with gleaming eyes, and panting while we chew. Really it is a case of "The dog has nothing to do," — you know the end of the adage.

I wish you all happiness in Paris and at home.

Your devoted
Iv. Tourgeniev.

Bougival, Les Frênes,
Sunday, September 5, 1875.

I will answer your questions, Vladimir Vassilievich: —

(1.) Among architects[2] I know only one personally, M. Poitrineau, who built my chalet here. He is an honorable and hard-working man, with no particular force of imagination. In the summer he lives here, — that is to say, at Croissy; his office in town is 58 Rue de Clichy.

(2.) Saint-Saëns has returned to Paris; but his wife is just expecting her confinement, and he is probably in an anxious frame of mind. His address is, 168 Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré.

(3.) It is useless to be surprised, or even "horribly surprised," that I do not bow down before the modern authority of the latest novelty; I mean the question of the "pedestal." Wretched, miserable, pedantic "epigon;" in a word, it does not deserve a moment wasted upon it. First produce a fine statue; the rest is mere frivolity.

I do not ascribe any importance to Théophile Gautier as a poet, — neither has Koutouzov any pretensions to the title; but as a virtuoso of language the French consider Gautier first rate, and upon this question they are better judges than we are.

(4.) I read the Rappel, and I have also read the new articles by Victor Hugo. I regret that I do not possess sufficient powers of expression to tell to what a degree I despise these articles, and the whole of his prose in general. I rejoice at your judgments of Goethe, Poushkin, and Mozart: had you loved them, *I* should have been "horribly surprised."

I wish you all good, and remain

Your devoted
Iv. Tourgeniev.

Bougival, Les Frênes, Chalet,
July 29/17, 1880.

Dear Vladimir Vassilievich, — On the day of our meeting in Paris a strange thing happened to me: instead of the pills which I asked you to take to Tikhouravov,[3] I took from my pocket a round Japanese box in which I keep my visiting cards! It is all right if you chanced to look at them; but perhaps you have sent off the box — without looking — to Tikhouravov, who will not understand it at all! I trust this

[1] Tourgeniev took exception to Koutouzov's phrase, "The dwarfs turned somersaults in a thousand ways." In its defense, I quoted from Krilov's fable The Ass and the Nightingale, "He warbled and trilled in a thousand ways." — V. V. S.

[2] I had asked Tourgeniev to recommend me a reliable architect in Paris for Verestchagin, who at this time was thinking of building a house and studio in the suburbs, and who in one of his letters from India had asked me to make these inquiries. — V. V. S.

[3] One of the professors at the University of Moscow.

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letter may be in time, in which case please throw away my cards, and keep the box in remembrance of me. Do not write to Tikhouravov. I have made arrangements about the pills and given them to Nicholas Rubinstein, who is now in Paris, and leaves for Moscow in a week. I hope you got home to "Peter" safe and sound.

I shake your hand, and remain

Your devoted

Iv. Tourgeniev.

Seine et Oise, Bougival, Les Frênes, Chalet, *Friday, August* 13/1, 1880.

Dear Vladimir Vassilievich, — I received your letter, and a day later the box. I thank you, but I feel ashamed of giving you so much trouble. Destroy the letter to Tikhouravov, as it is of no use now. Matté has been to see me: he is a very charming young man, — an artistic spirit, — but as yet there has been no talk about the portrait. I think he will look in again the day after to-morrow (Sunday).

Accept the assurance of my esteem.

Your sincerely devoted

Iv. Tourgeniev.

Paris, 50 Rue de Douai, 21/9 *January*, 1882.

Your letter has greatly astonished me, dear M. Stassov; but as I am willing to believe that it was inspired less by your enthusiasm for Sarah Bernhardt than by your interest in me, I will give you a brief reply. You reproach me for having shaken hands with M. A——, and think this a stain upon my reputation. I know M. A—— as a man as well as you do; I have never shaken hands with him, and never shall do so, any more than with Katkov; besides, a man's reputation can be marred only by some wrongdoing on his part, and not by any scandalmonger. My opinion about M. B——'s articles on Sarah Bernhardt I have already expressed in a private letter to M. B——. Of course I could not know that it would become public property, and I am very sorry for it. But I am not in the habit of withdrawing my opinions, even when I have expressed them in a private and friendly conversation and they are made public against my will. Yes, I consider M. A——'s criticism of Sarah Bernhardt quite true and just. This woman is clever and skillful; she has her business at her finger ends, is gifted with a charming voice and educated in a good school; but she has nothing natural about her, no artistic temperament whatever, and she tries to make up for this by Parisian licentiousness. She is eaten through and through with *chic*, *réclame*, and *pose*. She is monotonous, cold, and dry; in short, without a single spark of talent in the highest sense of the word. Her gait is that of a hen; she has no play of features; the movements of her hands are purposely angular, in order to be piquant; the whole thing reeks of the boulevards, of Figaro and patchouli. You see that to my mind M. A—— has been even too lenient. You quote Zola as an authority, although you always rebel against all authorities, so you must allow me to quote Augier, who once said to me: "Cette femme n'a aucun talent; on dit d'elle que c'est un paquet de nerfs, — c'est un paquet de ficelles." But you will ask, Why then such a world-wide reputation? What do I care? I only speak my own feelings, and I am glad to find somebody who supports my view.

As to the second object of your letter, I am quite at a loss to understand in what way I could strongly influence M. N—— and his two publications. Have not you yourself a hand in both of them?

Accept the assurance of my devotion.

Iv. Tourgeniev.

Paris, 50 Rue de Douai, 16/4 *December*, 1882.

Dear Vladimir Vassilievich, — Your letter is only a new proof of your

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cordial readiness to do a service, but I should be ashamed of burdening you with such a troublesome business. The English editor would be quite satisfied with a brief note pointing out two or three of the most important articles upon Russian art. If you think that the illustrated catalogue of the art section of the Universal Russian Exhibition in Moscow, written, in French, by Sobko, and edited by Botkin, would be useful, ask Stassoulievich to get it (at my expense, of course) and send it to me here. In any case, I thank you beforehand. The anecdote which Bourenin related had gone clean out of my head. I might have been astonished at the coolness of "Messieurs les Feuilletonistes," only I have lost all power of astonishment at their doings. In any case, I apologize to you, though I may add that I am only in the position of the "whipping-boy," "guilty though innocent."

Accept the assurance of my respect.

Iv. Tourgeniev.

Paris, 50 Rue de Douai.

Dear Vladimir Vassilievich, — I feel guilty for not having written at once to tell you that I had received the list of works upon Russian art and the album of the Moscow Exhibition. I thank you sincerely for both, and I have already made good use of them. I could not write before, first because I was ill, and now I have been in bed ten days after an operation.

Your devoted

I. S. Tourgeniev.

These letters of Tourgeniev's to Stassov are interesting because they enable us to see him from the Russian rather than the French point of view. M. Ivanov, in his biography of Tourgeniev, has dwelt much upon the "moral isolation," the sense of detachment which resulted from his self-imposed exile. The correspondence with Stassov brings this out very clearly, and is a further proof that the regrets of Polonsky and other devoted friends of the novelist were not without substantial foundation. "Tourgeniev," says Stassov, "a great writer, was, as might be expected from a Russian, realistic and sincere in his own novels and tales; but in his tastes and views of art his cosmopolitanism made him the enemy of realism and sincerity in others. In such ideas and in such unaccountable prejudices he elected to spend his whole life."

Rosa Newmarch.

QUATRAIN.

Over my head and far away
I saw the frightened moon,
A forgotten guest of Yesterday
In the warm blue halls of Noon.

Arthur Ketchum.

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THOREAU'S ATTITUDE TOWARD NATURE.

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"I WISH to speak a word for Nature, for absolute freedom and wildness." So Thoreau began an article in The Atlantic Monthly thirty-five years ago. He wished to make an extreme statement, he declared, in hope of making an emphatic one. Like idealists in general, — like Jesus in particular, — he believed in omitting qualifications and exceptions. Those were matters certain to be sufficiently insisted upon by the orthodox and the conservative, the minister and the school committee.

In an attempt at an extreme statement Thoreau was very unlikely to fail. Thanks to an inherited aptitude and years of practice, there have been few to excel him with the high lights. In his hands exaggeration becomes one of the fine arts. We will not call it the finest art; his own best work would teach us better than that; but such as it is, with him to hold the brush, it would be difficult to imagine anything more effective. When he praises a quaking swamp as the most desirable of dooryards, or has visions of a people so enlightened as to burn their fences and leave the forests to grow, who shall contend with him? And yet the sympathetic reader — the only real reader — knows what is meant, and what is not meant, and finds it good; as he finds it good when he is bidden to turn the other cheek to the smiter, or to distribute all his living among the poor.

Thoreau's love for the wild — not to be confounded with a liking for natural history or an appreciation of scenery — was as natural and unaffected as a child's love of sweets. It belonged to no one part of his life. It finds utterance in all his books, but is best expressed, most feelingly and simply, and therefore most convincingly, in his journal, especially in such an entry as that of January 7, 1857, a bitterly cold, windy day, with snow blowing, — one of the days when "all animate things are reduced to their lowest terms." Thoreau has been out, nevertheless, for his afternoon walk, "through the woods toward the cliffs along the side of the Well Meadow field." The contact with Nature, even in this her severest mood, has given a quickening yet restraining grace to his pen. Now, there is no question of "emphasis," no plotting for an "extreme statement," no thought of dull readers, for whom the truth must be shown large, as it were, by some magic-lantern process. How differently he speaks! "Might I aspire to praise the moderate nymph Nature," he says, "I must be like her, moderate."

The passage is too long to be quoted in full. "There is nothing so sanative, so poetic," he writes, "as a walk in the woods and fields even now, when I meet none abroad for pleasure. Nothing so inspires me, and excites such serene and profitable thought. . . . Alone in distant woods or fields, in unpretending sproutlands or pastures tracked by rabbits, even in a bleak and, to most, cheerless day like this, when a villager would be thinking of his inn, I come to myself, I once more feel myself grandly related. This cold and solitude are friends of mine. . . . I get away a mile or two from the town, into the stillness and solitude of nature, with rocks, trees, weeds, snow about me. I enter some glade in the woods, perchance, where a few weeds and dry leaves alone lift themselves above the surface of the snow, and it is as if I had come to an open window. I see out and around myself. . . . This stillness, solitude, wildness of nature is a kind of thoroughwort or boneset to my intellect. This is what I go out to seek. It is as if I always met in those places some grand, serene, immortal, infinitely

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encouraging, though invisible companion, and walked with him."

Four days later, dwelling still upon his "success in solitary and distant woodland walking outside the town," he says: "I do not go there to get my dinner, but to get that sustenance which dinners only preserve me to enjoy, without which dinners are a vain repetition. . . . I never chanced to meet with any man so cheering and elevating and encouraging, so infinitely suggestive, as the stillness and solitude of the Well Meadow field."

Language like this, though all may perceive the beauty and feel the sincerity of it, is to be understood only by those who are of the speaker's kin. It describes a country which no man knows save him who has been there. It expresses life, not theory, and calls for life on the part of the hearer.

And if the appeal be made to this tribunal, the language used here and so often elsewhere, by Thoreau, touching the relative inferiority of human society will neither give offense nor seem in any wise exaggerated or morbid. Thoreau knew Emerson; he had lived in the same house with him; but even Emerson's companionship was less stimulating to him than Nature's own. Well, and how is it with ourselves, who have the best of Emerson in his books? Much as these may have done for us, have we never had seasons of communion with the life of the universe itself when even Emerson's words would have seemed an intrusion? Is not the voice of the world, when we can hear it, better than the voice of any man interpreting the world? Is it not better to hear for ourselves than to be told what another has heard? When the forest speaks things ineffable, and the soul hears what even to itself it can never utter, — for such an hour there is no book, there never will be. And if we wish not a book, no more do we wish the author of a book. We are in better company. In such hours, — too few, alas, — though we be the plainest of plain people, our own emotions are of more value than any talk. We know, in our measure, what Thoreau —

"An early unconverted Saint" —

was seeking words for when he said, "I feel my Maker blessing me."

To him, as to many another man, experiences of this kind came oftenest in wild and solitary places. No wonder, then, that he loved to go thither. No wonder he found the pleasures of society unsatisfying in the comparison. There he communed, not with himself nor with his fellow, but with the Wisdom and Spirit of the Universe. And when it is objected that this ought not to have been true, that he ought to have found the presence of men more elevating and stimulating than the presence of "inanimate" nature, we must take the liberty to believe that the critic speaks of that whereof he knows nothing. To revert to our own figure, he has never lived in Thoreau's country.

Thoreau was wedded to Nature not so much for her beauty as for delight in her high companionableness. There was more of Wordsworth than of Keats in him. He was more philosopher than poet, perhaps we may say. He loved spirit rather than form and color, though for these also his eye was better than most. Being a stoic, a born economist, a child of the North, he felt most at home with Nature in her dull seasons. His delight in a wintry day was typical. He loved his mistress best when she was most like himself; as he said of human friendships, "I love that one with whom I sympathize, be she 'beautiful' or otherwise, of excellent mind or not." The swamp, the desert, the wilderness, — these he especially celebrated. He began by thinking that nothing could be too wild for him; and even in his later years, notably in the Atlantic essay above quoted, he sometimes blew the same heroic strain. By this time, how-

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ever, he knew and confessed, to himself at least, that there was another side to the story; that there was a dreariness beyond even his ready appreciation. More than once we find in his diary expressions like this, in late November: "Now a man will eat his heart, if ever, now while the earth is bare, barren, and cheerless, and we have the coldness of winter without the variety of ice and snow."

And what was true of seasons was equally true of places. Let them be wild, by all means, yet not too wild. When he returned from the Maine woods, he had had, for the time being, enough of the wilderness. It was a relief to get back to the smooth but still varied landscape of eastern Massachusetts. That, for a permanent residence, seemed to him incomparably better than an unbroken forest. The poet must live open to the sky and the wind; his road must be prepared for him; and yet, "not only for strength, but for beauty, the poet must, from time to time, travel the logger's path and the Indian's trail, to drink at some new and more bracing fountain of the Muses." In short, the poet should live in Concord, and only once in a while seek the inspirations of the outer wilderness.

What we have called Thoreau's stoicism (knowing very well that he was not a stoic, except in some partial sense of the word), his liking for plainness and low expense, is perhaps at the base of one of his rarest excellencies as a writer upon nature, — his reserve and moderation. In statement, it is true, he could extravagate like a master. He boasts, as well he may, of his prowess in that direction; but in tone and sentiment, when it came to dealing, not with ethics or philosophy, but with the mistress of his affections, he kept always decently within bounds. He had a very sprightly fancy, when he chose to give it play; but he had with it, and controlling it, a prevailing sobriety, the tempering grace of good sense. "The alder," he says, "is one of the prettiest trees and shrubs in the winter. It is evidently so full of life with its conspicuously pretty red catkins dangling from it on all sides. It seems to dread the winter less than other plants. It has a certain heyday and cheery look, less stiff than most, with more of the flexible grace of summer. With those dangling clusters of red catkins which it switches in the face of winter, it brags for all vegetation. It is not daunted by the cold, but still hangs gracefully over the frozen stream."

Most admirable, thrown in thus by the way, amid unaffected, matter-of-fact description and every-day sense, and with its homely "brags" and "switches" to hold it true, — to save it from a touch of foppery, a shade too much of prettiness. How differently some writers have dealt with similar themes: men so afraid of the commonplace as to be incapable of saying a thing in so many words, though it were only to mention the day of the week; men whose every other sentence must contain a "felicity;" whose pages are as full of floweriness and dainty conceits as a milliner's window; who surfeit you with confections, till you think of bread and water as a feast. Whether Thoreau's temperance is to be credited to the restraints of stoical philosophy or to plain good taste, it is a virtue to be thankful for.

With him the study of nature was not an amusement, nor even a serious occupation for his leisure hours, but the work of his life, — a work to which he gave himself from year's end to year's end, as faithfully and laboriously, and with as definite a purpose, as any Concord farmer gave himself to his farm. He was no amateur, no dilettant, no conscious hobbyist, laughing between times at his own absorption. His sense of a mission was as unquestioning as Wordsworth's, though happily there went with it a sense of humor that preserved it in good measure from over-emphasis and damaging iteration.

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In degree, if not in kind, this wholehearted, lifelong devotion was something new. It was one of Thoreau's originalities. To what a pitch he carried it, how serious and all-controlling it was, the pages of his journal bear continual witness. His was a Puritan conscience. He could never do his work well enough. After a eulogy of winter buds, "impregnable, vivacious willow catkins, but half asleep along the twigs" (there, again, is fancy of an uncloying type), he breaks out: "How healthy and vivacious must he be who would treat of these things. You must love the crust of the earth on which you dwell more than the sweet crust of any bread or cake; you must be able to extract nutriment out of a sand heap." "Must" was a great word with Thoreau. In hard times, especially, he braced himself with it. "The winter, cold and bound out, as it is, is thrown to us like a bone to a famishing dog, and we are expected to get the marrow out of it. While the milkmen in the outskirts are milking so many scores of cows before sunrise, these winter mornings, it is our task to milk the winter itself. It is true it is like a cow that is dry, and our fingers are numb, and there is none to wake us up. . . . But the winter was not given us for no purpose. We must thaw its cold with our genialness. We are tasked to find out and appropriate all the nutriment it yields. If it is a cold and hard season, its fruit no doubt is the more concentrated and nutty."

In these winter journalizings, we not only have example and proof of the earnestness with which Thoreau pursued his outdoor studies, but are shown their method and their immediate object. He wished to see nature and to set it forth. He was to be a writer, and nature was to be his theme. That he had known from the beginning. For this work he required a considerable store of outward knowledge, — knowledge classified, for convenience, as botany, ornithology, entomology, and the like; but infinitely beyond this he needed a living, deepening intimacy with the life of the world itself. For observation of the ways of plants and animals, of the phases of earth and sky, he had endless patience and all necessary sharpness of sense; work of this kind was easy, — he could do it in some good degree to his satisfaction; the vexatious thing about it was that it readily became too absorbing; but his real work, his *hard* work, the work that was peculiarly his, that taxed his capacities to the full, and even so was never accomplished, this work was not an amassing of relative knowledge, an accumulation of facts, but a perfecting of sympathy, the organ or means of that absolute knowledge which alone he found indispensable, which alone he cared greatly to communicate. There, except at rare moments, he was to the last below his ideal. His "task" was never done. His union with nature was never complete.

The measure of this union was gauged, as we have seen already, by its spiritual and emotional effects, by the mental states it brought him into; as the religious mystic measures the success of his prayers. He walked in the old Carlisle road, as the saint goes to his knees, to "put off worldly thoughts." The words are his own. There, when the hour favored him, he "sauntered near to heaven's gate."

It must be only too evident that success of this transcendental sort is not to be counted upon as one counts upon finding specimens for a botanical box. There is no comparison between scientific pursuits and this kind of supernatural history. For this, as Thoreau says, "you must be in a different state from common." "If it were required to know the position of the fruit dots or the character of the indusium, nothing could be easier than to ascertain it; but if it is required that you be affected by ferns, that they amount to anything, signify anything, to you, that they be

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another sacred scripture and revelation to you, helping to redeem your life, this end is not so easily accomplished."

This, then, it was for which Thoreau was ever on the alert; this was the prize set before him; this he required of ferns and clouds, of birds and swamps and deserted roads, — that they should affect him, that they should do something to redeem his life. For this he cultivated the "fellowship of the seasons," a fellowship on which no man ever made larger drafts. Even when nature seemed to be getting "thumbed like an old spelling book," even in the month that tempted him sometimes to "eat his heart," he still "sat the bench with perfect contentment, unwilling to exchange the familiar vision that was to be unrolled for any treasure or heaven that could be imagined." A new November was a novelty more tempting than any voyage to Europe or even to another world. "Young men have not learned the phases of nature:" so he comforted himself, when the fervors and inspirations of youth seemed at times to be waning. "I would know when in the year to expect certain thoughts and moods, as the sportsman knows when to look for plover."

Here, as everywhere with Thoreau, nature was nothing of itself. Everything is for man. This belief underlies all his writing upon natural themes, and, as well, all his personal dealings with the natural world. His idlest wanderings, whether in the Maine forests or in Well Meadow field, were made serious by it. To judge him by his own testimony, he seems to have known comparatively little of a careless, purposeless, childish delight in nature for its own sake. Nature was a better kind of book; and books were for improvement. In this respect he was sophisticated from his youth, like some model of "early piety." Nature was not his playground, but his study, his Bible, his closet, his means of grace. As we have said, and as Channing long ago implied, his was a Puritan conscience. He must get at the heart of things, sparing no pains nor time. His was the devotee's faith: "To him that knocketh it shall be opened." In this faith he waited upon nature and the motions of his own genius. Patience, solitude, stillness, and a quiet mind, — these were the instruments of his art. With them, not with prying sharp-sightedness, was the secret to be won. In his own phrase, characteristic in its homely expressiveness, if you would appreciate a phenomenon, though it be only a fern, you must "camp down beside it." And you must invent no distinctions of great and small. The humming of a gnat must be as significant as the music of the spheres.

Was he too serious for his own good, whether as man or as writer? And did he sometimes feel himself so? Was he whipping his own fault when he spoke against conscientious, duty-ridden people, and praised

> "simple laboring folk
> Who love their work,
> Whose virtue is a song"?

It is not impossible, of course. But he too loved his work, — loved it so well as perhaps to need no playtime. Some have said that he made too much of his "thoughts and moods," that he was unwholesomely beset with the idea of self-improvement. Others have thought that he would have written better books had he stuck closer to science, and paid less court to poetry and Buddhistic philosophy. Such objections and speculations are futile. He did his work, and with it enriched the world. In the strictest sense it was his *own* work. If his ideal escaped him, he did better than most in that he still pursued it.

Bradford Torrey.

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THREE SONNETS OF WORSHIP.

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REVELATION.

A WHISPER of the night, a murmur of the sea,
A glint of flame beyond the westward hills,
Wing on the sentient air, softly revealing Thee,
Whose ever moving inspiration fills
The spring with ecstasy, calls fluttering nestlings home
To hushed arcades of sanctuaried woods,
And quivers in the blue of heaven's translucent dome,
In mystery of unending solitudes.

A wandering evening wind, a silence of the sky,
The flash of sunlit wings in joyous flight,
Woo our awakening hearts to Thee, and testify
Of worlds invisible and infinite.
Like freshening summer rain Thy benedictions fall
On thirsting lands from deep enfolding skies;
Thy revelation seeks by myriad ways to call
An answering vision to our veilèd eyes.

IN THE CATHEDRAL.

The city's burning heart beats far outside
This dim cathedral, where the mystic air
Vibrates with voices of impassioned prayer,
From generations that have lived and died.
Calm saints, despairing sinners, here have cried
To Heaven for mercy; myriad lives laid bare
Their secret places, yielding to Christ's care
The burden, where his sacraments abide.
Soft from the jeweled windows falls the light,
Touching the incense-laden atmosphere
To glory, while a deep antiphony
Rolls from the organ to the arches' height.
To soul and sense a Presence liveth here,
Instinct with power of immortality.

VISION.

Winged with desire for worlds unknown, my soul
Absorbed itself beyond itself, and free,
Floating in pure white flame, I thought to see
The immaterial vision of life's whole;

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To find the sealed invisible unroll,
And grasp the flying form of Mystery.
But lo, near earth-born voices came to me,
Fraught with our common happiness and dole.
I felt a little child's glad love of life;
I wept with women in the house of death,
Worshiped with sinners at the Virgin's shrine.
Within all joy, within all pangs of strife,
I touched the silent spirit's quivering breath,
And in the human found the light divine.

Katharine Coolidge.

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THE HEART OF THE ROAD.

I JOURNEY on an endless quest,
The eager miles are swift to run,
While up the hill and toward the west
My red leagues travel against the sun.

Behold, one journeyed in the night,
He sang amid the wind and rain;
My wet sands gave his feet delight.
When will that traveler come again?

Some house them with their kin inside,
Some habit to the ends of earth;
Strange is the heart of them that bide,
But I was fugitive from birth.

The folk that tarry are not my sons;
My heart is all for them that roam;
My thought goes with the wandering ones
That spend the night from home.

The weary folk lead to and fro,
And he is dear that takes no rest;
Mine are those feet that come and go,
But lo, my firstborn was my best!

"Heart of the Road," I heard him sing,
"Whose thought is swift, whose ways are wild,
The mother of my wandering
Shall have the pilgrim for her child."

How did he find me where I lay,
Remote, untraversed, and forespent?

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How blithe I journey since the day
That he conceived the ways I went!

That day that he fared forth alone
His feet besought me in their need.
I cried out of my dust and stone,
"Lo, mine own breast shall make thee bleed!"

I cried out from my rock and steep,
"My child I cannot give thee rest!"
He moved the stone that grieved my sleep,
And soothed the sharp thorn from my breast.
Therefore my other sons are dear,
But still the firstborn is the best.

My will is in them night and day,
Men and the restless sons of men.
The paths are smooth wherein they stray.
When will that traveler come again?

Thick as the dust, from unborn years,
I see my coming children throng.
That one who breaks the way with tears
Many shall follow with a song.

Nor bread, nor scrip, nor staff had he
When he went out from the gray town.
Now heavy folk that traverse me
Burdened with wealth go up and down.

Each unto each I hear them call
With idle speech and empty boast,
And I have ease to give them all
Save him that I did love the most.

But when one passes in the night,
And tarries not by any door,
My leagues beat upward for delight, —
Perchance that traveler comes once more.

But when one journeys over me —
Nor staff nor scrip, through wind and rain —
I reach my dim hands out to see
If those old feet have come again.

Therefore upon an endless quest
My eager miles are swift to run,
While up the hill and toward the west
My red leagues travel against the sun.

Anna Hempstead Branch.

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

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Kipling and Chaucer.

In the material with which they worked, it would seem as if Chaucer and Kipling — our oldest story-teller and our youngest — could have little in common. Their personalities are, indeed, in some respects similar: they have the same kindly, wholesome humor, with possibilities of irony; the same habit of looking keenly at the thing itself; the same virile power that seems triumphantly healthy; the same tendency to semi-dramatic methods; and, above all, the same infallible instinct to know a good story when it comes along. It is by virtue of this last quality that Chaucer and Kipling have once, at least, met and fairly touched hands.

Let those of us who have followed, fascinated, as Mowgli and Bagheera "cried their trail" in pursuit of the gem-studded Ankus, turn for a moment to the Canterbury Tales, and listen to the words of that arch-hypocrite the Pardoner. Briefly, this is the story which he tells:

Three robbers, drinking at a tavern, saw a dead man carried by, and were told that he had been slain by a "privee thief" named Death, who had done much evil during the late pestilence. The robbers immediately arose, vowing to seek out that villain Death and have a word with him. As they journeyed they met an old man, whom they stopped and questioned. He told them that he had outlived his vigor, yet Death would not come to him, nor would Mother Earth let him rest in her bosom. At the word "Death" the robbers were all attention, and they insisted on knowing where that person was to be found. The old man directed them to an oak near by; and on hastening thither they found at its base a mass of gold florins, "wel ny an eighte busshels." The pursuit of Death forgotten, they sat them down about the precious pile, and began to discuss ways and means. Clearly, they must wait till night before carrying it away, or risk being arrested and hung for thieves. So they drew lots to determine who should go to town to fetch bread and wine. The lot fell on the youngest, and he started out. In his absence the other two had time for scheming. Why not kill him, when he returned, and divide his third of the treasure between them? The plan was made, and they awaited his coming. But the young fellow, on his side, had also time to consider many things. Why not have all the gold himself? What could be simpler than to poison their wine, and thus get rid of them? Accordingly, he went to a "potecary" and asked for poison, alleging that he was greatly annoyed by rats, and by a "polcat" that killed his capons. The poison he mingled with the wine, and, thus provided, he went back to his comrades. Both plans succeeded in part: the two elder men stabbed the younger, then sat down to eat and drink, and the poison did its work.

> "Thus ended been thise homycides two,
> And eek the false empoysoner also."

The likeness between this story and the one in the Second Jungle Book will be immediately apparent. Here is the same quaint and powerfully effective use of the death element; the same fatal influence of treasure on those whom it touches; even the same coincidence of the double murders, by poison and by blow of weapon. To be sure, Chaucer's old man, with his little-understood wisdom, has in Kipling's story become the old White Cobra; but common traits still linger, — both have learned from life a bitter wisdom, both have outlived their vigor, — for the Cobra's poison gland was "thuu." The moral platitudes of

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the Pardoner are replaced by the naïve reflections of Little Brother and Bagheera. Yet, with much superficial difference, the fundamental similarity of the two stories and their occasional parallelism in details are enough to arouse curiosity.

Here are two tales, the one emanating from fourteenth-century England, the other from nineteenth-century India, yet so similar that independent origin is scarcely supposable. The question at once arises, Where did our story-tellers get their idea? Kipling can, if he will, speak for himself; Chaucer cannot, though if he could his testimony might be of little help to us, for in regard to the ultimate sources of his own tales he undoubtedly knew less than the average college student of to-day. In this case Chaucer's immediate original is not known, but what is virtually the same story is found in the Cento Novelle Antiche, one of those mediæval collections of short stories in which were preserved the traditions of centuries.

But what Chaucer and the other mediæval writers did not know is that this story, thus passed from hand to hand among them, — now appearing in Latin, now in Italian, now in French, or in Portuguese, or in English, — that this story was not originally theirs, but had come to them out of the East. There is a Buddhist version of it, of great antiquity, with variants in other languages, — Persian, Arabic, Kashmiri, and Tibetan. In the Buddhist tale there were two robbers, of whom one stayed by the treasure, while the other took some rice to the village to have it cooked. Moved by avarice, he poisoned the rice, and returned with it to his comrade. "No sooner had he put the rice down than the other cut him in two with his sword, and threw his body into a tangled thicket. Then he ate the rice, and fell dead on the spot."

The last sentence is worth quoting, because the accidental parallelism with Kipling's story is rather striking, — the poisoned flour cake instead of Chaucer's wine, and the little circumstance of the dead body thrown into the thicket. Other Eastern versions show variations in detail, — in the number of robbers, for instance, or the kind of food that was poisoned, — but all the forms clearly point to one original tale, a tale which was perhaps passed from lip to lip through long generations before it was written down at all. It is in this group of Indian stories, then, that we see a possible link between Chaucer and Kipling, — a link that may have been forged a thousand years before the birth of the elder poet.

To venture remarks as to an author's methods while he is still alive and sane is in truth to tread on slippery ground, — Tennyson's attitude toward his commentators was proof of this; yet it is hard to resist hazarding a guess as to how much in the bare outline of The King's Ankus is Kipling's, and how much belongs to the Indian version he stumbled upon, — if indeed it was an Indian version from which he took his suggestion. In the truest sense, of course, the story is every whit his, — his none the less that it had existed some fifteen or twenty centuries before he was born. But one would like to know in what form he ran across it; whether it reached him through the written record or the spoken word, whether it was one of the typical versions, — the two, three, or four men, the treasure, the poison and the knife. Did Kipling add the Gond Hunter, or was he an earlier accretion? About the White Cobra and Bagheera and Mowgli there can be no doubt, though even these, as we have seen, have their faintly traced analogues in the earlier tales; about Little Foot and Big Foot we can be almost as sure, for they too bear the stamp of the author's creative individuality; it must be his touch, also, through which the "eight bushels" of gold or the vaguely mentioned wealth

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of the simpler versions has become the "Treasure of the King's City," of whose suggested glories the Ankus itself, with its glow of color, — ruby and jade and turquoise and emerald, — serves as the symbol.

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These changes are, relatively, superficial ones; rather, they might have been; for they are in fact corollaries of a vital change in the art of the story's telling. It is, moreover, a change that does more than mark the difference between the fourteenth century and the nineteenth, since it arises out of certain characteristics of Kipling as an artist which would distinguish him in any age, and which Chaucer in any age would not have possessed. But a discussion of the two stories from this standpoint is, in Kipling's own phrase, "another story," not to be told here.

The Heart of a Teacher.

"The Glee and Banjo Club of the University of Michigan make their annual appearance at Helmuth Hall this evening. Their former success in this city, added to the fact that several of the home boys are members of the club, will doubtless fill the house with an appreciative audience."

So said the Evening Press, giving in addition the programme and a list of members.

For several days the High School had been full of interest in the approaching concert, and in sympathy with the rollicking college spirit. The boys and girls sang snatches of college songs, and talked about the gayeties that always attend the coming of the Glee Club. As preceptress I found myself thinking of our own boys who belonged to the club, — thinking of them with a tenderness second only to their mothers', and sometimes I have wondered if my love were not the greater.

Of course I went to the concert. Dressing with especial care I gave a final look into the glass and felt that I had the appearance of a lady. Some one thinking to compliment me might have said, "No one would suspect you of being a teacher."

Helmuth Hall is large, with a gallery around three sides of it. As we walked to our seats near the front on the lower floor, I was conscious of the mass of color and general lightness that belong to an assembly made up largely of young people.

Almost as soon as we were seated the Banjo Club made its bow. I do not know what it played, — I do not remember that there was any music at all; for my mind swept back to the old High School room, and was busy with tender recollections of the days when these boys were there.

Before me rises a vision of a boyish face whose clear skin, delicate pink cheeks, deep blue eyes, and yellow hair gave a coloring that Correggio would have made immortal. But without brush or canvas the picture is mine, and I love it,— love it though for three years I carried that boy as a burden day and night. Restless and troublesome when he should have been manly, weak when I trusted him to be strong, he was, in fact, everything that he should not have been to be a member of a well-ordered school. But I loved him, had faith in him, and by and by he found himself. He has some little sense of my patience and care, but he can never know how many anxious hours I gave to him. Next to him, a young man plays his guitar just as he always did everything else, — as though it were the one thing in the world to do. All through his school days, it mattered not what the task, he accomplished it without an apparent effort, and better than any one else who tried the same thing. With equal ease he could beat the running record of the school on field day, make the best translation in the Virgil class, work out the simplest solution to the original exercises in geometry, or write the best poem for the school paper. What a comfort he was!

The Glee Club sings. I look sharply

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at another of my boys, to see if the arrogance has faded from his face. I have not forgotten the day when his eyes flashed, and a scornful retort trembled on his lips, in response to some deserved criticism from me. I saw it coming in time to save him, and kept on talking, looking him in the face in a way that made him understand that I was trying to give him time to control himself. Soon the anger faded from his eyes, and when I saw that he was master of himself I asked, "Did you have something to say?" "No, Miss Wilson," he replied in a softened voice, while a look sealed a compact between us, and no one else in the class knew that anything had happened. From that day the boy understood that I was an ally against his temper, and it never afterwards got the better of him in my presence.

When the club sings a second time, the boys begin to get accustomed to their audience, and the home boys search the sea of faces for familiar ones. Now they recognize an acquaintance with a gentle bend of the head, or a friend with a smile. Soon my scornful boy looks toward me. His face lights up, and then follow nod and smile and happy recognition. How my fond heart leaps with joy and swells with pride that all this should be for his old teacher! I send back a responsive look, and am as foolishly happy as a young girl. But no answering glance comes from my boy. I scan his face more closely, and then see that he is looking over my head. I know now that he has not noticed me at all, so I turn to follow his glance. No wonder he has no eyes for a teacher past her youth! Above me in the gallery sits a young girl, beautiful beyond the power of an old maid's pen to describe. Black hair, flashing black eyes, a snowy neck rising from a low-cut white dress, fan, flowers, a suggestion of luxury and elegance, meet that first glance; but as I look upon it all I know that "it is good."

I turn away with aching heart, and hear no more of banjo or of song. From time to time I glance at the beautiful girl, and it is borne in upon me that I do not belong to the kingdom of this world, however good my chances may be for the kingdom of heaven.

As I am now satisfied that no one notices me, I look to my heart's content at the brilliant company. There sit the fathers and mothers of my sometime children; there sit the children themselves, grown to men and women now, some of them with homes and families of their own; others not yet out of school are there. As I look along the rows of seats, there is scarcely a group that has not for me some personal interest. I know the inmost natures of the people sitting there, for I have worked upon their minds and souls, and am fairly familiar with the results of my handiwork. Conscious of their indifference to me, I blush to think how they fill my mind, and how much I remember of the details of my daily life with them. Now as never before I realize that a teacher is never to her pupils what she feels she is nor what she longs to be.

The audience rises and moves slowly toward the door. As I pass out I hear some one say, "Miss Wilson is growing old, is n't she?" The tears gather in my eyes, and my heart makes answer: "Yes, Miss Wilson *is* growing old, — growing old in the service of your boys and girls. She has taken the youth and freshness out of her life to inspire your children to the best their natures are capable of; wearing herself out in thought for them, living heart-hungry and alone."

The cool air is grateful to me, as we step outside. On the way home my mind grows calmer, and soon it settles into its accustomed quiet. I reach my sitting room, and as I enter the familiar place a restful content steals over me. My books look down upon me with the eyes of friends; the easy-chair invites, and I sink into it, thinking to continue my reverie.

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The British Museum Myth.

LITERATURE has its superstitions no less than religion. It has its pilgrimages of irrational devotion, from which return, not palmers with visions to relate of Jerusalem, or the stations of Rome, or the shrine of St. James of Compostella, but authors with prefaces to show that their books, having been written in some chosen haunt of books and learning, must necessarily be admirable. It is often taken as sufficient proof of learning in a book if it have this prefatory mark of respectability. To have read in the British Museum or in the National Library of France adds a halo to a head that might otherwise be indistinguishable from the crowd. Of course nobody would think of denying the pleasure and utility of a visit to the British Museum. To Americans the pilgrimage thither has long seemed indubitable proof of merit in an author. Freeman observed this curious fact, and commented upon it with his habitual courtesy. It certainly did not enhance his amiability to be asked, as he almost invariably was by everybody whom he met when he traveled in the United States, if he had not found the British Museum of great use to him in his historical investigations. He replied, orally and in print, that the British Museum was no doubt an excellent library for many purposes, but that it was far from being a treasure-house of material for the study of those centuries of English politics in which he was most deeply interested.

For all the effect which his words had on the American mind, he might just as well have preserved his dignity and his silence. In fact, the suspicion is natural that whatever doubts there are in this country as to Freeman's infallibility in the spelling of Anglo-Saxon proper names, and in the other minutiæ of his memorable writings, sprang up in that dreadful moment when it was discovered that he was an incorrigible heretic, who no more prized a pilgrimage to the shrine of imperial learning than ordinary English people above the social level of 'Arry and 'Arriet esteem the privilege of visiting the Tower of London. It gave the superstitious American a chill of misgiving to find a man who was an authority in his field of investigation, and yet was fanciful enough to believe that his own library was better adapted to a specific task than the ocean of script and print in the national collection of Great Britain. American pilgrims continued still their journey to the great library, as to the fount of universal learning, with the same orthodox assurance as of old. Not Jacques de Vitry, in his most enthusiastic parables about the merit of going on pilgrimage, could be more convinced that angels consoled the peregrine religious, and that the beatified King David harped for them in their slumbers, than the modern American is of consulting with success the British oracle on any subject that may occur to him.

The inhabitant of London may properly treat the British Museum in a commonplace way; it is in a sense his municipal library. But for an American to do this is juvenile; to do it with display, as if getting a citation from a book in the British Museum rather than from the same book elsewhere were an act worthy of a footnote or a preface, is literary superstition as benighted as heathenism. It would be well at least to glance at catalogues before going on this now almost universal American pilgrimage. To take a vacation in London, and then to give it an air of profound and laborious mystery by hints of recondite studies, is a practice which must be corrected. Reading in the British Museum for the sake of a breathless and open-mouthed American public, and finding nothing that could not have been drawn from the Lenox, or the Astor, or the Athenæum, or Harvard, or Yale, or Cornell, or that could not have been got for what the voyage cost, — this may be

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forgiven; but positively all flourishes, oral or printed, must hereafter be omitted. To illustrate the difference between the wise and the foolish in this matter: The Pennsylvania professor who recently collated the manuscripts of an ancient English poet, and gave American men of letters the results, put the British Museum to its legitimate use; on the contrary, the callow Representative elect who announced a year or so ago, in a newspaper interview, that he should read in the British Museum preparatory to taking his seat in Congress, merely made — to use post-classic Hellenistic slang — a theatre of himself, and that gratuitously.

The Aristocracy of the Tough.

To say that the Bowery is distinguished may seem a violent paradox, and yet the Bowery comes nearer to distinction than it does to vulgarity. To say that the Bowery is vulgar is, if not an untruth, at least the flat half of the truth.

It is not rare to meet a "tough" in the unsavory resorts of the Bowery who is much more nearly related to the chosen aristocrat than to the clean and ordinary citizen of the comfortable middle class. The tough often disports his dirt better than the rising tradesman wears his cleanliness, and in phrase, in ease and sureness of manner, he knows his world more thoroughly, and acts in it more gracefully, than does the rising man in the world of social ambitions, where the nervous desire to rise is accompanied by the graceless fear of falling.

In these resorts, teeming with vice and often with crime, are frequently seen faces expressive of settled independence, of nervous calm, and manners too which are perfect and sure. A general air of distinction sometimes prevails even amidst the extravagances of the rag-time dance. In the case of the women the distinction is sometimes that of purity. Almost always the toughest little dancer has a face of the utmost placidity, and often eyes of transparent blue and ingenuous innocence. About the Bowery girl there is the calmness of the East, and something of its sensuous quality. Her talk is frank and simple. A spade she calls a spade. She speaks of things which women of refinement refer to, if at all, very euphemistically. But she has an instinctive dignity, and no matter what her life may be or how extreme her rag-time dance, she yet has a sense and bearing of privacy which may be none the less keen because it touches life at fewer points.

I mean to suggest, not that there is calmness in vice, but that calmness and independence result from simplicity, and that in a life as simple as the Bowery's there is an admirable though easy adjustment to the few details of that life, resulting in the fine certainty which gives distinction. The tough who remains imbedded in the enjoyment of a few instincts has the eternal calm of the aristocrat; for there is an independence in getting down to bed rock. There is repose involved in reaching the limit. The nervous effort to avoid the fall, the fear of temptation, gives a hesitancy to manners. But the tough is sure. He does not hold off from satisfaction. He reposes away down on the firm bosom of the early need of the race, where is no tremulousness or uncertainty. His footing is as firm as that of the aristocrat.

From neither can you take away his quality. But the middle-class person may lose what he has. It is of yesterday, and may not be of to-morrow. He has not the air of tranquil permanence which distinguishes at once the aristocrat and the tough; for money may go and position may go, but the repose of completely accepted instinct remains to the tough, and the repose of finely worked out temperament to the aristocrat.

The calmness and self-confidence of the tough result in a set of perfect manners. He knows the traditions of his society so thoroughly that he is comparatively exact in etiquette. He is quick to perceive that a stranger does not act

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right in small ways, and quick to cool in his friendliness in consequence. The style is the man, and no one feels this more quickly than the tough. It is easy to mistake him, to vex him by little infelicities of manner. The most civilized aristocrat feels also the significance of small manners. The style of a man's minor acts is as significant of his character as are the peculiarities of his written words.

"I think I could turn and live with animals," said Walt Whitman. "Not one is respectable or unhappy." The tough, by definition, is not respectable and, by nature, he is not unhappy. The aristocrat lays little stress on respectability, and he has not the unhappiness involved in the storm and stress of active mediocrity. The tough, like the aristocrat, is happy, for each finds his account in the daily things about him. Neither is ambitious. Neither lives between times. Of an active, useful Philistine of a college professor a contemplative aristocrat once said, "I don't like him, for he does n't make time stand still." The professor did not have the illusion of immortality, and consequently not the untemporal quality called distinction.

The tough hates pretension, cant, and inflated rhetoric, and, like the aristocrat of words, he has a succinct way of expressing his likes and dislikes. At a Bowery ball, not long ago, a man held forth at length and with some real eloquence. His talk was discursive, however, and did not meet the instinct for the unsuperfluous which the best Bowery culture demands. As one of his hearers said dryly, "He 's got wind in his hat."

The critic was the most prominent leader of Bowery society. He is slow of speech and hesitates, sometimes painfully, but when he does speak every word hits. He does not go about, as is the manner of less cultivated speakers, but strikes home with few words, mainly figurative. Although he is full of the instinctive aversions and tastes of a man of culture, he is a retired prize fighter, and spends most of his time in an uncommonly dirty saloon.

At a ball which this leader of Bowery society gave a "hard walk" took place, in which there were contestants for a prize to be given to him who was the most natural. Any one who should burlesque the walk of the Bowery tough was to be excluded. If the tough walk was to be given, it was to be given right.

"You must do it on de level," said the leader of society, giving preliminary instructions. "You must give us de real ting. 'T ain't no cake walk, dis hard walk. Walk jest as if you was walking on de lane [Bowery] wid your bundle [girl] on yer arm. Anybody kin look tough, but I want yer to look as hard as de real ting, de bloke on de Bowery, and no harder."

The tough is not dazzled by the splendor of another world. He knows his own worth and that of his world too well to exaggerate the importance of anything foreign. He meets a stranger as simply a man, who has yet to prove his worth. This is the aristocracy of sifted and self-conscious democracy.

There are not many like this aristocrat of the Bowery. He is, as are all excellent individuals, an exception; but yet he is representative, too, of the people among whom he lives. The distinction which he possesses is true, in a less degree, of his social environment. He gathers up and expresses in a concentrated form the implicit ideas of ceremony and propriety which are commonly held by his social set. The fact that he is a leader and is followed by a devoted band of "regulars" is a sign that he represents things dear to many a Bowery heart.

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BRITON AND BOER IN SOUTH AFRICA.

In order to understand the events which are occurring in South Africa, it is not enough to examine the terms of the Convention between Great Britain and the Transvaal, and to limit one's inquiry to the question as to whether those terms have been observed. Although the results of such an inquiry might be sufficient to guide the action of statesmen, the student of politics requires more than this; he would read the statesman's dispatch in the light of historic evolution.

For the purpose of a brief review of the present situation, it is convenient to divide the history of South Africa into four periods: (1.) From the final British occupation of Cape Colony in 1814 to 1852, in which year the Transvaal became a separate state. (2.) From 1852 to 1877, the year in which England resumed sovereignty over the Transvaal. (3.) The revolt of 1880 and the Conventions of 1881 and 1884. (4.) The growth of the Uitlander grievances since the reërection of the Transvaal in 1881.

I.

At the outbreak of war between France and England in 1803, Cape Colony belonged to the Netherlands. In 1806 Louis Napoleon was made King of the Netherlands, and in the same year England attacked the Cape, as it was then a French possession. The Colony capitulated on January 10, 1806. The British occupation was made permanent by a Convention, signed in 1814, between Great Britain and the Netherlands, by the terms of which England paid thirty million dollars for the cession of the Cape Colony and of the Dutch colonies of Demerara, Berbice, and Essequibo, which now form the colony of British Guiana.

It was hoped that the Dutch and the English in the Cape Colony would live together in friendly intercourse, and that eventually, by intermarriage, a fusion of the two races would be effected. This hope was doomed to disappointment, for an antagonism gradually developed between the old and the new colonists which led to the establishment of two republics beyond the border of the Colony. The first step toward the formation of these republics was the emigration during 1836 and 1837 of about eight thousand Dutch farmers from the Cape Colony, — a movement which is generally referred to as the Great Trek. These men went out of the Colony and established themselves in the vast hinterland. It is most important to understand the causes which led to the Great Trek. They were the misguided zeal of the English missionaries, the abolition of slavery with the safeguarding of the natives' interests, and lastly, what Canon Knox Little describes as "England's fatuous policy of vacillation, betrayal, friction, irritation, postponing, changing, doing and undoing."

The troubles with the missionaries began even before the Colony was ceded to England. In 1811, a certain Mr. Read, of the London Missionary Society,

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wrote a letter, which was widely circulated in England, in which he asserted that over one hundred murders of natives by the Dutch had been brought to his notice in his district, and that the Governor of the Colony remained deaf to the cry for justice. An inquiry was ordered by the Government, and every facility was given the natives of proving Mr. Read's charges. After throwing the whole district into confusion by summoning over a thousand witnesses, many of whom were under arms on the frontier in expectation of a Kosa raid, the Circuit Court found that the charges were grossly exaggerated. The net result was the sending up for trial of five Dutchmen. George McCall Theal, in his History of South Africa, says in regard to this affair: "The Black Circuit, as it was called, produced a lasting impression amongst the Dutch. It was no use telling the people that the trials had shown the missionaries to have been the dupes of idle story-tellers. The extraordinary efforts made to search for cases and to conduct the prosecutions appeared in their eyes as a fixed determination on the part of the English authorities to punish them, if by any means a pretext could be found. As for the missionaries of the London Society, from that time they were held by the frontier colonists to be slanderers and public enemies." That the actions of the missionaries really influenced the Dutch in their determination to leave the Colony is shown by a manifesto published by Pieter Retief, one of the most prominent trekkers, to show why British rule was no longer endurable. The fourth paragraph of the manifesto says: "We complain of the unjustifiable odium which has been cast upon us by interested and dishonest persons, under the name of religion, whose testimony is believed in England to the exclusion of all evidence in our favor; and we can foresee, as the result of this prejudice, nothing but the total ruin of the country."

But a more important cause of discontent lay in the policy of protection of native interests which was vigorously enforced by the British authorities. As early as 1815 the ill treatment of the natives by the Dutch produced great friction. In that year a complaint was laid before a magistrate against one Frederik Bezuidenhout, for assault on a native servant. A summons to appear was disregarded, and a warrant was issued for the man's arrest. Every effort was made to effect the arrest peaceably; but the man surrounded himself with a band of his friends, and fired on the party detailed to make the arrest. A fight ensued, in which Bezuidenhout was killed and thirty-nine of his comrades were arrested. They were tried by jury before the High Court, and five of them were condemned to death. This affair is constantly recited by the Boers at public meetings, in order to inflame the people against the English. An entirely new light is thrown on the matter by Canon Knox Little in his Sketches and Studies in South Africa. He asserts that the Dutch Fieldcornet, under whose immediate orders the execution was carried out, had in his pocket, at the time of the execution, the Governor's order for the pardon of the prisoners; that he suppressed it from motives of personal spite; and that afterwards, fearing detection, he committed suicide. It is unfortunate that Canon Knox Little does not quote the authority which he undoubtedly must have for this version, for the facts as he states them are not to be found in any history of South Africa with which I am familiar.

I now pass to a question which is at the bottom of a great deal of the ill feeling between the Dutch and the English, — the abolition of slavery. The Emancipation Act came into force in Cape Colony on December 1, 1834, the number of slaves in the Colony at that time being about forty thousand, mostly in the hands of the Dutch. The value

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of these slaves was three million pounds sterling, but the Imperial Government awarded only a million and a quarter as compensation. In this respect the Dutch slaveholders were no worse off than the West Indian slaveholders, but they undoubtedly had a grievance in the fact that the compensation was made payable in London.

George McCall Theal, the historian of South Africa, says that the abolition of slavery had little to do with the Great Trek; but in this opinion he stands alone amongst writers on South African history. It is difficult, indeed, to reconcile his view with the terms in which he describes the effect of abolition on the minds of the Dutch. He says: "It is not easy to bring home to the mind the widespread misery that was occasioned by the confiscation of two millions' worth of property in a small and poor community like that of the Cape in 1835. There were to be seen families reduced from affluence to want, widows and orphans made destitute, poverty and anxiety brought into hundreds of homes." Pieter Retief stated in his manifesto that the abolition of slavery was one of the reasons why his band was leaving the Colony. Another powerful cause of discontent was the attitude of the Colonial Office in regard to the Kaffir war of 1834–35. On December 21, 1834, twelve thousand armed Kaffirs raided the Colony, and it was only after severe fighting that the Dutch farmers succeeded in driving them back over the Kei River. Sir Benjamin D'Urban, Governor of the Colony, extended the boundary of the Colony to the Kei River, in the hope that the strong natural barrier which it afforded would keep the two races from further conflict. Unfortunately, Lord Glenelg, Secretary of State for the Colonial and War Departments, entirely misunderstanding the situation, ordered the restoration of the territory to the Kaffirs. This action, which finds a parallel in more recent South African history, had the most far-reaching results. It disheartened the Boers who had shed their blood in upholding what they believed to be the honor of England, and at the same time encouraged the Kaffirs to further outrages.

Thoroughly disgusted with British rule, about eight thousand Boers left the Colony, and the Great Trek was accomplished. If ever men had reason to turn their backs on an unjust and unfaithful government, the Boers had, when, after losing their property and after being deprived of the fruits of victory, they inspanned their oxen and went out into the wilderness.

I cannot refer here to the early adventures of the trekkers. Suffice it to say that, after much fighting with the natives, and a great deal of vacillation on the part of the British Government, the independence of the Transvaal Boers was recognized by the Sand River Convention in 1852, and the Orange Free State was established as an independent republic in 1854.

II.

The story of the Transvaal from 1852 to 1877 is one of continual strife and discord. The Boers were divided amongst themselves, and formed four small republics, which did little but quarrel with one another over religious and political questions. Occasionally they combined to fight the natives, with whom they never succeeded in establishing friendly relations. In 1857 the internal dissensions were varied by a raid into the Orange Free State. One of the objects of the raid was to compel the Free State to enter into confederation with the Transvaal, and one of the officers in command of the raiding party was S. J. P. Kruger, now President of the Transvaal. The raiding party found itself face to face with a large body of armed Free State burghers, and Kruger was sent in with a flag of truce to seek terms. The Orange Free State would not hear of confederation with the Trans-

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vaal, but yielded on one point, which is of great interest at the present time. This point is contained in Article 7 of the treaty concluded on that occasion, which runs: "The deputies of the Orange Free State promise to grant and extend within their state the same rights and privileges to the burghers and subjects of the South African Republic as shall be afforded to those of the Cape of Good Hope and Natal."

So it is seen that in 1857 Kruger was prepared to exact by force of arms from the Orange Free State the political rights of Transvaal Uitlanders in the sister republic.

At length matters came to such a pass in the Transvaal that the peace of the whole of South Africa was threatened. Notwithstanding an express agreement to the contrary in the Sand River Convention, the Boers persistently practiced slavery, and made a habit of raiding friendly native kraals for the purpose of carrying off the women and children. Since this has been repeatedly denied during the past few months, I think it well to put the fact beyond dispute by quoting from four independent sources. British Blue Book C. 1776, published in 1877, says: "Slavery has occurred not only here and there in isolated cases, but as an unbroken practice has been one of the peculiar institutions of the country. It has been at the root of most of its wars." Dr. Nachtigal, of the Berlin Missionary Society, wrote to President Burgers, of the Transvaal, in 1875: "If I am asked to say conscientiously whether such slavery has existed since 1852, and been recognized and permitted by the Government, I must answer in the affirmative." A Dutch clergyman named P. Huet, in a volume published in 1869 entitled Het Afrikaansche Republiek, says: "Till their twenty-second year they [the natives] are apprenticed. All this time they have to serve without payment. It is slavery in the fullest sense of the word." In 1876, one year before the annexation, Khame, Chief of the Bagamangwato, sent a petition to Queen Victoria. It ran in part: "I, Khame, King of the Bagamangwato, greet Victoria, the Great Queen of the English people. I ask her Majesty to pity me, and to hear what I write quickly. The Boers are coming into my country, and I do not like them. . . . They sell us and our children. The custom of the Boers has always been to cause people to be sold, and to-day they are still selling people." This fourfold testimony seems to leave little room for doubt.

