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Lippincott's Magazine of Popular Literature and Science

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ILLUSTRATIONS

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June, 1876.

THE CENTURY—ITS FRUITS AND ITS FESTIVAL.

VI. *The display—introductory.*

[Illustration: *Facade of the Spanish division, main building.*]

All things being ready for their reception, how were exhibits, exhibitors and visitors to be brought to the grounds? To do this with the extreme of rapidity and cheapness was essential to a full and satisfactory attendance of both objects and persons. In a large majority of cases the first consideration with the possessor of any article deemed worthy



of submission to the public eye was the cost and security of transportation. Objects of art, the most valuable and the most attractive portion of the display, are not usually very well adapted to carriage over great distances with frequent transshipments. Porcelain, glass and statuary are fragile, and paintings liable to injury from dampness and rough handling; while an antique mosaic, like the "Carthaginian Lion," a hundred square feet in superficies, might, after resuscitation from its subterranean sleep of twenty centuries with its minutest *tessera* intact and every tint as fresh as the Phoenician artist left it, suffer irreparable damage from a moment's carelessness on the voyage to its temporary home in the New World. More solid things of a very different character, and far less valuable pecuniarily, though it may be quite as interesting to the promoter of human progress, exact more or less time and attention to collect and prepare, and that will not be bestowed upon them without some guarantee of their being safely and inexpensively transmitted. So to simplify transportation as practically to place the exposition buildings as nearly as possible at the door of each exhibitor, student and sight-seer became, therefore, a controlling problem.

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In the solution of it there is no exaggeration in saying that the Centennial stands more than a quarter of a century in advance of even the latest of its fellow expositions. At Vienna a river with a few small steamers below and a tow-path above represented water-carriage. Good railways came in from every quarter of the compass, but none of them brought the locomotive to the neighborhood of the grounds. In the matter of tram-roads for passengers the Viennese distinguished themselves over the Londoners and Parisians by the possession of *one*. In steam-roads they had no advantage and no inferiority. At each and all of these cities the packing-box and the passenger were both confronted by the vexatious interval between the station and the exposition building—often the most trying part of the trip. Horsepower was the one time-honored resource, in '73 as in '51, and in unnumbered years before. Under the ancient divisions of horse and foot the world and its *impedimenta* moved upon Hyde Park, the Champ de Mars and the Prater, the umbrella and the oil-cloth tilt their only shield against Jupiter Pluvius, who seemed to take especial pleasure in demonstrating their failure, nineteen centuries after the contemptuous erasure of him from the calendar, to escape his power. It was reserved for the Philadelphia Commission to bring his reign (not the slightest intention of a pun) to a close. The most delicate silk or gem, and the most delicate wearer of the same, were enabled to pass under roof from San Francisco into the Main Building in Fairmount Park, and with a trifling break of twenty steps at the wharf might do so from the dock at Bremen, Havre or Liverpool. The hospitable shelter of the great pavilion was thus extended over the continent and either ocean. The drip of its eaves pattered into China, the Cape of Good Hope, Germany and Australia. Their spread became almost that of the welkin.

Let us look somewhat more into the detail of this unique feature of the American fair.

Within the limits of the United States the transportation question soon solved itself. Five-sixths of the seventy-four thousand miles of railway which lead, without interruption of track, to Fairmount Park are of either one and the same gauge, or so near it as to permit the use everywhere of the same car, its wheels a little broader than common. From the other sixth the bodies of the wagons, with their contents, are transferable by a change of trucks. The expected sixty or eighty thousand tons of building material and articles for display could thus be brought to their destination in a far shorter period than that actually allowed. Liberal arrangements were conceded by the various lines in regard to charges. Toll was exacted in one direction only, unsold articles to be returned to the shipper free. As the time for closing to exhibitors and opening to visitors approached the Centennial cars became more and more familiar to the rural watcher of the passing train.

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They aided to infect him, if free from it before, with the Centennial craze. Their doors, though sealed, were eloquent, for they bore in great black letters on staring white muslin the shibboleth of the day, "1776—International Exhibition—1876." The enthusiasm of those very hard and unimpressible entities, the railroad companies, thus manifesting itself in low rates and gratuitous advertising, could not fail to be contagious. Nor was the service done by the interior lines wholly domestic. Several large foreign contributions from the Pacific traversed the continent. The houses and the handicraft of the Mongol climbed the Sierra Nevada on the magnificent highway his patient labor had so large a share in constructing. Nineteen cars were freighted with the rough and unpromising chrysalis that developed into the neat and elaborate cottage of Japan, and others brought the Chinese display. Polynesia and Australia adopted the same route in part. The canal modestly assisted the rail, lines of inland navigation conducting to the grounds barges of three times the tonnage of the average sea-going craft of the Revolutionary era. These sluggish and smooth-going vehicles were employed for the carriage of some of the large plants and trees which enrich the horticultural department, eight boats being required to transport from New York a thousand specimens of the Cuban flora sent by a single exhibitor, M. Lachaume of Havana. Those moisture-loving shrubs, the brilliant rhododendra collected by English nurserymen from our own Alleghanies and returned to us wonderfully improved by civilization, might have been expected also to affect the canal, but they chose, with British taste, the more rapid rail. They had, in fact, no time to lose, for their blooming season was close at hand, and their roots must needs hasten to test the juices of American soil. Japan's miniature garden of miniature plants, interesting far beyond the proportions of its dimensions, was perforce dependent on the same means of conveyance.

[Illustration: *Facade of the Egyptian division, main building.*]

The locomotive was summoned to the aid of foreign exhibitors on the Atlantic as on the Pacific side, though to a less striking extent, the largest steamships being able to lie within three miles of the exposition buildings. It stood ready on the wharves of the Delaware to welcome these stately guests from afar, indifferent whether they came in squadrons or alone. It received on one day, in this vestibule of the exposition, the Labrador from France and the Donati from Brazil. Dom Pedro's coffee, sugar and tobacco and the marbles and canvases of the Societe des Beaux-Arts were whisked off in amicable companionship to their final destination. The solidarity of the nations is in some sort promoted by this shaking down together of their goods and chattels. It gives a truly international look to the exposition to see one of Vernet's battle-pieces or Meissonier's microscopic gems of color jostled by a package of hides from the Parana or a bale of India-rubber.

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Yet more expressive was the medley upon the covered platforms for the reception of freight. Eleven of these, each one hundred and sixty by twenty-four feet, admitted of the unloading of fifty-five freight-cars at once. At this rate there was not left the least room for anxiety as to the ability of the Commission and its employes to dispose, so far as their responsibility was concerned, of everything presented for exhibition within a very few days. The movements of the custom-house officials, and the arrangements of goods after the passing of that ordeal, were less rapid, and there seemed some ground for anxiety when it was found that in the last days of March scarce a tenth of the catalogued exhibits were on the ground, and for the closing ten days of the period fixed for the receipt of goods an average of one car-load per minute of the working hours was the calculated draft on the resources of the unloading sheds. Home exhibitors, by reason of the very completeness of their facilities of transport, were the most dilatory. The United States held back until her guests were served, confident in the abundant efficiency of the preparations made for bringing the entertainers to their side. Better thus than that foreigners should have been behind time.

When the gates of the enclosure were at last shut upon the steam-horse, a broader and more congenial field of duty opened before him. From the role of dray-horse he passed to that of courser. Marvels from the ends of the earth he had, with many a pant and heave, forward pull and backward push, brought together and dumped in their allotted places. Now it became his task to bear the fiery cross over hill and dale and gather the clans, men, women and children. The London exhibition of 1851 had 6,170,000 visitors, and that of 1862 had 6,211,103. Paris in 1855 had 4,533,464, and in 1867, 10,200,000. Vienna's exhibition drew 7,254,867. The attendance at London on either occasion was barely double the number of her population. So it was with Paris at her first display, though she did much better subsequently. Vienna's was the greatest success of all, according to this test. The least of all, if we may take it into the list, was that of New York in 1853. Her people numbered about the same with the visitors to her Crystal Palace—600,000. Philadelphia's calculations went far beyond any of these figures, and she laid her plans accordingly.

Some trainbands from Northern and Southern cities might give their patriotic furor the bizarre form of a march across country, but the millions, if they came at all, must come by rail, and the problem was to multiply the facilities far beyond any previous experience, while reconciling the maximum of safety, comfort and speed with a reduction of fares. The arrangements are still to be tested, and are no doubt open to modification. On one point, however, and this an essential one, we apprehend no grounds of complaint. There will be no crowding.



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The train is practically endless, the word *terminus* being a misnomer for the circular system of tracks to which the station (six hundred and fifty by one hundred feet) at the main entrance of the grounds forms a tangent. The line of tourists is reeled off like their thread in the hands of Clotho, the iron shears that snip it at stated intervals being represented by the unmythical steam-engine. The same modern minister of the Fates has another shrine not far from the dome of Memorial Hall, where his acolytes are the officials of the Reading Railroad Company.

Care for the visitor's comfortable locomotion does not end with depositing him under the reception-verandah. The Commission did not forget that a pedestrian excursion over fifteen or twenty miles of aisles might sufficiently fatigue him without the additional trudge from hall to hall over a surface of four hundred acres under a sun which the century has certainly not deprived of any mentionable portion of its heat. Hence, the belt railway, three and a half miles long, with trains running by incessant schedule—a boon only to be justly appreciated by those who attended the European expositions or any one of them. His umbrella and goloshes pocketed in the form of a D.P.C. check, the visitor, more fortunate than Brummel or Bonaparte, cannot be stopped by the elements.

[Illustration: *Facade of the Swedish division, main building.*]

We shall have amply disposed of the subject of transportation when we add that the neighborhood or city supply to the thirteen entrance-gates is provided for by steam-roads capable of carrying twenty-four thousand persons hourly, and tram-roads seating seven thousand, besides an irregular militia or voltigeur force of light wagons, small steamers and omnibuses equal to a demand of two or three thousand more in the same time. It was not deemed likely that Philadelphia would require conveyance for half of her population every day. Should that supposition prove erroneous, the excess can fall back upon the safe and inexpensive vehicle of 1776, 1851, 1867 and 1873—sole leather.

Let us return to our packing-cases, and see where they go. To watch the gradual dispersal of a congregation to their several places of abode is always interesting. Especially is it so when those places of retreat bear the names and fly the flags of the several nations of the globe. This stout cube of deal, triple-bound with iron, disappears under the asp and winged sphere of the Pharaohs. That other, big with rich velvets and broderies, seeks the tricolor of France. Yonder, a wealth of silks and lacquer finds a resting-place in the carved black-walnut *etageres* of Japan. Here go, cased in the spoils of the fjelds, toward a pavilion seventy-five paces long and twenty wide, the bulky contributions of the Norsemen. Swedish carpentry in perfection offers to a deposit separate from that of the sister-kingdom a distinct

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receptacle. Close at hand stand the antipodes in the pavilion of Chili, that opens its graceful portal to bales sprinkled mayhap with the ashes of Aconcagua. There “crashes a sturdy *box* of stout John Bull;” and Russia, Tunis and Canada roll into close neighborhood with him and each other. A queer and not, let us hope, altogether transitory show of international comity is this. Many a high-sounding, much-heralded and more-debating Peace Congress has been held with less effect than that conducted by these humble porters, carpenters and decorators. This one has solidity. Its elements are palpable. The peoples not only bring their choicest possessions, but they also set up around them their local habitations. It is a cosmopolitan town that has sprung into being beneath the great roof and glitters in the rays of our republican sun. In its rectangularly-planned streets, alleys and plazas every style of architecture is represented—domestic, state and ecclesiastical, ancient, mediaeval and modern. The spirit and taste of most of the races and climes find expression, giving thus the Sydenham and the Hyde Park palaces in one. The reproductions at the former place were the work of English hands: those before us are executed, for the most part, by workmen to whom the originals are native and familiar. In this feature of the interior of the Main Building we are amply compensated for the breaking up of the *coup d’oeil* by a multiplicity of discordant forms. The space is still so vast as to maintain the effect of unity; and this notwithstanding the considerable height of some of the national stalls, that of Spain, for example, sending aloft its trophy of Moorish shields and its effigy of the world-seeking Genoese to an elevation of forty-six feet. The Moorish colonnade of the Brazilian pavilion lifts its head in graceful rivalry of the lofty front reared by the other branch of the Iberian race. In so vast an expanse this friendly competition of Spaniards and Portuguese becomes, to the eye, a union of their pretensions; and a single family of thirty-three millions in Europe and America combines to present us with two of the handsomest structures in the hall.

[Illustration: *Facade of the Brazilian division, main building.*]

A moderate dip into statistics can no longer be evaded. We must map out the microcosm, and allot to each sovereign power its quota of the surface. The great European states which have assumed within the century the supreme direction of human affairs are assigned a prominent central position in the Main Building. Great Britain and her Asiatic possessions occupy just eighty-three feet less than a hundred thousand; her other colonies, including Canada, 48,150; France and her colonies, 43,314; Germany, 27,975; Austria, 24,070; Russia, 11,002; Spain, 11,253; Sweden and Belgium, each 15,358; Norway, 6897; Italy, 8167; Japan, 16,566; Switzerland,



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6646; China, 7504; Brazil, 6397; Egypt, 5146; Mexico, 6504; Turkey, 4805; Denmark, 1462; and Tunis, 2015. These, with minor apportionments to Venezuela, the Argentine Confederation, Chili, Peru and the Orange Free State of South Africa, cover the original area of the structure, deducting the reservation of 187,705 feet for the United States, and excluding thirty-eight thousand square feet in the annexes. France must be credited, in explanation of her comparatively limited territory under the main roof, with her external pavilions devoted to bronzes, glass, perfumery and (chief of all) to her magnificent government exhibit of technical plans, drawings and models in engineering, civil and military, and architecture. These outside contributions constitute a link between her more substantial displays and the five hundred paintings, fifty statues, *etc.* she places in Memorial Hall.

In Machinery and Agricultural Halls, respectively, Great Britain has 37,125 and 18,745 feet; Germany, 10,757 and 4875; France, 10,139 and 15,574; Belgium, 9375 and 1851; Canada, 4300 and 10,094; Brazil, 4000 and 4657; Sweden, 3168 and 2603; Spain, 2248 and 5005; Russia, 1500 and 6785; Chili, 480 and 2493; Norway, 360 and 1590. Austria occupies 1536 feet in Mechanical Hall; and in that of Agriculture are the following additional allotments: Netherlands, 4276; Denmark, 836; Japan, 1665; Peru, 1632; Liberia, 1536; Siam, 1220; Portugal, 1020.

The foreign contributions in the department of machinery are, it will be seen, hardly so large as might have been anticipated. When the spacious annexes are added to the floor of the main hall, the great preponderance of home exhibitors—five to one in the latter—is shown to be still more marked. In Agricultural Hall the United States claim less than two-thirds. The unexpected interest taken in this branch by foreigners will enhance its prominence and value among the attractions of the exposition. The collection of tropical products for food and manufacturing is very complete. The development of the equatorial regions of the globe has barely commenced. Even our acquaintance with their natural resources remains but superficial. The country which takes the lead in utilizing them in its trade and manufactures will gain a great advantage over its fellows. England's commercial supremacy never rested more largely on that foundation than now. Brazil, the great power of South—as the Union is of North—America, possesses nearly half of the accessible virgin territory of the tropics. Our interest joins hers in retaining this vast endowment as far as possible for the benefit of the Western World. A perception of this fact is shown in the exceptional efforts made by Brazil to be fully represented in all departments of the exposition, and in the visit to it of her chief magistrate, as we may properly term her emperor, the only embodiment of hereditary power and the monarchical principle in a country that enjoys—and has for the half century since its erection into an independent state maintained—free institutions.

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[Illustration: *Dom Pedro, emperor of Brazil.*]

In art domestic exhibits utterly lose their preponderance. Our artists content themselves with a small fraction of the wall- and floor-space in Memorial Hall and its northern annex. In extent of both “hanging” and standing ground they but equal England and France, each occupying something over twenty thousand square feet. Italy in the aesthetic combat selects the chisel as her weapon, and takes the floor with a superb array of marble eloquence, some three hundred pieces of statuary being contributed by her sculptors. She might in addition set up a colorable claim to the works executed on her soil or under the teaching of her schools by artists of other nativities, and thus make, for example, a sweeping raid into American territory. But she generously leaves to that division the spoils swept from her coasts by the U.S. ship Franklin, together with the works bearing her imprint in other sections, satisfied with the wealth undoubtedly her own, itself but a faint adumbration of the vast hoard she retains at home. Italy does not view the occasion from a fine-art standpoint alone. Of her nine hundred and twenty-six exhibitors, only one-sixth are in this department.

[Illustration: *Japanese carpenters.*]

Nor, on the art side of our own country, must we overlook the Historical division, the perfecting of which has been a labor of love with Mr. Etting. He allots space among the old Thirteen, and reserves a place at the feast of reunion to the mother of that rebellious sisterhood.

Forty acres of “floor-space” *sub Jove* remained to be awarded to foreign and domestic claimants. Gardening is one of the fine arts. Certainly nothing in Memorial Hall can excel its productions in richness, variety and harmony of color and form. Flower, leaf and tree are the models of the palette and the crayon. Their marvelous improvement in variety and splendor is one of the most striking triumphs of human ingenuity. A few hundred species have been expanded into many thousand forms, each finer than the parent. It is a new flora created by civilization, undreamed of by the savage, and voluminous in proportion to the mental advancement of the races among whom it has sprung up. Progress writes its record in flowers, and scrawls the autographs of the nations all over Lansdowne hill. No need of gilded show-cases to set off the German and Germantown roses, the thirty thousand hyacinths in another compartment, or the plot of seven hundred and fifty kinds of trees and shrubs planted by a single American contributor. The Moorish Kiosque, however, comes in well. The material is genuine Morocco, the building having been brought over in pieces from the realm of the Saracens, of “gul in its bloom” and of “Larry O’Rourke”—as Rogers punned down the poem of his Irish friend.

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The nations comfortably installed, we must sketch the tactical system under which they are drawn up for peaceful contest. The classification of subjects adopted by the Commission embraces seven departments. Of these, the Main Building is devoted to I. *Mining and Metallurgy*; II. *Manufactures*; III. *Education and Science*; Memorial Hall and its appendages, to IV. *Art*; Machinery Hall, to V. *Machinery*; Agricultural Hall, to VI. *Agriculture*; and Horticultural Hall and its parterres, to VII. *Horticulture*. These habitats have, as we have heretofore seen, proved too contracted for the august and expansive inmates assigned them. All of the latter have overflowed; mining, for instance, into the mineral annex of thirty-two thousand square feet and the great pavilion (a hundred and thirty-five feet square) of Colorado and Kansas; education into the Swedish and Pennsylvania school-houses and others already noted; manufactures into breweries, glass-houses, *etc.*; and so on with an infinity of irrepressible outgrowths.

[Illustration: FACADE OF THE DIVISION OF THE NETHERLANDS, MAIN BUILDING.]

Department I. is subdivided into classes numbered from 100 to 129, and embracing the products of mines and the means of extracting and reducing them. II. extends from Class 200 to Class 296—chemical manufactures, ceramics, furniture, woven goods of all kinds, jewelry, paper, stationery, weapons, medical appliances, hardware, vehicles and their accessories. III. deals with the high province of educational systems, methods and libraries; institutions and organizations; scientific and philosophical instruments and methods; engineering, architecture in its technical and non-aesthetic aspect, maps; physical, moral and social condition of man. Fifty classes, 300 to 349 inclusive, fence in this field of pure reason. Department IV., Classes 400-459, covers sculpture, painting, photography, engraving and lithography, industrial and architectural designs, ceramic decorations, mosaics, *etc.* V., Classes 509-599, takes charge of machines and tools for mining, chemistry, weaving, sewing, printing, working metal, wood and stone; motors; hydraulic and pneumatic apparatus; railway stock or “plant;” machinery for preparing agricultural products; “aerial, pneumatic and water transportation,” and “machinery and apparatus especially adapted to the requirements of the exhibition.” VI., Classes 600-699, assembles arboriculture and forest products, pomology, agricultural products, land and marine animals, pisciculture and its apparatus, “animal and vegetable products,” textile substances, machines, implements and products of manufacture, agricultural engineering and administration, tillage and general management. Under Department VII., Classes 700-739, come ornamental trees, shrubs and flowers, hothouses and conservatories, garden tools and contrivances, garden designing, construction and management.



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The accumulated experience of past expositions, seconded by the judgment and systematic thoroughness apparent in the preparations for the present one, makes this a good “working” classification. It has done away with confusion to an extent hardly to have been hoped for, and all the thousands of objects and subjects have dropped into their places in the exhibition with the precision of machinery, little adapted as some of them are to such treatment. Very impalpable and elusive things had to submit themselves to inspection and analysis, and have their elements tabulated like a tax bill or a grocery account. All human concerns were called on to be listed on the muster-roll and stand shoulder to shoulder on the drill-ground. Some curious comrades appear side by side in the long line. For example, we read: Class 286, brushes; 295, sleighs; 300, elementary instruction; 301, academies and high schools, colleges and universities; 305, libraries, history, *etc.*; 306, school-books, general and miscellaneous literature, encyclopaedias, newspapers; 311, learned and scientific associations, artistic, biological, zoological and medical schools, astronomical observatories; 313, music and the drama. Then we find, closely sandwiched between, 335—topographical maps, *etc.*—and 400—figures in stone, metal, clay or plaster—340, physical development and condition (of the young of the genus *Homo*); 345, government and law; 346, benevolence, beginning with hospitals of all kinds and ending with—in the order we give them—emigrant-aid societies, treatment of aborigines and prevention of cruelty to animals! In the last-named subdivision the visitor will be stared out of countenance by Mr. Bergh’s tremendous exposure of “various instruments used by persons in breaking the law relative to cruelty to animals,” the glittering banner of the S.P.C.A., and its big trophy, eight yards square, that illuminates the east end of the north avenue of the Main Building, in opposition to the trophy at the other end of the same avenue illustrating the history of the American flag. But he will look in vain for selected specimens of the emigrant-runner, the luxuries of the steerage and Castle Garden, or for photographs of the well-fed post-trader and Indian agent, agricultural products from Captain Jack’s lava-bed reservation and jars of semi-putrescent treaty-beef. He will alight, next door to the penniless immigrant, the red man and the omnibus-horse, on Class 348, religious organizations and systems, embracing everything that grows out of man’s sense of responsibility to his Maker. It will perhaps occur to the observer that, though the juxtaposition is well enough, religion ought to have come in a little before. His surprise at the power of condensation shown in compressing eternity into a single class will not be lessened when he passes on to Class 632, sheep; 634, swine; and 636, dogs and cats!

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A glance over the classification-list assists us in recognizing the advantages of the system of awards framed by the Commission and adopted after patient study and discussion. It discards the plan—if plan it could be called—of scattering diplomas and medals of gold, silver and bronze right and left, after the fashion of largesse at a mediaeval coronation, heretofore followed at international expositions. These prizes were decided on and assigned by juries whose impartiality—by reason of the imperfect representation upon them of the nations which exhibited little in mass or little in certain classes, and also of their failure to make written reports and thus secure their responsibility—could not be assured, and whose action, therefore, was defective in real weight and value. The juries were badly constituted: they had too much to do of an illusory and useless description, and they had too little to do that was solid and instructive. Special mentions, diplomas, half a dozen grades of medals and other honors, formed a programme too large and complicated to be discriminatingly carried out. So it happened that to exhibit and to get a distinction of some kind came, at Vienna, to be almost convertible expressions; and who excelled in the competition in any of the classes, or who had contributed anything substantial to the stock of human knowledge or well-being, remained quite undetermined. What instruction the display could impart was confined to spectators who studied its specialties for themselves and used their deductions for their individual advantage, and to those who read the sufficiently general and cursory reports made to their several governments by the national commissions. The official awards and reports of the exposition authorities amounted to little or nothing.

[Illustration: THE CORLISS ENGINE, FURNISHING MOTIVE-POWER FOR MACHINERY HALL.]

A sharp departure from this practice was decided on at the Centennial. Two hundred judges, of undoubted character and intelligence and entire familiarity with the departments assigned to them, were chosen—half by the foreign bureaus and half by the U.S. Commission. These were made officers of the exposition itself, and thus separated from external influences. They were given a reasonable and fixed compensation of one thousand dollars each for their time and personal expenses. An equal division of the number of judges between the domestic and foreign sides gives the latter an excess, measured by the comparative extent of the display from the two sources. But this is favorable to us, as we shall be the better for an outside judgment on the merits of both our own and foreign exhibits. Were it otherwise, the excess of private observers from this country would counterbalance our deficit in judges. The foreign jurors have to see for the millions they represent. Our own will have vast numbers of their constituents on the ground.

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Written reports are drawn up by these selected examiners and signed by the authors. The reports must be “based upon inherent and comparative merit. The elements of merit shall be held to include considerations relating to originality, invention, discovery, utility, quality, skill, workmanship, fitness for the purpose intended, adaptation to public wants, economy and cost.” Each report, upon its completion, is delivered to the Centennial Commission for award and publication. The award comes in the shape of a diploma with a bronze medal and a special report of the judges upon its subject. This report may be published by the exhibitor if he choose. It will also be used by the Commission in such manner as may best promote the objects of the exposition. These documents, well edited and put in popular form, will constitute the most valuable publication that has been produced by any international exhibition. To this we may add the special reports to be made by the State and foreign commissions. These ought, with the light gained by time, to be at least not inferior to the similar papers scattered through the bulky records of previous exhibitions. Let us hope that brevity will rule in the style of all the reports, regular and irregular. There is a core to every subject, every group of subjects and every group of groups, however numerous and complex: let all the scribes labor to find it for us. When we recall the disposition of all committees to select the member most fecund of words to prepare their report, we are seized with misgivings—a feeling that becomes oppressive as we further reflect that the local committee which deliberately collected and sent for exhibition eighty thousand manuscripts written by the school-children of a Western city is at large on the exposition grounds.

The passion for independent effort characteristic of the American people led to the supplementing of the official list by sundry volunteer prizes. These are offered by associations, and in some cases individuals. They are not all, like the regular awards, purely honorary. They lean to the pecuniary form, those particularly which are offered in different branches of agriculture. Competition among poultry-growers, manufacturers of butter, reaping-and threshing-machines, cotton-planters, *etc.* is stimulated by money-prizes reaching in all some six or eight thousand dollars. Agricultural machinery needs the open field for its proper testing, and cannot operate satisfactorily in Machinery Hall. Without a sight of our harvest-fields and threshing-floors foreigners would carry away an incomplete impression of our industrial methods, the farm being our great factory. The oar, the rifle and the racer are as impatient of walls as the plough and its new-fangled allies. They demand elbow-room for the display of their powers, and the Commission was fain to let their votaries tempt it to pass the confines of its territory. The lusty undergraduates

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of both sides of Anglo-Saxondom escort it unresistingly down from its airy halls to the blue bosom of the Schuylkill, while “teams” picked from eighty English-speaking millions beckon it across the Jerseys to Creedmoor. And the horse—is he to call in vain? Is a strait-laced negative from the Commission to echo back his neigh? Is the blood of Eclipse and Godolphin to stagnate under a ticket in “Class 630, horses, asses and mules”? Why, the very ponies in front of Memorial Hall pull with extra vim against their virago jockeys and flap their little brass wings in indignation at the thought. The thoroughbred will be heard from, and the judges that sit on him will be “experts in their department.”

[Illustration: INTERIOR OF COOK’S WORLD’S TICKET-OFFICE.]

Another specimen of the desert-born, the Western Indian, forms an exhibit as little suited as the improved Arab horse to discussion and award at a session fraught with that “calm contemplation and poetic ease” which ought to mark the deliberations of the judges. How are the representatives of fifty-three tribes to be put through their paces? These poor fragments of the ancient population of the Union have, if we exclude the Cherokees and Choctaws and two or three of the Gila tribes, literally nothing to show. The latter can present us with a faint trace of the long-faded civilization of their Aztec kindred, while the former have only borrowed a few of the rudest arts of the white, and are protected from extinction merely by the barrier of a frontier more and more violently assailed each year by the speculator and the settler, and already passed by the railway. If we cannot exactly say that the Indian, alone of all the throng at the exhibition, goes home uninformed and unenlightened, what ideas may reach his mind will be soon smothered out by the conditions which surround him on the Plains. It is singular that a population of three or four hundred thousand, far from contemptible in intellectual power, and belonging to a race which has shown itself capable of a degree of civilization many of the tribes of the Eastern continents have never approached, should be so absolutely an industrial cipher. The African even exports mats, palm-oil and peanuts, but the Indian exports nothing and produces nothing. He lacks the sense of property, and has no object of acquisition but scalps. Can the assembled ingenuity of the nineteenth century, in presence of this mass of waste human material, devise no means of utilizing it? There stands its Frankenstein, ready made, perfect in thews and sinews, perfect also in many of its nobler parts. It is not a creation that is demanded—simply a remodeling or expansion. For success in this achievement the United States can afford to offer a pecuniary prize that will throw into the shade all the other prizes put together. The cost of the Indian bureau for 1875-76 reached eight millions of dollars. The commission appointed to treat for the purchase of the Black Hills reports that the feeding and clothing of the Sioux cost the government thirteen millions during the past seven years; and that without the smallest benefit to those spirited savages. Says the report: “They have made no advancement whatever, but have done absolutely nothing but eat, drink, smoke and sleep.”

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Social and political questions like this point to a vast field of inquiry. For its proper cultivation the exposition provides data additional to those heretofore available. They should be used as far as possible upon the spot. At least, they can be examined, collated and prepared for full employment. To this end, meetings and discussions held by men qualified by intellect and study to deal with them are the obvious resort. There is room among the two hundred judges for some such men, but the juries are little more numerous than is required for the examination of and report on objects. For more abstract inquiries they will need recruits. These should be supplied by the leading philosophical associations of this country and Europe. The governments have all an interest in enlisting their aid, and the Centennial Commission has done what in it lay to promote their action. Ethnic characteristics, history, literature, education, crime, statistics as a science, hygiene and medicine generally are among the broad themes which are not apt to be adequately treated by the average committee of inspection. So with the whole range of the natural sciences. Dissertations based on the jury reports will doubtless be abundant after a while, but those reports themselves, being limited in scope, will not be as satisfactory material as that which philosophic specialists would themselves extract from direct observation and debate upon the ground.

For the study of the commanding subject of education the provision made at the present exhibition is exceptionally great. In bulk, and probably in completeness, it is immeasurably beyond the display made on any preceding occasion. The building erected by the single State of Pennsylvania for her educational department covers ten or eleven thousand square feet, and other States of the Union make corresponding efforts to show well in the same line. The European nations all manifest a new interest in this branch, and give it a much more prominent place in their exhibit than ever before. The school-systems of most of them are of very recent birth, and do not date back so far as 1851. The kingdom of Italy did not exist at that time or for many years after, yet we now see it pressing for a foremost place in the race of popular education, and multiplying its public schools in the face of all the troubles attendant upon the erection and organization of a new state.

The historian will find aliment less abundant. A century or two of Caucasian life in America is but a thing of yesterday to him, and, though far from uninteresting, is but an offshoot from modern European annals. For all that, he finds himself on our soil in presence of an antiquity which remains to be explored, and which clamors to be rescued from the domain of the pre-historic. It has no literary records beyond the scant remains of Mexico. It writes itself, nevertheless, strongly and deeply on the face of the land—in mounds, fortifications

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and tombs as distinct, if not so elaborate, as those of Etruria and Cyprus. These remains show the hand of several successive races. Who they were, what their traits, whence they came, what their relations with the now civilized Chinese and Japanese—whom, physically, their descendants so nearly resemble—are legitimate queries for the historian. Geologically, America is older than Europe, and was fitted for the home of the red man before the latter ceased to be the home of the whale. The investigation of its past, if impossible to be conducted in the light of its own records or even traditions, is capable of aiding in the verification of conclusions drawn from those of the Old World. If History, however, contemptuously relegates the Moundbuilders to the mattock of the antiquarian, she is still “Philosophy teaching by example.” As thus allied with Philosophy, she finds something to look into at the Centennial, even though she look obliquely, after the fashion of the observant Hollanders, who have stuck the reflecting glasses of the Dutch street-windows into the sides of their compartment in the Main Building, and squint, without a change of position, upon the United States, Spain, South America, Egypt, Great Britain and several other countries.

Religion and philanthropy find the field inviting, and their representatives, individual and associated, are busy in preparing to till it. The enthusiasm of the leading religious societies took the concrete shape of statuary. Hence the Catholic Fountain, heretofore noticed; the Hebrew statue to Religious Liberty, as established in a land that never had a Ghetto or a Judenstrasse; the Presbyterian figure of Witherspoon; an Episcopalian of Bishop White; and others under way or proposed. The temperance movement, too, embodies itself in a fountain that runs ice-water instead of claret. The less tangible but perhaps more fruitful form of reunions and discussions must in a greater or less degree enhance the power for good of these organizations. They are led by men of mind and energy, seldom averse to enlightenment, and all professing to seek nothing else. When men of these qualities, aiming at the same or a like object, meet to compare their respective admeasurements of its parallax made from as many different points, they cannot fail to approach accuracy. Faith is a first element in all great undertakings. It removes mountains at Mont Cenis, as it walked the waves with Columbus. In our century even faith is progressive, and does not shrink from elbowing its way through what Bunyan would have styled Vanity Fair.

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Modestly in the rear of the moral reformers, yet not wholly and uniformly unaggressive, nor guiltless altogether of isms and schisms, step forward the literary men. As a rule, they do not affect expositions, or exhibitions of any kind. But one general meeting, with some minor and informal ones, is on the programme for them. This is well. The world and the fullness thereof belongs to them, and they may care to come forward to scan this schedule of their inheritance. We do not hear of their having combined to put up a pavilion of their own, like the dairymen and the brewers, "to show the different processes of manufacture." The pen will be at work here, nevertheless, and has been from the beginning, before the foundations of the Corliss engine were laid or the granite of Memorial Hall left the quarry. Without this first of implements none of the other machinery would ever have moved. The pen is mightier than the piston. It is the invisible steam that impels all.

[Illustration: FRENCH RESTAURANT LA FAYETTE.]

In a visible form also it is here. The publishers of the London *Punch* have selected as the most comprehensive motto for the case in which they exhibit copies of their various publications a sentence from Shakspeare: "Come and take choice of all my library, and so beguile thy sorrow." We do not know that to dull his sorrows is all that can be done for man. Literature assumes to do more than make him forget. The lotos-eater is not its one hero. School-books, piled aloft "in numbers without number numberless," may to the man be suggestive of hours without thought and void of grief, but they certainly are not to the boy. Blue books, ground out in a thousand bureaus, and contributed in like profusion, may be pronounced a weariness to the adult flesh, however sweet their ultimate uses. Unhappy those who wade through them for increasing the happiness of others! These humble but portly representatives of political literature are the log-books of the ship of state. They chart and chronicle the currents and winds along its course, so that from the mass of chaff a grain of guidance may be painfully winnowed out for the benefit of its next voyage, or for the voyages of other craft floundering on the same perilous and baffling sea. Everything comes pat to a log-book. As endless is the medley of memoranda in blue-books. They deal, like government itself, with everything. They take up the citizen on his entry into the cradle, and do not quite drop him at the grave. How to educate, clothe, feed and doctor him; how to keep him out of jail, and how, once there, to get him out again with the least possible moral detriment; how to adjust as lightly as possible to his shoulders the burden of taxation; how to economize him as food for powder; and how to free him from the miasm of crowded cities,—are but a small part of their contents. And the index is growing, if possible, larger, as the apparatus of government becomes more and more intricate. With such contributions and credentials do the rulers of the nations enroll themselves in the guild of authorship. They are proud of them, and exhibit them in profusion, in whole libraries, rich with gold and the primary colors.

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Expositions, as we have before remarked, come into the same worshipful guild by right of a special literature they have brought into being. They come, moreover, into the blue-book range by their bearing upon certain topics generally assigned to it. It is found, for example, that, like other great gatherings, they are apt to be followed by a temporary local increase of crime. The police-records of London show that the arrests in 1851 outnumbered those of the previous year by 1570, and that in 1862 the aggregate exceeded by 5043 that of 1861. It will at once occur that the population of the city was greatly increased on each occasion, and that the influx of thieves and lawbreakers generally must have thinned out that class elsewhere, and in that way very probably reduced, rather than added to, the sum-total of crime, the preventive arrangements in London having been exceptionally thorough. The drawback that would consist in an increase of crime is therefore only an apparent result. An opposite effect cannot but result, if only from the evidence that so vast and heterogeneous an assemblage can be held without marked disorder. The police as well as the criminals and the savants of all nations come together, compare notes and enjoy a common improvement.

[Illustration: THE MAMMOTH RODMAN GUN.]

This is the first opportunity the physicians of Europe have had to become fully acquainted with the advances in surgery and pathology their American brethren have the credit of having made within the past few years. They will find it illustrated in the government buildings and elsewhere; and they have an ample *quid pro quo* to offer from their own researches. The balancing of opinions at the proposed medical congress and in private intercourse must tend to free medical science from what remnants of empiricism still disfigure it, to perfect diagnosis and to trace with precision the operation of all remedial agents. Means remain to be found of administering the *coup de grace* to the few epidemics which have not yet been extirpated, but linger in a crippled condition. This will be aided by the illustrations afforded of processes of draining, ventilation, *etc.*

Man's health rests in that of his stomach. The food question is a concern of the physician as well as of the publicist. The race began life on a vegetable diet, and to that it reverts when compelled by enfeebled digestion or by the increasing difficulty of providing animal food for a dense population. But it likes flesh when able to assimilate it or to procure it, and demands at least the compromise of fish. Hence, the revived attention to fish-breeding, an art wellnigh forgotten since the Reformation emptied the carp-ponds of the monks. Maryland, New York and other States illustrate this device for enhancing the food-supply, and the aquaria at Agricultural Hall, containing twelve or fifteen thousand gallons of salt and fresh water, present a congress of the leaders,

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gastronomically speaking, of the finny people. The shad remains not only to be naturalized in Europe, but to be reintroduced to the water-side dwellers above tide, who once met him regularly at table. He is joined by delegates from the mountain, the great lakes and the Pacific coast in the trout, the salmon and the whitefish, and by that quiet, silent and slow-going cousin of the fraternity, the oyster, most valuable of all, as possessors of those qualities not unfrequently are. Europe does not dream, and we ourselves do not realize until we come carefully to think of it, what the oyster does for us. He sustains the hardiest part of our coasting marine, paves our best roads, fertilizes our sands, enlivens all our festivities, and supports an army of packers, can-makers, *etc.*, cased in whose panoply of tin he traverses the globe like a mail-clad knight-errant in the cause of commerce and good eating. Yet he needs protection. All this burden is greater than he can bear, and it is growing. System and science are invoked to his rescue ere he go the way of the inland shad and the salmon that became a drug to the Pilgrim Fathers. It is not easy to frame a medal or diploma for the fostering of the oyster. More effective is a consideration of the impending penalty for neglecting to do so. *Ostrea edulis* is one of the grand things before which prizes sink into nothingness.

Another of them is that triumph of pure reason, chess, an unadulterated product of the brain—i.e., of phosphorus—i.e., of fish. Nobody stakes money on chess or offers a prize to the best player. Honor at that board is its own reward. So when we are told of the Centennial Chess Tournament we recognize at once the fitness of the word borrowed from the chivalric joust. It is the culmination of human strife. The thought, labor and ardor spread over three hundred and fifty acres sums itself in that black and white board the size of your handkerchief. War and statecraft condense themselves into it. Armies and nations move with the chessman. Sally, leaguer, feint, flank-march, triumphant charge are one after another rehearsed. There, too, moves the game of politics in plot and counterplot. It is the climax of the subjective. From those lists the trumpet-blare, the crowd, the glitter, the banners, “the boast of heraldry and pomp of power,” melt utterly away. To the world-champions who bend above the little board the big glass houses and all the treasures stared at by admiring thousands are as naught.

[Illustration: SCENE AT ONE OF THE ENTRANCES TO THE GROUNDS—THE TURNSTILE.]

But man is an animal, and not by any means of intellect all compact. The average mortal confesses to a craving for the stimulus of great shows, of material purposes, substantial objects of study and palpable prizes. It is so in 1876, as it was in 1776, and as it will be in a long series of Seventy-sixes.

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It is the concrete rather than the abstract which draws him in through the turnstiles of the exposition enclosure. Separated by the divisions of those ingeniously-contrived gates into taxed and untaxed spectators, the masses stream in with small thought of the philosophers or the chess-players. Their minds are reached, but reached through the eye, and the first appeal is to that. Each visitor constitutes himself a jury of one to consider and compare what he sees. The hundreds of thousands of verdicts so reached will be published only by word of mouth, if published at all. Their value will be none the less indubitable, though far from being in all cases the same. The proportion of intelligent observers will be greater than on like occasions heretofore. So will, perhaps, be that of solid matter for study, although in some specialties there may be default. He who enters with the design of self-education will find the text-books in most branches abundant, wide open before him and printed in the clearest characters. What shortcomings there may have been in the selection and arrangement of them he will have, if he can, himself to remedy. There stands the school, founded and furnished with great labor. The would-be scholar can only be invited to use it. The centennial that is to turn out scholars ready-made has not yet rolled round.

DOLORES.

A light at her feet and a light at her head,
How fast asleep my Dolores lies!
Awaken, my love, for to-morrow we wed—
Uplift the lids of thy beautiful eyes.

Too soon art thou clad in white, my spouse:
Who placed that garland above thy heart
Which shall wreathe to-morrow thy bridal brows?
How quiet and mute and strange thou art!

And hearest thou not my voice that speaks?
And feelest thou not my hot tears flow
As I kiss thine eyes and thy lips and thy cheeks?
Do they not warm thee, my bride of snow?

Thou knowest no grief, though thy love may weep.
A phantom smile, with a faint, wan beam,
Is fixed on thy features sealed in sleep:
Oh tell me the secret bliss of thy dream.

Does it lead to fair meadows with flowering trees,
Where thy sister-angels hail thee their own?
Was not my love to thee dearer than these?
Thine was my world and my heaven in one.



I dare not call thee aloud, nor cry,
Thou art so solemn, so rapt in rest,
But I will whisper: Dolores, 'tis I:
My heart is breaking within my breast.

Never ere now did I speak thy name,
Itself a caress, but the lovelight leapt
Into thine eyes with a kindling flame,
And a ripple of rose o'er thy soft cheek crept.

But now wilt thou stir not for passion or prayer,
And makest no sign of the lips or the eyes,
With a nun's strait band o'er thy bright black hair—
Blind to mine anguish and deaf to my cries.



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I stand no more in the waxen-lit room:
I see thee again as I saw thee that day,
In a world of sunshine and springtide bloom,
'Midst the green and white of the budding May.

Now shadow, now shine, as the branches ope,
Flickereth over my love the while:
From her sunny eyes gleams the May-time hope,
And her pure lips dawn in a wistful smile.

As one who waiteth I see her stand,
Who waits though she knows not what nor whom,
With a lilac spray in her slim soft hand:
All the air is sweet with its spicy bloom.

I knew not her secret, though she held mine:
In that golden hour did we each confess;
And her low voice murmured, Yea, I am thine,
And the large world rang with my happiness.

To-morrow shall be the blessedest day
That ever the all-seeing sun espied:
Though thou sleep till the morning's earliest ray,
Yet then thou must waken to be my bride.

Yea, waken, my love, for to-morrow we wed:
Uplift the lids of thy beautiful eyes.
A light at her feet and a light at her head,
How fast asleep my Dolores lies!

EMMA LAZARUS.

GLIMPSES OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

CONCLUDING PAPER.

[Illustration: SCENE IN A BURIAL-GROUND.]

There is a continuous fascination about this old city. The guide-book says, "A week or ten days are required to see the sights," but though we make daily expeditions we seem in no danger of exhausting them. Neither does one have to go far to seek amusement. I never look down into the street below my windows without being attracted by some object of interest. The little donkeys with their great panniers of long slim loaves of bread (oh, tell it not, but I once saw the driver use one as a stick to belabor the lazy



animal with, and then leave it, with two or three other loaves, at the opposite house, where a pretty Armenian, that I afterward saw taking the air on the roof with her bright-eyed little girl, perhaps had it for her breakfast!); the fierce, lawless Turkish soldiers stalking along, their officers mounted, and looking much better in their baggy trousers and frock-coats on their fine horses than on foot; Greek and Armenian ladies in gay European costumes; veiled Turkish women in their quiet street-dress; close carriages with gorgeously-dressed beauties from the sultan's harem followed by black eunuchs on horseback,—these and similar groups in every variety of costume form a constant stream of strange and picturesque sights.



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One morning, attracted by an unusual noise, I looked out and found it proceeded from a funeral procession. First came a man carrying the lid of the coffin; then several Greek priests; after them boys in white robes with lighted candles, followed by choir-boys in similar dresses who chanted as they walked along. Such sounds! Greek chanting is a horrible nasal caterwauling. Get a dozen boys to hold their noses, and then in a high key imitate the gamut performed by several festive cats as they prowls over the housetops on a quiet night, and you have Greek, Armenian or Turkish chanting and singing to perfection. There is not the first conception of music in the souls of these barbarians. Behind this choir came four men carrying the open coffin. The corpse was that of a middle-aged man dressed in black clothes, with a red fez cap on the head and yellow, red and white flowers scattered over the body. The hot sun shone full on the pinched and shriveled features, and the sight was most revolting. Several mourners followed the coffin, the ladies in black clothes, with black lace veils on their heads and their hair much dressed. The Greeks are obliged to carry their dead in this way, uncovered, because concealed arms were at one time conveyed in coffins to their churches, and then used in an uprising against the government. We witnessed a still more dreadful funeral outside the walls. A party, evidently of poor people, were approaching an unenclosed cemetery, and we waited to see the interment. The body, in its usual clothes, was carried on a board covered by a sheet. When they reached the grave the women shrieked, wept and kissed the face of the dead man: then his clothes were taken off, the body wrapped in the sheet and laid in the grave, which was only two feet deep. The priest broke a bottle of wine over the head, the earth was loosely thrown in, and the party went away. There is no more melancholy spot to me than a Turkish cemetery. The graves are squeezed tightly together, and the headstones, generally in a tumble-down state, are shaped like a coffin standing on end, or like a round hitching-post with a fez cap carved on the top. Weeds and rank wild-flowers cover the ground, and over all sway the dark, stiff cypresses.

A little way down the street is a Turkish pastry-shop. Lecturers and writers have from time to time held forth on the enormities of pie-eating, and given the American people "particular fits" for their addiction to it. Now, while I fully endorse all I ever heard said on the subject, I beg leave to remark that the Americans are not the *worst* offenders in this way. If you want to see pastry, come to Constantinople: *seeing* will satisfy you—you won't risk a taste. Mutton is largely eaten, and the mutton fat is used with flour to make the crust, which is so rich that the grease fairly oozes out and "smells to Heaven." Meat-pies are in great demand. The crust is baked alone in a round flat piece, and laid out on a counter, which



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is soon very greasy, ready to be filled. A large dish of hash is also ready, and when a customer calls the requisite amount of meat is clapped on one side of the paste, the other half doubled over it, and he departs eating his halfmoon-shaped pie. On the counters you see displayed large egg-shaped forms of what look like layers of tallow and cooked meat, cheesy-looking cakes of many kinds and an endless variety of confectionery. The sweetmeats are perfection, the fresh Turkish paste with almonds in it melts in your mouth, and the sherbet, compounded of the juice of many fruits and flowers and cooled with snow, is the most delicious drink I ever tasted. There are also many kinds of nice sweet-cakes; but, on the whole, I should prefer not to board in a Turkish family or employ a Turkish cook. No wonder the women are pale and sallow if they indulge much in such food!

Being anxious to see a good display of Turkish rugs, and our party having some commissions to execute, we sallied forth one afternoon on this errand. If you intend to visit a Turkish carpet warehouse, and your purse or your judgment counsels you not to purchase, put yourself under bonds to that effect before you go; for, unless you possess remarkable strength of character, the beautiful rugs displayed will prove irresistible temptations. Near the bazaar in Stamboul is a massive square stone house, looking like a fortress compared with the buildings around it. Mosses and weeds crop out of every uneven part of its walls. A heavy door that might stand a siege admitted us to a small vestibule, and from this we passed into a paved court with a moss-grown fountain in the centre. Around this court ran a gallery, its heavy arches and columns supporting a second, to which we ascended by a broad flight of steps. A double door admitted us to the wareroom, where, tolerably secure from fire (the doors alone were of wood), were stored Turkish and Persian rugs of all sizes and colors. The Turkish were far handsomer than the Persian, and the colors more brilliant than those I have usually seen. The attendants unrolled one that they said was a hundred years old. It had a dusty, faded look, as if it had been in the warehouse quite that length of time, and made the modern ones seem brighter by contrast. Several rugs having been selected, we returned to the office, where a carpet was spread and we were invited to seat ourselves on it. Coffee was passed around, and we proceeded to bargain for our goods through our interpreter. The merchant, as usual, asked an exorbitant price to start with, and we offered what was equally ridiculous the other way; and so we gradually approached the final price—he coming gracefully down, and we as affably ascending in the scale, till a happy medium was reached, and we departed with our purchases following us on the back of an ammale.

[Illustration: THE SULTAN ABDUL ASSIZ.]

Three days of each week are observed as holy days. Friday is the Turkish Sabbath, Saturday the Jewish, and the Greeks and Armenians keep Sunday. The indolent government officials, glad of an excuse to be idle, keep all three—that is, they refrain

from business—so there are only four days out of the seven in which anything is accomplished.



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One of the great sights is to see the sultan go to the mosque; so one Friday we took a caique and were rowed up the Bosphorus to Dolma Backte, and waited on the water opposite the palace. The sultan's caique was at the principal entrance on the water-side of the palace, and the steps and marble pavement were carpeted from the caique to the door. Presently all the richly-dressed officers of the household, who were loitering around, formed on either side the steps, and, bending nearly double, remained so while the sultan passed down to his caique. Abdul Assiz is quite stout and rather short, with a pleasant face and closely-cut beard. He was dressed in a plain black uniform, his breast covered with orders. The sultan's caique was a magnificent barge—white, profusely ornamented with gilt, and rowed by twenty-four oarsmen dressed in white, who rose to their feet with each stroke, bowed low, and settled back in their seats as the stroke was expended. The sultan and grand vizier seated themselves under the plum-colored velvet canopy, and the caique proceeded swiftly toward the mosque, followed by three other caiques with his attendants. A gun from an iron-clad opposite the palace announced that the sultan had started. The shore from the palace to the mosque was lined with soldiers; the bands played; the people cheered; the ships ran up their flags; all the war-vessels were gay with bunting, had their yards manned and fired salutes, which were answered by the shore-batteries. The mosque selected for that day's devotions was in Tophaneh, near the water. Several regiments were drawn up to receive the sultan, and an elegant carriage and a superb Arab saddle-horse were in waiting, so that His Majesty might return to the palace as best suited his fancy. After an hour spent in devotion the sultan reappeared, and entering his carriage was driven away. We saw him again on our way home, when he stopped to call on an Austrian prince staying at the legation. The street leading up to the embassy was too narrow and steep for a carriage, so, mounting his horse at the foot, he rode up, passing very close to us.

[Illustration: TURKISH COW-CARRIAGE.]

In the afternoon we drove to the "Sweet Waters of Europe" to see the Turkish ladies, who in pleasant weather always go out there in carriages or by water in caiques. Compared with our parks, with their lovely lakes and streams and beautiful lawns, the far-famed Sweet Waters of Europe are only fields with a canal running through them; but here, where this is the only stream of fresh water near the city, and in a country destitute of trees, it is a charming place. The stream has been walled up to the top of its banks, which are from three to six feet above the water, and there are sunny meadows and fine large trees on each side. The sultan has a summer palace here with a pretty garden, and the stream has been dammed up by blocks of white marble cut in scallops like shells, over which the water



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falls in a cascade. The road to the Sweet Waters, with one or two others, was made after the sultan's return from his European trip, and in anticipation of the empress Eugenie's visit. European carriages were also introduced at that time. The ladies of the sultan's harem drive out in very handsome coupes, with coachmen wearing the sultan's livery, but you more frequently see the queer one-horse Turkish carriage, and sometimes a "cow-carriage." This last is drawn by cows or oxen: it is an open wagon, with a white cloth awning ornamented with gay fringes and tassels. Many people go in caïques, and all carry bright-colored rugs, which they spread on the grass. There they sit for several hours and gossip with each other, or take their luncheons and spend the afternoon. A Turkish woman is never seen to better advantage than when "made up" for such an excursion. Her house-dress is always hidden by a large cloak, which comes down to the ground and has loose sleeves and a cape. The cloak is left open at the neck to show the lace and necklace worn under it, and is generally made of silk, often of exquisite shades of pink, blue, purple or any color to suit the taste of the wearer. A small silk cap, like the low turbans our ladies wore eight or nine years ago, covers the head, and on it are fastened the most brilliant jewels—diamond pins, rubies, anything that will flash. The wearer's complexion is heightened to great brilliancy by toilet arts, and over all, covering deficiencies, is the yashmak or thin white veil, which conceals only in part and greatly enhances her beauty. You think your "dream of fair women" realized, and go home and read *Lalla Rookh* and rave of Eastern peris. Should some female friend who has visited a harem and seen these radiant beauties face to face mildly suggest that paint, powder and the enchantment of distance have in a measure deluded you, you dismiss the unwelcome information as an invention of the "green-eyed monster," and, remembering the brilliant beauties who reclined beside the Sweet Waters or floated by you on the Golden Horn, cherish the recollection as that of one of the brightest scenes of the Orient.

These I have spoken of are the upper classes from the harems of the sultan and rich pashas, but those you see constantly on foot in the streets are the middle and lower classes, and not so attractive. They have fine eyes, but the yashmaks are thicker, and you feel there is less beauty hidden under them. The higher the rank the thinner the yashmak is the rule. They also wear the long cloak, but it is made of black or colored alpaca or a similar material. Gray is most worn, but black, brown, yellow, green, blue and scarlet are often seen. The negresses dress like their mistresses in the street, and if you see a pair of bright yellow boots under a brilliant scarlet ferraja and an unusually white yashmak, you will generally find the wearer is a jet-black negress. Sitting so much in the house *a la Turque* is not conducive to grace of motion, nor are loose slippers to well-shaped feet, and I must confess that a Turkish woman walks like a goose, and the size of her "fairy feet" would rejoice the heart of a leather-dealer.

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[Illustration: ENTERING A MOSQUE.]

We have been to see the Howling Dervishes, and I will endeavor to give you some idea of their performances. Crossing to Scutari in the steam ferryboat, we walked some distance till we reached the mosque, where the services were just commencing. The attendant who admitted us intimated that we must remove our boots and put on the slippers provided. N—— did so, but I objected, and the man was satisfied with my wearing them over my boots. We were conducted up a steep, ladder-like staircase to a small gallery, with a low front only a foot high, with no seats but sheepskins on the floor, where we were expected to curl ourselves up in Turkish fashion. Both my slippers came off during my climb up stairs, and were rescued in their downward career by N——, who by dint of much shuffling managed to keep his on. Below us were seated some thirty or forty dervishes. The leader repeated portions of the Koran, in which exercise others occasionally took part in a quiet manner. After a while they knelt in line opposite their leader and began to chant in louder tones, occasionally bowing forward full length. Matters down below progressed slowly at first, and were getting monotonous. One of my feet, unaccustomed to its novel position, had gone to sleep, and I was in a cramped state generally. Moreover, we were not the sole occupants of the gallery: the sheepskins were full of them, and I began to think that if the dervishes did not soon begin to howl, *I* should. Some traveler has said that on the coast of Syria the Arabs have a proverb that the “sultan of fleas holds his court in Jaffa, and the grand vizier in Cairo.” Certainly some very high dignitary of the realm presides over Constantinople, and makes his head-quarters in the mosque of the Howling Dervishes.

[Illustration: CASTLE OF EUROPE, ON THE BOSPHORUS.]

The dervishes now stood up in line, taking hold of hands, and swayed backward, forward and sideways, with perfect uniformity, wildly chanting, or rather howling, verses of the Koran, and keeping time with their movements. They commenced slowly, and increased the rapidity of their gymnastics as they became more excited and devout. The whole performance lasted an hour or more, and at the end they naturally seemed quite exhausted. Then little children were brought in, laid on the floor, and the head-dervish stepped on their bodies. I suppose he stepped in such a manner as not to hurt them, as they did not utter a sound. Perhaps the breath was so squeezed out of them that they could not. One child was quite a baby, and on this he rested his foot lightly, leaning his weight on a man’s shoulder. I could not find out exactly what this ceremony signified, but was told it was considered a cure for sickness, and also a preventive.



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We concluded to *do* the dervishes, and so next day went to see the spinning ones. They have a much larger and handsomer mosque than their howling brethren. First they chanted, then they indulged in a “walk around.” Every time they passed the leader, who kept his place at the head of the room, they bowed profoundly to him, then passed before him, and, turning on the other side, bowed again. After this interchange of courtesies had lasted a while, they sailed off around the room, spinning with the smooth, even motion of a top—arms folded, head on one side and eyes shut. Sometimes this would be varied by the head being thrown back and the arms extended. The rapid whirling caused their long green dresses to spread out like a half-open Japanese umbrella, supposing the man to be the stick, and they kept it up about thirty minutes to the inspiring music of what sounded like a drum, horn and tin pan. We remained to witness the *first set*: whether they had any more and wound up with the German, I cannot say. We were tired and went home, satisfied with what we had seen. I should think they corresponded somewhat with our Shakers at home, as far as their “muscular Christianity” goes, and are rather ahead on the dancing question.

One of the prominent objects of interest on the Bosphorus is Roberts College. It stands on a high hill three hundred feet above the water, and commands an extensive view up and down the Bosphorus. For seven years Dr. Hamlin vainly endeavored to obtain permission to build it, and the order was not given till Farragut’s visit. The gallant admiral, while breakfasting with the grand vizier, inquired what was the reason the government did not allow Dr. Hamlin to build the college, when the grand vizier hastily assured him that all obstacles had been removed, and that the order was even then as good as given. Americans may well be proud of so fine and well-arranged a building and the able corps of professors. We visited it in company with Dr. Wood and his agreeable wife, who are so well known to all who take any interest in our foreign missions. After going over the college and listening to very creditable declamations in English from some of the students, we were hospitably entertained at luncheon by Professor Washburn, who is in charge of the institution, and his accomplished wife. Within a short distance of the college is the Castle of Europe, and on the opposite side of the Bosphorus the Castle of Asia. They were built by Mohammed II. in 1451, and the Castle of Europe is still in good preservation. It consists of two large towers and several small ones connected by walls, and is built of a rough white stone, to which the ivy clings luxuriantly.



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A pleasant excursion is to take a little steamer, which runs up the Bosphorus and back, touching at Beicos (Bey Kos), and visit the Giant Mountain, from which is a magnificent view of the Black Sea and nearly the whole length of the Bosphorus. We breakfasted early, but when ready to start found our guide had disappointed us, and his place was not to be supplied. The day was perfect, and rather than give up our trip we determined to go by ourselves, trusting that the success which had attended similar expeditions without a *commissionnaire* would not desert us on this occasion. The sail up on the steamer was charming. There are many villages on the shores of the Bosphorus, and between them are scattered palaces and summer residences, the latter often reminding us of Venetian houses, built directly on the shore with steps down to the water, and caiques moored at the doors, as the gondolas are in Venice. The houses are surrounded by beautiful gardens, with a profusion of flowers blooming on the very edge of the shore, their gay colors reflected in the waves beneath.

We learned from the captain of the steamer that Giant Mountain was two and a half miles from the village, with no very well-defined road leading to it; so on landing at Bey Kos we made inquiries for a guide, and this time were successful. Horses were also forthcoming, but no side-saddle. I respectfully declined to follow the example of my Turkish sisters and mount a gentleman's saddle; neither was I anxious to ride my Arab steed bareback, so we concluded to try a cow-carriage, and despatched our guide to hire the only one the place afforded. This stylish establishment was not to be had; so, having wasted half an hour in trying to find some conveyance, we gave it up and started on foot; and were glad afterward that we did so. The road was shaded to the base of the mountain, and led through a beautiful valley, the fields covered with wild-flowers. I have never seen such masses of color—an acre perhaps of bright yellow, perfectly dazzling in the sunlight, then as large a mass of purple, next to that an immense patch of white daisies, so thick they looked like snow. The effect of these gay masses, with intervals of green grass and grain, was very gorgeous. We passed two of the sultan's palaces, one built in Swiss style. The ascent of Giant Mountain from the inland side is gradual, while it descends very abruptly on the water-side. On the top of the mountain are the ruins of the church of St. Pantaleon, built by Justinian, also a mosque and the tomb of Joshua: so the Turks affirm. From a rocky platform just below the mosque there is a magnificent view. Toward the north you look off on the Black Sea and the old fortress of Riva, which commands the entrance to the Bosphorus. In front and to the south winds the beautiful Bosphorus for sixteen miles till it reaches the Sea of Marmora, which you see far in the distance glittering in the sunlight. You look down on the decks of the passing



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vessels, and the large steamers seem like toy boats as they pass below you. Near the mosque is a remarkable well of cool water. Shrubs and a few small trees grow on the mountain, and the ground is covered with quantities of heather, wild-flowers and ivy. We picked long spikes of white heather in full bloom, and pansies, polyanthus, the blue iris and many others of our garden flowers. The country all around Constantinople is very destitute of trees. The woods were cut down long ago, and the multitudes of sheep, which you see in large flocks everywhere, crop the young sprouts so they cannot grow up again.

[Illustration: FORTRESS OF RIVA, AND THE BLACK SEA.]

Returning to Constantinople, our steamer ran close to the European shore, stopping at the villages on that side. Most of the officers of these boats are Turks, but they find it necessary to employ European (generally English) engineers, as the Turks are fatalists and not reliable. It is said they pay but little attention to their machinery and boilers, reasoning that if it is the will of Allah that the boiler blow up, it will certainly do so; if not, all will go right, and why trouble one's self? Laughable stories are told of the Turkish navy; e.g., that a certain captain was ordered to take his vessel to Crete, and after cruising about some time returned, not being able to find the island. Another captain stopped an English vessel one fine day to ask where he was, as he had lost his reckoning, although the weather had been perfectly clear for some time. In the Golden Horn lies an old four-decker which during the Crimean war was run broadside under a formidable battery by her awkward crew, who were unable to manage her, and began in their fright to jump overboard. A French tugboat went to the rescue and towed her off.

On our way to the hotel we saw the sultan's son, a boy of fifteen. He was driving in a fine open carriage drawn by a very handsome span of bay horses, and preceded by four outriders mounted on fine Arabian horses. Coachman, footman and outriders, in the black livery of the sultan, were resplendent in gold lace. The harness was of red leather and the carriage painted of the same bright color. The cushions were of white silk embroidered with scarlet flowers. It was a dashing equipage, but seemed better suited to a harem beauty than the dark, Jewish-looking boy in the awkward uniform of a Turkish general who was its sole occupant.

[Illustration: TURKISH QUARTER—STAMBOUL.]