But what concerned England very nearly was the constant danger of the wars in the Transvaal spreading to British territory, — a danger which increased from year to year, as the republic sank deeper into financial embarrassment. The Boers had never been willing to pay taxes, and at last even the money for current expenses was not forthcoming. In view of these facts, the British Government sent out Sir Theophilus Shepstone in 1876 to visit the Transvaal and inquire into its condition. He was authorized to annex the Transvaal, if he found such a course necessary in the interests of peace and safety, provided the inhabitants or a sufficient number of the legislature were willing. Sir Theophilus Shepstone entered the Transvaal with the knowledge of President Burgers, and proceeded to Pretoria. He was accompanied by twenty-five mounted police, the only force he had within a month's march of him during the whole period of his stay, and at the time he issued the proclamation annexing the country. To assert that the Transvaal was forcibly annexed is, in the face of these facts, absurd. Shepstone took eighteen days to reach Pretoria. His progress was marked by the presentation of numbers of addresses and memorials, from Dutch, English, and natives, praying him to take over the country. But he was not prepared to do this until he had satisfied himself that the needed reforms could

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not be carried out by the Dutch themselves without British aid.

After spending three months in the country he sent home a dispatch, dated March 6, 1877, in which he thus described the condition of the republic: "It was patent to every observer that the government was powerless to control either its white citizens or its native subjects; that it was incapable of enforcing its laws or of collecting its taxes; that the salaries of officials had been, and are, four months in arrears; that the white inhabitants had become split into factions; that the large native population within the boundaries of the state ignore its authority and laws; and that the powerful Zulu King, Cetewayo, is anxious to seize the first opportunity of attacking a country the conduct of whose warriors has convinced him that it can be easily conquered by his clamoring regiments."

But he was not willing to recommend annexation, if the people of the country were ready to undertake reforms. In fact, President Burgers submitted to Shepstone a new constitution so satisfactory that he declared "he would abandon his design of annexation, if the Volksraad would adopt these measures, and the country be willing to submit to them and carry them out." The Volksraad, however, refused to adopt the new constitution, whereupon Burgers proclaimed it on his own responsibility, — an act which was immediately condemned by the Executive Council. Then President Burgers advised the Volksraad to accept the British annexation. His language was unmistakable. Speaking on March 3 and on March 5, 1877, he told the Volksraad that it would be folly to hope that things would mend themselves. The bitter truth was that matters were as bad as they could be, and that the appeal for help to the British Government had not come from enemies of the state, but had arisen through the grievances which existed as a result of the demoralization of the people themselves. Their duty was to come to an agreement with the British Government.

Sir Theophilus Shepstone annexed the country to the British Crown on April 12, 1877. A formal protest was entered by the Boer Executive Council. That it was merely formal is proved by the fact that each member of the Council, except Paul Kruger, signified in writing his willingness to serve the new government; and Kruger himself drew his salary as a member of the Executive Council for eight months after annexation, having applied for and received his pay up to the end of the year, although his term of office ended on November 4.

III.

There can be no doubt whatever that at the time of the annexation of the Transvaal, in 1877, the majority of the Boers were willing, and that many of them were anxious, to be taken under British rule. The only element of discord was a small band of ultra-conservatives, who, after precipitating the annexation by fostering internal strife, were now ready, their tactics having overthrown Burgers, to undertake an anti-British agitation in the interest of Kruger's candidature for the presidency, the success of which meant the retrocession of the country from the British flag.

Nothing would have come of this movement had it not been for the incredible folly of the British Government. At a time when it was above all things necessary to keep faith with the Boers, when a firm adherence to the promises contained in the proclamation of Sir Theophilus Shepstone would have strengthened the pro-British feeling, and at the same time have cut the ground from under the feet of the agitators, a policy was pursued which, though free from that depth of baseness which marked the actions of the Gladstone administration in 1881, was so thoroughly ill advised that we can only wonder that

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when the revolt broke out in 1880 there were still to be found in the country a considerable number of men who adhered to the British.

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The first mistake was in allowing an unnecessary delay in establishing an electoral government. This was followed by the recall of Shepstone, — who was liked and respected by the Boers, — on the ground that his expenditure was excessive, and the appointment of Colonel Lanyon in his place. Lanyon possessed those excellent qualities which so well befit a soldier, but which are unsuitable for administrative work; and his precise and rigorous methods made him most unpopular with the Boers. Everything worked well for Kruger and his party; for Sir Bartle Frere, the one man who, in the absence of Shepstone, might have set matters right, was recalled, and his duties in the Transvaal were handed over to Sir Garnet Wolseley.

During the agitation which led to the revolt of 1880, the pro-British Boers, becoming anxious at the preparations going on around them, sought to be reassured by the British Government that the annexation would not be revoked. This assurance was repeatedly given in the most solemn and authoritative manner. Sir Garnet Wolseley was authorized by the British Cabinet to make the following proclamation: "I do proclaim and make known, in the name and on behalf of her Majesty the Queen, that it is the will and determination of her Majesty's Government that this Transvaal territory shall be and shall continue to be forever an integral portion of her Majesty's dominions." On another occasion Sir Garnet Wolseley said: "So long as the sun shines the Transvaal will remain British territory." This was confirmed by Sir Michael Hicks Beach, Secretary of State for the Colonies, who, on being informed that certain persons entertained "the false and dangerous idea that her Majesty was not resolved to maintain her sovereignty over this territory," telegraphed to Sir Garnet Wolseley: "You may fully confirm explicit statements made from time to time as to inability of her Majesty's Government to entertain any proposal for withdrawal of Queen's sovereignty."

One important voice was raised against this view. Mr. Gladstone, speaking during his Midlothian campaign in March, 1880, said: "If those acquisitions [Cyprus and the Transvaal] were as valuable as they are valueless, I would repudiate them, because they were obtained by means dishonorable to the character of this country."

Less than two months after the delivery of this speech Gladstone came into power. A month later he received from Messrs. Kruger and Joubert a letter, in which they prayed that he would give effect to the sentiments he had expressed so unequivocally by restoring the independence of the Transvaal. Mr. Gladstone replied: "It is undoubtedly a matter for much regret that it should, since the annexation, have appeared that so large a number of the population of Dutch origin in the Transvaal are opposed to the annexation of that territory; but it is impossible now to consider that question as if it were presented for the first time. Looking at all the circumstances, our judgment is that the Queen cannot be advised to relinquish her sovereignty over the Transvaal." From this letter the loyalist party in the Transvaal took heart of grace. Things were evidently on a permanent basis, when even the leading advocate for repudiation declared his deliberate opinion that the Transvaal must remain British territory.

But on December 13, 1880, Kruger and his associates proclaimed the South African Republic. The Boer war followed, which lasted until March, 1881. The Boers fought with great bravery, and the British forces were defeated in several small engagements. Large British reinforcements were on the way, and the Boers would soon have been outnum-

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bered and overmatched, when Gladstone sent out to say that if the Boers would lay down their arms they should be accorded complete self-government subject to British suzerainty. What had been refused by Gladstone to petition and entreaty was to be given as the reward of rebellion.

The natives in and around the Transvaal had been eager to fight for the British, but had been prevented from doing so by the British authorities, who felt that the general interests of peace in South Africa would thus be imperiled. A large number of loyal Boers and British fought with the regular troops, placing their faith in the repeated assurances of the British Government that under no circumstances would the Transvaal be given up. The position of these loyalists after the surrender was deplorable. Their grievances were eloquently set forth by Mr. C. K. White, president of the Committee of Loyal Inhabitants of the Transvaal, who wrote to Mr. Gladstone: "I, for one, opposed the Government strenuously on one occasion, at least; but when the sword was drawn, and it came to being an enemy or loyal, we all of us came to the front and strove to do our duty, in full dependence on the pledged and, as we hoped, the inviolate word of England. And now it is very bitter for us to find that we trusted in vain; that, notwithstanding our sufferings and privations, in which our wives and children had to bear their share, we are to be dealt with as clamorous claimants, and told that we are too pronounced in our views. If, sir, you had seen, as I have seen, promising young citizens of Pretoria dying of wounds received for their country; if you had seen the privations and discomforts which delicate women and children bore without murmuring for upwards of three months; if you had seen strong men crying like children at the cruel and undeserved desertion of England; and if you had invested your all on the strength of the word of England, and now saw yourself beggared by the act of the country in which you trusted, you would, sir, I think, be 'pronounced.'" It is not recorded that Gladstone replied to this letter.

Nothing was gained by the surrender but national dishonor. The rebels had already been betrayed by Mr. Gladstone, and they saw, therefore, only cowardice where they were expected to see magnanimity. The loyalists, on the other hand, and with them the natives, were handed over to their enemies, with nothing to remember but the deliberate breaking of those most solemn and emphatic pledges which had been their stay and comfort during the trials of the rebellion. There should have been either no fighting or more fighting. The idea was well expressed by Lord Cairns. Speaking in the House of Lords, he said: "I want to know what we have been fighting about. If this arrangement is what was intended, why did you not give it at once? Why did you spend the blood and treasure of the country like water, only to give at the end what you had intended to give at the beginning? We know that there are those who have lost in the Transvaal that which was dearer to them than the light of their eyes. They have been consoled with the reflection that the brave men who died, died fighting for their Queen and country. Are the mourners now to be told that these men were fighting for a country which the Government had determined to abandon, and that they were fighting for a Queen who was no longer to be sovereign of that country?"

The formal instrument restoring the Transvaal to the Boers was the Pretoria Convention, signed and published on August 3, 1881. The articles of this Convention were amended and altered by the London Convention of February 27, 1884. The points of interest in regard to these Conventions are dealt with in the last section of this article.

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IV.

From the date of the signing of the London Convention has gradually been accumulating that mass of grievances of British subjects in the Transvaal which forms the backbone of the present difficulties between Great Britain and the South African Republic. In 1895, a petition praying for redress, signed by thirty-eight thousand Uitlanders, was presented to the Volksraad, and was rejected with insult and ridicule, one member saying that if the Uitlanders wanted any rights they had better fight for them. On December 26, 1895, a manifesto was issued by the Transvaal National Union, in which the demands of the Uitlanders were stated. The principal demands were, the establishment of the republic as a true republic; a constitution framed by the representatives of the whole people, which should be safeguarded against hasty alteration; an equitable franchise law; and the independence of the courts of justice. If these demands were not granted, it was decided to attempt the overthrow of the government by force of arms. Owing to misunderstandings, Dr. Jameson, of the British South Africa Company, who with a body of men was on the frontier ready to give aid if fighting were resorted to, entered the Transvaal with his force before the time appointed, and thus entirely destroyed the plans of the National Union. The story of the Jameson Raid is too long to enter into; but it may be remarked that every effort was made by the High Commissioner and by Cecil Rhodes to recall Jameson before he met the Boers, that the Raid was promptly condemned by the British authorities, and that Dr. Jameson and his officers were subsequently tried, convicted, and imprisoned by a British court of justice, for violation of the Foreign Enlistments Act. The most important fact to be noted in connection with the proposed Johannesburg rising and the Raid is that they were planned and subscribed to only after the most solemn assurances had been given that there was to be no attempt to bring the Transvaal under the British flag, and that if the plan succeeded a true republic should be formed.

The four Johannesburg leaders of the National Union were sentenced to death; but this sentence was subsequently altered to fifteen years' imprisonment, and finally to a fine of $100,000. Fifty-nine of the men who formed the Reform Committee were imprisoned for some months, and had to pay a fine of $10,000 each. An attempt was made to connect Mr. Chamberlain with the Raid, but this entirely failed.

As might naturally be expected, the lot of the Uitlanders, after the Jameson Raid, became harder and harder, notwithstanding the fact that President Kruger solemnly promised, after Jameson's men had laid down their arms, that he would inquire into and redress their grievances. At length, on March 24 of the present year, a petition signed by 21,648 Uitlanders was forwarded by the High Commissioner to her Majesty, praying that she would intervene to secure just treatment for the Uitlanders, who, whilst paying five sixths of the taxes of the state, had no voice in its government.

The chief grounds for the petition were stated to be, the failure of President Kruger to institute the reforms promised after the Jameson Raid; the continuation of the dynamite monopoly and its attendant grievances, notwithstanding the fact that a government commission, consisting of officials of the republic, had inquired into the matter and suggested many reforms; the subjugation of the High Court to the executive authority, and the dismissal of the chief justice for his earnest protest against the interference with the court's independence;[1] the selection of none but

[1] As an example of the subordination of the judiciary to the executive, I may quote the case

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burghers to sit on juries; the aggressive attitude of the police toward the Uitlanders, culminating in the murder of a man named Edgar, who was shot by a policeman when in his own house and unarmed; taxation without representation; and the withholding of educational privileges from the children of Uitlanders. Though it is impossible, within the limits of this article, to review the evidence for these statements, there seems to be no reason to doubt that the assertions of the Uitlanders are correct. After some correspondence between the two governments, and a friendly suggestion from the President of the Orange Free State, a conference was arranged between Sir Alfred Milner, the High Commissioner of South Africa, and President Kruger. The conference took place at Bloomfontein, the capital of the Orange Free State, and lasted from May 31 to June 5. I have before me a verbatim report of the proceedings.

The position taken by Sir Alfred Milner was that there were a number of open questions between the two governments, which increased in importance as time went on, and that the tone of the controversy was becoming more acute. There were two methods by which things could be settled: one was by giving the Uitlanders such fair proportion of representation in the first Volksraad as would enable them to work out gradually the needed reforms; the other, for the Government of Great Britain to adopt that course which, in similar circumstances, would be adopted in regard to grievances of British subjects in any country, even in a country not under specified conventional obligations to her Majesty's Government; that is, by raising each point separately, and showing how the intense discontent of British subjects stood in the way of that friendly relation which it was desired should exist between the two governments. Of these two methods, Sir Alfred Milner thought that the former would be the better; for if a fair franchise were granted to the Uitlanders, most of the questions pending between the two governments could be dropped as specific issues, and the remaining ones could be settled by friendly discussion. If he could persuade President Kruger to grant a fair franchise, all that was needed to set things right would then be effected by a movement within the state, the danger of continual and irritating pressure from outside would be removed, and the independence of the republic would be strengthened. Sir Alfred Milner pointed out that the existing franchise law compelled an alien, after renouncing allegiance to his own government, to wait twelve years before he was granted citizenship in the Transvaal, and that even then there was much uncertainty whether he would get the franchise. It was to be recalled that those men who had come into the republic in 1886, and had been promised citizenship at the end of five years, were informed, just before the term of five years ended, that the law had been changed, and they would have to wait seven years longer.

Sir Alfred Milner then proposed that the franchise should be granted to every white man who had been five years in the country, and was prepared to take oath to obey the laws, to undertake all the obligations of citizenship, and to defend the independence of the country; it being understood that by taking such an oath he renounced his citizenship of any other country. A property qualification and good character were to be conditions. The assertion has been frequently made that Sir Alfred Milner wished to secure the citizenship of the Transvaal for British subjects under conditions which would still allow them to re-

of a man named Dums, who sued the Government in respect of the yielding to England by treaty of his farm. The Government immediately passed a law to the effect that Dums could never sue the Government for anything.

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main British subjects; but I find no foundation for this statement.

In reply to this proposal, President Kruger urged that the Uitlanders did not want the franchise, and would not take it on any terms; and also, that if he granted Sir Alfred Milner's request the country would be controlled by foreigners, and all power taken from the old burghers, — propositions which are mutually destructive. But on the third day of the conference President Kruger himself presented a new franchise proposal. This was passed by the Volksraad at once, before the British authorities had any time to examine it. After it was published, it appeared on its very face so full of intricacies that its effect as a measure of reform was a matter of serious doubt. Under its terms an alien could apparently secure the franchise in seven years, but the conditions were so complicated that to fulfill them was impossible. To give only one example: A man who desired the franchise must first signify his intention in writing to the Fieldcornet, the Landdrost, and the State Secretary. Two years later he might become naturalized (without receiving full burgher rights), provided he produced a certificate, signed by the Fieldcornet, the Landdrost, and the Commandant of the district, to the effect that he had never broken any of the laws of the republic. If these officials were not sufficiently well acquainted with the private life of the applicant to grant such a certificate, then a sworn statement to the same effect from two prominent full burghers would suffice. At the termination of another five years, the applicant, having six months previously signified his intentions in writing to the Fieldcornet, the Landdrost, and the State Secretary, might apply for the full franchise. He must then furnish the certificate alluded to above. This, together with his application, must be indorsed by the Fieldcornet and the Landdrost. Both were then to be passed to the State Secretary, who should hand them on to the State Attorney, who should return them with a legal opinion to the State Secretary. If the opinion were favorable, the man might be granted the full franchise; if not, the matter was to be referred to the Executive Council.

If this account appears involved, I can only refer my readers to the law itself, when it will be seen that I have selected for explanation by no means the most complicated conditions.

In view of the opinion expressed by Sir Alfred Milner and prominent Uitlanders that on the face of it the law appeared almost unworkable, Mr. Chamberlain telegraphed, asking for the appointment of delegates from the Transvaal and from the British side to discuss the new law, to see if it would as a matter of fact effect the needed reforms. To Mr. Chamberlain's request for a joint inquiry the Transvaal government sent a reply in which nothing was said about the joint inquiry, but in which a proposal was made for a new franchise law. The basis of the new proposal was a five years' retrospective franchise. The following conditions, which I take verbatim from the Transvaal government's official translation of its note, were attached: The proposals of this government regarding questions of franchise and representation must be regarded as expressly conditional on her Majesty's Government consenting to the points set forth in paragraph 5 of that dispatch, namely: (*a.*) In future not to interfere in internal affairs of the South African Republic. (*b.*) Not to insist further on its assertion of existence of suzerainty. (*c.*) To agree to arbitration. Further, it was explicitly stated by the State Attorney that these offers could only be understood to stand if England decided not to press her request for a joint inquiry into the political representation of the Uitlanders. There can be no doubt about this rejection of the joint inquiry, for the draught of the telegram in which

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the British agent conveyed the suggestions to Sir Alfred Milner was initialed by the State Attorney himself.

In reply, Mr. Chamberlain said he was prepared to waive the joint inquiry if the British agent, assisted by competent men, should be allowed to investigate the terms of the proposal. In regard to intervention, her Majesty's Government hoped that the fulfillment of the promises made, and the just treatment of the Uitlanders in future, would render unnecessary any further intervention on their behalf; but they could not, of course, debar themselves from their rights under the Convention, nor divest themselves of the ordinary obligations of a civilized power to protect its subjects in a foreign country from injustice. As to the suzerainty, the condition imposed could not be accepted, as her Majesty's Government were of opinion that the contention of the South African Republic to be a sovereign international state was not warranted either by law or by history, and was entirely inadmissible. In reference to arbitration, Mr. Chamberlain agreed to the discussion of the form and scope of such a tribunal, and suggested an early conference.

The Transvaal replied that it regretted the refusal of her Majesty's Government to accept the conditions annexed to the latest franchise proposals, which proposals it now withdrew. The Transvaal having refused the joint inquiry into the working of the seven years' franchise law, nothing was left between the two parties but Sir Alfred Milner's proposal put forth at Bloomfontein. However, Mr. Chamberlain made one more effort for a peaceful settlement. In a dispatch dated September 9, 1899, he stated that her Majesty's Government was still willing to accept the Transvaal's offer of a five years' franchise, without the conditions attached; that the acceptance of this offer would at once remove the tension between the two governments, and would in all probability render unnecessary any further intervention on the part of her Majesty's Government to secure the redress of the Uitlander grievances; further, that such questions as remained for settlement between the two governments — those which were neither Uitlander questions nor questions of interpretation of the Convention — might be referred to a tribunal of arbitration. If the answer, however, to this last proposal was negative or inconclusive, her Majesty's Government would reserve the right to reconsider the situation *de novo*, and to formulate their own proposals for a final settlement.

It grows increasingly clear, from the perusal of these dispatches, that the core of the contention between England and the Transvaal is the relative status of the two governments. This status depends upon the fact and extent of British suzerainty under the two Conventions of 1881 and 1884. The Convention of 1881 consisted of a Preamble and a number of Articles. The Preamble grants self-government to the inhabitants of the Transvaal in these words: "complete self-government, subject to the suzerainty of her Majesty, to the inhabitants of the Transvaal territory, upon certain terms and conditions, and subject to certain reservations and limitations." Now I take this to mean that, on certain terms and conditions, — that is, the laying down of arms, and so on, — self-government was to be granted to the people of the Transvaal under the suzerainty of the Queen, but that this self-government was to be subject to certain reservations and limitations. In other words, the reservations and limitations did not refer to the suzerainty, but to the self-government. It was not to be unconditional self-government, but self-government with certain specified limitations in addition to the general limitation of the Queen's suzerainty.

As there can be no question as to the assertion of the suzerainty in the Con-

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vention of 1881, there remains only one point to be dealt with, — whether the suzerainty persists in the Convention of 1884.

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Any doubt as to the existence of the suzerainty would at once be removed by an examination of the circumstances under which the Convention of 1884 was signed. The Transvaal delegates requested the British Government to do away with the suzerainty by making the proposed Convention a treaty between two powers. This the Government refused to do, on the ground that the Transvaal was not in fact an independent power, nor was it intended that it should be represented as such. So the issue was definitely raised before the Convention was signed, and the Transvaal delegates signed the Convention knowing the feelings of her Majesty's Government on the matter.

The question really at issue between the Transvaal and Great Britain is that of supremacy in South Africa. The discussion of the Uitlander grievances was essentially a difficult matter; for the Boers, going back to 1881, recalled the fact that there was a time when apparently England was prepared to break her most solemn promises, when the most positive assertions of her desires and intentions were swept away like chaff at the first sign of resistance; and remembering this, they not unnaturally hoped that the same thing might happen again. But as to the larger issue there can be no uncertainty. The Transvaal government "wish to confine themselves to stating the standpoint formerly taken up by them, which they hereby declare they maintain, namely, that no suzerainty exists;" [1] while the British Government say, "the contention that the South African Republic is a sovereign international state is not, in their opinion, warranted either by law or history, and is wholly inadmissible." [2]

England's action in South Africa has been construed as an attempt to deprive the Transvaal of those great benefits which belong to self-government, and to substitute an autocratic foreign rule for a government deriving its powers from the will of the people. This is very far from being the case. The origin of England's interference in the affairs of the Transvaal lies in the fact that everything implied in the grant of self-government has been persistently withheld from the majority of the inhabitants of that country. England demands that the men who pay the taxes shall have a voice in the government; that the courts of justice shall be independent of the executive power; that the lives and property of the citizens shall be protected; that a man shall be tried by a jury of his peers. There would appear to be little in these demands incompatible with the principle of self-government.

After this article had gone to the printer, news of the outbreak of hostilities arrived. It would be idle now to dilate on the possible effects of this unfortunate resort to arms. As England has sought nothing but fair treatment for the majority of the inhabitants of the Transvaal, and the recognition of British supremacy in South Africa, it is to be hoped that, at the conclusion of the war, the ill feeling between the Dutch and English in South Africa will gradually die out, under the influence of those advantages arising from a strong and just government. There is little reason to doubt that, under whatever name the South African Republic emerges from the conflict, the inhabitants of that country will be granted all the substantial rights of self-government.

Alleyne Ireland.

[1] Dispatch from State Secretary of the Transvaal, dated May 9, 1899.

[2] Dispatch from Mr. Chamberlain, dated July 13, 1899.

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POE'S PLACE IN AMERICAN LITERATURE.

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One fact about our literature has not received adequate attention, — the fact that it had no childhood. In its beginnings it was the record of a people who had long passed the age of play and dreams, and were given over to pressing and exacting work. We are a young nation, but an old people; and our books, as distinguished from English books, are the products of a mature people in a new world. The world in which books are written has much to do with their quality, their themes, and their form; but the substance of the books of power is the deposit of experience in the hearts and minds of a race. In American literature we have a fresh field and an old race; we have new conditions, and an experience which antedates them. We were educated in the Old World, and a man carries his education with him. He cannot escape it, and would lose incalculably if he could.

The kind of originality which inheres in a new race and runs into novel forms we do not and shall not possess; the kind of originality which issues out of direct and hand-to-hand dealing with nature and life we may hope to develop on the scale of the Greeks or the English. A great literature must be waited for, and while we are waiting it is wise to be hopeful of the future; for expectation is often a kind of prophecy, and to believe in the possibility of doing the best things in the best way is in itself a kind of preparation. To say that literature in this country, to the close of this century, is the product of an old race is not to charge it with lack of first-hand insight and force, but to explain some of its characteristics.

Goethe speaks of his mother's joyousness and love of stories. Her temperament was the gift which irradiated the pedantic father's bequest of order, industry, and method to the author of Faust. Art is the constant assertion that man has a right to live as well as to work; that the value of work depends largely upon spontaneity; and that the springs which gush from the soil have the greatest power of assuaging the thirst of the soul. This element of the uncalculated, the spontaneous, the uncontrolled, or at least undirected play of human energy finds full and free expression in the literature of the youth of races, and is the special and prime quality of literature at that stage of development. As the man is born first in the boy's temper and spirit and ideals, and born again in the struggles of experience, so the creative imagination of a race is shaped, colored, and formed largely in the earliest contacts of that race with nature and with life; with the order about it, and the inward and outward happenings of its life. Work and play, the conscious putting forth of energy and the unconscious responsiveness to all manner of impressions, must be kept in equilibrium, if there is to be continuous and rich productiveness. But the pressure of suffering and toil is so great upon the mature race, as upon the mature man, that it can be met only by a great accumulation in youth of idealism and joy. In the popular epics and in the early ballads there is a freshness, a vitality, an uncalculated and captivating charm, which make the reader of a more sophisticated age feel that in reading or hearing them he is near the springs of literature.

That there are close and vital ties between all the arts of expression and the life behind them; that the poem and the story reflect in interior and elusive but very real ways the quality of the race which fashioned them; that genius itself, although in a sense independent

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of character, is conditioned, for its full, free, and highest expression, upon character, the large majority of students of literature are agreed. But these structural laws are never obvious in the great works of art; they are obeyed, not because they have been arbitrarily imposed by an authority from without, but because they are at one with the deepest artistic impulses and necessities. Shakespeare does not need to remind himself that he is an Englishman in order to write like one; he has but to follow the line of least resistance in expression, and his work will be English to the core.

Literature may be said to approach perfection in the degree in which it reveals the life behind it, and at the same time conceals all trace of intention, contrivance, or method in making its revelation. In the highest work of all kinds obedience is spontaneous and apparently unconscious; for it is of the very essence of art that all traces of the workman should be effaced. A great poem has the volume, the flow, the deep and silent fullness, of a river; one cannot calculate the force of the springs which feed it; one gets from it only a continuous impression of exhaustless and effortless power. One has but to glance at the Rhone to feel that the Alps are feeding it. In the literature of races in their youth there may be no greater power than in the literature of the same races at maturity, but there is likely to be more buoyancy, confident ease, overflowing vitality, than at a later period; and these earlier works enrich all later work by the qualities they bring into the race consciousness. There was something in Homer which the dramatists could not reproduce, but which profited them much; there was a joy, a delight in life, a fragrance of the morning, in Chaucer which, reappearing in Shakespeare, make the weight of tragedy bearable. It is well for a race, as for a man, that it has childhood behind it, and that in those first outpourings of energy in play the beauty of the new day and the young world sinks into its heart and becomes part of its deepest consciousness; for it is out of these memories and dreams that the visions of art issue. The artist is always a child in freshness of feeling; in unworldly delight in the things which do not add to one's estate, but which make for inward joy and peace; in that easy possession of the world which brings with it the sense of freedom, the right to be happy, and the faith that life is greater than its works, and a man more important than his toil. A race, like an individual, must get this consciousness of possession before the work of the day becomes imperative and absorbing. The man who has not learned to play in childhood is not likely to learn to play in maturity; and without the spirit of play — the putting forth of energy as an end in itself, and for the sake of the joy which lies in pure activity — there can be no art. For work becomes art only when it is transformed into play.

Our race has had its youth, its dreams and visions; but that youth was lived on another continent; so far as the record of experience in our literature is concerned, we have always been mature people at hard work. The beginnings of our art are to be found, therefore, not in epics, ballads, songs, and stories, but in records of exploration, reports of pioneers, chronicles and histories; in Captain John Smith's True Relation of such Occurrences and Accidents of Note as Hath Happened in Virginia; in William Bradford's History of Plymouth; in John Winthrop's History of New England, a narrative not without touches of youth, — "We had now fair sunshine weather, and so pleasant a sweet air as did much refresh us, and there came a smell off the shore like the smell of a garden;" in Cotton Mather's Magnalia; in Poor Richard's Almanac; in Mrs. Bradstreet's rhymed history of The Four Monarchies; in Michael Wigglesworth's Day of Doom, of which Lowell

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said that it became "the solace of every fireside, the flicker of the pine knots by which it was conned perhaps adding a livelier relish to its premonitions of eternal combustion." There are touches of beauty in Jonathan Edwards at his best; there is a spiritual charm in John Woolman's Journal; the directness and simplicity of genuine literature are in Franklin's Autobiography; in Freneau and Hopkinson there are strains which, in a more fortunate time, might easily have turned to melody; there were great notes struck by the writers and orators of the Revolutionary period, — by Jefferson, Madison, Hamilton, Henry. But in all this early expression of the English race in the New World there is a clear, definite purpose, an ulterior aim, a subordination of the art to the religious or political intention, which stamp the writing of the time as essentially secondary. Art involves forgetfulness of immediate ends; complete surrender to the inward impulse to give form to the beautiful idea or image or truth because it is beautiful. Of the *naïveté* of the old ballad, the careless rapture of Chaucer when the lark sings and the meadows grow sweet with the breath of May, the free and joyous play of imagination in Shakespeare, there is no trace in early writing on this continent. That writing was serious and weighty, often touching the heights of eloquence in noble argument for the inviolability of those rights which are the heritage of the English race; but the spontaneity, the freedom, the joyousness, of creative art were not in it. They could not be in it; the men who wrote our early chronicles and histories, who took part in the great debates which preceded the Revolution, and made the speeches which were heard from Williamsburg to Boston, had other work to do.

In Charles Brockden Brown a new note is heard, — a note of mystery and tragedy; as if into the working world of the new continent the old elements of fate had come, to give experience a deeper tinge, and to make men aware that in the fresh as in the long-tilled soil the seeds of conflict and sorrow are sown. There is none of the joyousness of youth in Brown's romances; but there is the sense of power, the play of the imagination, the passion for expression for its own sake, which are the certain signs of literature. There is, above all, the dæmonic element, that elusive, incalculable, mysterious element in the soul of the artist, which is present in all art; and which, when it dominates the artist, forms those fascinating, mysterious personalities, from Aristophanes to Poe, who make us feel the futility of all easy endeavors to formulate the laws of art, or to explain with assurance the relations of genius to inheritance, environment, education, and temperament. In art, as in all products of the creative force, there is a mystery which we cannot dispel. If we could analyze genius, we should destroy it. To the time of the publication of Wieland, or the Transformation, it is easy to explain the written expression of American life, to show how it was directed and shaped by conditions in the New World; but with the publication of Wieland the inexplicable appears, the creative spirit begins to reveal itself. Charles Brockden Brown did not master his material and organize it, and his work falls short of that harmony of spirit and form which is the evidence of a true birth of beauty; but there are flashes of insight in it, touches of careless felicity, which witness the possession of a real gift.

The prophecy which the discerning reader finds in Brown's sombre romances was fulfilled in the work of Poe and Hawthorne. It is conceivable that a student of the Puritan mind might have foreseen the coming of Hawthorne; for the great romancer, who was to search the Puritan conscience as with a lighted candle, was rooted and grounded historically in the world behind him. There was that in Hawthorne, however, which

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could not have been predicted: there was the mysterious co-working of temperament, insight, individual consciousness, and personality which constitutes what we call genius. On one side of Hawthorne's work there are lines of historical descent which may be clearly traced; on the other there is the inexplicable miracle, the miracle of art, the creation of the new and beautiful form.

It is the first and perhaps the most obvious distinction of Edgar Allan Poe that his creative work baffles all attempts to relate it historically to antecedent conditions; that it detached itself almost completely from the time and place in which it made its appearance, and sprang suddenly and mysteriously from a soil which had never borne its like before.

There was nothing in the America of the third decade of the century which seemed to predict The City in the Sea, Israfel, and the lines To Helen. It is true, work of genuine literary quality had been produced, and a notable group of writers of gift and quality had appeared. Irving had brought back the old joyousness and delight in life for its own sake in Knickerbocker's History of New York and in the Sketch Book; Cooper had uncovered the romantic element in our history in The Spy; Thanatopsis had betrayed an unexpected touch of maturity; Emerson was meditating at Concord that thin volume on Nature, so full of his penetrating insight into the spiritual symbolism of natural phenomena and processes; Longfellow had returned from that first year of foreign residence which had enriched his fancy, and through the sympathetic quality of his mind was to make him the interpreter of the Old World to the New. Hawthorne, born five years earlier than Poe, — so like him in certain aspects of his genius, so unlike him in temperament and character, — destined to divide with him the highest honors of American authorship, was hidden in that fortunate obscurity in which his delicate and sensitive genius found perhaps the best conditions for its ripening. The Twice-Told Tales did not appear until 1837. Lowell was a schoolboy, a college student, and a reluctant follower of the law; the Biglow Papers, his most original and distinctive contribution to our literature, being still a full decade in the future. Oliver Wendell Holmes, born in the same year with Poe, — that *annus mirabilis* which gave the world Poe, Holmes, Tennyson, Lincoln, Gladstone, Darwin, Mendelssohn, and Chopin, — had touched the imagination of the country by the ringing protest against the destruction of the Constitution in Old Ironsides, and in the same decade revealed his true lyric gift in The Last Leaf. Whittier was a young Quaker, of gentle nature but intense convictions, who was speaking to hostile audiences and braving the perils of mob violence in his advocacy of the anti-slavery cause.

These names suggest the purity and aspiration, the high idealism and the tender domestic piety, which were soon to give early American literature its distinctive notes. To these earlier poets, romancers, and essayists were, later, to be added the name of Sidney Lanier, whose affluent nature needed another decade for its complete unfolding and co-ordination; and of Walt Whitman, who was so rich in the elemental qualities of imagination, and so rarely master of them. There was something distinctive in each of these writers, — something which had no place in literature before they came, and is not likely to be repeated; and yet, from Bryant to Whitman, there were certain obvious relationships, both spiritual and historical, between each writer and his environment. Each was representative of some deep impulse finding its way to action; of some rising passion which leaped into speech before it turned to the irrevocable deed.

To the men who were young between 1830 and 1840, there was something in the air which broke up the deeps of feel-

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ing and set free the torpid imagination. For the first time in the New World it became easy and natural for men to sing. Hitherto the imagination had been invoked to give wings and fire to high argument for the rights of men; now the imagination began to speak, by virtue of its own inward impulse, of the things of its own life. In religion, in the social consciousness, in public life, there were stirrings of conscience which revealed a deepening life of the spirit among the new people. The age of provincialism, of submission to the judgment and acceptance of the taste of older and more cultivated communities, was coming to an end. Dr. Holmes called the address delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Harvard College in August, 1837, "our declaration of intellectual independence." That independence was already partially achieved when Emerson spoke those memorable words: —

"Perhaps the time is already come . . . when the sluggard intellect of this continent will look from under its iron lids and fulfill the postponed expectation of the world with something better than the exertions of mechanical skill. Our day of dependence, our long apprenticeship to the learning of other lands, draws to a close. The millions that around us are rushing into life cannot always be fed on the sere remains of foreign harvests. Events, actions, arise that must be sung, that will sing themselves. Who can doubt that poetry will revive and lead in a new age, as the star in the constellation Harp, which now flames in our zenith, astronomers announce, shall one day be the polestar for a thousand years?"

This striving of the spirit, breaking away from the old forms and feeling after new ways of speech, was shared by all the New England writers. Beneath his apparent detachment from the agitations of his time, Dr. Holmes was as much a breaker of old images as Lowell or Whittier; and Hawthorne, artist that he was to the last touch of his pen, is still the product of Puritanism. The breath of the new time was soft and fecundating on the old soil, and the flowers that were soon afield had the hue of the sky and the shy and delicate fragrance of the New England climate in them.

Poe stood alone among his contemporaries by reason of the fact that, while his imagination was fertilized by the movement of the time, his work was not, in theme or sympathy, representative of the forces behind it. The group of gifted men, with whom he had for the most part only casual connections, reflected the age behind them or the time in which they lived; Poe shared with them the creative impulse without sharing the specific interests and devotions of the period. He was primarily and distinctively the artist of his time; the man who cared for his art, not for what he could say through it, but for what it had to say through him. Emerson, Lowell, Holmes, Whittier, Bryant, Irving, and, in certain aspects of his genius, Hawthorne might have been predicted; reading our early history in the light of our later development, their coming seems to have been foreordained by the conditions of life on the new continent; and, later, Whitman and Lanier stand for and are bound up in the fortunes of the New World, and its new order of political and social life. Poe alone, among men of his eminence, could not have been foreseen.

This fact suggests his limitations, but it also brings into clear view the unique individuality of his genius and the originality of his work. His contemporaries are explicable; Poe is inexplicable. He remains the most sharply defined personality in our literary history. His verse and his imaginative prose stand out in bold relief against a background which neither suggests nor interprets them. One may go further, and affirm that both verse and prose have a place by themselves in the literature of the world.

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There are, it is true, evidences of Poe's sensitiveness to the English landscape, and to certain English philosophical and literary influences. The five years spent in the Manor House school in the suburbs of the London of the early part of the century gave the future writer of William Wilson and The Fall of the House of Usher a store of reminiscences and impressions of landscape and architecture which touched some of his later work with atmospheric effects of the most striking kind, and gave that work a sombre and significant background of immense artistic value. It is not difficult to find in his earlier verse, as Mr. Stedman has suggested, the influence of Byron and Moore, whose songs were in the heart of that romantic generation. It is easy also to lay bare Poe's indebtedness to Coleridge. This is only saying, however, that no man of imagination ever grows up in isolation; every sensitive spirit shares in the impulses of its time, and receives its education for its own work at the hands of older teachers. When all is said, however, Poe remains a man of singularly individual genius, owing little to his immediate or even to his remoter environment; an artist who felt keenly the spirit of his art as it has found refuge in beautiful forms, but who detached himself with consistent insistence from the influence of other artists.

Until Poe began his brief and pathetic career, the genius of Virginia and of the South had found expression chiefly in the moulding of national institutions and the shaping of national affairs; and it may be said without exaggeration that rarely in the history of the world has public life been enriched by so many men of commanding intellect and natural aptitude for great affairs. The high intelligence, the wide grasp of principles, and the keen practical sense of the earlier Southern statesmen gave the stirring and formative periods of our early history epic dignity. In such a society Bacon might have found food for those organ-toned essays on the greatness of states and the splendor of national fortunes and responsibilities. It was due largely to the Virginians that the earlier public discussions and the later public papers so often partook of the quality of literature. In Poe, however, the genius of the South seemed to pass abruptly from great affairs of state into the regions of pure imagination. In The City in the Sea, Israfel, and the verses To Helen — to recall three of Poe's earliest and most representative poems — there is complete detachment from the earlier interests and occupations, and complete escape into the world of ideality. It is part of the charm of these perfect creations that they are free from all trace of time and toil. Out of the new world of work and strife magical doors were flung wide into the fairyland of pure song; out of the soil tilled with heroic labor and courage a fountain suddenly gushed from unsuspected springs.

In this disclosure of the unforeseen in our literary development, in the possession of the dæmonic element in art, Poe stands alone in our literature, unrelated to his environment and detached from his time; the most distinctive and individual writer who has yet appeared in this country.

Among the elements which go to the making of the true work of art, the dæmonic holds a first place. It is the essential and peculiar quality of genius, — the quality which lies beyond the reach of the most exacting and intelligent work, as it lies beyond the search of analysis. A trained man may learn the secrets of form; he may become an adept in the skill of his craft; but the final felicity of touch, the ultimate grace of effortless power, elude and baffle him. Shakespeare is never so wonderful as in those perfect lines, those exquisite images and similes, those fragrant sentences akin with the flowers in their freshness, and in their purity with waters which carry

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the stars in their depths, which light comedy and tragedy and history as with a light beyond the sun. Other aspects of his work may be explained; but the careless rapture of such phrases as

> "And those eyes, the break of day,
> Lights that do mislead the morn;"

> "Daffodils,
> That come before the swallow dares, and take
> The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
> But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,"

leaves us wondering and baffled. We have no key to them. This natural magic, this divine ease in doing the most difficult things, is the exclusive property of the man of genius, and is his only in his most fortunate hours. No man can command this consummate bloom on human speech; it lies on his work as it lies on the fields, because the creative spirit has passed that way. It came again and again to Wordsworth during fifteen marvelous years; and when it passed it left him cold and mechanical. It is the pure spirit of art moving like the wind where it listeth, and, like the wind, dying into silence again. This magic was in Poe, and its record remains, and will remain, one of our most precious literary possessions. The bulk of the work upon which it rests is not great; its ethical significance is not always evident; it is not representative after the manner of the great masters of poetry; but its quality is perfect. The importance of half a dozen perfect poems is not to be discovered in their mass; it lies in the revelation of the imagination which shines in and from them. Among a practical people, dealing with the external relations of men, and largely absorbed in the work of the hands, the sudden flashing of the "light that never was on sea or land" was a spiritual event of high significance. That men do not live by bread alone is the common message of religion and of art. That message was delivered by Poe with marvelous distinctness of speech. That he knew what he wanted to say, and that he deliberately and patiently sought the best way of saying it, is clear enough; it neither adds to nor detracts from the artistic value of what he did that he knew what he wanted to do. The essential fact about him and his work is, that he was possessed by the passion for beauty for its own sake, and that at his best he had access to the region of pure ideality.

The spiritual value of art lies not only in its power to impart ideas, but also in its power to clear the vision, to broaden the range of human interests, and to liberate the imagination. Poe's work attests again the presence of an element in the life of man and in the work of his hand which cannot be foreseen, calculated, or controlled; a quality not dissociated in its perfect expression from historic or material conditions, but in its origin independent of them. It is the witness, in other words, of something divine and imperishable in the mind of man, — something which allies him with the creative energy, and permits him to share it. The fact that he is sometimes unworthy of this high disclosure of the ultimate beauty, and sometimes recreant to his faith and his gift, diminishes the significance and value of his work no more than a kindred infidelity nullifies the word of prophets of another order. In the mysterious spiritual economy of the universe, there are coördinations of gift and character, relations of spirit and environment, which elude all efforts to formulate them; not because they lie outside the realm of law, but because the mind of man has not yet been able to explore that realm. And in this very incompleteness of the philosophy of art lies that inexhaustible spiritual suggestiveness which is at once the inspiration of art and its burden. Poe is distinctively and in a unique sense the artist in our literature, — the man to whom beauty was a constant and sufficient justification of itself.

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Such a faith is not without its perils; but in a new and working world, whose idealism had run mainly along lines of action, it was essential and it was of high importance. This single-mindedness of Poe in the pursuit of perfection in phrase and form was not a matter of mere workmanship; it was the passion to match the word with the thought, the melody with the feeling, so vitally and completely that the ultimate harmony, in which all men believe and for which all men crave, might become once more a reality amid the dissonances of a struggling and imperfect society. It is the function of the prophet to declare the inexorable will of righteousness amid a moral disorder which makes that will, at times, almost incredible; it is the office of the artist to discern and reveal the ultimate beauty in a time when all things are in the making, and the dust and uproar of the workshop conceal even the faint prophecies of perfection.

In the vast workshop of the new society, noisily and turbulently coördinating itself, Poe's work has been often misunderstood and undervalued. Its lack of strenuousness, its detachment from workaday interests, its severance from ethical agitations, its remoteness from the common toils and experiences, have given it to many an unreal and spectral aspect; there has seemed to be in it a lack of seriousness which has robbed it of spiritual significance. Its limitations in several directions are evident enough; but all our poetry has disclosed marked limitations. The difficulty in estimating Poe's work at its true value has lain in the fact that his seriousness was expressed in devotion to objects not yet included in our range of keen and quick sympathies and interests. Poe was a pioneer in a region not yet adequately represented on our spiritual charts. To men engrossed in the work of making homes for themselves the creation of a Venus of Melos might seem a very unimportant affair; its perfection of pose and moulding might not wholly escape them, but the emotion which swept Heine out of himself when he first stood before it would seem to such men hysterical and unreal. When the homes were built, however, and men were housed in them, they would begin to crave completeness of life, and then the imagination would begin to discern the priceless value of the statue which has survived the days when gods appeared on the earth. The turmoil of the struggle for existence in Greece has long since died into the all-devouring silence, but that broken figure remains to thrill and inspire a world which has forgotten the name of the man who breathed the breath of life into it. It is a visible symbol not only of the passion for perfection, but of the sublime inference of that passion, — the immortality of the spirit which conceived, and of the race among which the perfect work was born.

This passion, which is always striving to realize its own imperishableness in the perfection of its work, and to continue unbroken the record of creative activity among men, possessed Poe in his best moments, and bore fruit in his imaginative work. He was far in advance of the civilization in which he lived, in his discernment of the value of beauty to men struggling for their lives in a world full of ugliness because full of all manner of imperfection; he is still in advance of any general development of the ability to feel as he felt the inward necessity of finding harmony, and giving it reality to the mind, the eye, and the ear. In older communities, looking at our life outside the circle of its immediate needs and tasks, he has found a recognition often denied him among his own people. If Poe has failed to touch us in certain places where we live most deeply and passionately, we have failed to meet him where he lived deeply and passionately. Matthew Arnold held that contemporary foreign opinion of a writer is probably the near-

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est approach which can be made to the judgment of posterity. The judgment of English, French, and German critics has been, as a whole, unanimous in accepting Poe at a much higher valuation than has been placed upon him at home, where Lowell's touch-and-go reference in the Fable for Critics has too often been accepted as an authoritative and final opinion from the highest literary tribunal.

The men of Lowell's generation in New England could not have estimated adequately the quality of Poe's genius nor the value of his work. Their conception of their art was high and their practice of it fruitful, but their temper of mind threw them out of sympathy with the view of art which Poe held, and which has been illustrated in much of the most enchanting poetry in the literature of the world. The masters of pure song, with whom Poe belongs, could hardly have drawn breath in the rarefied air of the New England of the first four decades. It was an atmosphere in which Emerson breathed freely, and the purity and insight of his work, like that of Hawthorne's, will remain an enduring evidence that intense moral conviction and deep moral feeling are consistent with a true and beautiful art. But Keats could not have lived in the air which Emerson found so full of inspiration; and Keats is one of the poets of the century. This is only saying that if you have one quality in a very high stage of development, you are likely to be defective in other qualities equally important. A national literature must have many notes, and Poe struck some which in pure melodic quality had not been heard before. As literary interests broaden in this country, and the provincial point of view gives place to the national, the American estimate of Poe will approach more nearly the foreign estimate. That estimate was based mainly on a recognition of Poe's artistic quality and of the marked individuality of his work. Lowell and Longfellow continued the old literary traditions; Poe seemed to make a new tradition. The dæmonic element in him, the pure individual force, brought with it that sense of freshness and originality which men are always eager to feel, and to which they often respond with exaggerated cordiality. It is not surprising that those who are full of the passion to create, and rarely endowed with the power, sometimes go too far in rewarding the man who does what they long to do, but cannot. The artist always pushes back the boundaries a little, and opens a window here and there through which the imagination looks out upon the world of which it dreams so gloriously, but which it sees so rarely; and we are not prone to mete out with mathematical exactness our praise of those who set us free. If we lose our heads for a time when Kipling comes with his vital touch, his passionate interest in living things, the harm is not great. Poe may have been overvalued by some of his eager French and German disciples, but, after all deductions are made, their judgment was nearer the mark than ours has been; and it was nearer the mark because their conception of literature was more inclusive and adequate.

The nature of Poe's material has had something to do not only with foreign appreciation of his genius, but with the impression of distinct individuality which his work produces. Sprung from a people of naturally optimistic temper, with unbounded confidence in their ability to deal with the problems of life, Poe stands solitary among men of his class in fastening, as by instinct, upon the sombre and tragical aspects of experience. In the high light which rests upon the New World, the mysterious gloom which enshrouds The Fall of the House of Usher, The Lady Ligeia, and Ulalume is thrown into more impressive relief. Against the wide content and peaceful domesticity of this fruitful con-

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tinent, the story of Berenice, The Assignation, and The Masque of the Red Death are projected with telling effectiveness. The very limitations of Poe's interests and insight contribute to the definiteness and striking individuality of his work. One finds in it no trace of that vague generalizing tendency which an English critic has recently called the "Alexandrine note" in American literature; on the contrary, every touch contributes to the sharp distinctness of the whole.

The severance between the writer and his surroundings, already noted, is constantly brought home to the reader by the subjects, the persons, and the landscapes which appear in Poe's work. Tragedy in Shakespeare's historical plays is felt to be unusual and exceptional; it belongs to a few periods, it is wrought out in the careers of small groups of persons; but it is in no sense abnormal; it readily relates itself to English character and society. The tragic element in Scott and Dickens has the same natural setting, the same normal relationship to obvious social or political conditions. The tragic element in Poe's work, on the other hand, lies deep in the recesses of individual temperament, and seems remote, unreal, and fantastic, unless we approach it sympathetically. Some of it is unreal and phantasmal; but the potentialities of Poe's tragedy are in most men. They are, however, essentially subjective; for the action in Poe's stories is really symbolical; that which is significant and appalling lies behind it. At this point Poe and Hawthorne approach each other, and it is the pure subjectivity of the tragedy which gives its working out at the hands of both writers a touch of remoteness, and in some cases an element of unreality.

Poe, like Hawthorne, gives expression to the ideality of the American mind: an ideality disclosed in very different ways by Emerson and Lowell and Whittier; an ideality which has made our literature pure and high, but has robbed it so far of a certain robustness and power shared by all the great writers of our language beyond the sea. American literature, as contrasted with other literature, is touched throughout with aspiration, but lacks solidity and passion. These defects in Poe's work, which are often regarded as peculiar to it, are found in the work of his contemporaries. It would seem as if, so far, the imagination of the country had not been adequate to the task of penetrating and illuminating its immense practical energies; or as if its activities were too vast and varied to admit of imaginative coördination at this early day in our history. Poe reacted so radically from the practical ideals and work of his time that he took refuge in pure ideality. The refuge of the artist is always to be found in his art; and to a nature so sensitive as Poe's, a mind so delicately adjusted to its tools and its task, and so easily thrown out of relation to them, there was perhaps no other resource. Between the art of the author of Israfel and the life about him there was a deep abyss, which the poet never attempted to cross. The material with which he constantly dealt becomes significant alike of the extraordinary susceptibility of his genius, and of the lack of the forms of life about him to satisfy and inspire him. He expresses the dissonance which has so far existed between the essentially ideal quality of the American mind and the intensely practical character of the task which has fallen to Americans. If he had been born a century later, his verse and prose might have come closer to the heart of his people, without losing that exquisite fineness which reveals the rare and beautiful quality of his genius. It is hardly possible to miss the significance of the fact that two men of such temper and gifts as Hawthorne and Poe were driven by inward necessity to deal with the life of an earlier time, with

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life in an older and riper society, or with the life of the spirit in its most disturbed and abnormal experiences. Such a fact throws a penetrating light on the delicacy of the adjustments between a genius of great sensitiveness and its environment, and sets at naught the judgment, so often and so hastily reached, that the American mind is essentially materialistic. That judgment is impeached by the whole body of our literature, but Poe and Hawthorne made it absolutely untenable.

Poe's dæmonic force, his passion for perfection of form, his ideality, and the sensitiveness of his temperament are all subtly combined in the quality of distinction which characterizes his best work in prose and verse. His individuality is not only strongly marked, but it is expressed with the utmost refinement of feeling and of touch. In his prose and verse, Poe was preëminently a man who not only brought artistic integrity and capacity to his work, but suffused it with purity, dignity, and grace. In the disconnected product of his broken life there is not a line to be blotted out on the score of vulgarity, lack of reticence, or even commonplaceness. In his most careless imaginative writing the high quality of his mind is always apparent. So ingrained is this distinction of tone that, however he may waste his moral fortunes, his genius is never cheapened nor stained. In his worst estate the great traditions of art were safe in his hands.

The quality of distinction was of immense importance in a literature like our own, which is still in its formative stages. Poe's exquisite craftsmanship has made the acceptance of cheap and careless work impossible. Such work may secure an easy popularity from time to time, but it can find no lodgment in the memory of the race on this continent. To go so far as Poe went toward perfection of form is to exclude from the contest all save the fleetest and the strongest. It is to do more, for the service of the artist really begins when his work is completely finished, and separated from his own personality: it is to keep before a people tempted to take lower views of life the reality of individual superiority. In a society which holds all the doors open, and affirms in institution and structure that a man shall go where he can, there is always the danger of confusing opportunity with gift. The final justification of democracy lies in its ability to clear the way for superiority; but it is often interpreted as signifying equality of endowment and skill. If, in the long run, democracy lowers instead of advancing the standards of character and achievement, it will be the most disastrous of political failures. Equality of opportunity for the sake of preparing the way for the highest and finest individualities will bring us, perhaps, as near a perfect social order as we can hope to attain. Poe was such a personality; a man whose gifts were of the most individual kind, whose tastes were fastidious, whose genius was full of a distinction which involved and expressed remoteness from average standards, detachment from the rush and turmoil of practical tasks. A nation at work with grimed hands is a noble spectacle; but if such a people is to get anything out of life after it has secured comfortable conditions, it must not only make room for poets and scholars and thinkers, but it must reserve for them its highest rewards.

Without the presence of the superior man, the "paradise of the average man," as this country has been called, would become a purgatory to all those who care chiefly, not for success, but for freedom and power and beauty. One of the greatest privileges of the average man is to recognize and honor the superior man, because the superior man makes it worth while to belong to the race by giving life a dignity and splendor which constitute a common capital for all who live. The respect paid to men like

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Washington and Lincoln, Marshall and Lee, Poe and Hawthorne, affords a true measure of civilization in a community. Such men invest life for the average man with romance and beauty. Failure to recognize and honor superiority of character, gift, and achievement is the peculiar peril of democracies, which often confuse the aristocracy of the divine order in the world with the aristocracy of arbitrary and artificial origin. So long as the saints shine in their righteousness it will be idle to attempt to conceal their superiority; in the order of the spiritual life the best survive. Of these best was Poe; a man whose faults are sufficiently obvious, because they bore their fruit in his career, but the quality of whose genius and art was of the finest, if not of the greatest. In expressing the idealism of the American mind, this rare and subtle workman made images of such exquisite shape and moulding that by their very perfection they win us away from lesser and meaner ways of work. By the fineness of his craftsmanship he revealed the artistic potentialities of the American spirit.

Of a proud and sensitive nature, reared among a proud and sensitive people, Poe found in the region of pure ideality the material which expressed most clearly his genius, and received most perfectly the impress of his craftsmanship. In the themes with which he dealt, and in the manner in which he treated them, he went far to eradicate the provincialism of taste which was the bane of his time and section, — the bane, indeed, of the whole country. Poe's very detachment in artistic interest from the world about him was a positive gain for the emancipation of the imagination of the young country, so recently a province of the Old World. His criticism was almost entirely free from that narrow localism which values a writer because he belongs to a section, and not because his work belongs to literature. He brought into the field of criticism large knowledge of the best that had been done in literature, and clear perception of the principles of the art of writing. His touch on his contemporaries who won the easy successes which are always within reach in untrained communities was often caustic, as it had need to be; but the instinct which made him the enemy of inferior work gave him also the power of recognizing the work of the artist, even when it came from unknown hands. He discerned the reality of imagination in Hawthorne and Tennyson as clearly as he saw the vulgarity and crudity of much of the popular writing of his time. By critical intention, therefore, as well as by virtue of the possession of genius, which is never provincial, Poe emancipated himself, and went far to emancipate American literature, from the narrow spirit, the partial judgment, and the inferior standards of a people not yet familiar with the best that has been thought and said in the world. To the claims of local pride he opposed the sovereign claims of art; against the practice of the half-inspired and the wholly untrained he set the practice of the masters. When the intellectual history of the country is written, he will appear as one of its foremost liberators.

Poe's work holds a first place in our literature, not by reason of its mass, its reality, its range, its spiritual or ethical significance, but by reason of its complete and beautiful individuality, the distinction of its form and workmanship, the purity of its art. With Hawthorne he shares the primacy among all who have enriched our literature with prose or verse; but, unlike his great contemporary, he has had to wait long for adequate and just recognition. His time of waiting is not yet over; for while the ethical insight of Hawthorne finds quick response where his artistic power alone would fail to move, Poe must be content with the suffrages of those who know that the art which he practiced with such

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magical effect is in itself a kind of righteousness. "I could not afford to spare from my circle," wrote Emerson to a friend, "a poet, so long as he can offer so indisputable a token as a good poem of his relation to what is highest in Being." To those who understand that character is never perfect until it is harmonious, and truth never finally revealed until it is beautiful, Poe's significance is not obscured nor his work dimmed by the faults and misfortunes of his life. The obvious lessons of that pathetic career have been well learned; it is time to seek the deeper things for which this fatally endowed spirit stood; for the light is more than the medium through which it shines.

Hamilton Wright Mabie.

REFORM BY HUMANE TOUCH.

I HAVE sketched in outline the gains achieved in the metropolis since its conscience awoke. Now, in closing this account, I am reminded of the story of an old Irishman who died here a couple of years ago. Patrick Mullen was an honest blacksmith. He made guns for a living. He made them so well that one with his name on it was worth a good deal more than the market price of guns. Other makers went to him with offers of money for the use of his stamp; but they never went twice. When, sometimes, a gun of very superior make was brought to him to finish, he would stamp it P. Mullen, never Patrick Mullen. Only to that which he himself had wrought did he give his honest name without reserve. When he died, judges and bishops and other great men crowded to his modest home by the East River, and wrote letters to the newspapers telling how proud they had been to call him friend. Yet he was, and remained to the end, plain Patrick Mullen, blacksmith and gunmaker.

In his life he supplied the answer to the sigh of dreamers in all days: when will the millennium come? It will come when every man is a Patrick Mullen at his own trade; not merely a P. Mullen, but a Patrick Mullen. The millennium of municipal politics, when there shall be no slum to fight, will come when every citizen does his whole duty as a citizen; not before. As long as he "despises politics," and deputizes another to do it for him, whether that other wears the stamp of a Croker or of a Platt, — it matters little which, — we shall have the slum, and be put periodically to the trouble and the shame of draining it in the public sight. A citizen's duty is one thing that cannot be farmed out safely; and the slum is not limited by the rookeries of Mulberry or Ludlow street. It has long roots that feed on the selfishness and dullness of Fifth Avenue quite as greedily as on the squalor of the Sixth Ward. The two are not nearly so far apart as they look.

I am not saying this because it is anything new, but because we have just had an illustration of its truth in municipal politics. Waring and Roosevelt were the Patrick Mullens of the reform administration which Tammany has now replaced with her insolent platform, "To hell with reform." It was not an ideal administration, but it can be said of it, at least, that it was up to the times it served. It made compromises with spoils politics, and they were wretched failures. It took Waring and Roosevelt on the other plan, on which they insisted, of divorcing politics from the public business, and they let in more light than even my small parks over on the East Side. For

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they showed us where we stood and what was the matter with us. We believed in Waring when he demonstrated the success of his plan for cleaning the streets; not before. When Roosevelt announced his programme of enforcing the excise law because it *was* law, a howl arose that would have frightened a less resolute man from his purpose. But he went right on doing the duty he was sworn to do. And when, at the end of three months of clamor and abuse, we saw the spectacle of the saloonkeepers formally resolving to help the police instead of hindering them; of the prison ward in Bellevue Hospital standing empty for three days at a time, — an astonishing and unprecedented thing, which the warden could attribute only to the "prompt closing of the saloons at one A. M.;" and of the police force recovering its lost self-respect, we had found out more and greater things than whether the excise law was a good or a bad law. We understood what Roosevelt meant when he insisted upon the "primary virtues" of honesty and courage in the conduct of public business. For the want of them in us, half the laws that touched our daily lives had become dead letters or vehicles of blackmail and oppression. It was worth something to have that lesson taught us in that way; to find out that simple, straightforward, honest dealing, as between man and man, is after all effective in politics as in gunmaking. Perhaps we have not mastered the lesson yet. But we have not discharged the teacher, either.

Courage, indeed! There were times during that stormy spell when it seemed as if we had grown wholly and hopelessly flabby as a people. All the outcry against the programme of order did not come from the lawless and the disorderly, by any means. Ordinarily decent, conservative citizens joined in counseling moderation and virtual compromise with the lawbreakers, — it was nothing else, — to "avoid trouble." The old love of fair play had been whittled down by the jackknife of all-pervading expediency to an anæmic desire to "hold the scales even." That is a favorite modern device of the devil for paralyzing action in men. You cannot hold the scales even in a moral issue. It inevitably results in the triumph of evil, which asks nothing better than the even chance to which it is not entitled. When the trouble in the Police Board had reached a point where it seemed impossible not to understand that Roosevelt and his side were fighting a cold and treacherous conspiracy against the cause of good government, we had the spectacle of a Christian Endeavor Society inviting the man who had hatched the plot, the bitter and relentless enemy whom the Mayor had summoned to resign, and afterward did his best to remove as a fatal obstacle to reform, — inviting this man to come before it and speak of Christian citizenship! It was a sight to make the bosses hug themselves with glee. For Christian citizenship is their nightmare, and nothing is so cheering to them as evidence that those who profess it have no sense.

Apart from the moral bearings of it, what this question of enforcement of law means in the life of the poor was illustrated by testimony given before the Police Board very recently. A captain was on trial for allowing the policy swindle to go unchecked in his precinct. Policy is a kind of penny lottery, with alleged daily drawings which never take place. The whole thing is a pestilent fraud, which is allowed to exist only because it pays heavy blackmail to the police and the politicians. Expert witnesses testified that eight policy shops in the Twenty-First Ward, which they had visited, did a business averaging about thirty-two dollars a day each. The Twenty-First is a poor Irish tenement ward. The policy sharks were getting two hundred and fifty dollars or more a day of the hard-earned wages of those poor people, in sums of from one and two

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cents to a quarter, without making any return for it. The thing would seem incredible, were it not too sadly familiar. The saloonkeeper got his share of what was left, and rewarded his customer by posing as the "friend of the poor man" whenever his business was under scrutiny; I have yet in my office the record of a single week during the hottest of the fight between Roosevelt and the saloons, as showing of what kind that friendship is. It embraces the destruction of eight homes by the demon of drunkenness: the suicide of four wives, the murder of two others by drunken husbands, the killing of a policeman in the street, and the torture of an aged woman by her rascal son, who "used to be a good boy till he took to liquor, when he became a perfect devil." In that rôle he finally beat her to death for giving shelter to some evicted fellow tenants, who else would have had to sleep in the street. Nice friendly turn, was n't it?

And yet there was something to be said for the saloonkeeper. He gave the man the refuge from his tenement which he needed. I say needed, purposely. There has been a good deal of talk lately about the saloon as a social necessity. About all there is to that is that the saloon is there, and the necessity too. Man is a social animal, whether he lives in a tenement or in a palace. But the palace has resources; the tenement has not. It is a good place to get away from at all times. The saloon is cheery and bright, and never far away. The man craving human companionship finds it there. He finds, too, in the saloonkeeper one who understands his wants much better than the reformer who talks civil service in the meetings. "Civil service" to him and his kind means yet a contrivance for keeping them out of a job. The saloonkeeper knows the boss, if he is not himself the boss or his lieutenant, and can steer him to the man who will spend all day at the City Hall, if need be, to get a job for a friend, and all night pulling wires to keep him in it, if trouble is brewing. Mr. Beecher used to say, when pleading for bright hymn tunes, that he did n't want the devil to have the monopoly of all the good music in the world. The saloon has had the monopoly up to date of all the cheer in the tenements. If its owner has made it pan out to his own advantage and the boss's, we at least have no just cause of complaint. We let him have the field all to himself.

As to this boss, of whom we hear so much, what manner of man is he? That depends upon how you look at him. I have one in mind, a district boss, whom you would accept instantly as a type, if I were to mention his name, which I shall not do, for a reason which I fear will shock you: he and I are friends. In his private capacity I have real regard for him. As a politician and a boss I have none at all. I am aware that this is taking low ground in a discussion of this kind, but perhaps the reader will better understand the relations of his "district" to him if I let him into mine. There is no political bond between us, of either district or party; just the reverse. It is purely personal. He was once a police justice, — at that time he kept a saloon, — and I never knew one with more common sense, which happens to be the one quality especially needed in that office. Up to the point where politics came in I could depend upon him entirely. At that point he let me know bluntly that he was in the habit of running his district to suit himself. The way he did it brought him under the just accusation of being guilty of every kind of rascality known to politics. When next our paths would cross each other it would very likely be on some errand of mercy, to which his feet were always swift. I recall the distress of a dear and gentle lady at whose dinner table I once took his part. She could not believe that there was any

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good in him; what he did must be done for effect. Some time after that she wrote asking me to look after an East Side family that was in great trouble. It was during the severe cold spell of last winter, and there was need of haste. I went over at once; but although I had lost no time, I found my friend the boss ahead of me. It was a real pleasure to me to be able to report to my correspondent that he had seen to their comfort, and to add that it was unpolitical charity altogether. The family was that of a Jewish widow with a lot of little children. The boss is a Roman Catholic. There were no men, consequently no voters, in the house, which was far out of his district, anyhow; and as for effect, he was rather shamefaced at my catching him at it. I do not believe that a soul has ever heard of the case from him to this day.

My friend is a Tammany boss. During that same cold spell, a politician of the other camp came into my office and gave me a hundred dollars to spend as I saw fit among the poor. His district was miles uptown, and he was most unwilling to disclose his identity, stipulating in the end that no one but me should know where the money came from. He was not seeking notoriety. The plight of the suffering had appealed to him, and he wanted to help where he could, — that was all.

Now I have not the least desire to glorify the boss in this. He is not glorious to me. He is simply human. Often enough he is a coarse and brutal fellow, in his morals as in his politics. Again, he may have some very engaging personal traits that bind his friends to him with the closest of ties. The poor man sees the friend, the charity, the power that is able and ready to help him in need; is it any wonder that he overlooks the source of this power, this plenty, — that he forgets the robbery in the robber who is "good to the poor"? Anyhow, if anybody got robbed, it was "the rich." With the present ethical standards of the slum, it is easy to construct even a scheme of social justice out of it that is very comforting all round, even to the boss himself, — though he is in need of no sympathy or excuse. "Politics," he will tell me in his philosophic moods, "is a game for profit. The city foots the bills." Patriotism means to him working for the ticket that shall bring more profit. "I regard," he says, lighting his cigar, "a repeater as a shade off a murderer, but you are obliged to admit that in my trade he is a necessary evil." I am not obliged to do anything of the kind, but I can understand his way of looking at it. He simply has no political conscience. He has gratitude, loyalty to a friend, — that is part of his stock in trade, — fighting blood, plenty of it, all the good qualities of the savage; nothing more. And a savage he is, politically, with no soul above the dross. He would not rob a neighbor for the world; but from the city he will steal — though he does not call it by that name — without a tremor, and count it a good mark. When I tell him that, he waves his hand toward Wall Street as representative of the business community, and toward the office of his neighbor the padrone as representative of the railroads, and says, with a laugh, "Don't they all do it?"

The boss believes in himself. It is one of his strong points. And he has experience to back him. In the fall of 1894 we shook off boss rule in New York, and set up housekeeping for ourselves. We kept it up three years, and then went back to the old style. I should judge that we did it because we were tired of too much virtue. Perhaps we were not built to hold such a lot at once. Besides, it is much easier to be ruled than to rule. That fall, after the election, when I was concerned about what would become of my small parks, of the Health Department in which we took such just pride, and of a dozen other things, I received one unvarying

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reply to my anxious question, or rather two. If it was the Health Department, I was told: "Go to Platt. He is the only man who can do it. He is a sensible man, and will see that it is protected." If small parks, it was: "Go to Croker. He will not allow the work to be stopped." A playgrounds bill was to be presented in the legislature, and everybody advised: "Go to Platt. He won't have any objection: it is popular." And so on. My advisers were not politicians. They were business men, only lately honestly interested in reform. I was talking one day with a gentleman of very wide reputation as a philanthropist, about the unhappy lot of the old fire-engine horses, — which, after lives of toil that deserve a better fate, are sold for a song to drag out a weary existence hauling some huckster's cart around, — and wishing that they might be pensioned off to live out their years on a farm, with enough to eat and a chance to roll in the grass. He was much interested, and promptly gave me this advice: "I tell you what you do. You go and see Croker. He likes horses." No wonder the boss believes in himself. He would be less than human if he did not. And he is very human.

I had voted, on the day of the Greater New York election, — the Tammany election, as we learned to call it afterward, — in my home out in the Borough of Queens, and had gone to the depot to catch the train for the city. On the platform were half a dozen of my neighbors, all business men, all "friends of reform." Some of them had just come from breakfast. One I remembered as introducing a resolution, in a meeting we had held, about the discourtesy of local politicians. He looked surprised when reminded that it was election day. "Why, is it to-day?" he said. "They did n't send any carriage," said another regretfully. "I don't see what 's the use," said the third; "the roads are just as bad as when we began talking about it." (We had been trying to mend them.) The fourth yawned, and said: "I don't care. I have my business to attend to." And they took the train, which meant that they lost their votes. The Tammany captain was busy hauling his voters by the cartload to the polling place. Over there stood a reform candidate who had been defeated in the primary, and puffed out his chest. "The politicians are afraid of me," he said. They slapped him on the back, as they went by, and told him that he was a devil of a fellow.

So Tammany came back. The Health Department is wrecked. The police force is worse than before Roosevelt took hold of it, and we are back in the mud out of which we pulled ourselves with such an effort. And we are swearing at it. But I am afraid we are swearing at the wrong fellow. The real Tammany is not the conscienceless rascal that plunders our treasury and fattens on our substance. That one is a mere counterfeit. It is the voter who waits for a carriage to take him to the polls; the man who "does n't see what 's the use;" the business man who says "business is business," and has no time to waste on voting; the citizen who "will wait to see how the cat jumps, because he does n't want to throw his vote away;" the cowardly American who "does n't want to antagonize" anybody; the fool who "washes his hands of politics." These are the real Tammany, the men after the boss's own heart. For every one whose vote he buys, there are two of these who give him theirs for nothing. We shall get rid of him when these withdraw their support, when they become citizens of the Patrick Mullen stamp, as faithful at the polling place as he was at the forge; not before.

The true work of reform is at the top, not at the bottom. The man in the slum votes according to his light, and the boss holds the candle. But the boss is in no real sense a leader. He follows,

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instead, always as far behind the moral sentiment of the community as he thinks is safe. He has heard it said that a community will not be any better than its citizens, and that it will be just as good as they are, and he applies the saying to himself. He is no worse a boss than the town deserves. I can conceive of his taking credit to himself as some kind of a moral instrument by which the virtue of the community may be graded, though that is most unlikely. He does not bother himself with the morals of anything. But right here is his Achilles heel. The man has no conscience. He cannot tell the signs of it in others. It always comes upon him unawares. Reform to him simply means the "outs" fighting to get in. The real thing he will always underestimate. Such a man is not the power he seems. He is formidable only in proportion to the amount of shaking it takes to rouse the community's conscience.

The boss is like the measles, a distemper of a self-governing people's infancy. When we shall have come of age politically, he will have no terrors for us. Meanwhile, being charged with the business of governing, which we left to him because we were too busy making money, he follows the track laid out for him, and makes the business pan out all that is in it. He fights when we want to discharge him. Of course he does. No man likes to give up a good job. He will fight or bargain, as he sees his way clear. He will give us small parks, play piers, new schools, anything we ask, to keep his place, while trying to find out "the price" of this conscience which he does not understand. Even to the half of his kingdom he will give, to be "in" on the new deal. He has done it before, and there is no reason that he can see why it should not be done again. And he will appeal to the people whom he is plundering to trust him because they know him.

Odd as it sounds, this is where he has his real hold. I have shown why this is so. To the poor people of his district the boss is a real friend in need. He is one of them. He does not want to reform them; far from it. No doubt it is very ungrateful of them, but the poor people have no desire to be reformed. They do not think they need to be. They consider their moral standards quite as high as those of the rich, and resent being told that they are mistaken. The reformer comes to them from another world to tell them these things, and goes his way. The boss lives among them. He helped John to a job on the pipes in their hard winter, and got Mike on the force. They know him as a good neighbor, and trust him to their harm. He drags their standard ever farther down. The question for those who are trying to help them is how to make them transfer their allegiance, and trust their real friends instead.

It ought not to be a difficult question to answer. Any teacher could do it. He knows, if he knows anything, that the way to get and keep the children's confidence is to trust them, and let them know that they are trusted. They will almost always come up to the demand thus made upon them. Preaching to them does little good; preaching at them, still less. Men, whether rich or poor, are much like children. The good in them is just as good as it is said to be, and the bad, considering their enlarged opportunities for mischief, not so much worse than it is called. A vigorous optimism, a stout belief in one's fellow man, is better equipment in a campaign for civic virtue than stacks of tracts and arguments, economic and moral, are. There is good bottom, even in the slum, for that kind of an anchor to get a grip on. A year ago I went to see a boxing match there had been much talk about. The hall was jammed with a rough and noisy crowd, hotly intent upon its favorite. His opponent, who hailed, I think, from somewhere in Delaware, was greeted

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with hostile demonstrations as a "foreigner." But as the battle wore on, and he was seen to be fair and manly, while the New Yorker struck one foul blow after another, the attitude of the crowd changed rapidly from enthusiastic approval of the favorite to scorn and contempt; and in the last round, when he knocked the Delawarean over with a foul blow, the audience rose in a body and yelled to have the fight given to the "foreigner," until my blood tingled with pride. For the decision would leave it practically without a cent. It had staked all it had on the New Yorker. "He is a good man," I heard on all sides, while the once favorite sneaked away without a friend. "Good" meant fair and manly to that crowd. I thought, as I went to the office the next morning, that it ought to be easy to appeal to such a people with measures that were fair and just, if we could only get on common ground. But the only hint I got from my reform paper was an editorial denunciation of the brutality of boxing, on the same page that had an enthusiastic review of the college football season. I do not suppose it did any harm, for the paper was probably not read by one of the men it had set out to reform. But suppose it had been: how much would it have appealed to them? Exactly the qualities of robust manliness which football is supposed to encourage in college students had been evoked by the trial of strength and skill which they had witnessed. As to the brutality, they knew that fifty young men are maimed or killed at football to one who fares ill in a boxing match. Would it seem to them common sense, or cant and humbug?

It comes down in the end to a question of common sense and common honesty. For how many failures of reform effort is insincerity not to blame! Last spring I attended a meeting at Albany that had been called by the Governor to discuss the better enforcement of the labor laws. We talked the situation over, and Mr. Roosevelt received from those present their ready promise to aid him in every way in making effective the laws that represented so much toil and sacrifice, yet had until then been in too many instances barren of results. Some time after, a workingman told me with scorn how, on our coming home, one of our party had stopped in at the factory inspector's office to urge him to "let up" on a friend, a cigar manufacturer, who was violating a law for which the labor organizations had fought long years as absolutely necessary to secure human conditions in the trade. How much stock might he and his fellows be supposed to take in a movement that had such champions? "You scratch my back, and I 'll scratch yours," is a kind of politics in which the reformer is no match for the boss. The latter will win out on that line every time. A sense of humor might have avoided that and many other pitfalls. I am seriously of the opinion that a professional humorist ought to be attached to every reform movement, to keep it from making itself ridiculous by either too great solemnity or too much conceit. As it is, the enemy sometimes employs him with effect. Failing the adoption of that plan, I would recommend a decree of banishment against photographers, press-clippings men, and the rest of the congratulatory staff. Why should the fact that a citizen has done a citizen's duty deserve to be celebrated in print and picture, as if something extraordinary had happened? The smoke of battle had not cleared away after the victory of reform, in the fall of 1894, before the citizens' committee and all the little sub-committees rushed pell-mell to the photographer's to get themselves on record as the men who did it. The spectacle might have inspired in the humorist the advice to get two sets of pictures made, while they were about it, — one to serve by and by as an exhibit of the men who did n't;

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and, as the event proved, he would have been right.

But it is easy to find fault, and on that tack we get no farther. Those men did a great work, and they did it well. The mileposts they set up on the road to better things will guide another generation to the goal, however the present may go astray. Good schools, better homes, and a chance for the boy are arguments that are not lost upon the people. They wear well. It may be that, like Moses and his followers, we of the present day shall see the promised land only from afar and with the eye of faith, because of our sins; that to a younger and sturdier to-morrow it shall be given to blaze the path of civic righteousness that was our dream. I like to think that it is so, and that that is the meaning of the coming of men like Roosevelt and Waring at this time with their simple appeal to the reason of honest men. Unless I greatly err in reading the signs of the times, it is indeed so, and the day of the boss and of the slum is drawing to an end. Our faith has felt the new impulse; rather, I should say, it has given it. The social movements, and that which we call politics, are but a reflection of what the people honestly believe, a chart of their aims and aspirations. Charity in our day no longer means alms, but justice. The social settlements are substituting vital touch for the machine charity that reaped a crop of hate and beggary. They are passenger bridges, it has been truly said, not mere chutes for the delivery of coal and groceries, — bridges upon which men go over, not down, from the mansion to the tenement. We have learned that we cannot pass off checks for human sympathy in settlement of our brotherhood arrears. The church, which once stood by indifferent, or worse, is hastening to enter the life of the people. In the memory of men yet living, one church, moving uptown away from the crowd, left its old Mulberry Street home to be converted into tenements that justly earned the name of "dens of death" in the Health Department's records, while another became the foulest lodging house in an unclean city. It was a church corporation which in those bad days owned the worst underground dive downtown, and turned a deaf ear to all remonstrances. The church was "angling for souls." But souls in this world live in bodies endowed with reason. The results of that kind of fishing were empty pews and cold hearts, and the conscience-stricken cry, "What shall we do to lay hold of this great multitude that has slipped from us?"

Ten years have passed, and to-day we see the churches of every denomination uniting in a systematic canvass of the city to get at the facts of the people's life of which they had ceased to be a part, pleading for parks, playgrounds, kindergartens, libraries, clubs, and better homes. There is a new and hearty sound to the word "brother" that is full of hope. The cry has been answered. The gap in the social body, between rich and poor, is no longer widening. We are certainly coming closer together. Ten years ago, when the King's Daughters lighted a Christmas tree in Gotham Court, the children ran screaming from Santa Claus as from a "bogyman." Last Christmas, the boys in the Hebrew Institute's schools nearly broke the bank laying in supplies to do him honor. I do not mean that the Jews are deserting to join the Christian church. They are doing that which is better, — they are embracing its spirit; and they and we are the better for it. God knows we waited long enough; and how close we were to each other all the while without knowing it! Last Christmas, a clergyman, who lives out of town and has a houseful of children, asked me if I could not find for them a poor family in the city with children of about the same ages, whom they might visit and befriend. He worked every day in the office of a foreign mission in Fifth Avenue, and

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knew little of the life that moved about him in the city. I picked out a Hungarian widow in an East Side tenement, whose brave struggle to keep her little flock together had enlisted my sympathy and strong admiration. She was a cleaner in an office building; not until all the arrangements had been made did it occur to me to ask where. Then it turned out that she was scrubbing floors in the missionary society's house, right at my friend's door. They had passed each other every day, each in need of the other, and each as far from the other as if oceans separated them instead of a doorstep four inches wide.

Looking back over the years that lie behind with their work, and forward to those that are coming, I see only cause for hope. As I write these last lines in a far distant land, in the city of my birth, the children are playing under my window, and calling to one another with glad cries in my sweet mother tongue, even as we did in the long ago. Life and the world are before them, bright with the promise of morning. So to me seem the skies at home. Not lightly do I say it, for I have known the toil of rough-hewing it on the pioneer line that turns men's hair gray; but I have seen also the reward of the toil. New York is the youngest of the world's great cities, barely yet out of its knickerbockers. It may be that the dawning century will see it as the greatest of them all. The task that is set it, the problem it has to solve and which it may not shirk, is the problem of civilization, of human progress, of a people's fitness for self-government that is on trial among us. We shall solve it by the world-old formula of human sympathy, of humane touch. Somewhere in these pages I have told of the woman in Chicago who accounted herself the happiest woman alive because she had at last obtained a playground for her poor neighbors' children. "I have lived here for years," she said to me, "and struggled with principalities and powers, and have made up my mind that the most and the best I can do is to live right here with my people, and smile with them, — keep smiling; weep when I must, but smile as long as I possibly can." And the tears shone in her gentle old eyes as she said it. When we have learned to smile and weep with the poor, we shall have mastered our problem. Then the slum will have lost its grip and the boss his job.

Until then, while they are in possession, our business is to hold taut and take in slack, never letting go for a moment.

Jacob A. Riis.

THE ETERNITY OF ART.

SECURE the honey cell,
The spider's web is strong;
A song — there 's none can tell —
It may live long and long.

For laggard hours or fleet
May bring no harm to art;
Once sweet, forever sweet,
Life holds it to her heart.

John Vance Cheney.

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A DUNNET SHEPHERDESS.

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I.

EARLY one morning at Dunnet Landing, as if it were still night, I waked, suddenly startled by a spirited conversation beneath my window. It was not one of Mrs. Todd's morning soliloquies; she was not addressing her plants and flowers in words of either praise or blame. Her voice was declamatory though perfectly good-humored, while the second voice, a man's, was of lower pitch and somewhat deprecating.

The sun was just above the sea, and struck straight across my room through a crack in the blind. It was a strange hour for the arrival of a guest, and still too soon for the general run of business, even in that tiny Eastern haven where daybreak fisheries and early tides must often rule the day.

The man's voice suddenly declared itself to my sleepy ears. It was Mr. William Blackett's.

"Why, sister Almiry," he protested gently, "I don't need none o' your nostrums."

"Pick me a small han'ful," she commanded, — "no, no, a *small* han'ful, I said, — o' them large pennyr'yal sprigs! I go to all the trouble an' cossetin' of 'em just so as to have you ready to meet such occasions, an' last year, you may remember, you never stopped here at all, the day you went up country. An' the frost come at last an' blacked it. I never saw any herb that so objected to gardin ground; might as well try to flourish mayflowers in a common front yard. There, you can come in now, an' set an' eat what breakfast you 've got patience for. I've found everything I want, an' I 'll mash 'em up an' be all ready to put 'em on."

I heard such a pleading note of appeal as the speakers went round the corner of the house, and my curiosity was so demanding, that I dressed in haste, and joined my friends a little later, with two unnoticed excuses, of the beauty of the morning and the early mail boat. William's breakfast had been slighted; he had taken his cup of tea, and merely pushed back the rest on the kitchen table. He was now sitting in a helpless condition by the side window, with one of his sister's purple calico aprons pinned close about his neck. Poor William was meekly submitting to being smeared, as to his countenance, with a most pungent and unattractive lotion of pennyroyal and other green herbs which had been hastily pounded and mixed with cream in the little white stone mortar.

I had to cast two or three looks at William to reassure myself that he really looked happy and expectant in spite of his melancholy circumstances, and was not being overtaken by retribution. The brother and sister seemed to be on delightful terms with each other for once, and there was something of cheerful anticipation in their morning talk. I was reminded of Medea's anointing Jason before the great episode of the iron bulls; but to-day William really could not be going up country to see a railroad for the first time. I knew this to be one of his great schemes; but he was not fitted to appear in public, or to front an observing world of strangers. As I came in he essayed to rise, but Mrs. Todd pushed him back into the chair.

"Set where you be till it dries on," she insisted. "Land sakes, you 'd think he 'd get over bein' a boy some time or 'nother, gettin' along in years as he is. An' you 'd think he 'd seen full enough o' fish; but once a year he has to break loose like this, an' travel off 'way up back o' the Bowden place — far out o' my beat, 't is — an' go a trout-fishin'!"

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Her tone of amused scorn was so full of challenge that William changed color even under the green streaks.

"I want some change," he said, looking at me, and not at her. "'T is the prettiest little shady brook you ever saw."

"If he ever fetched home more 'n a couple o' minnies, 't would seem worth while," Mrs. Todd concluded, putting a last dab of the mysterious compound so perilously near her brother's mouth that William flushed again and was silent.

A little later I witnessed his escape, when Mrs. Todd had taken the foolish risk of going down cellar. There was a horse and wagon outside the garden fence, and presently we stood where we could see him driving up the hill with thoughtless speed. Mrs. Todd said nothing, but watched him affectionately out of sight.

"It serves to keep the mosquitoes off," she said, and a moment later it occurred to my slow mind that she spoke of the pennyroyal lotion. "I don't know sometimes but William 's kind of poetical," she continued, in her gentlest voice. "You 'd think, if anything could cure him of it, 't would be the fish business."

It was only twenty minutes past six on a summer morning, but we both sat down to rest as if the activities of the day were over. Mrs. Todd rocked gently for a time, and seemed to be lost, though not poorly, like Macbeth, in her thoughts. At last she resumed relations with her actual surroundings. "I shall now put my lobsters on. They 'll make us a good supper," she announced. "Then I can let the fire out for all day; give it a holiday, same 's William. You can have a little one now, nice an' hot, if you ain't got all the breakfast you want. Yes, I 'll put the lobsters on. William was very thoughtful to bring 'em over. William *is* thoughtful; if he only had a spark o' ambition, there be few could match him."

This unusual concession was afforded a sympathetic listener from the depths of the kitchen closet. Mrs. Todd was getting out her old iron lobster pot, and began to speak of prosaic affairs. I hoped that I should hear something more about her brother and their island life, and sat idly by the kitchen window looking at the morning-glories that shaded it, believing that some flaw of wind might set Mrs. Todd's mind on its former course. Then it occurred to me that she had spoken about our supper rather than our dinner, and I guessed that she might have some great scheme before her for the day.

When I had loitered for some time, and there was no further word about William, and at last I was conscious of receiving no attention whatever, I went away. It was something of a disappointment to find that she put no hindrance in the way of my usual morning affairs, of going up to the empty little white schoolhouse on the hill where I did my task of writing. I had been almost sure of a holiday when I discovered that Mrs. Todd was likely to take one herself, — we had not been far afield to gather herbs and pleasures for many days now; but a little later she had silently vanished. I found my luncheon ready on the table in the little entry, wrapped in its shining old homespun napkin; and as if by way of special consolation, there was a stone bottle of Mrs. Todd's best spruce beer, with a long piece of cod line wound round it, by which it could be lowered, for coolness, into the deep schoolhouse well.

I walked away with a dull supply of writing paper and these provisions, feeling like a reluctant child who hopes to be called back at every step. There was no relenting voice to be heard, and when I reached the schoolhouse I found that I had left an open window and a swinging shutter the day before, and the sea wind that blew at evening had fluttered my poor sheaf of papers all about the room.

So the day did not begin very well,

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and I began to recognize that it was one of the days when nothing could be done without company. The truth was that my heart had gone trouting with William, but it would have been too selfish to say a word even to one's self about spoiling his day. If there is one way above another of getting so close to nature that one simply is a piece of nature, following a primeval instinct with perfect self-forgetfulness, and forgetting everything except the dreamy consciousness of pleasant freedom, it is to take the course of a shady trout brook. The dark pools and the sunny shallows beckon one on; the wedge of sky between the trees on either bank, the speaking, companioning noise of the water, the amazing importance of what one is doing, and the constant sense of life and beauty make a strange transformation of the quick hours. I had a sudden memory of all this, and another, and another. I could not get myself free from "fishing and wishing."

At that moment I heard the unusual sound of wheels, and I looked past the high-growing thicket of wild roses and straggling sumac to see the white nose and meagre shape of the Caplin horse; then I saw William sitting in the open wagon, with a small expectant smile upon his face.

"I 've got two lines," he said. "I was quite a piece up the road. I thought perhaps 't was so you 'd feel like going."

There was enough excitement for most occasions in hearing William speak three sentences at once. Words seemed but vain to me at that bright moment. I stepped back from the schoolhouse window with a beating heart. The spruce-beer bottle was not yet in the well, and with that and my luncheon, and Pleasure at the helm, I went out into the happy world. The land breeze was blowing, and, as we turned away, I saw a flutter of white go past the window as I left the schoolhouse and my morning's work to their neglected fate.

II.

I seldom gave way to a cruel impulse to look at an ancient seafaring William, but I felt as if he were a growing boy; I only hope that he felt much the same about me. He did not wear the fishing clothes that belonged to his sea-going life, but a strangely shaped old suit of tea-colored linen garments that might have been brought home years ago from Canton or Bombay. William had a peculiar way of giving silent assent when you spoke, but of answering your unspoken thoughts as if they reached him better than words. "I find them very easy," he said, frankly referring to the clothes. "Father had them in his old sea chest."

The antique fashion, a quaint touch of foreign grace and even imagination about the cut, were very pleasing; if ever Mr. William Blackett had faintly resembled an old beau, it was upon that day. He now appeared to feel as if everything had been explained between us, as if everything were quite understood; and we drove for some distance without finding it necessary to speak again about anything. At last, when it must have been a little past nine o'clock, he stopped the horse beside a small farmhouse, and nodded when I asked if I should get down from the wagon. "You can steer about northeast right across the pasture," he said, looking from under the eaves of his hat with an expectant smile. "I always leave the team here."

I helped to unfasten the harness, and William led the horse away to the barn. It was a poor-looking little place, and a forlorn woman looked at us through the window before she appeared at the door. I told her that Mr. Blackett and I came up from the Landing to go fishing. "He keeps a-comin', don't he?" she answered, with a funny little laugh, to which I was at a loss to find answer. When he joined us, I could not see that he took notice

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of her presence in any way except to take an armful of dried salt fish from a corded stack in the back of the wagon which had been carefully covered with a piece of old sail. We had left a wake of their pungent flavor behind us all the way. I wondered what was going to become of the rest of them, and some fresh lobsters which were also disclosed to view; but he laid the present gift on the doorstep without a word, and a few minutes later, when I looked back as we crossed the pasture, the fish were being carried into the house.

I could not see any signs of a trout brook until I came close upon it in the bushy pasture, and presently we struck into the low woods of straggling spruce and fir mixed into a tangle of swamp maples and alders which stretched away on either hand up and down stream. We found an open place in the pasture where some taller trees seemed to have been overlooked rather than spared. The sun was bright and hot by this time, and I sat down in the shade, while William produced his lines and cut and trimmed us each a slender rod. I wondered where Mrs. Todd was spending the morning, and if later she would think that pirates had landed and captured me from the schoolhouse.

III.

The brook was giving that live, persistent call to a listener that trout brooks always make; it ran with a free, swift current even here where it crossed an apparently level piece of land. I saw two unpromising, quick barbel chase each other upstream from bank to bank, as we solemnly arranged our hooks and sinkers. I noticed that William's glances changed from anxiety to relief when he found that I was used to such gear; perhaps he felt that we must stay together if I could not bait my own hook; but we parted happily, full of a pleasing sense of companionship.

William had pointed me up the brook, but I chose to go down, which was only fair because it was his day, though one likes as well to follow and see where a brook goes as to find one's way to the places it comes from, and its tiny springs and head waters, and in this case trout were not to be considered. William's only real anxiety was lest I might suffer from mosquitoes. His own complexion was still strangely impaired by its defenses; but I kept forgetting it, and looking to see if we were treading fresh pennyroyal underfoot, so efficient was Mrs. Todd's remedy. I was conscious, after we parted, and I turned to see if he were already fishing, and saw him wave his hand gallantly as he went away, that our friendship had made a great gain.

The moment that I began to fish the brook I had a sense of its emptiness; when my bait first touched the water and went lightly down the quick stream, I knew that there was nothing to lie in wait for it. It is the same certainty that comes when one knocks at the door of an empty house, a lack of answering consciousness and of possible response; it is quite different if there is any life within. But it was a lovely brook, and I went a long way through woods and breezy open pastures, and found a forsaken house and overgrown farm, and laid up many pleasures for future joy and remembrance. At the end of the morning I came back to our meeting place, hungry and without any fish. William was already waiting, and we did not mention the matter of trout. We ate our luncheons with good appetites, and William brought our two stone bottles of spruce beer from the deep place in the brook where he had left them to cool. Then we sat awhile longer in peace and quietness on the green bank.

As for William, he looked more boyish than ever, and kept a more remote and juvenile sort of silence. Once I wondered how he had come to be so curiously wrinkled, — forgetting, absent-

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mindedly, to recognize the effects of time. He did not expect any one else to keep up a vain show of conversation, and so I was silent as well as he. I glanced at him now and then, but I watched the leaves tossing against the sky and the red cattle moving in the pasture. "I don't know 's we need head for home. It 's early yet," he said at last, and I was as startled as if one of the gray firs had spoken.

"I guess I 'll go up-along and ask after Thankful Hight's folks," he continued. "Mother 'd like to get word." And I nodded a pleased assent.

IV.

William led the way across the pasture, and I followed with a deep sense of pleased anticipation. I do not believe that my companion had expected me to make any objection, but I knew that he was gratified by the easy way that his plans for the day were being seconded. He gave a look at the sky to see if there were any portents; but the sky was frankly blue; even the doubtful morning haze had disappeared.

We went northward along a rough, clayey road, across a bare-looking, sunburnt country full of tiresome long slopes where the sun was hot and bright, and I could not help observing the forlorn look of the farms. There was a great deal of pasture, but it looked deserted; and I wondered afresh why the people did not raise more sheep, when that seemed the only possible use to make of their land. I said so to Mr. Blackett, who gave me a look of pleased surprise.

"That 's what She always maintains," he said eagerly. "She 's right about it, too. Well, you 'll see!"

I was glad to find myself approved, but I had not the least idea whom he meant, and waited until he felt like speaking again.

A few minutes later we drove down a steep hill and entered a large tract of dark spruce woods. It was delightful to be sheltered from the afternoon sun, and when we had gone some distance in the shade, to my great pleasure William turned the horse's head toward some bars, which he let down, and I drove through into one of those narrow, still, sweet-scented byways which seem to be paths rather than roads. Often we had to put aside the heavy drooping branches which barred the way, and once, when a sharp twig struck William in the face, he announced with such spirit that somebody ought to go through there with an axe that I felt unexpectedly guilty. So far as I now remember, this was William's only remark all the way through the woods to Thankful Hight's folks, but from time to time he pointed or nodded at something which I might have missed, — a sleepy little owl snuggled into the bend of a branch, or a tall stalk of cardinal flowers where the sunlight came down at the edge of a small, bright piece of marsh. Many times, being used to the company of Mrs. Todd and other friends who were in the habit of talking, I came near making an idle remark to William, but I was for the most part happily preserved; to be with him only for a short time was to live on a different level, where thoughts served best because they were thoughts in common, the primary effect upon our minds of the simple things and beauties that we saw. Once when I caught sight of a lovely gay pigeon woodpecker eyeing us curiously from a dead branch, and instinctively turned toward William, he gave an indulgent, comprehending nod which silenced me all the rest of the way. The wood road was not a place for common noisy conversation; one would interrupt the birds and all the still little beasts that belonged there. But it was mortifying to find how strong the habit of idle speech may become in one's self. One need not always be saying

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something in this noisy world. I grew conscious of the difference between William's usual fashion of life and mine; for him there were long days of silence in a sea-going boat, and I could believe that he and his mother usually spoke very little because they so perfectly understood each other. There was something peculiarly unresponding about their quiet island in the sea, solidly fixed into the still foundations of the world, against whose rocky shores the sea beats and calls, and is unanswered.

We were quite half an hour going through the woods; the horse's feet made no sound on the brown, soft track under the dark evergreens. I thought that we should come out at last into more pastures, but there was no half-wooded strip of land at the end; the high woods grew squarely against an old stone wall and a sunshiny open field, and we came out suddenly into broad daylight that startled us, and even startled the horse, who might have been napping as he walked, like an old soldier. The field sloped up to a low, unpainted house that faced the east. Behind it were long, frost-whitened ledges that made the hill, with strips of green turf and bushes between. It was the wildest, most Titanic sort of pasture country up there; there was a sort of daring in putting a frail wooden house before it, though it might have the homely field and honest woods to front against. You thought of the elements and even of possible volcanoes as you looked up the stony heights. Suddenly I saw that a region of what I had imagined gray stones was slowly moving, as if the sun was making my eyesight unsteady.

"There 's the sheep!" exclaimed William, pointing eagerly. "You see the sheep?" And sure enough, it was a great company of woolly backs, which seemed to have taken a mysterious protective resemblance to the ledges themselves. I could discover but little chance for pasturage on that high, sunburnt ridge, but the sheep were moving steadily in a satisfied way, as they fed along the slopes and hollows.

"I never have seen half so many sheep as these, all summer long!" I cried, with admiration.

"There ain't so many," answered William soberly. "It 's a great sight. They do so well because they 're shepherded; but you can't beat sense into some folks."

"You mean that somebody stays and watches them?" I asked.

"She observed years ago in her reading that they don't turn out their flocks without protection anywhere but in the state o' Maine," returned William. "First thing that put it into her mind was a little old book mother 's got; she read it one time when she come out to the Island. They call it the Shepherd o' Salisbury Plain. 'T was n't the purpose o' the book to most, but when she read it, 'There, Mis' Blackett!' she said, 'that 's where we 've all lacked sense; our Bibles ought to have taught us that what sheep need is a shepherd.' You see most folks about here gave up sheep-raisin' years ago 'count o' the dogs. So she gave up school-teachin' and went out to tend her flock, and has shepherded ever since, an' done well."

For William this approached an oration. He spoke with enthusiasm, and I shared the triumph of the moment. "There she is now!" he exclaimed, in a different tone, as the tall figure of a woman came following the flock and stood still on the ridge, looking toward us as if her eyes had been quick to see a strange object in the familiar emptiness of the field. William stood up in the wagon, and I thought he was going to call or wave his hand to her; but he sat down again more clumsily than if the wagon had made the familiar motion of a boat, and we drove on toward the house.

It was a most solitary place to live in,

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— a place where one might think that a life could hide itself. The thick woods were between the farm and the main road, and as one looked up and down the country there was no other house in sight.

"Potatoes look well," announced William. "The old folks used to say that there wa'n't no better land outdoors than the Hight field."

I found myself possessed of a surprising interest in the shepherdess, who stood far away in the hill pasture with her great flock, like a figure of Millet's, high against the sky.

V.

Everything about the old farmhouse was clean and orderly, as if the green dooryard were not only swept, but dusted. I saw a flock of turkeys stepping off carefully at a distance, but there was not the usual untidy flock of hens about the place to make everything look in disarray. William helped me out of the wagon as carefully as if I had been his mother, and nodded toward the open door with a reassuring look at me; but I waited until he had tied the horse and could lead the way himself. He took off his hat just as we were going in, and stopped for a moment to smooth his thin gray hair with his hand, by which I saw that we had an affair of some ceremony. We entered an old-fashioned country kitchen, the floor scrubbed into unevenness, and the doors well polished by the touch of hands. In a large chair facing the window there sat a masterful-looking old woman, with the features of a warlike Roman emperor, emphasized by a bonnet-like black cap with a band of green ribbon. Her sceptre was a palm-leaf fan.

William crossed the room toward her, and bent his head close to her ear.

"Feelin' pretty well to-day, Mis' Hight?" he asked, with all the voice his narrow chest could muster.

"No, I ain't, William. Here I have to set," she answered coldly, but she gave an inquiring glance over his shoulder at me.

"This is the young lady who is stopping with Almiry this summer," he explained, and I approached as if to give the countersign. She offered her left hand with considerable dignity, but her expression never seemed to change for the better. A moment later she said that she was pleased to meet me, and I felt as if the worst were over. William must have felt some apprehension, while I was only ignorant, as we had come across the field. Our hostess was more than disapproving, — she was forbidding; but I was not long in suspecting that she felt the natural resentment of a strong energy that has been defeated by illness and made the spoil of captivity.

"Mother well as usual since you was up last year?" And William replied by a series of cheerful nods. The mention of dear Mrs. Blackett was a help to any conversation.

"Been fishin' ashore," he explained, in a somewhat conciliatory voice. "Thought you 'd like a few for winter," which at once accounted for the generous freight we had brought in the back of the wagon. I could see that the offering was no surprise, and that Mrs. Hight was interested.

"Well, I expect they 're good as the last," she said, but did not even approach a smile. She kept a straight, discerning eye upon me.

"Give the lady a cheer," she admonished William, who hastened to place close by her side one of the straight-backed chairs that stood against the kitchen wall. Then he lingered for a moment, like a timid boy. I could see that he wore a look of resolve, but he did not ask the permission for which he evidently waited.

"You can go search for Esther," she said, at the end of a long pause that became anxious for both her guests. "Es-

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ther 'd like to see her." And William in his pale nankeens disappeared with one light step and was off.

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VI.

"Don't speak too loud; it jars a person's head," directed Mrs. Hight plainly. "Clear an' distinct is what reaches me best. Any news to the Landin'?"

I was happily furnished with the particulars of a sudden death, and an engagement of marriage between a Caplin, a seafaring widower home from his voyage, and one of the younger Harrises; and now Mrs. Hight really smiled and settled herself in her chair. We exhausted one subject completely before we turned to the other. One of the returning turkeys took an unwarrantable liberty, and, mounting the doorstep, came in and walked about the kitchen without being observed by its strict owner; and the tin dipper slipped off its nail behind us and made an astonishing noise, and jar enough to reach Mrs. Hight's inner ear and make her turn her head to look at it; but we talked straight on. We came at last to understand each other upon such terms of friendship that she unbent her majestic port and complained to me as any poor old woman might of the hardships of her illness. She had already fixed various dates upon the sad certainty of the year when she had the shock, which had left her perfectly helpless except for a clumsy left hand which fanned and gestured, and settled and resettled the folds of her dress, but could do no comfortable time-shortening work.

"Yes 'm, you can feel sure I use it what I can," she said severely. "'T was a long spell before I could let Esther go forth in the mornin' till she 'd got me up an' dressed me; but now she leaves things ready overnight, and I get 'em as I want 'em with my light pair o' tongs, and I feel very able about helpin' myself to what I once did. Then when Esther returns, all she has to do is to push me out here into the kitchen. Some parts o' the year Esther stays out all night, — them moonlight nights when the dogs are apt to be after the sheep, — but she don't use herself as hard as she once had to. She 's well able to hire somebody, Esther is; but there, you can't find no hired man that wants to git up before five o'clock nowadays; 't ain't as 't was in my time. They 're liable to fall asleep, too; and them moonlight nights she 's so anxious she can't sleep, and out she goes. There 's a kind of a fold, she calls it, up there in a sheltered spot, and she sleeps up in a little shed she 's got, — built it herself for lambin' time, and when the poor foolish creatur's gets hurt or anything. I 've never seen it, but she says it 's in a lovely spot, and always pleasant in any weather. You see off, other side of the ridge, to the south'ard, where there 's houses. I used to think some time I 'd get up to see it again, and all them spots she lives in, but I shan't now. I 'm beginnin' to go back; an' 't ain't surprisin'. I 've kind of got used to disappointments," and the poor soul drew a deep sigh.

VII.

It was long before we noticed the lapse of time. I not only told every circumstance known to me of recent events among the households of Mrs. Todd's neighborhood at the shore, but Mrs. Hight became more and more communicative on her part, and went carefully into the genealogical descent and personal experience of many acquaintances, until between us we had pretty nearly circumnavigated the globe and reached Dunnet Landing from an opposite direction to that in which we had started. It was long before my own interest began to flag; there was a flavor of the best sort in her definite and descriptive fash-

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ion of speech. It may be only a fancy of my own that in the sound and value of many words, with their lengthened vowels and doubled cadences, there is some faint survival on the Maine coast of the sound of English speech of Chaucer's time.

At last Mrs. Thankful Hight gave a suspicious look through the window.

"Where do you suppose they be?" she asked me. "Esther must ha' been off to the far edge o' everything. I doubt William ain't been able to find her. Can't he hear their bells? His hearin' all right?"

William had heard some herons that morning which were beyond the reach of my own ears, and almost beyond eyesight in the upper skies, and I told her so. I was luckily preserved by some unconscious instinct from saying that we had seen the shepherdess so near, as we crossed the field. Unless she had fled faster than Atalanta, William must have been but a few minutes in reaching her immediate neighborhood. I now discovered, with a quick leap of amusement and delight in my heart, that I had fallen upon a serious chapter of romance. The old woman looked suspiciously at me, and I made a dash to cover with a new piece of information; but she listened with lofty indifference, and soon interrupted my eager statements.

"Ain't William been gone some considerable time?" she demanded, and then in a milder tone: "The time has re'lly flown; I do enjoy havin' company. I set here alone a sight o' long days. Sheep is dreadful fools; I expect they heard a strange step, and set right off through bush an' brier, spite of all she could do. But William might have the sense to return, 'stead o' searchin' about. I want to inquire of him about his mother. What was you goin' to say? I guess you 'll have time to relate it."

My powers of entertainment were on the ebb, but I doubled my diligence, and we went on for another half hour, at least, with banners flying; but still William did not reappear. Mrs. Hight frankly began to show fatigue.

"Somethin' 's happened, an' he 's stopped to help her!" groaned the old lady, in the middle of what I had found to tell her about a rumor of disaffection with the minister of a town I merely knew by name, in the weekly newspaper to which Mrs. Todd subscribed. "You step to the door, dear, an' look if you can't see 'em."

I promptly stepped, and once outside the house I looked anxiously in the direction which William had taken.

To my astonishment, I saw all the sheep so near that I wonder we had not been aware in the house of every bleat and tinkle; and there, within a stone's throw, on the first long gray ledge that showed above the juniper, were William and the shepherdess, engaged in pleasant conversation. At first I was provoked, and then amused, and a thrill of sympathy warmed my whole heart. They had seen me and risen as if by magic; I had a sense of being the messenger of Fate. One could almost hear their sighs of regret as I appeared; they must have passed a lovely afternoon. I hurried into the house with the reassuring news that they were not only in sight, but perfectly safe, with all the sheep.

VIII.

Mrs. Hight, like myself, was spent with conversation, and had ceased even the one activity of fanning herself. I brought a desired drink of water, and happily remembered some fruit that was left from my luncheon. She revived with splendid vigor, and told me the simple history of her later years since she had been smitten in the prime of her life by the stroke of paralysis, and her husband had died and left her alone with Esther and a mortgage on their farm. There was only one field of good land,

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but they owned a great region of sheep pasture and a little woodland. Esther had always been laughed at for her belief in sheep-raising, when one by one their neighbors were giving up their flocks, and when everything had come to the point of despair she had raised all the money and bought all the sheep she could; insisting that Maine lambs were as good as any, and that there was a straight path by sea to Boston market. And by tending her flock herself she had managed to succeed: she had made money enough to pay off the mortgage five years ago, and now what they did not spend was safe in the bank. "It has been stubborn work, day and night, summer and winter, an' now she 's beginnin' to get along in years," said the old mother sadly. "She 's tended me 'long o' the sheep, an' she 's been a good girl right along, but she ought to have been a teacher;" and Mrs. Hight sighed heavily and plied the fan again.

We heard voices, and William and Esther entered; they did not know that it was so late in the afternoon. William looked almost bold, and oddly like a happy young man rather than an ancient boy. As for Esther, she might have been Jeanne d'Arc returned to her sheep, touched with age and gray with the ashes of a great remembrance. She wore the simple look of sainthood and unfeigned devotion. My heart was moved by the sight of her plain, sweet face, weatherworn and gentle in its looks, her thin figure in its close dress, and the strong hand that clasped a shepherd's staff; and I could only hold William in new reverence, this silent farmer-fisherman who knew, and he alone, the noble and patient heart that beat within her breast. I am not sure that they acknowledged even to themselves that they had always been lovers, — they could not consent to anything so definite or pronounced; but they were happy in being together in the world. Esther was untouched by the fret and fury of life; she had lived in sunshine and rain among her silly sheep, and been refined instead of coarsened, while her touching patience with a ramping old mother, stung by the sense of defeat and mourning her lost activities, had given back a lovely self-possession and habit of sweet temper. I had seen enough of old Mrs. Hight to know that nothing a sheep might do could vex a person who was used to the uncertainties and severities of her companionship.

IX.

Mrs. Hight told her daughter at once that she had enjoyed a beautiful call, and got a great many new things to think of. This was said so frankly in my hearing that it gave a consciousness of high reward, and I was indeed recompensed by the grateful look in Esther's eyes. We did not speak much together, but we understood each other. For the poor old woman did not read, and could not sew or knit with her helpless hand, and they were far from any neighbors, while her spirit was as eager in age as in youth, and expected even more from a disappointing world. She had lived to see the mortgage paid and money in the bank, and Esther's success acknowledged on every hand, and there were still a few pleasures left in life. William had his mother and Esther had hers, and they had not seen each other for a year, though Mrs. Hight had spoken of a year's making no change in William even at his age. She must have been in the far eighties herself, but of a noble courage and persistence in the world she ruled from her stiff-backed rocking-chair.

William unloaded his gift of dried fish, each one chosen with perfect care, and Esther stood by, watching him; and then she walked across the field with us, beside the wagon. I believed that I was the only one who knew their happy secret, and she blushed a little as we said good-by.

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"I hope you ain't goin' to feel too tired, mother 's so deaf; no, I hope you won't be tired," she said kindly, speaking as if she well knew what tiredness was. We could hear the neglected sheep bleating on the hill in the next moment's silence. Then she smiled at me, a smile of noble patience, of uncomprehended sacrifice, which I can never forget. There was all the remembrance of disappointed hopes, the hardships of winter, the loneliness of single-handedness, in her look; but I understood, and I love to remember her worn face and her young blue eyes.

"Good-by, William," she said gently; and William said good-by and gave her a quick glance, but he did not turn to look back, though I did, and waved my hand as she was putting up the bars behind us. Nor did he speak again until we had passed through the dark woods and were on our way homeward by the main road. The grave yearly visit had been changed from a hope into a happy memory.

"You can see the sea from the top of her pasture hill," said William at last.

"Can you?" I asked, with surprise.

"Yes, it 's very high land; the ledges up there show very plain in clear weather from the top of our island, and there 's a high upstandin' tree that makes a landmark for the fishin' grounds." And William gave a happy sigh.

When we had nearly reached the Landing, my companion looked over into the back of the wagon and saw that the piece of sailcloth was safe with which he had covered the dried fish. "I wish we had got some trout," he said wistfully. "They always appease Almiry, and make her feel 't was worth while to go."

I stole a glance at William Blackett. We had not seen a solitary mosquito, but there was a dark stripe across his mild face, which might have been an old scar won long ago in battle.