Yesterday we took our last stroll in Constantinople, crossing the Golden Horn by the new bridge to Stamboul. This bridge is a busy spot, for besides the constant throngs that cross and recross, it is the favorite resort of beggars and dealers in small wares. Many of the ferryboats also start from here, so that, although long and wide, it is crowded most of the day. An Englishman who is an officer in the Turkish army told us of an amusing adventure of his in crossing

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the bridge. He had been at the war department, and was told he could have the six months' pay which was due him if he would take it in piasters. Thankful to get it, and fearing if he did not take it then in that shape he might have to wait a good while, he accepted, and the piasters (which are large copper coins worth about four cents of our money) were placed in bags on the backs of porters to be taken to a European bank at Pera. As they were crossing the bridge one of the bags burst open with the weight of the coins, and a quantity of them were scattered. Of course a first class scramble ensued, in which the beggars, who are always on hand, and others reaped quite a harvest, and when the officer got the hole tied up the ammale found the bag considerably lighter to carry.

Reaching Stamboul, we made our way through the crowded streets, past the Seraglio gardens and St. Sophia, till we reached the old Hippodrome, which was modeled after the Circus at Rome. Little remains of its ancient glory, for the Crusaders carried off most of its works of art. The granite obelisk of Theodosius and the pillar of Constantine, which the vandal Turks stripped of its bronze when they first captured the city, are still left, but the stones are continually falling, and it will soon be a ruin. The serpentine column consists of three serpents twisted together: the heads are gone, Mohammed II. having knocked off one with his battle-axe. A little Turk was taking his riding-lesson on the level ground of the Hippodrome, and his frisky little black pony gave the old fellow in attendance plenty of occupation. We watched the boy for a while, and then, passing on toward the Marmora, took a look at the "Cistern of the Thousand Columns." A broad flight of steps leads down to it, and the many tall slender columns of Byzantine architecture make a perfect wilderness of pillars. Wherever we stood, we seemed always the centre from which long aisles of columns radiated till they lost themselves in the darkness. The cistern has long been empty, and is used as a ropewalk.

The great fire swept a large district of the city here, which has been but little rebuilt, and the view of the Marmora is very fine. On the opposite Asiatic shore Mount Olympus, with its snow-crowned summit, fades away into the blue of the heavens. This is a glorious atmosphere, at least at this season, the air clear and bracing, the sky a beautiful blue and the sunsets golden. In winter it is cold, muddy and cheerless, and in midsummer the simoom which sweeps up the Marmora from Africa and the Syrian coast renders it very unhealthy for Europeans to remain in the city. The simoom is exceedingly enervating in its effects, and all who can spend the summer months on the upper Bosphorus, where the prevailing winds are from the Black Sea and the air is cool and healthful. Nearly all the foreign legations except our own have summer residences there and beautiful grounds.

[Illustration: OBELISK OF THEODOSIUS.]

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Following the old aqueduct built by the emperor Hadrian, which still supplies Stamboul with water, and is exceedingly picturesque with its high dripping arches covered with luxuriant ivy, we reached the walls which protected the city on the land-side, and then, threading our way through the narrow, dirty streets, we returned to the Golden Horn. I do not wonder, after what I have seen of this part of Stamboul, that the cholera made such ravages here a few years since. I should think it would remain a constant scourge. Calling a caique, we were rowed up the Golden Horn to the Sweet Waters, but its tide floated only our own boat, and the banks lacked the attraction of the gay groups which render the place so lively on Fridays. We were served with coffee by a Turk who with his little brasier of coals was waiting under a wide-spreading tree for any chance visitor, and after a short stroll on the bank opposite the sultan's pretty palace we floated gently down the stream till we reached the Golden Horn again. On a large meadow near the mouth of the Sweet Waters some Arabs were camped with an immense flock of sheep. They had brought them there to shear and wash the wool in the fresh water, and the ground was covered with large quantities of beautiful long fleece. The shepherds in their strange mantles and head-dresses looked very picturesque as they spread the wool and tended their flocks. Our *caiquegee*, as the oarsman of a caique is called, ought not to be overlooked. His costume was in keeping with his pretty caique, which was painted a delicate straw-color and had white linen cushions. He was a tall, finely-built fellow, a Cretan or Bulgarian I should think, for he looked too wide awake for a Turk. The sun had burned his olive complexion to the deepest brown, and his black eyes and white teeth when he smiled lighted up his intelligent face, making him very handsome. He wore a turban, loose shirt with hanging sleeves and voluminous trousers, all of snowy whiteness. A blue jacket embroidered with gilt braid was in readiness to put on when he stopped rowing. It must have taken a ruinous amount of material to make those trousers. They were full at the waist and knee, and before seating himself to his oars he gracefully threw the extra amount of the fullness which drooped behind over the wide seat as a lady spreads out her overskirt.

[Illustration: SHEPHERDS.]

Last night we bade farewell to the strange old city with its picturesque sights, its glorious views and the many points of interest we had grown so familiar with. Our adieus were said, the ammales had taken our baggage to the steamer, which lay at anchor off Seraglio Point, and before dark we went on board, ready to sail at an early hour.

The bustle of getting underway at daylight this morning woke me, and I went on deck in time to take a farewell look. The first rays of the sun were just touching the top of the Galata Tower and lighting up the dark cypresses in the palace-grounds above us. The tall minarets and the blue waves of the Bosphorus caught the golden light, while around Olympus the rosy tint had not yet faded and the morning mists looked golden in the sunlight. We rounded Seraglio Point and steamed down the Marmora, passed the Seven Towers, and slowly the beautiful city faded from our view.



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SHEILA HALE.

THEE AND YOU.

A STORY OF OLD PHILADELPHIA. IN TWO PARTS.—I.

Once on a time I was leaning over a book of the costumes of forty years before, when a little lady said to me, "How ever could they have loved one another in such queer bonnets?" And now that since then long years have sped away, and the little critic is, alas! no longer young, haply her children, looking up at her picture by Sully in a turban and short waist; may have wondered to hear how in such disguise she too was fatal to many hearts, and set men by the ears, and was a toast at suppers in days when the waltz was coming in and the solemn grace of the minuet lingered in men's manners.

And so it is, that, calling up anew the soft September mornings of which I would draw a picture before they fade away, with me also, from men's minds, it is the quaintness of dress which first comes back to me, and I find myself wondering that in nankeen breeches and swallow-tailed blue coats with buttons of brass once lived men who, despite gnarled-rimmed beavers and much wealth of many-folded cravats, loved and were loved as well and earnestly as we.

I had been brought up in the austere quiet of a small New England town, where life was sad and manners grave, and when about eighteen served for a while in the portion of our army then acting in the North. The life of adventure dissatisfied me with my too quiet home, and when the war ended I was glad to accept the offer of an uncle in China to enter his business house. To prepare for this it was decided that I should spend six months with one of the great East India firms. For this purpose I came to Philadelphia, and by and by found myself a boarder in an up-town street, in a curious household ruled over by a lady of the better class of the people called Friends.

For many days I was a lonely man among the eight or ten people who came down one by one at early hours to our breakfast-table and ate somewhat silently and went their several ways. Mostly, we were clerks in the India houses which founded so many Philadelphia fortunes, but there were also two or three of whom we knew little, and who went and came as they liked.

It was a quiet lodging-house, where, because of being on the outskirts and away from the fashion and stir of the better streets, chiefly those came who could pay but little, and among them some of the luckless ones who are always to be found in such groups—stranded folks, who for the most part have lost hope in life. The quiet, pretty woman who kept the house was of an ancient Quaker stock which had come over long ago in a sombre Quaker Mayflower, and had by and by gone to decay, as the best of families will. When I first saw her and some of her inmates it was on a pleasant afternoon early

in September, and I recall even now the simple and quiet picture of the little back parlor where I sat down among them as a new guest.



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I had been tranquilly greeted, and had slipped away into a corner behind a table, whence I looked out with some curiosity on the room and on the dwellers with whom my lot was to be cast for a long while to come. I was a youth shy with the shyness of my age, but, having had a share of rough, hardy life, ruddy of visage and full of that intense desire to know things and people that springs up quickly in those who have lived in country hamlets far from the stir and bustle of city life.

The room I looked upon was strange, the people strange. On the floor was India matting, red and white in little squares. A panel of painted white wood-work ran around an octagonal chamber, into which stole silently the evening twilight through open windows and across a long brick-walled garden-space full of roses and Virginia creepers and odorless wisterias. Between the windows sat a silent, somewhat stately female, dressed in gray silk, with a plain frilled cap about the face, and with long and rather slim arms tightly clad in silk. Her fingers played at hide-and-seek among some marvelous lace stitches—evidently a woman whose age had fallen heir to the deft ways of her youth. Over her against the wall hung a portrait of a girl of twenty, somewhat sober in dress, with what we should call a Martha Washington cap. It was a pleasant face, unstirred by any touch of fate, with calm blue eyes awaiting the future.

The hostess saw, I fancied, my set gaze, and rising came toward me as if minded to put at ease the new-comer. “Thee does not know our friends?” she said. “Let me make thee known to them.”

I rose quickly and said, “I shall be most glad.”

We went over toward the dame between the windows. “Mother,” she said, raising her voice, “this is our new friend, Henry Shelburne, from New England.”

As she spoke I saw the old lady stir and move, and after a moment she said, “Has he a four-leaved clover?”

“Always that is what she says. Thee will get used to it in time.”

“We all do,” said a voice at my elbow; and turning I saw a man of about thirty years, dressed in the plainest-cut Quaker clothes, but with a contradiction to every tenet of Fox written on his face, where a brow of gravity for ever read the riot act to eyes that twinkled with ill-repressed mirth. When I came to know him well, and saw the preternatural calm of his too quiet lips, I used to imagine that unseen little demons of ready laughter were for ever twitching at their corners.

“Mother is very old,” said my hostess.

“Awfully old,” said my male friend, whose name proved to be Richard Wholesome.



“Thee might think it sad to see one whose whole language has come to be just these words, but sometimes she will be glad and say, ‘Has thee a four-leaved clover?’ and sometimes she will be ready to cry, and will say only the same words. But if thee were to say, ‘Have a cup of coffee?’ she would but answer, ‘Has thee a four-leaved clover?’ Does it not seem strange to thee, and sad? We are used to it, as it might be—quite used to it. And that above her is her picture as a girl.”



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“Saves her a deal of talking,” said Mr. Wholesome, “and thinking. Any words would serve her as well. Might have said, ‘Topsail halyards,’ all the same.”

“Richard!” said Mistress White. Mistress Priscilla White was her name.

“Perchance thee would pardon me,” said Mr. Wholesome.

“I wonder,” said a third voice in the window, “does the nice old dame know what color has the clover? and does she remember fields of clover—pink among the green?”

“Has thee a four-leaved clover?” re-echoed the voice feebly from between the windows.

The man who was curious as to the dame’s remembrances was a small stout person whose arms and legs did not seem to belong to him, and whose face was strangely gnarled, like the odd face a boy might carve on a hickory-nut, but withal a visage pleasant and ruddy.

“That,” said Mistress White as he moved away, “is Mr. Schmidt—an old boarder with some odd ways of his own which we mostly forgive. A good man if it were not for his pipe,” she added demurely—“altogether a good man.”

“With or without his pipe,” said Mr. Wholesome.

“Richard!” returned our hostess, with a half smile.

“Without his pipe,” he added; and the unseen demons twitched at the corners of his mouth anew.

Altogether, these seemed to me droll people, they said so little, and, saving the small German, were so serenely grave. I suppose that first evening must have made a deep mark on my memory, for to this day I recall it with the clearness of a picture still before my eyes. Between the windows sat the old dame with hands quiet on her lap now that the twilight had grown deeper—a silent, gray Quaker sphinx, with one only remembrance out of all her seventy years of life. In the open window sat as in a frame the daughter, a woman of some twenty-five years, rosy yet as only a Quakeress can be when rebel Nature flaunts on the soft cheek the colors its owner may not wear on her gray dress. The outline was of a face clearly cut and noble, as if copied from a Greek gem—a face filled with a look of constant patience too great perhaps for one woman’s share, with a certain weariness in it also at times, yet cheerful too, and even almost merry at times—the face of one more thoughtful of others than herself, and, despite toil and sordid cares, a gentlewoman, as was plain to see. The shaft of light from the window in which she sat broadened into the room, and faded to shadow in far corners among chairs with claw toes and shining mahogany tables—the furniture of that day, with a certain flavor about it of elegance, reflecting the primness and solidness of the owners. I wonder if to-day our furniture represents us too in any wise? At least it will



not through the generations to follow us: of that we may be sure. In the little garden, with red graveled walks between rows of box, walked to and fro Mr. Schmidt, smoking his meerschaum—a rare sight in those days,

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and almost enough to ensure your being known as odd. He walked about ten paces, and went and came on the same path, while on the wall above a large gray cat followed his motions to and fro, as if having some personal interest in his movements. Against an apricot tree leaned Mr. Wholesome, watching with gleams of amusement the cat and the man, and now and then filliping at her a bit of plaster which he pulled from the wall. Then the cat would start up alert, and the man's face would get to be quizzically unconscious; after which the cat would settle down and the game begin anew. By and by I was struck with the broad shoulders and easy way in which Wholesome carried his head, and the idea came to me that he had more strength than was needed by a member of the Society of Friends, or than could well have been acquired with no greater exercise of the limbs than is sanctioned by its usages. In the garden were also three elderly men, all of them quiet and clerkly, who sat on and about the steps of the other window and chatted of the India ships and cargoes, their talk having a flavor of the spices of Borneo and of well-sunned madeira. These were servants of the great India houses when commerce had its nobles and lines were sharply drawn in social life.

I was early in bed, and rising betimes went down to breakfast, which was a brief meal, this being, as Mr. Wholesome said to me, the short end of the day. I should here explain that Mr. Wholesome was a junior partner in the house in which I was to learn the business before going to China. Thus he was the greatest person by far in our little household, although on this he did not presume, but seemed to me greatly moved toward jest and merriment, and to sway to and fro between gayety and sadness, or at the least gravity, but more toward the latter when Mistress White was near, she seeming always to be a checking conscience to his mirth.

On this morning, as often after, he desired me to walk with him to our place of business, of which I was most glad, as I felt shy and lonely. Walking down Arch street, I was amazed at its cleanliness, and surprised at the many trees and the unfamiliar figures in Quaker dresses walking leisurely. But what seemed to me most curious of all were the plain square meeting-houses of the Friends, looking like the toy houses of children. I was more painfully impressed by the appearance of the graves, one so like another, without mark or number, or anything in the disposition of them to indicate the strength of those ties of kinship and affection which death had severed. Yet I grew to like this quiet highway, and when years after I was in Amsterdam the resemblance of its streets to those of the Friends here at home overcame me with a crowd of swift-rushing memories. As I walked down of a morning to my work, I often stopped as I crossed Fifth street to admire the arch of lindens that barred the view to the westward, or to gaze at the inscription on the 'Prentices' Library, still plain to see, telling that the building was erected in the eighth year of the Empire.



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One morning Wholesome and I found open the iron grating of Christ Church graveyard, and passing through its wall of red and black glazed brick, he turned sharply to the right, and coming to a corner bade me look down where under a gray plain slab of worn stone rests the body of the greatest man, as I have ever thought, whom we have been able to claim as ours. Now a bit of the wall is gone, and through a railing the busy or idle or curious, as they go by, may look in and see the spot without entering.

Sometimes, too, we came home together, Wholesome and I, and then I found he liked to wander and zigzag, not going very far along a street, and showing fondness for lanes and byways. Often he would turn with me a moment into the gateway of the University Grammar School on Fourth street, south of Arch, and had, I thought, great pleasure in seeing the rough play of the lads. Or often, as we came home at noon, he liked to turn into Paradise alley, out of Market street, and did this, indeed, so often that I came to wonder at it, and the more because in an open space between this alley and Commerce street was the spot where almost every day the grammar-school boys settled their disputes in the way more common then than now. When first we chanced on one of these encounters I was surprised to see Mr. Wholesome look about him as if to be sure that no one else was near, and then begin to watch the combat with a strange interest. Indeed, on one occasion he utterly astonished me by taking by the hand a small boy who had been worsted and leading him with us, as if he knew the lad, which may well have been. But presently he said, "Reuben thee said was thy name?"—"Yes, sir," said the lad.—"Well," said Mr. Wholesome, after buying him a large and very brown horse gingerbread, two doughnuts and a small pie, "when you think it worth while to hit a fellow, never slap his face, because then he will strike you hard with his fist, which hurts, Reuben. Now, mind: next thee strikes first with thee fist, my lad, and hard, too." If I had seen our good Bishop White playing at taws, I could not have been more overcome, and I dare say my face may have shown it, for, glancing at me, he said demurely, "Thee has seen in thy lifetime how hard it is to get rid of what thee liked in thy days of boyhood." After which he added no more in the way of explanation, but walked along with swift strides and a dark and troubled face, silent and thoughtful.

Sometimes in the early morning I walked to my place of business with Mr. Schmidt, who was a man so altogether unlike those about him that I found in him a new and varied interest. He was a German, and spoke English with a certain quaintness and with the purity of speech of one who has learned the tongue from books rather than from men. I learned after a while that this guess of mine was a good one, and that, having been bred an artist, he had been put in prison for some political offence, and had in two years of loneliness

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learned English from our older authors. When at last he was set free he took his little property and came away with a bitter heart to our freer land, where, with what he had and with the lessons he gave in drawing, he was well able to live the life he liked in quiet ease and comfort. He was a kindly man in his ways, and in his talk gently cynical; so that, although you might be quite sure as to what he would do, you were never as safe as to what he would say; wherefore to know him a little was to dislike him, but to know him well was to love him. There was a liking between him and Wholesome, but each was more or less a source of wonderment to the other. Nor was it long before I saw that both these men in their way were patient lovers of the quiet and pretty Quaker dame who ruled over our little household, though to the elder man, Mr. Schmidt, she was a being at whose feet he laid a homage which he felt to be hopeless of result, while he was schooled by sorrowful fortunes to accept the position as one which he hardly even wished to change.

It was on a warm sunny morning very early, for we were up and away betimes, that Mr. Schmidt and I and Wholesome took our first walk together through the old market-sheds. We turned into Market street at Fourth street, whence the sheds ran downward to the Delaware. The pictures they gave me to store away in my mind are all of them vivid enough, but none more so than that which I saw with my two friends on the first morning when we wandered through them together.

On either side of the street the farmers' wagons stood backed up against the sidewalk, each making a cheap shop, by which stood the sturdy owners under the trees, laughing and chaffing with their customers. We ourselves turned aside and walked down the centre of the street under the sheds. On either side at the entry of the market odd business was being plied, the traders being mostly colored women with bright chintz dresses and richly-colored bandanna handkerchiefs coiled turban-like above their dark faces. There were rows of roses in red pots, and venders of marsh calamus, and "Hot corn, sah, smokin' hot," and "Pepperpot, bery nice," and sellers of horse-radish and snapping-turtles, and of doughnuts dear to grammar-school lads. Within the market was a crowd of gentlefolks, followed by their black servants with baskets—the elderly men in white or gray stockings, with knee-buckles, the younger in very tight nankeen breeches and pumps, frilled shirts and ample cravats and long blue swallow-tailed coats with brass buttons. Ladies whose grandchildren go no more to market were there in gowns with strangely short waists and broad gypsy-bonnets, with the flaps tied down by wide ribbons over the ears. It was a busy and good-humored throng.

"Ah," said Schmidt, "what color!" and he stood quite wrapped in the joy it gave him looking at the piles of fruit, where the level morning sunlight, broken by the moving crowd, fell on great heaps of dark-green watermelons and rough cantaloupes, and warmed the wealth of peaches piled on trays backed by red rows of what were then called love-apples, and are now known as tomatoes; while below the royal yellow of

vast overgrown pumpkins seemed to have set the long summer sunshine in their golden tints.



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“If these were mine,” said Schmidt, “I could not for ever sell them. What pleasure to see them grow and steal to themselves such sweet colors out of the rainbow which is in the light!”

“Thee would make a poor gardener,” said Wholesome, “sitting on thee fence in the sun and watching thee pumpkins—damn nasty things anyhow!”

I looked up amazed at the oath, but Schmidt did not seem to remark it, and went on with us, lingering here and there to please himself with the lovely contrasts of the autumn fruit.

“Curious man is Schmidt,” remarked Wholesome as we passed along. “I could wish thee had seen him when we took him this way first. Old Betsey yonder sells magnolia flowers in June, and also pond-lilies, which thee may know as reasonably pleasant things to thee or me; but of a sudden I find our friend Schmidt kneeling on the pavement with his head over a tub of these flowers, and every one around much amazed.”

“Was it not seemly?” said Schmidt, joining us. “There are who like music, but to me what music is there like the great attunement of color? and mayhap no race can in this rise over our black artists hereabout the market-ends.”

“Thee is crazed of many colors,” said Wholesome laughing—“a bull of but one.”

Schmidt stopped short in the crowd, to Wholesome’s disgust. “What,” said he, quite forgetful of the crowd, “is more cordial than color? This he recalleth was a woman black as night, with a red turban and a lapful of magnolias, and to one side red crabs in a basket, and to one side a tubful of lilies. Moss all about, I remember.”

“Come along,” said Wholesome. “The man is cracked, and in sunny weather the crack widens.”

And so we went away down street to our several tasks, chatting and amused.

Those were most happy days for me, and I found at evening one of my greatest pleasures when Schmidt called for me after our early tea and we would stroll together down to the Delaware, where the great India ships lay at wharves covered with casks of madeira and boxes of tea and spices. Then we would put out in his little rowboat and pull away toward Jersey, and, after a plunge in the river at Cooper’s Point, would lazily row back again while the spire of Christ Church grew dim against the fading sunset, and the lights would begin to show here and there in the long line of sombre houses. By this time we had grown to be sure friends, and a little help from me at a moment when I chanced to guess that he wanted money had made the bond yet stronger. So it came that he talked to me, though I was but a lad, with a curious freedom, which very soon opened to me a full knowledge of those with whom I lived.



One evening, when we had been drifting silently with the tide, he suddenly said aloud, "A lion in the fleece of the sheep."

"What?" said I, laughing.

"I was thinking of Wholesome," he replied. "But you do not know him. Yet he has that in his countenance which would betray a more cunning creature."



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“How so?” I urged, being eager to know more of the man who wore the garb and tongue of Penn, and could swear roundly when moved.

“If it will amuse,” said the German, “I will tell you what it befell me to hear to-day, being come into the parlor when Mistress White and Wholesome were in the garden, of themselves lonely.”

“Do you mean,” said I, “that you listened when they did not know of your being there?”

“And why not?” he replied. “It did interest me, and to them only good might come.”

“But,” said I, “it was not—”

“Well?” he added as I paused. “—‘Was not honor,’ you were going to say to me. And why not? I obey my nature, which is more curious than stocked with honor. I did listen.”

“And what did you hear?” said I.

“Ah, hear!” he answered. “What better is the receiver than is the thief? Well, then, if you will share my stolen goods, you shall know, and I will tell you as I heard, my memory being good.”

“But—” said I.

“Too late you stop me,” he added: “you must hear now.”

The scene which he went on to sketch was to me strange and curious, nor could I have thought he could give so perfect a rendering of the language, and even the accent, of the two speakers. It was a curious revelation of the man himself, and he seemed to enjoy his power, and yet to suffer in the telling, without perhaps being fully conscious of it. The oars dropped from his hands and fell in against the thwarts of the boat, and he clasped his knees and looked up as he talked, not regarding at all his single silent listener.

“When this is to be put upon the stage there shall be a garden and two personages.”

“Also,” said I, “a jealous listener behind the scenes.”

“If you please,” he said promptly, and plunged at once into the dialogue he had overheard:

“Richard, thee may never again say the words which thee has said to me to-night. There is, thee knows, that between us which is builded up like as a wall to keep us the one from the other.’



“But men and women change, and a wall crumbles, or thee knows it may be made to. Years have gone away, and the man who stole from thee thy promise may be dead, for all thee knows.’

“Hush! thee makes me to see him, and though the dead rise not here, I am some way assured he is not yet dead, and may come and say to me, “Cilla”—that is what he called me—“thee remembers the night and thy promise, and the lightning all around us, and who took thee to shore from the wrecked packet on the Bulkhead Bar.” The life he saved I promised.’

“Well, and thee knows—By Heaven! you well enough know who tortured the life he gave—who robbed you—who grew to be a mean sot, and went away and left you; and to such you hold, with such keep faith, and wear out the sweetness of life waiting for him!’

“Richard!’

“Have I also not waited, and given up for thee a life, a career—little to give. I hope thee knows I feel that. Has thee no limit, Priscilla? Thee knows—God help me! how well you know—I love you. The world, the old world of war and venture, pulls at me always. Will not you find it worth while to put out a hand of help? Would it not be God taking your hand and putting it in mine?’



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“Thee knows I love thee.’

“And if the devil sent him back to curse you anew—’

“Shame, Richard! I would say, God, who layeth out for each his way, has pointed mine.’

“And I?’

“Thee would continue in goodness, loving me as a sister hardly tried.’

“By God! I should go away to sea.’

“Richard!’

“Which is the last word of this scene,” added Schmidt. “You mayhap have about you punk and flint and steel.”

I struck alight in silence, feeling moved by the story of the hurt hearts of these good people, and wondering at the man and his tale. Then I said, “Was that all?”

“Could you, if not a boy, ask me to say more of it? Light thy pipe and hold thy peace. Happy those who think not of women. I, who have for a hearth-side only the fire of an honest pipe—’Way there, my lad! pull us in and forget what a loose tongue and a soft summer night have given thee to hear from a silly old German who is grown weak of head and sore at soul. How the lights twinkle!”

Had I felt any doubt at all of the truth of his narration I should have ceased to do so when for the next few days I watched Mr. Wholesome, and saw him, while off his guard, looking at Mistress White askance with a certain wistful sadness, as of a great honest dog somehow hurt and stricken.

When an India ship came in, the great casks of madeira, southside, grape juice, bual and what not were rolled away into the deep cellars of the India houses on the wharves, and left to purge their vinous consciences of such perilous stuff as was shaken up from their depths during the long homeward voyage. Then, when a couple of months had gone by, it was a custom for the merchant to summon a few old gentlemen to a solemn tasting of the wines old and new. Of this, Mr. Wholesome told me one day, and thought I had better remain to go through the cellars and drive out the bungs and drop in the testers, and the like. “I will also stay with thee,” he added, “knowing perhaps better than thee the prices.”

I learned afterward that Wholesome always stayed on these occasions, and I had reason to be glad that I too was asked to stay, for, as it chanced, it gave me a further insight into the character of my friend the junior partner.



I recall well the long cellar running far back under Water street, with its rows of great casks, of which Wholesome and I started the bungs while awaiting the new-comers. Presently came slowly down the cellar-steps our senior partner in nankeen shanks, silk stockings and pumps—a frosty-visaged old man, with a nose which had fully earned the right to be called bottle. Behind him limped our old porter in a blue check apron. He went round the cellar, and at every second cask, having lighted a candle, he held it upside down until the grease had fallen thick on the cask, and then turning the candle stuck it fast in its little pile of tallow, so that by and by the



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cellar was pretty well lighted. Presently, in groups or singly, came old and middle-aged gentlemen, and with the last our friend Schmidt, who wandered off to a corner and sat on a barrel-head watching the effects of the mingling of daylight and candlelight, and amused in his quiet way at the scene and the intense interest of the chief actors in it, which, like other things he did not comprehend, had for him the charm of oddness. I went over and stood by him while the porter dropped the tester-glass into the cool depths of cask after cask, and solemn counsel was held and grave decisions reached. I was enchanted with one meagre, little old gentleman of frail and refined figure, who bent over his wine with closed eyes, as if to shut out all the sense-impressions he did not need, while the rest waited to hear what he had to say.

“Needs a milk fining,” muttered the old gentleman, with eyes shut as if in prayer.

“Wants its back broke with a good lot of eggshell,” said a short, stout man with a snuff-colored coat, the collar well up the back of his head.

“Ach!” murmured Schmidt. “The back to be hurt with eggshell! What hath he of meaning?”

“Pshaw!” said a third: “give it a little rest, and then the white of an egg to every five gallons. Is it bual?”

“Is it gruel?” said our senior sarcastically.

“Wants age. A good wine for one’s grandchildren,” murmured my old friend with shut eyes.

“What is it he calls gruel?” whispered Schmidt. “How nice is a picture he makes when he shuts his eyes and the light of the candle comes through the wine, all bright ruby, in the dark here! And ah, what is that?” for Wholesome, who had been taking his wine in a kindly way, and having his say with that sense of being always sure which an old taster affects, glancing out of one of the little barred cellar-windows which looked out over the wharf, said abruptly, “Ha! ha! that won’t do!”

Turning, I saw under the broad-brimmed hat in the clear gray eyes a sudden sparkle of excitement as he ran hastily up the cellar-stairs. Seeing that something unusual was afloat, I followed him quickly out on to the wharf, where presently the cause of his movement was made plain.

Beside the wharf was a large ship, with two planks running down from her decks to the wharf. Just at the top of the farther one from us a large black-haired, swarthy man was brutally kicking an aged negro, who was hastily moving downward, clinging to the hand-rail. Colored folks were then apt to be old servants—that is to say, friends—and this



was our pensioned porter, Old Tom. I was close behind Wholesome at the door of the counting-house. I am almost sure he said "Damnation!" At all events, he threw down his hat, and in a moment was away up the nearer plank to the ship's deck, followed by me. Meanwhile, however, the black, followed by his pursuer, had reached the wharf, where the negro, stumbling and still clinging to the rail, was seized



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by the man who had struck him. In the short struggle which ensued the plank was pulled away from the ship's side, and fell just as Wholesome was about to move down it. He uttered an oath, caught at a loose rope which hung from a yard, tried it to see if it was fast, went up it hand over hand a few feet, set a foot on the bulwarks, and swung himself fiercely back across the ship, and then, with the force thus gained, flew far in air above the wharf, and dropping lightly on to a pile of hogs-heads, leapt without a word to the ground, and struck out with easy power at the man he sought, who fell as if a butcher's mallet had stunned him—fell, and lay as one dead. The whole action would have been amazing in any man, but to see a Quaker thus suddenly shed his false skin and come out the true man he was, was altogether bewildering—the more so for the easy grace with which the feat was done. Everybody ran forward, while Wholesome stood a strange picture, his eyes wide open and his pupils dilated, his face flushed and lips a little apart, showing his set white teeth while he awaited his foe. Then, as the man rallied and sat up, staring widely, Wholesome ran forward and looked at him, waving the crowd aside. In a moment, as the man rose still bewildered, his gaze fell on Wholesome, and, growing suddenly white, he sat down on a bundle of staves, saying faintly, "Take him away! Don't let him come near!"

"Coward!" said I: "one might have guessed that."

"There is to him," said Schmidt at my elbow, "some great mortal fear; the soul is struck."

"Yes," said Wholesome, "the soul is struck. Some one help him"—for the man had fallen over in something like a fit—and so saying strode away, thoughtful and disturbed in face, as one who had seen a ghost.

As he entered the counting-house through the group of dignified old merchants, who had come out to see what it all meant, one of them said, "Pretty well for a Quaker, friend Richard!"

Wholesome did not seem to hear him, but walked in, drank a glass of wine which stood on a table, and sat down silently.

"Not the first feat of that kind he has done," said the elder of the wine-tasters.

"No," said a sea-captain near by. "He boarded the Penelope in that fashion during the war, and as he lit on her deck cleared a space with his cutlass till the boarding-party joined him."

"With his cutlass?" said I. "Then he was not always a Quaker?"

"No," said our senior: "they don't learn these gymnastics at Fourth and Arch, though perchance the committee may have a word to say about it."



“Quaker or not,” said the wine-taster, “I wish any of you had legs as good or a heart as sound. Very good body, not too old, and none the worse for a Quaker fining.”

“That’s the longest sentence I ever heard Wilton speak,” said a young fellow aside to me; “and, by Jove! he is right.”