Sarah Orne Jewett.

A PHILISTINE VIEW.

THE circumstances connected with the production of Browning's play of A Blot in the 'Scutcheon have been almost from the beginning a subject of controversy and of contradictory statement. Macready's diary, to which we should naturally look for full information, affords us here no help. The relations between him and the poet had been intimate. The quarrel arising on this occasion caused an estrangement which lasted for years. But in the diary as published there are only three references to this tragedy, and they are all very meagre. Nor do we find in them any opinion expressed by the actor as to the fitness of the play for the stage, nor any information given as to its success or failure. It seems probable that anything and everything on this matter, which could provoke the slightest discussion, was carefully edited out of the work when it was given to the press.

Talk about it — talk involving the idea that it had been a failure — undoubtedly abounded among the friends of Macready. No authoritative statement to that effect, however, was put forth on his side. On the part of Browning there existed the same reticence. No published account, giving his view of the circumstances, came from him while he was living; but when Mrs. Sutherland Orr's biography appeared, in 1890, it contained two letters of the poet bearing directly upon the subject. There had been in 1884 a performance of the play in London, under the auspices of the

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Browning Society. In America it had been brought out by Barrett. This partial revival led to the preparation of an article for a London daily paper, in which was repeated the common assertion that the play as originally produced had been a failure, and a failure, too, in spite of the efforts of powerful and experienced actors to insure its success. The editor entertained some doubt as to the truth of this statement. Consequently, before the piece was published he submitted a proof of it to Browning himself. In reply he received the two letters just mentioned.

In these letters Browning tells us that so long as the misstatements about the play, to which Macready and his friends had given currency at the time, were confined to private circles, he had chosen to keep silence. Now, however, that they were passing from conversation into print, now that he was compelled not merely to hear them, but to read them, their untruth was becoming somewhat hard to bear. He furnished the editor, therefore, not for publication, but for his personal information, the true story of the events connected with the production of this tragedy. It was an altogether different story from the one which had hitherto been current. Since its appearance in Mrs. Orr's biography, it has been pretty generally, perhaps universally, regarded as an authoritative and indisputable account of the occurrences that then took place, and as a complete answer to the misleading reports that had been previously in circulation. In fact, when the consideration of this play is reached, in one of the latest notices of his career, we are informed that "a favorite weapon in the hands of the Philistines has been the oft-reiterated statement that the performance was a failure. A letter from Browning to Mr. Hill, editor of the Daily News at the time of the revival of The Blot by Lawrence Barrett in 1884, drawn out by the same old falsehood, gives the truth in regard to the matter, and should silence once for all the ubiquitous Philistines."

There has come to be a widespread feeling in our day that if the Philistines had left us a version of the events connected with the controversies they had with the children of Israel, quite a different impression would now prevail in regard to their character and conduct. The mistake they made was in conforming to the policy of silence here recommended. Their side we do not know. Accordingly, there is a possibility, to say the least, that they have been unduly disparaged. Their descendants at this day should learn from their fate not to repeat their error. It may therefore be permitted a humble inhabitant of Gath to examine this true story which is to put to shame his ubiquitous countrymen, and to test the accuracy of its statements. That Browning himself believed every word of it he wrote, no one would think of denying. A man of his lofty character was absolutely incapable, even in thought, of making an intentional misstatement, and least of all in his own favor. None the less is it true that a strict examination of his two letters brings to view no small number of irreconcilable discrepancies, of confused dates, and of variations from easily ascertainable fact.

In this discussion, the central point to be kept in mind is that A Blot in the 'Scutcheon was brought out at Drury Lane Theatre on February 11, 1843, while Macready was manager. Furthermore, it is not to be forgotten that Macready himself did not act in it; that the part which he naturally would have assumed was taken by Samuel Phelps. With these facts in mind, and disregarding the details which Browning gives of the occurrences which led to the rupture of his friendship with the great actor, let us confine our attention exclusively to the statements he makes which bear directly upon the fortunes of the play. They number six, and are as follows: —

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(1.) Macready received and accepted A Blot in the 'Scutcheon while he was playing at the Haymarket Theatre, and retained it for Drury Lane, of which he was about to become the manager. Of any such plan on his part Browning was ignorant at the time.

(2.) It was not accepted by Macready at any one's "instigation," and Charles Dickens, who is the person really alluded to, was not in England when it was accepted; nor did he see the play till it was read to him by Forster, after his return.

(3.) When the Drury Lane season began, Macready informed Browning that he should act A Blot in the 'Scutcheon when he had brought out two other plays, The Patrician's Daughter and Plighted Troth.

(4.) After he had brought out these two, he wrote to Browning that the former had been unsuccessful in money-drawing, and that the latter had "smashed his arrangements altogether." Nevertheless he would produce the poet's play.

(5.) Macready at first decided not to take any part in the play, himself, and his rôle was assigned to Phelps. Afterwards he manifested a willingness, if not desire, to assume the character which had been given to his subordinate. Browning refused to allow Phelps to be deprived of his part, and this was the main cause of the estrangement that followed. Naturally, this circumstance tended to make Macready indifferent to the success of the play.

(6.) The play was treated most unfairly. Nothing was spent upon it in the way of scenery and dresses. Yet, with all its hurried preparation and lack of accessories to adequate representation, it was sufficiently successful. "It 'made way' for Macready's own benefit, and the theatre closed a fortnight after." This last sentence is in Browning's own words.

These are the principal statements of the author of the play in regard to the circumstances attending its production. Certain of them can be accepted without hesitation; but in the case of several there seems no escape from the conclusion that Browning's memory, after the lapse of forty years, had played him false. Let us recount some of the difficulties in the way of his report being regarded as an entirely trustworthy representation of the events that then took place.

First, Macready ended his engagement at the Haymarket Theatre on December 7, 1841. He began the management of Drury Lane a little while after. Hence, if A Blot in the 'Scutcheon was accepted by him while he was still acting at the former theatre and retained for the latter, it must have been written some time during the closing months of 1841, — probably in November. As it was not produced until February 11, 1843, this necessitates the conclusion that it was kept by Macready in his possession for a year and a quarter at the least, and apparently without his exhibiting any intention during that time of bringing it out. Of course this is possible. Yet it does not accord well with the generally received statement that the piece was written in five days; for while such rapid composition does not actually require us so to believe, it nevertheless gives the impression that it was produced under the stress of an urgent demand. Still less does this long delay harmonize with Browning's further assertion in these letters that he had contributed the play as a proof of personal friendship for the actor.

In the second place, the time of the composition of the play necessitated by Browning's statement does not agree with his further assertion that Dickens was not in England at the time it was accepted by Macready. Dickens was in England in 1841. It was on the 4th of January, 1842, that he set sail for the United States, from which he returned in the following June. His enthusiastic letter eulogizing the play is dated Novem-

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ber 25, 1842. The manuscript had just then been shown him by Forster.

Thirdly, Macready's diary testifies that it was not until August 29, 1842, that he read for the first time Marston's Patrician's Daughter. He liked it, and added, "I will act it if I am prosperous." Yet if Browning's statement can be trusted, he had already had A Blot in the 'Scutcheon in his hands for eight months, at least. Furthermore, Macready had informed him, according to this same statement, at the opening of his first Drury Lane season, — which took place December 27, 1841, — that he could not bring out his play till he had produced The Patrician's Daughter. Yet it is clear from what has just been quoted that at that time he had never seen The Patrician's Daughter, if indeed he had ever heard of it; for it is doubtful if it was then in existence.

It may be conceded that it was confused recollection on Browning's part that led him to attribute the composition of A Blot in the 'Scutcheon to the period in which Macready was playing at the Haymarket; that it was not Macready's first Drury Lane season of 1841–42 that he really had in mind, but his second one of 1842–43. In that case, he would have written his play in the summer or autumn of 1842. This would harmonize perfectly with Macready's remarks in August about The Patrician's Daughter, and with the perusal of Browning's own manuscript in November by Dickens. It thus meets most of the requirements of the situation, so far as they have been indicated, and would furnish a perfectly satisfactory explanation of what might justly be termed a venial slip of memory.

But, in the fourth place, we are confronted at this point with still another difficulty. Browning was informed that The Patrician's Daughter was to be produced before his piece could be performed; also Darley's Plighted Troth. But Darley's Plighted Troth belongs to Macready's first Drury Lane season, not to his second. It was on April 20, 1842, that this piece was brought out. It met with a reception so unfavorable that it was withdrawn after the second night. It was not played again during that season, — which closed May 23, 1842, — nor was it revived during the season that followed. These facts, taken in connection with the poet's own assertions, lead to the following perplexing situation. If Macready's communication to Browning in regard to the time of producing his play was made at the beginning of his Drury Lane season of 1841–42, he could not then have informed him that his piece would have to wait until The Patrician's Daughter had been brought out; for The Patrician's Daughter was not submitted to Macready's inspection till late in the summer of 1842, more than three months after that season had closed. If, on the other hand, the communication was made at or near the date of the opening of the season of 1842–43, Macready could not then have told Browning that he would have to wait for the production of Plighted Troth; for Plighted Troth had been brought out the previous season, and had been most effectually damned.

The fifth point to be mentioned is that the season of 1842–43 — during which Browning's tragedy was produced — opened on the 1st of October. On the 10th of the following December John Westland Marston's play of The Patrician's Daughter was presented. During the season it was acted ten times, the last performance being on January 20, 1843. While this cannot be deemed a success, it can hardly be called a failure; for those were not the days of long runs.

Browning's own production was brought out, as has been said, on February 11, 1843. It was subsequently acted two nights, — the 15th and the 17th. Then it was permanently withdrawn. Mr. Browning tells us that it gave way to

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Macready's benefit. Macready's benefit took place on the 24th of February. In the interval between February 17 and February 24 there had been played She Stoops to Conquer, Macbeth, The Lady of Lyons, and As You Like It.

Lastly, Mr. Browning tells us that the theatre closed a fortnight after. The fact is that Drury Lane closed for this season just about four months after the production of A Blot in the 'Scutcheon. The final performance was on June 14, when Macbeth was acted. Furthermore, during these four months Macready had tried his fortune with two new plays: James Sheridan Knowles's Secretary, first acted on April 24, 1843; and William Smith's Athelwold, first acted on May 18. Both were unsuccessful.

With these great discrepancies between the facts and Browning's report of the facts, variations of little moment need not be too much considered. One may be taken as an illustration. The play was originally read to the company by the prompter, who murdered it. On Browning's protest it was then read by Macready himself, and, as the poet tells us, read very adequately. But he further informs us that it was acted the fifth day after Macready's reading, so that Phelps, who had been ill, had but two days in which to rehearse his part. Macready's diary shows that the play was read by him to the company on February 4. This would be seven days before it was acted, instead of five. The variation is not a matter of consequence, but it doubles the time afforded Phelps for preparation.

It may be worth while to add, in passing, that the dates of performances here given can be verified for himself by any one who will take the trouble to consult the columns of the London daily papers of that period which contain theatrical advertisements. The facts thus revealed impart a somewhat depressing feeling as to the value of the most trustworthy human testimony. If we cannot rely upon the recollections of a man of Browning's lofty character, great intellect, and keen sense of honor, in regard to a matter in which he himself was profoundly interested, to what quarter are we to look for accuracy? A peculiar proneness to error seems indeed to have overtaken the memory of every one who has dealt with the fortunes of this particular play. Here, for instance, is one reference to it by Mrs. Bridell-Fox, the daughter of the man whom Browning styled his "literary father," given in a contribution to the Argosy of February, 1890. "In this play," she wrote, "Macready took the part of Lord Thorold, the elder brother, on the first night of its representation only. I well remember his noble bearing and dignified grace. It was, however, produced by him in the latter days of his management of Drury Lane, when, worn out with fatigue and anxiety, he was unable to continue to sustain the part, and handed it over to Mr. Phelps for the remainder of the nights the play ran." As Macready never acted in the play at all, the noble bearing and dignified grace he exhibited necessarily belong to some other occasion. We are not much better off when we come to the actor who took originally the leading part. Phelps, as is well known, revived the play in 1848, while he was manager of the theatre at Sadler's Wells. It was there more successful than at Drury Lane, but its success then cannot be regarded as conspicuous. Yet Mr. Phelps's nephew and biographer wrote in all honesty and sincerity to the Browning Society that "on its reproduction in November, 1848, it was played four nights a week for an entire month (the run he usually gave a play produced by him at that period) to large and enthusiastic audiences, as I can testify, having been in the theatre the greatest part of each evening." This would make at least sixteen performances in all. Now the facts are

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that the play was brought out and first acted at the Sadler's Wells Theatre on November 27, 1848. It was subsequently performed on November 28 and 29, and on December 7, 8, and 9. It was not acted again during that year, and but twice more — on February 2 and 3, 1849, — before the season closed, at the end of May. The run of four nights a week for an entire month is consequently an error, and instead of being played sixteen times at least, it was actually played but eight during this revival.

So much for the history of the production of the play. There is assuredly a good deal in the facts here given to furnish the Philistine with a certain justification for his belief that it was not a success. But there now arises another question, of a somewhat different character. Whether A Blot in the 'Scutcheon is fitted to succeed or not as an acting play, how will it stand the test of close scrutiny as a work of art? Does it fulfill the Shakespearean ideal of holding the mirror up to nature? In this respect, there is one test in particular by which a play must stand or fall as an artistic production. The plot may be what you please. The story upon which it is based may be so far from probable that it verges upon the impossible. But this, while objectionable, can be pardoned. What is without excuse is to find the characters acting without adequate motive; or, if the motive be adequate, to find them acting in the most incomprehensible way for rational beings.

In the observance of what may fairly be called dramatic propriety Shakespeare stands at the head of all writers for the English stage. It is only in two or three instances that we discover the personages of his creation behaving in a way that jars upon our feelings as being unsuited to their character, or as pursuing a course of action which in real life would seem, for them at least, irrational and unnatural. The plot of his play may rest upon a story which is simply incredible, as is notably the case in The Merchant of Venice. All that Shakespeare asks is that the story shall be one which his hearers are willing to accept as likely to happen, whether in itself likely or not. This granted, there is no further demand upon our trust in him as opposed to our judgment. We say of every situation: This is the natural way for the characters, as here portrayed, to think and feel and act. The motives are sufficient; the conduct that follows is what we have a right to expect.

Let us then test by this standard A Blot in the 'Scutcheon. It is of course understood that the production is here treated from the uncultured, unspiritual Philistine point of view exclusively. This involves the consideration of it not as a poem, but as a play; not as a contribution to literature, but as an attempt at a dramatic representation of real life. In order to make the discussion of it clear, it is desirable to begin with a brief statement of the situation upon which the action of the tragedy turns.

Mildred, a young and beautiful girl, is the idolized sister of Lord Tresham, a man of noblest character, but possessed of boundless pride in the spotlessness of his lineage. Unfortunately, she has become engaged in a secret criminal intrigue with the youthful Earl of Mertoun. The lovers are preparing to condone their guilt by marriage; and the play opens with a portrayal of what is going on in the Tresham household at the time the earl presents himself to make a formal application for Mildred's hand.

Naturally, the first thing that strikes with surprise the purely practical man is, how the situation described could ever have arisen under the conditions given. How could a girl, so loved, so surrounded, so tenderly watched over, have had the opportunity to become involved in this love affair, and to have

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carried it on for months, without any notice taken of it, without even any suspicion entertained of it by those most deeply interested in her welfare and associating with her constantly? We need not, however, lay too much stress upon this point. Dramatic writers have been so accustomed to make demands upon our faith, if not our credulity, in their plots, that it would be hard to hold Browning censurable for complying with a practice so frequently adopted. The objection to the play as a picture of any real life goes much deeper. The characters throughout scrupulously avoid doing what they might reasonably be expected to do; while the things they would naturally be expected to avoid are the very things which they do not seem to conceive the idea of refraining from doing. The play consequently violates every motive which is supposed to influence human conduct; it outrages every probability which is supposed to characterize human action.

Let us take up first the initial conception. Here are two young persons who are depicted as possessed of the finest character, and as animated by the noblest feelings. They are represented as being desperately in love with each other. They belong to the same station in life. There are no difficulties existing in the way of their union. In fact, it is a natural one, suitable from the point of view of parity of age and neighborhood of estates, as well as of mutual love. The proposed alliance would not only have met with no opposition; it would have been gladly welcomed, as the trial proved. What motive was there, then, for two persons, such as these are supposed to be, engaging in an intrigue of this sort? There is no reason why the hero should not from the very outset have wooed the heroine in the way of honorable marriage, as he is represented as doing at the time the play opens. What has prevented him? it will reasonably be asked. Why has not this lofty-minded lover applied to the head of the house for the hand of the woman he cherishes so ardently? Only one reason is given for his failure to follow this most natural of all courses. He tells Lord Tresham, in his dying moments, that it was fear of him and his surpassing reputation, fear of him, the all-courted, the all-accomplished scholar and gentleman, that had kept him from presuming to take this daring step. Unfortunately, this fear had not extended to the other members of the family, where it would have been more in place. The timidity which trembled before man's austerity stood in no awe of woman's purity. That which had prevented him from seeking from the brother what could have been had for the asking did not prevent him from engaging and succeeding in the effort to overcome the virtue of the sister.

Let us next take the other party in the affair. She is portrayed as an embodiment of purity. Such she is, at least, in the eyes of her lover and of her nearest of kin. She is filled with the most agonizing remorse for her guilt. Yet no more than he could she have been ignorant of the fact that there were no insurmountable obstacles in the way of her lover securing her hand. Certainly, the experiment might have seemed to her well worth trying, before she yielded herself up to his solicitations. A perfectly pure woman at heart can indeed be made the victim of an overpowering passion. But she would never be likely to sacrifice original modesty and maidenly reserve on a slight pretext; least of all on one so attenuated as this, that her suitor felt a certain timidity about making an application for her hand in regular form. Had the situation been different; had there existed between the two an all-absorbing affection, to the prosperous issue of which circumstances had opposed an impregnable barrier; had there been between the two families a hostility so bitter that the obstacles raised by

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mutual enmity were, or appeared, insurmountable; had their positions in life been so different that a proposition of marriage on the part of the lover would have seemed to her brother to partake of the nature of unwarrantable presumption, if not of actual insult: under such circumstances there would have been palliation for the conduct of the two in the eyes of the austerest of those who might have been unwilling to grant pardon. But not a single one of these mitigating circumstances existed. What had been done was done with the full knowledge of both that there was not the slightest necessity of doing it.

Here, then, at the very outset, is exhibited the lack of adequate motive for the existence of the situation in which the lovers are represented as being at the time the play opens. And this is followed by a succession of acts each one of which seems to vie with the one preceding in folly, if not to surpass it. It is a kind of behavior to which nearly all the characters are addicted. It is simply impossible to conceive rational beings in real life conducting themselves with so thorough a disregard of ordinary sense. The earl has overcome his dread of Mildred's brother sufficiently to venture to ask for her hand in due form. He has been graciously, even warmly received. Both hero and heroine now know that it is in their power to atone, so far as in them lies, for the past; that the former can henceforth visit the latter as her acknowledged and accepted suitor. Only two days at most must pass — one day is all that is really necessary — before he can claim openly as his promised bride the woman he loves. It would certainly seem that during this brief interval the two might conduct themselves with common prudence; they might refrain from doing the slightest thing that would so much as remotely tend to bring about the revelation of their secret. The meeting in her chamber must always have been hazardous, — so hazardous that its having remained so long undiscovered is one of the inherent improbabilities of the plot which we have accepted without murmur. But now that perfect safety is in sight, there is surely no need of running further risk. Such a common-sense procedure was evidently something that never occurred to the minds of Browning's two lovers. The earl takes the occasion of the night following the day of his acceptance by Mildred's brother to visit Mildred herself in her own chamber. As secrecy was all important, it would have been natural for him in real life to have preserved the profoundest silence till the haven was reached. On the contrary, he announces his coming with a song. It is a beautiful lyric. Too much cannot be said in praise of its passionate intensity. It cannot, however, be regarded as in the least appropriate to the circumstances, and not altogether so to the character. It must jar upon the feelings of the auditors, who can hardly help knowing the facts, to have the heroine saluted with its opening line: —

> "There 's a woman like a dewdrop, she 's so purer than the purest."

Pure at heart she may be conceded to be, in spite of all that has happened. It would have been fitting for her lover to have assured her, when alone with her, that such she was in his eyes. But the song is as much addressed to the audience as it is to her it celebrates. It can hardly fail to grate upon their feelings to have it chanted to them, almost defiantly, that the woman who to their knowledge has fallen is actually purer than the purest among them, or the purest anywhere. It is not surprising to learn that the first night this play was presented the irreverent were disposed to laugh.

Let us move forward another step in this prosaic examination. The fact of the long-continued series of visits to the chamber has at last been revealed. Mildred is reproached for her course

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by her agonized brother. She does not deny her guilt, but refuses absolutely to disclose the name of her guilty partner. At the same time she expresses her perfect willingness and intention to go on with the contemplated marriage. Naturally, her brother is horrified at the apparent dishonor to be inflicted by his family upon an honorable man. One can understand her refusal to reveal her lover's name, if she has made up her mind to expiate her sin by leading henceforth a life of solitary contrition. But so long as she purposes to persist in marrying the suitor she has accepted, why not disclose the fact, in the situation in which she finds herself, that he and the nightly visitor to her chamber are the same person? Several defenses have been pleaded for her refusal to make a revelation which is morally obligatory, if she intends to enter into the proposed union. They have been put forth from the point of view of high art, and again from that of profound philosophy of human nature. The moment any one of them is subjected to careful scrutiny, it is seen to be an effort, equally laborious and futile, to explain what in these ways is unexplainable. But looked at from the point of view of the author, there is no difficulty whatever in accounting for her course. Had she told the name of her lover, the play would have had to stop; the catastrophe planned would have had to be thrown aside. In fact, this tragedy has all along a series of narrow escapes from coming to a happy termination; and nothing has been able to save it from that fate but a corresponding series of peculiarly irrational acts on the part of the characters.

We come now to the conduct of Guendolen, who is represented as possessing fully that common sense which is conspicuous for its absence in the conduct of the lovers. She it is who surprises Mildred's secret. She discovers by her own intuitive sagacity that Mildred's midnight visitor and her affianced husband are one and the same man. She learns, too, that the brother has gone off in an agony of desperation, and is lost to any direct communication. Yet she has her own lover, Austin, at command. To a certain extent, therefore, she is mistress of the situation. Now that the truth is known, it is all important that the earl should not venture the ensuing night to Mildred's chamber. In real life, that would be the one absorbing thought which would be uppermost all the while in the mind of even the foolishest person, once made acquainted with the facts. There is absolute certainty that the earl's coming will be watched, and will be watched by hostile eyes. Consequently, the visit must be prevented, at all hazards. This is a precaution the necessity of which flits across the brain of each of the persons chiefly interested, but seems to make no permanent lodgment in that of any one of them; at least it does not affect their conduct. What action does Guendolen take to warn the earl of what she recognizes as his inevitable danger? She discovers that Lord Tresham has disappeared and cannot be found. With the knowledge of that fact her responsibility apparently ceases, in her own eyes. Everything is against us, she remarks, and then all effort collapses. This woman of tact and resource simply folds her hands and awaits the results of the coming storm; and though she has learned Mildred's secret, she does not even act as her counselor.

On her part, Mildred remains to the last faithful to the ideal of conduct to which she has conformed from the outset. She cannot and she does not fail to foresee the deadly peril which threatens the earl. She declares to Guendolen that he is lost if he comes to her chamber that night. Yet, with almost inconceivable fatuousness, she takes the very course which is certain to lure the man she loves to his destruction. She proceeds to transfer the lamp from the

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red square in the painted glass to the small dark blue pane, higher up. That is the appointed signal. The lover of course obeys it. The result follows which any one not a positive idiot would expect. The earl is intercepted. When he discovers who it is that has waylaid him, he makes only a pretended defense, and the lofty-minded Lord Tresham contributes an additional lustre to the purity of his 'scutcheon by slaying a man who makes no resistance. The earl's death is followed by that of Mildred, and hers by the suicide of her brother. The cold-blooded, hard-headed, and hard-hearted practical man feels that persons who display so little sense ought to die; for they are not fit to live in a world of rational or even semi-rational beings.

That these repeated violations of what we feel to be right and reasonable escape ordinarily the attention of the reader is perhaps the highest sort of tribute to the genius of the author. We are so carried along by the fervor and fire and passion which he puts into his production that we pay no heed to its failure to fulfill the first conditions of dramatic propriety. But a play as a literary product must stand, not upon the excellence of detailed scenes, but upon its perfection as an artistic whole; not upon the beauty of its poetry, but upon its adequate representation of life. The necessities of the drama at times exact, or at least permit, an occasional neglect of probability in the conduct of the characters; but they certainly do not require a persistent defiance of it, as is exhibited throughout this tragedy, which is in no sense a picture of any life that was ever lived. We are in a world of unreal beings, powerfully portrayed; for the situations are exciting, and the pathos of the piece is harrowing. But the action constantly lies out of the realm of the reality it purports to represent, and therefore out of the realm of the highest art.

Thomas R. Lounsbury.

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD.[1]

XXVIII.

IN WHICH I AM IN PRISON AND AM VISITED.

TIRED of dicing against myself, and of the books that Rolfe had sent me, I betook myself to the gaol window, and, leaning against the bars, looked out in search of entertainment. The nearest if not the merriest thing the prospect had to offer was the pillory. It was built so tall that it was but little lower than the low upper story of the gaol, and it faced my window at so short a distance that I could hear the long, whistling breath of the wretch who happened to occupy it. It was not a pleasant sound; neither was a livid face, new branded on the cheek with a great R, and with a trickle of dark blood from the mutilated ears staining the board in which the head was immovably fixed, a pleasant sight. A little to one side was the whipping post: a woman had been whipped that morning, and her cries had tainted the air even more effectually than had the decayed matter with which certain small devils had pelted the runaway in the pillory. I looked away from the poor rogue below me into the clear, hard brightness of the March day, and was

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most heartily weary of the bars between me and it. The wind blew keenly; the sky was blue as blue could be, and the river a great ribbon of azure sewn with diamonds. All colors were vivid and all distances near. There was no haze over the forest; brown and bare it struck the cloudless blue. The marsh was emerald, the green of the pines deep and rich, the budding maples redder than coral. The church, with the low green graves around it, appeared not a stone's throw away, and the voices of the children up and down the street sounded clearly, as though they played in the brown square below me. When the drum beat for the nooning the roll was close in my ears. The world looked so bright and keen that it seemed new made, and the brilliant sunshine and the cold wind stirred the blood like wine.

Now and then men and women passed through the square below. Well-nigh all glanced up at the window, and their eyes were friendly. It was known now that Buckingham was paramount at home, and my Lord Carnal's following in Virginia was much decayed. Young Hamor rode by, bravely dressed and whistling cheerily, and doffed a hat with a most noble broken feather. "We 're going to bait a bear below the fort!" he called. "Sorry you 'll miss the sport! There will be all the world — and my Lord Carnal." He whistled himself away, and presently there came along Master Edward Sharpless. He stopped and stared at the rogue in the pillory, — with no prescience, I suppose, of a day when he was to stand there himself; then looked up at me with as much malevolence as his small soul could write upon his mean features, and passed on. He had a jaded look; moreover, his clothes were swamp-stained and his cloak had been torn by briers. "What did you go to the forest for?" I muttered.

The key grated in the door behind me, and it opened to admit the gaoler and Diccon with my dinner, — which I was not sorry to see. "Sir George sent the venison, sir," said the gaoler, grinning, "and Master Piersey the wild fowl, and Madam West the pasty and the marchpane, and Master Pory the sack. Be there anything you lack, sir?"

"Nothing that you can supply," I answered curtly.

The fellow grinned again, straightened the things upon the table, and started for the door. "You can stay until I come for the platters," he said to Diccon, and went out, locking the door after him with ostentation.

I applied myself to the dinner, and Diccon went to the window, and stood there looking out at the blue sky and the man in the pillory. He had the freedom of the gaol. I was somewhat more straitly confined, though my friends had easy access to me. As for Jeremy Sparrow, he had spent twenty-four hours in gaol, at the end of which time Madam West had a fit of the spleen, declared she was dying, and insisted upon Master Sparrow's being sent for to administer consolation; Master Bucke, unfortunately, having gone up to Henricus on business connected with the college. From the bedside of that despotic lady Sparrow was called to bury a man on the other side of the river, and from the grave to marry a couple at Mulberry Island. And the next day being Sunday, and no minister at hand, he preached again in Master Bucke's pulpit, — and preached a sermon so powerful and moving that its like had never been heard in Virginia. They marched him not back from the pulpit to gaol. There were but five ministers in Virginia, and there were a many more sick to visit and dead to bury. Master Bucke, still feeble in body, tarried up river discussing with Thorpe the latter's darling project of converting every imp of an Indian this side the South Sea, and Jeremy slipped into his old place. There had been some talk of a public censure, but it died away.

The pasty and sack disposed of, I

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turned in my seat and spoke to Diccon: "I looked for Master Rolfe to-day. Have you heard aught of him?"

"No," he answered. As he spoke, the door was opened and the gaoler put in his head. "A messenger from Master Rolfe, captain." He drew back, and the Indian Nantauquas entered the room.

Rolfe I had seen twice since the arrival of the George at Jamestown, but the Indian had not been with him. The young chief now came forward and touched the hand I held out to him. "My brother will be here before the sun touches the tallest pine," he announced in his grave, calm voice. "He asks Captain Percy to deny himself to any other that may come. He wishes to see him alone."

"I shall hardly be troubled with company," I said. "There 's a bear-baiting toward."

Nantauquas smiled. "My brother asked me to find a bear for to-day. I bought one from the Paspaheghs for a piece of copper, and took him to the ring below the fort."

"Where all the town will presently be gone," I said. "I wonder what Rolfe did that for?"

Filling a cup with sack, I pushed it to the Indian across the table. "You are little in the woods nowadays, Nantauquas."

His fine dark face clouded ever so slightly. "Opechancanough has dreamt that I am Indian no longer. Singing birds have lied to him, telling him that I love the white man, and hate my own color. He calls me no more his brave, his brother Powhatan's dear son. I do not sit by his council fire now, nor do I lead his war bands. When I went last to his lodge and stood before him, his eyes burned me like the coals the Monacans once closed my hands upon. He would not speak to me."

"It would not fret me if he never spoke again," I said. "You have been to the forest to-day?"

"Yes," he replied, glancing at the smear of leaf mould upon his beaded moccasins. "Captain Percy's eyes are quick; he should have been an Indian. I went to the Paspaheghs to take them the piece of copper. I could tell Captain Percy a curious thing" —

"Well?" I demanded, as he paused.

"I went to the lodge of the werowance with the copper, and found him not there. The old men declared that he had gone to the weirs for fish, — he and ten of his braves. The old men lied. I had passed the weirs of the Paspaheghs, and no man was there. I sat and smoked before the lodge, and the maidens brought me chinquapin cakes and pohickory; for Nantauquas is a prince and a welcome guest to all save Opechancanough. The old men smoked, with their eyes upon the ground, each seeing only the days when he was even as Nantauquas. They never knew when a wife of the werowance, turned child by pride, unfolded a doeskin and showed Nantauquas a silver cup carved all over and set with colored stones."

"Humph!"

"The cup was a heavy price to pay," continued the Indian. "I do not know what great thing it bought."

"Humph!" I said again. "Did you happen to meet Master Edward Sharpless in the forest?"

He shook his head. "The forest is wide, and there are many trails through it. Nantauquas looked for that of the werowance of the Paspaheghs, but found it not. He had no time to waste upon a white man."

He gathered his otterskin mantle about him and prepared to depart. I rose and gave him my hand, for I thoroughly liked him, and in the past he had made me his debtor. "Tell Rolfe he will find me alone," I said, "and take my thanks for your pains, Nantauquas. If ever we hunt together again, may I have the chance to serve you! I bear the scars of the wolf's teeth yet; you came in the nick of time, that day."

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The Indian smiled. "It was a fierce old wolf. I wish Captain Percy free with all my heart, and then we will hunt more wolves, he and I."

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When he was gone, and the gaoler and Diccon with him, I returned to the window. The runaway in the pillory was released, and went away homewards, staggering beside his master's stirrup. Passers-by grew more and more infrequent, and up the street came faint sounds of laughter and hurrahing, — the bear must be making good sport. I could see the half-moon, and the guns, and the flag that streamed in the wind, and on the river a sail or two, white in the sunlight as the gulls that swooped past. Beyond rose the bare masts of the George. The Santa Teresa rode no more forever in the James. The King's ship was gone home to the King without the freight he looked for. Three days, and the George would spread her white wings and go down the wide river, and I with her, and the King's ward, and the King's sometime favorite. I looked down the wind-ruffled stream, and saw the great bay into which it emptied, and beyond the bay the heaving ocean, dark and light, league on league, league on league; then green England, and London, and the Tower. The vision disturbed me less than once it would have done. Men that I knew and trusted were to be passengers on that ship, as well as one I knew and did not trust. And if, at the journey's end, I saw the Tower, I saw also his Grace of Buckingham. Where I hated he hated, and was now powerful enough to strike. He would soon know that my Lord Carnal was not of the dead. One of the ships forming the consort of the George, while still in Southern waters, had turned back to England with letters from Sir Francis Wyatt and Master Sandys to the Company, and from my lord to the King. Men said that the knowledge that his rival lived would not greatly disconcert the now all-powerful duke, — might even give a new zest to the dinner of that day on which he should learn the news.

The wind blew from the west, from the unknown. I turned my head, and it beat against my forehead, cold and fragrant with the essence of the forest, — pine and cedar, dead leaves and black mould, fen and hollow and hill, — all the world of woods over which it had passed. The ghost of things long dead, which face or voice could never conjure up, will sometimes start across our path at the beckoning of an odor. A day in the Starving Time came back to me: how I had dragged myself from our broken palisade and crazy huts, and the groans of the famished and the plague-stricken, and the presence of the unburied dead, across the neck and into the woods, and had lain down there to die, being taken with a sick fear and horror of the place of cannibals behind me; and how weak I was! — too weak to care any more. I had been a strong man, and it had come to that, and I was content to let it be. The smell of the woods that day, the chill brown earth beneath me, the blowing wind, the long stretch of the river gleaming between the pines, . . . *and fair in sight the white sails of the Patience and the Deliverance* . . .

I had been too nigh gone then to greatly care that I was saved; now I cared, and thanked God for my life. Come what might in the future, the past was mine. Though I should never see my wife again, I had that hour in the state cabin of the George. I loved, and was loved again.

There was a noise outside the door, and Rolfe's voice speaking to the gaoler. Impatient for his entrance I started toward the door, but when it opened he made no move to cross the threshold. "I am not coming in," he said, with a face that he strove to keep grave. "I only came to bring some one else." With that he stepped back, and a second figure, coming forward out of the dimness behind him, crossed the threshold. It

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was a woman, cloaked and hooded. The door was drawn to behind her, and we were alone together.

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Beside the cloak and hood she wore a riding mask. "Do you know who it is?" she asked, with a low laugh, when she had stood, so shrouded, for a long minute, during which I had found no words with which to welcome her.

"Yea," I answered: "the princess in the fairy tale."

She freed her dark hair from its covering, and unclasping her cloak let it drop to the floor. "Shall I unmask?" she asked, with a sigh. "Faith! I should keep the bit of silk between your eyes, sir, and my blushes. Am I ever to be the forward one? Do you not think me too bold a lady?" As she spoke, her white hands were busy about the fastening of her mask. "The knot is too hard," she murmured, with a little tremulous laugh and a catch of her breath.

I untied the ribbons.

"May I not sit down?" she said plaintively, but with soft merriment in her eyes. "I am not quite strong yet. My heart — you do not know what pain I have in my heart sometimes. It makes me weep of nights and when none are by, indeed it does!"

There was a settle beneath the window. I led her to it, and she sat down.

"You must know that I am walking in the Governor's garden, that hath only a lane between it and the gaol." Her eyes were downcast, her cheeks pure rose.

"When did you first love me?" I demanded.

"Lady Wyatt must have guessed why Master Rolfe alone went not to the bear-baiting, but joined us in the garden. She said the air was keen, and fetched me her mask, and then herself went indoors to embroider Samson in the arms of Delilah."

"Was it here at Jamestown, or was it when we were first wrecked, or on the island with the pink hill when you wrote my name in the sand, or" —

"The George will sail in three days, and we are to be taken back to England after all. It does not scare me now."

"In all my life I have kissed you only once," I said.

The rose deepened, and in her eyes there was laughter, with tears behind. "You are a gentleman of determination," she said. "If you are bent upon having your way, I do not know that I — that I — can help myself. I do not even know that I want to help myself."

Outside the wind blew and the sun shone, and the laughter from below the fort was too far away and elfin to jar upon us. The world forgot us, and we were well content. There seemed not much to say: I suppose we were too happy for words. I knelt beside her, and she laid her hands in mine, and now and then we spoke. In her short and lonely life, and in my longer stern and crowded one, there had been little tenderness, little happiness. In her past, to those about her, she had seemed bright and gay; I had been a comrade whom men liked because I could jest as well as fight. Now we were happy, but we were not gay. Each felt for the other a great compassion; each knew that though we smiled to day, the groan and the tear might be to-morrow's due; the sunshine around us was pure gold, but that the clouds were mounting we knew full well.

"I must soon be gone," she said at last. "It is a stolen meeting. I do not know when we shall meet again."

She rose from the settle, and I rose with her, and we stood together beside the barred window. There was no danger of her being seen; street and square were left to the wind and the sunshine. My arm was around her, and she leaned her head against my breast. "Perhaps we shall never meet again," she breathed.

"The winter is over," I answered. "Soon the trees will be green and the flowers in bloom. I will not believe that our spring can have no summer."

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She took from her bosom a little flower that had been pinned there. It lay, a purple star, in the hollow of her hand. "It grew in the sun. It is the first flower of spring." She put it to her lips, then laid it upon the window ledge beside my hand. "I have brought you evil gifts, — foes and strife and peril. Will you take this little purple flower — and all my heart beside?"

I bent and kissed first the tiny blossom, and then the lips that had proffered it. "I am very rich," I said.

The sun was now low, and the pines in the square and the upright of the pillory cast long shadows. The wind had fallen and the sounds had died away. It seemed very still. Nothing moved but the creeping shadows until a flight of small white-breasted birds went past the window. "The snow is gone," I said. "The snowbirds are flying north."

"The woods will soon be green," she murmured wistfully. "Ah, if we could ride through them once more, back to Weyanoke" —

"To home," I said.

"Home," she echoed softly.

There was a low knocking at the door behind us. "It is Master Rolfe's signal," she said. "I must not stay. Tell me that you love me, and let me go."

I drew her closer to me and pressed my lips upon her bowed head. "Do you not know that I love you?" I asked.

"Yea," she answered. "I have been taught it. Tell me that you believe that God will be good to us. Tell me that we shall be happy yet; for oh, I have a boding heart this day!"

Her voice broke, and she lay trembling in my arms, her face hidden. "If the summer never comes for us" — she whispered. "Good-by, my lover and my husband. If I have brought you ruin and death, I have brought you, too, a love that is very great. Forgive me and kiss me, and let me go."

"Thou art my dearly loved and honored wife," I said. "My heart forebodes summer, and joy, and peace, and home."

We kissed each other solemnly, as those who part for a journey and a warfare. I spoke no word to Rolfe when the door was opened and she had passed out with her cloak drawn about her face, but we clasped hands, and each knew the other for his friend indeed. They were gone, the gaoler closing and locking the door behind them. As for me, I went back to the settle beneath the window, and, falling on my knees beside it, buried my face in my arms.

XXIX.

IN WHICH I KEEP TRYST.

The sun dropped below the forest, blood red, dyeing the river its own color. There were no clouds in the sky, — only a great suffusion of crimson climbing to the zenith; against it the woods were as black as war paint. The color faded and the night set in, a night of no wind and of numberless stars. On the hearth burned a fire. I left the window and sat beside it, and in the hollows between the red embers made pictures, as I used to make them when I was a boy.

I sat there long. It grew late, and all sounds in the town were hushed; only now and then the "All 's well!" of the watch came faintly to my ears. Diccon lodged with me; he lay in his clothes upon a pallet in the far corner of the room, but whether he slept or not I did not ask. He and I had never wasted words; since chance had thrown us together again we spoke only when occasion required.

The fire was nigh out, and it must have been ten of the clock when, with somewhat more of caution and less of noise than usual, the key grated in the lock; the door opened, and the gaoler entered, closing it noiselessly behind him. There was no reason why he should in-

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trude himself upon me after nightfall, and I regarded him with a frown and an impatience that presently turned to curiosity.

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He began to move about the room, making pretense of seeing that there was water in the pitcher beside my pallet, that the straw beneath the coverlet was fresh, that the bars of the window were firm, and ended by approaching the fire and heaping pine upon it. It flamed up brilliantly, and in the strong red light he half opened a clenched hand and showed me two gold pieces, and beneath them a folded paper. I looked at his furtive eyes and brutal, doltish face, but he kept them blank as a wall. The hand closed again over the treasure within it, and he turned away as if to leave the room. I drew a noble — one of a small store of gold pieces conveyed to me by Rolfe — from my pocket, and stooping made it spin upon the hearth in the red firelight. The gaoler looked at it askance, but continued his progress toward the door. I drew out its fellow, set it too to spinning, then leaned back against the table. "They hunt in couples," I said. "There will be no third one."

He had his foot upon them before they had done spinning. The next moment they had kissed the two pieces already in his possession, and he had transferred all four to his pocket. I held out my hand for the paper, and he gave it to me grudgingly, with a spiteful slowness of movement. He would have stayed beside me as I read it, but I sternly bade him keep his distance; then kneeling before the fire to get the light, I opened the paper. It was written upon in a delicate, woman's hand, and it ran thus: —

"An you hold me dear, come to me at once. Come without tarrying to the deserted hut on the neck of land, nearest to the forest. As you love me, as you are my knight, keep this tryst.

In distress and peril,

THY WIFE."

Folded with it was a line in the commander's hand and with his signature: "The bearer may pass without the palisade at his pleasure."

I read the first paper again, refolded it, and rose to my feet. "Who brought this, sirrah?" I demanded.

His answer was glib enough: "One of the Governor's servants. He said as how there was no harm in the letter, and the gold was good."

"When was this?"

"Just now. No, I did n't know the man."

I saw no way to discover whether or not he lied. Drawing out my handful of gold pieces, I laid two side by side upon the table. He eyed them greedily, edging nearer and nearer.

"For leaving this door unlocked," I said.

His eyes narrowed and he moistened his lips, shifting from one foot to the other.

I put down another piece. "For opening the outer door," I said.

He wet his lips again, made an inarticulate sound in his throat, and finally broke out with, "The commander will nail my ears to the pillory."

"You can lock the doors after me, and know as little as you choose in the morning. No gain without some risk."

"That 's so," he agreed, and made a clutch at the gold.

I swept it out of his reach. "First earn it," I said dryly. "Look at the foot of the pillory an hour from now and you 'll find it. I 'll not pay you this side of the doors."

He bit his lips and studied the floor. "You 're a gentleman," he growled at last. "I suppose I can trust ye."

"I suppose you can."

Taking up his lantern he turned toward the door. "It 's growing late," he said, with a most uncouth attempt to feign a guileless drowsiness. "I 'll to bed, captain, when I 've locked up. Good-night to ye!"

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He was gone, and the door was left unlocked. I could walk out of that gaol as I could have walked out of my house at Weyanoke. I was free, but should I take my freedom? Going back to the light of the fire I unfolded the paper and stared at it, turning its contents this way and that in my mind. The hand — but once had I seen her writing, and then it had been wrought with a shell upon firm sand. I could not judge if this were the same. Had the paper indeed come from her? Had it not? If in truth it was a message from my wife, what had befallen in the few hours since our parting? If it was a forger's lie, what trap was set, what toils were laid? I walked up and down, and tried to think it out. The strangeness of it all, the choice of a lonely and distant hut for trysting place, that pass coming from a sworn officer of the Company, certain things I had heard that day . . . A trap . . . and to walk into it with my eyes open. . . . *An you hold me dear. As you are my knight, keep this tryst. In distress and peril.* . . . Come what might, there was a risk I could not run.

I had no weapons to assume, no preparations to make. Gathering up the gaoler's gold I started toward the door, opened it, and going out would have closed it softly behind me but that a booted leg thrust across the jamb prevented me. "I am going with you," said Diccon in a guarded voice. "If you try to prevent me, I will rouse the house." His head was thrown back in the old way; the old daredevil look was upon his face. "I don't know why you are going," he declared, "but there 'll be danger, anyhow."

"To the best of my belief I am walking into a trap," I said.

"Then it will shut on two instead of one," he answered doggedly.

By this he was through the door, and there was no shadow of turning on his dark, determined face. I knew my man, and wasted no more words. Long ago it had grown to seem the thing most in nature that the hour of danger should find us side by side.

When the door of the firelit room was shut, the gaol was in darkness that might be felt. It was very still: the few other inmates were fast asleep; the gaoler was somewhere out of sight, dreaming with open eyes. We groped our way through the passage to the stairs, noiselessly descended them, and found the outer door unchained, unbarred, and slightly ajar.

When I had laid the gold beneath the pillory, we struck swiftly across the square, being in fear lest the watch should come upon us, and took the first lane that led toward the palisade. Beneath the burning stars the town lay stark in sleep. So bright in the wintry air were those far-away lights that the darkness below them was not great. We could see the low houses, the shadowy pines, the naked oaks, the sandy lane glimmering away to the river, star-strewn to match the heavens. The air was cold, but exceedingly clear and still. Now and then a dog barked, or wolves howled in the forest across the river. We kept in the shadow of the houses and the trees, and went with the swiftness, silence, and caution of Indians.

The last house we must pass before reaching the palisade was one that Rolfe owned, and in which he lodged when business brought him to Jamestown. It and some low outbuildings beyond it were as dark as the cedars in which they were set, and as silent as the grave. Rolfe and his Indian brother were sleeping there now, while I stood without. Or did they sleep? Were they there at all? Might it not have been Rolfe who had bribed the gaoler and procured the pass from West? Might I not find him at that strange trysting place? Might not all be well, after all? I was sorely tempted to rouse that silent house and demand if its master were within. I did it not. Servants were there, and noise would be made, and time that

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might be more precious than life blood was flying fast. I went on, and Diccon with me.

There was a cabin built almost against the palisade, and here one man was supposed to watch, whilst another slept. To-night we found both asleep. I shook the younger to his feet, and heartily cursed him for his negligence. He listened stupidly, and read as stupidly, by the light of his lantern, the pass which I thrust beneath his nose. Staggering to his feet, and drunk with his unlawful slumber, he fumbled at the fastenings of the gate for full three minutes before the ponderous wood finally swung open and showed the road beyond. "It 's all right," he muttered thickly. "The commander's pass. Good-night, the three on ye!"

"Are you drunk or drugged?" I demanded. "There are only two. It 's not sleep that is the matter with you. What is it?"

He made no answer, but stood holding the gate open and blinking at us with dull, unseeing eyes. Something ailed him besides sleep; he may have been drugged, for aught I know. When we had gone some yards from the gate, we heard him say again, in precisely the same tone, "Good-night, the three on ye!" Then the gate creaked to, and we heard the bars drawn across it.

Without the palisade was a space of waste land, marsh and thicket, tapering to the narrow strip of sand and scrub joining the peninsula to the forest, and here and there upon this waste ground rose a mean house, dwelt in by the poorer sort. All were dark. We left them behind, and found ourselves upon the neck, with the desolate murmur of the river on either hand, and before us the deep blackness of the forest. Suddenly Diccon stopped in his tracks and turned his head. "I did hear something then," he muttered. "Look, sir!"

The stars faintly lit the road that had been trodden hard and bare by the feet of all who came and went. Down this road something was coming toward us, something low and dark, that moved not fast, and not slow, but with a measured and relentless pace. "A panther!" said Diccon.

We watched the creature with more of curiosity than alarm. Unless brought to bay, or hungry, or wantonly irritated, these great cats were cowardly enough. It would hardly attack the two of us. Nearer and nearer it came, showing no signs of anger and none of fear, and paying no attention to the withered branch with which Diccon tried to scare it off. When it was so close that we could see the white of its breast it stopped, looking at us with large unfaltering eyes, and slightly moving its tail to and fro.

"A tame panther!" ejaculated Diccon. "It must be the one Nantauquas tamed, sir. He would have kept it somewhere near Master Rolfe's house."

"And it heard us, and followed us through the gate," I said. "It was the *third* the warder talked of."

We walked on, and the beast, addressing itself to motion, followed at our heels. Now and then we looked back at it, but we feared it not.

As for me, I had begun to think that a panther might be the least formidable thing I should meet that night. By this I had scarcely any hope — or fear — that I should find her at our journey's end. The lonesome path that led only to the nighttime forest, the deep and dark river with its mournful voice, the hard, bright, pitiless stars, the cold, the loneliness, the distance, — how should she be there? And if not she, who then?

The hut to which I had been directed stood in an angle made by the neck and the main bank of the river. On one side of it was the water, on the other a deep wood. The place had an evil name, and no man had lived there since the planter who had built it hanged himself upon its threshold. The hut was ruinous: in the summer tall weeds grew up

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around it, and venomous snakes harbored beneath its rotted and broken floor; in the winter the snow whitened it, and the wild fowl flew screaming in and out of the open door and the windows that needed no barring. To-night the door was shut and the windows in some way obscured. But the interstices between the logs showed red; the hut was lighted within, and some one was keeping tryst.

The stillness was deadly. It was not silence, for the river murmured in the stiff reeds, and far off in the midnight forest some beast of the night uttered its cry, but a hush, a holding of the breath, an expectant horror. The door, warped and shrunken, was drawn to, but was not fastened, as I could tell by the unbroken line of red light down one side from top to bottom. Making no sound, I laid my hand upon it, pushed it open a little way, and looked within the hut.

I had thought to find it empty or to find it crowded. It was neither. A torch lit it, and on the hearth burned a fire. Drawn in front of the blaze was an old rude chair, and in it sat a slight figure draped from head to foot in a black cloak. The head was bowed and hidden, the whole attitude one of listlessness and dejection. As I looked, there came a long tremulous sigh, and the head drooped lower and lower, as if in a growing hopelessness.

The revulsion of feeling was so great that for the moment I was dazed as by a sudden blow. There had been time during the walk from the gaol for enough of wild and whirling thoughts as to what should greet me in that hut; and now the slight figure by the fire, the exquisite melancholy of its posture, its bent head, the weeping I could divine, — I had but one thought, to comfort her as quickly as I might. Diccon's hand was upon my arm, but I shook it off, and pushing the door open crossed the uneven and noisy floor to the fire, and bent over the lonely figure beside it. "Jocelyn," I said, "I have kept tryst."

As I spoke, I laid my hand upon the bowed and covered head. It was raised, the cloak was drawn aside, and there looked me in the eyes the Italian.

As if it had been the Gorgon's gaze, I was turned to stone. The filmy eyes, the smile that would have been mocking had it not been so very faint, the pallor, the malignance, — I stared and stared, and my heart grew cold and sick.

It was but for a minute; then a warning cry from Diccon roused me. I sprang backward until the width of the hearth was between me and the Italian, then wheeled and found myself face to face with the King's late favorite. Behind him was an open door, and beyond it a small inner room, dimly lighted. He stood and looked at me with an insolence and a triumph most intolerable. His drawn sword was in his hand, the jeweled hilt blazing in the firelight, and on his dark, superb face a taunting smile. I met it with one as bold, at least, but I said no word, good or bad. In the cabin of the George I had sworn to myself that thenceforward my sword should speak for me to this gentleman.

"You came," he said. "I thought you would."

I glanced around the hut, seeking for a weapon. Seeing nothing more promising than the thick, half-consumed torch, I sprang to it and wrested it from the socket. Diccon caught up a piece of rusted iron from the hearth, and together we faced my lord's drawn sword and a small, sharp, and strangely shaped dagger that the Italian drew from a velvet sheath.

My lord laughed, reading my thoughts. "You are mistaken," he declared coolly. "I am content that Captain Percy knows I do not fear to fight him. This time I play to win." Turning toward the outer door, he raised his hand with a gesture of command.

In an instant the room was filled. The red-brown figures, naked save for the loincloth and the headdress, the impas-

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sive faces dashed with black, the ruthless eyes, — I knew now why Master Edward Sharpless had gone to the forest, and what service had been bought with that silver cup. The Paspaheghs and I were old enemies; doubtless they would find their task a pleasant one.

"My own knaves, unfortunately, were out of the way; sent home on the Santa Teresa," said my lord, still smiling. "I am not yet so poor that I cannot hire others. True, Nicolo might have done the work just now, when you bent over him so lovingly and spoke so softly; but the river might give up your body to tell strange tales. I have heard that the Indians are more ingenious, and leave no such witness anywhere."

Before the words were out of his mouth I had sprung upon him, and had caught him by the sword wrist and the throat. He strove to free his hand, to withdraw himself from my grasp. Locked together, we struggled backward and forward in what seemed a blaze of lights and a roaring as of mighty waters. Red hands caught at me, sharp knives panted to drink my blood; but so fast we turned and writhed, now he uppermost, now I, that for very fear of striking the wrong man hands and knives could not be bold. I heard Diccon fighting, and knew that there would be howling tomorrow among the squaws of the Paspaheghs. With all his might my lord strove to bend the sword against me, and at last did cut me across the arm, causing the blood to flow freely. It made a pool upon the floor, and once my foot slipped in it, and I stumbled and almost fell.

Two of the Paspaheghs were silent for evermore. Diccon had the knife of the first to fall, and it ran red. The Italian, quick and sinuous as a serpent, kept beside my lord and me, striving to bring his dagger to his master's aid. We two panted hard; before our eyes blood, within our ears the sea. The noise of the other combatants suddenly fell. The hush could only mean that Diccon was dead or taken. I could not look behind to see. With an access of fury I drove my antagonist toward a corner of the hut, — the corner, so it chanced, in which the panther had taken up its quarters. With his heel he struck the beast out of his way, then made a last desperate effort to throw me. I let him think he was about to succeed, gathered my forces and brought him crashing to the ground. The sword was in my hand and shortened, the point was at his breast, when my arm was jerked backwards. A moment, and half a dozen hands had dragged me from the man beneath me, and a supple savage had passed a thong of deerskin around my arms and pinioned them to my sides. The game was up; there remained only to pay the forfeit without a grimace.

Diccon was not dead; pinioned, like myself, and breathing hard, he leaned sullenly against the wall, they that he had slain at his feet. My lord rose, and stood over against me. His rich doublet was torn and dragged away at the neck, and my blood stained his hand and arm. A smile was upon the face that had made him master of a kingdom's master.

"The game was long," he said, "but I have won at last. A long good-night to you, Captain Percy, and a dreamless sleep!"

There was a swift backward movement of the Indians, and a loud "The panther, sir! Have a care!" from Diccon. I turned. The panther, maddened by the noise and light, the shifting figures, the blocked doors, the sight and smell of blood, the blow that had been dealt it, was crouching for a spring. The red-brown hair was bristling, the eyes were terrible. I was before it, but those glaring eyes had marked me not. It passed me like a bar from a catapult, and the man whose heel it had felt was full in its path. One of its forefeet sank in the velvet of the doublet; the claws of the other entered the flesh below the temple,

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and tore downwards and across. With a cry as awful as the panther's scream the Italian threw himself upon the beast and buried his poniard in its neck. The panther and the man it had attacked went down together.

When the Indians had unlocked that dread embrace and had thrust aside the dead brute, there emerged from the dimness of the inner room Master Edward Sharpless, gray with fear, trembling in every limb, to take the reins that had fallen from my lord's hands. The King's minion lay in his blood, a ghastly spectacle; unconscious now, but with life before him, — life through which to pass a nightmare vision. The face out of which had looked that sullen, proud, and wicked spirit had been one of great beauty; it had brought him exceeding wealth and power beyond measure; the King had loved to look upon it; and it had come to this. He lived, and I was to die: better my death than his life. In every heart there are dark depths, whence at times ugly things creep into the daylight; but at least I could drive back that unmanly triumph, and bid it never come again. I would have killed him, but I would not have had him thus.

The Italian was upon his knees beside his master: even such a creature could love. From his skeleton throat came a low, prolonged, croaking sound, and his bony hands strove to wipe away the blood. The Paspaheghs drew around us closer and closer, and the werowance clutched me by the shoulder. I shook him off. "Give the word, Sharpless," I said, "or nod, if thou art too frightened to speak. Murder is too stern a stuff for such a base kitchen knave as thou to deal in."

White and shaking, he would not meet my eyes, but beckoned the werowance to him, and began to whisper vehemently; pointing now to the man upon the floor, now to the town, now to the forest. The Indian listened, nodded, and glided back to his fellows.

"The white men upon the Powhatan are many," he said in his own tongue, "but they build not their wigwams upon the banks of the Pamunkey. The singing birds of the Pamunkey tell no tales. The pine splinters will burn as brightly there, and the white men will smell them not. We will build a fire at Uttamussac, between the red hills, before the temple and the graves of the kings." There was a murmur of assent from his braves.

Uttamussac! They would probably make a two days' journey of it. We had that long, then, to live.

Captors and captives, we presently left the hut. On the threshold I looked back, past the poltroon whom I had flung into a brook one midsummer day, to that prone and bleeding figure. As I looked, it groaned and moved. The Indians behind me forced me on; a moment, and we were out beneath the stars. They shone so very brightly; there was one — large, steadfast, golden — just over the dark town behind us, over the Governor's house. Did she sleep or did she wake? Sleeping or waking, I prayed God to keep her safe and give her comfort. The stars now shone through naked branches, black tree trunks hemmed us round, and under our feet was the dreary rustling of dead leaves. The leafless trees gave way to pines and cedars, and the closely woven, scented roof hid the heavens, and made a darkness of the world beneath.

XXX.

IN WHICH WE START UPON A JOURNEY.

When the dawn broke, it found us traveling through a narrow valley, beside a stream of some width. Upon its banks grew trees of extraordinary height and girth; cypress and oak and walnut, they towered into the air, their topmost branches stark and black against the roseate heavens. Below that iron tracery glowed the firebrands of the maples,

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and here and there a willow leaned a pale green cloud above the stream. Mist closed the distances; we could hear, but not see, the deer where they stood to drink in the shallow places, or couched in the gray and dreamlike recesses of the forest.

Spectral, unreal, and hollow seems the world at dawn. Then, if ever, the heart sickens and the will flags, and life becomes a pageant that hath ceased to entertain. As I moved through the mist and the silence, and felt the tug of the thong that bound me to the wrist of the savage who stalked before me, I cared not how soon they made an end, seeing how stale and unprofitable were all things under the sun.

Diccon, walking behind me, stumbled over a root and fell upon his knees, dragging down with him the Indian to whom he was tied. In a sudden access of fury, aggravated by the jeers with which his fellows greeted his mishap, the savage turned upon his prisoner and would have struck a knife into him, bound and helpless as he was, had not the werowance interfered. The momentary altercation over, and the knife restored to its owner's belt, the Indians relapsed into their usual menacing silence, and the sullen march was resumed. Presently the stream made a sharp bend across our path, and we forded it as best we might. It ran dark and swift, and the water was of icy coldness. Beyond, the woods had been burnt, the trees rising from the red ground like charred and blackened stakes, with the ghostlike mist between. We left this dismal tract behind, and entered a wood of mighty oaks, standing well apart, and with the earth below carpeted with moss and early wild flowers. The sun rose, the mist vanished, and there set in the March day of keen wind and brilliant sunshine.

Farther on, an Indian bent his bow against a bear shambling across a little sunny glade. The arrow did its errand, and where the creature fell, there we sat down and feasted beside a fire kindled by rubbing two sticks together. According to their wont the Indians ate ravenously, and when the meal was ended began to smoke, each warrior first throwing into the air, as thankoffering to Kiwassa, a pinch of tobacco. They all stared at the fire around which we sat, and the silence was unbroken. One by one, as the pipes were smoked, they laid themselves down upon the brown leaves and went to sleep, only our two guardians and a third Indian over against us remaining wide-eyed and watchful.

There was no hope of escape, and we entertained no thought of it. Diccon sat, biting his nails, staring into the fire, and I stretched myself out, and burying my head in my arms tried to sleep, but could not.

With the midday we were afoot again, and we went steadily on through the bright afternoon. We met with no harsh treatment other than our bonds. Instead, when our captors spoke to us, it was with words of amity and smiling lips. Who accounteth for Indian fashions? It is a way they have, to flatter and caress the wretch for whom have been provided the torments of the damned. If, when at sunset we halted for supper and gathered around the fire, the werowance began to tell of a foray I had led against the Paspaheghs years before, and if he and his warriors, for all the world like generous foes, loudly applauded some daring that had accompanied that raid, none the less did the red stake wait for us; none the less would they strive, as for heaven, to wring from us groans and cries.

The sun sank, and the darkness entered the forest. In the distance we heard the wolves, so the fire was kept up through the night. Diccon and I were tied to trees, and all the savages save one lay down and slept. I worked awhile at my bonds; but an Indian had tied them, and after a time I desisted from the useless labor. We two could have no

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speech together; the fire was between us, and we saw each other but dimly through the flame and wreathing smoke, — as each might see the other to-morrow. What Diccon's thoughts were I know not; mine were not of the morrow.

There had been no rain for a long time, and the multitude of leaves underfoot were crisp and dry. The wind was loud in them and in the swaying trees. Off in the forest was a bog, and the will-o'-the-wisps danced over it, — pale, cold flames, moving aimlessly here and there like ghosts of those lost in the woods. Toward the middle of the night some heavy animal crashed through a thicket to the left of us, and tore away into the darkness over the loud-rustling leaves; and later on wolves' eyes gleamed from out the ring of darkness beyond the firelight. Far on in the night the wind fell and the moon rose, changing the forest into some dim, exquisite, far-off land, seen only in dreams. The Indians awoke silently and all at once, as at an appointed hour. They spoke for a while among themselves; then we were loosed from the trees, and the walk toward death began anew.

On this march the werowance himself stalked beside me, the moonlight whitening his dark limbs and relentless face. He spoke no word, nor did I deign to question or reason or entreat. Alike in the darkness of the deep woods, and in the silver of the glades, and in the long twilight stretches of sassafras and sighing grass, there was for me but one vision. Slender and still and white, she moved before me, with her wide dark eyes upon my face. *Jocelyn! Jocelyn!*

At sunrise the mist lifted from a low hill before us, and showed an Indian boy, painted white, poised upon the summit, like a spirit about to take its flight. He prayed to the One Over All, and his voice came down to us pure and earnest. At sight of us he bounded down the hillside like a ball, and would have rushed away into the forest had not a Paspahegh, starting out of line, seized him and set him in our midst, where he stood, cool and undismayed, a warrior in miniature. He was of the Pamunkeys, and his tribe and the Paspaheghs were at peace; therefore, when he saw the totem burnt upon the breast of the werowance, he became loquacious enough, and offered to go before us to his village, upon the banks of a stream, some bowshots away. He went, and the Paspaheghs rested under the trees until the old men of the village came forth to lead them through the brown fields and past the ring of leafless mulberries to the strangers' lodge. Here on the green turf mats were laid for the visitors, and water was brought for their hands. Later on, the women spread a great breakfast of fish and turkey and venison, maize bread, tuckahoe and pohickory. When it was eaten, the Paspaheghs ranged themselves in a semicircle upon the grass, the Pamunkeys faced them, and each warrior and old man drew out his pipe and tobacco pouch. They smoked gravely, in a silence broken only by an occasional slow and stately question or compliment. The blue incense from the pipes mingled with the sunshine falling freely through the bare branches; the stream which ran by the lodge rippled and shone, and the wind rose and fell in the pines upon its farther bank.

Diccon and I had been freed for the time from our bonds, and placed in the centre of this ring, and when the Indians raised their eyes from the ground it was to gaze steadfastly at us. I knew their ways, and how they valued pride, indifference, and a bravado disregard of the worst an enemy could do. They should not find the white man less proud than the savage.

They gave us readily enough the pipes I asked for. Diccon lit one and I the other, and sitting side by side we smoked in a contentment as absolute as the Indians' own. With his eyes upon the werowance, Diccon told an old story of

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a piece of Paspahegh villainy and of the payment which the English exacted, and I laughed as at the most amusing thing in the world. The story ended, we smoked with serenity for a while; then I drew my dice from my pocket, and, beginning to throw, we were at once as much absorbed in the game as if there were no other stake in the world beside the remnant of gold that I piled between us. The strange people in whose power we found ourselves looked on with grim approval, as at brave men who could laugh in Death's face.

The sun was high in the heavens when we bade the Pamunkeys farewell. The cleared ground, the mulberry trees and the grass beneath, the few rude lodges with the curling smoke above them, the warriors and women and brown naked children, all vanished, and the forest closed around us. A high wind was blowing, and the branches far above beat at one another furiously, while the pendent, leafless vines swayed against us, and the dead leaves went past in the whirlwind. A monstrous flight of pigeons crossed the heavens, flying from west to east, and darkening the land beneath like a transient cloud. We came to a plain covered with very tall trees that had one and all been ringed by the Indians. Long dead, and partially stripped of the bark, with their branches, great and small, squandered upon the ground, they stood, gaunt and silver gray, ready for their fall. As we passed, the wind brought two crashing to the earth. In the centre of the plain something — deer or wolf or bear or man — lay dead, for to that point the buzzards were sweeping from every quarter of the blue. Beyond was a pine wood, silent and dim, with a high green roof and a smooth and scented floor. We walked through it for an hour, and it led us to the Pamunkey. A tiny village, counting no more than a dozen warriors, stood among the pines that ran to the water's edge, and tied to the trees that shadowed the slow-moving flood were its canoes. When the people came forth to meet us, the Paspaheghs bought from them, for a string of roanoke, two of these boats; and we made no tarrying, but, embarking at once, rowed up river toward Uttamussac and its three temples.

Diccon and I were placed in the same canoe. We were not bound: what need of bonds, when we had no friend nearer than the Powhatan, and when Uttamussac was so near? After a time the paddles were put into our hands, and we were required to row while our captors rested. There was no use in sulkiness; we laughed as at some huge jest, and bent to the task with a will that sent our canoe well in advance of its mate. Diccon burst into an old song that we had sung in the Low Countries, by camp fires, on the march, before the battle. The forest echoed to the loud and warlike tune, and a multitude of birds rose startled from the trees upon the bank. The Indians frowned, and one in the boat behind called out to strike the singer upon the mouth; but the werowance shook his head. There were none upon that river who might not know that the Paspaheghs journeyed to Uttamussac with prisoners in their midst. Diccon sang on, his head thrown back, the old bold laugh in his eyes. When he came to the chorus I joined my voice to his, and the woodland rang to the song. A psalm had better befitted our lips than those rude and vaunting words, seeing that we should never sing again upon this earth; but at least we sang bravely and gayly, with minds that were reasonably quiet.

The sun dropped low in the heavens, and the trees cast shadows across the water. The Paspaheghs now began to recount the entertainment they meant to offer us in the morning. All those tortures that they were wont to practice with hellish ingenuity they told over, slowly and tauntingly, watching to see a lip whiten or an eyelid quiver. They boasted that they would make women

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of us at the stake. At all events, they made not women of us beforehand. We laughed as we rowed, and Diccon whistled to the leaping fish, and the fish-hawk, and the otter lying along a fallen tree beneath the bank.

The sunset came, and the river lay beneath the colored clouds like molten gold, with the gaunt forest black upon either hand. From the lifted paddles the water showered in golden drops. The wind died away, and with it all noises, and a dank stillness settled upon the flood and upon the endless forest. We were nearing Uttamussac, and the Indians rowed quietly, with bent heads and fearful glances; for Okee brooded over this place, and he might be angry. It grew colder and stiller, but the light dwelt in the heavens, and was reflected in the bosom of the river. The trees upon the southern bank were all pines; as if they had been carved from black stone they stood rigid against the saffron sky. Presently, back from the shore, there rose before us a few small hills, treeless, but covered with some low, dark growth. The one that stood the highest bore upon its crest three black houses shaped like coffins. Behind them was the deep yellow of the sunset.

An Indian rowing in the second canoe commenced a chant or prayer to Okee. The notes were low and broken, unutterably wild and melancholy. One by one his fellows took up the strain; it swelled higher, louder, and sterner, became a deafening cry, then ceased abruptly, making the stillness that followed like death itself. Both canoes swung round from the middle stream and made for the bank. When the boats had slipped from the stripe of gold into the inky shadow of the pines, the Paspaheghs began to divest themselves of this or that which they conceived Okee might desire to possess. One flung into the stream a handful of copper links, another the chaplet of feathers from his head, a third a bracelet of blue beads. The werowance drew out the arrows from a gaudily painted and beaded quiver, stuck them into his belt, and dropped the quiver into the water.

We landed, dragging the canoes into a covert of overhanging bushes and fastening them there; then struck through the pines toward the rising ground, and presently came to a large village, with many long huts, and a great central lodge where dwelt the emperors when they came to Uttamussac. It was vacant now, Opechancanough being no man knew where.

When the usual stately welcome had been extended to the Paspaheghs, and when they had returned as stately thanks, the werowance began a harangue for which I furnished the matter. When he ceased to speak a great acclamation and tumult arose, and I thought they would scarce wait for the morrow. But it was late, and their werowance and conjurer restrained them. In the end the men drew off, and the yelling of the children and the passionate cries of the women, importunate for vengeance, were stilled. A guard was placed around the vacant lodge, and we two Englishmen were taken within and bound down to great logs, such as the Indians use to roll against their doors when they go from home.

There was revelry in the village; for hours after the night came, everywhere were bright firelight and the rise and fall of laughter and song. The voices of the women were musical, tender, and plaintive, and yet they waited for the morrow as for a gala day. I thought of a woman who used to sing, softly and sweetly, in the twilight at Weyanoke, in the firelight at the minister's house. At last the noises ceased, the light died away, and the village slept beneath a heaven that seemed somewhat deaf and blind.

Mary Johnston.

(*To be continued.*)

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NEW ZEALAND NEWEST ENGLAND.

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In a journey two years ago among the coöperators of Great Britain, I undertook to study on the ground the results of this notable attempt to better industrial civilization by individual effort and voluntary organization. There the people are trying to settle the labor and capital question by playing both parts themselves and becoming their own employers and masters; and they are even attacking the landlord and tenant problem, and setting up to be their own landed nobility.

The world of coöperation — "a state within a state" — is a non-political democracy developing within the political government, an economic republic arising within the monarchical industries of Europe, an instance of emancipation of the people by the people themselves, unique for its independence of outside aid and for its accelerating success.

This year I went to New Zealand, to see what had been done for the same end, a higher social life, by opposite methods, those of politics, in the country in which those methods have been given the best trial. That that country is New Zealand will be admitted by all, — by those who approve and by those who disapprove. New Zealand democracy is the talk of the world to-day. It has made itself the policeman and partner of industry to an extent unknown elsewhere. New Zealand is the "experiment station" of advanced legislation. Reforms that others have been only talking about New Zealand has put in practice, and it has anticipated the others in some they had not even begun to talk about.

The New Zealanders, Sir Charles Dilke says, have put into practical operation more of the "radical ideas" that are under discussion at the present time than any other people. South Australia, founded, as I heard Chief Justice Way declare, upon "philosophical radicalism," once had the first place, and when Dilke wrote his Greater Britain virtually was the leader; but now, by common consent, that rank belongs to New Zealand.

Coöperation is the "Farthest North" in the sphere of self-help. New Zealand democracy is the "Farthest South" in the sphere of politics, which must still be called "self-help;" for in a democracy, in self-government, state-help is self-help.

This country, with the newest institutions, has the oldest land, Alfred Russel Wallace tells us, and his opinion is confirmed by colonial geologists; but if the first to be made, it is the last to be used. When the Maoris reached it, about five hundred years ago, they found it almost wholly destitute of food plants or food animals, except a few unappetizing but, as the event proved, not indigestible aborigines. It was an unfurnished house; even the rat was imported, and by accident, in the canoes of the first Maoris. Cattle, game, cereals, vegetables, fruit, men, and institutions have all had to be provided, and the process is still going on. The ship on which I sailed carried, besides other American passengers, three hundred and fifty Kansas quail, sent for by the New Zealand Acclimatization Society; and I arrived in time to see the first quarter's payment made to worn-out working men and women by the only people in Christendom who have been willing to tax every one of themselves for old-age pensions.

New Zealand lies about as far to the south of the equator as Japan to the north. It is, like Japan, a group of islands, and is not unlike Japan in the lay of the land, running in a long, narrow strip about fifteen hundred miles north and south, and is like Japan in a beauty of scenery which even the coolest

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traveler finds it hard not to rave about. This country lies midway between the extremes of the tropics and the pole, and is cooled by the mountains and the sea, with plenty of rain and sunshine, and all that rain and sunshine bring. Australia is a sunburned continent, desert in the interior and almost without rivers, rimmed with a fertile coast line, with droughts lasting for years. The New Zealander begins to grumble about the "drought" if he goes a month without rain. The New Zealand climate is like a wine with no headache in it; like that of Japan, — the best, though not the most perfect, to be found anywhere. It has the variability that gives vigor, without the perpetual smile that makes Hawaii so depressing, if you outstay its first welcome. The soil is largely a wash from the mountains, and you hear nothing of the malaria which plays such mischief with the early settlers in the Mississippi Valley and in Africa.

Almost every New Zealander lives within sight of the mountains or the ocean, or both. The landscapes show long ranges and solitary giants, tipped with alpine glow; there are waterfalls everywhere, some of them among the finest in the world, luxuriant countryside, golden farms, lakes, geysers, volcanoes, forests with miles of pink, white, and red flowering trees in spring; and there are fiords of the sea threading their way around the feet of mountains crowned with glaciers and perpetual snow. The scenery is a synopsis of the best of Norway, Switzerland, Italy, and England, with occasional patches of the Desert of Sahara in the pumice country around the hot lakes.

New Zealand has the area, approximately, of Italy, but Italy has forty times its population of about 780,000, 40,000 of them Maoris. Australia is as large as the United States without Alaska, but has only a little more than one twentieth of our population, and only one ninety-fifth of that of Europe, which it equals in area, but in area only. We speak commonly of New Zealand and Australia as if they were in hail of each other; but New Zealand is half as far from Australia as America is from Europe, and they are stormy waters that guard those shores. He will need to be a bolder and more successful invader than Philip of Spain who proposes to land hostile troops on the coast of this Britain of the Pacific.

It is not so much the fashion as it used to be to interpret men and their institutions in the terms of their climate and soil; but if any people and any institutions are, and will be more and more, affected by these things, they are those of Australasia. This is especially true of New Zealand. Its isolation protects it from tidal waves of heat, cold, immigration, and invasion. The people are likely to remain what they are, the most homogeneous Anglo-Saxon blend there is anywhere, — English predominant, Scotch next, Irish third. There is practically no other blood; the foreigners and Maoris are too few to color the strain.

The Australasian commonwealths have, beyond doubt, the most harmonious constituency of any country of our race; and this has been one of the things to make possible reforms for which we in America have struggled so far in vain, with our mixed and antagonistic races.

There is a soil of wonderful fertility in New Zealand, but it lies in patches, in valleys, and between mountains and the sea. The eyes were easily picked out by the first comers. Great stretches are fit only for sheep and cattle, and only profitable when held in large blocks. This is just the environment for land monopoly, which soon took on an intense form, with serious consequences, economic and political. Immigration into New Zealand and Australia was hard for men, easy for money; and Anglo-Saxon people on such a soil, with Anglo-Saxon institutions, including the greatest of all, the government bond,

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could borrow all they could use. Hence, there is here, on a very small population, a very large debt, — larger in proportion than in any other country, even France. The climate of New Zealand has no extremes, and the people are most moderate in their temper and policies. The purpose one hears them most often avow is that they mean to have no millionaires or paupers, — a political rendition of Agur's "neither poverty nor riches." Their temperate climate is a democratic climate; for the more opportunities there are, the more need there is for democracy, which is the organization of opportunity for all.

New Zealand is made up of two large islands and some smaller ones, — like the mother country, — and race and situation are at work here, as Emerson saw them in England, making every islander himself an island; and as is always the way with islanders, these are growing to their home with heartstrings stronger than steel. Its policy of prosperity for all, instead of excess for a few, will prevent for many ages the appearance in New Zealand of any concentrated splendor to tempt the cupidity of enemies. It is too far from Australia for federation. No matter what improvements are made in ocean travel, it will always be five or six times as far from Europe to New Zealand as from Europe to America. Modern steamships and, alas, men-of-war are converting the Pacific into a mere Mediterranean, but a Mediterranean of a new civilization, — a sea to connect, not to divide, the awakening East and the advancing West; but New Zealand, unlike its mother country, is so much to one side of the world's great currents that it cannot become the clearing house of these movements of commerce and population, destined to be the greatest in history.

Australasia produces more wealth and spends more for every man, woman, and child than any other country, and New Zealand is the most prosperous of the seven colonies of Australasia. New Zealand has practically every resource for the support of life and the creation of wealth. It is a white man's country, if there ever was one, and the people fit the country, with much more than the European or the American average of energy, physique, intelligence, honesty, and industry. A tree falls in the forest, and in its roots is found a gold mine; a citizen digs a post hole, and cuts into a vein of coal forty feet thick. The most precious metal of all, iron, is found in abundant deposits, one of them in the Taranaki sands, of inexhaustible quantity, and so pure and rich that it has thus far defied reduction. There is flax, and there can be cotton whenever the people choose to grow it. There are no other traveling rugs so soft and warm as those made out of New Zealand wool. Electric power beyond calculation is going to waste in a thousand and one waterfalls and rapids. This exceeding bounty and beauty of the new home pull more strongly every day against the recall of the old home. All these physical circumstances make for "New Zealand for the New Zealanders," and New Zealanders for New Zealand. We can easily foresee the "lengthening chain" that holds these people to old England lengthening into invisibility.

Other forces than these of nature, and not unfamiliar to the student of the official Briton, were suggested in an incident which occurred while I was there. The Premier, the Hon. Richard J. Seddon, during the Samoan trouble, cabled to Mr. Chamberlain, Secretary for the Colonies, an offer of soldiers and a man-of-war. He could get neither acceptance nor acknowledgment, until, after more than patient waiting, he cabled again for one or the other. Many a New Zealander, none too loyal, grew less loyal still at this reminder of the crusted indifference of the "imperial" Englishman to any Englishman outside his set in London.

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The crow in New Zealand strikes as sweet a note as any heard in the woodland; the robin has no song and no red breast; the native hen is the greatest of rat-killers; there is a caterpillar which turns into a plant. These and some other productions of nature have done for New Zealand what the kangaroo and the ornithorhynchus have done for Australia, — given it the suggestion of oddity and the marvelous. Rabbits and sweetbrier, introduced for pleasure, spread like wildfire, and it is an attraction to be duly advertised, in the sale of land, that it has been cleared of sweetbrier and fenced against rabbits; and then later, the rabbit becomes a profit instead of a pest, and is exported by millions to feed the English.

There is something in the air which makes ideas, too, run, and not among men alone. A kea parrot, hungry or curious, tastes of a sheep lying derelict on one of the great grazing plains, and forthwith the whole tribe, hitherto irreproachably vegetarian, turns carnivorous; and not carnivorous alone, but epicurean. The kea finds that the kidney is the choice morsel, and that it is most to its taste when eaten from the living animal. Within our memory, the Maoris, on the contrary, have turned from cannibals into citizens and members of Parliament, and their women have changed from squaws to voters. The woods and plains of Africa and America were found by the natives and by new arrivals rich in game, but the New Zealand larder was empty when man came. The European in search of "somebody else's burden" to carry off has never encountered any other aborigines with the strength, bravery, and intelligence of the Maoris. They won recognition which no other aborigines have received. As property owners, voters, members of Parliament, and even members of the government, their rights are unquestioned. The Maori fought the white man so well for his land because he had had to fight nature so hard for his life. The lack of food, animal and vegetable, in primitive New Zealand developed this Maori out of the inferior Polynesian, and has thus left deep marks and beneficent ones on the social institutions of the country.

There are earthquakes and volcanoes in New Zealand, and some of the conservatives there number with them the progressive land tax, the graduated income tax, the labor legislation, and old-age pensions. The traveler sees in and out of museums many varieties of the wingless birds peculiar to New Zealand; and if he is a democratic traveler, he will think that not the least interesting among them are the capitalists, who have not taken flight, as it was predicted they would, if arbitration were made compulsory, and the great estates were "resumed" by the government and cut up into small farms for "closer settlement."

The secret of the democratic efflorescence of Australasia is the same as that of the new vigor shown there by European plants and animals. The secret is the same as that of the long step ahead of the mother country taken by New England, with its Puritans and Pilgrims. The wonderful propagative power of democratic ideas in Australasia is a fact of the same order as the miraculous multiplication of the European sweetbrier and rabbits introduced there. The old ideas and institutions, given a new chance in a new country, gain a new vigor. It is their new world. Hopes and purposes which had fossilized in the old country live again. When the holdback of custom, laws, and old families is removed, there is a leap forward as from a leash. What Australasia has been doing is only what England and the older countries have been slowly attempting to do. Paradoxically, too, this renaissance of democracy in Australasia is not the fruit of colonization by religious enthusiasts, or social reformers, or patriots choosing exile, but of coloniza-

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tion by plain, every-day, matter-of-fact Englishmen, thinking only of making a better living.

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The one new idea which the founders of New Zealand carried with them — and a very important one it was, and most interesting to Americans — was that which revolutionized the policy of England toward its colonies and gave them home rule. The political foundation of the present English colonial empire was laid by a man almost unknown to the general public, though a man of genius both in thought and in action, — Edward Gibbon Wakefield. Wakefield was the first Englishman to read and apply the lesson written for English statesmen between the lines of the American Revolution. He took the lead in the colonization of New Zealand, and secured for it and the other colonies of England the rights which have kept Canada, Australasia, and, so far, South Africa, for the home country, — the rights to have their own legislatures, to tax themselves, and to be free from all control, industrial or political, by the home government, except that a governor general sent from England represents the Crown, mainly as a figurehead. He makes speeches at the opening of Parliament, and gives state balls. The actual government is in the hands of a ministry on the English plan, responsible to the colonial Parliament alone. The only real power of the governor general is, like that of the Crown, the right of veto, and that, like the Crown, he practically never uses.

The Australasian people are not different from people elsewhere; they pursue their self-interests as others do, and have no more fondness for martyrdom than others have; but these English people found themselves in a place and in a time in which the English tendencies could run instead of crawl, and they ran. Of everything that has been done in Australasia the germs were stored in the older countries, — every one. In all the list of Australasian reforms, there is nothing bizarre, nothing out of line with the evolution in progress, even in monarchical countries; but it was the good fortune of the Australasians, and of us who can see that they are experimenting for the rest of the world, that they could make the history we sigh for, without making the revolutions for fear of which we do nothing but sigh. The importance of the work they are doing cannot be overestimated. In Australasia, the westward march of empire has reached around to the eastern point of beginning. Even the Maori is believed, by the best students of the Polynesians, to have originated in India, and when the white man arrived in Maoriland Aryan met Aryan. There waited the last piece of virgin soil on earth where the white race can spend its governing genius unhampered by climate, slavery, monarchy, vested rights and vested ruts, immigration, or the enervating seductions of power over subject races. As Englishmen admit that America, in its Revolution, saved English constitutional liberty, we can hope that the Australasians, in their extension and acceleration of reforms that are in the air everywhere, are saving the commonwealth of the whole world.

This Newest England is no Utopia, no paradise. That is self-evident from the fact that honest, industrious people can reach the age of sixty-five, after having been twenty-five years in New Zealand, and yet need an old-age pension. Both New Zealand and Australia are far behind England and the United States in the new municipal life which is the most promising thing in our politics. Trade-unionism there is still weak from the effects of the catastrophe in which it was overwhelmed by the defeat of the great strike of 1890. When I was in New Zealand, a representative body of workingmen would not order the names of their officers published, for fear it would make them "marked

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men" in the eyes of their masters. The press and the people are anxiously discussing the decrease of the birth rate, which, the inquirer learns, is certainly in part due to an economic pressure which makes people afraid to have children. Just now New Zealand is in a boom and everybody can get work, but it was only a few years ago that the reports of the secretary of labor were as gloomy reading as the statistics of any other country. The streets of the larger towns swarm at night with young men and women, who, unfortunately, are not unemployed, though their hands are idle. When the traveler reads the police reports of the principal Australasian cities, he feels as if he were at home in New York, London, or some other Babylon.

There is a sheep ring and there is a coal ring in New Zealand, — we would call them trusts; and there are indications of other combinations, — one in timber, and another against the sheep farmers, among the great meat-freezing exporters. There is not one of the new institutions, on trial to deal with land, labor, taxation, finance, and government industry, which is not lame somewhere, as any reporter who is not a rhapsodist must declare; but the experimenting has this superiority, that, though lame, "it still moves," and moves faster there than elsewhere.

New Zealand has reached no final "social solutions," and no New Zealanders, citizen or official, can be found who would pretend that it had. All they claim is that they have tried to find solutions, and they believe the fair-minded observer will declare that they are entitled to "report progress" to the rest of us. They are experimental. They know it and are proud of it, but they do not think that could be made a reproach against them by the political heirs of such experimenters as George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, and Samuel Adams.

The prudent portrait painter would not say that the New Zealanders are the most civilized, the most happy, the most prosperous people in the world; but they certainly are the least uncivilized, the least unhappy, the least disinherited. Danton's great political genius taught him to say of the laws and policies he proposed, not that they were good, but that they were "the least bad." There are no absolutely good governments or peoples; but some are not so bad as others, and for New Zealand it may be claimed that its government and people are "the least bad" this side of Mars.

Henry Demarest Lloyd.

WANTED, A CHAIR OF TENT-MAKING.

THE modern divinity school is not up to date. It is out of step with the age. It is still teaching theology, Hebrew and Greek, church history, homiletics, elocution, and here and there sociology. Strangely enough, it overlooks the most conspicuous and most urgent demand of our time. What is needed is a brand-new chair: call it a Chair of Tent-Making, for that is Pauline. The need is especially apparent in the Baptist and Congregationalist bodies, but even Presbyterianism and Episcopalianism would hail the new departure here proposed.

Unrest is everywhere, — fickleness, insincerity, criticism, short pastorates. Men now living easily remember the days when a pastorate was accounted a life position, and when, in a New Eng-

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land Congregational church, three pastorates might span a century. In some of the leading denominations, three years are now counted as about the average term of a pastorate.

Over against this class of facts place another class. The number of theological students in our great universities is steadily and rapidly declining, even while the universities themselves are rapidly growing in attendance, and while the number of churches in nearly all denominations is also growing. Universities which were founded primarily, if not solely, for the education of ministerial students, having existed for one or two centuries, and having grown to an attendance of 1000, 2000, and even 3000 students, count less than a score, sometimes less than a dozen candidates for the ministry in a class of 200 or 300. The Harvard catalogue recently issued shows 551 students in the law school, 560 in the medical school, and only 26 in the divinity school. Thus, in what used to be termed the three learned professions, there are 21 students in law and 21 in medicine to one in the ministry.

But Harvard is hardly a fair representative of New England orthodoxy. Let us turn to Yale. When President Dwight resigned, after an administration of extraordinary progress, it was announced that the single department which had declined during his term of service was the divinity school. At the end of the first century of Yale's history thirty-nine per cent of her graduates turned to the ministry; and the average for the entire century had been forty per cent. During the last decade of her second century the number of ministerial students is *seven per cent.* The decline has been comparatively steady, but most rapid during the past twenty years. Yet in law the decrease has been only from forty-two per cent to thirty-five per cent; and in medicine the percentage at the end of the century is precisely what it was at the beginning, namely, eight. Here are startling facts as related to the church and its ministry.

Is there any traceable relation between the two classes of facts already noted?

Let us be concrete. Here is a conscientious young man who feels impelled toward the ministry. But he is clear-eyed, and can read the signs of the times. He may say, and with reason: "At the point of adjustment of demand and supply between church and pastor, the economy of great denominations is breaking down. Under present conditions, no young man should enter the ministry of these communions without possessing some secular trade which will support him when he gets beyond midlife. Paul knew the art of tent-making, and worked at his trade with an enviable sense of independence when the heathen peoples would have none of him. But to-day I note: (1) that few men enter the theological seminary with a secular trade; (2) that none learn such there; (3) that multitudes of theological students, within twenty years, will have need of the trade which they have had no chance to acquire. Have I any right to give hostages to fortune; unfit myself for all lines of work except one; fling myself into that, with bridges burned behind me, knowing that at the caprice of any temper, or set of tempers, I and the hostages may be set adrift in a cold world, penniless, helpless, hopeless, branded with that fatal stigma in the ministry, 'Without charge'?"

It is a fact that the crime of embezzlement in a cashier or bookkeeper is hardly more fatal or more final than the misfortune of being "without charge" in the ministry. This the student well knows. He may also have the sagacity to discern that, though young to-day, the years will make him older.

This very week, the most prominent organ of one of the two largest denominations in the country prints an advertisement calling for an assistant pastor to a large city church. In this frank paragraph two cardinal points of qualifi-

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cation are mentioned: The man for the place must be already in a place. The man must be young.

Stand far off, you men who have sacrificed self and dearer selves to high ideals for sweet peace' sake, for love's sake, for Christ's sake; and have left your pastorates lest some root of bitterness springing up might excite tumult in the church of Christ. You we do not want. Give us the man who sticks to place and salary, no matter at what cost of spiritual integrity. His restive church may long have wished him out of it; but he has had the transcendent merit of having looked out for his own advantage, and he has held on. Such as he are eligible to the vacancy in the great city church, — eligible, that is, if young. If you have a few gray hairs, if you have been in the ministry long enough to know what not to do, there is no place for you here. You have learned patience, steadiness, effectiveness. Obviously, this is final. Sorry for you, but you were born a generation too late. Our age cannot use you. We want boys.

A man is a lawyer. At forty-five he is counted as just ready to enter upon the best period of a life of strenuous, telling service in his profession. Or he is a physician. We do not send for boys to trifle with us, in hours of grave physical crisis. Plunge into your arduous profession, young men, if you can; but do not be discouraged if the men of experience are chosen before you. It will take you years to win a foothold; but by the time you are forty, if you have the right stuff in you, you may be heard from. There are still thirty good years ahead of you; and riches and honor may increase.

A man is a banker, an editor, a manufacturer, a professor, a technician, a merchant. His youth may be full of promise, but the actual and cumulative strength of his powers shall reveal itself after he has passed the equator of life.

But a man is a minister of Christ. He has espoused the loftiest of callings. He has to do, not with men's perishable bodies, but with their immortal part. He is to speak to the human soul, — to interpret God, life, death, the eternal mystery. Surely this man must be no newcomer in the field of life. He must have dwelt long in the presence of the Deity. He must have studied ceaselessly and profoundly upon the truths of a divine revelation. So one would reason.

But what is the fact? An utter reversal of all the conditions of professional demand and usefulness; a denial of all the laws which elsewhere hold sway. Is this perchance the realm of faith, where the ripest reason is discarded? Experience, elsewhere the indispensable qualification, is in the ministry fast becoming a disqualification to any position of large influence. While we will not trust our bodies or our business in the hands of callow youth, to youth we insist upon intrusting the care of our spiritual being, the handling of the divine revelation, the building up of the body of Christ in the most holy faith.

Again, let us be concrete, exact, nice, definite. A promising student, fresh from the divinity school, will be allowed to try his apprentice hand on a church of moderate pretensions. If by any means he shall come into the public view in this pastorate, he will be in good repute and eligible to the larger churches for a period of about ten years, — from thirty to forty. From forty to fifty he is respectfully regarded as not wholly ineligible, but still at a disadvantage as compared with younger men, unless he has acquired an exceptional name, — such a name as is too often won by sensational success. From fifty to sixty his case is pitiable, unless he be fortunate enough to find some comfortable professorship or secretaryship, or some modest parish into which he can judiciously retire. From sixty to seventy he is superannuated.

This is to say that a man of good average ability, contemplating the ministry as a calling, and not aspiring to a

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place among the first twenty-five or thirty of his sect, may count in a general way on five years in which to make his name; ten years in which to maintain his rank; ten years in which he may hover on the borders of ministerial usefulness; and twenty indescribable years beyond the border of public usefulness, but this side the border of life.

Who shall say that it costs nothing of self-sacrifice to enter the ministry to-day? Grant that the truest men are readiest for self-sacrifice; but this is not that kind of sacrifice that appeals to heroic souls. Many a young man, full of noble purpose, would rather know that he must die at the close of the period when he could work according to the power which was working in him, than know that he must live on twenty or thirty years after the larger activities of his calling had ceased.

Who shall blame the young man if he draw back, believing he can better serve God and mankind in other professions, where he can do a man's work through a man's lifetime?

But here it is that the prudent, the politic father of the church steps in with his incontrovertible wisdom, and seeks to save the young man to the ministry by two axioms or maxims: (1.) A pastorate held is never to be relinquished until another is secured. (2.) A prominent pastorate, affording a comfortable income, should never be relinquished after the age of forty.

Ay di me, we sigh with Carlyle. Alas for the nobler ideals of youth, — the strange old paradox that the man shall lose his life to gain it, which the boy, in his boy's enthusiasm, has still dared to cherish! They pale and fail in this breath of wisdom. Yet some undaunted lad, who still believes nobly in truth, flushes hotly, shamed for his mentor, and says inwardly: —

> "Their higher instinct knew
> Those love her best who to themselves are true,
> And what they dare to dream of dare to do."

So he goes forth to meet "the world's slow stain." Will he "bring back at eve immaculate the manners of the morn"?

How shall we explain these singular conditions, — to be in demand in the ministry, one must be in a pastorate, and he must be young?

The explanation of the first condition is not difficult. It is found in the coarsely obvious consideration that the rank and file of men do not want a thing unless others want it, too; in the desire to bear away the prize which others covet; in the shallow conclusion that if a man were capable he would surely be at work. The consequence of this attitude on the part of churches reacts disastrously upon themselves, while the distress which it brings into the ministry is profound and far-reaching. By reason of it, many men stay on till the pastoral relation becomes sorely strained, till congregations are decimated, membership disintegrated, and faction rife; being too timid or too prudent to hazard an entrance into that realm of inoccupation from whose bourn so few return. Both pastor and people are embittered, humiliated, and harassed, perhaps through years.

The second condition indicated is more difficult to explain. Until these last times, the favorite pastoral figure in classic poetry and prose and in the popular imagination has been the venerable and saintly man, rich in years and in ripened graces. Why then this present passion for youth only in the ministry? Doubtless the rise and rule of young people's organizations have something to do with it. But is there not beyond that a certain subtle psychological consideration? The preponderance of women in our churches to-day is a fact too familiar to require comment. By the side of this put another fact, indisputable though unconsidered: that womankind is attracted by the romantic and the picturesque. The Hon. Mrs. Chapman, in a recent article in the Nineteenth Century, says, "Religion assuredly has its emotional

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and passionate side." Dimly perceived and acknowledged though they are, the mysterious links which connect the passionate and the religious nature are no less real. In short, the young clergyman appeals to the emotional, hero-worshiping side of human nature in a far greater degree than do his elders. It cannot be denied that the ardent, highly endowed youth, with his future all before him, untrammeled and undefined, stimulates the feminine imagination as the sober, middle-aged man of family never can do.

Another reason for the craving of churches for young clergymen in our age of unrest is this: the youth still believes in the impossible. He has not discovered the limitations to which older men have sadly adapted themselves. He stirs the hope anew that here at last, at the hands of this young knight, Apollyon is to receive that mortal thrust for which the whole creation has waited, groaning.

It will have been noted that the sects suffering most from the conditions under discussion are those which have no centralized system of church government; no body, as in the Methodist church, determining the relations of ministerial supply, no bishop, no synod. The Congregationalist and Baptist churches, eschewing all forms of hierarchical government, are the most truly American in their genius, of all sects; the most thoroughly liberal and democratic; the freest from politics, wire-pulling, and place-seeking. The great Methodist body, with its highly organized political system, frankly grasps this matter of pastoral adjustment with both hands, and regulates it with despotic authority. Among bodies of the Congregational order, such attempt at regulation would be promptly rejected. There still obtains, perhaps as a survival of a more pietistic age, a vague underlying notion that there exists an immediately supernatural and divine factor in ministerial adjustments. This conception is not unapostolic, but little emphasis is laid upon it in church business meetings at the end of the nineteenth century.

It will be seen, however, that, with this prepossession in mind, men are chary of anything like a fixed systematic business-like machinery for the supply of their pulpits; and, unhappily, we find in the sects named, and to some extent in others, a singularly accidental and undignified method of ministerial supply, which all condemn and nearly all employ. It is known by the objectionable phrase "the candidating system," and to it undoubtedly is due much of the existing confusion and disaster. This system involves a keen competitive contest among rival candidates for a pulpit. In this contest, the determining factor is commonly the immediate personal impression made by the preacher upon a critical congregation.

Here is a simple account of the working of this system in a recent authentic instance: The pastor of a leading church in one of our Western cities resigned. A committee was at once appointed to secure a list of eligible candidates for the pulpit soon to be vacant. When the pastor's work was closed, two months later, the committee held the names of a hundred aspirants for the vacant place. These names had come directly from the candidates themselves or from their influential friends. The men appeared in the pulpit in rapid succession. Naturally, the congregation soon became divided into numerous small factions. One was satisfied with the straightforward sturdiness of Paul; another could be fed on nothing but the eloquence of Apollos; while a third saw in the impetuous enthusiasm of Cephas the only hope of a downtown church. No one man could possibly be expected, on a single trial, to win the unqualified approval of all.

It is a fact that the strongest men in the ministry are often — yes, generally — the weakest candidates. They are frequently men of rough-hewn features; of quiet or reserved manner; not fluent, not flattering; with careworn faces and ges-

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tures ungraceful; inapt at making the pulpit a stage for the display of personal advantages; ill at ease, because all the manhood in them is in revolt at the humiliation to which, by force of circumstance, they submit. The successful candidate, the man who easily secures calls, is of quite another sort.

In the case of the church in question, one of the latter class at last appeared. The new man was tall and graceful in figure, irreproachable in person and attire. He was perfect in his self-confidence and poise; amazing in fluency; flattering in conversation, especially with women; and bowed his well-shaped head in tender reverence before the elders. Above all, he was young. With easy grace he mentioned to the committee the call which he had just received to a metropolitan pulpit; he would doubtless accept it within the week, but really longed for a less exacting field, etc.

The result can readily be guessed. It was not necessary to inquire into the nature of his work elsewhere, for his frequent allusion to his intimate friends of high repute in the denomination was sufficient guarantee. The matter must be decided at once, or the opportunity would be lost. The committee and church, alike desperate and worn out, could find no fault with this man. He was called at once. Sheer exhaustion was responsible for the call, and the visitor's shrewd art was responsible for the reckless haste. In two weeks the church had for its pastor a weak, frivolous man, a clerical adventurer; and in two months the church was filled with confusion and dismay.

The pastorate was soon over, of course, but the penalty of folly is not yet fully paid. Among the men who had been heard and rejected were not a few of high spiritual quality, intellectual power, and proved wisdom. But they could not show all these qualities in the service of a single Sunday, and they would have scorned to attempt it. The young man who was called could easily show all his qualifications in one service.

This is a typical case, but it is by no means asserted that the system now in vogue always results so badly. It is mitigated by the efforts of sagacious men, who bring forward no candidate until his past record is thoroughly known. But even so, the danger of division and discord in the church is not averted.

Here, now, is the other side: The preacher is a man, say, in the forties, at his best physically, intellectually, spiritually, full of executive force and ability. He has a half dozen children. For ten, fifteen years he has held a prominent pastorate, and has done strong work in it. But, under the restless spirit of the age, his congregation begins to long for a new voice and novel methods. A man who appeals to the craving for sensational preaching comes into his neighborhood. His congregations diminish. His people love their pastor, but they become uneasy. He learns the fact; fears to bring dissension into the church that he loves; and, with fine disregard of all personal interest, and with the spirit which impels a man

> "Just to scorn the consequence,
> And just to do the thing,"

resigns, without awaiting or looking for a call elsewhere.

For some months he is able to live and to support his family on what has been laid aside for such an emergency. Believing that his own shall come to him, he scorns to advertise himself, or to enter his name as a competitor in the mad race for empty pulpits. He has the vague sense of the supernatural agency in these matters. When he resigned, a theological professor said to him, "Don't you know what a risk you are running?" He knew something of the "risk." Had he known it all, he might have chosen no different course. He preaches here and there, but always finds that other men have been heard before him or are to be heard after him, and that the church is

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not ready to reach a decision. When the calls are extended, he notices that they go to younger men, and generally to men who have won immediate and showy results by artificial methods. He perceives that what is wanted is, not wise leadership of a church, but short cuts to large congregations. A few months of this, and the preacher suddenly awakens to find that he is no longer sought by pulpit committees. His name is no longer considered, because he has been out of a pastorate for several months.

Now to his tent-making, or to the piteous humiliation of a man without a life work, with his family scattered, the plans for his children's education unrealized, his self-respect tortured, his heart broken. In the battle of life, the brave man and the true has lost the day. He is accounted a failure at the very hour when he has reached the full height of his capacity and power. What a pathetic anomaly! "What shipwreck!" men say. Yet who shall affirm that he has not pursued the only manly and unselfish course, fatal though the result has been to himself and his own? This bit of biography is continually being written in the ministry to-day.

It will not do, however, to overlook the fact that the beginning of existing conditions is to be found in the general and increasing restlessness among pastors as well as among congregations. Here is a force which acts and reacts. The church cultivates rather than represses its own craving for variety, novelty, excitement, change. The church becomes restless, and the pastor is quick to feel it. If his is a fine-spirited, sensitive nature, his position grows increasingly embarrassing, and he is tempted to seize any means which will secure swift release, even though it may involve compromise of his principles and a lowering of self-respect. Or, on the other hand, the pastor himself is restless, aspiring to a prominent position (this possibility must be admitted), a place-seeker. To such a man the practice of preaching before various churches is not without a piquant, personal stimulus. He is by no means averse to it.

But from whatever cause, short pastorates have become the order of the day. A man knowing that his time is brief is sorely tempted to turn his energies toward the production of showy results, and thus to attract the attention of pulpit committees. Here is in part the explanation of a growing tendency to factitious methods in the ministry.

Thus, at the end of the century, there is an ominous combination of causes working to the weakening of the moral fibre of the ministry and to the deterioration of the highest of callings. At the same time all the standards of the church are being brought low.

What can be done? Is the Chair of Tent-Making inevitable, or can the Christian ministry yet be made a vocation for life?

Alfred Brown, Layman.

THE SEVEN SEAS AND THE RUBÁIYÁT.

Some months ago, a London editor was rash enough to wager that no paragraph on Kipling or Fitzgerald should appear in his journal during a stated time, — and needless to add, he lost the bet in the very next issue. This endless flux of gossip about two chosen names, with here and there a word of serious criticism smuggled in, is indeed one of the curiosities of our modern literary weeklies; and the peculiarity of it all is enhanced by the fact that two

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authors could scarcely be selected from the body of English literature more opposed to each other in style and intention.

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Apart from this journalistic notoriety, none of our poets, not even Byron, has enjoyed just the kind of popularity which Kipling has achieved. Other poets have received equal or greater honor from the cultured public, but our new Anglo-Saxon bard appeals with like force to the scholarly and to the illiterate; his speech has become, as it were, the voice of the people. Mr. William Archer, in his American Jottings, gives an apt illustration of this. On leaving his steamer Mr. Archer "jumped on the platform of a horse car on West Street," and was accosted by the conductor as follows: "'I s'pose you 've heard that Kipling has been very ill? . . . He 's pulling through now, though. . . . He ought to be the next Poet Laureate. . . . He don't follow no beaten tracks. He cuts a road for himself every time, right through; an' a mighty good road, too!'"

The fame of the Rubáiyát is of a different sort altogether, yet not less real in its own sphere. One of our ambassadors, himself a devotee of the "Suffolk dreamer," has related how he heard a stanza of the poem quoted in a far-away mining camp; and I have read of a society of enthusiasts in England, who, with roses garlanding their brows, meet together and dine in honor of their prophet. Very few poems, perhaps no poem of its length, have had so marked an effect on writers of a certain class; and the homage paid to this jewel among translations is strikingly manifested by the number of aspirants — including Mr. Le Gallienne, it may be observed, one of Kipling's few literary foes — who have tried, and are still trying, to do the work over again more to their own taste, eager apparently to win renown by gilding refined gold.

The interest taken in these two authors is, in fact, so persistent and extraordinary that it might seem as if the *corpus vulgatum* of our poetry were destined to shrink within these narrow limits; and it is a timely question to consider what strange fatality has yoked together in notoriety this ill-assorted couple, and what their fame signifies to us in our racial development.

The cause of Kipling's popularity is not far to seek. For many years the Anglo-Saxon people, in their ever growing self-consciousness, have been waiting for some poet to formulate their experiences and needs, and have not been slow to express open dissatisfaction with otherwise accredited singers. Tennyson dwelt for them in a world of shadowy idealism; he had no sympathy with the democratic movement; he lapsed in his latter days into a spirit of pantheistic mysticism especially abhorrent to the straightforward Briton. Browning, as R. H. Hutton has observed, was interested chiefly in that subtle line of demarcation between the worlds of sense and faith which finds its problems and symbolism in the Roman Church, — and nothing so disturbs the stolid Philistine as this confusing of the real and the unreal; furthermore, Browning was obscure. Longfellow sang with exquisite grace the virtues and aspirations of the home-loving people, but failed to voice its rude conquering temper out of doors. Matthew Arnold chose for himself a region of sublimated doubt and faith, interesting enough to Oxford, but incomprehensible to the larger public. Each and all of these poets had of necessity strong traits of the Anglo-Saxon character, but they missed its dominant chord, and so remained more or less isolated in the realm of pure art.

For this reason, we can understand the acclaim with which a poet has been received who actually sings in stirring rhythm the instincts of the people. And in truth, both the virtues and the defects of Kipling are such as to render him a popular idol. One cannot easily imagine

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to himself a car conductor enthusiastic over Milton or Spenser or Shakespeare as a poet to be read: these luminaries dwell in a region beyond his comprehension. Yet if Kipling fails to strike the highest note, the reception given him by such critics as Professor Norton proves that he too, in his own way, is a true artist, and no mountebank of the cross-roads.

Probably, what first impresses every one, on reading The Seven Seas, — and the idea comes with peculiar emphasis just now, — is the imperialistic temper of the poet; his earnest conviction that the English race, "the Sons of the Blood," are destined to sweep over the earth and fulfill the law of order and civilization. "After the use of the English, in straight-flung words and few," he has sung his stave of victory so lustily that the hearts of the toilers in the fields and of the "dreamers, dreaming greatly, in the man-stifled town," have leaped in response to his call. So great is the influence of hymns like the Recessional and The White Man's Burden that to his fame as a poet has been added something of the authority of a statesman; he has made himself, as no other poet before him, *accepti pars imperii.* His sympathy with the impulse toward expansion and his penetration into the hidden causes of ferment are written large in his Song of the English. He sees in the forward movement no ministerial programme or prudential wisdom, such as guides the rulers of Germany and France to fortify their empire by seizing new lands, but an inevitable instinct of the people, driving them out to subdue and possess.

"Came the Whisper, came the Vision, came the Power with the Need,
Till the Soul that is not man's soul was lent us to lead.
As the deer breaks — as the steer breaks — from the herd where they graze,
In the faith of little children we went on our ways."

But there is another and a deeper instinct of the Anglo-Saxon race than the impulse to expand and absorb. With the power of conquest they carry everywhere the law of order and obedience.

"The 'eathen in 'is blindness bows down to wood an' stone;
'E don't obey no orders unless they is 'is own;
'E keeps 'is side-arms awful: 'e leaves 'em all about,
An' then comes up the regiment an' pokes the 'eathen out,"

sings Tommy Atkins in his vigorous barrack-room idiom; and he is right. It is the sense of life as a vast complicated organization, in which every member must play his part bravely and uncomplainingly in subjection to the whole; it is the hearkening to "Law, Orrder, Duty an' Restraint, Obedience, Discipline!" so eloquently ascribed by Mister McAndrews to his beloved "seven thousand horse-power," that drives the race irresistibly to its goal. There may be, indeed there are, a few left, even in England, who are not "damned ijjits," and who still think something of the old romance at sea is spoiled by steam; who feel that in some way the fairer and richer flower of life is crushed out by the grinding of mill wheels, and that there is a deeper joy of philosophy than can come to a man driven ruthlessly and restlessly by his own invented machine. But the truth remains that the civilization of the day is a product of iron and steam, and that victory belongs to those who are strong to adapt themselves to the new demands. Our late war with Spain was sufficient proof of this.

Is it strange, therefore, that the people of England and America, in these days of unsettled ideals, should be genuinely thrilled by the clarion notes of a poet who sings of the courage and discipline of the men behind the "reeking tube" with the vigor and truth, if not with the grace, of Homer's glorification of the ancient bronze-clad heroes; who sees in one of the masterful inventions of commerce a mystical Power carrying salu-

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tations and warnings "o'er the waste of the ultimate slime," and whispering its message of union to worlds dissevered by the sea; who has brought together, and in a way spiritualized, all the "miracles" of a materialistic age for the celebration of his love; who has discovered in the despised banjo, that can "travel with the cooking-pots and pails," a true successor of the heroic lyre, and has heard from this "Prophet of the Utterly Absurd" a divine song crying to the dweller in wild places: —

"By the wisdom of the centuries I speak —
To the tune of yestermorn I set the truth —
I, the joy of life unquestioned — I, the Greek —
I, the everlasting Wonder Song of Youth!" —

is it strange that such a singer should appeal to the busy brood of the old "Sea-wife" with something more than the force of a mere lover of beauty and maker of pretty verses? The eyes even of the dullest are opened, and from the midst of his homely surroundings he seems to see arise in the purity of unsoiled loveliness the vision of the True Romance: —

"A veil to draw 'twixt God His Law
And Man's infirmity,
A shadow kind to dumb and blind
The shambles where we die."