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I went back into the counting-house, and was struck with the grim sadness of face of our junior partner. He had taken up a paper and affected to be reading, but, as I saw, was staring into space. Our senior said something to him about Old Tom, but he answered in an absent way, as one who half hears or half heeds. In a few moments he looked up at the clock, which was on the stroke of twelve, and seeing me ready, hat in hand, to return home for our one-o'clock dinner, he gathered himself up, as it were, limb by limb, and taking his wide-brimmed hat brushed it absently with his sleeve. Then he looked at it a moment with a half smile, put it on decisively and went out and away up Arch street with swifter and swifter strides. By and by he said, "You do not walk as well as usual."

"But," said I, "no one could keep up with you."

"Do not try to: leave a sore man to nurse his hurts. I suppose you saw my folly on the wharf—saw how I forgot myself?"

"Ach!" said Schmidt, who had toiled after us hot and red, and who now slipped his quaint form in between us—"Ach! 'You forgot yourself.' This say you. I do think you did remember your true self for a time this morning."

"Hush! I am a man ashamed. Let us talk no more of it. I have ill kept my faith," returned Wholesome impatiently.

"You may believe God doth not honor an honest man," said Schmidt; "which is perhaps a God Quaker, not the God I see to myself."

I had so far kept my peace, noting the bitter self-reproach of Wholesome, and having a lad's shyness before an older man's calamity; but now I said indignantly, "If it be Friends' creed to see the poor and old and feeble hurt without raising a hand, let us pray to be saved from such religion."

"But," said Wholesome, "I should have spoken to him in kindness first. Now I have only made of him a worse beast, and taught him more hatred. And he of all men!"

"There is much salvation in some mistakes," said Schmidt smiling.

Just then we were stopped by two middle-aged Friends in drab of orthodox tint, from which now-a-days Friends have much fallen away into gay browns and blacks. They asked a question or two about an insurance on one of our ships; and then the elder said, "Thee hand seems bleeding, friend Richard;" which was true: he had cut his knuckles on his opponent's teeth, and around them had wrapped hastily a handkerchief which showed stains of blood here and there.

"Ach!" said Schmidt, hastening to save his friend annoyance. "He ran against something.—And how late is it! Let us go."



But Wholesome, who would have no man lie ever so little for his benefit, said quietly, "I hurt it knocking a man down;" and now for the first time to-day I observed the old amused look steal over his handsome face and set it a-twitching with some sense of humor as he saw the shock which went over the faces of the two elders when we bade them good-morning and turned away.



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Wholesome walked on ahead quickly, and as it seemed plain that he would be alone, we dropped behind.

“What is all this?” said I. “Does a man grieve thus because he chastises a scoundrel?”

“No,” said Schmidt. “The Friend Wholesome was, as you may never yet know, an officer of the navy, and when your war being done he comes here. There is a beautiful woman whom he must fall to loving, and this with some men being a grave disorder, he must go and spoil a good natural man with the clothes of a Quaker, seeing that what the woman did was good in his sight.”

“But,” said I, “I don’t understand.”

“No,” said he; “yet you have read of Eve and Adam. Sometimes they give us good apples and sometimes bad. This was a russet, as it were, and at times the apple disagrees with him for that with the new apple he got not a new stomach.”

I laughed a little, but said, “This is not all. There was something between him and the man he struck which we do not yet know. Did you see him?”

“Yes, and before this—last week some time in the market-place. He was looking at old Dinah’s tub of white lilies when I noticed him, and to me came a curious thinking of how he was so unlike them, many people having for me flower-likeness, and this man, being of a yellow swarthy and squat-browed, minded me soon of the toadstool you call a corpse-light.”

“Perhaps we shall know some time; but here is home, and will he speak of it to Mistress White, do you think?”

“Not ever, I suppose,” said Schmidt; and we went in.

The sight we saw troubled me. In the little back parlor, at a round mahogany table with scrolled edges and claw toes, sat facing the light Mistress White. She was clad in a gray silk with tight sleeves, and her profusion of rich chestnut hair, with its willful curliness that forbade it to be smooth on her temples, was coiled in a great knot at the back of her head. Its double tints and strange changefulness, and the smooth creamy cheeks with their moving islets of roses that would come and go at a word, were pretty protests of Nature, I used to think, against the demure tints of her pearl-gray silken gown. She was looking out into the garden, quite heedless of the older dame, who sat as her wont was between the windows, and chirruped now and then, mechanically, “Has thee a four-leaved clover?” As I learned some time after, one of our older clerks, perhaps with a little malice of self-comfort at the fall of his senior’s principles, had, on coming home, told her laughingly all the story of the morning. Perhaps one should be a woman and a Friend to enter into her feelings. She was tied by a promise and by a



sense of personal pledge to a low and disgraced man, and then coming to love another despite herself she had grown greatly to honor him. She might reason as she would that only a sense of right and a yearning for the fullness of a righteous life had made him give up his profession and fellows and turn aside to follow the harder creed of Fox, but she well knew with a woman's keenness of view that she herself had gone for something in this change; and now, as sometimes before, she reproached herself with his failures. As we came in she hastily dried her eyes and went out of the room. At dinner little was said, but in the afternoon there was a scene of which I came to know all a good while later.



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Some of us had gone back to the afternoon work when Mr. Wholesome, who had lingered behind, strayed thoughtfully into the little back garden. There under a thin-leaved apricot tree sat Mistress White, very pretty, with her long fair fingers clasped over a book which lay face down on her lap. Presently she was aware of Richard Wholesome walking to and fro and smoking a long-stemmed clay pipe, then, as yet in England, called a churchwarden. These were two more than commonly good-looking persons, come of sturdy English breeds, fined down by that in this climate which has taken the coarseness of line and feature out of so many of our broods, and has made more than one English painter regret that the Vandyke faces had crossed the ocean to return no more.

Schmidt and I looked out a moment into the long vista where, between the rose-boughs bending from either wall under the apricot, we could see the gray silvery shimmer of the woman's dress, and beyond it, passing to and fro, the broad shoulders of the ex-captain.

"Come," I said, "walk down with me to the wharf."

"Yet leave me," he returned. "I shall wisely do to sit here on the step over the council-fire of my pipe. Besides, when there are not markets and flowers, and only a straight-down, early-afternoon sun, I shall find it a more noble usage of time to see of my drama another scene. The actors are good;" and he pointed with his pipe-stem down to the garden. "And this," he said, "is the mute chorus of the play," indicating a kitten which had made prey of the grand-dame's ball of worsted, and was rolling it here and there with delight.

"But," I answered, "it is not right or decent to spy upon others' actions."

"For right!" he said. "Ach! what I find right to me is my right; and for decent, I understand you not. But if I tell you what is true, I find my pleasure to sit here and see the maiden when at times the winds pull up the curtain of the leaves."

"Well! well!" said I, for most of the time he was not altogether plain as to what he meant, as when he spoke of the cat as a chorus—"Well! well! you will go out with me on the water at sundown?"

"That may be," he answered; and I went away.

I have observed since then, in the long life I have lived, that the passion called love, when it is a hopeless one, acts on men as ferments do on fluids after their kind—turning some to honest wine and some to vinegar. With our stout little German all trials seemed to be of the former use, so that he took no ill from those hurts and bruises which leave other men sore and tender. Indeed, he talked of Mistress White to me, or even to Wholesome, whom he much embarrassed, in a calm, half-amused way, as of a venture



which he had made, and, having failed, found it pleasant to look back upon as an experience not altogether to be regretted. We none of us knew until much later that it was more than a mere fancy for a woman who was altogether so sweet and winsome that no man needed an excuse for loving her. When by and by I also came to love a good woman, I used to try myself by the measure of this man's lack of self-love, and wonder how he could have seen with good-will the woman he cared for come to like another man better. This utter sweetness of soul has ever been to me a riddle.



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An hour passed by, when Schmidt heard a footfall in the room behind him, and rising saw an old member of the Society of Friends who came at times to our house, and was indeed trustee for a small estate which belonged to Mistress White. Nicholas Oldmixon was an overseer in the Fourth street meeting, and much looked up to among Friends as a prompt and vigilant guardian of their discipline. Perhaps he would have been surprised to be told that he had that in his nature which made the post of official fault-finder agreeable; but so it was, I fancy, and he was here on such an errand. The asceticism of Friends in those days, and the extent to which Mr. Oldmixon, like the more strict of his sect, carried their views as to gravity of manner and the absence of color in dress and furniture, were especially hateful to Schmidt, who lived and was happy in a region of color and sentiment and gayety. Both, I doubt not, were good men, but each was by nature and training altogether unable to sympathize with the other.

“Good-evening!” said Schmidt, keeping his seat in the low window-sill.

Mr. Oldmixon returned, “Thee is well, I trust?”

“Ach! with such a sun and the last roses, which seem the most sweet, and these most lovely of fall-flowers, and a good book and a pipe,” said Schmidt, “who will not be well? Have you the honest blessing of being a smoker?”

“Nay,” said the Quaker, with evident guarding of his words. “Thee will not take it amiss should I say it is a vain waste of time?”

“But,” answered Schmidt, “time hath many uses. The one is to be wasted; and this a pipe mightily helps. I did think once, when I went to meeting, how much more solemn it would be for each man to have a pipe to excuse his silence.”

“Thee jests idly, I fear,” said the Friend, coloring and evidently holding himself in check. “Is that friend Wholesome in the garden? I have need to see him.”

“Yea,” said Schmidt, with a broad smile, “he is yonder under a tree, like Adam in the garden. Let us take a peep at Paradise.”

Mr. Oldmixon held his peace, and walked quietly out of the window and down the graveled path. There were some who surmised that his years and his remembrance of the three wives he had outlived did not altogether suffice to put away from him a strong sentiment of the sweetness of his ward. Perhaps it was this notion which lit up with mirth the ruddy face of the German as he walked down the garden behind the slim ascetic figure of the overseer of meeting in his broad hat and drab clothes. On the way the German plucked a dozen scarlet roses, a late geranium or two and a few leaves of motley Poinsetta.



Wholesome paused a moment to greet quietly the new-comer, and straightway betook himself absently to his walk again to and fro across the garden. Mistress White would have had the old overseer take her seat, but this he would not do. He stood a moment near her, as if irresolute, while Schmidt threw himself down on the sward, and, half turning over, tossed roses into the gray lap of Mistress White, saying, "How prettily the God of heaven has dressed them!"



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Mistress White took up the flowers, not answering the challenge, but glancing under her long lashes at the ex-captain, to whom presently the overseer turned, saying, "Would thee give me a word or two with thee by ourselves, Richard?"

"There are none in the parlor," said Priscilla, "if thee will talk there."

"If," said Wholesome, "it be of business, let it wait till to-morrow, and I will call upon thee: I am not altogether myself to-day."

"Nay," said Nicholas, gathering himself up a little, "thee must know theeself that I would not come to thee here for business: thee knows my exactness in such matters."

"And for what, then, are you come?" said Wholesome with unusual abruptness.

"For speech of that in thee conduct which were better, as between an elder friend and a younger, to be talked over alone," said Mr. Oldmixon severely.

Now, Wholesome, though disgusted by his lack of power to keep the silent pledges he had given when he entered the Society of Friends, was not dissatisfied with his conduct as he judged it by his own standard of right. Moreover, like many warm-hearted people, he was quick of temper, as we have seen. His face flushed, and he paused beside the overseer: "There are none here who do not know most of what passed this morning; but as you do not know all, let me advise you to hold your peace and go your ways, and leave me to such reproach as God may send me."

"If that God send thee any," muttered Schmidt.

But Nicholas Oldmixon was like a war-horse smelling the battle afar off, and anything like resistance to an overseer in the way of duty roused him into the sternness which by no means belonged to the office, but rather to the man. "If," he said, "any in membership with us do countenance or promote tumults, they shall be dealt with as disorderly persons. Wherefore did thee give way to rash violence this morning?"

Priscilla grew pale, I think. She said, "Friend Nicholas, thee forgets the Christian courtesy of our people one to another. Let it rest a while: friend Richard may come to think better of it by and by."

"And that I trust he may never," muttered Schmidt.

But the overseer was not to be stayed. "Thee would do better to mind the things of thy house and leave us," he said. "The ways of this young man have been more than once a scandal, and are like to come before the preparative meeting to be dealt with."

"Sir," returned Wholesome, approaching him and quite forgetting his plain speech to make it plainer, "your manners do little credit to your age or your place. Listen: I told



you to speak no more of this matter;” and he seized him by the lappel of his coat and drew him aside a few paces. “For your own sake, I mean. Let it die out, with no more of talk or nonsense.”

“For my sake!” exclaimed the overseer; “and why? Most surely thee forgets theeself.”



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“For your own sake,” said Wholesome, drawing him still farther away, and bending toward him, so that his words were lost to Schmidt and Priscilla, “and for your son John’s. It was he I struck to-day.”

Mr. Oldmixon grew white and staggered as if stricken. “Why did thee not come and tell me?” he said. “It had been kinder; and where is that unhappy man?”

“I do not know,” returned Wholesome.

“Nevertheless, be it he or another, thee was in the wrong, and I have done my duty,— God help us all! and is my son yet alive?” and so saying, he turned away, and without other words walked through the house with uncertain steps and went down the street, while Wholesome, with softened face, watched him from the doorstep. Then he went back quietly into the garden, and turning to Schmidt, said, “Will you oblige me by leaving me with Mistress White? I will explain to thee by and by.”

Schmidt looked up surprised, but seeing how pale and stern he looked, rose and went into the house. The woman looked up expectant.

“Priscilla, the time has come when thee must choose between me and him.”

“He has come back? I knew always he would come.”

“Yes, he has come back: I saw him to-day,” said Wholesome, “and the John Oldmixon of to-day is more than ever cruel and brutal. Will thee trust me to make thee believe that?”

“I believe thee,” she returned; “but because he is this and worse, shall I forget my word or turn aside from that which, if bitter for me, may save his soul alive?”

“And yet you love me?”

“Have I said so?” she murmured with a half smile.

The young man came closer and seized both hands in his: “Will it not be a greater sin, loving me, to marry him?”

“But he may never ask me, and then I shall wait, for I had better die fit in soul to be yours than come to you unworthy of a good man’s love.”

He dropped her hands and moved slowly away, she watching him with full eyes. Then he turned and said, “But should he fall—fall as he must—and come to be what his life will surely make him, a felon whom no woman could marry—”



“Thee makes duty hard for me, Richard,” she answered. “Do not make me think thee cruel. When in God’s good time he shall send me back the words of promise I wrote when he went away a disgraced man, to whom, nevertheless I owed my life, then—Oh, Richard, I love thee! Do not hurt me. Pray for me and him.”

“God help us!” he said. “We have great need, to be helped;” and suddenly leaning over he kissed her forehead for the first time, and went away up the garden and into the house.

EDWARD KEARSLEY.

MODERN HUGUENOTS.

It demands a good deal of energy, and it involves a little hardship, to see the Protestant communities of the High Alps of France, but the picturesque and historic interests of the journey furnish a sufficient motive and make ample amends. I can think of no route so entirely unhackneyed to recommend to blase tourists. The point of departure is Grenoble, reached in an hour or so from Chambéry, and in itself well worth turning aside from the Mont Cenis thoroughfare to visit. As far as Corps the way lies over the beaten track of the Salette pilgrims, of which the charms are recorded in many a devout description.

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It happened to us, however, to get a preliminary glimpse of French Protestantism in a characteristic, although wholly modern, development before leaving Grenoble. We applied to the Protestant clergyman there for information respecting the details of our proposed tour. Pleased with our project, he told us the story of a mission which he had established under circumstances altogether unique, and invited us to join him in paying it a visit. The scene of his enterprise was a sunny little village lying high among vineyarded hills, and bearing the name of Notre Dame des Commiers. Owing to its remoteness and insignificance, the Roman Catholic authorities had never replaced its last priest, who withdrew during the turmoils of the Revolution. For all their ecclesiastical needs the people were obliged to descend to the next village, the cure of which gave them little pastoral care beyond the thrifty collection of his dues. Learning these facts, our Grenoble friend determined to take advantage of the situation. He presented himself in the village and told the people he was willing to become their pastor. He only asked them to acknowledge the validity of baptism and marriage performed by him, and to pledge him their support in the struggle with the priests that would probably ensue. Later, he said, he hoped to convince them that he taught a better religion than that at the hands of whose ministers they had suffered such neglect. A majority of the villagers accepted his proposal, and by a formal act constituted themselves a Protestant commune. By so doing they were able to secure recognition by the government as belonging to the National Protestant Church of France. It was not long before the parishioners grew warmly attached to their new pastor. His position of assistant at Grenoble enabled him to assume the sole charge of the enterprise. Week after week he made the tedious stage-coach journey, walking up the two-mile hill at the foot of which he had to quit the highway. Often in winter he toiled for hours through deep snow and faced violent storms in making the ascent. In the worst weather it sometimes happened that the whole journey from Grenoble had to be made on foot. For two years he carried on the work unaided, holding his services in such rude quarters as he was able to secure. The village is now, after an interval of seven years since the missionary's first visit, adorned with a pretty chapel and school-house and provided with a resident minister.

In talking with the people we found abundant proof that their Protestant faith is both intelligent and practical. Such of them as were not busy in the fields surrounded their old pastor with greetings that touchingly expressed their affection and gratitude, and we, as his friends, had a share in the demonstration. One stalwart, clear-eyed old woman obliged us to sit down in front of her chalet, cheerfully explaining that she had just been burned out, and that the shed in which she had found a shelter was not fit for us



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to enter. She would take no refusal of her offer to fetch us grapes, and ran all the way to and from her vineyard on the opposite hillside, returning in an incredibly short time, scarcely out of breath, and carrying a basket heavy with great white and purple clusters. As she stood watching with delight our appreciation of her produce—the only sweet and luscious grapes, by the way, that we found throughout the autumn in that land of vines—she talked frankly of her religious vicissitudes, summing up as follows: “The priests used to say to me that I had turned Protestant because that is an easier religion than the Roman Catholic. But I have not found it so at all. *Il est beaucoup plus facile de me confesser que de me corriger.*” Presently another woman came up the hill, bending painfully under the weight of two water-pails hanging from the ends of a yoke that rested on her shoulders. “Ah,” said our hostess, “if they would but let us build the aqueduct, we should not have that ugly work to do.” And then we learned that among the small minority of Roman Catholics left in the village, to care for whom, as soon as it was found a wolf had entered the fold, a priest arrived promptly enough, there prevail the wildest superstitions concerning the Protestants. Among many improvements introduced by the latter an aqueduct had been planned to furnish the hamlet with wholesome water. The project was defeated by the opposition of the Roman Catholics, who considered it a scheme for poisoning them *en masse*. It was here that we heard for the first time the epithet Huguenots applied as a term of reproach and derision to the Protestants. Afterward, in regions where Protestants have a history of centuries, we found it commonly used in the same way.

Our visit to Notre Dame des Commiers was like reading a living page of early Reformation history, and the whole neighborhood made a fitting stage for such a reproduction. Some six or seven miles from Grenoble we passed the restored but still, in parts at least, historic chateau of Lesdiguières at Vizille. Nearer our mountain-village we stopped to admire an ivy-covered bit of tower-ruin, associated by a grim tradition with the same Dauphine hero. A prisoner confined here by the apostate constable had, says the legend, a lady true who came every night and clasped her lover’s hand stretched out to her between the bars of his dungeon window. Lesdiguières discovered the rendezvous, and the spot is still pointed out where his soldier was stationed one fatal night to chop off the hand that sought its accustomed pledge. The historical associations of our excursion were, indeed, somewhat confused, but a fresh feature was added to its interest by the departure, which we chanced to witness, of Monsieur Thiers from the Chateau de Vizille, now occupied by Casimir Perier, whom the ex-president had been visiting.

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The two days' diligence journey from Grenoble to the departement des Hautes-Alpes was over one of those broad macadamized highways which make driving a luxury in many parts of Europe. If we were more huddled than in the less-antiquated Swiss diligences, we had the compensation of far more original fellow-travelers than one is apt to find among the tourists that monopolize those vehicles. There were generally two or three priests, half a dozen merry peasants, and a sprinkling of small officers and country-townspeople, who respectively lost no time in establishing a pleasant intimacy with their neighbors. The unflagging chatter, in which all joined vivaciously, and often all at once, was in striking contrast with the silent gloom which would have enshrouded a similar party of English or American travelers. It was impossible to resist the contagion of cheerfulness or to refuse to mingle more or less in the talk.

On the second evening, having trusted to the map and the very meagre information supplied by *Murray*, we found ourselves deposited at an isolated wayside cabaret. It presently transpired that St. Bonnet, where we expected to pass the Sunday, was some half mile or more off the high-road on which this was the nearest station. While we waited in a long, low, dimly-lighted room for the guide we had bespoke, two gendarmes and a peasant sat listening to, or rather looking at, a vivid account of some shooting adventure given in extraordinary pantomime by a deaf and dumb huntsman. In time a withered gnome trundling a wheelbarrow took possession of us and our light belongings, and led us forth into the night. We traversed the valley, mounted the hill on the other side, and at last entered the deeper night of a lampless village, and began to thread its steep, black streets. The only gleam of light was at what seemed to be the central fountain. Many women were gathered there, chatting as they filled their pails or stood with the replenished vessels poised on their heads. The inn was of a piece with all those at which we lodged in Dauphine, deficient in everything for which an inn exists. The feature of these inns which I remember, I think, with the least relish was the condition of the floors. It is literally true that they are never washed. A daily sprinkling is the only cleansing process they undergo: its effect is to soften the wood until it begins to absorb a large proportion of the rubbish which is often but never thoroughly swept up, and grows black and evil-odored. This result is most manifest, of course, and most offensive in the dining-rooms.

St. Bonnet offered even less than we anticipated of interest. On the Sunday morning we gladly drove away in such an equipage as the place afforded to the not very distant village of St. Laurent en Champsaur. Here we reached our first point in what was fifty years ago the parish of Felix Neff, and has been for centuries a refuge of Protestantism. It is a hamlet of stone cottages, lying on a kind of plateau and overlooking a wide and fertile valley. The surrounding hills, though mostly bare, were broken and beautified on that still autumn morning with dim clefts of shadow. The sun was not yet high, and broad masses of purple fell here and there across the plain and the brawling stream that divides it, still the Drac, which we had seen an almost stately river near Grenoble.

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Having already learned something of the local habits, we bade our driver take us to the *temple*. That is the distinctive name of a Protestant church in these Roman Catholic lands. The morning service was in progress when we entered the square and austere little chapel. Every pew was occupied, the men and women taking different sides of the one stone-paved aisle. A gentle-looking old man was reading from a book with much clearness and expression, and in a singularly pleasant voice, what we soon found to be an excellent sermon. At its close a quaint, slow hymn was sung, and the congregation was dismissed. To our amusement, the simple folk formed a double line outside the door to inspect us as we emerged. It was easy to imagine their interest in an apparition so unusual as foreign visitors, and we submitted to their curious but entirely respectful scrutiny, wishing that our aspect might give them half the satisfaction we had in watching their eager faces and noting their droll costumes. Ludicrously high stocks and “swallow-tail” coats of brown homespun made the dress of the men different from that of corresponding rustics in America. The chief peculiarity in the women’s attire was a straw hat, of which the towering crown, decked with huge bows, and the vast flapping brim, were like an extravagant caricature of the poke-bonnets of our grandmothers.

As we stood demurely in the midst of the group, the old man who had read, and who proved to be the schoolmaster, hastened out to greet us. It was his habit, he said, in the pastor’s absence, to conduct the service. For more than thirty years, although the parish had repeatedly been for months without a minister, he had not allowed the temple to remain closed a single Sunday. His wife appeared directly, and both insisted, with apologies for their peasant fare, that we should stop to dinner at their house, a few yards from the church. We were in truth nothing loath to accept the invitation, and found little to excuse in the savory soup, the fresh-laid eggs and the fruit that composed the simple feast, while we were scarcely less regaled with the neatness of the rooms and the spectacle of well-washed floors and spotless though coarsely-woven linen. But most of all to be enjoyed and remembered was the peep we got into this good old man’s life and history. From his youth he had been schoolmaster at St. Laurent, and it seemed never to have occurred to him that he might claim a more distinguished post. Unconscious of any special self-sacrifice, he told us about his work, heroic through its quiet faithfulness, in that obscure hamlet. He enumerated with pride the various pastors and teachers who had been his scholars—among the former his eldest son, among the latter two of his daughters. Listening to his talk, we understood the intelligence of expression in many faces and the large proportion of young men at the service of the morning.

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In our walks about the village after dinner the schoolmaster took us to see an ancient woman who in her youth had been a catechumen of Felix Neff. It is curious to find that term, which was applied by the early Church to candidates for admission, in use now among the Protestants of France and Italy. With tears in her eyes and an enthusiasm that made her speech almost incoherent, the grandame talked of "Monsieur Neff," his courage, his friendliness, how he went among his people like one of themselves, and what good words he always spoke. As we left St. Laurent our host and his wife bore us company to the brow of a little hill whither we had sent on our chaise, and stood there to wave us an adieu as we descended on the other side. Then we saw them turn back toward the group of thatched and moss-grown cottages which was all their world.

That evening we reached Gap, the capital of the department of the High Alps, and once an important Protestant centre. Farel, the French Reformer of the sixteenth century, was born and for a time preached here. But since the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes until very lately—during a period, that is, of nearly two hundred years—no Protestant pastor has been tolerated in the town, and the once numerous flock was long since dispersed. A Swiss society undertook two or three years ago a Protestant mission at Gap, and a friend in Geneva had given us the name of the present evangelist. A humbler or more thankless charge could scarcely be imagined than such a work in such a place. There is no nucleus of hereditary Protestants, as in the mountain-parishes of the department, and at the same time the little city is so isolated that its people have retained the superstitions and religious animosities of the Dark Ages. It was therefore with much compassionate thought of his pitiful case that we sought the evangelist's house. He was not, however, a man toward whom one could maintain for a moment that frame of mind. Brisk, cheerful, polished in manner and with an unsought elegance of dress and carriage, he had not in the least the air of a despised heretic struggling hopelessly against social as well as ecclesiastical contempt. Six avowed converts were the definite results of his work for more than two years. During much of that time he had been hampered by insuperable difficulties in finding a place for his service or even a lodging for his family. The latter was at last provided, as a daring defiance of popular prejudice, by a landlord who prided himself upon being a *libre penseur*. For his chapel he secured a disused shop in the front of a bath-house. The proprietress of the establishment was punished by the priests for her unrighteous thrift by being refused the sacrament. Her business, too, was for a while endangered. One instance out of many of the kind of prejudice she provoked was that of two wealthy and educated ladies, who, as they entered the bath one day, heard music in the *chapelle evangelique* and instantly beat a hurried

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retreat. They only stopped to explain that all the world knows the object of Protestant worship is the devil, and they dare not stay within hearing of the sacrilegious rites. In spite of multiform discouragements like these, the evangelist and his wife, a motherly woman of much quiet strength, whose gentleness made sweet a very homely face, talked of their work and prospects with a matter-of-course hopefulness which it was not easy to share. Nothing in their habits, they told us, had more amazed their Roman Catholic neighbors at first than their lavish use of water. But in that particular, at least, suspicion had been allayed, their perseverance had proved the practice harmless, and their example was beginning to find a few timid imitators.

Our first night after leaving Gap was spent at Embrun. As we approached the town, which surmounts an extraordinary platform of rock, its walls looking like part of the smooth, brown tufa precipice that rises abruptly out of the valley, we seemed to see in its picturesque and impressive aspect something of the grandeur and gloom of its long history. The cathedral where so many archbishops have ministered preserves little trace of its former splendors: even architecturally it is without attraction.

For the next two days our route continued to lie through the valley, which we entered upon leaving Gap, of the Durance. It is an apparently insignificant but treacherous stream, which by repeated floods has spread ugly devastation over a hill-girdled country that ought to be smiling with peace and plenty. At Guillestre we came in sight of the jagged double peak of Mont Pelvoux, and got a magnificent vista toward the south, ending in the white slopes of some giant of the Cottian Alps. The Mont Pelvoux and the Pointe des Ecrins, the greatest of those mountains from which the department takes its name, although they appear on none of the ordinary maps, stand, I believe, only twelfth and thirteenth in the scale of height among the mountains of Europe. The explorations of Whymper have introduced them to his readers, but they still remain almost untrodden by other climbers.

On the second afternoon we reached the lateral valley of Fressiniere, the climax of our journey. There was refreshment for soul as well as body in the daintily-clean, bare-floored rooms, redolent of apples set out to dry, into which we were welcomed by Pastor Charpiot and his wife at Pallons. The village is a mere group of Alpine huts, and the only chance of shelter was at the presbytery. So much we had little doubt of finding there, but we counted as little upon the warm and graceful hospitality which greeted our application. And when our nationality transpired it added new zest to the good-will of our host and hostess. We were their first Transatlantic guests.

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The valley of Fressiniere, at the entrance of which Pallons lies, is the centre of those special interests which first prompted the pilgrimage I am recording. With it are specially associated the earliest traditions of Protestantism in France, and here Felix Neff spent the larger part of his brief but memorable career as pastor in the High Alps. I suppose the exact antiquity of the Protestants of Dauphine is one of the historical problems that still await their final solution. The older chronicles provide them with what seems an unbroken line of descent from the second century, when Irenaeus preached in Lyons and Vienne. Christian fugitives from those cities during the persecution of Marcus Aurelius may, it is alleged, have taken refuge in the not distant Dauphine mountains, and have transmitted to their descendants the primitive faith they had received. But modern criticism has so seriously undermined, as practically to have demolished, this imposing genealogical structure. It is not denied that voices of more or less emphatic protest against Rome made themselves heard among these mountains and the neighboring Cottian Alps during the earlier centuries. Can such voices be held to represent any definitely-organized dissentient body of more remote origin than the Poor Men of Lyons, led by Peter Waldo in 1172? The latest researches give an apparently final negative answer to this question. At least, however, it is beyond dispute that long before the Reformation the valleys of the High Alps were a retreat for persecuted schismatics whose opposition to the Romish Church anticipated Protestantism. As early as the fifteenth century a papal bull denounced as *inveterate* the heretics of Dauphine and Provence, and about the middle of the next century delegates from those provinces appeared at the first national Protestant synod in France with the following declaration: "We consent to merge in the common cause, but we require no Reformation, for our forefathers and ourselves have ever disclaimed the corruptions of the churches in communion with Rome." Enough is therefore certain as to the antecedents of these Protestant mountaineers to surround them with an entirely peculiar interest. The saddest feature, perhaps, of all their history is the stunting of mind and character that has resulted from centuries of oppression. After the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes they were subject to fresh persecution, and until within the present century they have been denied the privileges of citizenship and forced to look upon themselves as outcasts. One can only wonder at the degree of individuality and force which they have still preserved.



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Felix Neff, while still a *proposant*, or candidate for the ministry, at Geneva, was sent to Dauphine in response to the appeal of two pastors there for an assistant. Two years later, at the beginning of 1824, in the twenty-sixth year of his age, he became pastor of the Protestant churches in the Arvieux section of the High Alps. This was the larger and by far the more arduous of the two parishes into which the department was at that time divided. In seventeen or eighteen widely-scattered villages Neff found the little groups of "Huguenots" which composed his charge. His official residence, the presbytery, was at La Chalp, a hamlet above the village of Arvieux and near the border of Italy. From this point to St. Laurent, the western limit of his parish, is a journey of sixty miles, including the passage of a dangerous gorge and the crossing of a difficult snow-pass. St. Veran on the east was the least remote of his boundaries, but even this is separated from La Chalp by twelve miles of steep descent and rough climbing. On the north and the south the extreme points were distant respectively thirty-three and twenty-miles, and the routes are of the same character as in the other directions.

These disadvantages, instead of daunting the young pastor, seemed only to stimulate his ardor. "I am always dreaming of the High Alps," he had written in 1823, after visiting them for the first time. "I had rather be stationed there than in places which are under the beautiful sky of Languedoc. The country bears a strong resemblance to the Alps of Switzerland. It has their advantages, and even their beauties. It has, above all, an energetic race of people—intelligent, active, hardy and patient under fatigue—who offer a better soil for the gospel than the wealthy and corrupt inhabitants of the plains of the South." The illusions that mingled with these early impressions were doubtless soon dispelled. He shows later a perfectly clear perception of the degenerate condition of his parishioners, but his eagerness to serve them waxes with his sense of their need. Neff was in modern times their first regularly-appointed pastor. A son of Oberlin, whose short but devoted life shows him to have inherited his father's spirit, had once undertaken the provisional charge of the parish, but only for a few months. In general, it had had no ministry beyond occasional visits from the pastor of Orpierre, the other section of the department.

The valley of Fressiniere at once attracted Neff's peculiar regard. It was the part of his parish most difficult of access and most cut off from any chance of material prosperity. The climate is such that in unfavorable seasons even rye will not ripen, and the patches of potatoes straggling forlornly among the rocks often fail to reach maturity. No other grain or vegetable can be raised. Mould quickly attacks the flour in this mountain-air, and the year's baking is accordingly done in the autumn as soon as the rye comes back from the mill.



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The coarse black loaves grow perfectly hard in a few weeks, and have to be chopped into pieces and soaked in hot water before they can be eaten. It is only at the head of the valley, above the hamlet of Dourmillouse, that any pastures are found, and many of those are inaccessible to cattle and scarcely safe for sheep. They are besides so meagre that in dry summers no hay can be made, and the peasants are forced to sell their beasts at a loss or else see them die for want of food. The addition of a little salted meat to the half-grown potatoes and the stony bread is a luxury of only the most prosperous years. The bald mountain-slopes furnish no fuel, and it is of course only in the smallest quantities that the people can afford to buy wood in the valley of the Durance. Their resource against the winter's cold is moving into their stables, where, huddled together in a corner cleared for the purpose, they pass four or five months. The smoky and confined air is a welcome change from the icy winds outside, and the steaming cattle are a source of grateful warmth. "This village," Neff writes, about the middle of September, from the smallest and most destitute of the hamlets of Fressiniere, "is squeezed up in the very narrowest gorge of the valley, and is now buried in snow, and without the hope of seeing the sun during the rest of the winter. The houses are low, dark and dirty, and the people themselves seem to be stupefied with the utter misery of their condition."

Besides the strong appeal thus made to his sympathy, the young pastor nowhere else felt as in this valley the inspiration of his parish's history. Dourmillouse especially he regarded as the most staunchly Protestant of all the villages to which he ministered. "It is celebrated," he writes, "for the resistance which its inhabitants have opposed for more than six hundred years to the Church of Rome. They never bowed their knee before an idol, even when all the inhabitants of the valley of Queyras" (on the opposite side of the Durance, and embracing Arvieux, St. Veran and other villages) "dissembled their faith. The aspect of this desert, both terrible and sublime, which served as the asylum of truth when almost all the world lay in darkness; the recollection of the faithful martyrs of old; the deep caverns into which they withdrew to read the Bible in secret and to worship the Father of Light in spirit and in truth,—everything tends to elevate my soul." He spent here the whole of one winter and large portions of another, and it was here that he gathered his most important schools.

The rest of the field was not, however, neglected. Neff allowed himself twenty-one days for traversing his parish from end to end, and during much of the year his rounds succeeded each other with little interval. He was continually passing from the extreme of heat in sunny valleys to the arctic cold of snows and glaciers. His lodging on these journeys was in the huts of the peasants. He shared their coarse and unwholesome food, often cooked in ill-cleansed copper vessels. He slept in small, unventilated hovels, a dozen other persons often dividing with him the scanty space. He did not shrink from even the stables in winter. However exhausted he might be by hours of

toilsome walking, his elastic spirit quickly revived: all thought of refreshment for himself was secondary to the spiritual wants he sought to meet in others.



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Nor was he content without trying to ameliorate the temporal condition of his parishioners. By the care of his own garden he sought to teach them more intelligent and productive methods of agriculture than the rude processes to which they were accustomed. In the valley of Fressiniere he built an aqueduct for purposes of irrigation, overcoming prejudice and opposition by beginning the work with his own hands. The example of Oberlin was constantly before him, and he often expresses his ambition to be to his people such a guide and helper as the pastor of Ban de la Roche had been to the peasants of the Vosges.

Neff was not long in discovering that his work must begin with the most elementary instruction. Generally, the people were ignorant of any language but their native patois. Up to this period their schoolmasters, paid at the rate of twenty-five francs a year, had been peasants like themselves. Their only time for study was such of the year as was not needed for the tilling of the niggardly soil or spent in the care of the flocks. And even the little they were able to learn was easily lost on account of the scarcity of books. Neff first addressed himself to learning the patois, and then, as he went from village to village, made ordinary teaching a part of his pastoral functions. At the beginning of his second winter he resolved to undertake the training of teachers. "I foresaw," he writes, "that the truth which I had been permitted to preach would not only not spread, but might even be lost, unless something should be done to promote its continuance." Accordingly, for five months he relinquished the more congenial general work of his parish and devoted himself to a normal school at Dourmillouse. One reason for planting it there was the inaccessibility of the place and its consequent freedom from distraction. More than twenty young men from other villages cheerfully submitted to the long confinement in this ice-bound fastness, and the people of Dourmillouse were glad to make room in their huts for the new-comers, and to add to the supplies brought by them their own scanty stores.

The following winter, his third in the High Alps, Neff again opened this school, dividing its care, however, with one of his most capable pupils of the previous year, and paying occasional visits to other parts of his parish. But now his health, never robust, began to give way under the incessant strain to which it was subjected. Early in the spring of 1829 he was forced to go to Geneva with the hope of recruiting. There, after two years of suffering, the details of which are painful beyond expression, he died at the age of thirty-one.



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With our minds full of these memories we set out on the morning after our arrival at Pallons, with Pastor Charpiot as guide, to explore the valley of Fressiniere and ascend to Dourmillouse. The immediate vicinity of Pallons is fair and fertile, but a short walk up the course of an impetuous torrent brought us to a narrow gorge, beyond which we found a totally different region. Bare slopes of rock that looked grim even in the sunny morning, and a waste valley-bottom, here of considerable width, but sterile and bleak, made up the landscape. Its dreariness was only increased by an occasional chalet standing beside a patch of limp and discolored potato-vines. As we went on the scene grew more and more gloomy. The tillage is in cleared spots not so large as the heaps of stones that surround them, or on bits of practicable soil left by land-slides in the midst of their hideous debris. The only trees are dwarfish pollards, reduced to bare trunks with thin tufts of green atop by the practice of stripping off the sprouts every two or three years to make fodder for the goats. Midway up the valley we passed the village of Violins. It seemed mournfully empty, and many of the houses were in reality deserted. A shy, bright-faced fellow opened the little *temple* for our inspection, and Pastor Charpiot reminded us how its interior was not only planned by Neff, but in large measure his actual handiwork. Half an hour further on our path led us through the hamlet of Minsas, now entirely abandoned and in ruins. The desolation of the valley here becomes appalling. On either hand sheer precipices of crumbling rock rise above steep slopes of gravel and loose stones. The ground is strewn thick with great boulders, many of which had left traces of their furious descent before settling, sometimes close beside the path, or even after crossing it in a final bound. The precipices from which they had detached themselves are composed of strangely-twisted strata, and frequently recurring streaks of lurid red give them a fierce and ghastly aspect. Landslips and torrents of stones are so frequent of late years that no more attempts are made to clear away the rubbish thus deposited. Where these scourges have not fallen the sullen stream has carried devastation. Floods occur every year. That of 1856 wrought a ruin from which the villages have never rallied. In the whole upper half of the valley of Fressiniere there is not, I suppose, an acre of land capable of cultivation. In the time of Neff, wretched as its condition must always have been, the poverty of this region was not so utterly hopeless as it has since become. The failure of all resources is literally driving away its inhabitants. Those who remain, as in such cases a certain proportion cannot help doing, sometimes in bad years pass three, six, and even nine, months without bread. Their small stock of potatoes is often exhausted long before it can be replenished. "I am at a loss," said the pastor, "when we are no longer able to give them aid, to know how they live. The only semblance of food left to them is soup, for which, perhaps, they haven't even salt, much less meat or vegetables. Turbid water—*de l'eau trouble, rien de plus!*"



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The valley terminates abruptly at what seems an impassable wall of rock. Upon nearer approach a zigzag path up its face is discovered. Not far from the top the narrow way creeps by a ledge which barely affords foothold across a thread of sparkling foam slipping down a perpendicular precipice. In winter this passage is sheeted in dangerously unstable ice, and makes Dourmillouse inaccessible for weeks. Neff gives a spirited account in his journal of leading out a party of young peasants by torchlight, armed with axes, to cut a path here on the evening before some service in which he wished the people of the upper and lower valleys to unite. Dourmillouse lies on a slope above this difficult ascent. It is a mere group of rude chalets, like the other villages, but it has a less miserable air. The land-slides are mostly confined to the lower valley, and here the scanty Alpine pastures and steep patches of rye are out of reach of the floods. The people are seldom reduced to actual want of food, and are esteemed prosperous by their more destitute neighbors below.

Our first visit was to the old priory in which Neff held his winter schools. A row of half a dozen trees planted by him in front of the house now shuts off a good deal of much-needed sunshine, but is nevertheless carefully cherished as a memorial. Beside the priory stands the *temple*, once a Roman Catholic church, in which, before the Revolution, a priest is said to have ministered for twenty-five years without making a single convert, his own servant constituting his flock. Presently we went to rest and eat the lunch Pastor Charpiot had brought, at the house of the local *ancien*, or elder. His wife, a sturdy, smiling young woman, gave us an eager welcome. Two round-cheeked boys frisked about their old friend the pastor, and a baby—its spirits quite unclouded by its austere surroundings—crowed lustily from the cradle in which, after the fashion of the country, it was tightly strapped. It was a low, grimy room, with one square bit of a window, and far from clean. Dr. Gilly, the prim English biographer of Neff, quaintly says: “Cleanliness is not a virtue which distinguishes any of the people in these mountains; and, with such a nice sense of moral perception as they display, and with such strict attention to the duties of religion, it is astonishing that they have not yet learnt those ablutions in their persons or habitations which are as necessary to comfort as to health.” I suspect, however, that the nicest “sense of moral perception” in the world would excuse the omission of a good many “ablutions” in a place where all the water that is used has to be carried more than a quarter of a mile up a steep and rough mountain-path from the nearest stream. And there was one refinement in the rude chalet not always present in regions far less removed from the centres of civilization: besides the cloth—so coarse as to be a curiosity—which the woman laid for us over an end of the unscoured table, she put at each of our places, as a matter of course, a fresh napkin of the same rude stuff.

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I could not sufficiently admire the brave cheerfulness of these simple folk. Many of the villagers were busy gathering their little stock of potatoes, and all had something bright to say about their good fortune in getting them so well grown and safely stored before the frosts. It was the last week in September, and they thought the winter already close at hand. There was, too, in spite of a shrinking from strangers painfully suggestive of tendencies inherited from generations of persecuted ancestors, a degree of intelligence and self-respect often wanting among peasants far more favorably circumstanced. And it seemed to me worthy of remark that in all our walk—notwithstanding the valley's unexampled poverty—we did not encounter a single beggar. Before we left Dourmillouse the “elder” appeared, a stalwart young mountaineer with his gun slung across his shoulder. He had finished his morning's work in some distant field, and was off for a chamois-hunt among the rocks and glaciers. As a relic of our visit he gave us a block of rye bread twenty-two months old, which he chopped off the loaf with a hatchet.

We had frequent evidence in the course of our excursion that Pastor Charpiot is a real shepherd to his needy flock. Indeed, he gave to the walk an intimate and peculiar interest quite apart from its historical associations. Here he bade us go slowly on while he looked in upon a sick man, explaining that he had to be doctor as well as minister. Again he asked us to stop and share with him some of the grapes which a stout young peasant-woman was bringing on her donkey from the Durance vineyards, and which had no sweetness save in the good-will that offered them. For all whom we met he had a cheery greeting or an affectionate inquiry that showed familiar acquaintance with their concerns; and occasionally a word or two suggested a truth or hope, aptly illustrated in some passing incident, no matter how trifling or homely.

A storm was gathering in the mountains as we made our way back to Pallons through the deepening shadows of the autumn afternoon. Before we emerged from the desolate valley its gloom had grown almost intolerable; and yet this was but a suggestion of the winter horrors which the white-haired pastor at our side had faced for years in his regular ministrations at the different hamlets we had visited. Speaking of the five pastors now distributed over the field of which Neff assumed the whole charge, he said with a modesty that was quite unaffected, “All five together, we are not worth him alone” (*nous ne le valons pas*). What we had seen that day convinced us that so far at least as concerned himself his deprecation was unfounded, but in expressing it he echoed the tone that seemed universal in the High Alps in reference to the illustrious young pastor. Neff could not, of course, in his short career accomplish the permanent revolution which he dreamed of and longed for. At the same time, it cannot be said that his work has perished while not only pastors but people feel so strongly the inspiration of that heroic life.



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JAMES M. BRUCE.

BLOOMING.

A little seed lay underneath the ground,
While from the south a mild wind-current blew,
And from the tropics to the northward flew
Long, angular lines of wild-fowl with a sound
Of silken wings. About that time the sun
Put forth a shining finger, and did stir
The sleeping soil to effort; whereupon
The seed made roots like webs of gossamer,
Shot up a stem, and flourished leaf and flower.
Now look, O sweet! see what your eyes have done
With just one ray of their mysterious power
Upon the germ of my heart's passion thrown!
Through all my frame steal roots of pure desire:
My dreams are blooms that shake and shine like fire.

MAURICE THOMPSON

FELIPA.

Christine and I found her there. She was a small, dark-skinned, yellow-eyed child, the offspring of the ocean and the heats, tawny, lithe and wild, shy yet fearless—not unlike one of the little brown deer that bounded through the open reaches of the pine barren behind the house. She did not come to us—we came to her: we loomed into her life like genii from another world, and she was partly afraid and partly proud of us. For were we not her guests?—proud thought!—and, better still, were we not women? “I have only seen three women in all my life,” said Felipa, inspecting us gravely, “and I like women. I am a woman too, although these clothes of the son of Pedro make me appear as a boy: I wear them on account of the boat and the hauling in of the fish. The son of Pedro being dead at a convenient age, and his clothes fitting me, what would you have? It was manifestly a chance not to be despised. But when I am grown I shall wear robes long and beautiful like the senora’s.” The little creature was dressed in a boy’s suit of dark-blue linen, much the worse for wear, and torn.

“If you are a girl, why do you not mend your clothes?” I said.

“Do you mend, senora?”

“Certainly: all women sew and mend.”

“The other lady?”

Christine laughed as she lay at ease upon the brown carpet of pine needles, warm and aromatic after the tropic day’s sunshine. “The child has divined me already, Catherine,” she said.

Christine was a tall, lissome maid, with an unusually long stretch of arm, long sloping shoulders and a long fair throat: her straight hair fell to her knees when unbound, and its clear flaxen hue had not one shade of gold, as her clear gray eyes had not one shade of blue. Her small, straight, rose-leaf lips parted over small, dazzlingly white teeth, and the outline of her face in profile reminded you of an etching in its distinctness, although it was by no means perfect according to the rules of art. Still, what a comfort it was, after the blurred outlines



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and smudged profiles many of us possess—seen to best advantage, I think, in church on Sundays, crowned with flower-decked bonnets, listening calmly serene to favorite ministers, unconscious of noses! When Christine had finished her laugh—and she never hurried anything, but took the full taste of it—she stretched out her arm carelessly and patted Felipa’s curly head. The child caught the descending hand and kissed the long white fingers.

It was a wild place where we were, yet not new or crude—the coast of Florida, that old-new land, with its deserted plantations, its skies of Paradise, and its broad wastes open to the changeless sunshine. The old house stood on the edge of the dry land, where the pine barren ended and the salt marsh began: in front curved the tide-water river that seemed ever trying to come up close to the barren and make its acquaintance, but could not quite succeed, since it must always turn and flee at a fixed hour, like Cinderella at the ball, leaving not a silver slipper, but purple driftwood and bright seaweeds, brought in from the Gulf Stream outside. A planked platform ran out into the marsh from the edge of the barren, and at its end the boats were moored; for although at high tide the river was at our feet, at low tide it was far away out in the green waste somewhere, and if we wanted it we must go and seek it. We did not want it, however: we let it glide up to us twice a day with its fresh salt odors and flotsam of the ocean, and the rest of the time we wandered over the barrens or lay under the trees looking up into the wonderful blue above, listening to the winds as they rushed across from sea to sea. I was an artist, poor and painstaking: Christine was my kind friend. She had brought me South because my cough was troublesome, and here because Edward Bowne recommended the place. He and three fellow-sportsmen were down at the Madre Lagoon, farther south; I thought it probable we should see him, without his three fellow-sportsmen, before very long.

“Who were the three women you have seen, Felipa?” said Christine.

“The grandmother, an Indian woman of the Seminoles who comes sometimes with baskets, and the wife of Miguel of the island. But they are all old, and their skins are curled: I like better the silver skin of the senora.”

Poor little Felipa lived on the edge of the great salt marsh alone with her grand-parents, for her mother was dead. The yellow old couple were slow-witted Minorcans, part pagan, part Catholic, and wholly ignorant: their minds rarely rose above the level of their orange trees and their fish-nets. Felipa’s father was a Spanish sailor, and as he had died only the year before, the child’s Spanish was fairly correct, and we could converse with her readily, although we were slow to comprehend the patois of the old people, which seemed to borrow as much from the Italian tongue and the Greek as from its mother Spanish. “I know a great deal,” Felipa remarked confidently, “for my father

taught me. He had sailed on the ocean out of sight of land, and he knew many things. These he taught to me. Do the gracious ladies think there is anything else to know?"



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One of the gracious ladies thought not, decidedly: in answer to my remonstrance, expressed in English, she said, "Teach a child like that, and you ruin her."

"Ruin her?"

"Ruin her happiness—the same thing."

Felipa had a dog, a second self—a great gaunt yellow creature of unknown breed, with crooked legs, big feet and the name Drollo. What Drollo meant, or whether it was an abbreviation, we never knew, but there was a certain satisfaction in it, for the dog was droll: the fact that the Minorcan title, whatever it was, meant nothing of that kind, made it all the better. We never saw Felipa without Drollo. "They look a good deal alike," observed Christine—"the same coloring."

"For shame!" I said.

But it was true. The child's bronzed yellow skin and soft eyes were not unlike the dog's, but her head was crowned with a mass of short black curls, while Drollo had only his two great flapping ears and his low smooth head. Give him an inch or two more of skull, and what a creature a dog would be! For love and faithfulness even now what man can match him? But, although ugly, Felipa was a picturesque little object always, whether attired in boy's clothes or in her own forlorn bodice and skirt. Olive-hued and meagre-faced, lithe and thin, she flew over the pine barrens like a creature of air, laughing to feel her short curls toss and her thin childish arms buoyed up on the breeze as she ran, with Drollo barking behind. For she loved the winds, and always knew when they were coming—whether down from the north, in from the ocean, or across from the Gulf of Mexico: she watched for them, sitting in the doorway, where she could feel their first breath, and she taught us the signal of the clouds. She was a queer little thing: we used to find her sometimes dancing alone out on the barren in a circle she had marked out with pine-cones, and once she confided to us that she talked to the trees. "They hear," she said in a whisper: "you should see how knowing they look, and how their leaves listen."

Once we came upon her most secret lair in a dense thicket of thorn-myrtle and wild smilax, a little bower she had made, where was hidden a horrible-looking image formed of the rough pieces of saw-palmetto grubbed up by old Bartolo from his garden. She must have dragged these fragments thither one by one, and with infinite pains bound them together with her rude withes of strong marsh-grass, until at last she had formed a rough trunk with crooked arms and a sort of a head, the red hairy surface of the palmetto looking not unlike the skin of some beast, and making the creature all the more grotesque. This fetich was kept crowned with flowers, and after this we often saw the child stealing away with Drollo to carry to it portions of her meals or a new-found treasure—a sea-shell, a broken saucer, or a fragment of ribbon. The food always mysteriously disappeared, and my suspicion is that Drollo used to go back secretly in



the night and devour it, asking no questions and telling no lies: it fitted in nicely, however, Drollo merely performing the ancient part of the priests of Jupiter, men who have been much admired. "What a little pagan she is!" I said.



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“Oh no, it is only her doll,” replied Christine.

I tried several times to paint Felipa during these first weeks, but those eyes of hers always evaded me. They were, as I have said before, yellow—that is, they were brown with yellow lights—and they stared at you with the most inflexible openness. The child had the full-curved, half-open mouth of the tropics, and a low Greek forehead. “Why isn’t she pretty?” I said.

“She is hideous,” replied Christine: “look at her elbows.”

Now, Felipa’s arms *were* unpleasant; they were brown and lean, scratched and stained, and they terminated in a pair of determined little paws that could hold on like grim Death. I shall never forget coming upon a tableau one day out on the barren—a little Florida cow and Felipa, she holding on by the horns, and the beast with its small fore feet stubbornly set in the sand; girl pulling one way, cow the other; both silent and determined. It was a hard contest, but the girl won.

“And if you pass over her elbows, there are her feet,” continued Christine languidly. For she was a sybaritic lover of the fine linens of life, that friend of mine—a pre-Raphaelite lady with clinging draperies and a mediaeval clasp on her belt. Her whole being rebelled against ugliness, and the mere sight of a sharp-nosed, light-eyed woman on a cold day made her uncomfortable for hours.

“Have we not feet, too?” I replied sharply.

But I knew what she meant. Bare feet are not pleasant to the eye now-a-days, whatever they may have been in the days of the ancient Greeks; and Felipa’s little brown insteps were half the time torn or bruised by the thorns of the chapparal. Besides, there was always the disagreeable idea that she might step upon something cold and squirming when she prowled through the thickets knee-deep in the matted grasses. Snakes abounded, although we never saw them; but Felipa went up to their very doors, as it were, and rang the bell defiantly.

One day old Grandfather Bartolo took the child with him down to the coast: she was always wild to go to the beach, where she could gather shells and sea-beans, and chase the little ocean-birds that ran along close to the waves with that swift gliding motion of theirs, and where she could listen to the roar of the breakers. We were several miles up the river, and to go down to the ocean was quite a voyage to Felipa. She bade us good-bye joyously; then ran back to hug Christine a second time, then to the boat again; then back.

“I thought you wanted to go, child?” I said, a little impatiently, for I was reading aloud, and these small irruptions were disturbing.



“Yes,” said Felipa, “I want to go; and still—Perhaps if the gracious senora would kiss me again—”

Christine only patted her cheek and told her to run away: she obeyed, but there was a wistful look in her eyes, and even after the boat had started her face, watching us from the stern, haunted me.



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“Now that the little monkey has gone, I may be able at last to catch and fix a likeness of her,” I said: “in this case a recollection is better than the changing quicksilver reality.”

“You take it as a study of ugliness, I suppose?”

“Do not be so hard upon the child, Christine.”

“Hard? Why, she adores me,” said my friend, going off to her hammock under the tree.

Several days passed, and the boat returned not. I accomplished a fine amount of work, and Christine a fine amount of swinging in the hammock and dreaming. At length one afternoon I gave my final touch, and carried my sketch over to the pre-Raphaelite lady for criticism. “What do you see?” I said.

“I see a wild-looking child with yellow eyes, a mat of curly black hair, a lank little bodice, her two thin brown arms embracing a gaunt old dog with crooked legs, big feet and turned-in toes.”

“Is that all?”

“All.”

“You do not see latent beauty, proud courage, and a possible great gulf of love in that poor wild little face?”

“Nothing of the kind,” replied Christine decidedly. “I see an ugly little girl: that is all.”

The next day the boat returned, and brought back five persons—the old grandfather, Felipa, Drollo, Miguel of the island and—Edward Bowne.

“Already?” I said.

“Tired of the Madre, Kitty: thought I would come up here and see you for a while. I knew you must be pining for me.”

“Certainly,” I replied: “do you not see how I have wasted away?”

He drew my arm through his and raced me down the plank-walk toward the shore, where I arrived laughing and out of breath.

“Where is Christine?” he asked.

I came back into the traces at once: “Over there in the hammock. You wish to go to the house first, I suppose?”

“Of course not.”



“But she did not come to meet you, Edward, although she knew you had landed.”

“Of course not, also.”

“I do not understand you two.”

“And of course not, a third time,” said Edward, looking down at me with a smile. “What do quiet, peaceful little artists know about war?”

“Is it war?”

“Something very like it, Kitty. What is that you are carrying?”

“Oh! my new sketch. What do you think of it?”

“Good, very good. Some little girl about here, I suppose?”

“Why, it is Felipa!”

“And who is Felipa? Seems to me I have seen that old dog, though.”

“Of course you have: he was in the boat with you, and so was Felipa, but she was dressed in boy’s clothes, and that gives her a different look.”

“Oh! that boy? I remember him. His name is Philip. He is a funny little fellow,” said Edward calmly.

“Her name is Felipa, and she is not a boy or a funny little fellow at all,” I replied.

“Isn’t she? I thought she was both,” replied Ned carelessly, and then he went off toward the hammock. I turned away after noting Christine’s cool greeting, and went back to the boat.



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Felipa came bounding to meet me. “What is his name?” she demanded.

“Bowne.”

“Buon—Buona: I cannot say it.”

“Bowne, child—Edward Bowne.”

“Oh! Eduardo: I know that. Eduardo—Eduardo—a name of honey.”

She flew off singing the name, followed by Drollo carrying his mistress’s palmetto basket in his big patient mouth; but when I passed the house a few moments afterward she was singing, or rather talking volubly of, another name—“Miguel,” and “the wife of Miguel,” who were apparently important personages on the canvas of her life. As it happened, I never really saw that wife of Miguel, who seemingly had no name of her own; but I imagined her. She lived on a sandbar in the ocean not far from the mouth of our river; she drove pelicans like ducks with a long switch, and she had a tame eagle; she had an old horse also, who dragged the driftwood across the sand on a sledge, and this old horse seemed like a giant horse always, outlined as he ever was against the flat bar and the sky. She went out at dawn, and she went out at sunset, but during the middle of the burning day she sat at home and polished sea-beans, for which she obtained untold sums: she was very tall, she was very yellow, and she had but one eye. These items, one by one, had been dropped by Felipa at various times, and it was with curiosity that I gazed upon the original Miguel, the possessor of this remarkable spouse. He was a grave-eyed, yellow man, who said little and thought less, applying *cui bono?* to mental much as the city man applies it to bodily exertion, and therefore achieving, I think, a finer degree of inanition. The tame eagle, the pelicans, were nothing to him, and when I saw his lethargic, gentle countenance my own curiosity about them seemed to die away in haze, as though I had breathed in an invisible opiate. He came, he went, and that was all: exit Miguel.

Felipa was constantly with us now. She and Drollo followed the three of us wherever we went—followed the two also whenever I stayed behind to sketch, as I often stayed, for in those days I was trying to catch the secret of the barrens: a hopeless effort, I know it now. “Stay with me, Felipa,” I said; for it was natural to suppose that the lovers might like to be alone. (I call them lovers for want of a better name, but they were more like haters: however, in such cases it is nearly the same thing.) And then Christine, hearing this, would immediately call “Felipa!” and the child would dart after them, happy as a bird. She wore her boy’s suit now all the time, because the senora had said she “looked well in it.” What the senora really said was, that in boy’s clothes she looked less like a grasshopper. But this had been translated as above by Edward Bowne when Felipa suddenly descended upon him one day and demanded to be instantly told what the gracious lady was saying about her; for she seemed to know by intuition when we spoke of her, although we talked in English and mentioned no names. When told, her

small face beamed, and she kissed Christine's hand joyfully and bounded away. Christine took out her beautiful handkerchief and wiped the spot.



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“Christine,” I said, “do you remember the fate of the proud girl who walked upon bread?”

“You think that I may starve for kisses some time?” said my friend, going on with the wiping.

“Not while I am alive,” called out Edward from behind. His style of courtship was of the sledge-hammer sort sometimes. But he did not get much for it on that day; only lofty tolerance, which seemed to amuse him greatly.

Edward played with Felipa very much as if she was a rubber toy or a trapeze performer. He held her out at arm’s length in mid-air, he poised her on his shoulder, he tossed her up into the low myrtle trees, and dangled her by her little belt over the claret-colored pools on the barren; but he could not frighten her: she only laughed and grew wilder and wilder, like a squirrel. “She has muscles and nerves of steel,” he said admiringly.

“Do put her down: she is too excitable for such games,” I said in French, for Felipa seemed to divine our English now. “See the color she has.”

For there was a trail of dark red over the child’s thin oval cheeks which made her look strangely unlike herself. As she caught our eyes fixed upon her she suddenly stopped her climbing and came and sat at Christine’s feet. “Some day I shall wear robes like the senora’s,” she said, passing her hand over the soft fabric; “and I think,” she added after some slow consideration, “that my face will be like the senora’s too.”

Edward burst out laughing. The little creature stopped abruptly and scanned his face.

“Do not tease her,” I said.

Quick as a flash she veered around upon me. “He does not tease me,” she said angrily in Spanish; “and, besides, what if he does? I like it.” She looked at me with gleaming eyes and stamped her foot.

“What a little tempest!” said Christine.

Then Edward, man-like, began to explain. “You could not look much like this lady, Felipa,” he said, “because you are so dark, you know.”

“Am I dark?”

“Very dark; but many people are dark, of course; and for my part I always liked dark eyes,” said this mendacious person.

“Do you like my eyes?” asked Felipa anxiously.

“Indeed I do: they are like the eyes of a dear little calf I once owned when I was a boy.”



The child was satisfied, and went back to her place beside Christine. “Yes, I shall wear robes like this,” she said dreamily, drawing the flowing drapery over her knees clad in the little linen trousers, and scanning the effect: “they would trail behind me—so.” Her bare feet peeped out below the hem, and again we all laughed, the little brown toes looked so comical coming out from the silk and the snowy embroideries. She came down to reality at once, looked at us, looked at herself, and for the first time seemed to comprehend the difference. Then suddenly she threw herself down on the ground like a little animal, and buried her head in her arms. She would not speak, she would not look up: she only relaxed one arm a little to take in Drollo, and then lay motionless. Drollo looked at us out of one eye solemnly from his uncomfortable position, as much as to say, “No use: leave her to me.” So after a while we went away and left them there.



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That evening I heard a low knock at my door. "Come in," I said, and Felipa entered. I hardly knew her. She was dressed in a flowered muslin gown which had probably belonged to her mother, and she wore her grandmother's stockings and large baggy slippers: on her mat of curly hair was perched a high-crowned, stiff white cap adorned with a ribbon streamer, and her lank little neck, coming out of the big gown, was decked with a chain of large sea-beans, like exaggerated lockets. She carried a Cuban fan in her hand which was as large as a parasol, and Drollo, walking behind, fairly clanked with the chain of sea-shells which she had wound around him from head to tail. The droll tableau and the supreme pride on Felipa's countenance overcame me, and I laughed aloud. A sudden cloud of rage and disappointment came over the poor child's face: she threw her cap on the floor and stamped on it; she tore off her necklace and writhed herself out of her big flowered gown, and running to Drollo, nearly strangled him in her fierce efforts to drag off his shell chains. Then, a half-dressed, wild little phantom, she seized me by the skirts and dragged me toward the looking-glass. "You are not pretty either," she cried. "Look at yourself! look at yourself!"

"I did not mean to laugh at you, Felipa," I said gently: "I would not laugh at any one; and it is true I am not pretty, as you say. I can never be pretty, child; but if you will try to be more gentle, I could teach you how to dress yourself so that no one would laugh at you again. I could make you a little bright-barred skirt and a scarlet bodice: you could help, and that would teach you to sew. But a little girl who wants all this done for her must be quiet and good."