But there is a still higher reach in Kipling than this glorification of a prosaic civilization and lauding of the militant character. At its best, his sense of order and obedience rises into a pure feeling for righteousness that reminds one of the ancient Hebrew prophets. There is in him something of the stern Calvinistic temper of his own McAndrews brooding over a world in which the active and mechanical virtues fulfill their mission under the law of "interdependence absolute, foreseen, ordained, decreed." We shall not soon outlive the impression produced on the Anglo-Saxon heart by those unexpected words, "Lest we forget, lest we forget!" Amid the empty jubilation of a thoughtless optimism, the mind was suddenly brought to recoil upon itself, and ask what higher destiny was ruling in the affairs of men. The Anglo-Saxon race more than any other has retained the real temper of Hebraism, the worship of a force, dwelling apart, yet human in its limitations, that shapes the activities of the world to its own end. Jehovah, the Lord of righteousness, is still England's God, and nowhere else is the religion of the land better expressed than in the Hymn before Action: —

"The earth is full of anger,
The seas are dark with wrath,
The Nations in their harness
Go up against our path:
Ere yet we loose the legions —
Ere yet we draw the blade,
Jehovah of the Thunders,
Lord God of Battles, aid!"

When to Kipling's instinctive utterance of the popular needs are added his wit and dramatic power, his skill in telling a story, his pulsating language and sturdy rhythms, it is easy to understand his immense vogue. The limitations which debar him from ranking with the truly great poets of England and the world are again inherent in the people for whom he writes, — limitations which the master singers were able to transcend, while still retaining the strength of the national character.

It is one of the ironical whims of Fate that the man who stands preëminently for the Anglo-Saxon and Hebraic temperament should have been born in India, the land furthest removed from it of all the world. Righteousness that rules in the hurly-burly of a contentious life, he knows and celebrates; but of that other spirit that turns from the passion and toil of existence as from a wasteful illusion, and whose eyes are set on solitude and a triumph of peace beyond earthly victories, there is in Kipling hardly a breath. I know that a poet is not called to be a mystic, that his office is not that of a Hindu Rishi or mediæval

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Thomas à Kempis. There must be about him always something of that union of *l'illusion et la sagesse* which to Joubert seemed the essence of art. Yet poetry, to accomplish its nobler mission, must both evoke and lay the passions. Through the din of personal struggle and personal emotions must break at times the voice of something deeper within us, calling us to rest. In the clash of worldly ambitions, it happens now and then to a man to pause, while a feeling of unreality comes over him; and for a moment he knows that his concern in the drama about him is purely fictitious, and that there is in him a witness looking down with disdain on the strutting part he plays. No man ever achieved anything really great in this world without these moments of deeper insight, and without a certain contemptuous indifference to his own fate. No poet ever causes the hearts of his hearers to expand with the larger joy who does not lift the veil occasionally and destroy the illusion he is himself creating.

So at times, in Homer, the ten years of calamity about Ilium seem filled with the warfare of shadows.

> "Thus the gods fated, and such ruin wove,
> That song might flourish for posterity,"

he sings, as if the wrath of Achilles and the passion of Hector were no more than the phantasmagoria of a dream. Both Achilles and Hector fight ever with the sure knowledge of death upon them; and in the last book of the Odyssey, which is certainly added as a summing up and conclusion for both poems, the stalwart heroes who led the tumult of war now move before us as shadows, whose futile life is but a mockery of their former strenuous deeds. Virgil makes the plot of his epic revolve about the dim pantheistical scenes of the sixth canto, where all that precedes and all that is to follow arise in vision, like figures beheld through the uncertain light of the moon. Throughout the poem the mind is continually startled by phrases filled with a strange mystical glamour. "Dabit deus his quoque finem!" cries Æneas, and we feel always that there is a fate akin to the peace of death brooding over the actions and guiding them to their end. Nor is Shakespeare different in this respect from the masters of antiquity. Who can forget the sensation of sudden liberty and enlargement that came to him, as if some new chamber of thought or windows of wider outlook were opened to his mind, when, after the storm of passion and ambition in Macbeth, the fated victim calls out, on hearing of the queen's death: —

> "She should have died hereafter;
> There would have been a time for such a word.
> To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
> Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
> To the last syllable of recorded time;
> And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
> The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
> Life 's but a walking shadow, a poor player
> That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
> And then is heard no more: it is a tale
> Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
> Signifying nothing."

So essential is this higher element of poetry that, at the risk of seeming to countenance a vapid mysticism, I transcribe here a paragraph from one who has recently taken upon himself the profession of Seer. "It is not," writes Maeterlinck in Le Trésor des Humbles, "the acts, but the words, that carry the beauty and grandeur of high tragedy; nor yet is this beauty to be found in the words that accompany and explain the acts. There must be something above and 'beyond the dialogue demanded by the events. . . . By the side of the indispensable dialogue there runs almost always another dialogue that at first seems superfluous; yet look more closely, and you will see that to this alone the soul listens attentively, because only here is the soul addressed; and you will further observe that the quality and extent of this unnecessary dialogue are what really determine the character and inner

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power of the work. . . . The mysterious and haunting beauty of true tragedy is found in the words that are spoken by the side of the strict and apparent truth, — in the words that conform to a truth profounder and incomparably nearer the invisible soul that breathes through the poem."

I am far from sustaining any theory which would substitute the pseudo-mystical dramas of Maeterlinck for the ballads of Kipling. Yet one must confess that he misses in Kipling just this added touch of something deeper than what first meets the ear, and that, missing this, he comes away unsatisfied. We hear Kipling constantly praised for his virility and out-of-doors freedom; and this is well. But Homer and Shakespeare, no poets of the closet certainly, were able to combine this liberty with the insight of a profounder spirituality. Our new bard is lauded also for his loyalty to the present; and this too is well. Yet Byron found it possible to speak for his own age, and at the same time absorb all that was memorable in the past. In Childe Harold's reflections on Italy and other scenes of former grandeur, we enjoy the same largeness of release from the fretful constraints of circumstance which in Virgil comes to us from his pensive brooding over fate. One may indeed question whether any writer so little formed by the traditions of the past as Kipling can, in this day of inherited wisdom, escape the charge of crudeness.

An attentive study of the examples quoted in Matthew Arnold's Essay on Poetry might lead one to call this defect in Kipling a lack of the "high seriousness" which that critic adopts as a touchstone of the great style; but the term at least demands definition. Seriousness, if understood as a quality of the emotions, cannot be denied to the author of The Seven Seas; it is in fact a marked and distinguishing trait of the Anglo-Saxon race. Nor is the defect due to any weakness of the intellect. The world was never more ready than at the present hour to expend its intellectual force on social or artistic problems; it revels in labor of the sort. As a matter of fact, the peculiarity of his vocabulary and the continual looseness of his grammar, even apart from the vitality of his thought, render Kipling one of the harder poets to read, yet they in no way detract from his popularity.

The fault lies in another and more essential faculty, — the will; and here again there is need of careful analysis. Any one who looks deeply into his own heart must recognize there two distinct principles governing his life, — the will to act, and, let us not say the will to renounce, for fear of misinterpretation, but rather the *will to refrain;* and on the right understanding of these two faculties depends largely our insight into much that is best and much that is worst in literature. Now no one can read a page of The Seven Seas without being struck by its splendid virility: the book is in this respect a faithful reflection of the restless energy impelling the race, by fair means or foul, to overrun and subdue the globe. But in that other and higher will, the will to refrain, the Anglo-Saxons are, and have always been, singularly deficient. To this deficiency must be attributed both the lack of any genuine mystical literature in England, and the comparative freedom from decadence, — phenomena which indeed the true Briton finds it difficult even to distinguish one from the other. In fact, much of the confusion of mind in regard to genius and degeneracy, spread abroad over the world by such writers as Lombroso and Max Nordau, is due to the same imperfect analysis. Let the active individual will be weakened by immorality or whatever cause, and there often arises a dissolution of the personality into a flaccid dream state, which the ordinary observer associates with mysticism, but which is in reality the very opposite of that. Out of the deliquescence

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of character and loosening of the grip on things actual, such as may be seen in Paul Verlaine and Maeterlinck, springs a sham spirituality that wraps itself in the allurements of the senses. Quite different from this is the mysticism of an Emerson or a Juan de la Cruz or a Plato, where in a strong character the higher will to refrain holds the lower will as a slave subservient to its purpose. The one is the defalcation of the will altogether; the other is the subjection of the lower will to the higher, an exercise of the function which Emerson, quoting I know not what Eastern source, calls the "inner check." The one is but a bewildering illusion; the other is the truest disillusion. I would repeat that the poet is not called to be a mystic, — the sensuous element must always be too predominant in his work for that; and yet only by comparison with genuine mysticism can the recurring note of disillusion in the greater poets be explained. It was probably the voice of this higher personality heard in Dante that led Matthew Arnold to quote his

"In la sua voluntade è nostra pace"

as an illustration of "high seriousness" in verse.

Kipling is indeed serious, with the strength of his Hebraic spirit; but the general absence of this will to refrain in his work, although it may add to his popularity among a people of restless, shallow energy, must effectually seclude him from the band of *sacri vates*. I remember the shock of surprise that came to me when, on first reading The Seven Seas, I met the lines,

"For to possess in loneliness,
The joy of all the earth;"

so incongruous did the words appear with the bustling spirit of the book as a whole. For the moment I seemed to be rapt away from the society of Tommy Atkins and Mister McAndrews to the region from which the inspired poets of old spoke to us. Had Kipling written more in this vein, he would have escaped the charge of superficiality.

But something is required of the reader as well as of the poet. We are accustomed to say that great literature can never be really popular, because the masses have not intelligence to appreciate it; and this is partly true. But, besides intelligence, there is needed a distinct effort of the will to put aside the importunate claims of the hour, and to raise ourselves to the realm of ideas; and never before in the history of the world, perhaps, was this higher will more lacking than at the present day. We surrender ourselves to trivial literature or go into rhapsodies over verse like Kipling's, because we shrink from calling into exercise this faculty of the will to refrain. After all, may it not be that Kipling has given us the best we are capable of comprehending? "Do you think that a spirit full of lofty thoughts, and privileged to contemplate all time and all existence, can possibly attach any great importance to this life?" asks Plato; and the reverse holds equally well: How can a generation so absorbed in material prosperity be seriously interested in the contemplation of ideal truth?

But there is another defect in Kipling, which, however, at the last analysis, is closely akin to this lack of true insight: I mean that seeking after beauty as an end in itself, as an instinct of supreme joy such as inspired the opening lines of Keats' Endymion. In its highest manifestation, this element of beauty is but the expression of an inner harmony of the faculties depending on the same will to refrain; it is the law of the Delphian Apollo, *Nothing too much*, working itself out in perfect proportion of thought and form. Even in its lower manifestation, in the love of mere beauty of detail as displayed by the Romantic writers, there must still remain something of the power to withdraw the mind from the immediate uses of things, and

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read into them a higher significance. Of this love of pure beauty there is singularly little in Kipling in comparison with the force and breadth of his genius. His most ardent admirers would probably be surprised to find how few passages of real loveliness they could recall from his poems; and it is no doubt this deficiency that inspires Kipling's enemies — and even he has enemies — to speak so contemptuously of his work.

I have attempted thus far to show how the poetry of The Seven Seas reflects both the dominant strength and the deficiencies of the Anglo-Saxon temper; there is a curious interest in comparing with it another volume of almost equal popularity, in which all that is un-English might seem to have come to flower. Within the body of the people has sprung up, of late years, a small circle of men to whom the restless activity of the race is distinctly repellent: they are quietists and worshipers of pure beauty. The movement began with the pre-raphaelites, who sought in mediæval Italy all that was wanting in the England about them, and has grown to include an ever increasing band of malcontents. For the very reason that they are cut off from the broader sympathies with actual life, there is something inefficient in their work, something very fair and fragile, which we are wont to stigmatize as effeminate or dilettante. Beauty and form are indeed the feminine elements of genius, which, as has been often observed, must embrace both the masculine and feminine principles to accomplish its best results. But alone and unsupported by the virility of thought and action, the love of beauty has always a tendency to become effeminate and inefficient. It is just this flower-like grace, apart from any sturdier character, that appeals to the group of dilettantes, in Fitzgerald's translation of the Rubáiyát. English poetry contains nothing more exquisitely lovely than such stanzas as this: —

> "Earth could not answer; nor the Seas that mourn
> In flowing Purple, of their Lord forlorn;
> Nor rolling Heaven, with all his Signs reveal'd
> And hidden by the sleeve of Night and Morn."

There is in such writing all the curious felicity of Horace, to whom Fitzgerald is often likened; but it must be added that there is also a complete absence of the manly tone of Horace, and of his shrewd reflection on life, which have made him the friendly mentor of the centuries.

It might seem at first as if the Rubáiyát would attract this small coterie alone, were it not further true that there is a touch of the dilettante inherent in the whole race. The very fact that a person has little appreciation of harmony and beauty in their higher manifestation leads him to make a sharp distinction in his taste between what appeals to the reason or dominant emotions and what, under the designation of beauty, is a mere titillation of the fancy. This divorce between the reason and the imagination, due to an original defect of temperament in the race, has been so widened by the exigencies of modern life that any real synthesis of the powers has become almost impossible. Unwholesome and irrational as it is, the division has entered even into our scheme of education, and in our universities we now see the classical and modern language faculties separated into semi-hostile groups of pure philologians on the one side, and shallow dabblers in literature on the other; and so impossible is any mediating ground between the two that even when the scholar, who looks down so contemptuously on the æsthetes, himself turns by any chance to notice literature, we see him fall into the same trifling attitude. Our libraries are flooded with works that have no style or form on the one hand, and with books of style that have no substance on the other. And to this same division is due the almost

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equal popularity of authors so diametrically opposed as Kipling and Fitzgerald.

But our English Omar has another claim on our attention besides this mere verbal grace: his work possesses a genuine psychological interest in so far as it reflects a peculiar mood of the day. The band of dilettantes to whom his felicities of style appeal so strongly represent also a marked reaction against the predominance of Anglo-Saxon ideals. To a few men has come an inner awakening after the despotism of the recent scientific period, and a weariness born of enthusiasm that has failed to carry the mind beyond its own restricted circle. Religious faith in the old formulas of salvation has been weighed and rejected by the scientific spirit, of which Renan in France and Huxley in England made themselves the spokesmen. But in the end the new faith has been found no more enlarging and no less dogmatic than the old; and to some the whirl and stress of mechanical progress seem to have taken from life all that was truly worth possessing. Even the mass of the Anglo-Saxon people, whose strenuous, unreflecting minds accepted the doctrine of material advance most eagerly, have begun at last to question blindly their own enthusiasm. The exultant words of a Kipling still draw them with the force of inspiration, but in their hours of relaxation they can listen to another voice that tells of indifference and repose. Out of the ruin of past ideals no new vision of human duty has grown as yet, and no poet has arisen to stir the heart to higher aspirations. Only we listen in our uncertainty to this prophet of disillusion and doubt: —

"Alike for those who for To-day prepare,
And those that after some To-morrow stare,
A Muezzin from the Tower of Darkness cries,
'Fools, your Reward is neither Here nor There.'"

The Rubáiyát has often been compared with the Epicurean tone of the De Rerum Natura, and there is no doubt a superficial resemblance. "This too I have seen: how that men recline at table cup in hand, and shadow their brows with garlands, and how they cry out from the depth of their heart, 'Brief is this joy for feeble men; even now it has been, and never again shall we call it to return,'" — sang Lucretius to the Romans; and to-day we read in English verse: —

"Then to the Lip of this poor earthen Urn
I lean'd, the Secret of my Life to learn:
And Lip to Lip it murmur'd — 'While you live,
Drink! — for, once dead, you never shall return.'"

Yet in spirit the two poems are utterly at variance. The work of Lucretius is but a new faith of philosophy, the *dux vitæ Philosophia*, calling to men to put away their vain, disturbing superstitions, and to conquer for themselves a better and surer peace in strenuous thought; it is at the last the utterance of the will to refrain speaking with all the stress of the Roman character. Lucretius would have been the first to repudiate the indifferentism of the Persian: —

"Perplext no more with Human or Divine,
To-morrow's tangle to the winds resign,
And lose your fingers in the tresses of
The Cypress-slender Minister of Wine."

The stanzas of the Rubáiyát announce the surrender of the will altogether; they speak the creed of defeat, and have little in common with the mysticism — if I may use that ambiguous word — of the great poets of England and antiquity.

We have still to await the coming of the true poet, who shall unite the virility of Kipling and the graceful charm of Omar with yet a deeper note of insight into spiritual truth than has been vouchsafed to either. In the meanwhile, we cannot but admire the strange fatality that has linked together the restless rover of the seven seas and the gentle "Suffolk dreamer" in their fellowship of fame.

Paul Elmer More.

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THE FORTUNE OF A DAY.

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SOME one touched Beppe's arm, in the gray dawn, and he awoke with a start from dozing against Rosellina's flank, and mechanically lifted his hat while glancing about for the "fare" who had disturbed his slumbers. Then his eye fell upon Margherita, and he started again, and his heart began to thump against the shabby coat.

"Per Bacco! little one, — you, so early? What do you want?"

"To go down there," answered Margherita firmly, pointing in the direction of the valley. "To see the world."

"Per Bacco!"

Beppe was too astonished to say more. He looked at the little figure before him, resting upon its crutch, and he — who knew Margherita best of all — hardly recognized her. Above the festa gown and the pale-rose-colored kerchief her face showed white with its startling determination.

"Has some one then left you a fortune, Margherita?" he asked, with not unkindly irony.

"Yes; the signora who made the picture of me. She paid me last night, — twenty whole francs, — and I made up my mind then to see the world."

Beppe was silent again in sheer astonishment. Such a thing had never happened before in all the years he had driven cabs up and down the hills. He always knew Margherita was not like the others, — ah no; but that such an idea as this should come to even Margherita's head was beyond belief.

"Child," he said roughly, "money is fire and food next winter, and you have not too much of either, and the straw work getting worse every day."

"I shall be hungry and cold, anyway, when it is gone; but if I could see once — just once — what it is like down there, I should have that to remember always."

Beppe slipped the feed bag off Rosellina's nose.

"Jump in," he said gruffly. "Hand me the crutch; up with you." He gathered the reins and mounted to his own seat. "Are you ready?"

Margherita nodded. She sat bolt upright, with her crutch beside her, and the color blazing and fading in her cheeks.

"Believe me," muttered Beppe, "that signora was no fool; there are not two pairs of eyes like those in Tuscany."

Margherita breathed in gasps, as the carriage rolled down the winding way. She had never been beyond the Piazza. There were old men and women in the commune who had never been farther. With Margherita's back walking was impossible, and certainly nobody else ever dreamed of deliberately paying out good money to drive anywhere; that belonged to foreigners and the signori. In the wonder of it, Beppe left the way to Rosellina, who could be trusted to know it, and turned sideways on his seat.

"Up there, — what do they say to this?"

"They do not know. I slipped out very, very softly, so that no one heard."

Beppe whistled.

"What! you are doing it under the plate? But whatever put it into your head, little one, to see the world?"

Margherita's cheek burned redder.

"I have heard it is so beautiful. Costanza went once to the Carnival, — and there is no one to take me, like Costanza. I did want to see" —

Beppe coughed two or three times, and moved uneasily on the seat.

"If I had known, Margheritina, I would have taken you. But you are such a quiet little one, who could know you had all that in your head?"

"Cesare says on festas it is a paradise," breathed Margherita softly, her

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dreamy eyes gazing as if she already beheld it.

This time Beppe's cheek reddened, and he frowned.

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"Cesare! It is that good-for-nothing, then, who puts ideas in your head. Not that I say anything against seeing the world a little." He straightened himself and looked important. "I have seen it myself in my day. I was never one of those who think Fiesole is all the good God made. But that Cesare is too handsome to do any good. He and Costanza will make a fine pair."

"He danced only once with her at the fair." Margherita spoke very low, while her slight hands gripped the crutch as if they would dent it.

"Chè, chè! one does not waste money on maids for nothing. I myself heard her ask him to bring her some beads from the city, and he laughed and never refused. Altro," — he shrugged his shoulders, — "we won't quarrel over the lad; leave that to the girls," and he began to hum an air with great indifference.

They rode in semi-silence down the historic way, winding between the walls of stately villas and gardens, over which fragmentary marbles peered, — nymphs and goddesses and gods. Beppe knew little of these stone pages of history, but Margherita knew nothing. Seventeen years comprised all her past, and the future stretched before her exactly like unto it, — a future of interminable straw-plaiting in the doorway of the same little house beyond high Fiesole, with the same struggle summer and winter to keep food in the mouth, shoes on the feet, and a drop of oil in the lamp, to plait more straw by. But this day was hers.

They were already at the foot of the hill, following the slender ribbon of the Mugnone. All at once Beppe drew up his reins and halted Rosellina.

"Listen! Do you hear that, Margherita?"

A sound of many mingled sounds, as strange as the voice of the sea to inland ears, thrilled through Margherita's veins.

"That is the world." He straightened his shabby hat, and, flourishing his whip, started Rosellina into an ungainly canter. Margherita had a dizzy vision of many houses, carriages, horses, and people, as the cab clattered through the barrier; Beppe holding up both hands, palms open, in expressive assurance to the guards that there was not a soldo's worth of cheese or red wine in the carriage, trying to escape honest taxes.

Proud yet fearful, Margherita looked up at the rows of frowning palaces.

"If Costanza could see me now!" she thought.

"These are the houses of the signori," said Beppe, — "people who lie abed till noon, eat off of silver, and would as soon swallow a gold piece as I a fig, and never feel it. Ma chè, I will show you something better."

He touched up Rosellina, and she whirled them through echoing spaces, till Beppe reined her suddenly upon her haunches, after the manner of his Florentine brethren of the cab.

"There!"

Margherita could only sigh with happiness, her eyes climbing from the mass of rose and white and fair-colored marbles of the vast cathedral to where a hundred doves circled about the fairer tower, which has no rival in the whole round world.

"Get out and go in, Margherita," said Beppe. "It is the good God's, and he is always at home. A little prayer never does any harm."

He lifted her out, and watched her go up the great steps, his weatherbeaten face softening strangely, as the old Florentine fortress palaces do under the late sunglow. When the heavy leathern door curtain fell behind the young girl, he crossed himself.

"There is no more religion anywhere," he said to himself, "but for such as her the saints ought to do something still."

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Then he beckoned loftily to the vender of corn-filled cornucopias, standing at the foot of the tower. He handed the man a soldo in exchange for one of the yellow papers, not without grumbling that a centesimo would be liberal for such foolishness as the cornucopia contained; whereupon the vender held up both hands, and bade Beppe reflect upon the price of grain, the iniquity of the taxes, and the size of the standing army, solely maintained by his own disinterested efforts in the sale of cornucopias. Beppe's response was an eloquent shrug — a Tuscan shrug, differing in form and substance from a Roman or Neapolitan kindred token — ere he turned his attention to the large door by which Margherita should emerge.

"Santa Maria!" murmured he, when she appeared at last at the top of the marble steps. "If that signora could see her now!"

"I made also a prayer for you, Beppe," said the young girl, her eyes still full of splendor and dreams.

"Thank you, Margherita," stammered he; "they will hear you, if anybody." He thrust the cornucopia into her hand, and turned to Rosellina to hide his emotion. "Who knows," he thought, — "after all, who knows?"

"Per Bacco!" ejaculated a voice behind him. "That is the prettiest face in all Florence. What a pity" —

Beppe wheeled. Two signori, pausing in their promenade, were gazing where Margherita, brilliant and laughing with delight, stood with her arms full of doves, and a hundred glancing wings, eager bills, and bright eyes flashing about her.

"Altro," said the second gentleman, "with a face like that, what does the rest matter? All the saints, what eyes!"

Some one else turned at the words, — a slender lad, wearing his shabby cap debonairly. There was an exclamation: "Santa Maria! it is the little Margherita!"

"Cesare!" The yellow cornucopia with all its grain fell at her feet; a whirl of doves rose startled through the air, and Margherita stood paling and flushing alternately, her wide eyes shining on the newcomer.

He on his part remained staring at her, repeating to himself the words of the signori, "The prettiest face in Florence!" How had he ever helped noticing, in fact, how pretty she was? The prettiest girl in the Piazza, by all odds.

"May Cesare come too?" Margherita interrogated Beppe timidly.

"It costs no more," answered Beppe dryly.

Cesare waited for no further invitation. He was consumed with curiosity to know how Margherita came to be there, — a miracle whose magnitude he was abundantly able to estimate. Moreover, a ride in a carriage is not to be sneezed at, at any time; and finally, Margherita was certainly very, very pretty, with all that color in her cheeks and her eyes like lamps.

"Tell me, Margherita mia," he began at once, "what miracle brought you here? — for believe me, I should have looked to see Our Lady herself as soon."

"It was the signora's money. What you said is all true, Cesare, — it is a paradise." She looked at him so that he felt himself all amazed and dizzy again.

"Diavolo, little one, but you have courage!" he said aloud. To himself he kept thinking: "Who would ever have believed Margherita had it in her? She has twice the spirit of that big Costanza, who would never venture in a whole year of festas; and if her back is not so straight as some, better a crooked back than a wooden head," — which meant that big Costanza, again. "If you think this a paradise, Margherita," he said, "you should see it to-night. It is the day of the *Statuo*, and there will be illuminations."

Margherita scarcely heard him. The long, narrow streets of unimaginable

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splendors, shop windows glittering with undreamed-of luxuries, stately buildings, richly dressed people, passed before her eyes like the phantasmagoria of a dream; a soundless tumult in her heart shut out the very sound of words. She had been a dreamer all her life; she was dizzy now with the coming true of all her dreams together, — oh, more than all her dreams!

Beppe, however, driving in silence, his old eyes gazing straight ahead, heard every word that fell from the lad's lips: all the chatter of events, the little city anecdotes, the bits of town-gathered wit and wisdom which the boy had picked up in those days of absence deplored of the home commune, and which he now set forth brightly for Margherita's entertainment, deferentially for Beppe's. Nor was that deference lost upon the grizzled cabman, who had his own ideas of manners and modesty. He kept an unrevealing dumbness, quite unlike Margherita's, which was of a kind to cheapen every form of response. All up and down the narrow streets he drove them grimly: past the open market, by the vanities of gold and millinery, out to the Cascine, where at last Rosellina took a tranquil place in the line of liveried turnouts comprising the high life of Florence. And oh, comedy of the human heart! to Margherita it seemed a million times less wonderful to be riding among dukes and princes of blood royal than to be riding beside Cesare, his shabby jacket brushing her faded gown, his supple brown hands and laughing eyes talking as ceaselessly as his merry tongue, and all for her, to her, for her pleasure and delight. Scarcely did she note when they left the stream of grand dukes, princelets, and petty countesses, to flash from out a maze of darkening streets upon a bridge. Beneath that bridge something went by in a golden glitter under the low sun, and the bridge was a-glitter, also, with the silver and gold of jewelers' booths.

"The Arno!" said Cesare proudly. "They say this bridge was here — who knows how long ago? My father and my grandfather saw it."

More beautiful to Margherita than the river or the bridge seemed the treasure of gold and silver trinkets, such as her eyes had never seen. Cesare's eyes followed her wistfully admiring glance, and his hand stole once or twice to his pocket, to be withdrawn again with an odd look of embarrassment.

"The palace of the king!" Beppe was saying the next minute, and there in fact was the great mass of the Pitti frowning down upon them. Guards in scarlet stood before its awful doors.

"They say there are wonders to be seen in there, — rooms and rooms full of nothing but pictures, for one thing. I brought the signora often to see them. Who knows, Margherita? — perhaps yours is there now."

"I went in once," said Cesare. "But the signora's picture was not there then, — nothing half so pretty. I saw them all, — faded old ones, for the most part, not half so beautiful as those one sees in the windows on the Lung' Arno. What *is* beautiful is the garden yonder, — the Boboli; Margherita ought to step in a moment, Beppe, — beautiful long walks and statues and fountains and seats."

"Go on in, child," was Beppe's response. "You don't mind going alone for five minutes? If Cesare here will hold Rosellina, I 'll just stretch my own legs a little."

"Willingly," replied Cesare politely, though with some secret wonder, seeing that Rosellina was known to stand faster than the very stones by the hour together. Beppe, however, handed him the reins, and made a great fuss stamping about on the pavement, while the slender figure, so swift in spite of its crutch, was disappearing under the arch of the garden. Then he resumed his seat with a brief "Grazie," but did not offer to relieve Cesare of the reins; in-

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stead, he slowly proceeded to light a long ten-centesimi cigar.

"There is one who has a heart," he said gruffly, between puffs, nodding vaguely backwards, "and a head as well. One who would do what she has done to-day can think for herself and others too. There is n't another in all Fiesole who would have the courage."

"You are right, Beppe," answered Cesare, with warmth. "My mother always says she has the best heart and the quickest fingers at the straw work of any girl in Fiesole."

"Your mother is a woman of sense; all Fiesole knows that. As for this one, — he who gets a wife with a heart and a face like that has not much to be pitied for."

"In fact, Margherita is very pretty" —

"Pretty! Up there they know nothing, — that fat Costanza passes for pretty; but in the city one sees the difference. You heard the signori, and all the world stares at the child. The truth is she is thrown away up there; she was made for the city. Altro, if I were younger myself" —

"Chè," protested Cesare, but rather faintly, "you are young enough yet, Beppe."

"No, no; I am too old to change even for Margherita. What would you?" He shrugged deprecatingly. "To give up driving after twenty years of it, and settle down in a little shop?" Cesare looked up with a start, but Beppe paid no heed. "Not but that a little shop, with butter, eggs, and good fresh milk to sell, and the folk coming to buy and say a word over the counter, and maybe later on a little farm of one's own, with a cow or two and chickens, just beyond Fiesole, to supply the shop, — that is n't so bad; with the city to walk about in, in the evenings. Yes, yes, if I were younger, that is what I would do with the handful of francs I 've laid by. With a face like Margherita's behind the counter buyers would be plenty; and the child has so much gentleness; as for being quick at figures, — altro! Yes, yes, if I were younger! But after driving cabs for twenty years one's habits are formed." He shrugged again.

"In fact," said Cesare faintly, "it would be a sacrifice."

"A sacrifice!" Beppe puffed till he was completely enveloped in smoke, out of which his voice came muffled. "There are some things one can't do. But I 've been thinking, lately," he added, "there is all that money doing no good instead of making more money as it ought, and here is Margherita working her hands off at the straw work, which gets worse every day, and I without a chick or child of my own. If only she had a good husband to look after things a little, it would be a good thing for her and for me too; I could put those francs to use, and not wake up every time a pebble rattles, for fear of thieves. After all, I have seen the child grow up, as if she were my own, and I wish her as well, — or nearly. Even the priest says she is a pearl. He who marries her would not need to be afraid of paradise; she will take care of him here, and his soul after. If he were good to her, that is" — He paused ominously.

"Who could be anything but good to Margherita?"

"Some devil," replied Beppe grimly.

There was a pause, Beppe puffing fiercely. Then Cesare spoke: —

"Beppe." His voice was almost timid, but his handsome eyes looked frankly into those turned keenly on him. He drew a small package diffidently from his pocket, and displayed the contents. "All that you have said there is very true, and — I 've been thinking — I should like to give these to Margherita. She has n't any — I happened to buy these" — He broke off, with a look of mingled embarrassment and humor. "What do you say?"

"I?" returned Beppe bluntly. "I

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say, not everything finds its way to the pocket it was bought for. Why should n't you give it to the child?"

"It is n't good enough for her," said Cesare regretfully, contemplating the gift. "For another it would not matter, but for Margherita" —

"She will think it good enough," interposed Beppe gruffly. "Here she comes now." He busied himself tucking the worn robe about him, and left to Cesare the task of assisting the young girl.

"The nightingales were singing in there," said Margherita, whose words were few, but whose eyes spoke volumes.

"Ay, they do sing well," assented Beppe, "those little things. It goes to my heart to eat them. Only a soldo apiece you give for them, whole strings of them, and such little things, — a mouthful, and all that music gone down your throat."

"Poor things!" responded Cesare sympathetically. "But one must say that they are good eating, with olives and a leaf of bay on each side of their little bodies, and a scrap of toast outside; a mouthful of their little heads, and two of their bodies. Speaking of mouthfuls, Beppe, — if we drove to a restaurant? Margherita here has eaten nothing but a crust since daybreak, and Rosellina will like a bite as well as we. I know a friend who keeps a place" —

"You have a head on your shoulders, Cesare." Beppe nodded approvingly. "As for me, I have an appetite of beasts; no nightingales for me, but a good risotto or macaroni."

It was on the way to the restaurant that Cesare laid the little package in Margherita's lap; saying with the air of a young prince bestowing a coronet, "Ecco, Margherita, a nothing-at-all, but it will keep you from forgetting the day you saw the world."

Margherita clasped the string of golden glass beads dumbly; she did not break out into loud ecstasy, as Costanza would have done, but Cesare was not disappointed for that.

"Grazie, grazie, Cesare, — so much, so much!" she murmured at last. It was prettier than any girl's in Fiesole. What would Costanza say, — Costanza, who had asked him to bring her such a necklace?

Beppe, looking sedately elsewhere, smiled the first smile of that day. "That settles the big Costanza. One does not spend soldi on maids for nothing," he thought, with grim satisfaction

Meanwhile Cesare was protesting gayly: "It is nothing, Margherita, nothing; put it on, and it will be better." And as they were passing through the dim Way of the Red Gate, it was not to be wondered at that in the dusk he made a strangely awkward piece of work of it, and was very long fastening the clasp at the back of her neck. To tell the truth, he felt a sudden overwhelming desire to put a kiss just under the necklace where all the soft curls met. Never had he known such a desire before and resisted it, but a timidity wholly new seized him, and, with a muttered excuse, he withdrew his hands from the beads, and sat with cheeks more burning than Margherita's, biting his lips.

"She is n't like the others," he thought, with mingled pleasure and pain.

At the restaurant he recovered all his easy grace, and did the honors of the place with an air which dazzled Margherita, to whom this glimpse of high life was a little disconcerting. She ate her risotto and sipped her glass of thin red wine almost dumbly. Cesare, however, was in spirits for all three, and filled his companions' glasses with the manner of a lord of the feast. Rosellina, meanwhile, resumed her breakfast precisely at the point where she had left off. Though a female, Rosellina was a philosopher.

"Put up your money, little one," said Cesare, with a proprietary air, when Margherita timidly brought out the hand-

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kerchief in which her fortune was tied. "I have a few soldi myself." He laughed to hide some embarrassment, for to say truth he had forgotten about the beads, and his pocket was nearly empty. He went to arrange the matter with his friend, but Beppe followed.

"See here, Cesare," he interposed, touching him on the arm, "I pay for this. Santa Maria, man, you spent half a lira at least on those beads, and it 's only the tourists who are made of money. A franc and a half, is it? Well, no one can say we have n't lived like signori today." He slipped the money into the lad's hand.

"Thank you, Beppe," said Cesare gratefully. "The truth is, I forgot about the beads, and half a lira does make a hole in one's pocket; not that I would begrudge Margherita a whole lira, if I had it," — for by this time Cesare had quite forgotten for whom the beads were originally bought.

And now the illumination was getting itself in train. Streets and palaces blossomed, as the three rode through, with clusters of colored globes, — the red, white, and green of Italy. In the dark space of the Piazza Signoria the Tower of the Old Palace blossomed, also. The mighty mass began to glow all over, as if the light came from within the stone itself; and there it stood, a gigantic, luminous fire palace against the stars, and from its top the tricolor floated. A murmur of rapture rose from the gathered thousands. Margherita touched Beppe's arm.

"Why do they light it? Is it for some saint?"

"No, child; it is for Italy," responded Beppe. "It is too long to tell you." The fact was he did not know very well himself.

The great stone building continued to glow, and all the clocks of the city struck out together.

"Nine o'clock, and all that hill to climb!" exclaimed Beppe, taking up his reins. "Do we say 'Happy night' here, Cesare, or will you come too? My Rosellina will carry you like a feather."

The fire palace faded before Margherita's eyes.

"I come too," replied Cesare quickly; "that is, unless it displeases Margherita?"

She gave him one fleeting glance, and he stepped into the carriage. "It is stupid down here," he explained, with affected carelessness, "and my mother frets if I am too long away."

"One should know when one has eaten enough," was Beppe's dry comment.

Margherita said nothing at all. She leaned back against the shabby cushions, and Florence and the world floated away from her; the lights of the barrier faded, the dusk fell about them like a curtain, and they were out on the wide sweet hillside under the stars.

Rosellina climbed slowly; she had kept so many holidays. Beppe turned to look at the small face, so white against the sky.

"Well, little one," he said, with an odd tremble in his voice, "you can say that you have seen the world."

There was no answer, and after a second glance Beppe turned abruptly round upon his seat, and, keeping his face straight ahead, began to whistle industriously, though softly.

The fireflies twinkled all about them, and the perfume of roses swept down against their faces from the villa gardens under whose walls they passed. Far up a nightingale began his throbbing song. Cesare moved a little nearer.

"You must be tired, Margherita," he said gently. "See, rest here." With that new awkwardness he put out an arm and drew her nearer; she did not resist, and her head fell softly on his shoulder. Her eyes burned brighter than the fireflies in the dark. A great tremor seized them, and held them both mute, constrained, breathless. In the ilexes the nightingale sang on, of love, of summer,

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of Italy, and suddenly Margherita felt upon her own the burning yet gentle lips of her lover.

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Beppe never once turned his head. He gave softly back the "Happy night" which softly came to him as Cesare slipped from the carriage into the shadows at the border of the village; but he did not turn his head. How many summers had not the fireflies twinkled and the nightingales been singing, then as now!

Beyond the Piazza, with a second murmured "Happy night" Margherita too slipped noiselessly away, first pressing something into Beppe's hand. The dim doorway of a squalid house swallowed her up, but not the child who had fled from it that morning. For to have seen the world is a great thing.

There is, however, a greater. Cesare dreaming on his narrow bed, Margherita dreaming awake on hers, with Cesare's beads fast clasped, and Beppe grimly counting out a roll of twenty francs before he added them to his stocking's hoard, in their varying degrees, had consciousness of this.

Grace Ellery Channing.

THE GRAND CAÑON OF THE COLORADO.

The earth grew bold with longing
And called the high gods down:
Yea, though ye dwell in heaven and hell,
I challenge their renown.
Abodes as fair I build ye
As heaven's rich courts of pearl,
And chasms dire where floods like fire
Ravage and roar and whirl.
Come, for my soul is weary
Of time and death and change;
Eternity doth summon me,—
With mightier worlds I range.
Come, for my vision's glory
Awaits your songs and wings;
Here on my breast I bid ye rest
From starry wanderings.

THE sun-browned miner who sat opposite me in the dusty stage talked of our goal to shorten the long hours of the journey, and of the travelers who had preceded us over that lonely trail to the edge of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado River. "Yes, I have been in and out of the cañon for twenty years," he said, "and I have n't begun to understand it yet. The Lord knows, perhaps, why he gave it to us; I never felt big enough to ask." And he told the story of a young English preacher whom he once picked up near the end of the road; who, too poor to pay stage fares, was walking to the cañon; who, after two days and nights in the thirsty wastes, his canteen empty and only a few biscuits left in his pouch, was trudging bravely on, with blistered feet and aching body, because he "must see" the mighty miracle beyond.

We were out in the open endless desert, the sunburned desolate waste. Our four horses kicked up the dust of the road, and the wind whirled it into our faces and sifted it through our clothes. We had passed the halfway house, where, finding the shanty too hot, we had unpacked and eaten our luncheons out in the sun and wind. It was just at the weary moment of the long, hot drive when the starting place seemed lost in the past, and the goal still far ahead; but the thought of the preacher's ardor made us ashamed to be tired, gave us back the beauty of the day. All the morning we had driven through forests of tall pines and bare white aspens, watching the changing curves of San Francisco Mountain, whose lofty head rose streaked with white against the blue; until at last, as we rounded its foothills, the desert lay below us like a sea, and we

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descended to the magic shore and took passage over the billows of silver and amethyst that foamed and waved beyond and afar. Lines of opalescent light grew into rocky mesas rising steep and formidable out of the barren plain. Silvery vistas widened into deserts so barren that even sagebrush and dwarfish cactus choked there; and the only signs of life, paradoxically, were the chalk-white skeletons of animals that lay collapsing into dust beside the road. All day long we were alone with the world's immensity, — no human face or voice breaking the wastes of forest and plain, except when our tired horses thrice gave way to fresh ones, and their keepers came out from little shacks to unbuckle the harness and hear the news.

The immense and endless desolation seemed to efface us from the earth. What right had we there, on those lofty lands which never since the beginning of time had offered sustenance to man? Since first the vast plain with its mighty weight of mountains arose far out of the waters, no kindly rill or fountain had broken the silence and invited life. What hidden wells would feed the prairie dogs, what rains would slake the large thirst of the pines, while now for months the aching land must parch and burn under a cloudless sky? It was May, and yet the summer had begun in these high places of the earth, and the last flecks of snow were fading from the peaks. Following slowly the gentle grades of the road, we tried to appreciate the altitude. Was it possible that these long levels lay a mile and a half above the ocean; that this barren slope, where the wind blew keen, was only a thousand feet nearer earth than the crest of the Dent du Midi, whose notched and snowy peak dominates Lac Léman? No wonder the waters leave the great plateau to the sun, and hurl themselves against mountainous barriers, and carve out gorges and cañons in their wild eagerness to find the sea!

At last we reach the third relay station, and take on six horses instead of four, for the final pull uphill. We alight, and run up and down the shaggy little slope, and free our bodies from the long strain. We reflect that as we are traveling now, even in this primitive slavery to beasts of burden, so for many centuries our fathers had traversed the earth, knowing no swifter way. All day for seventy-five miles, — what a tyrannous abuse of time! And yet through ages and ages the lords of the earth had been so deaf to its voices that not one secret of nature's power had escaped to help them conquer her. We had left the nineteenth century behind; we were exploring the wilderness with the pioneers. We were unaware of the road, of the goal; we were pushing out into the unknown, buffeted by its denials, threatened by its wars, lured by its mysteries. The desert lay behind us now; once more the quiet forest for miles on miles. So still and sweet and sylvan were its smooth brown slopes; the tallest pines whose vision overtopped their neighbors were all unsuspicious of nature's appalling and magnificent intention. And we, we could not believe that the forest would not go on forever, even when vistas of purple began to open through the trees, even when the log-cabin hotel welcomed us to our goal.

It was like sudden death, — our passing round the corner to the other side of that primitive inn; for in a moment we stood at the end of the world, at the brink of the kingdoms of peace and pain. The gorgeous purples of sunset fell into darkness and rose into light over mansions colossal beyond the needs of our puny unwinged race. Terrific abysses yawned and darkened; magical heights glowed with iridescent fire. The earth lay stricken to the heart, her masks and draperies torn away, confessing her eternal passion to the absolving sun. And even as we watched and hearkened, the pitiful night lent deep shadows

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to cover her majesty and hide its awful secrets from the curious stars.

In the morning, when I went out to verify the vision, to compass earth's revelation of her soul, the sun fell to the very heart of the mystery, even from the depths rose a thrill of joy. It was morning; I had slept and eaten; the fatigue and dust of the long journey no longer oppressed me; my courage rose to meet the greatness of the world. The benevolent landlady told of a trail which led to Point Lookout, a mile and a half away, beneath whose cliffs the old deserted inn lay in a hollow. I set out with two companions of the stage, who were armed with cameras and possessed of modern ideas. They pleaded for improvements: built a railroad from Flagstaff to the rim, a summer hotel on one of those frowning cliffs; yes, even a funicular railway down to the hidden river, and pumping works which should entice its waters up the steep slope to the thirsty beasts and travelers whose drink must now be hauled from the halfway house, forty miles away. But I rose up and defended the wilderness; rejoiced in the dusty stage ride, in the rough cabin that rose so fitly from the clearing, in the vast unviolated solitudes, — in all these proofs that one of the glories of earth was still undesecrated by the chatter of facile tourists; that here we must still propitiate nature with sacrifices, pay her with toil, prove the temper of our souls before assailing her immensities. And when my companions accused me of selfishness, opened the hidden wonder to all the world, and made it the common property of literature and art, the theme of all men's praise, even like Mont Blanc and the Colosseum and Niagara, my tongue had no words of defense to utter, but my heart rejoiced the more that I had arrived before all these.

We wandered along the quietest sylvan path, which led us up and down little ravines and dales, always under the shade of tall pines, always over the brown carpet of their needles. Now and then a sudden chasm would lift a corner of the veil, and we would wonder how we dared go on. Yet on and on we went, — a mile and a half, two miles, three, — and still no deserted cabin under slanting cliffs. My companions recalled the landlady's words, were sure that we had missed the road, and resolved to go back and find it; so I urged them to the search, and promised to rest and follow. But when I had rested the trail allured me; surely it was too clear to lead me wrong. I would explore it yet a little. I walked on, — five minutes, ten, — and there below me lay the hollow and the cabin. I passed it, the little silent lodge, with rough-hewn seats under the broad eaves of its porch, its doors hospitably unlatched, its rooms still rudely furnished; but all dusty, voiceless, forsaken. I climbed the steep slope to the rocks, crawled half prostrate to the barest and highest, and lay there on the edge of the void, the only living thing in some unvisited world.

For surely it was not our world, this stupendous, adorable vision. Not for human needs was it fashioned, but for the abode of gods. It made a coward of me; I shrank and shut my eyes, and felt crushed and beaten under the intolerable burden of the flesh. For humanity intruded here; in these warm and glowing purple spaces disembodied spirits must range and soar, souls purged and purified and infinitely daring. I felt keenly sure of mighty presences among the edifices vast in scope and perfect in design that rose from the first foundations of the earth to the lofty level of my jagged rock. Prophets and poets had wandered here before they were born to tell their mighty tales, — Isaiah and Æschylus and Dante, the giants who dared the utmost. Here at last the souls of great architects must find their dreams fulfilled; must recognize the primal inspiration which, after long ages, had achieved Assyrian palaces, the temples

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and pyramids of Egypt, the fortresses and towered cathedrals of mediæval Europe. For the inscrutable Prince of builders had reared these imperishable monuments, evenly terraced upward from the remote abyss; had so cunningly planned them that mortal foot could never climb and enter, to disturb the everlasting hush. Of all richest elements they were fashioned, — jasper and chalcedony, topaz, beryl, and amethyst, fire-hearted opal and pearl; for they caught and held the most delicate colors of a dream, and flashed full recognition to the sun. Never on earth could such glory be unveiled, — not on level spaces of sea, not on the cold bare peaks of mountains. This was not earth; for was not heaven itself across there, rising above yonder alabaster marge in opalescent ranks for the principalities and powers? This was not earth, — I intruded here. Everywhere the proof of my unfitness abased and dazed my will: this vast unviolated silence, as void of life and death as some newborn world; this mystery of omnipotence revealed, laid bare, but incomprehensible to my weak imagining; this inaccessible remoteness of depths and heights, from the sinuous river which showed afar one or two tawny crescents curving out of impenetrable shadows, to the mighty temple of Vishnu which gilded its vast tower loftily in the sun. Not for me, not for human souls, not for any form of earthly life, was the secret of this unveiling. Who that breathed could compass it?

The strain of existence became too tense against these infinities of beauty and terror. My narrow ledge of rock was a prison. I fought against the desperate temptation to fling myself down into that soft abyss, and thus redeem the affront which the eager beating of my heart offered to its inviolable solitude. Death itself would not be too rash an apology for my invasion, — death in those happy spaces, pillowed on purple immensities of air. So keen was the impulse, so slight at that moment became the fleshly tie, that I might almost have yielded but for a sudden word in my ear, — the trill of an oriole from the pine close above me. The brave little song was a message personal and intimate, a miracle of sympathy or prophecy. And I cast myself on that tiny speck of life as on the heart of a friend, — a friend who would save me from intolerable loneliness, from utter extinction and despair. He seemed to welcome me to the infinite; to bid me go forth and range therein, and know the lords of heaven and earth who there had drunk the deep waters and taken the measure of their souls. I made him the confidant of my unworthiness; asked him for the secret, since, being winged, he was at home even here. He gave me healing and solace; restored me to the gentle amenities of our little world; enabled me to retreat through the woods, as I came, instead of taking the swift dramatic road to liberty.

I do not know how one could live long on the rim of that abyss of glory, on the brink of sensations too violent for the heart of man. I looked with wonder at the guides and innkeepers, the miners and carriers, for whom the utmost magnificence of earth is the mere background of daily living. Does it crush or inspire? Do they cease to feel it, or does it become so close a need that all earth's fields and brooks and hills are afterward a petty prison for hearts heavy with longing? When they go down to the black Inferno where that awful river still cuts its way through the first primeval shapeless rocks, where the midday darkness reveals night's stars in a cleft of sky, while the brown torrent roars and laughs at its frowning walls, — when they, mere men of the upper air, descend to that nether world, do they recognize the spirits of darkness who shout and strain and labor there? And when they emerge, and step by step ascend the shining cliffs, do they feel like Dante when he was led by his celestial love to paradise?

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The days of my wanderings along the edge of the chasm were too few to reconcile my littleness with its immensity. To the end it effaced me. I found comfort in the forests, whose gentle and comprehensible beauty restored me to our human life. It was only the high priest who could enter the Holy of Holies, and he only once a year; so here, in nature's innermost sanctuary, man must be of the elect, must purify his soul with fasting and prayer and clothe it in fine raiment, if he would worthily tread the sacred ground. It is not for nothing that the secret is hidden in the wilderness, and that the innermost depths of it are inaccessible to our wingless race. At this point one or two breakneck trails lead down to the Styx-like river, but he who descends to the dark waters must return by the same road; he may not follow the torrent through the bowels of the earth except to be its sport or prey. Even though he embarks upon that fearsome journey, and even though, like Major Powell and his handful of adventurers, he escapes death by a thousand miracles, yet he may not emerge from the depths of hell through all the days and nights of the journey; he may not set foot on the purple slopes and climb to the pearly mansions, — nay, nor even behold them, overshadowed as he is by frowning walls that seem to cut the sky. For a few miles along the rim and down a trail or two to the abyss, human feet and human eyes may risk body and soul for an exceeding great reward;* but for an hundred miles beyond, both to right and left, the mystery is still inviolate. He who attempts it dies of thirst in the desert, or of violence in the chasm.

Tragic stories are told of men who have lost their lives in the search for precious metals which may lie hidden or uncovered here. The great primeval flood cut its broad V through all the strata of rock, with all their veins of metallic ore, down to the earliest shapeless mass, leaving in its wake the terraced temples and towers which seem to have been planned by some architect of divinest genius to guard their treasures inviolate till the end of time. And the river, rising far to the north among mountains rich in mineral, has been washing away the sand for ages, and depositing its gold and silver and lead in the still crevices of the impenetrable chasm. Here the earth laughs at her human master, and bids him find her wealth if he dare, and bear it away if he can. A young Californian who accepted the challenge, and set forth upon the turgid water to sift its sands for gold, never emerged with his hapless men to tell the story of his search. Only near the brink of the cleft are a few miners burrowing for copper, and sending their ore up to the rim on the backs of hardy burros; as who should prick the mountain with a pin, or measure the ocean with a cup.

As I grew familiar with the vision, I could not quite explain its stupendous quality. From mountain tops one looks across greater distances, and sees range after range lifting snowy peaks into the blue. The ocean reaches out into boundless space, and the ebb and flow of its waters have the beauty of rhythmic motion and exquisitely varied color. And in the rush of mighty cataracts are power and splendor and majestic peace. Yet for grandeur appalling and unearthly, for ineffable, impossible beauty, the cañon transcends all these. It is as though to the glory of nature were added the glory of art; as though, to achieve her utmost, the proud young world had commanded architecture to build for her and color to grace the building. The irregular masses of mountains, cast up out of the molten earth in some primeval war of elements, bear no relation to these prodigious symmetrical edifices, mounted on abysmal terraces and grouped into spacious harmonies which give form to one's dreams of heaven. The sweetness of green does not last forever, but these mightily varied purples are eternal. All

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that grows and moves must perish, while these silent immensities endure. Lovely and majestic beyond the cunning of human thought, the mighty monuments rise to the sun as lightly as clouds that pass. And forever glorious and forever immutable, they must rebuke man's pride with the vision of ultimate beauty, and fulfill earth's dream of rest after her work is done.

Harriet Monroe.

IS THERE A DEMOCRACY OF STUDIES?

I.

THE present is a time so full of busy endeavor in all parts of the secondary education that many hopeful observers of our schools are coming to think we are at the entrance, if not already in the midst of a great Age of Experiment. The centre of interest, definitely located ten or fifteen years ago in problems of colleges and universities, has shifted to the next adjacent region, to the increasingly extensive domain of the secondary school. While the questions involved in both regions of discussion are largely common, each year is making it clearer that fundamentally satisfying answers are to be sought first in the schools, and that unless this is done any answers given to the college questions involved will be lame and disappointing. It is therefore quite natural that the years since 1890 have been given more and more to the imperious school questions and to their consideration mainly from the school standpoint.

Some twenty years ago the diversity in our secondary education seemed almost chaotic. What a heterogeneous lot of schools then possessed and, for that matter, still possess the field! How little working agreement existed between the parts of the country, the parts of many individual schools, or the parts of the schoolboy's life! It is not possible, short of a volume, to tell the tale of our wasteful want of plan, and of the havoc it played. It is no wonder, then, that when deep public interest began to be shown, and the neglected problem of the secondary school came to the fore, there was plenty of material for strenuous discussion. It is no wonder, either, that when the discussion got well under way, the condition of the schools was reflected in the blind and groping character of many proposals offered and in the bewildering variety of fallacies that were aired and exploited as sound educational theory and practice. This confusion was not primarily due to the difficulty of discovering remedies, but to the difficulty of making a diagnosis. It was not so much that schools had wrong standards or low standards, as that many had nothing which would bear rational definition as any sort of a standard.

Meanwhile, a deluge of discussion has overspread the entire world of secondary education. When in the history of our land has there been anything like it? Committees in abundance, by sevens and tens and twelves and fifteens, have entered their arks and embarked on the flood, intent on saving their several households. And the end is not yet, although, as we believe, the tops of certain irremovable mountains are once more beginning to appear. Not yet are we done with the long series of committees with numerical titles, with the conferences, conventions, and associations, or with their debates and reports and resolutions that aim to discover the true state of affairs and to propose measures of relief. Then, besides these helpful

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concerted attempts, there has been much amateur individual effort. Every one seems to be trying his hand. The interest is widespread, the enthusiasm undoubtedly real, and the discussion many-sided and voluminous. Take up the educational journals and see, mixed indiscriminately with better reading, how almost every possible theory has found an advocate; how fad after fad is dubbed a "system;" how each novelty finds some one ready to hail it as a discovery; how the facile adoption of untested hypotheses is regarded as constructive thinking; how one man's belief is "as good as another's," and the equal value of all printed opinion is unconsciously admitted as an axiom. Some sort of an Age of Experiment in the secondary schools is indeed upon us, and the experimenting is becoming more expert and trustworthy, although far too much of the discussion reveals characteristics of something dangerously resembling Carlyle's Age of Paper and Age of Wind.

II.

The situation is gradually growing clearer. The theories have all been aired, and without much effect. Counsel has been lightened by words with knowledge and darkened by words without knowledge. Amid all the talk, it has gradually dawned on us that a spontaneous and silent change is going on, that the voluminous discussion has not created the change and that the change has been causing the discussion. Here at last we are on the track of facts. Something has been happening of which we were only imperfectly aware; and the something that has happened and is still happening is the determining element in the situation and, if we are wise, will be the determining element in bringing the discussion to one conclusion.