"I am good," said Felipa—"as good as everything."

The tears still stood in her eyes, but her anger was forgotten: she improvised a sort of dance around my room, followed by Drollo dragging his twisted chain, stepping on it with his big feet, and finally winding himself up into a knot around the chair-legs.

"Couldn't we make Drollo something too? dear old Drollo!" said Felipa, going to him and squeezing him in an enthusiastic embrace. I used to wonder how his poor ribs stood it: Felipa used him as a safety-valve for her impetuous feelings.

She kissed me good-night and then asked for "the other lady."

"Go to bed, child," I said: "I will give her your good-night."

"But I want to kiss her too," said Felipa.

She lingered at the door and would not go; she played with the latch, and made me nervous with its clicking; at last I ordered her out. But on opening my door half an hour afterward there she was sitting on the floor outside in the darkness, she and Drollo, patiently waiting. Annoyed, but unable to reprove her, I wrapped the child in my shawl

and carried her out into the moonlight, where Christine and Edward were strolling to and fro under the pines. “She will not go to bed, Christine, without kissing you,” I explained.



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“Funny little monkey!” said my lily friend, passively allowing the embrace.

“Me too,” said Edward, bending down. Then I carried my bundle back satisfied.

The next day Felipa and I in secret began our labors: hers consisted in worrying me out of my life and spoiling material—mine in keeping my temper and trying to sew. The result, however, was satisfactory, never mind how we got there. I led Christine out one afternoon: Edward followed. “Do you like tableaux?” I said. “There is one I have arranged for you.”

Felipa sat on the edge of the low, square-curbed Spanish well, and Drollo stood behind her, his great yellow body and solemn head serving as a background. She wore a brown petticoat barred with bright colors, and a little scarlet bodice fitting her slender waist closely; a chemisette of soft cream-color with loose sleeves covered her neck and arms, and set off the dark hues of her cheeks and eyes; and around her curly hair a red scarf was twisted, its fringed edges forming a drapery at the back of the head, which, more than anything else, seemed to bring out the latent character of her face. Brown moccasins, red stockings and a quantity of bright beads completed her costume.

“By Jove!” cried Edward, “the little thing is almost pretty.”

Felipa understood this, and a great light came into her face: forgetting her pose, she bounded forward to Christine’s side. “I am pretty, then?” she said with exultation: “I *am* pretty, then, after all? For now you yourself have said it—have said it.”

“No, Felipa,” I interposed, “the gentleman said it.” For the child had a curious habit of confounding the two identities which puzzled me then as now. But this afternoon, this happy afternoon, she was content, for she was allowed to sit at Christine’s feet and look up into her fair face unmolested. I was forgotten, as usual.

“It is always so,” I said to myself. But cynicism, as Mr. Aldrich says, is a small brass field-piece that eventually bursts and kills the artilleryman. I knew this, having been blown up myself more than once; so I went back to my painting and forgot the world. Our world down there on the edge of the salt marsh, however, was a small one: when two persons went out of it there was a vacuum at once.

One morning Felipa came sadly to my side. “They have gone away,” she said.

“Yes, child.”

“Down to the beach to spend all the day.”

“Yes, I know it.”

“And without me!”



This was the climax. I looked up. The child's eyes were dry, but there was a hollow look of disappointment in her face that made her seem old: it was as though for an instant you caught what her old-woman face would be half a century on.

"Why did they not take me?" she said. "I am pretty now: she herself said it."

"They cannot always take you, Felipa," I replied, giving up the point as to who had said it.



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"Why not? I am pretty now: she herself said it," persisted the child. "In these clothes, you know: she herself said it. The clothes of the son of Pedro you will never see more: they are burned."

"Burned?"

"Yes, burned," replied Felipa composedly. "I carried them out on the barren and burned them. Drollo singed his paw. They burned quite nicely. But they are gone, and I am pretty now, and yet they did not take me! What shall I do?"

"Take these colors and make me a picture," I suggested. Generally, this was a prized privilege, but to-day it did not attract: she turned away, and a few moments after I saw her going down to the end of the plank walk, where she stood gazing wistfully toward the ocean. There she stayed all day, going into camp with Drollo, and refusing to come to dinner in spite of old Dominga's calls and beckonings. At last the patient old grandmother went down herself to the end of the long plank walk where they were with some bread and venison on a plate. Felipa ate but little, but Drollo, after waiting politely until she had finished, devoured everything that was left in his calmly hungry way, and then sat back on his haunches with one paw on the plate, as though for the sake of memory. Drollo's hunger was of the chronic kind: it seemed impossible either to assuage it or to fill him. There was a gaunt leanness about him which I am satisfied no amount of food could ever fatten. I think he knew it too, and that accounted for his resignation. At length, just before sunset, the boat returned, floating up the river with the tide, old Bartolo steering and managing the brown sails. Felipa sprang up joyfully: I thought she would spring into the boat in her eagerness. What did she receive for her long vigil? A short word or two: that was all. Christine and Edward had quarreled.

How do lovers quarrel ordinarily? But I should not ask that, for these were no ordinary lovers: they were decidedly extraordinary.

"You should not submit to her caprices so readily," I said the next day while strolling on the barren with Edward. (He was not so much cast down, however, as he might have been.)

"I adore the very ground her foot touches, Kitty."

"I know it. But how will it end?"

"I will tell you: some of these days I shall win her, and then—she will adore me."

Here Felipa came running after us, and Edward immediately challenged her to a race: a game of romps began. If Christine had been looking from her window, she might have thought he was not especially disconsolate over her absence; but she was not looking. She was never looking out of anything or for anybody. She was always serenely



content where she was. Edward and Felipa strayed off among the pine trees, and gradually I lost sight of them. But as I sat sketching an hour afterward Edward came into view, carrying the child in his arms. I hurried to meet them.



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"I shall never forgive myself," he said: "the little thing has fallen and injured her foot badly, I fear."

"I do not care at all," said Felipa: "I like to have it hurt. It is *my* foot, isn't it?"

These remarks she threw at me defiantly, as though I had laid claim to the member in question. I could not help laughing.

"The other lady will not laugh," said the child proudly. And in truth Christine, most unexpectedly, took up the role of nurse. She carried Felipa to her own room—for we each had a little cell opening out of the main apartment—and as white-robed Charity she shone with new radiance. "Shone" is the proper word, for through the open door of the dim cell, with the dark little face of Felipa on her shoulder, her white robe and skin seemed fairly to shine, as white lilies shine on a dark night. The old grandmother left the child in our care and watched our proceedings wistfully, very much as a dog watches the human hands that extract the thorn from the swollen foot of her puppy. She was grateful and asked no questions; in fact, thought was not one of her mental processes. She did not think much: she only felt. As for Felipa, the child lived in rapture during those days in spite of her suffering. She scarcely slept at all—she was too happy: I heard her voice rippling on through the night, and Christine's low replies. She adored her beautiful nurse.

The fourth day came: Edward Bowne walked into the cell. "Go out and breathe the fresh air for an hour or two," he said in the tone more of a command than a request.

"But the child will never consent," replied Christine sweetly.

"Oh yes, she will: I will stay with her," said the young man, lifting the feverish little head on his arm and passing his hand softly over the bright eyes.

"Felipa, do you not want me?" said Christine, bending down.

"He stays: it is all the same," murmured the child.

"So it is. Go, Christine," said Edward with a little smile of triumph.

Without a word Christine left the cell. But she did not go to walk: she came to my room, and throwing herself on my bed fell in a moment into a deep sleep, the reaction after her three nights of wakefulness. When she awoke it was long after dark, and I had relieved Edward in his watch.

"You will have to give it up," he said as our lily came forth at last with sleep-flushed cheeks and starry eyes shielded from the light. "The spell is broken: we have all been taking care of Felipa, and she likes one as well as the other."



Which was not true, in my case at least, since Felipa had openly derided my small strength when I lifted her, and beat off the sponge with which I attempted to bathe her hot face. "They" used no sponges, she said, only their nice cool hands; and she wished "they" would come and take care of her again. But Christine had resigned in toto. If Felipa did not prefer her to all others, then Felipa could not have her: she was not a common nurse. And indeed she was not. Her fair beauty, ideal grace, cooing voice and the strength of her long arms and flexible hands were like magic to the sick, and—distraction to the well; the well in this case being Edward Bowne looking in at the door.



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“You love them very much, do you not, Felipa?” I said one day when the child was sitting up for the first time in a cushioned chair.

“Ah, yes: it is so delicious when they carry me,” she replied. But it was Edward who carried her.

“He is very strong,” I said.

“Yes, and their long soft hair, with the smell of roses in it too,” said Felipa dreamily. But the hair was Christine’s.

“I shall love them for ever, and they will love me for ever,” continued the child. “Drollo too.” She patted the dog’s head as she spoke, and then concluded to kiss him on his little inch of forehead: next she offered him all her medicines and lotions in turn, and he smelled at them grimly. “He likes to know what I am taking,” she explained.

I went on: “You love them, Felipa, and they are fond of you. They will always remember you, no doubt.”

“Remember!” cried Felipa, starting up from her cushions like a Jack-in-the-box. “They are not going away? Never! never!”

“But of course they must go some time, for—”

But Felipa was gone. Before I could divine her intent she had flung herself out of her chair down on to the floor, and was crawling on her hands and knees toward the outer room. I ran after her, but she reached the door before me, and, dragging her bandaged foot behind her, drew herself, toward Christine. “You are *not* going away! You are not! you are not!” she sobbed, clinging to her skirts.

Christine was reading tranquilly: Edward stood at the outer door mending his fishing-tackle. The coolness between them remained unwarmed by so much as a breath. “Run away, child: you disturb me,” said Christine, turning over a leaf. She did not even look at the pathetic little bundle at her feet. Pathetic little bundles must be taught some time what ingratitude deserves.

“How can she run, lame as she is?” said Edward from the doorway.

“You are not going away, are you? Tell me you are not,” sobbed Felipa in a passion of tears, beating on the floor with one hand, and with the other clinging to Christine.

“I am not going,” said Edward. “Do not sob so, you poor little thing!”

She crawled to him, and he took her up in his arms and soothed her into stillness again: then he carried her out on to the barren for a breath of fresh air.



“It is a most extraordinary thing how that child confounds you two,” I said. “It is a case of color-blindness, as it were—supposing you two were colors.”

“Which we are not,” replied Christine carelessly. “Do not stray off into mysticism, Catherine.”

“It is not mysticism: it is a study of character—”

“Where there is no character,” replied my friend.

I gave it up, but I said to myself, “Fate, in the next world make me one of those long, lithe, light-haired women, will you? I want to see how it feels.”



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Felipa's foot was well again, and spring had come. Soon we must leave our lodge on the edge of the pine barren, our outlook over the salt marsh, our river sweeping up twice a day, bringing in the briny odors of the ocean: soon we should see no more the eagles far above us or hear the night-cry of the great owls, and we must go without the little fairy flowers of the barren, so small that a hundred of them scarcely made a tangible bouquet, yet what beauty! what sweetness! In my portfolio were sketches and studies of the barrens, and in my heart were hopes. Somebody says somewhere, "Hope is more than a blessing: it is a duty and a virtue." But I fail to appreciate preserved hope—hope put up in cans and served out in seasons of depression. I like it fresh from the tree. And so when I hope it *is* hope, and not that well-dried, monotonous cheerfulness which makes one long to throw the persistent smilers out of the window. Felipa danced no more on the barrens; her illness had toned her excitable nature; she seemed content to sit at our feet while we talked, looking up dreamily into our faces, but no longer eagerly endeavoring to comprehend. We were there: that was enough.

"She is growing like a reed," I said: "her illness has left her weak."

"-Minded," suggested Christine, smiling.

At this moment Felipa stroked the lady's white hand tenderly and laid her brown cheek against it.

"Do you not feel reproached," I said.

"Why? Must we give our love to whoever loves us? A fine parcel of paupers we should all be, wasting our inheritance in pitiful small change! Shall I give a thousand beggars a half hour's happiness, or shall I make one soul rich his whole life long?"

"The latter," remarked Edward, who had come up unobserved.

They gazed at each other unflinchingly. They had come to open battle during those last days, and I knew that the end was near. Their words had been cold as ice, cutting as steel, and I said to myself, "At any moment." There would be a deadly struggle, and then Christine would yield. Even I comprehended something of what that yielding would be. There are beautiful velvety panthers in the Asian forests, and in real life too, sometimes.

"Why do they hate each other so?" Felipa said to me sadly.

"Do they hate each other?"

"Yes, for I feel it here," she answered, touching her breast with a dramatic little gesture.

"Nonsense! Go and play with your doll, child." For I had made her a respectable, orderly doll to take the place of the ungainly fetich out on the barren.



Felipa gave me a look and walked away. A moment afterward she brought the doll out of the house before my very eyes, and, going down to the end of the dock, deliberately threw it into the water: the tide was flowing out, and away went my toy-woman out of sight, out to sea.

“Well!” I said to myself. “What next?”



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I had not told Felipa we were going: I thought it best to let it take her by surprise. I had various small articles of finery ready as farewell gifts which should act as sponges to absorb her tears. But Fate took the whole matter out of my hands. This is how it happened. One evening in the jessamine arbor, in the fragrant darkness of the warm spring night, the end came: Christine was won. She glided in like a wraith, and I, divining at once what had happened, followed her into her little room, where I found her lying on her bed, her hands clasped on her breast, her eyes open and veiled in soft shadows, her white robe drenched with dew. I kissed her fondly—I never could help loving her then or now—and next I went out to find Edward. He had been kind to me all my poor gray life: should I not go to him now? He was still in the arbor, and I sat down by his side quietly: I knew that the words would come in time. They came: what a flood! English was not enough for him. He poured forth his love in the rich-voweled Spanish tongue also: it has sounded doubly sweet to me ever since.

“Have you felt the wool of the beaver?
Or swan’s down ever?
Or have smelt the bud o’ the brier?
Or the nard in the fire?
Or ha’ tasted the bag o’ the bee?
Oh so white, oh so soft, oh so sweet is she!”

said the young lover again and again; and I, listening there in the dark fragrant night, with the dew heavy upon me, felt glad that the old simple-hearted love was not entirely gone from our tired metallic world.

It was late when we returned to the house. After reaching my room I found that I had left my cloak in the arbor. It was a strong fabric: the dew could not hurt it, but it could hurt my sketching materials and various trifles in the wide inside pockets—*objets de luxe* to me, souvenirs of happy times, little artistic properties that I hang on the walls of my poor studio when in the city. I went softly out into the darkness again and sought the arbor: groping on the ground I found, not the cloak, but—Felipa! She was crouched under the foliage, face downward: she would not move or answer.

“What is the matter, child?” I said, but she would not speak. I tried to draw her from her lair, but she tangled herself stubbornly still farther among the thorny vines, and I could not move her. I touched her neck: it was cold. Frightened, I ran back to the house for a candle.

“Go away,” she said in a low hoarse voice when I flashed the light over her. “I know all, and I am going to die. I have eaten the poison things in your box, and just now a snake came on my neck and I let him. He has bitten me, I suppose, and I am glad. Go away: I am going to die.”

I looked around: there was my color-case rifled and empty, and the other articles were scattered on the ground. "Good Heavens, child!" I cried, "what have you eaten?"



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“Enough,” replied Felipa gloomily. “I knew they were poisons: you told me so. And I let the snake stay.”

By this time the household, aroused by my hurried exit with the candle, came toward the arbor. The moment Edward appeared Felipa rolled herself up like a hedgehog again and refused to speak. But the old grandmother knelt down and drew the little crouching figure into her arms with gentle tenderness, smoothing its hair and murmuring loving words in her soft dialect.

“What is it?” said Edward; but even then his eyes were devouring Christine, who stood in the dark, vine-wreathed doorway like a picture in a frame. I explained.

Christine smiled softly. “Jealousy,” she said in a low voice. “I am not surprised.” And of her own accord she gave back to Edward one of his looks.

But at the first sound of her voice Felipa had started up: she too saw the look, and wrenching herself free from old Dominga’s arms, she threw herself at Christine’s feet. “Look at *me* so,” she cried—“me too: do not look at him. He has forgotten poor Felipa: he does not love her any more. But *you* do not forget, senora: *you* love me—you love me. Say you do or I shall die!”

We were all shocked by the pallor and the wild hungry look of her uplifted face. Edward bent down and tried to lift her in his arms, but when she saw him a sudden fierceness came into her eyes: they shot out yellow light and seemed to narrow to a point of flame. Before we knew it she had turned, seized something and plunged it into his encircling arm. It was my little Venetian dagger.

We sprang forward; our dresses were spotted with the fast-flowing blood; but Edward did not relax his hold on the writhing wild little body he held until it lay exhausted in his arms. “I am glad I did it,” said the child, looking up into his face with her inflexible eyes. “Put me down—put me down, I say, by the gracious senora, that I may die with the trailing of her white robe over me.” And the old grandmother with trembling hands received her and laid her down mutely at Christine’s feet.

* * * * *

Ah, well! Felipa did not die. The poisons wracked but did not kill her, and the snake must have spared the little thin brown neck so despairingly offered to him. We went away: there was nothing for us to do but to go away as quickly as possible and leave her to her kind. To the silent old grandfather I said, “It will pass: she is but a child.”

“She is nearly twelve, senora. Her mother was married at thirteen.”

“But she loved them both alike, Bartolo. It is nothing: she does not know.”



“You are right, lady: she does not know,” replied the old man slowly; “but / know. It was two loves, and the stronger thrust the knife.”

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

AT CHICKAMAUGA.



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It was the cream of army life in Southern Tennessee that we left to go to Chickamauga. Our brigade had been detached, and lay for some days at the foot of Waldron's Ridge, which runs parallel to the broad Tennessee River, and a few miles north of Chattanooga, then the objective point of the campaign of the Army of the Cumberland under Rosecrans. Of course we knew that when the movements in progress in the country below were sufficiently advanced there would probably be lively work in effecting a passage of the river in the face of the formidable force which was guarding the ford two or three miles in our front. In fact, for some days we had been preparing for the effort, and up in a sluggish bayou the best of our mechanics were industriously at work fashioning a rude scow out of such material as axes could get from the native forests. In this craft, if it could be made to float, a select party was to cross the river some foggy morning, while the enemy were intently watching the ford below, and then, while the chosen few were being gloriously shot on the other side, the rest of us were to attempt the waist-deep, crooked ford.

For the time we were, however, as has been said, enjoying the cream of army life. The nights were chilly, though the days were hot and the clay roads dusty. The mornings were glorious with their bracing fresh air, their blue mists clinging about far-off Lookout Mountain, and even hiding the top of Waldron's Ridge at our backs, and their bright sunshine, which came flooding over the distant heights of Georgia and North Carolina. The wagon-tracks winding among the low, mound-like hills which filled the valley from the base of the ridge to the river were as smooth and gravelly as a well-kept private roadway, and an ambulance-ride along their tortuous courses was a most enjoyable recreation in those fine September days of 1863. A gallop twenty miles up the valley to where Minty kept watch and ward upon our flank with his trusty horsemen; a dinner at that hospitable mess-table, furnished maybe with a pig which had strayed from its home not wholly through natural perversity; and then a lively ride back in the early evening,—this, indeed, was pleasure.

The charm of campaigning is its rapidly-succeeding surprises. The general of the army may be proceeding regularly in the path he marked out months before. The corps commanders, and even the chiefs of division, may sometimes be able to foresee the movements from day to day. But to their subordinates everything is a surprise: they lie down at night in delightful uncertainty as to where the next sunset will find them, and they sit down to a breakfast of hard bread and bacon, relieved by a little foraging from the country, not sure that their coffee will cool before the bugle sounds a signal to pack and be off, to Heaven knows where. We found this charm of surprise, as we had hundreds of times before in other places, at our camp in the valley of the Tennessee. The



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alternating quick and droning notes of “the general” made us spring up from the mess-table one morning, and in a moment the lazy encampment was all hurry and bustle. An aide leaped upon his horse at head-quarters and dashed off on the road to the river, and we saw that the servants of General Hazen, our brigade commander, were stripping his baggage of the small impedimenta which accumulate so rapidly even in a few days of rest, but are abandoned when the army starts on an active campaign. It was not to be a mere change of camp, evidently, but a final adieu to the locality and a dash over the Tennessee—if we could make it.

While some of us were yet sipping our hot coffee, saved out of the general wreck in packing up, the bugles called “the assembly,” and in ten minutes the brigade was stretching out at a lively rate on the road the aide had taken. At the river was the detail of mechanics who had been at work on the scow in the bayou. Their task had been suddenly abandoned. It was useless: the enemy had left the opposite bank and fallen back from Chattanooga. The crossing was made, and the brigade struck out into the country toward Ringgold and the Georgia line. We belonged to Palmer’s division of Crittenden’s corps, but we had no idea where our comrades were. Passing over the uninviting country, and by the cornfields wasted by Bragg’s men that we might not gather the grain, the brigade fell in with the rest of its division near a lonely grist-mill at a junction of cross-roads, where a battalion of Southern cavalry had just galloped in upon an infantry regiment lying under its stacked arms by the wayside. So the enemy was not entirely out of the country, it appeared. Still, we saw nothing of him, save in a trifling skirmish the next day on the road from Ringgold to Gordon’s Mills. Near this place, however, we fell in with General Thomas J. Wood, who had had a little encounter which convinced him that Bragg’s infantry was in force near by. The gallant old soldier was in something of a passion because the theories of his superiors did not coincide with his demonstrations, and of course the demonstrations had to give way in that case.

Passing Gordon’s Mills, our division stretched away on the road toward La Fayette, and after a day’s march bivouacked in a wilderness of wood and on a sluggish stream different enough from the sparkling waters which came down by the old camp below Waldron’s Ridge. McCook’s corps, they said, having crossed the Tennessee below Chattanooga and advanced southward on the western side of the Lookout range, was to come through a gap opposite our present position and join us. Then the army, being together once more, and having gained Chattanooga by McCook’s flank movement, would return to that point. To get Chattanooga was the object of the campaign, and the movements since we crossed the river were simply to assure the safe reunion of the several corps.

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The idle days wore on until the afternoon of the 18th of September. Then “the general” was suddenly sounded from brigade head-quarters, the regimental buglers took up the signal, and in twenty minutes we were on the road and moving back toward Gordon’s Mills and Chattanooga. No leisurely march this time, however, but a race which tasked even the legs of the veterans. Two hours of this brought the command to the crest of a ridge from which, away to the right, a wide expanse of country lay in view. There was a broad valley running parallel to the road we were traveling and covered by a dense growth of low oaks, which effectually hid roads, streams, and even the few lonely habitations of the people. But, looking from our eminence over the unbroken expanse of tree-tops, we could see a light yellow snake-like line stretching down the valley. It was dust from the road on which Bragg’s army was hurrying toward the Rossville Pass, through which was the way to Chattanooga and all our communications and supplies. The line of dust extended miles down the valley, far in advance of the point we had reached. The rest of our army might be ahead of us and ahead of Bragg, or it might be on our left, or even behind us, for aught we knew, but it was plain enough why we were making such haste back toward Chattanooga.

The afternoon passed: darkness came, and still the march continued. Late in the evening we came upon a group of tents by the roadside—Rosecrans’s head-quarters, with Rosecrans himself, and not in the best of humors, as some of us discovered on riding up to see friends on his staff. In his petulance and excitability the commanding general forgot to be gentlemanly, some of them said; and they left him not at all relieved of any doubts they had concerning our sudden and forced march.

It was long after midnight when we reached Gordon’s Mills. Here the road was full of ambulances, wagons, artillery and infantry, while in the thickets on the left were heard the confused noises of the bivouac. There were no fires, which showed that we were supposed to be in the immediate presence of the enemy, and that our commander did not want his position revealed by camp-fires. At some distance past the mills Palmer’s division was halted in the road, and the troops were massed by regiments, and moved some yards into the thicket to pass the few hours before daylight.

In the morning it was said that Bragg had indeed beaten in the race the day before, and had halted at night, if he halted at all, much nearer to the Rossville Pass than we were. The Chickamauga River was supposed to be between the two armies, but it is a stream which is easily fordable in many places, and a mile or two below where we lay was a bridge over which Bragg could cross rapidly with his artillery and trains, and then strike our road to Rossville ahead of us. A division moved out early in the day and went off toward this bridge. Soon after there was lively musketry



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and some cannonading in that direction. Word came back that the enemy had crossed the river in force too heavy to be successfully encountered by our reconnoitering division. Another division followed in the path of the first, and there was more firing. Finally, General Palmer moved his division out upon the road, and along it for some distance toward Rossville, approaching the firing down by the bridge. Halting near the Widow Glenn's cottage, about which were a little cloud of cavalry and many officers, we saw that Rosecrans was there, directing the movements in person. Palmer got his orders quickly. He was to move down the road toward Rossville to an indicated point, then form his division *en echelon* by brigade from the left, and move off the road to the right and attack. When he struck the enemy's left flank he was to envelop and crush it. The formation *en echelon* was to facilitate this enveloping and crushing.

Moving off the road as ordered, the division passed through several hundred yards of forest, and came upon a wide open field of lower ground, through the centre of which ran, parallel to our front, a narrow belt of timber. The skirmishers passed through this belt and a few yards beyond, and were then driven back by an overpowering fire from the enemy's skirmishers. Our main line came up to the timber and passed through it to the farther side; and then the edge of the forest beyond, in front, on the right and on the left, was suddenly fringed with a line of flashing fire, above which rose a thin white smoke. The tremendous crash of musketry was measured by the deep thunder of artillery farther back, and soon columns of dense white smoke rising above the tree-tops indicated the positions of several swift-working batteries. A storm of bullets whizzed through the ranks of the attacking echelons, while shrieking shells filled the air with a horrid din, and, bursting overhead, sent their ragged fragments hurtling down in every direction. In an instant a hundred gaps were opened in the firm ranks as the men sank to the ground beneath the smiting lead and iron. In an instant the gaps were closed, and in another a hundred more were opened. Every yard of the advance was costing the assailants a full company of men—every rod at least half a regiment. They wavered, halted and fell back to the shelter of the narrow belt of timber. The attack had failed, the flank of the enemy had not been struck.

But the other divisions of the army? Sent in as ours had been, some one of them must surely strike the opposing flank, unless Bragg's whole army had crossed the river and was in position before Rosecrans moved. Palmer's division held its place, fired its sixty rounds of cartridges into the wood where the unseen foe was, and waited for the attack of the succeeding division which should strike Bragg's flank. But we waited in vain. When Rosecrans's last division was forming its echelons it was itself enveloped on its outer flank by the active foe. Rosecrans's line, as he formed it a division at a time, had been constantly outflanked.

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The battle was a failure thus far. We could all see that, and some of us saw how nearly it became an irretrievable disaster. Hazen's brigade had been withdrawn to replenish its ammunition after the attack, and was lying along the Rossville road. The men were filling their cartridge-boxes, and the captains were counting their diminished ranks and noting who were dead and who but wounded. Out at the front the fight still went on, but in a desultory way. Suddenly there was an ominous sound in front of Van Cleve's division, which was in the main line next on the right of Palmer.

Hazen leaped upon his horse. "Now Van Cleve is in for it!" he exclaimed. "They're coming for him!"

Quickly getting the men under arms, Hazen moved his brigade behind Van Cleve to act as a support, and awaited the coming attack. It came like a whirlwind, and Van Cleve's lines were scattered like fallen leaves. On came the triumphant enemy in heavy masses, while Van Cleve's disordered horde swept back with it Hazen's supporting regiments. All but one. Colonel Aquila Wiley of the Forty-first Ohio Infantry, seeing the coming avalanche of fugitives, broke his line to the rear by companies and allowed the flying mass to pass through the intervals. Then instantly reforming his line, Wiley delivered a volley by battalion upon the advancing foe. The latter, his ranks loose, as usual in a headlong pursuit, was staggered and stopped in Wiley's front, but pressed forward on his right, and had got well to his rear in that direction before the guns of the Forty-first were reloaded. At a double-quick step Wiley changed front to the rear on his left company, and sent another volley among the swarming enemy on his right. Twice he repeated this manoeuvre, and, gaining ground to the rear with each change of front, kept back the enemy from front and flank until he could take his place in good order upon a new line on a ridge to the rear.

Meantime, Hazen was not idle. Seeing the inevitable result when Van Cleve's lines wavered, he dashed down the road to some unemployed batteries. These he got quickly into position to enfilade the enemy as he passed over Van Cleve's abandoned ground, and while Wiley with his Forty-first was striking in front and flank to clear himself of the surrounding foes, Hazen's batteries were pouring shells at short range into the well-ordered supporting troops which the enemy was hurrying forward to improve the success he had gained. Bragg had actually crossed the Rossville road and cut the Army of the Cumberland in two, with nothing in the gap but one regiment of three hundred men. But the enfilading artillery smote asunder the solid ranks which were to follow up the victory and left their advantage a barren triumph. Night fell and ended there the first day's battle.



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The blessed night! better for the Army of the Cumberland than than thirty thousand fresh men. Under its sheltering mantle a thousand necessary things were done. We knew well enough that the struggle must be renewed in the morning, but we hoped that it would not be taken up on our side under such disadvantages as had been against us in the day just closed. So when, some time after dark, an order came to move down the road to the left, it was gladly obeyed. We were going into position, it was evident, though where and how none of us could tell in the darkness. The road and the woods on each side of it were full of troops, ambulances, ammunition and head-quarter wagons, artillery, and, lastly, stragglers hunting for their regiments. Now and then a wounded man, whose hurt did not prevent his walking, came along inquiring for the hospitals. There were not many of these, however, for the hospital service was pretty efficient, and the surgeons were located near the ground where the fighting had been.

Winding about through such surroundings for what seemed a long time, so slow was the movement and so frequent the halts to allow the staff-officer who was directing the march to verify the route, Palmer's division at length stacked arms on a slightly rising ground not many hundred yards in front of the Rossville road. There were troops to the left of us, and soon after we halted troops came up on our right. We knew by this that we were in the main line of battle as it was being formed for the next day's fight. There were sounds occasionally from the forest in front which told us that the enemy also was making his preparations for the morning, and there was moving of troops, wagons, artillery, stragglers and mounted officers in rear of us almost all night. Even our troops in line, tired as they were, were not quite still. The men lay upon the ground and talked of the events of the day. Company commanders were inquiring the fate of their missing men, and some of them were even counting up the guns lost by killed and wounded men, and wondering how they could account for them on their next ordnance returns. Waking and sleeping by turns, officers and men passed the chilly night as best they could until it was near the time when the first gray streaks of dawn should come. Then those who were sleeping were quietly aroused; the ranks were noiselessly formed; the stacks of arms were broken; the first sergeants passed along the fronts of their companies to verify the attendance; and then the men were allowed to sit down, guns in hand, to await the daybreak and be in instant readiness for an attack if the enemy should attempt an early surprise.



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Daylight came, however, on the memorable 20th of September, and no attack had been made. The first thought, naturally, after apprehension of an early attack had gone, was to appease hunger and thirst. But there was little in the haversacks, and nothing in the canteens. Details of men were sent for water, and never returned. The enemy had possession of the springs we had used the day before, and our details walked unconsciously into his hands. There was not a drop of water on the whole field, and men and officers resigned themselves to the torments of thirst, a thousand times worse than the gnawings of hunger. But with daylight we could at least get some idea of our position. In front was a dense forest, in which nothing was to be seen except our own skirmishers a few yards in advance. Just behind us was an oblong open field, three hundred yards wide and thrice as long. On the other side of this field ran the Rosville road. Beyond our division, to the left, was Johnson's, and then Baird's division, the latter forming the extreme left of the army, and extending off into the woods beyond the lower end of the open field. To our right—though this we could not see, the line being in a dense forest—was the division of Reynolds; beyond him was Brannan, and then came Wood; and so on to the right of the army, in what further order we did not know. It was evident that the line had been hastily formed: the divisions had been placed just as they were picked up in the confusion of the night. No corps was together in the line, but it was made up of a division from one corps, then a division from another, and then one from a third corps, and so on. Thus it happened that the four divisions on the left of the line had with them no corps commander.

In the idle hour after daylight our brigade commander directed the construction of a barricade of rails and logs, a little more than knee-high, along the front of his command. Some of the troops on the left and the right followed the example. The supposition was that the game would be changed this day, and that we should stand for attack as the enemy had done the day before. There was no little satisfaction in thinking that Bragg's men would have a chance to walk up to a fire at least as murderous as we had faced when attacking them. If the haversacks were empty and the canteens had gone for water never to return, the cartridge-boxes were full, and each man had about him an extra package or two of cartridges.

The morning wore slowly away, and on our part of the line everything was remarkably quiet. There was some skirmishing toward the right between eight and nine o'clock, but evidently nothing serious. The barricade was finished, and there was nothing to do but to lie behind it and wish for water as the day grew warmer and thirst became more intense.—But what is that?

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There was a sharp rattle of Springfield rifles from Baird's skirmishers, a third of a mile to our left and hidden from sight by the woods. In a moment came a crash of musketry which brought every man to his feet. Baird's skirmishers had been driven in, and his main line had hurled its thousands of bullets as the attacking enemy came into view. Instantly the answering fire was given, and then followed the continuous rattling roar of a fierce general engagement. Wounded men began to come out of the wood where Baird was as they made their way alone toward the hospitals or were carried off by the hospital corps. Suddenly, a hundred men with arms in their hands emerged from the woods into the open field behind Baird, straggling and without order. These were not wounded men. No: it was too plain that Baird's division was giving way. A moment more, and the lower end of the open field was filled with a dense mass of men as Baird's disordered lines poured forth out of the woods, which were swarming with the exultant enemy. Through and behind the retreating mass the mounted officers rode furiously, their swinging sabres flashing in the sun as they alternately commanded and exhorted their men to rally and breast the storm of lead which the enemy was hurling upon them. Then Johnson, whose division was next to Baird's, wheeled a regiment or two backward and opened fire on the enemy engaged with Baird. The troops of the latter were not running, but falling back, firing as they went. Suddenly, one of their colonels seized his regimental standard from the color-bearer and faced his horse toward the enemy, holding the flag high above his head. The men began to rally around this flag, and in a moment an imperfect line had been formed. The enemy's success was at an end. A moment more, and with a wild cheer Baird's men dashed forward and drove the enemy from their front.

Meanwhile, we were not idle spectators of all this. At the moment when Baird's men had been forced into the open field, and it seemed impossible to re-form them under the fire they were receiving, the skirmishers in front of Johnson's and Palmer's divisions broke out into a lively fire and came in at a run. Close behind them were the rapidly-advancing skirmishers of the enemy. As these came in sight of our position they took shelter behind trees and waited for their main force to come up. Soon the woods behind them were filled with the long, sweeping lines of Bragg's infantry, moving swiftly and steadily up to the attack. They reached their skirmishers, and as the latter fell in with the main body the whole broke into the peculiar shrill and fitful yell of the Southern soldiery, and rushed impetuously upon our line. From behind its barricade Hazen's brigade gave the yelling assailants two volleys, by front and rear rank, and then, as the enemy staggered under the regular blows, the command "Load and fire at will!" rang along the line. Out burst a swift storm of lead, before which the wasting



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ranks of the assailants first wavered, and then stopped to open a rapid but wild and diminishing fire against the barricade. For a moment or two their colors waved defiantly at their front as their officers rode among them in the vain endeavor to hold them to the hopeless effort; and then they turned and vanished into the deep recesses of the forest whence they came. Not as they came, however, but as a flying multitude of panic-stricken men, insensible to authority, conscious only of their defeat and their peril.

Ah! but this was quite different from yesterday's work, thought the men of Hazen's brigade. It is one thing to march up to an enemy waiting to receive you on his chosen ground, and another to lie quietly in position and let your enemy feel his way up until he is within fair range. This was the thought after the successful defence: before the fight it is a question whether it does not require greater steadiness of nerve to wait inactive for an attack than to rush forward in an onslaught. Officers and men in Palmer's division were in excellent spirits. They saw that their comrades on the right and the left had met with equally good fortune. Johnson's division on one side and Reynolds's on the other remained as steady as rocks.

It was nearly eleven o'clock, and all had prospered with us thus far. The enemy was getting his share of bloody repulses, of which we had had more than enough the day before. The attacks upon our line had begun upon the left, and were traveling toward our right. The two armies were thus brought together gradually, something after the manner of scissor-blades when they are slowly closed. The four divisions on the left had already successfully withstood the shock, which it was to be supposed the enemy had made as heavy as possible at that point, since the left was the vital point of the whole line. Success there would give him the line of retreat to Chattanooga, with Rosecrans's entire army shut out. Besides, we knew that the line was stronger toward the right, where at least two divisions were in reserve. No one apprehended disaster, therefore, when a long and rapid roll of musketry far to the right told that the enemy was attacking there. "Brannan and Wood are attending to 'em now!" said General Palmer, standing in a group of officers in rear of Hazen's brigade. The talk went on as before—about the successful defences of the morning, the barricade, Baird's splendid recovery, *etc.* But soon everybody was listening anxiously to the sounds of the battle on the right. The roar of musketry had worked round until it was behind our right shoulders as we stood facing to our front. There could be no doubt about it: the line had given way somewhere on the right, and the enemy was following up. It was not long before stray bullets were singing behind and among us, flying in a direction parallel to our line. Then, all in a moment, a battery far to the right and rear opened a rapid fire, and some of its shells came shrieking

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into the rear of Palmer's and Johnson's divisions. Meanwhile, the crash and roar of battle came nearer and nearer, until the attack struck Reynolds on the flank and in rear. But he had been forewarned, and his line was swung backward, at right angles with his original position, to face the attack from the new direction. Even then he was forced backward until his men were stretched across the open field in rear of Palmer's division, and the battle was going on directly behind us. Something—a shell perhaps—set fire to a log house at the upper end of this field, not three hundred yards from our brigade. This house had been taken for a hospital the night before. It was filled with wounded men, too badly hurt to be taken farther away in the ambulances, and the regular hospital flag floated above it. This unfortunate house, with its maimed occupants, was brought between Reynolds's men and the attacking enemy when the former were driven into the open field; and, despite the non-combatant flag flying from the gable, it was riddled with shells from the Southern batteries. I do not charge upon those gunners a knowledge of the facts here given: their batteries were some distance away through the forest. However, whether they saw the house and the flag or not, their fire swept mercilessly through the house, while many a stout-hearted soldier, knowing what was there, wished that if he were to be hit at all, he might be struck dead at once, and so avoid such sickening horrors.

For the second time on that memorable day it looked for a few moments as if Palmer would have to face his men about and fight to the rear. Preparations to do this were made on the right of the division, but, fortunately, the appalling disaster which seemed imminent in the complete encompassing of the four divisions of the left was averted. The enemy yielded at last to the stubborn resistance, and Reynolds re-established his line—not upon the old ground entirely, but to conform to the altered situation. He was now the right of the army upon the original field, and four divisions comprised all that was left of the Army of the Cumberland in the position of the morning.

The divisions of the centre and the right—where were they? Brannan, and Wood, and Negley, and Davis, and Van Cleve, and gallant Sheridan, who held stubbornly his division even amid the panic at Stone River—where were they? And Rosecrans, commander of the army; Thomas, the hero in every fight; rash McCook and unfortunate Crittenden, chiefs of corps? Gone with the centre and the right of the army; gone with the reserves and the artillery; gone with the ammunition-trains; gone with everything that belonged to the Army of the Cumberland except four divisions of unconquered soldiers with half-filled cartridge-boxes and with hearts that knew no fear.



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All gone? No! In the hush which came after Reynolds's desperate defence, and while hearts were yet beating fast from watching the doubtful fight, there arose far off to the right and rear a roar of musketry, telling that somewhere in the distance the flags of the Army of the Cumberland still waved before the foe, as they did with us. Long afterward we knew that this was Thomas—he who would not leave the field amid the wreck which surrounded him—Thomas, with his fragments, posted on a commanding ridge and bravely beating off the thickening foes about him.

The story of the disaster is an old one. It is hardly necessary to tell how Wood, in the main line on the right of Brannan, received an order from Rosecrans to support Reynolds, the second division in line to the left of Wood; how the gallant soldier hesitated to obey an order from which such disaster might come; how McCook, chief of corps, told Wood the order was imperative, and promised to put a reserve division into the line to take his place; how Wood withdrew from the line, as ordered, at the fatal moment when the enemy was preparing to attack; how the furious foe pressed through the gap, cut the army in two, struck the lines to right and left in flank and rear, swept the centre, the right wing and the reserves off the field, and doubled up and crushed the left wing as far as Reynolds's division, whose fortune has been told. All this is familiar enough now, but those who remained on the field in the four divisions of the left knew nothing of it then. They only knew that the line was broken beyond Reynolds, and that, although somewhere in the distance was a force which had not yet fled nor surrendered, they were left to bear alone the battle against Bragg's victorious army. The odds were five or six to one—perhaps more, maybe less. It did not matter to be precise: Bragg had men enough to put a double line of troops entirely around the four divisions. That was enough.

It was after midday when the disaster was complete and the divisions of Baird, Johnson, Palmer and Reynolds were able to understand the situation. I need not recount in detail the repeated attempts of the enemy to crush the line of the four divisions at one point and another. If the reader can recall the description of the first attack on Palmer's division, he will have a very fair example of the work which busied us at intervals during those long hours. The enemy was, of course, not unaware of his great success in dividing the army and driving off the greater part of it; nor was he lacking in efforts to improve the advantage by destroying the divisions which yet confronted him. Every attack, however, resulted in failure, and the assailants retired each time with heavy losses. At length it was evident to us that it had become difficult to bring even Longstreet's boasted troops up to attacks which met such sure and bloody repulses. There were but four divisions against an army, but the four would not be taken or driven.



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With hands and faces blackened by the smoke and dust of battle those men stood devotedly to their posts, their ranks thinned by every assault, but their aim as fatal as ever. But one dread possessed them: ammunition ran short, and there were no supplies. In the intervals between the enemy's assaults the cartridge-boxes of dead comrades along the line and in the open field, where were the fierce struggles of the morning, were emptied of their contents to replenish the failing stock of the survivors. More precious than food and water, though they were sorely needed, were these inheritances from the dead.

The long afternoon wore slowly away. Night could not come too soon, but it seemed that never before was it so tardy. Officers and men were tortured by thirst. Their tongues were swollen and their lips black and distended, often to bursting. Speech became difficult or absolutely impossible. Officers mumbled their commands, and prayed silently for darkness to save them from enforced surrender or flight when the last cartridge should be spent.

Meantime, the relentless but cautious foe was carefully feeling his way around the flanks, apparently unwilling to venture boldly into the rear of the little army which he could not move by attack in front. A group of officers stood by their horses in rear of Hazen's brigade when the crack of an Enfield rifle was heard from the woods in rear across the open field. A bullet came whizzing into the group and killed a colonel's horse. Other shots followed from the same direction. The woods behind us were evidently occupied by the enemy's skirmishers. A captain volunteered to take his company and clear the woods, but ammunition was too scarce to waste on sharpshooters.

Word came at last, in some way, that Thomas, whose firing we heard far to the right and rear, was sorely pressed. A consultation was held by the four division generals. They needed a commander, but who should it be? Who would take command of that beleaguered force and undertake to extricate it from its surrounding peril or deliver it over to Thomas? Would Palmer? No. Would Reynolds? No. The stern duty of fighting their divisions until they could fight no longer, and doing then whatever desperate thing might be possible—that they would not fail in; but that responsibility was as great as they cared to assume. Up came Hazen then. "I'll take my brigade across that interval," said he, "and find Thomas if he's there." Palmer objected: it would make a gap in his line; it would expose one of his brigades to a thousand chances of destruction—for who could tell what forces of the enemy were in that interval or watching it?—and finally, it would take away the brigade which had most ammunition, for Hazen had husbanded his store. But something must be done. If the four divisions could hold out until night, somebody must command them and take them out if it could be done. Thomas was the proper commander, and he was needed. It was agreed that Hazen should make the attempt.



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The brigade was withdrawn from the line which it had faithfully held all day, and some disposition made to fill the gap. Hazen formed his regiments in close masses, faced them to the right and rear, covered his front with a trusty battalion as skirmishers, waved an adieu to the comrades left behind, and plunged into the unknown forest in the direction of Thomas's firing. On and on went the brigade and came nearer and nearer to the ridge which Thomas held. Suddenly, the skirmishers strike obliquely an opposing line. They brush it away in an instant, but the warning is not lost. Keep more to the rear: no fighting now, though you should whip three to one. The fate of the four divisions rests upon that. With quick and steady tread the regiments move on. They clear the wood at last, climb the end of a ridge through a field of standing corn, and burst into an open field at the summit amid the wild cheers of Thomas's exhausted men, while Thomas himself, beloved of all the army, rides down to take Hazen by the hand. And not a moment too soon.

Almost at the very instant Thomas's skirmishers along the front of the ridge broke out into a rattling fire, and were seen falling back. The enemy was about to make his final effort, and it was to be against the flank where now lay Hazen's brigade. Quickly deploying his regiments, Hazen placed them in four lines, closed one upon another, and the men lay flat upon their faces. The yell of the enemy was heard in the wood below, and in a moment the declivity in front was covered with the heavy lines of the assailants. Then the first of Hazen's regiments was brought to its feet and poured its volley straight into the faces of the oncoming foe. The next regiment, and the next, and then the last, followed in quick succession. The echoes of the last volley had hardly died away before the enemy, who came on so confident and so strong, had disappeared, crushed and broken, into the forest, leaving the hillside strewn with his dead and wounded.

So ended the fighting. Night came down and shrouded the fierce combatants from each other's sight.

The dusky ranks take up the unfamiliar march with faces from the foe. Their drums are silent, and their bugles voice-less as the spirit-horns which marshal their heroic dead upon the farther shore. The shadowy ranks pass on into the night. Bearing their close-furled banners and their empty guns, they pass on into the sad and silent night of Chickamauga to await the glorious sun of Mission Ridge.

ROBERT LEWIS KIMBERLY.

NOTE.—The writer is aware that this narrative of the battle of Chickamauga differs so materially from the commonly-received impressions of that event that it ought to be supported by more than his own authority. The reader will observe that the main narrative is made up of the experiences of one command, that to which the writer belonged, and of which he can therefore speak as of things



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which he saw. For the statements of the general battle reference is made to official reports, as follows: (1) In regard to the first day's battle, see report of General W.S. Rosecrans, which may be found in vol. vii. of Putnam's *Rebellion Record*, p. 222 and following pages. (2) In regard to the complete isolation of the four divisions of the left during the second day, and the final opening of communication with General Thomas, see General W.B. Hazen's official report on p. 238 of the volume above quoted. The writer also quotes, by permission, from letters from Generals Hazen and Thomas J. Wood, addressed to him within the present year. General Hazen says: "Do not forget about the length of time Thomas was cut off from us—how we could hear nothing from him; how neither Reynolds nor Palmer would assume command," etc. General Wood says, in reference to the great disaster on the second day: "About 11 A.M. I received the following order from General Rosecrans: 'The commanding general directs that you close up on Reynolds as fast as possible, and support him.' As there was an entire division (Brannan's) between my division and Reynolds, I could only close upon the latter and support him by withdrawing my division from line and passing in rear of Brannan to the rear of Reynolds. This I did. Of course I knew it was an order involving perhaps the most momentous consequences, but General McCook concurred with me that it was so emphatic and positive as to demand instant obedience. I write you stubborn facts, and you can use them as such." General Wood has been so severely criticised for his obedience to this fatal order that perhaps I should add this further explanation, contained in the letter from which I have quoted above: "After the battle was over, and it was apparent that Rosecrans's ill-considered order had led to a disaster, he offered as an explanation of it the statement that some staff-officer had reported to him that Brannan was out of line, and that he intended I should close to the left on Reynolds, and that I overlooked this direction to close to the left on Reynolds. Certainly, I overlooked it, or rather I did not see it, for it was not there to be seen. On the contrary, I was ordered to close up on Reynolds, and for a purpose—viz., to support him. I remark also that it was impossible for any man, on reading Rosecrans's order to me, to even remotely conjecture that it was based on the supposition that Brannan was out of line. He had previously ordered me to rest my left on Brannan's right, and I had reported to him that I had done so. Colonel Starling (of Crittenden's staff) testified before the McCook-Crittenden court of inquiry that he was with Rosecrans at the time the latter directed the order to be sent to me, and told him that Brannan was not out of line."

THE ATONEMENT OF LEAM DUNDAS.



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BY MRS. E. LYNN LINTON, AUTHOR OF "PATRICIA KEMBALL."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

UNWORTHY.

The storm had passed with the night, and the day was bright and joyful—almost hard in its brightness and cruel in its joy; for while the sun was shining overhead and the air was musical with the hum of insects and the song of birds, the flowers were broken, the tender plants destroyed, the uncut corn was laid as if a troop of horse had trampled down the crops, and the woods, like the gardens and the fields, were wrecked and spoiled. But of all the mourners sighing between earth and sky, Nature is the one that never repents, and the sun shines out over the saddest ruin as it shines out over the richest growth, as careless of the one as of the other.

Edgar came down from the Hill in the sunshine, handsome, strong, jocund as the day. As he rode through the famous double avenue of chestnuts he thought, What a glorious day! how clear and full of life after the storm! but he noted the wreckage too, and was concerned to see how the trees and fields had suffered. Still, the one would put forth new branches and fresh leaves next year; and if the other had been roughly handled, there was yet a salvage to be garnered. The ruin was not irreparable, and he was in the mood to make the best of things. Do not the first days of a happy love ever give the happiest kind of philosophy for man and woman to go on?

And he was happy in his love. Who more so? He was on his way now to Ford House as a man going to his own, serene and confident of his possession. He had left his treasure overnight, and he went to take it up again, sure to find it where he had laid it down. He had no thought of the thief who might have stolen it in the dark hours, of the rust that might have cankered it in the chill of the gray morning. He only pictured to himself its beauty, its sweetness and undimmed radiance—only remembered that this treasure was his, his own and his only, unshared by any, and known in its excellence by none before him.

He rode up to the door glad, dominant, assured. Life was very pleasant to the strong man and ardent lover—the English gentleman with his happiness in his own keeping, and his future marked out in a clear broad pathway before him. There was no cloud in his sky, no shadow on his sea: it was all sunshine and serenity—man the master of his own fate and the ruler of circumstance—man the supreme over all things, a woman's past included.

Not seeing Leam in the garden, Edgar rang the bells and was shown into the drawing-room, where she was sitting alone. The down-drawn blinds had darkened the room to a pleasant gloom for eyes somewhat overpowered by the blazing sunshine and the



dazzling white clouds flung like heaps of snow against the hard bright blue of the sky; yet something struck more chill than restful on the lover as he came through the doorway, little fanciful or sentimental as he was.



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Leam, who had not been in bed through the night, was sitting on the sofa in the remotest and darkest part of the room. She rose as he entered—rose only, not coming forward to meet him, but standing in her place silent, pale, yet calm and collected. She did not look at him, but neither did she blush nor tremble. There was something statuesque, almost dead, about her—something that was not the same Leam whom he had known from the first.

He went up to her, both hands held out. She shrank back and folded hers in each other, still not looking at him.

“Why, Leam, what is it?” he cried in amazement, pained, shocked at her action. Was she in her right mind? Had she heard of his former attentions to Adelaide, divined their ultimate meaning, and been seized with a mad idea of sacrifice and generosity? It must be with Adelaide, he thought, rapidly reviewing his past. He was absolutely safe about Violet Cray, who had never known his name; and those later Indian affairs were dead and as good as buried. What, then, did it mean?

“No, not till you have heard me,” said Leam in a low voice. “And never after.”

“My darling! what is it?” he repeated.

“You must not call me dear names: I am unworthy,” said Leam. “No,” checking him as he would have spoken, smiling with a sense of relief that her craze—if it was a craze—went to the visionary side of her own unworthiness, and was not due to any knowledge of his misdemeanors, as she might think them. “Do not speak. I have to tell you. I had forgotten it,” she went on to say in the same tense, compressed manner—the manner of one who has a task to get through, and has gathered all her strength for the effort, leaving none to be squandered in emotion—“I was so happy in these last days I had forgotten it. Now I have remembered, and we must part.”

Edgar was grieved to see her in such deadly trouble, for it was easy to see her pain beneath her still exterior, but he was confident, and if grieved not afraid. Leam’s little life, so innocent and uneventful as it must have been, could hold no such tremendous evil, could have been smirched with no such damning stain, as that at which she seemed to hint. Grant even that there had been something more between her and Alick Corfield than he would quite like to hear—which was his first thought—still, that more must needs be very little, could but be very simple. His wife must be spotless—that he knew, and he would marry none whose past was not as unsullied as new-fallen snow, as unsullied as must be her future—absolute purity—the unruffled emotions of a maidenhood undisturbed until now even by dreams, even by visions. He owed it to himself and his position that his wife, man of many loves as he was, should be this; but at the worst the childish affection of brother and sister, which was all that could possibly have been between Leam and that awkward young gangrel Alick Corfield, could have nothing in it that he ought to take to

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heart or that should influence him. Yes, he might smile and not be afraid. And indeed her delicate conscience was another grace in his eyes. He loved her more than ever for the honesty that must confess all its little sins. Sweet Leam! Leam having to confess! Leam! she who was almost too modest for an ordinary lover's comfort, needing to be tamed out of her savage bashfulness, not to be reproved for transgressing the proper reticence of an English maid. It was a pretty play, but it was only a play.

"Come and sit by me and make full confession, my darling," he said lovingly.

"I will stand where I am. You sit," said Leam, without looking at him.

He seated himself on the sofa. "And now what has my little culprit to say for herself?" he asked pleasantly, putting on a playful magisterial air.

"It is over," said Leam, her hands pressed in each other with so tight a clasp that the strained knuckles were white and started. "You must not love me: I cannot be your wife."

"Why?" He showed his square white teeth beneath the golden sweep of his moustache, his moist red lips parted, always smiling.

"I have done a great crime," said Leam in a low, monotonous voice.

"A crime! That is a large word for a small peccadillo—larger than any sin of yours merits, my sweetheart."

"You do not know," said Leam with a despairing gesture. "How can you know when you have not heard?"

"Well, what may be its name?" he asked, willing to humor her.

She paused for a moment: then with a visible effort, drawing in her breath, she said, in a voice that was unnaturally calm and low, "I killed madame."

"Leam!" cried Edgar, "how can you talk such nonsense? The thing is growing beyond a joke. Unsay your words; they are a wrong done to *me*."

He had started to his feet while he spoke, and now stood before her with a strangely scared and startled face. Naturally, as such a man would, he was resolute not to accept such a terrible confession, and one so unlikely, so impossible; but something in the girl's voice and manner, something in its sad, still reality, seemed to overpower his determination to find this simply a bad joke which she was playing off on his credulity. And then the thing fitted only too well. He had heard half a dozen times of Madame de



Montfort's sudden death, and how very strange it was that the draught which she had taken so often with impunity before should have been found so laden with prussic acid on the first night of her homecoming as to kill her in an instant—how strange, too, that not the strictest search or inquiry could come upon a trace of such poison bought or possessed by any member of the family, for what police-officer would look to find a sixty-minim bottle of prussic acid concealed among the coils of a young girl's hair? And when Leam said in that quiet if desperate manner that it was she who had killed madame, her words made the whole mystery clear and solved the as yet unsolved problem.



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Nevertheless, he would not believe her, but said again, passionately, "Unsay your words, Leam: they offend me."

"I cannot," said Leam.

He laughed scornfully. "Kill Madame de Montfort. Absurd! You could not. It was impossible for a girl like you to kill any one," he cried in broken sentences. "How could you do such a thing, Leam, and not be found out? Silly child! you are raving."

"I put poison into the bottle, and she died," said Leam in a half whisper.

"Leam! you a murderess!"

She quivered at the word, at the tone of loathing, of abhorrence, of almost terror, in which he said it, but she held her terrible ground. She had begun her martyrdom, her agony of atonement for the sake of truth and love, and she must go through now to the end. "Yes," she said, "I am a murderess. Now you know all, and why you must not love me."

"I cannot believe you," he pleaded helplessly. "It is too horrible. My darling, say that you have told me this to try me—that it is not true, and that you are still my own, my very own, my pure and sinless Leam."

He knelt at her feet, clasping her waist. He was not of those who, like Alick, could bear the sin of the beloved as the sacrifice of pride, of self, of soul to that love. He himself might be stained from head to heel with the soil of sin, but his wife must be, as has been said, without flaw or blemish, immaculate and free from fault. Any lapse, involving the loss of repute should it ever be made public, would have been the death-knell of his hopes, the requiem of his love; but such an infamy as this! If true it was only too final.

"Oh, no! no! do not do that," cried Leam, trying to unclasp his hands. "Do not kneel to me. I ought to kneel to you," she added with a little cry that struck with more than pity to Edgar's heart, and that nearly broke her down for so much relaxing of the strain, so much yielding to her grief, as it included.

"Leam, tell me you are joking—tell me that you did not do this awful thing," he cried again, his handsome face, blanched and drawn, upturned to her in agony.

She put her hands over her eyes. "I cannot lie to you," she said. "And I must not degrade you. Do not touch me: I am not good enough to be touched by you."

He loosened his arms, and she shrank from him almost as if she faded away.

"Why did you deceive me?" he groaned. "You should not have let me love you, knowing the truth."



“I did not know that you loved me, or that I loved you, till that night,” she pleaded piteously. “If I had known I would have prevented it. I have told you as soon as I remembered.”

“You have broken my heart,” he cried, flinging himself on the sofa, his face buried in the cushions. And then, strong man as he was, a brave soldier and an English country gentleman, he burst into a passion of tears that shook him as the storm had shaken the earth last night—tears that were the culmination of his agony, not its relief.



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Leam stood by him as pale as the shattered lilies in the garden. What could she do? How could she comfort him? Tainted and dishonored, she dared not even lay her hand on his—her infamous and murderous hand, and he so pure and noble! Neither could she pray for him, nor yet for herself. Pray? to whom? To God? God had turned His face away from her, even as her lover had now turned away his: He was angry with her, and still unappeased. She dared not pray to Him, and He would not hear her if she did. The saints were no longer the familiar and parental deities, grave and helpful, to whom she could refer all her sorrows and perplexities, as in earlier times, sure of speedy succor. The teaching of the later days had destroyed the simple fetichism of childhood; and now—afraid of God, by whom she was unforgiven; the saints swept out of her spiritual life like those mist-wreaths of morning which were once taken for solid towers and impregnable fortresses; the Holy Mother vanished with the rest; all spiritual help a myth, all spiritual consolation gone—how could she pray? Lonely as her life had been since mamma died, it had never been so lonely as now, when she felt that God had abandoned her, and that she had sacrificed her lover to her sense of truth and honor and what was due to his nobility.

She stood by him and watched his passionate outburst with anguish infinitely more intense than his own. To have caused him this sorrow was worse than to have endured it for herself. There was no sacrifice of self that she could not have made for his good. Spaniard as she was, she would have been above jealousy if another woman would have made him happier than she; and if her death would have given him gain or joy, she would have died for him as another would have lived. Yet it was she, and she only, who was causing him this pain, who was destroying his happiness and breaking his heart.

She dared not speak nor move. It took all the strength she drew from silence to keep her from breaking into a more terrible storm of grief than even that into which he had fallen. She dared not make a sign, but simply stood there, doing her best to bear her heavy burden to the end. The only feeling that she had for herself was that it was cruel not to let her die, and why did not mute anguish kill her?

For the rest, she knew that she had done the thing that was right, however hard. It was not fitting that she should be his wife; and it was better that he should suffer for the moment than be degraded for all time by association with one so shameful, so dishonored, as herself.

Presently, Edgar cleared his eyes and lifted up his face. He was angry with himself for this unmanly burst of feeling, and because angry with himself disposed for the moment to be hard on her. She was standing there in exactly the same spot and just the same attitude as before, her head a little bent, her hands twined in each other, her eyes with the pleading, frightened look of confession turned timidly to him; but as he raised himself from the sofa, pushing back his hair and striding to the window as if to hide the fact of his having shed tears, she turned her eyes to the floor. She was beginning to

feel now that she must not even look at him. The gulf that separated them, dug by her own ineffaceable crime, was so deep, the distance so wide!



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A painful silence fell between them: then Edgar, not looking at her, said in a constrained voice, "I will keep your dreadful secret, Leam, sacredly for ever. You feel sure of that, I hope. But, as you say, we must part. I do not pretend to be better than other men, but I could not take as my wife one who had been guilty of such an awful crime as this."

"No," said Leam, her parched lips scarcely able to form a word at all.

"Your secret will be safe with me," he repeated.

She did not reply. In giving up himself she had given up all that made life lovely, and the refuse might as well go as not.

"But we must part."

"Yes," said Leam.

He turned back to the window, desperately troubled. He did really love her, passionately, sincerely. He longed at this very moment to take her in his arms and tell her that he would accept her crime if only he might have herself. Had he not been the master of the Hill and a Harrowby he would have done so, but the master of the Hill and the head of the house of Harrowby had a character to maintain and a social ideal to keep pure. He could not bring into such a home as his, present to his mother as her daughter, to his sisters as their sister, a girl who by her own confession was a murderess—a girl who, if the law had its due, would be hanged by the neck in the precincts of the county jail till she was dead. He might have been sinful enough in his own life, in the ordinary way of men—and truly there were passages in his past that would scarcely bear the light—but what were the worst of his misdemeanors compared with this awful crime? No: he must resolutely crush the last lingering impulse of tenderness, and leave her to work through her own tribulation, as he also must work through his.

"But we must part," he said for a third time.

Her lips quivered. She did not answer, only bent her head in sign of acquiescence.

"It is hard to say it, harder still to do; and I who loved you so dearly!" cried Edgar with the angry despair of a man forced against himself to give up his desire.

She put up her hands. "Don't!" she said with a sharp cry. "I cannot bear to hear about your love."

He gave a sudden sob. Her love for him was very precious to him—his for her very strong.



“Why did you tell me?” he then said. “And yet you did the right thing to tell me: I was wrong to say that. It was good of you, Leam—noble, like yourself.”

“I love you. That is not being noble,” she answered slowly and with infinite pathos. “I could not have deceived you after I remembered.”

“You are too noble to deceive,” he said, holding out his hand.

Leam turned away. “I am not fit to touch your hand,” she said, the very pride of contrition in her voice—pride for him, if humiliation for herself.

“For this once,” he pleaded.

“I am unworthy,” she answered.



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At this moment little Fina came jumping into the room. She had in her hand a rose-colored scarf that had once been poor madame's, and which the nurse, turning out an old box of hers, had found and given to the child.

After she had kissed Edgar, played with his *breloques*, looked at the works of his watch, plaited his beard into three strings, and done all that she generally did in the way of welcome, she shook out the gauze scarf over her dress.

"This was mamma's—my own mamma's," she said. "Leam will never tell me about mamma: you tell me, Major Harrowby," coaxingly.

"I cannot: I did not know her," said Edgar in an altered voice, while Leam looked as if her judgment had come, but bore it as she had borne all the rest, resolutely.

"I want to hear about mamma, and who killed her," pouted Fina.

"Hush, Fina," said Leam in an agony: "you must not talk."

"You always say that, Leam, when I want to hear about mamma," was the child's petulant reply.

"Go away now, dear little Fina," said Edgar, who felt all that Leam must feel at these inopportune words, and who, moreover, weak as he was in this direction, was longing for one last caress.

"I will go and send her nurse," said Leam, half staggering to the door.

Had anything been wanting to show her the impossibility of their marriage, this incident of Fina's random but incisive words would have been enough.

"Leam! not one word more?" he asked as he stood against the door, holding the handle in his hand.