The change itself has a cause, and that cause is twofold. There is, first, the long-slumbering dissatisfaction of parents and teachers with the miscellany of loosely related studies composing so many school programmes, and the resulting loss of thoroughness and vital unity in the education of the scholars. Things would not come to a focus. Somehow, an efficient gymnastic for the mind, an orderly set of exercises conspiring to one highly useful end, was not secured. School programmes too often lacked a base on which sound construction for the whole after life might be built. The second cause awakened the first into action, — unorganized, desultory, scattered, but widely operating action. This awakening cause was the literally enormous increase in the enrollment of pupils, which has been gathering volume every year since 1890. In that year the total enrollment in our secondary schools was 297,894. In 1898 it amounted to 554,814, — an increase of eighty-six per cent in eight years, a gain about four times as rapid as the rate of increase in population, and a gain that means doubling in ten years. The area of dissatisfaction with ineffectual courses of study naturally extended rapidly, and the problem of keeping in some sort of shape the increasingly unmanageable educational interests of the pupils became more and more pressing.

Then the change began and the discussion likewise began, but the change outran the discussion. The common element in both was a strong desire for some real unity in the school education. The aspect most emphasized in the public discussion has been the coördination of studies in programmes. Evaluation of the separate constituent studies has also received much attention. But there has been far clearer agreement in reference to the former than to the latter. In respect to such matters as the length of the school course, the number of weekly periods of recitation, the length in minutes of a period, the importance of avoiding overpressure, the need of restricting every course of study to a few valuable things, the importance of making no

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distinction in the way a subject is taught to scholars going on to college and to the others who go no farther than the secondary school, the definition of "constants," "national units," "norms," "intensive study," and similar terms, which probably clarify and certainly solemnize educational documents, — in short, in respect to matters which concern the form of programmes, the lines of discussion have already converged toward a tolerable unity. But in respect to determining the content by evaluation of the separate studies less progress has been made.

It seems the plainest sense to say that a formula defining the best secondary education for any boy ought to include the following factors, anyway: (1) a carefully limited number of studies of as high intrinsic excellence as he can appreciate, (2) taught amply by the best teachers procurable, and (3) finely coördinated in a programme having organic unity. There is no insuperable disagreement about the second and third factors. The first one, however, gives endless trouble. Many assert that the character of the study is a small matter compared with the stimulating skill of the teacher, and say it is better for a boy to pursue a poor subject under a good teacher than a good subject under a poor teacher, or at least "just as good." Such persons, however, are seldom consistent enough to go on and say the rest of their alphabet, and to admit it is better for a boy to pursue a good subject under a good teacher than a good subject under a poor teacher; and that it is likewise better to pursue a good subject under a poor teacher than a poor subject under a poor teacher. If they are right, the kind of teaching, and not the kind of studies, is to settle what studies make a proper programme. If they are right, they can find no refuge from the conclusion that there are no indispensable school studies, so far as the substance of them is concerned. If they are right, the best attested educational experience of modern times is wrong. When shall we ever have done with this persistent and silly fallacy of confusion? Of course it is true that good teachers are essential to the best education of any kind, and sad indeed is the plight of a young scholar who never feels their inspiring energy. But the teacher is not the study, nor the study the teacher, and the inherent differences in values and kinds of teachers are no more marked than in values and kinds of studies. Is history, when taught by a fine teacher, a fine study? Few things are finer, both intrinsically and in effect on the pupil. Is not history, even when poorly taught, still intrinsically as fine a study as ever, no matter how lamentably poor the effect on the pupil? In the latter case, we can only say that the unfortunate pupil has not really been taught history; and that this is the fault, not of history, but of the teacher. Does the most hardened ignorer of radical differences in the worth of studies believe that such things, for instance, as the Hawaiian language, or Christian Science, or bird-stuffing, can be made into fine studies, even under the most competent teacher? Do any or all of them contain matter of high importance for a secondary school course? And yet, why do they not? They are not too hard; not so hard for beginners as algebra or Latin. If they are good for anything, a fine teacher can make them an interesting means of developing what the dialect of pedagogy calls "mental fibre," — whatever that is. But the trouble is that in their character as school studies they are not "good for anything." They are intrinsically inferior. If the subjects above mentioned seem to constitute an extreme illustration, let us take others which will be admitted, at least when taken collectively, to be entitled to a little more consideration. Why not make up a secondary programme which shall give free play to any passable subject? Let pupils study Dutch and Polish, if they like, rather than French and German, gauging instead of

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algebra, heraldry in place of history; in the meanwhile developing hand skill by typewriting and eye skill by the microscope and the observation of coins and postage stamps, and getting a sort of finishing touch in morals and religion by reading books about How to Get On in the World. There is something the matter with the things in this list. What is it? The matter is that, taken together, they are a jumble of ill-related subjects; and taken separately, not one is an important central study, while some are not school studies at all.

So we might proceed, grade by grade, from the admittedly lower toward the higher levels. What makes the difference in every such transition? The difference lies in the relative importance of the studies as subject-matter for school instruction. There is no democracy of studies, all equal. The fact that equal times are given to certain subjects, and that they may count alike in quantity for entrance to college, does not make them equal or even comparable in character. History is neither intrinsically equal or comparable to mathematics, nor mathematics to history. They are alike in being centrally important, — let us say indispensable. They may also happen to be alike in occupying the same number of hours in a school programme. But here their obvious likeness ends. Either may foolishly be supposed to have a right to be considered "equivalent" to the other, but no such doctrine of equivalence avails to make either actually replace the other and perform its functions in education. Why have not those who are advocating "recognition" of the "claims" of all reputable studies to equality of treatment managed to propose a plan by which pupils who strongly dislike any subject may be able to omit it without damage from their school course? Every year finds a crop of boys who do not want Latin, and no great trouble occurs in their cases, because there is in existence a secondary programme which omits Latin. It is undeniably about the poorest course offered, but still it is in existence, and it is largely attended. Why not make a like arrangement for boys who rebel against mathematics? Why not, indeed? The one cogent reason is that some mathematics, whether taught by good, indifferent, or poor teachers, is believed to be indispensable by everybody who thinks about the matter. Then there is, after all, such a thing as a selection of studies of greatest intrinsic worth. There are some studies that cannot be safely omitted. It is pitiful to see how this elementary truth has been obscured in current discussions. Let us rest well assured it is the one thing needful in school programmes.

III.

The evaluation of studies is therefore the strategic question. How shall we settle it? Shall we seek to make a uniform prescribed curriculum? If our just desire for vital unity in the secondary education does not result in substantial uniformity in regard to the central studies to be selected and their coördination in prescribed programmes, what is the use of trying to improve our admittedly defective secondary school courses? Let us make sure where we are. Let us again examine ourselves on the fundamental questions. Are there or are there not any studies of most worth? If there are, is it best they should constitute the substance of school programmes? These are the real questions. The question is not whether there should be absolutely no election and an inexorably rigid curriculum, nor whether there should be only one or several programmes consisting almost solidly of prescribed studies. The question is whether any substantially uniform prescribed scheme should be constructed; and if so, out of what elements.

And yet so eminent an observer of education as President Eliot, writing in a recent number of this magazine, declares: "There are those who say that there

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should be no election of studies in secondary schools, — that the school committee, or the superintendent, or the neighboring college, or a consensus of university opinion should lay down the right course of study for the secondary school, and that every child should be obliged to follow it."[1] There may be such persons. But the question, let us repeat, is whether substantially prescribed programmes, wherein election of studies is only incidental, and not determinative, are not the best. This, and this alone, is the issue. There does not exist to-day in the United States, unless it be in the Jesuit colleges, any important body of opinion in favor of one absolutely prescribed secondary programme which "every child should be obliged to follow." Still, President Eliot, assailing the advocates of prescribed courses of study, goes on to say: "This is precisely the method followed in Moslem countries, where the Koran prescribes the perfect education to be administered to all children alike." He fails, however, to add that uniform programmes, consisting almost solidly of prescribed studies, are the secondary programmes of Germany and France and Great Britain and the United States, and every other enlightened modern nation. Nevertheless, in his judgment, "direct revelation from on high would be the only satisfactory basis for a uniform prescribed school curriculum. The immense deepening and expanding of human knowledge in the nineteenth century, and the increasing sense of the sanctity of the individual's gifts and will-power, have made uniform prescriptions of study in secondary schools impossible and absurd." The dilemma is obvious. Only "direct revelation from on high" would furnish a "satisfactory basis for a uniform prescribed school curriculum," and without it "uniform prescriptions of study in secondary schools" are "impossible and absurd." What then becomes of uniform prescribed programmes generally, and, inasmuch as the dilemma is so sharply placed before us, it is in order to ask, What becomes in particular of the four programmes put forth in 1893 by President Eliot as chairman of the notable Committee of Ten? — "working programmes which they recommend for trial wherever the secondary period is limited to four years."[2] From five sixths to seven eighths of the several programmes offered consists of "uniform prescriptions of study," and relatively little is left to the pupil's option, beyond the external option as to which prescribed programme he will follow. In fact, if we omit the single choice between French and German, we omit the greater part of the internal options altogether. Here then are programmes embodying a high degree of prescribed uniformity. They are what they were meant to be, — commendable attempts to make courses consisting substantially of "uniform prescriptions of study." No one considers them "impossible and absurd." Whether we should consequently regard them as based on "direct revelation from on high" need not be argued here.

How clear it is we shall not succeed in framing rational plans of study unless we first know what the indispensable constituent elements are! How clear it is that this will not be done if we ignore or minimize the intrinsic worth of the separate studies! Though the public discussion in which we have been engaged has not failed to deal with this aspect of the situation, it has not yet brought the strife of studies to a pause, much less to a sufficiently definite decision. But something else is doing this, and promising to do it effectually. This something is the free movement of large numbers of pupils, aided by the common sense of

[1] Atlantic Monthly, October, 1899, page 443.

[2] Pages 44–47 of the Report of the Committee on Secondary School Studies appointed at the meeting of the National Educational Association, July 9, 1892. Washington: Government Printing Office. 1893.

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individual parents and teachers, toward the studies they find to be of most worth, and the courses which contain such studies in largest proportion. What else can be the meaning of the vast increase in the enrollment of pupils in Latin? Is it because the teachers are better? Then why is almost as great an increase found in history, and a comparable gain in geometry and algebra? Not only the size but the swiftness of the increase bars out fine teaching as the determining explanation. Even if it were the explanation, there are still some questions to be asked about the effect of fine studies in attracting and developing fine teachers. But we have even better practical proof that it is not the explanation. In many instances, the same teachers who were formerly trying ineffectually to interest their pupils in English grammar have of late turned to teaching Latin with success in the same schools to pupils of the same grade, and this in spite of the fact that they were teachers without previous training in teaching Latin. The explanation is that the substance of the study is found to be interesting and valuable. The same is true of a few other studies. Let us put them all in a list in answer to the question, What subjects in the last eight years are gaining in pupils faster than the eighty-six per cent which represents the increase in total enrollment for the same period? They are as follows:

Studies.	Enrollment in 1889–90.	Enrollment in 1897–98.	Percentage of increase.
Latin	100,144	274,293	174
History (except U. S.)	82,909	209,034	152
Geometry	59,781	147,515	147
Algebra	127,397	306,755	141
German	34,208	78,994	131
French	28,032	58,165	107
Greek	12,869	24,994	94

With the possible exception of English, there is no other study to be added.[1] It is a list of gravely important facts which cannot be gainsaid. The classics, history, mathematics, and modern languages, with nothing else — except perhaps English — are gaining swiftly, not by prescription, but by the natural preferences of parents, teachers, and pupils. The trend of things is toward these studies, and in varying degree away from the others. How easy it now becomes to frame programmes! The seven in the list, with English added, would of course be somewhat more than could be taught adequately in one programme. But not a great deal more. In fact, they really make one course of study, with very few options needed to create two or three typical programmes. If we leave out Greek, the other studies, with a substantial amount of science added, make an admirable course of the so-called "Latin-scientific" type. Take the list, adding English and omitting one modern language, and we get a fine classical course. If a third course be needed, omitting both Latin and Greek, its construction also becomes feasible. The practical advantages ensuing are very great. The several courses consist in the main of the same studies. This common substratum may be incorporated without differentiation in the several programmes, thus helping to secure the maximum results with the least waste.

Not only is the primary material of programmes thus coming together into one body, but the fortunes of certain important studies are being improved separately. And the fortunes of Latin first and most of all. It now enrolls more pupils than any other secondary study, excepting algebra and English. Almost half of all the pupils study it. It has twice as many scholars as French and German combined. It is gaining faster than any other subject, its percentage

[1] The figures given above are taken from an elaborate table furnished by the United States Commissioner of Education. The available statistics are not sufficient to yield a positive statement in respect to English. But it is a matter of little account, because no one doubts English ought to be included, and that it is already included in some form in every secondary school.

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of increase being fully twice the eighty-six per cent which measures the rate of gain in total enrollment. Greek lags far behind Latin in its enrollment and rate of gain. It is the lowest on our list of seven. Still, it is on the list of studies gaining faster than the average. And a powerful influence is at work to help the gain in Greek still more. That influence is Latin. How can Latin ever be taught in its full attractiveness without Greek? This is a question that cannot be left unanswered. Who are to answer it, — those who know Latin and Greek, or those who do not? If the answer of those who know the classics is to be given credence, we shall have little difficulty in understanding why Latin is helping Greek. Their answer is plain. It is that without Greek the demand of Latin for its full integrity cannot be met. Greek is in Latin as French is not in German, or German in French. But Latin is not in Greek. It may be taught with advantage, with great advantage, but without Greek it cannot be taught to the best advantage, because it is cut off from a large range of important illustration and support. This has been seen again and again in our schools: classes studying Greek and Latin regularly surpass classes studying Latin alone. It is therefore to be expected that though Latin without Greek will prove adequate to the wants of a majority of the scholars, it will not prove so satisfying to those who want the best Latin. When a class of beginners in Latin is differentiated, after a year of study together, who is it that add Greek to their Latin? It is usually the finer students, those who would naturally want the best Latin. And so Greek suits them not only because of its attractive excellence, but because the longer they study it, the more they come to realize how much it does to illuminate their Latin. The two are one study, after all, and the one is Greek. The influence of the swift recent advance in Latin is therefore sure to quicken the slower pace of Greek.

In respect to the other studies no special comment is needed. Their gains are most gratifying, though not so surprising as the gain in Latin and even in Greek. They have not been compelled to hold their ground against repeated attempts to displace them, nor to make their advance in the face of attack. Their gains are the gains of long peace followed by sudden prosperity. But the gains in Latin and Greek are conquests. They have been won *flagrante bello*, and have an air of victory about them.

Thus again history repeats itself, and so plainly that all may understand. The evaluation of secondary studies is being worked out in evidently intimate connection with the classics, and this time through the agency of Latin. Though Greek is comparatively small in numbers, its influence remains significant. As of old, though small, it plays a great part. Greek is to-day the schoolmaster of studies as truly as ancient Greece was the teacher of the young Western world. It is holding Latin to true standards, thus enlightening and completing it for the better students.

"Iuvenes quibus arte benigna
Et meliore luto finxit praecordia Titan."

Latin, especially when toned by Greek, then helps on every side, whether in our own tongue or in the other modern languages, or in its rôle as the intimate companion of history, or as an element in that well-tried twofold discipline in thought and expression, classics and mathematics. Here again the school studies, now being experimentally preferred, reveal not only their individual worth, but their kinship. Like a fine family, they display collectively that intimacy of relationship which makes them stand together as one, and which in its degree corresponds to and therefore constantly suggests the indissoluble unity of the human mind.

Andrew F. West.

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THE ARTISTIC SIDE OF CHICAGO.

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One who enters Chicago unacquainted with it, having no open sesame to its hospitable doors, knowing the city only by its streets, its hotels, and its theatres, is disturbed by an unpleasant emotion. If he comes from some well-regulated, cultivated, and placid town of the eastern part of this country, or from England or Germany, he feels shaken out of poise and peace by a tremendous discord. He sees a city ankle-deep in dirt, swathed in smoke, wild with noise, and frantic with the stress of life. He sees confusion rampant, and the fret and fume of the town rise and brood above it like hideous Afrits.

But as time goes on — and even supposing the man continues to remain a stranger among the two millions of his fellow men who make up the city — he experiences a change of sentiment. He ceases to be shocked, and becomes interested. It occurs to him that if commerce is ever epic, it is so here. He feels the beat of the city like the vibration of mighty drums, and the thing he thought a discord he discovers to be the rhythm of great movements. The drab sky, the dirty streets, the dusky air, the dark-clothed figures of the people, are all in harmony, and it seems dramatically fitting that a city in the throes of its toil should wear its working clothes. It is grimy with its labor, and breathless and noisy forging its Balmung with mighty shouts.

He who comes to Chicago to seek his fortune, possessing delicate traditions, having been brought up among persons of similar traditions, is confused and angered by the treatment he receives. He discovers that he must be successful if he would be noticed; that he must be in need if he would be helped. But if he makes his way in law-abiding, frugal, and lonely fashion, he will attract no attention. And first and last, in poverty and in riches, in sickness and in health, the town will roar at him; if he is afraid, it will roar twice as loud as it did before. Its furnaces and forges, its cable systems and syndicates, its slaughterhouses and wheatpits, its railroads and elevators, its greedy breadwinners and greedy millionaires, and the boats upon its filthy river will all roar. So, inevitably, at last, in a puny way, he will roar back. He will say Chicago has no peace, no leisure, no aspirations save those of a materialistic sort, no religion, no refinement. Sometimes, even after he has found he is mistaken in saying these things, he will go on saying them, because he cannot forgive Chicago for enticing him, with her commercial allurements, away from the home of his youth and the things to which he was born. He lays to her account all the pangs of homesickness which he suffers, and he misrepresents her, as it is the fate of new cities to be misrepresented.

There are thousands of well-born and well-trained men in Chicago, who, coming here from other places and leaving that which was most dear to them behind, have traveled from their offices to their homes and back again, dull as cowherds that slouch along a worn path from barn to field. They know nothing of the city that may not be seen beside their daily paths or experienced in the routine of business. These men complain that Chicago means nothing to them but the dollar; and in their egotism they forget that they mean nothing more to Chicago. In fact, the artistic sense has always existed among us surreptitiously. For thirty years and more those who have been conscious of the inner spirit of the city have recognized an avid desire for intellectual and æsthetic pleasures, in the indulgence of which

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the fierce labor and competition of the town might be forgotten. It was about thirty years ago that Chicago had her first distinguished painter; about that time a famous sculptor set up his workshop here, and a number of young men met to read Dante in his native tongue; then came the Browning class, the first to be organized in America; and then was organized a woman's club, the first of many, but remaining to this day one of the most aspiring of its kind.

These were the first visible signs of the desire for beauty and for mental recreation among the men and women of Chicago, — men and women engaged in the most amazing performance in the way of rapid city-building which the history of the world has ever known. It was inevitable that such a city should be essentially, even violently democratic, and that in the pursuit of beauty, as in all other things, equal opportunities should be offered to all. When parks were put in the plan of the city, they were put in for the poor people; when libraries were made, they were made free, and in at least one of these generous collections were provided books designed especially for workers in all manner of mechanism and handcraft. Of large libraries there are three. The public library has sub-stations in the suburbs and in remote parts of the city, that the expense of time and travel may be saved; for the city is of great extent. The other two libraries are the result of private munificence. Their almost inexhaustible resources are free as air, and every workman may avail himself of their privileges. The three libraries have wisely bought their books with reference one to the others, that the greatest variety of books possible might be obtained, and the convenience of students of all sorts thus be met.

The democratic idea held in art as in other matters, and when, through the unselfish exertion of a number of very busy men and women, the Art Institute came into existence, it was made as nearly free as possible. There are over a thousand pupils in attendance now, some of whom are children of representative families, and some the Arabs of the street. There is a permanent exhibit of very good worth within the walls, and exhibits drawn from the cities of the Old World as well as the New are frequent. The instructors and lecturers are men and women of many schools. Some are conservative, with Old World traditions; some are newspaper artists, who work "for the God of Things as They Are;" some are former students of the Institute; others are foreigners, who lament the "atmosphere" of older cities. It is very pleasant to know that a number of these instructors have identified themselves for years past with movements intended to acquaint the towns lying beyond Chicago with pictures and artists.

The completion of the handsome Fine Arts Building has given those engaged in artistic pursuits a feeling of stability, and has led to increased sociability. There are painters and sculptors to be found on some floors; on other floors are musicians, teachers of dramatic art, collectors of gems and antique curios. Then there are clubs of one sort and another. The Chicago Woman's Club, which offers prizes to artists, looks after women in police stations, argues publicly with politicians from the mayor down, writes papers, and entertains royally on occasion. Also there is the Fortnightly, a woman's club, with a history and a rigidly limited membership. Near at hand the Caxton Club has its exquisite suite of rooms, in which it holds exhibitions of fine bindings, book plates, antique books, and illuminations. Here, too, is the Hundred and One Club, to which newspaper folk and other writers belong; and a very well-known club of rich young women, who for ten years have befriended the girls in the factories in ways both practical and sentimental, to the cementing of friendship between the fortunate and

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the unfortunate. Also there is the Little Room, which meets once a week, at the hour when it grows too dark to paint, at the studio of Mr. Ralph Clarkson, and finds comfort in a samovar and sociability. To be entitled to membership, one must have created something in the world of art. Writers, painters, sculptors, architects, and musicians belong, and even a reviewer or two who are said to have created a prejudice. But while achievement is the passport to the doors of the Little Room, once within all evidences of toil and talent must be hidden: the clay is covered, the easel draped, the desk closed, the piano locked; and hospitality rules.

The Arts and Crafts Society alone refuses to meet at this rendezvous, but for a time clanged its anvils and lit its braziers in the attic of the Woman's Temple, far above nervous neighbors. Now it meets at Hull House. This society is composed of men and women who turn the rooms under their mansard roofs into smithies, set up kilns in their furnace rooms, and fashion their own furniture. They aim to do original work or none at all, and their shaping and carving, their burning and beating of woods and metals, result in many articles which are beautiful and some which are unique. In addition to the work in silver and gold and bronze and wood, some hand-weaving has been done; for the members are lavish of experiments, of which, if the successes bring but little glory, the failures bring abundant merriment, and, fortunately, no one takes the pretty achievements too seriously.

Bookmaking in all its aspects has called out some pleasing endeavors. On its mechanical side it has been entered into with enthusiasm. Private printing has been undertaken with keen interest, and at several private presses reproductions of old books and delicate editions of new ones have been made by amateurs. A few ladies have essayed the designing and binding of books: a representative of Hull House has recently returned from the Dove Bindery at London, after perfecting herself in this art, with the intention of making binding one of the industries of the manual workers at Hull House. Some attractive illumination in books has been shown in public lately, the work of a Chicago woman who has numerous disciples, and another woman has made the painting of stereopticon slides a fine art. One young man is winning approval as the illustrator of ecclesiastical books; two brothers, very young men, have brought a luxuriant fancy and a rare sense of color to use in the making of book covers, and another young man has gained for himself a national reputation in work along the same lines.

As for the writers, there is among them at least one cunning master of style; there is another who faithfully depicts the life of the city; and there are a number who interpret the life of the further West, — the West of "the open and the sky." It must be admitted that this concentration upon the West is a token of provincialism, — a provincialism different in its quality, however, from that which is noticeable among those who live in New York. At the metropolis, where artists and writers live in an atmosphere of appreciation, and feel that they are the children of her greatness, no burden of duty and no pressure of circumstance, save that of a personal nature, is laid upon them. But in Chicago one who writes feels impelled to explain the impulsive, terrible, exhaustless city to the world, and to account for it by calling attention to the forces which lie back of it. Hurrying with the never ebbing crowd along her streets, living the eager life with the others, amazed daily at the momentum of the place, seeing there is scarcely any people of the globe for which the town is not an asylum, one feels it a duty, almost a command, to put the thing down in words, and give the world an idea of the city's energy and achievement. It is this which has given some of the best known

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writers of the West the "sacramental view of literature," as one of them ironically expressed it. For Chicago has a passionate zest for life; it is arrogant, swaggering, half drunken with pride, puffed up at its benevolence, its large-mindedness, and its ingenuity; and it conceals, as a blustering young man will conceal a virtue or a tenderness, the nostalgia for beauty which yearns in its heart. True, it expressed it quite frankly once, in the World's Fair, but, as if ashamed of this confidence, it tore the buildings from their foundations, or gave to the flames, the winds, and the junk shop the manifestations of this "one hour of madness and of joy." When the betraying beauty was destroyed, and the people had got back to their toil and their commonplaceness, they once more looked the world in the face like honest men.

We are all quite free to admit that the large and comprehensive novel of Chicago has not yet been written, and it may be that it is an impossibility, like the great American novel. Chicago is too diverse for any book to represent more than one phase of its life. Henry Fuller, Will Payne, and George Ade have already faithfully reproduced certain phases; and John McCutcheon, the newspaper artist, has been as true to facts with his pencil as they have been with their pens. Many have made Chicago the scene of their books, but they have not written subjectively, nor with a full understanding of the whims, the purposes, and the aspirations of the place; consequently, their novels, however readable, cannot be accepted by the city as being genuine biography. Some of these books, most to be commended for literary value and for general interest, reveal an almost puerile misunderstanding of Chicago, and must be accounted failures when looked upon as local histories. It may be the widespread conviction that the conditions of the West are peculiar, and the sturdy provincialism which goes with it, that is responsible for the good-fellowship among the art workers of Chicago. The jealousies which so frequently exist among groups of that sort have never lifted their evil heads here. Those who know the inner life of other and older towns say that nowhere else among art workers is there as much sociability and good feeling as in Chicago. The informal evenings, with their free bonhomie, their music, reading, and talk, reconcile many a stranger within the gates to his exile from home, and bind the colony more closely together.

But if Western artists and writers have a moral responsibility in regard to their section, what shall be said of the architects, of whom the city has an aspiring and picturesque company? That, in spite of the ugliness of Chicago, which is an admitted fact, they have one honest achievement to their credit. They have almost created that important form of construction, commercial architecture. The "sky scraper" of steel, glass, and terra cotta — a daring contrivance, and well suited to the place and its needs — has appeared here in its perfection. Perhaps the ideal office building of the country is the Marquette building, which is not merely adapted to all the demands of such a structure, but, furthermore, is ornamented consistently. The exploits of the distinguished Jesuit whose name the building bears are represented in mosaics and mural decorations about the rotunda; the wild animals of the territory which the traveler and priest explored are reproduced in the bold work of Kemeys, the animal sculptor, and the Indians among whom Marquette dwelt live again in O'Neill's famous medallions. As perfect in its way is the wholesale house of Marshall Field. There are in the country few buildings of solid masonry more substantial, convenient, and effective than the Auditorium, with its hotel and vast audience chamber; and few edifices with a façade so calm and noble as that presented by the First Church of Christ, on Drexel Boulevard.

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The homes of Chicago, to be sure, cannot be said to have any typical or general style, unless it be the hideous fashion which puts up a front of stone twenty-five feet wide, and confesses to the fraud with two hundred feet of common brick wall on the other three sides, broken with fire escapes and rear porches. Were the city more closely built, these crimes against sincerity might be partly concealed; but there is still space, — space which, like the marshes of Glynn, is all revealing. Even the lavish homes on the boulevards, luxurious as they are, are lacking in harmonious effect. Money has been almost recklessly spent upon them, and there they stand in bewildering diversity, imitating all manner of things, from Florentine palaces to castellated feudal strongholds, and reaching for miles along the drives of the three divisions of the city and far out into the country. A horse would be wearied to travel from the old Cyrus McCormick mansion to the end of the Lake Shore residences, as they reach beyond Lincoln Park and follow the Sheridan Road through an unbroken line of smart suburbs. There are, besides, miles upon miles, compact and commonplace, of the homes of workingmen, and it is in these grim and unlovely stretches that the architecture of the city takes on its most offensive aspect. To the children of these localities who can know little or nothing of beauty, to the women who work there and seldom go far from their own neighborhood, the city, it seems, must become monstrous.

It is to such people, whose toil and intelligence have made Chicago what it is, that those who have a message of beauty hold the heaviest responsibility. And there are many who have not been oblivious of this fact. In the midst of the crowded communities of toilers there are eleven or twelve settlements where the higher studies, the languages, the arts, and the crafts are taught to a greater or less extent. Many are denominational, one is Jewish, some are non-sectarian, and the most influential, Hull House, is without religious prejudice or limitation. For it is like charity, that beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. The wisdom and patience of Jane Addams guide its work, but it takes the coöperation of many to bring about the results which are now discernible. Year by year, many of the most cultivated young men and women in the city add their energy to this stream of light and beauty, so that it may truthfully be said that no child need hunger for knowledge, no one with a desire for art in any direction need let his talent die for want of opportunity to develop it.

It is often said that Chicago is a cruel city. If it is so, it is obviously without intention. The clangor and bluster incidental to its toil are enough to affright the stoutest heart, if there be no money in the purse and no home at the end of the journey. But it is a tender-hearted city, after all; and when it has beaten the life out of man or woman with its million iron hoofs, it is very sorry, and weeps from its innumerable eyes, and tries passionately to make up for it in deeds of benevolence. This may not seem, on the face of it, to have anything to do with a sense of beauty, but it has. The noisy and swaggering town has a heart that yearns for beauty, and that desires the comfort of all men. This is a part of her youth, of her democracy and her honesty. There are some hard taskmasters within her limits, as there must indubitably be in a town where syndicates abound and corporations have their way; but public sentiment still holds up an ideal, and if by chance the wheels of greed and selfishness bespatter it, it is gilded anew, and once more lifted up that the people may see it.

The building of Chicago has been a much more difficult thing than those who traverse its streets to-day can appreciate; for it rests on a sandy slough, where the

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lake once rocked; its buildings are erected on piles, its streets have been elevated, and miles upon miles of its substructure are composed of practically solid masonry. Hundreds of acres have been filched from the lake, which, jealous of the theft, batters at the sea wall and undermines the esplanades. But in spite of all this, boulevards skirt the lake, intersect the city, and pass about it in a vernal belt from park to park. There are certainly six of the greater parks, yearly increasing in beauty as trees and shrubbery grow, and many smaller breathing places. The city council has recently authorized the purchase of playgrounds for the children. These places of peace and arboreal beauty offer pleasant paths to the hurried and worried folk of the town, and for a time, at least, give a sense of leisure and freedom from care. Here, in summer time, there are open-air concerts, some of them paid for by the park commissioners, and some by private citizens. A few citizens make up the annual deficit attending the season of the Chicago orchestra, of which Theodore Thomas is the leader: at these concerts the most impecunious music lover may listen to the best music in the world interpreted by a gifted leader and an enthusiastic orchestra.

But these indications of a growing devotion to that which warms the heart with beauty and with joy are not the measurement of aspiration. They do not tell of that eager interest in art among the youth of the city, which a few years ago, if it existed at all, did not find expression. Nor do they reveal the intense earnestness of artists and writers in this part of the world, — artists and writers whose earnestness may defeat itself, but who surely blaze the path for others who shall do better than they. Nor can they reveal the mood of society, which, though it is not artistic, is inclined to look generously upon art, and humorously at itself.

"We have made our money in pigs," once said a young gentleman who was then president of the Art Institute, "but is that any reason why we should not spend it in pictures?"

The artistic sense of Chicago partakes of the spirit of the town, in that it persists in spite of all contumely. It is the fashion to depreciate it, to laugh at all pretensions to achievement on any save commercial lines, and to berate the city generally whenever it is mentioned. To all this Chicago turns a broad, good-humored smile, and tramps on through her mud, indifferent and besmeared. She has no time to pause; she is too busy and absorbed even to clean her streets; that which would be a disgrace to another city is only an incident with her. She is so confident of her destiny that she takes no note of mistakes, is not irritated at her failures nor depressed at her shortcomings. On the contrary, she is amused at herself, — at her exaggerations, her absurdities. But she knows, after all, that she is not understood. She knows that deep in her heart is an ideal, and it is the knowledge of this ideal which is responsible for the excessive civic pride noticeable in those who live within her limits. It is the belief in this ideal which inspires confidence in her ultimate artistic expression.

To an artist, one of the charms of the West is that it has been only partly exploited. Yet when Kipling remarked, in Captains Courageous, that the story of the New West was yet to be written, it was peculiarly irritating, especially to those of us who believed that at least one man knew the West, and had told the tale of it in simple stories which stuck to the imagination and the memory like burs. But whether or not Kipling's observation be true of the wider West, it is certainly true of Chicago. The city awaits her artistic creator. She may think she exists in literature; but if she does, it is only in a form at once evanescent and tentative. No one has yet risen to rescue her from oblivion

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and give her immortality through art. Therefore, the most encouraging thing about the newly developed æstheticism of Chicago is the opportunity for virile and original work which lies at hand. The city seems to cry out to the workers with the pencil and the pen: "See what stories I offer you, what contrasts, what tragedies! See the mingling of strange peoples, the mob of wild faces from less fortunate lands, the old stories that are written on these faces, and the new stories on the faces of those born with old ideas to new conditions! Here is material for painter and poet, philosopher and novelist!" In one neighborhood the people read Yiddish, have a system of commerce all their own and a Sinaitic law. You may see the old men sitting at noonday, silent, for worship, in a bare room above a fruit store. They do not hear the roar of the city, for they are absorbed in thought, though tumult and squalor are all about them. In another part of town there is a neighborhood composed almost exclusively of Poles, and you may catch a glimpse of a little bride, all in white, tripping down the murky street, with the wedding party capering at her heels. If you turn into the district by the rolling mills, gigantic men will reply to your questions in English which is yet not English, giving you big mouthfuls of dialect. And here in a little neighborhood apart are Icelanders, — Icelanders who have not forgotten the sagas, and who, when they are homesick, summon up visions of fishermen's huts on wild fire-fashioned rock. Of Swedes, too, there is a mighty number, and of the Germans more than all. But the story of the American is greatest, for it is his land and his day, and he is drunk with his own achievements. He plays at the game of commerce, and is satisfied; for losing or winning does not so much matter to him as that he have the chance of the game.

These are among the aspects of Chicago which wait to be set down. They are understood by the people who meet and laugh together in hours after work, but whether they will be reproduced or not is left on the knees of the gods.

There seems to be no reason, however, the opportunity for training being free, the material for work being at hand, and the talent for work being manifest, why brave things in artistic achievement should not be done in Chicago within the next few years.

It is true, there are those who think that art, like the cyclone, has its paths, and that Chicago is far removed from the worn thoroughfare which the Muses tread; they expect us to be content with ugliness and non-expression, and to treat any creative ideas that come to us as the pretty princes in the Tower were treated. But this would be too callous by far; it would be too cynical; nay, it would be too humble. It is our fortune not to be callous, or cynical, or humble. The dreams and effervescence of youth are still ours. We still hope to embody these visions and excitations in palpable beauty. It does not even matter to us if the rest of the world is amused at our declaration of principles, our confession of artistic faith; for we are elate with the reckless confidence of those who have not yet had a chance to fail.

Elia W. Peattie.

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PLATONIC FRIENDSHIP.

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SINCE the emancipation of woman, especially in the United States, the relations of the sexes have gained new intellectual aspects. In the discussions on friendship left by the great essayists, woman hardly appears; but now that she goes to college, practices law, writes books, and works on newspapers, the consideration of her human interests must include more than lovers, parents, and children. She will have friends, and some of them will be men.

Friendship between the sexes has the peculiarity that its fullest development is suicidal. It may have a long and happy career without losing its identity, but progress cannot help tending in the direction of love, whether or not it ever reaches that state. However, it is no proof of the unreality of life that its advance brings us ever closer to death, nor is the existence of what we nowadays call platonic friendship, which was formerly called platonic love, denied by the assertion that every added feature brings it nearer to the likeness of love.

As in the spectrum, which contains undoubted blue and equally obvious green, there is a field which may be called by either name, so there are large spaces which may be seen as either love or friendship, as the will of the observer directs his attention to one component or the other. This ambiguity is a great convenience in modern courtship. It makes free love unnecessary; or rather, it is in moderation the principle of temporary free love. The better educated youth of both sexes now use the word "friendship" to cover investigations in love. It allows ampler experiments. What was once compromising is now but introductory. In some lands, to invite a girl to a solitary walk is equivalent to a proposal. With us, a hundred strolls, full of discussion, may end in a negative conclusion that will be without bitterness. In other days, marriage was an estate which had to be purchased on a distant view. Now, many of its pleasantest groves and avenues may be visited at leisure. He who sees a woman's heart may take it, said one of the older school. Not only that; he was morally bound to take it. To-day, she may read specimen pages to a score of men before she chooses the final listener. Our two youths explain to each other that their souls are high and capable of knowing friendship as it exists among men, and then they proceed under this banner to exchange sympathy and hopes, unfolding sadness and ideals, until each sees his soul mingled with the nature of the other. He can then better tell how he likes the resultant tint, and many failures are avoided. It often happens that long after the old deciding point has been passed incongruities are discovered; and on the other hand, difficulties which at first seem final, and would formerly have induced separation, are examined, until they are heaved into place as the foundations of a common life. As long as the name of friendship is preserved, the parties are at liberty to gather knowledge in a probatory spiritual marriage.

The advantages of the new system are mainly for the intelligent. Many girls will fail to comprehend the higher flirtation, and proceed in the same old way, and men will ignorantly marry the piquant face and vivacious manner. But to the marriage of true minds impediments have been removed. The freedom of our education develops platonic flirtation to its noblest uses. If American men make the best husbands, the reason is related to the training they have in meeting, on terms of equality, with many women. It is stupid in men or women to lack the instinct for flirtation; but this

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instinct, like so many others, can be turned to the deepest or the emptiest uses. No sharp line can be drawn between investigation and pretense. To make yourself attractive, comprehending, and sympathetic is the way to draw out another nature and obtain full knowledge, and to condemn all coquetry is like recommending swimming and forbidding water. Sentimental people fear intimacies which do not end seriously; but the increase of knowledge and security is worth some hearts broken before marriage instead of after. Few objects are more readily mended, and few improve so much through injury and repair. Platonic flirtation is one of the safeguards of the human race. As one after another my friends have passed through this gate to the altar, I have been tempted to declare that most platonic friendships end in matrimony; but a calmer memory recalls numberless escapes, through this probation, from impending wedlock.

As in youth it is advisable to experiment in love under the banner of friendship, so later it is safe to hail with enjoyment the mixture of love in a relation that is mainly friendly. With less experience one needs the protecting fiction. Armed with confidence and knowledge of the world, you can multiply the keenness and delight of friendship by acknowledging the threads of love. After glorying in the resemblance of your first courtships to friendship between men, and gaining privileges and immunities thereby, you can later glory in the elements which no male friendship can contain. If any one then doubts whether platonic friendship exists, you may say that it would be a pity if it did. Wisdom changes its pose to fit its own development, and thus helps each period of life to those goods which belong to it. Do not anticipate the vision of the one, or prolong the haze of the other. They are equally good if taken in season. "Do you believe platonic friendships exist?" I once said to a girl. "I do not believe anything else exists," she replied, with scorn; and I admired her profundity. Needing love, and not friendship, since her experiments had been ample, she challenged conversation on a ground where it might be of practical advantage.

A woman, on the other hand, who has been through all the creations and re-creations of love sometimes returns to her earlier pleasures. Platonic friendship seldom exists so completely as between different ages. A woman of forty and a man of twenty may show it at its purest; but only on the woman's side, for the boy is in love. Nothing is so good for a youth as love for a woman twice his age, provided it is not returned. She holds him in check with her skill, and gets the delicate enjoyment of maturity, while he receives, not what he seeks, but what she knows is best.

A remark of those who are cynical about friendship is that the woman merely reflects the thoughts of the man. Even if this were true it would not condemn such intercourse, for ideas can seldom be loaned and returned without being clarified. But it is not true. As woman is intellectually neither artistic nor assertive, a pugnacious spirit will silence her, but a sympathetic and delicate one will encourage her to harmonies and shadings of thought seldom found in man. Drive roughly across her mind, and she will submit, and leave you with the notion that she can only echo your noise; but tread the paths where she willingly lingers, and you will be shown flowers of her own discovery. No belief is more mistaken than that thought and striking expression are always coincident. Even the most cultivated women are seldom artistic, but they are often intelligent, original, and appreciative. To get at the spirit of our own times, no man can dispense with woman's friendship. However great his gifts, even if they equal the talent of Stevenson or Kipling, the

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absence of intimate knowledge of the other sex will hardly be overlooked. Like the destruction of the Mosaic law by the Sermon on the Mount, the emancipation of woman has put upon us all the burden of a new truth. Her importance will increase step by step with the victories of democracy; for although the Declaration of Independence does not state that men and women are created equal, a spirit which forbids injustice between classes cannot endure the misgovernment of a whole sex.

Stendhal, in his treatise on love, sneers at America for substituting liberty for romance in social intercourse. He describes as strange, barbaric, and destructive of poetry the customs which give young persons of opposite sexes such freedom that temptation and intrigue vanish. His conception was that the charm of women in his favorite Italy grows out of their mystery, and he could see, even with the little knowledge that Europe then had of America, that where boys and girls lived together from childhood to maturity sentimental rhapsodies would decrease. For the steady glow which would take their place he had small respect. Friendship, and love which shades into friendship, he deemed commonplace. Passion alone lent distinction to life, and emotion would break into passion only if it was pent up. If he had heard Dr. Holmes tell of the elopements that have been pounded into harmless dreams on the piano, Stendhal would have found in the story a condemnation of that instrument. The kinship between love and friendship in our day he would have scorned. We, however, who enjoy the trend of modern life, seek not the flagrantly picturesque, but the beauties of sanity and health. We need no stage lights to color what lies before us. Certainly, where the impulses of sentiment have free play, as they have with us, they explode less often.

Whether the liberty for which our relations have become known can continue as our civilization becomes more complex is one of the interesting problems of democracy. That clear-headed European student of American conditions, James Bryce, says: "Social intercourse between youths and maidens is everywhere more easy and unrestrained than in England or Germany, not to speak of France. Yet there are considerable differences between the Eastern cities, whose usages approximate those of Europe, and other parts of the country." Still, even in New York and Boston Mr. Bryce finds more liberty than in London or Edinburgh, and he goes on: "There can be no doubt that the pleasure of life is sensibly increased by the freedom which transatlantic custom permits; and as the Americans insist that no bad results have followed, one notes with regret that freedom declines in the places which deem themselves most civilized." Mr. Bryce is evidently inclined to agree with the German who found American women *furchtbar frei und furchtbar fromm*, and with our own opinion, of which he says: "I have never met any judicious American lady who, however well she knew the Old World, did not think that the New World customs conduced more both to the pleasantness of life before marriage and to constancy and concord after it." Mr. Bryce, it seems to me, slightly exaggerates the changes which have already taken place in such cities as New York and Boston, partly confusing a small and self-conscious set with respectable society at large; and while there is no doubt that restrictions have been increased in these cities, it is still true that girls and men are genuinely intimate friends and are usually well acquainted before they marry. I am optimist enough to believe that the most interesting young persons even in these cities refuse to be carried along by the sets which ape foreign customs, and that the intercourse of men and women will be kept free and abundant by the very

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spirit of democracy. Indeed, Mr. Bryce himself says, "The provision for women's education in the United States is ample and better than that in any European countries," and women "feel more independent, they have a fuller consciousness of their place in the world of thought as well as in the world of action." This equal education of women surely is one of the most potent factors in guaranteeing permanent social liberty, and Mr. Bryce is mistaken in thinking it is essentially less in Eastern college towns. Radcliffe College girls who have gained some of their best knowledge of books and the human heart in walks about Fresh Pond with Harvard students will hardly condemn their daughters to a more timid system. American women, according to Mr. Bryce, look upon the English wife as "little better than a slave," because she is "always deferring to the husband, and the husband always assuming that his pleasure and convenience are to prevail. . . . There are overbearing husbands in America, but they are more condemned by the opinion of the neighborhood than in England. . . . So far as I have been able to collect views from those observers who have lived in both countries, they are in favor of the American practice. . . . The average European man has usually a slight sneer of condescension when he talks to a woman on serious subjects. . . . Such a notion does not cross an American's mind." Is it likely that such a fundamental gain in liberty as this will be surrendered as long as our civilization retains its vitality? Yet surely the equal intercourse with men before marriage is the foundation of woman's position after, and if she loses one she will lose the other. Many a girl now refrains from marrying a man because full intimacy with him has shown her that, after his initial deference had been pierced, he was the bigoted and bullying male; and our men know that the best women cannot be had on such terms. Shut girls off from the opportunity to see men through before accepting them, and this happy gain will be lost. "No country," says Mr. Bryce, "seems to owe more to its women than America does, nor to owe to them so much of what is best in social institutions and in the beliefs that govern conduct." He naturally, therefore, finds reason to think that "the influence of the American system tells directly for good upon men as well as upon the whole community. Men gain in being brought to treat women as equals rather than as graceful playthings or useful drudges."

Such sharp lines as Montaigne and Bacon draw between friendship and love would be absurd in any picture of American life. The concentration of these two interests, which the Greeks accomplished abnormally, the elevation of woman has made normal. I cannot read the Lysis without disgust, mingled with satisfaction that the end so unhealthily sought by a cultivated nation whose women were slaves is reached in the modern world by an extension of freedom. Cynicism will continue to point to the differences of sex as eternal, and the encroachments of love on friendship as inexorable; but this, like other cynical arguments, though sound, is inconclusive. I have heard intelligent men, with full experience of the meaning of equality, express preference for the Turkish system. They may have it. "Neither give thou Æsop's cock a gem, who would be better pleased and happier if he had a barleycorn." We lead the lives we prefer. Equal friendships between men and women may be seen with Johnsonian common sense as all pose by whoever wishes so to see them. Crude common sense is sometimes blind to the kinship between the fictive and the real. We reach the best by pretending the best. Thus, in conversation, the good talker says more than he knows, re-

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sponding sympathetically to the unexplored depths of companion minds, and learning truth by stating it. In friendship and love, by exaggerating one element or emotion we confirm or reject it. In this respect life is like art, and the highest life most like the highest art. Natures which entirely lack the histrionic are dry. Never to act, pose, and flirt in life is like being without imagination in thought. Those of us, therefore, who look upon friendship between men and women as one of the richest victories of a democratic age cannot be overthrown by any demonstration that it is impossible. Where the two states come into conflict, love will conquer friendship; but broad tracts of human existence will be made pleasanter by their peaceful alliance.

"A perfectly honest woman," says Thackeray, "a woman who never flatters, who never manages, who never cajoles, who never conceals, who never uses her eyes, who never speculates on the effect which she produces, who never is conscious of unspoken admiration, — what a monster, I say, would such a female be!" Or such a male, we may now add. We know that differences of sex are permanent, but that many similarities between the sexes have never been fully emphasized. The attitude of most of the great essayists on this subject seems to us singularly artificial. In Emerson there is too much of Montaigne, and even in Montaigne an echo of Cicero. Certain impossible, or at least uninviting abstractions are continually handed down the literary ages in place of the complex and useful reality. Some of the greatest of these old philosophers think there is room in a man's soul for not more than one friend, or at least two or three. Why, the man who marries in these days before he has sounded many of the best notes of friendship with a dozen women (not to speak of the other men) is marrying in the dark. After marriage, to be sure, he has occasionally a companion who corresponds in permanence and preëminence to the old notion of a friend, but the sex has changed. "Friends such as we desire," observes Emerson, "are dreams and fables." Surely they are, for he has been describing an unreal ideal; to me it seems also a rather tiresome ideal. The Concord philosopher feared that if he descended to household joys his mighty gods would vanish. We are changing all that. We have a homely, accessible, domestic ideal, and we are willing to back it for real poetry against anything historic. In the songs of democracy, yet to be sung; in the imaginative histories of America, yet to be written, this birth of a new friendship between the sexes, giving variety and wholesomeness to youth, elevation to marriage, sweetness to life, will be an honorable power.

Norman Hapgood.

THE DETECTIVES.

SITTING at his small, rough, unpainted table in the lower end of the little public garden, the young man surveyed the scene with slow, indifferent eyes.

Twoscore such tables were disposed in a scanty grove of young trees, and twenty persons sat about gossiping and sipping the beer fetched by two mussed waiters. A harp, a flute, and a fiddle tinkled popular airs intermittently in a corner. Much trampling had worn the coarse grass so thin that the sandy soil appeared to be coming up through it. The leaves stirred very softly in the hot,

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still sunshine. In the intervals of the tinkling it was so quiet that when one of the two policemen, off duty, in the upper end of the garden, gave a big, vigorous laugh, everybody looked around.

Coming in, the young man had noticed the policemen. He looked at them now with an apathy which was like the dying down of his last sense of contact with the world. Even policemen were only passive and idle figments in a scheme of things all idle and indescribably remote. All of those beings at their little tables, — it seemed to him that he had only to wink his eyes and they would vanish; the broad, hot, still sunshine would pour over a garden empty of all but him. He thought that he did not care, particularly. Caring was too active a state of mind. He felt the perception of a sorrow so big and immutable that any merely human activity was quite grotesque. For some moments, indeed, he occupied himself with staring at the untouched mug of beer before him, watching the swift dissolution of the froth bubbles. He fancied they were lives foolishly winking out in dozens, while he watched, idly changeless. He did not taste the drink. Once there had been too much of that, — so recently that the malty smell now touched his nerves with a subtle repugnance, and he pushed the mug aside. It was a thing that he had been through like all the rest. Perhaps it was well enough to stand in the very bottom of the trough and calmly take account of one's self there; to be at the farther side of everything, sad, indifferent, waiting for nothing.

But he was to have some company, after all.

A chubby man carrying a baby, and accompanied by a little girl, was coming up to the next table. They too were very poor, and the young man tacitly admitted them to a place beside his solitude.

The chubby father let the baby slide into one of the heavy wooden chairs, and the little girl instantly busied herself, motherwise, smoothing out the child's rumpled frock of clean faded calico, placing his fat legs to give a better balance in the big seat, straightening the cheap wide straw hat, ludicrously too old, that was fastened with a string under his double chin. The girl herself looked not more than ten, — a slim little thing, with a round, homely, freckled face, a clean faded calico frock, and a straw hat just like the baby's. The chubby father had a rosy, good-humored face, and bright dark eyes almost as infantile as the child's.

When the waiter came up, there was a colloquy in a foreign tongue between the father and daughter, in which he seemed to be urging her on. Finally, very shyly, looking into her lap, the maid said in so low a tone that the waiter stooped to hear, "One glass of lemonade."

The waiter hurried away. The little girl bent her head still lower and folded her hands, as though she felt conspicuous before the world; but the young man could see her smiling in a childish, self-conscious way to herself, and he understood the proportions, the rareness, of this tremendous treat.

Presently the waiter returned, bearing on his battered tray a tall glass of lemonade. The disks of yellow lemon lay amid the cracked ice. There was a red cherry at the bottom. Two long golden straws protruded from the glass. The little girl looked at it with a kind of solemnity, not offering to touch it at first. The father, his hand in his pocket, but forgetful of the waiter for a moment, twinkled and beamed at her and at the whole lower end of the garden. His shining face turned to the solitary young man as though asking him to appreciate this precious joke.

The maid drew the glass slowly to the edge of the table, while even the smiling, indulgent, mussed waiter forgot his trade. She put her mouth to the

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straws and took a long drink. She ceased, and looked at her father, drawing the corner of her lip between her teeth, laughing a little, and slowly shaking her head in a confusion of gratitude, self-consciousness, and satisfaction that was too much for words.

The father gave a chuckling, gratulatory laugh; drew a nickel from his pocket and laid it on the table.

"It's fifteen cents," said the mussed waiter.

The little girl gave a startled glance, and pushed the glass quickly from her in a frightened way. "I drank only a little," she murmured involuntarily.

The chubby father stared at the waiter, and slowly comprehended. His bright eyes fell. One could see his shame, as though his nakedness had suddenly been exposed. He searched his pocket, and finally drew out a dime, which he laid on the table. The mussed waiter swept it into his hand, under the startled, helpless glance of the little girl.

The father, still very grave, murmured a word consolingly. But the maid sat back from the table, far withdrawn from the ruinous glass. Again she looked into her lap. Her meek freckled face showed the tragedy of the lost dime.

The young man stared over at them. He was nervously fingering the few coins in his pocket; but he had a curiously abeyant sense, as though he were looking, waiting for the climax.

The baby began clamoring. The maid leaned over, drew his fat little body up against her and kissed him loudly. She looked hardly the bigger of the two.

Suddenly, as though that loud kiss were the cue, the young man's heart began beating fast. Far within him he felt the deep human sap moving aright with precious pains and longing. A mistiness came into his eyes. He wished to say: "Dear people, come over to me. We have been wounded with the same arrow, — you with your dime, and I — The same dog has bitten us both."

The chubby baby slid, turtle-like, from his chair, and began making some excursions over the trying ground. The young man pulled his hat over his brows, so that he could just see the stumbling little feet, the uncertain little legs, the bobbing skirt of the poor clean calico frock. By and by the adventurer came that way; stooped in a funny, awkward posture, and peered up at the face that was shadowed by the hat brim. In a moment the young man got out his watch. Holding it under the edge of the table, where only the child would see, he made the case fly open and snapped it shut. The baby came over. The bait was delivered into his eager, brown little hands. The young man, very gently and circumspectly, as one lands a big fish, lifted him to his knee, softly, slyly hugging him. He surreptitiously felt the sturdy little legs. His fingers closed over the fat little hands, under pretense of showing how to operate the watch spring.

The young man was careful not to look over at the other table. They might not understand. They might take the child away. But when the baby tugged hard at the watch chain the little girl spoke reprovingly, and came over to keep him to his good behavior. Then the young man perceived that she too had her curiosity respecting the watch. He opened the case for her, made the hands move forward and back, showed how the watch unsnapped from the chain. She was leaning against his knee, quite absorbed. Presently the father came over, nodding in brisk amiability, his chubby, ruddy face shining with good-fellowship. When the young man pushed out a chair he sat down. In a moment the conversation was going like this: —

"Yes, the watch is ten years old, — as old as you. I have had it that long."

The girl interpreted to her father. The father nodded vigorously, beaming. With gestures and nods he spoke twenty unintelligible, disjointed words with increasing emphasis.

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The little girl explained: "He says his father had a watch forty years."

"Do you go to the public school? The English school? You speak English well."

"Oh yes, sir," said the girl. "I can read and write English."

The father caught the word, and wagged his head briskly. "Write! Write! Fine! Good!" He lifted his hand and made flourishy motions of writing in the air.

The girl smiled with shy pride. The young man thought she would like to give an exhibition of her skill. She looked at the lead pencil which the baby had fished from the young man's pocket. But there was no paper.

Presently the girl asked, "Are there works in your watch?" She was holding it very gingerly.

"Oh yes; you can see them. Press the spring, — no, this way. Now open the other lid with your thumb nail, or have your father do it."

The maid and her father were admiring the nest of little wheels. He was explaining to her, benignantly; she was pointing, her finger carefully held off from the costly mechanism. But the baby was interested, stooping and reaching with eager, clumsy hands. A determined lunge brought the chubby fingers too near. The girl snapped the inner case shut in time. The young man shook his head at the baby, smiling softly.

The maid looked at the shining closed inner case. By and by she suggested, "There's a nice picture in your watch."

"Yes, — a picture." He took the watch in his hand. On the inner side of the lid was a photograph of a young woman holding a baby. The baby's face was laid against hers. She was smiling a little, proudly, fondly.

The young man stared down at it. He scarcely heard the girl saying, "Do you know the lady?" and he answered mechanically, "Yes, I know the lady."

The photograph was faded, but to him it seemed to be coming to life. The fixed lineaments seemed ready to move, the lips to speak, the eyes to lighten, the absurd, belligerent baby fist to open and reach out.

The maid was asking, far away, "Is it her baby?" He was answering, somewhere, "Yes, it is her baby."

He raised his eyes and looked slowly over the garden. His glance rested a moment on two conspicuous figures at the upper end.

He closed the watch and put it in his pocket, and turned to the little girl with a faint smile.

"So you can write English?"

"Yes, sir."

"Let's see you write something for me."

He gave her the pencil. In his coat pocket he found a crumpled laundry bill, which he spread on the table, the blank side up. The maid, pencil in hand, squared herself before the paper, looking very important.

"At the top of the paper here write 'Walter.' Can you spell 'Walter'? Now capital 'F'. Then capital 'L' and 'o-v-e-r-i-n-g'. 'Walter F. Lovering.' That's good. Then under it, 'S-y-r-a-c-u-s-e, New York.' Now under that 'Wanted.' You can spell 'wanted,' can't you? The next is a hard one. Begin with capital 'E', then 'm-b-e-z', now another 'z' and 'l-e-m-e-n-t'. There!"

He surveyed the result in the girl's large upright childish characters.

"Now take that, just that way, and run over there and show it to those two policemen, and tell them I sent you. Oh, it will be all right. You'll see. One of the policemen is a friend of mine, and I'm going with him. Just say I sent you."

He spoke with some authority, but he nodded encouragingly. The girl obediently trotted away. The father, who had followed the nods and gestures, looked at the young man, then after the girl; not

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understanding, but beaming at the odd game, whatever it might be.

But the young man did not look after her. His eyes were averted. His nervous hands fumbled at the baby a moment. Then he lifted the child to his breast and laid its arms around his neck. He felt the jerky motions of its little limbs against him. Its hands brushed about his neck and hair.

He heard a heavy footfall near the table, and looked up at the big blue-coated officer who stood by, evidently puzzled, but ready. He kissed the baby, handed it over to the father, and stood up.

"I 'm the man," he said quietly.

The policeman looked down at his piece of paper, folded it methodically with his big fingers, and put it in his vest pocket.

"I remember something about it," he said, as though he felt under a kind of politely social impulse from the circumstances of the affair. "It was a bank, was n't it?"

"Yes, a bank."

"'Bout six months ago?" the officer suggested.

The young man gave a long sigh. "Four months," he answered. He drew his hand across his eyes. Then, quietly, as one making a reasonable explanation of an odd action, he added, "My God, I want to go home."

Will Payne.

FRENCH OPENMINDEDNESS.

"Our pale and empty college graduates!" ("Nos pâles et vides bacheliers!")

This phrase, launched by Jules Lemaître in the great hall of the Sorbonne (June 5, 1898), is at once the catchword and the summary of a vigorous campaign now being carried on in France for educational reform. The paragraph in which the brusque but luminous phrase occurred is as follows: —

"A boy of spirit and energy, robust, daring, expert in bodily exercises, fed on solid commercial studies, fortified by practical ideas, possessing a business or trade, and well read, because reading is pleasure, in the French classic authors, is a being more interesting, of greater moral worth, and, to speak plainly, more distinguished, than three quarters of our pale and empty bachelors of arts."

M. Victor Charbonnel, commenting on the significance of the Sorbonne utterance, wrote: "Up to the present, there were, to deny the social grandeur and the literary importance of the *baccalauréat* [bachelor's degree], only certain revolutionary writers, certain university men of irreverent temper, and certain professors of Anglo-Saxon energy. Our mandarins maintained about the first degree of their *mandarinat* a prestige which tickled the vanity of the bourgeois. Monsieur Prudhomme, gently fooled by this prestige, promised his son the honor of 'pursuing his studies.' And behold, one of the first mandarins of France cries out, 'Fraud!' He dares to pretend that to 'pursue one's studies' — that is to say, to learn Latin and Greek — is a useless torture and a ridiculous vanity. The benefit of Latin escapes him, mandarin though he is."

Astounding as it is that the mandarin-academician Lemaître, Petronius Arbiter turned St. Paul, should have vented such a revolutionary sentiment in such a place, it is more astounding that a refined and serious audience should have approved it; the scathing fulmination being received, not as a death-dealing bolt, with the pallor of dazzled dismay, but

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with a flush of joy, as a ray of health-giving sunlight. The explanation of the cordiality is to be found in the fact that the listeners had been partially prepared for Lemaître's heresy by a long series of able if less authoritative criticisms of the efficiency of the college graduate in the world of affairs, and of the uselessness, as a preparation for life, of the course leading to the bachelor's degree, — a series of which the periodical studies of M. Edmond Demolins (since grouped together under the title A Quoi Tient la Supériorité des Anglo-Saxons) were the finest flower. Demolins' book assigns the growing inferiority of the French in industrial and commercial matters to a sad lack of individual initiative, and this lack of initiative to inadequate education. It suggests, by way of remedy, the transformation of the lycée into an institution which shall turn out men "well equipped for life" (*bien armés pour la vie*) instead of *pâles et vides bacheliers*, and would supplant, to that end, the present rigid classical lycée curriculum by a more practical and flexible one.

The zeal of the apostles Demolins and Lemaître (social scientist and mandarin) seems in a fair way to achieve something tangible. Lemaître's Sorbonne discourse so stirred the university world that more than one hundred of that year's prize distribution addresses treated the question of educational reform. The government has interested itself in the movement to the extent of carrying on an exhaustive educational investigation through a special commission. M. Demolins, distrustful of governmental sincerity, fearful of the proverbial Platonism of investigating commissions, and impatient of the inevitable governmental deliberateness, has already opened a school in Normandy — M. Demolins' prompt suiting of the action to the word has been playfully characterized as American — on the model of the English schools of Bedale and Abbotsholm. With the government officially seized with the matter, on the one hand, and a laboratory experiment in progress for the government to watch and shape its recommendations by, on the other, it only ought to depend, it would seem, on M. Demolins to demonstrate the value of his ideas to have them ultimately incorporated into the lycée system.

In this united and earnest attempt on the part of Frenchmen of widely different characters, antecedents, and social, political, and religious sympathies to improve the lycée, three traits are agreeably conspicuous: —

(1.) A willingness to admit home defects and weaknesses, — frankness.

(2.) A willingness to give foreign peoples full credit for their better qualities, — generosity.

(3.) A willingness, not for a moment to be confounded with a spirit of servile imitation, to learn from the better qualities of foreign peoples, — teachableness.

And the sum of these, the sum of the frankness, the generosity, and the teachableness, is the one trait which may be called, in the absence of a more accurate term, openmindedness.

The contemporary crusade just outlined is only the latest incident of a grand educational movement, dating from the close of the Franco-Prussian war, which has been marked throughout by an openmindedness both engaging and heroic.

"We have something more important to do than to make a constitution," declared M. Thiers, after the disaster of 1870: "we must reorganize France." "The nation that has the best schools," added Jules Simon, "is the first nation in the world. If it is not so to-day, it will be to-morrow." "We were defeated by the German schoolmaster," some one said, and everybody's lips repeated it.

France, which up to that time had had no common schools worthy of the name, straightway took the common school system of Germany as a point of

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departure (not as a model) for a system of her own. School attendance, up to a certain age, was made compulsory. Public schools were forcibly set up in all the towns, and normal colleges, to train teachers for the public schools, in all the departments. The relative inutility, the possible harmfulness even, of unsupported book-learning was recognized from the start, and all sorts of ingenious devices were employed against it. Gymnastics and manual training were introduced to fortify the body; school savings banks to inculcate thrift; school gardens to create an affection for the land; and a course of ethical instruction to develop the moral nature. Special industrial, commercial, dairying, and agricultural schools, intended to make the boys efficient master workmen, merchants, farmers, and dairymen, and the girls capable domestic managers and independent breadwinners, were distributed judiciously over the area of France.

Notwithstanding various drawbacks, the net result of a quarter of a century of honest, persistent, well-directed effort is a closely articulated and truly national public school system, admitted by all well-informed and impartial educators to be excellent, and pronounced by some the best in existence.

French scholarship was justly discredited during the latter days of the Empire; in spite of a few commanding names, its inferiority to German scholarship was notorious. The humiliating truth was confessed, after the war, with complete and commendable grace and frankness. France set about winning a fair fame for herself in the company of the sages, and the rehabilitation of the university was undertaken in a large and teachable spirit. French educators studied German university methods officially and unofficially, on the ground. The Chamber, which might almost have been excused for skimping such a department at such a time, granted a university appropriation four times larger than had been granted in previous years, quite as if the hard and pressing realities of war indemnities and unprecedented public school taxes were unsubstantial fancies. Thanks to this high-minded outlook and far-seeing liberality, original research was stimulated by new honors and rewards; new university buildings were erected, new libraries collected, new laboratories opened, new professorships founded and old ones strengthened. A brilliant renaissance succeeded. Intellectual France was literally reborn. Nowhere is learning fresher and lustier to-day, nowhere more aspiring and self-renouncing. Scholars everywhere acknowledge the newly won prestige. "In the domain of the exact and experimental, of the historical, archæological, and economical sciences," wrote a well-known German scholar recently, "our western neighbors within the last quarter of a century have been active in a most remarkable degree." And the special glory of the situation is that German seriousness, thoroughness, and profundity have been attained without the taking on of German fogginess, slovenliness, and uncouthness; without the sacrifice of a single iota of French clearness, luminousness, neatness, and perfection of literary form.

Another radical change in French policy dates from the close of the war, or very near it. Systematic scrutiny of the internal resources of France, of the colonial activity of rival powers, and of the field of European politics and France's situation therein, having led French statesmen to conclude — whether rightly or wrongly only time can tell — that the prosperity of their country, if not her very existence, demanded colonial expansion, they proceeded with superb energy to take unto themselves vast domains in Asia, Africa, and the islands of the sea. If the complete and permanent success of the French colonial movement is as yet far from assured, it is not because the French have failed to

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make a serious study of the varied aspects of the colonial problem, not because they are unfamiliar with the methods of the successful colonizing nations, not because they are unwilling to draw lessons from their own experience and the experience of others, but because they are constitutionally ill suited to expatriation, and to the daring and gigantic commercial enterprises which seem to be the backbone of contemporary colonization.

The same sensitiveness to their own deficiencies and to the finer issues and richer activities of environing life, to the "best that is being thought, said, and done in the world," which impelled the French, immediately after the war, to create the common school, re-create the university, and engage in colonizing, is now impelling them to several large undertakings, of which the chief is the reorganization of the government. Tired of unstable policies of reprisals, of riotous sessions of the Chambers, of interpellations of ministers upon matters of only local importance or of no importance, and of the consequent bewildering rise and fall of ministries, men of every shade of political belief institute courageous comparisons between the workings of their own constitution and those of the constitutions of other progressive peoples, and draw unflattering conclusions therefrom. They do not hesitate to declare their constitution so puerile, self-contradictory, and inadequate in its daily applications as to be in need of a speedy and thorough overhauling. The French ship of state is, if so strained a figure may be pardoned, a monarchic bottom flying a republican flag; and the French people, whose hatred of sham is innate and immutable, are naturally up in arms against the transparent hypocrisy of a régime that is republican in form, but monarchic in substance. They are insisting, more logically than philosophically, — philosophy tolerates endless anomalies, so they are not positively unwholesome, while logic tolerates none, — that this annoying anomaly be somehow got rid of; that the government be made either more republican or less so; that the form be modified to correspond with the substance, or the substance to correspond with the form; that, to resume the strained figure, a new republican bottom be built to fly the republican standard, or a monarchic standard be scared up in some second-hand bricabrac shop of the Faubourg St. Germain to proclaim the monarchic bottom.

In 1884, Dumas fils, who was a serious student of social conditions, predicted that Frenchwomen would vote in ten years. He blundered in his arithmetic, and lived to know it. But other changes in the status of women, almost as extraordinary and quite as far-reaching, have occurred within a little more than the decade included in his prediction, and go far to justify it. A recent novel of M. André Theuriet, Villa Tranquille, contains the following conversation between a French father and his daughter fresh from a Paris pension, apropos of the desire of the latter to climb a certain peak of the Savoyard Alps: —

"'Unfortunately, I am not strong enough to accompany you, and since you cannot go alone' —

"'Bah!' she interrupted, 'with a guide!'

"'A girl of your age cannot run the mountains with a guide.'

"'Why not?'

"'It 's not proper.'

"'Oh, you 're still there? Well, you *are* behind the times. A girl to venture out only when chaperoned by pa and ma! Why, that went out of fashion ages ago!'

"'What!'

"The father was dumfounded by the tranquil assurance with which this girl of eighteen uttered the subversive sentiment. He scrutinized her for a mo-

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ment with an anxious eye. There was so much ingenuousness in Odette's limpid and honest gaze that he was ashamed of his suspicions.

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"'Was it the superior of the Assumption,' he queried ironically, 'who inculcated these — advanced — ideas?'

"'Oh dear, no! Madame Ste. Marie des Anges was too much of the old school for that. But I was acquainted at the convent with some English and American girls, who always went out alone, and who were none the less very respectable. They held opinions which I share absolutely, on this point and on many others.'"

Odette's fresh, girlish admiration for the unconventional ways of her foreign sisters is typical, as the novelist intended it should be, of the change that is taking place in the French attitude toward women, and might be duplicated in more sophisticated quarters. The traditional French parental authority over children (both sons and daughters) is slowly falling down under the stress of English and American example. The tendency of young hearts to supersede old heads in the matter of match-making is becoming more and more pronounced. Easier marriage is bringing in its train easier divorce, and the laws of property are being materially modified in the woman's favor. Lycées for girls were established twenty years ago, since which time the providing of educational opportunities for women has gone on apace. For good or for evil, the "higher education" is an accomplished fact in France.

Frenchwomen, who have long played a large part in industry and commerce, may now enter most of the liberal professions, if they choose. They have their own art exhibitions, their own daily, weekly, and monthly press, and their own theatre. They are gaining their rights and surrendering their privileges less rapidly, perhaps, than the women of England and America (for a score of reasons which may not be gone into here), but rapidly enough to make the French word *féminisme* stand for a very real and live thing. "Emancipation," in the full Anglo-Saxon awfulness of the term, is in the air.

French appreciation of foreign literature is to-day ample. Thus, several of the American classics are held in general high esteem. Poe — I say it boldly, without qualification — is better known and understood by the present generation of the French than by the present generation of his countrymen; Cooper also (though the American schoolboy remains more or less faithful to the Leather Stocking Tales), if adults alone are considered. Cooper complete may be bought in four-cent volumes at the tiniest faubourg or village bookstall. Emerson and Hawthorne have a fair following. Bret Harte, Mark Twain, and Walt Whitman, about the validity of whose right to be rated as classics we in America are still hesitating, have received their credentials as such in France as they have in England. Of our newer celebrities, Henry James, Marion Crawford, Richard Harding Davis, Hamlin Garland, Mary E. Wilkins, and others have been awarded the honor of translation by high-grade journals and reviews.

A young French lawyer, as much addicted to letters as is his average American craft brother, and no more, recently said to me, with a comical pride in his cosmopolitanism he was at no effort to conceal: "I know American literature, and I like it well. I have read your American novels. I have read three works of Monsieur Gunter. They are Miss Dividends, Mr. Potter of Texas, and Mr. Barnes of New York, and I call them very thrilling. I am now reading a nice" ("nice," I take my oath, was his very word) "book of poems by a Monsieur Lowell. I find these poems thoughtful, but very obscure" (the poor fellow was probably struggling with the dialect and local and circumstantial allusions of Hosea Biglow, with the odds

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largely in favor of Hosea), — "almost as obscure as our Mallarmé."

To one judgment of such an absurd sort, as innocent of malice as it is of literary perspective, and so not to be taken in bad part, it is safe to count on a score of sound ones like the following: "In a century, this people has produced such men of letters as Emerson and Edgar Poe, such poets as Walt Whitman and Longfellow, . . . artists who are equal in importance to Flaubert, Chateaubriand, Hugo, Baudelaire. . . . Baudelaire owed much to Edgar Poe, whose work he translated; Emerson has assisted our serious youth to an understanding of great moral truths; Walt Whitman inspires certain of our poets."

As a corollary of the enthusiasm for foreign literatures, the ambition to acquire a speaking familiarity with foreign languages — English especially — has entered France, and flourishing societies *pour la propagation des langues étrangères* have come into being. The results obtained are divertingly scant by the side of the energy expended; but this always, nationality quite apart, is the doom reserved for people who hazard the indiscretion of studying alien tongues where they are not habitually spoken.

The appreciation bestowed on the literature of foreign nations is extended to foreign achievements in most of the amenities.

The tradition is that Frenchmen do not travel; and this tradition, in spite of France's long list of explorers and her ability to point to world-famous travelers, contains a larger element of truth than most traditions. Still, they travel much more than formerly. There is a "new Frenchman" as there is a "new woman," and the "new Frenchman" is both tourist and polyglot. Goethe's famous definition, "The Frenchman is a person who speaks only his own language and is ignorant of geography," has lost nearly all its original point.

Occupation with the literature and the other elegant arts of foreign peoples, combined with the newly acquired habits of travel and language study, has produced a well-based appreciation of the whole range of foreign life, but particularly of those phases which display marked superiority to the same phases of French life. The admiration of things English is so blended with faddism — affectations of dress, drinks and modes of drinking, sports and the sporting and society vocabularies — on the one hand, and with a chivalrous straining to be just and courteous to a hereditary enemy (never more an enemy than now) on the other, that it is not easy to separate the genuine in it from the counterfeit. Of things American, however, it is all genuine and well-nigh unbounded, being extended to political ideas and machinery, rapid journalism, social devices, postal, telegraph, telephone, railway, and municipal transit systems and management, feats of engineering, library, hospital, and police administration, conduct of charities and philanthropies, prison policy and discipline, hotel and household comforts, and "Yankee notions."

In short, while it may not be saying a great deal to affirm it, — international misapprehensions are so inevitable a part of the established order of things, — it nevertheless should be said and resaid that France now knows herself and other nations as well as other nations know themselves and her; and that, furthermore, she practices quite as large a benevolence of judgment toward most other nations as most other nations practice toward her.

Boston has possessed for many years a certain clergyman, of national repute, who is so large-hearted that he lends his name, influence, and energy to every cause in which he detects good, and so large-minded that he detects good in nearly every cause brought to his notice. The result is that Boston has come to accuse him, for all he is very dear to her, of indulging in philanthropy to excess.

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Similarly, if there is a fault to be found with French openmindedness, it is that it is carried to excess. It bends over backward, literally, in its attempt at fairness. It does scant justice to France and exaggerated justice to other nations, like those mirrors which produce the illusion of abnormal corpulence or abnormal emaciation, according to the way they are turned. To know the very worst that can be said about France and the very best that can be said about the enemies of France, it is necessary to go to the French. Now one half truth plus another half truth make, in such a case, not two half truths nor one whole truth, as the rules of arithmetic teach, but one whole falsehood. In comparing themselves with other peoples, the French do not invoke the mitigating circumstances, make the allowable reservations, or insert the saving clauses in their own behalf. They do not assert, at least not as often and as firmly as they ought, that there are French institutions which merit serious consideration from the Anglo-Saxons and others; that France may furnish an international copy book as well as another nation, since she has as many lessons to teach as she has to learn. It would be as easy, provided the attention were concentrated upon the proper points, to writo a bulky volume of truth on the superiority of the French — our own Brownell has proved it — as on the superiority of the English, the Americans, the Germans, or any people whatsoever.

In the French admiration of the spirit of individual business initiative which pervades the life of England, and the deprecation of its relative absence in France, little or no account is taken of England's exceptional geographical position, of her comparative freedom from the burden of a standing army, of her relatively feeble agricultural resources, of her venerable law of primogeniture which drives the majority of her young men into active careers, —

> "— the bitter road the younger son must tread
> Ere he win to hearth and saddle of his own," —

of the virtues of French solidarity, of the relatively even distribution of wealth and the humane and beneficent public initiative which are its partial corollaries, of the disgust with the egoism of individualism and the yearning for solidarity on the part of some of the most consecrated English thinkers, and of the powerful trend among the English masses toward a larger public initiative.

Dazzled by the superb spectacle of England's stupendous colonial career, France does not give credit enough to the zeal and intrepidity of her own explorers, the valor and patience of her armies of occupation, the reclaiming and civilizing efficiency of her outposts, the volume and vigor of her colonial trade; nor make the capital she might of the brutality and duplicity engendered by British colonial greed, and of the perilous instability of the British colonial empire.

In contrasting the masterful positiveness and firmness of German public policy with the hesitancy and vacillation of her own, she does not lay enough stress upon the fundamental differences between a despotism and a democracy, or upon the hopeless disadvantage a democracy labors under in conceiving and executing national or international projects of long range to which the delicacy, reticence, and continuity, impossible in a democracy, are absolutely indispensable.

In emphasizing the hermaphrodite nature of her present régime, she does not make allowance enough for the exceptional circumstances which ushered it in, and for the complexity of the problems raised by the century of incessant convulsion incident to the as yet really unfinished Revolution, as well as by her position in Europe. She does not give credit enough to the centralization (now outworn, perhaps, and ready to be sloughed off) without which post-bellum

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reconstruction would have been less easy and rapid, if not impossible, or to the paper constitution for the several points (such as the election of the President) at which it has worked with phenomenal smoothness. Nor does she throw into sufficient relief the defects of the régimes she holds superior, — American lynching, rioting, and municipal misgovernment, for example. In approving the freedom of the American girl and the independence of the American woman, Frenchmen ignore — is it chivalry or ignorance? — the woeful lack of respect of youth for age, the rapidly diminishing importance of the family as a social unit, the epidemic of divorce, the young girl's shrill and grating bumptiousness, and the domestic incapacity, extravagance, nervous invalidism, morbid sex consciousness, and unlovely pedantry of the women, which are the temporary — God grant it be only temporary! — outcome of this vaunted independence and freedom. And they ignore, further, the fact that their own women — a thousand apologies to American women for the ungracious word — are, to the thinking of many, the most feminine, the most intellectual (in the good, unbookish use of the word), the most capable in business, the most influential in politics, and, though nominally "unemancipated," the most essentially independent women on the planet.

In the movement for educational reform along English lines, no counter claim is set up by Demolins and his fellows for past French influence on English education. No pains are taken by them to make clear that their most severe criticisms regard a single section of the educational system only, the section intermediate between the school and the university, the ancient lycée, which, in the rehabilitation of the schools, was left practically untouched; that it is not the whole French educational structure, but this venerable, worm-eaten, moss-grown stairway within the structure which it is proposed to demolish, and replace — if the image may be allowed — by a thoroughly up-to-date elevator; and that their agitation is not a reaction, as on the face of it it seems to be, against the educational activity deployed since the great humiliation, but the logical outcome and fitting consummation of this activity. Nor are any pains taken to explain that the English schools by which it is proposed that the lycée shall be made to profit are not the typical secondary schools of England, but exceptional, expensive, and select institutions for rich men's sons.

The sweeping and irresponsible world judgment that denies affability to the Englishman, modesty to the American, alertness to the German, energy to the Turk, and tolerance to the Russian denies openmindedness to the Frenchman. By universal usage, who says Frenchman says Chauvinist. Chauvinism and the French spirit are convertible terms in the world vocabulary. There was a time, perhaps, when France merited this reputation for excessive self-complacency. She does not merit it now, and has not done so for a quarter of a century. If ever a country has been given over to self-examination, self-blame, and the search within and without for the wherewithal to remedy her defects; if ever a country, in other words, has been openminded, France is that country to-day. In the interests of truth and of international fairness, the fact deserves to be stated and emphasized.

This openmindedness redounds largely to the intellectual and moral credit of the French people. Thus far it seems to have redounded to their advantage as well through the force it has lent to the various enterprises of national reconstruction, — the establishment of the republic and of the free school system, the redemption of the university, the now progressing regeneration of the lycée, and, less obvious, though possible, bless-

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ing, the acquisition of colonial possessions. But there are signs that receptiveness to new ideas is beginning to be carried beyond the limits of discretion. All new ideas are not sound ideas, — shall we never learn the lesson? — all change is not progress, all openmindedness is not wisdom. Was not Tennyson, enlightened, far less eager to have

"— the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change,"

in Locksley Hall Sixty Years After than in Locksley Hall? It may well be queried whether certain efforts now being put forth to make France like other nations — notably the attempt, inspired by the material prosperity of England and America, to transform her into a commercial and industrial power — may not be sad blunders.

Despite the astounding way France has of doing whatever she sets out to do, from building a boulevard to paying a war debt, from demolishing a slum to dethroning a dynasty, she cannot achieve the impossible. She cannot do a thing contrary to her nature; and it looks very much as if industry and trade, in the complex, colossal, audacious sense in which these terms are now employed, are so nearly contrary to her nature that if she succeeds ultimately in doing what a nation with a genius for affairs does automatically, it will be only at the price of almost superhuman exertion.

Why may not the commercial, industrial, and colonial enterprise of England and America be admired by France as a superb exhibition of force without being taken as a pattern? May it not be unwisdom amounting to positive rashness to allow herself to be pricked thereby to emulation? However absolute and cosmopolitan a thing truth the abstraction may be, truths are relative and national; truths know frontiers. English truths are not necessarily German truths or French truths. To be her best, France must be herself, must live in harmony with French truths. To carry herself most gracefully, she must walk in paths that are her own, shod with shoes that habit has conformed to her feet. Industry and trade are not the only worthy things in the world; culture, beauty, and emotion certainly count for something. While other worthy things quite in accord with her temperament and quite in the line of her traditions remain for France to do, other things which she alone can do, or at least can do easiest and best, why should she spend herself — like a hen trying to swim or a duck to fly — in awkward, fluttering, sputtering efforts to do the thing for which she has little or no fitness, while she lets

"Slow die out of her life
Glory and genius and joy"?

The peculiar mission of France, if we read her history and her character aright, is now, as it usually has been, intellectual and æsthetic, — the dissemination of beauty and the kindling of thought. France neglecting her peerless power to stimulate and captivate in order to seize world markets produces precisely the same unpleasant impression as does a beautiful and talented woman willfully despising the privileges of her womanhood to yell and jostle with men on the floor of the stock exchange.

All success to France in her new emprise of competing in a business way with the business nations, of remoulding her life after the similitude of the Anglo-Saxon life, if her heart is set upon it, and it is really in the long run the best thing. So, surely, will her now too humble heart regain some portion of its old-time Chauvinistic pride. And yet it is impossible not to feel — sentimental error, perhaps — that civilization will have less cause for regret if she fails than if she succeeds; for her kingdom seems not to be of the world of dickerings, dollars, and deals, but of the world of intellectuality and charm.

Alvan F. Sanborn.

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IN PRAISE OF OLD LADIES.

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It is everywhere the custom, in life, in literature, to celebrate the young girl; to praise her pink cheeks, her shining hair, her innocence, her gayeties, — her muslins, even, and blue ribbons. She has become in these latter days a proverb, a type, — *la jeune fille*. Yet, to the discreet observer, how gaudy is her charm, how showy and unsubstantial, and of the day only, when matched with graces like those of the truly incomparable old lady! It is an antique convention that hurries off old age with decrepitude and care and quavering palsy. And it may be that the old gentleman is unamiable; that, his days of strenuousness fairly over, he becomes crabbed, a lover of snuff, and unpoetical. But the old lady is a creature of another quality. The refinements of age only enhance the femininity of her charm; to her, whimsicalities, delicate occupations, the fine lines that etch themselves expressively across her brow and about her mouth, are all vastly becoming. With what ineffable grace, moreover, she pronounces certain words in the elegant fashion of an age ago! How softly the old India shawls she wears fall about her shoulders! What strange, unlikely stories she tells of the beginning of the century!

I am indeed no novice to her charms. I have been victim to the enchantments of a long line of old ladies from my earliest years upward. When my frocks were still short and I still suffered under the ignominy of pinafores, I remember very well following a friend of my grandmother's about, and fetching big books for her. She was an exceedingly learned old lady, I take it; indeed, my grandmother always spoke of her as strong-minded, wherefore I am sometimes led to doubt whether she would so unreservedly have pleased my maturer taste. But in those early days my devotion impelled me even to the point of learning the alphabets of the curious languages she read. What constituted her peculiar, her romantic charm, however, was the fact that she had traveled in many far-away countries. I always understood it was their strange suns that had turned her skin the yellow color of old parchment, and stopped the whitening of her hair at a grizzly gray. This particular ugly gray I admired along with the rest: it suggested worldly sophistication and a cosmopolitan experience, as did no less her deep voice and blue-veined hands, and her habit of taking a vigorous walk in the morning, before breakfast. Her daughter, she told me, was named Aurore. How I wished that I myself had been favored with such a name!

My grandmother was very different, — much prettier and gentler, no doubt; but her daughters bore such stiff, old-fashioned names as Anne and Emeline, and she herself had seldom left New England, and took only a short walk in the sun at noonday, under a tiny black silk parasol. At other times she sat beside her worktable, which had legs of twisted mahogany, and a crimson silk bag hanging down from the middle in a way I never understood. Out of this she occasionally brought scraps of faded old brocades, — pink and green they would be, with a rare yellow, or a blue still a little gay; and now and then, when the winter evenings until my bedtime were long, she even found bright-colored beads in a small drawer at the side. Although she had been "a proficient" in music as a girl, I think she knew no language save English. Emerson she read chiefly; the prayers of Theodore Parker; black volumes of sermons by William Ellery Channing; and sometimes, to me,

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in a very soft voice, Whittier's poems. In the late afternoons she was accustomed to play at solitaire, letting me sit at a corner of the table to look on. Not infrequently, when excited by the odds against which we were fighting, I forgot to hold up my head, and my long brown curls, falling down among the cards, threw them into disarray, and obliged me to sit at a penitential distance. My grandmother did not choose to be interrupted. But all the games in turn she invariably won by a deft rearrangement of the cards when she saw them going wrong. "With one's self, you know, my dear," she would say, judiciously distributing diamonds among the spades, — "with one's self it is quite understood."

Since the days of my grandmother and her friends I have known a hundred other old ladies, if none more charming. There are, I dare say, persons who, in going about the world, meet people of other sorts: actors, perhaps, or ladies of fashion, or diplomatists, — first of all, I fancy, to be desired, — or spiritualists, or musicians. Personally, I never fall in with any one except old ladies. In a railway train, for example, I am sure to find myself opposite or beside one, and of late years they have generally had birds with them.

The first I remember — with a bird, that is — was in a German railway carriage going from Berlin to Hanover. At least, my destination was Hanover; the old lady herself was on her way home to Düsseldorf. She had been visiting her nephews and nieces in Berlin; she had a great many of them, she told me. From her fingers, covered with old pearl and diamond rings, I gathered that she was very rich; and from the bouquets of many colors, ranged in the luggage rack above her head, that the nephews and nieces were trying to persuade her to leave them her fortune. She wore, nevertheless, an air of extreme detachment, holding her long netted silk purse — through whose meshes the Prussian gold gleamed — tightly clasped between two fat fingers. Altogether she was a very portly and regal-looking person, and gave you the impression of being dressed in black velvet, though in point of fact I do not think that she was. But her mantle was fringed heavily several times about, and her hat — for she wore a hat with a brim that drooped slightly, discreetly, all around — was also bordered by a black fringe that just cleared her faded eyebrows and her black beady eyes. She had a gouty foot, too, — she was quite complete, — that rested on a little folding stool she had brought with her: and she rang imperiously for the guard. When he came she ordered coffee, bullying the cream-faced Teuton into bringing a double portion of sugar to feed her bird, a little green creature, disposed among the flowers above her head. It was with a good deal of difficulty that she struggled up to reach him, but to have him handed down would, she said, excite him unnecessarily. "Mein Männchen, mein Männchen," she murmured in a deep, tender tone, as she fed him each successive crumb. After feasting the bird she turned her attention to me, and asking to see the book that I was absorbed in, she kept it until we arrived at Hanover. I had evidently read too much in trains, she remarked, in allusion to my eyeglasses. Americans, she knew, were very foolish. Then she asked me the price of everything in the States, and of my traveling bag in particular, and quarreled with me as to the number of marks in a dollar. "You 'll find I am right," she assured me, as I was squeezing myself and the brown leather bag she admired out of the narrow door of the German coupé. "You 'll find there are six marks in every dollar. Auf wiedersehen, Fräulein."

The last of my old ladies with birds I met only a month or two ago, on the way from London down to Southsea, — the one place in all the world, I suppose, whither a thin spinster, accompanied by a ragged-tailed bird named Tip, should

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be traveling. She was, of course, very different from the German dowager; not so far on in years, and, as I indicated, exaggeratedly thin; shy, furthermore, and dressed in a worn black silk gown, with a lace collar at her throat drawn together by a hair brooch. And she spoke only from time to time, to inquire if we must change carriages at Woking; meanwhile looking a little greedily from Tip to the seedcakes in the hands of three English schoolgirls, who, with shortish frocks and longish hair hanging over their shoulders, sat in a row on my side of the carriage, and scattered crumbs enough to have fattened a family of partridges.

Old ladies at sea, though there without the embellishments of flowers and birds, I have found no less attractive than on land. I fell in with a party of them in the early summer, on their way to Carlsbad to drink the waters; with the exception, that is, of two or three whose destination was Kissingen, and who disbelieved altogether, I learned when we were a few days out from New York, in the rheumatism of the Carlsbad-bound ladies. Carlsbad, they assured me, punctuating their remarks with sniffs of their smelling bottles as I tucked cushions behind their poor backs, — Carlsbad was all fine clothes and frivolity and band music (than which surely nothing has a more wicked sound), and was by no means the place a person really ill would dream of retiring to for her health's sake.

But it matters very little whether I travel in trains or in ships, or whether I rest quietly at home, my companions are rarely of my own age. If I am asked out to luncheon to meet the wife of a melancholy doubtful poet who died young, and on my way to the house in question dwell, not unnaturally, upon her youthful tragic grief, on my arrival I find myself confronted by a fat, kindly old lady, crowned with a large black-beaded bonnet that shows a bunch of purple flowers above either ear. If I go to visit some beautiful house secluded in the country, it is an old lady that stands on the threshold. I remember such a mansion, built in Tudor times, and topped with chimneys calculated to make you sigh your soul away in longing; it had once been the dower house of an English queen, and in front of it two peacocks paraded proudly all day long. Others I knew went to admire it, and were entertained by the granddaughter, or at least by the middle-aged daughter, of its mistress. Not so on the sunny morning of my visit. Lady W—— herself was working among the flowers in her garden, and herself showed me back to the cascade and the tulip tree, stepping over the lawn with the spirit of a girl, and apologizing with a girl's vanity, too, for her garden hat and gloves.

She was the very flower and mirror of all the old ladies I have ever known; conscious, if you will, of her charm, and all the more charming for that. She led me into the drawing room — she knew she held my heart in her hand — to see her portrait, which, though painted by a celebrated artist, made her look very like any other old lady in velvet and a bonnet and furs. Her great gayety, her beautiful eyes, the sweet curving lines about her mouth, were all forgotten. "I don't know," she said to me a little stiffly, as she paused before it, and for a moment glanced across to her maternal grandmother done by Reynolds, with pink cheeks, and with a pink rose in her hand instead of a muff, — "I don't know, my dear, whether it is like or not, but certainly it is a very odd picture."

More delightful though each one be than the last, it is but reasonable that the wealth of my experience among old ladies should have led me to certain discriminations. Old ladies, I am prepared to say, divide themselves into two classes: the thin, namely, and the fat. Nor is this discrimination so artificial as it may appear. Another equally expressive, equally conclusive, could not be made. And of the two — but this is a

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matter of prejudice — I prefer the thin, as having commonly more wit, more liveliness, brighter eyes, and a taste for anecdote generally wanting, I think it only right to say, in the fatter, kindlier class. My point of view is possibly ultra-modern, but what will you? *La grande dame*, so called, vanished with the days and ideals of Louis XIV. At the end of two centuries or so she is rarely to be met with. I have known her only once in all her traditional fairness, but then she was of the essence of perfection. She gave one the impression of having never for a moment been out of the great world; of having lived, though in New York, perpetually with princes, — "*les princes du sang, les princes étrangers, les grands-seigneurs façon de princes.*" But what is my ungraceful pen that it should hazard a description of her, or attempt the splendor of her white hair and her white hands! Her graciousness, her elegance, her worldliness, are not to be compassed by a sentence.

Among modern old ladies, of whom I speak somewhat less diffidently, I affect the more frivolous sort. My own feeling is, very strictly, that in old age the world of affairs should be left behind, and one's hours passed pleasantly among pleasant things. Age should be impulsive, light-hearted, — brilliant, if you will; it should fill its days with flowers and music and embroidery; it should drive in low carriages behind plump ponies; it should write a pretty, pointed, epistolary hand, and read nothing heavier than memoirs. Intellectuality may be all very well in youth, but in an old lady anything beyond a delicate pedantry is unlovely. I like old ladies with decided opinions, with a gift for repartee and some skill in the passions. Curiosities, strange modesties, — I knew of an old lady who brought her grandsons up never to look into a butcher's shop, deeming it indecorous, even indecent, — fantastic economies, eccentricities of various sorts, are delightful. And of all these things the insipidity and jejuneness of youth perforce know nothing. The very pattern of young girls is bound by a strait-lacing conventionality. Formalities, anxieties, uncertainties, sit upon her sleeve. She has no alternative, innocent creature, save to order her days and lay her plans in behalf of a charming old-ladyhood.

Lucy Martin Donnelly.

THE RIPENING.

O VAST, unwieldy land of ours!
Like some huge Titan-boy thou art
Whose young blood surges through his heart
In a crude strife of powers,
Until some tingling moment when
One cry wrings all true souls, and then
Thou standest in the strength of wrath and tears, —
Thou gatherest all thyself to tower above thy peers!

Thee, new born far beyond the main,
God cradled in a new-found clime
That wistful Europe's dreams sublime
Might not seem all in vain:

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Hope, reawakening at thy birth,
Thrilled the droop'd songsters of the earth
To brief ecstatic joy. Erelong in thee
Shall they behold the pledge of one Humanity?

The nations, ay, the nations wait
Thy ripening. Shall they lift their eyes
To see thee knit thy thews and rise,
Single, and whole, and great?
Not sooner for the bugle call,
Not sooner for the sound of all
The cannonades that roar beneath the sun.
Knowledge and Love and Toil shall slowly make thee one.

What song shall hail yon far-off morn?
Must Hope be sung in sweet, sad wails
By Europe's rich-voiced nightingales,
Bleeding against a thorn?
Come, New World lark! Come, future seer!
In thy strong chanting men shall hear
Love dominant through the triumph hymn of Life,
While long-retreating drums beat the dead march of strife.

William Miller Gamble.

CAMPAGNA NIRVANA.

Let go the tiresome thought,
All is naught!
For here Rome sleeping lies
With untired eyes,
And all the outpoured blood,
A lavish flood,
Which drenched this battle plain
Has left no stain,
Save poppies' drowsy, red,
Frail petals shed
On faint winds' wooing breath, —
Love's kiss of death.

Chariot wheels, through centuries heard,
Now leave unstirred
Silence of Campagna sweep,
Where straying sheep
In summer stillness pass
And find new grass;
Roads where Roman legions trod
Are daisied sod;

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The ways which triumphs shook
Now patient brook
White oxen, which, slow brooding, tread
Rome's kingly dead,
With shadows of the twilight skies
In wistful eyes.

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And after all the centuries told,
This plain is gold;
In undimmed purple lie
Against the sky
The hills, which lift as far
As night's first star;
Air rent with trumpets' blare
Is tranced as prayer;
The heavens where eagles flew
Drop silent dew.
Rome's world-ensweeping power,
This twilight hour,
But clouds which drift on sunset sea
Where visions be.
Rome's day of full-orbed light
Drops into night.
So thought of mine finds rest
On Rome's dead breast.

L. Studdiford McChesney.

ARCADY.

It has no bounds of time or place, —
Heigho, Arcady!
It is a light of transient grace
That shines on field and tree.
Look, Phyllis pirouetting sweet!
(Heigho, dancing bosom!)
I think the primrose from her feet
Breaks to fragrant blossom.

Unto her whistled tune she trips.
(Heigho, follow after!)
I think the goldfinch from her lips
Breaks to wingèd laughter.
The hour stands still at heaven's height, —
Heigho, Arcady!
It is the glory of the light
Was never on land or sea.

Joseph Russell Taylor.

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TAPS.

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SLEEP.
Now that the charge is won,
Sleep in the narrow clod;
Now it is set of sun,
Sleep till the trump of God.
Sleep.

Sleep.
Fame is a bugle call
Blown past a crumbling wall;
Battles are clean forgot;
Captains and towns are not:
Sleep shall outlast them all.
Sleep.

Lizette Woodworth Reese.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Where Are We Going?

THE idea of building up a symmetrical human character is very pretty. It is just possible, however, that American educators are in danger of saying too much on the subject.

Symmetry is perfection, perfection in the individual implies uniformity in the multitude, and uniformity is not a pleasant thing to look forward to as the goal of human nature. Is the American type of character varied enough to bear safely the assimilative process which is now going on at a rapid rate? Owing to the beneficent defects of educational methods in the past, there was always room for the incipient man and woman to do a large part in their own training. But the world is getting beyond that. The professional teaching force of the country has already taken the place of the army of parents to an extent only rivaled by the clerical body of the Middle Ages. The parents are simply providing the raw material, the American abecedarian, and the teachers are converting this into the finished product, the American adult person, with little aid or interference except from the laws of growth. The processes by which this work is done become more uniform throughout the nation from year to year. If the total result of our combined efforts is perfect and splendid, we share the glory of it. But the glory of the individual man lies in his achievement of some task which nobody else can do. It is his particular variation from ideal manhood that makes him valuable, not his likeness to his fellows or to a common model.

The only obstacle in the way of the present tendency toward uniformity is the inborn uniqueness of each living creature. But nobody knows how much of an obstacle that really is. No serious universal effort has ever before been made to surmount it. There have indeed been efforts to minimize individuality for the sake of some social, religious, or political ideal. Yet these *all*

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failed, unless, by way of exception, China is to be considered a social, political, and religious success. Now the unique quality of separate minds is to be attacked systematically. By this new method millions of living creatures are to be subjected to a single evolutionary process. The coming generation will necessarily be more uniform than the one which now exists. The next must be more uniform still, with the added condition that then all the agents of development, the teachers, will have been subjected to the same treatment. In five or six generations everything that can be done to defeat individual variation will be done.

The affair will then wear a very different aspect from any it has shown in the past. Hitherto the experience of human life has tended to widen the minute variation which evolution presupposes in the realm of nature. But the coming experiment is to take away every artificial enhancement of the germinal difference between man and man. If, as we understand Darwin's hypothesis, this minute variability is a necessary condition of life, there will still remain something, like the little bone of rabbinical lore, which uniformity cannot destroy. With that, humanity may begin over again the process of differentiation which it is now trying to reverse. If Weismann is right, and variability is itself a result of evolution, then it can be done away with, and humanity may reach an incoherent homogeneity such as Herbert Spencer never anticipated. Suppose, in addition to this, that we impress our ideas on the rest of the world with such force that all civilization becomes American, and our pluperfect system of education, so immensely more thoroughgoing than Patrick's machine for taking in old witches and grinding out young fairies, should become universal.

Is it not evident that in the course of a century or two nature will be defeated? Every citizen of the United States of the Earth will be just like every other citizen, and all will be so monotonously satisfactory that even the beatified saints will regret their predicted millennium. Then ho for Diogenes and his lantern to look for a man, a fallible, defective, imperfectly developed, one-sided man!

Why not a Tory Annex?

When one has been emphatically sat down upon, and that by such venerated ponderosity as the combined weight of the Sons and the Daughters of the Revolution, a reasonable amount of exhilaration is to be expected at the first sign of anything like approval coming from the quarter where severe disapproval was so plain.

Now, our city, close to the Canadian border, had last July an original and unique celebration of Independence Day: a grand military pageant, its conspicuous feature two thousand "redcoats" from the Queen's Dominion, guests of honor; the streets gay with bunting, the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack everywhere intertwined; the bands playing the national airs of America and of England; Tommy Atkins listening serenely to the reading of the Declaration of Independence in the public square, his manifest interest in its affirmations contrasting significantly with the indifference of our Grand Army men and the heroes of San Juan. Surely, in the way of something new and interesting, our Independence Day celebration was a grand success; and as the desire to promote good feeling between "the States" and Canada was the inspiration thereof, the fact that the loudest and the longest cheers were given to the redcoats was not to be misinterpreted as disloyalty to the eternal verities of our glorious Constitution, by any means. It was all a novel and welcome departure from the old-time procession, of which the most of us were long since wearied. Such an array of medals on the breasts of gallant British heroes! — Lucknow medals, Crimea medals, and one, at least, that the press described as having the Alma, Balaklava, and Sebastopol clasps. It

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was something to behold the representative of the Canadian militia at the Queen's Jubilee, and to give him a rousing cheer, and the major who wore the Cross of Honor he had won in the great Northwest rebellion, — a succession of heroes; the enthusiastic cheering of the crowd lessening considerably, of course, when such ordinary mortals as Sons of the Revolution, Civil War veterans, and the mayor of the city passed by. Even our boys from the front were of small account, evidently, compared with Canadian Highlanders, with their big pipers tooting a lively, snatchy quickstep, and Royal Dragoons, and the Princess of Wales's own Rifles, and artillerymen in scarlet coats, — the veritable redcoats our fathers used to burn in effigy when they would do something out of the commonplace on a Fourth of July. Tommy Atkins in his glengarry, — that funny little monkey-cap cocked over his ear, — and his swagger-stick in his hand, had reason to feel himself of much importance. Possibly, the Rough Riders, in their sombreros and leggings, felt somewhat overlooked; but they saluted the British colors most impressively, all the same, as Tommy did ours. And not a few of those redcoats, it was said, were direct descendants of the Tories of our Revolution, — of the men we drove from our borders, confiscating all they left behind.

Pondering on that fact increased the enjoyment of what was called a memorable and impressive celebration of Independence Day. The Sons of the Revolution and the Sons of the American Revolution marching in procession with British redcoats; the Daughters of the Revolution and the Daughters of the American Revolution bestrewing them all with flowers, — the redcoat getting his full share of the fairest, — ah, where were the shades of the heroes of Bunker Hill? And could it have been only some five years before, at the most, that when the suggestion was made, for the consideration of the patriotic societies, that their scope and usefulness be enlarged by the organization of auxiliary branches, the membership of which should include *only those* who were already members of the Sons or of the Daughters, but who had Tory ancestors as well, the idea was scarcely given a hearing, was called preposterous, — worse than that, ridiculous? "Establishing fraternal relations with the descendants of Tories, — how absurd! If a Son or a Daughter has Tory blood in his or her veins, the less that is said about it the better." Nor did the plea of what might be gained for history in the collection of Tory records, etc., have any effect. Affiliation with the descendants of the Tories? Never.

But after that parade, how can one help asking if the time has not arrived when those of the Sons and Daughters who are descended from loyalists as well as patriots should be organized as auxiliary to those societies, — their special work the collecting of Tory annals, and the promotion of fraternal relations between the Sons and the Daughters and those Canadian organizations of the descendants of the refugees of our Revolution, — that host of our countrymen,

> "outnumbered and o'erthrown,
> And by the fate of war run down"?

Why, is not this the very link needed for that international chain of true brotherhood that is to bind together as one people hereafter England and the United States? Is it the mission of our patriotic societies to keep alive the spirit of George Washington when he wrote of the Tory exiles in 1778, "One or two have done what a greater number ought to have done years ago, — committed suicide;" and that of John Adams when he said, "I would have hanged my own brother had he taken part with the enemy"? Surely not, if the descendants of patriots can march on a Fourth of July, and to the tune of Rule, Britannia, with as fine a show of redcoats as can be transported from Canada.

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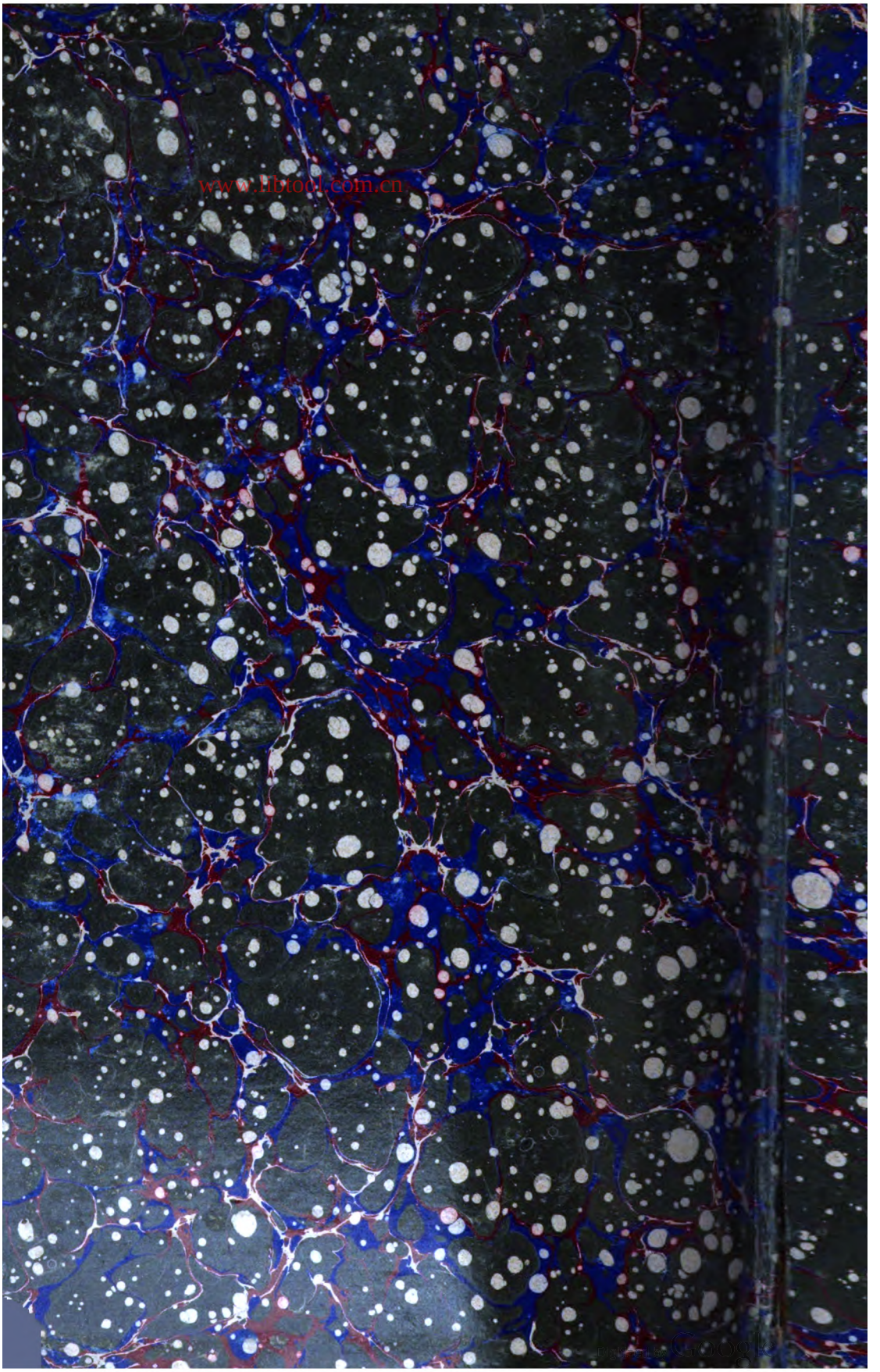
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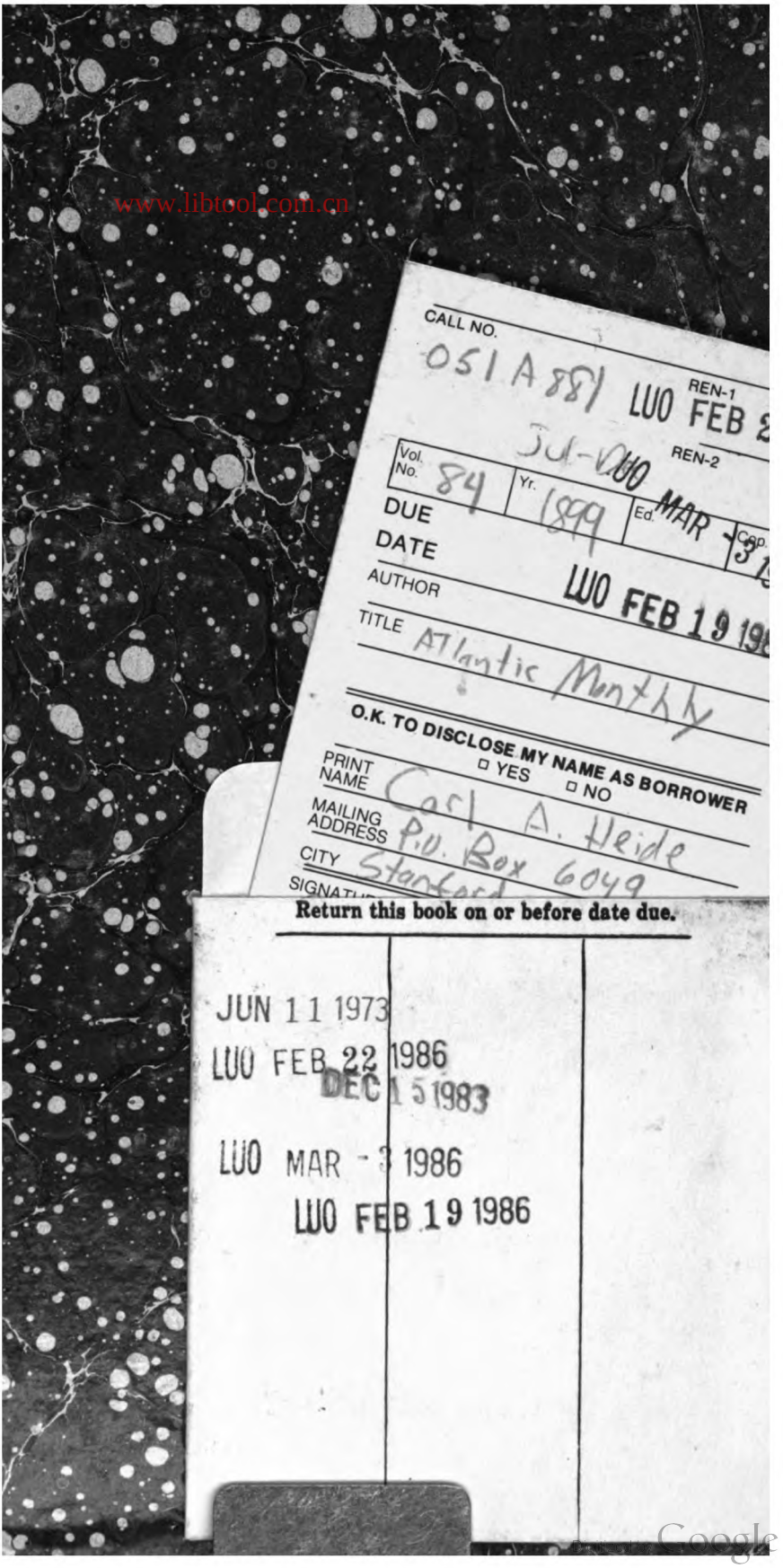
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