"No," she said hopelessly. "What words can we have together?"

"And we are parting like this, and for ever?"

"For ever. Yes, it has to be for ever," she answered almost mechanically.

"Leam, why did you love me?" he cried, taking her hands in his and keeping them.

"How could I help it? Who would not love you?" she answered.

Again he gave a sudden heavy sob, and again the poor pale, tortured face reflected the pain it witnessed.



“Good-bye!” she then said, drawing her hands from his. “Remember only, when you blame me, that I told you, not to let you be degraded. And forgive me before I die, for I loved you—ah, better than my own life!”

With a sudden impulse she stooped forward, took back his right hand in both of hers, pressed it to her bosom, kissed it passionately again and again, then turned with one faint, half-suppressed moan, and left him. And as he heard her light feet cross the hall, wearily, heavily, as the feet of a mourner dragging by the grave of the beloved, he knew that his dream of love was over. But, with the strange satire of the senses in moments of sorrow, noting ever the most trivial things, Edgar noted specially the powerful perfume of a spray of lemon-plant which she bruised as she pressed his hand against her breast.

That evening Edgar Harrowby went down to the rectory. He was strong enough in physique and in some phases of will, but he was not strong all through, and he had never been able to face unassisted the first desolation of a love-disappointment.



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Adelaide, in a picturesque dress and her most becoming mood, welcomed him with careful cordiality as a prodigal whose husks, clinging about his coat, were to be handled tenderly as if they were pearls. She saw that something was gravely wrong, and she grasped the line of connection if she did not understand the issue; but, mindful of the doctrine of letting well alone—also of that of catching a heart at the rebound—she made no allusion in the beginning, but let her curiosity gnaw her like the Spartan boy's fox without making a sign. At last, however, her curiosity became impatience, and her impatience conquered her reserve. She was clever in her generation and fairly self-controlled, but she was only a woman, after all.

"And when did you see that eccentric little lady, Miss Leam?" she asked with a smile—not a bitter smile, merely one of careless amusement, as if Leam was acknowledged to be a comical subject of conversation and one naturally provoking a smile.

"Dear Adelaide," said Edgar, not looking at her, but speaking with unusual earnestness, "do not speak ill of Leam Dundas—neither to me nor to any one else. I ask it as a favor."

Adelaide turned pale. "Tell me only one thing, Edgar: are you going to marry her?" she asked, her manner as earnest as his own, but with a different meaning.

"No. Marry her? Good God, no!" was his vehement reply. Then more tenderly: "But for all that do not speak ill of her. Will you promise, dear, good friend?"

"Yes, I will promise," she answered with what was for her fervor and a sudden look of intense relief. "I never will again, Edgar; and I am sorry if I have hurt you at any time by what I may have said. I did not mean to do so."

"No, I know you did not. I can appreciate your motives, and they were good," Edgar answered with emotion; and then their two pairs of fine blue eyes met, and both pairs were moist.

This was just at the moment when Leam, pale, rigid as a statue, thickly veiled, and holding a box in her hand, met Mr. Gryce in Steel's Wood, he having gone to catch such rare specimens of sleeping lepidoptera as the place afforded and his eyes could discern.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

BLOTTED OUT.

Gone! no one knew where. Gone in the night like a falling star, like a passing cloud—gone and left no trace, vanished like the sunshine of yesterday or the flowers of last spring! No one knew what had become of her, and no one knew where to look for her;

for the sole information gathered by the scared neighbors was, that Leam Dundas was missing and no one had seen her go.



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She was thought by some to have simply run away after the manner of undisciplined youth aiming at mock heroism; but where, or with whom? for, said the keen-eyed women and large-mouthed men, incredulous of maiden meditation fancy free, a pretty young thing of nineteen would never have left her comfortable home, her father, friends and good name, without some lover stirring in the matter. And this lover was just the missing link not to be found anywhere. Others said she had drowned herself; but here, again, Why? Young girls do not give up their precious freight of hope in love and present joy in youth for a trifling ailment or a temporary annoyance. And nothing worse than either could have befallen Leam, said the reasoners, putting their little twos and twos together and totting up the items with the serene accuracy of spiritual arithmeticians, dealing with human emotion as if it was a sum in long division which any schoolboy could calculate.

Edgar Harrowby, however, who came forward manfully enough to say when and where—if not how—he had last seen Miss Dundas, leant to the side of the believers in suicide, and on his own responsibility ordered the Broad to be dragged. Which looked ugly, said a few of the rasher spirits in the village, cherishing suspicion of their betters as the birthright which had never had a chance of being bartered for a mess of pottage; while the more contemptuous, critical after the event, gave it as their opinion that the major had a bee in his bonnet somewhere, for what gentleman in his seven sane senses would have looked for such a mare's nest as Miss Leam Dundas lying among the bulrushes of the Broad? Drowned herself? No: it was no drowning of herself that had come to little miss, be sure of that.

What, however, had come to her no one knew. The fact only was certain: she had gone, and no one had met her coming or seen her going, and for all trace left she might as well have melted into air like one of the fairy women of romance. To be sure, the servants had heard her in her room in the early evening, and she had refused the tea which they had brought her, and told them, through the closed door, that she wanted nothing more that night. So they left her to herself, supposing her to be in one of her queer moods, to which they were used to give but scant heed, and not thinking more about her. The next morning she was missing, but when she had gone was as dark as where.

The discovery, later in the day, that certain effects, such as her mother's dressing-case and a few personal necessities of daily use, were gone too, seemed to dispose effectually of the theory of suicide; though what remained, a lover, companion of her flight, being wanting? It was a strange thing altogether, and the country was alive with wild theories and wild reports. But in a few days a letter from Mr. Dundas to the rector, and another to Edgar, set the question of self-destruction at rest, though also they gave loose to other energies of conjecture, for in both he said, "No harm has come to her, and I am content to let her remain where she has elected to place herself."



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As it was just this *where* which tormented the folk with the sense of mystery and made them eager for news, the father's meagre explanation—which, in point of fact, was no explanation at all—was not found very satisfactory, and a few hard words were said of Mr. Dundas, his reserve to the world being taken for the same thing as indifference to his daughter, and resented as an offence. But for the third time in his life Sebastian was found capable of maintaining this impenetrable reserve. Pepita's true status in her own country—madame's suspicious debts and those damaging letters from London—Leam's hiding-place: he had had strength enough to keep his own counsel about the first two unbroken, and now he betrayed no more about this last. It may as well be said that for this he had sufficient reason. Leam, who had confessed her crime, and announced her intention of flight and of hiding herself where no one should find her again, had not told him more than these bare bones of the story. And he did not care to know more. The skeleton was horrible enough as it stood: he was by no means inclined to clothe it with the flesh of detail, still less to follow his erring child to her place of exile. He was content that she should be blotted out. It was the sole reparation that she could make.

This sudden disappearance ended the foreign tour which had been Josephine's sweetest anticipations of the honeymoon, for Mr. Dundas turned back for home at once, intending to put up Ford House for sale and leave the place for ever. He was ashamed to live at North Aston, he said, after Leam's extraordinary conduct, her shameful, shameless *esclandre*, which—said Josephine to her own people, weeping—she supposed was due to her, the poor little thing not liking her for a stepmother.

"Though, indeed, she need not have been afraid," said the good creature effusively, "for I had intended to be kindness itself to the poor dear girl."

And when she said this, Mrs. Harrowby who never failed an opportunity for moral cautery, remarked dryly, "In all probability it is as well as it is, Josephine. You would have been very uncomfortable with her, and would have been sure to have spoiled her. And, as Adelaide Birkett always says, very sensibly, she is odd enough already. She need not be made more so."

Maria threw out a doubt as to whether Mr. Dundas had heard from Leam at all. It was not like Sebastian to be so close, she said; but Josephine assured her that he had, and bridled a little at the vapory insinuation that Sebastian was not perfect. She detailed the whole circumstance with all the facts fully fringed and feathered. He had received the letter just as they were preparing to go to the Louvre, but he had not shown it to her, and she had not asked to see it. She saw, though, that he was much agitated when he read it, but he had put it in his pocket, and when she looked for it it was not there. All that he had said was, "Leam has left home, Josephine, and we must go back at once." Of course she had not asked questions, she said with a pleasant little assumption of wifely submission. Her search in her husband's pockets was only what might have been expected from the average woman, but the wifely submission was special.



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For this curtailment of their sister's enjoyment Maria and Fanny judged Leam almost more severely than for any other delinquency involved in her flight. They spoke as if she had planned it purposely to vex her father and his bride in their honeymoon and deprive them of their lawful pleasure; but Josephine never blamed her as they did, and when they were most bitter cast in her little words of soothing and excused her with more zeal than evidence—excused her sometimes to the point of making her sisters angry with her and inclined to accuse her of her old failing, meek-spiritedness carried to the verge of self-abasement.

But the one who suffered most of all those left to lament or to wonder was poor Alick Corfield. It was a misery to see him with his hollow cheeks and haggard eyes, like an animal that has been hunted into lone places, terrified and looking for a way of escape, or like a dog that has lost its master. He tried every method known to him to gain information of her directly or indirectly, but Mr. Dundas, ignorant himself, had only to guard that ignorance from breaking out. As for knowledge, he could not give what he did not possess, and the terrible thing that he did know he was not likely to let appear.

One day when the poor fellow broke down, as was not unusual with him when asking about Leam—and Mr. Dundas read him like a book, all save that one black page where the beloved name stood inscribed in letters of his own heart's blood between the words "crime" and "murder"—with a woman's liking for saying pleasant things which soothed those who heard them, and did no hurt to those who said them save for the insignificant manner in which falsehood hurts the soul, Sebastian, laying his hand kindly on the poor fellow's angular shoulder, said, "I am sorry to know as much as I do, Alick. There is no one to whom I would have given her so readily as to you, my dear boy. Indeed, it was always one of my hopes for the future, poor misguided child! and I can see that it was yours too. Ah, how I grieve that it is impossible!"

"Why impossible?" asked Alick, who had the faculty of faith, his pale face flushing.

Mr. Dundas turned white. A look not so much of pain as of abhorrence came into his face. "Impossible!" he said vehemently. "I would not curse my greatest enemy with my daughter's hand."

Alick felt his blood run cold. What did he mean? Did he know all, or was he speaking only with the angry feeling of a man who had been disappointed and annoyed? There was a short pause. Then said Alick, looking straight into Sebastian's eyes and speaking very slowly, but with not too much emphasis, "I would hold myself blessed with her as my wife had she even committed murder."

Mr. Dundas started perceptibly. "Oh," he answered after a moment's hesitation, with a forced and sickly kind of smile, "a silly girl's wrong-headedness does not reach quite so far as that. She has done wrong, miserably wrong, but between withdrawing herself from her father's house and committing such a crime as murder there is rather a wide

difference. All the same, I am disgraced by her folly," angrily, "and I will not let any one—not even you, Alick—know where she is."



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“That is cruel to those who love her,” pleaded Alick, his eyes filling with tears.

“If cruel it is necessary,” said Mr. Dundas.

“But she must need friends about her now more than she ever did,” urged Alick. “Tell me at least where to find her, that I may do what I can to console her.”

Mr. Dundas shook his head. “No,” he said sternly, “She is dead to me, and shall be dead to my friends. She is blotted out from my love, and I will blot her out from my memory; and no one’s persuasions can bring back what is effaced. Now, my dear boy, let us understand one another. I have surprised your secret: you love my daughter, and had she been worthy of you I would have given her to you more willingly than to any one I know. But she herself has fixed the gulf between us, which I will not pass nor help any one else to pass. Learn to look on her as dead, for she is dead to me, to you, to the world.”

“Never to me,” cried Alick. “While she lives she must be always to me what she has been from the first day I saw her. Whatever she has done, I shall always love her as much as I do now.”

“You are faithful,” replied Sebastian, “but trust me, boy, no woman that ever lived was worth so much fidelity. I will protect you against your own wish, and be your friend in spite of yourself. You shall not know where she is, and you shall not throw yourself away on her. As she has elected to be effaced, she shall be effaced—blotted out for ever.”

“Then I will consecrate my life to finding her,” cried Alick warmly.

Mr. Dundas shrugged his shoulders. “Who can persuade a willful man against his folly?” he said coldly. “You are following a marsh-light, my boy, and if you do find it you will only be landed in a bog.”

“If I find her I shall have found my reward,” Alick answered with boyish fervor. “It will be happiness enough for me if I can bring back one smile to her face or lighten one hour of its sorrow.”

“Let well alone,” said Mr. Dundas; but Alick answered, “Not till it is well; and God will help me.”

Whereupon the interview ended, and Alick left the house, feeling something as one of the knights of old might have felt when he had vowed himself to the quest of the Holy Grail.

When Mr. Dundas came home, naturally the families called, as in duty bound and by inclination led. Excitement concerning Ford House was at its height, for there were two



things to keep it alive—the one to see how the bride and bridegroom looked, the other to try and pick up something definite about Leam. And among the rest came Mr. Gryce, with his floating white locks falling about his bland cherubic face, his mild blue eyes with their trick of turning red on small provocation, and his lisping manner of speech, ingenuous, interrogatory, and knowing nothing when interrogated in his turn—somehow gleaming full ears wherever he passed, and dropping not even a solitary stalk of straw in return. He expressed his sorrow that he had not seen lately his young friend, Miss Dundas.



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"In my secluded life," he said, his eyelids reddening, "she is like a beautiful bird that flashes through the dull sky for a moment, but leaves the atmosphere brighter than before." He glanced round the room as if looking for her. "I hope she is well?" he added, not attempting to conceal a certain accent of disappointment at her absence.

"Quite well when I heard from her," answered Mr. Dundas, doing his best to speak without embarrassment.

Mr. Gryce turned his face in frank astonishment on the speaker. "Ah! She is from home, then?" he asked.

"Yes," said Mr. Dundas curtly.

"I had not heard," lisped the tenant of Lionnet. "But I myself have been from home for a few days, and have just returned. Though, indeed, present or absent, I know very little of my neighbors' doings, as you may see. I did not even know that Miss Dundas was from home."

"Yet it was pretty widely talked about," said Mr. Dundas, with a certain suspicious glance at the cherubic face smiling innocently into his.

"Doubtless the absence of Miss Dundas must have caused a gap," replied Mr. Gryce, "but you see, as I said, I have been away myself, and when I am at home I do not gossip."

"Have—Where have you been?" asked Mr. Dundas abruptly, with that sudden glance as suddenly withdrawn which tells of a half-formed suspicion neither dwelt on nor clearly made out.

"To Paris," said Mr. Gryce demurely. "I went to see—"

"Oh! you went to see Notre Dame and La Madeleine of course," interrupted Sebastian satirically.

"No," answered Mr. Gryce with a cherubic smile. "Strange to say, I had business connected with that odd drama of *Le Sphinx*."

There was not much more talk after this, and Mr. Gryce soon took his leave, desiring to be most respectfully remembered to Miss Dundas when her father next wrote, and to say that he was keeping some pretty specimens of moths for her on her return; both of which messages Sebastian promised to convey at the earliest opportunity, improvising a counter-remark of Leam's which he was sorry he could not remember accurately, but it was something about butterflies and Mr. Gryce, though what it was he could not positively say.



“Never mind: I will take the will for the deed,” said the naturalist as he smiled himself through the doorway.

And when he had gone Josephine declared that she did not care if he never came again: there was something she did not like about him. Pushed for a reason by her husband, who always assumed a logical and masculine tone to her, she had not one to produce, but she stumbled as if by chance on the word “sinister,” which was just what Mr. Gryce was not. So Sebastian made her go into the library for the dictionary and hunt up the word through all its derivations, and thus proved to her incontestably that she was ignorant of the English language and of human nature in about equal proportions.



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It was soon remarked at the post-office that no letter addressed to Miss Dundas ever left North Aston, and that none came to Mr. Dundas or any one else in the queer, cramped handwriting which experience had taught Mrs. Pepper, post-mistress as well as the keeper of the village general shop, carried the sentiments of Leam Dundas. This caused a curious little buzz in the lower parts of the hive when Mrs. Pepper mentioned it to her friends and gossips; but as no fire can live without fresh fuel, and as nothing whatever was heard of Leam to stimulate curiosity or set new tales afloat, by degrees her name dropped out of the daily discussions of the place, and she was no longer interesting, because she had become used up and talked out.

Only, Mr. Gryce wrote more frequently than had been his wont to Miss Gryce at Windy Brow in Cumberland—conjectured to be his sister; and only, Alick never ceased in his attempts to discover where his lost queen was hidden, though these attempts had hitherto been hopelessly baffled, partly because he had not an inch of foothold whence to make his first spring, nor the thinnest clew to tell him which path to take.

And as a purchaser, the final cause of whose existence seemed to have been the unquestioning possession of Ford House, came suddenly on the scene and took the whole thing as it stood, Sebastian and his wife left the place, taking Fina with them, and migrated to Paris to finish their interrupted honeymoon. So now it was supposed that the last link connecting Leam with North Aston was broken, and that she was indeed blotted out and for ever.

True love is faithful, and Alick Corfield's love was true. Had all the world forsaken her, he would have remained immovable in his old place and attitude of devotion—the one fixed idea always possessing him to find her in her retreat and restore her to self-respect and happiness by his undying love. But how to find her? All sorts of mad projects passed through his brain, but mad projects need some methods, and methods in harmony with existing conditions, if they are to bring success; and Alick's vague resolves to go out and look for her had no more meaning in them than the random moves of a bad chessplayer.

Had Sir Lancelot lived at the present time, he would have gone to Camelot by express, like meaner souls; and had Sir Galahad set out on his quest in the latter half of the nineteenth century, he would have either advertised in the newspapers or have employed a detective for the first part of his undertaking. So, had Alick gone to Scotland Yard and taken the police into his confidence, Leam would have been found in less than a week; but as he shrank from bringing her into contact with the force mainly associated with crime, he was left to his own devices unassisted, and these devices ended only in constantly-recurring disappointment, and consequent increase of sorrow.

His sorrow indeed was so great, and told on him so heavily, that every one said he was going to die. He had been left thin and gaunt enough by his illness, but distress of mind, coupled with weakness of body, reduced him to a kind of sketchy likeness of Don

Quixote—his pure soul and honest nature the only beautiful things about him—while his mother’s heart was as nearly broken as his own.



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CHAPTER XXXIX.

WINDY BROW.

While North Aston was employing its time in wondering, and Alick Corfield was breaking his heart in sorrowing, Leam was doing battle with her despair and distress at Windy Brow—doing the best she could to keep her senses clear and to live through the penance which she had inflicted on herself.

So far, Mrs. Pepper's conclusions, based on a badly-gummed envelope, were right: Miss Gryce of Windy Brow was the sister of Mr. Gryce of Lionnet, though even Mrs. Pepper did not know that Leam Dundas, under the name of Leonora Darley, was living with her.

It is not the most obvious agents that are the most influential. The greatest things in Nature are the work of the smallest creatures, and our lives are manipulated far more by unseen influences, known only to ourselves, than by those patent to the world. In all North Aston, Mr. Gryce was the man who had apparently the least hold on the place and the slightest connection with the people. He had come there by accident and by choice lived in retirement, though also by choice he had not been there a month before he knew all there was to be known of every individual for miles round. The merest chances had made him personally acquainted with Sebastian Dundas—those chances his tenancy of Lionnet and the slight attack of fever which called forth his landlord's sentiment and pity. Through the father he came to know the daughter, when the prying curiosity of his nature, his liking for secret influence and concealed action, together with the kind heart at bottom, and his real affection for the girl whose confidence he had partly forced and partly won, threw the whole secret into his hands and made him master of the situation—the keeper of the seal set against the writings whom no one suspected of complicity. This was exactly the kind of thing he liked, and the kind of thing that suited him, human mole, born detective and conspirator as he was.

When Leam met him in the wood on the evening of her confession to Edgar, she met him with the deliberate intention of confessing her fearful secret to him too, and of asking him to help her to escape, like the friend which he had promised he would be. She knew that it was impossible for her now to live at North Aston, and the sole desire she had was to be blotted out, as she had been.

There was no excitement about her, no feverish exaltation that would burn itself cold before twenty-four hours were over—only the dead dreariness of heartbreak, the tenacious resolution of despair. She neither wept nor wrung her hands, but quiet, pale, rigid, she told her terrible story in the low and level tones in which a Greek Fate might have spoken, as sad and as immutable. She had sinned, and now had made such

atonement as she could by confession—to her lover to save him from pollution, to her father to cancel his obligations to her, to her friend to



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be helped in her lifelong penance. This done, she had strengthened herself to bear all that might come to her with that resignation of remorse which demands no rights and inherits no joys. She was not one of those emotional half-hearted creatures who resolve one day, break down the next, and drift always. For good and evil alike she had the power to hold where she had gripped and to maintain what she had undertaken; and even her life at Windy Brow did not shake her.

And that life might well have shaken both a stronger mind and even a more resolute will than hers.

A square stone house of eight rooms, set on a bleak fell-side where the sun never shone, where no fruits ripened, no flowers bloomed and no trees grew, save here and there a dwarfed and twisted thorn covered with pale gray lichen and bent by the wind into painful deformity of growth—a house which had no garden, only a strip of rank, coarse grass before the windows, with a potato-patch and kail-yard to the side; where was no adornment within or without, no beauty of color, no softness of line, merely a rugged, lonesome, square stone tent set up on a mountain-spur, as it would seem for the express reception of tortured penitents not seeking to soften sorrow,—this was Windy Brow, the patrimony of the Gryces, where Keziah, Emmanuel's eldest sister, lived and had lived these sixty years and more.

The house stood alone. Monk Grange, the hamlet to which it geographically belonged—a place as bleak and bare as itself, and which seemed to have been flung against the fell-foot as if a brick-layer's hodman had pitched the hovels at haphazard anyhow—was two good miles away, and the market-town, to be got at only by crossing a dangerous moor, was nine miles off—as far as Sherrington from North Aston.

The few poor dwellers in Monk Grange had little to do with the market-town. They lived mostly on what they managed to raise and rear among themselves—holding braxy mutton good enough for feast-days, and oatmeal porridge all the year round the finest food for men and bairns alike. As for the gudewives' household necessaries, they were got by the carrier who passed once a fortnight on their road; and for the rest, if aught was wanting more than that which they had, they did without, and, according to the local saying, “want was t' master.”

Society of a cultured kind there was none. The clergyman was an old man little if it all superior to the flock to which he ministered. He was a St. Bees man, the son of a handloom weaver, speaking broad Cumberland and hopelessly “dished” by a hard word in the Bible. He was fond of his glass, and was to be found every day of his life from three to nine at the Blucher, smoking a clay pipe and drinking rum and milk. He had never married, but he was by no means an ascetic in his morals, as more than one buxom wench in his parish had proved; and in all respects he was an anachronism, the

like of which is rare now among the fells and dales, though at one time it was the normal type for the clergy of the remoter North Country districts.



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This old sinner—Priest Wilson as he was called—and Miss Gryce of Windy Brow represented the wealth and intellect of a place which was at the back of everything, out of the highway of life and untouched by the progress of history or science. And the one was not very much superior to the other save in moral cleanliness; which, however, counts for something.

If North Aston had said with a sniff that Mr. Gryce was not thoroughbred, what would have been its verdict on Sister Keziah? He at least had rubbed off some of the native fell-side mould by rolling about foreign parts, gathering experience if not moss, and becoming rich in knowledge if not in guineas; but Keziah, who had spent the last twenty years of her life in close attendance on a paralytic old mother, had stiffened as she stood, and the local mould encrusting her was very thick. Nevertheless, she too had a good heart if a rough hand, and, though eccentric almost to insanity, as one so often finds with people living out of the line and influence of public opinion, yet was as sound at the core as she was rude and odd in the husk.

She was a small woman, lean, wrinkled, and with a curious mixture of primness and slovenliness in her dress. She wore a false front, which she called a topknot, the small, crimped, deep-brown mohair curls of which were bound about her forehead with a bit of black velvet ribbon, while gray hairs straggled from underneath to make the patent sham more transparent still; and over her topknot she wore a rusty black cap that enclosed the keen monkeyish face like a ruff. Her every-day gown was one of coarse brown camlet, any number of years old, darned and patched till it was like a Joseph's coat; and the Rob Roy tartan shawl which she pinned across her bosom hid a state of dilapidation which even she did not care should be seen. She wore a black stuff apron full of fine tones from fruit-stains and fire-scorchings; and she took snuff.

She was reputed to be worth a mort of money, and she had saved a goodly sum. It would have been more had she had the courage to invest it; but she had a profound distrust of all financial speculations—had not Emmanuel lost his share by playing at knucklebones with it in the City?—and she was not the fool to follow my leader into the mire. For her part, she put her trust in teapots and stockings, with richer hoards wrapped in rags and sewn up in the mattress, and here a few odd pounds under the rice and there a few hidden in the coffee. That was her idea of a banking account, and she held it to be the best there was.

“Don't lend your hat,” she used to say, “and then you'll not have to go bareheaded.” And sometimes, talking of loans on securities, she would take a pinch of snuff and say she “reckoned nowt of that man who locked his own granary door and gave another man the key.”



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To all appearance, she lived only to scrape and hoard, moivering away her loveless life on the futile energies and sordid aims of a miser's wretched pleasures. But every now and then she had risen up out of the slough into which she had gradually sunk, and had done some grand things that marked her name with so many white stones. While she gloried in her skill in filching from the pig what would serve the chickens, in making Jenny go short to save to-day's baking of havre-bread, in skimping Tim's bowl of porridge—his appetite being a burden on her estate which she often declared would break her—she had more than once given a hundred pounds at a blow to build a raft for a poor drowning wretch who must otherwise have sunk. In fact, she was one of those people who are small with the small things of life and great with the great—who will grudge a daily dole of a few threshed-out stalks of straw, but who sometimes, when rightly touched, will shower down with both hands full sheaves of golden grain. That is, she had mean aims, a bad temper, no imagination, but the capacity for pity and generosity on occasions.

Above all things, she hated to be put out of the way or intruded on. When her brother Emmanuel came down on her without a word of warning, bringing a girl with eyes that, as she said, made her feel foolish to look at, and a manner part scared, part stony, and wholly unconformable, telling her to keep this precious-bit madam like a bale of goods till called for, and to do the best with it she could, she was justified, she said, in splurging against his thoughtlessness and want of consideration, taking a body like that all of a heap, without *With your leave* or *By your leave*, or giving one a chance of saying *Yes I will*, or *No I won't*.

But though she splurged she gave way; and after she had fumed and fussed, heckled the maid and harried the man, said she didn't see as how she could, and she didn't think as how she would, sworn there was no bedding fit to use, and that she had no place for the things—apples and onions chiefly—that were in the spare room if she gave it up for the young lass's use, she seemed to quiet down, and going over to Leam, standing mutely by the black-boarded fireplace, put on her spectacles, peered up into her face, and said in shrill tones, rasping as a saw, though she meant to be kind, "Ah, well! I suppose it must be; so go your ways up stairs with Jenny, bairn, and make yourself at home. It's little I have for a fine young miss like you to play with, but what I have you're welcome to; so make no bones about it: d'ye hear?"

"But I am in your way," said Leam, not moving. "You do not want me?"

Miss Gryce laughed. "Want ye?" she shouted. "Want ye, do you say? Nay, nay, honey, it was no wanting of you or your marras that would ever have given me a headache, I'll ensure ye. But now that you are here you can bide as long as you've a mind; and you're welcome kindly. And Emmanuel there knows that my word is as good as my bond, and what I say I mean."



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“Am I to stay?” asked Leam, turning to Mr. Gryce with a certain forced humility which showed how much it cost her to submit.

“Yes,” he answered, less cheerfully and more authoritatively than was his manner at North Aston, speaking without a lisp and with a full Cumberland accent. “It is the best thing I can do for you—all I have to offer.”

To which Leam bent her sad head with pathetic patience—pathetic indeed to those who knew the proud spirit that it reported broken and humbled for ever. Following the red-armed, touzled, ragged maid to the dingy cabin that was to be her room, she left her friend to explain to his sister, so far as he chose and could, the necessity under which he found himself of leaving his adopted daughter, Leonora Darley, in her care for a week or two, until such time as he should return and claim her.

“Your adopted daughter? God bless my soul, man! but you are the daftest donnet I ever saw on two legs!” cried Keziah, snatching up the coarse gray knitting which was the sole unanchored circumstance in the room and casting off her heel viciously. “What call had you to adopt a daughter—you with never a wife to mother her nor a house of your own to take her to? For I reckon nowt of your furnished houses here and your beggarly apartments there, as you know. And now you can do nothing better than bring her here to fash the life out of me before the week’s over! But that’s always the way with you men. You talk precious big, but it’s mighty little you put your hands to; and when you hack out yokes for which you get a deal of praise, you take care not to bear them on your own backs. It’s us women who have to do that.”

“One would have supposed you would have liked a pretty young thing like that in the house. You are lonesome enough here, and it makes a little life,” said Emmanuel quietly.

He knew his sister Keziah, and that she must have her head when the talking fit was on her.

“A pretty young thing like that!” she repeated scornfully. “Lord love you, born cuddy as you are! What’s her good looks to me, I wonder, but a pound spent on a looking-glass, and Jenny taken off her work to make cakes and butter-sops for her dainty teeth? We’ll have all the men-folk too havering round to see which of ’em may have the honor of ruining himself for my fine lady. And I’ll not have it, I tell ye. I’ll not have my house turned into a fair, with madam there as the show. Life! what do I want with ‘life’ about me, or you either, Emmanuel? I’ve got my right foot in the grave, and I reckon yours is not far off; and what we’ve both got to do now is to see that we make a good ending for our souls.”

“At all events, you don’t refuse to take her for a week or two?” asked Emmanuel innocently.



“Did I say I refused? Did I send her up stairs as the nighest road to the street-door?” retorted his sister with disdain. “Did I not tell you, as plain as tongue could speak, that she is welcome to her bit and sup, and I’ll pass the time away for her in the best way I can, though bad is the best, I reckon?”



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“Well, well, you are a good body,” said her brother.

“Ay,” she answered, “I am good enough when I jump your way. But tell me, Emmanuel,” changing from the disdain of the superior creature holding forth on high matters to the inferior to the familiar gossip of the natural woman, “what’s to do with her? It’s as plain as a pike-staff that something is troubling her, and maybe it will be some of your love nonsense? for it’s mainly that as fashes the lasses. Good Lord! I’m thankful I was never hindered that way.”

“Yes,” said Mr. Gryce, “she has had what you women call a disappointment; and,” speaking with unusual energy, “the man was a fool and a coward, and she has had a lucky escape.”

“Say ye? If so, then there is no call for her to carry on,” said Keziah philosophically. “But the poor bairn’s looking wantle enough now, though I warrant me the fell-side air will brisk her up in no time.”

“I hope it will,” said her brother.

“What does she eat, now? You see, now I’ve got the lass on my hands, I cannot hunger her,” said Keziah. “Not that I can give her dainties and messes,” she added hastily, the miser’s cloak suddenly covering the woman’s heart. “She’ll have to take what we get, and be thankful for her meat. Still, it’s as well to know what a body’s been accustomed to when they come like this, all of a heap.”

“Don’t fash yourself about her,” answered Emmanuel. “Do what you can—that you will, I know—but leave her to herself: that’s the way for her. She’s an odd little body, and the least said the soonest mended with Leam.”

“With who, d’ye say?” asked Keziah sharply.

“Lean—Leonora,” said Emmanuel cherubically.

“Well, I wouldn’t call a daughter of mine after old Pharaoh’s kine,” snapped Keziah with supreme scorn; and at that moment Leam came into the room, and Keziah bustled out of it to tig after Jenny and ding at Tim, as these two faithful servitors were wont to express the way of their mistress toward them.

“My dear, I did not know that things were so miserable here for you, but you must just bide here till the scent grows cold, and then I’ll come for you and put you where you’ll be better off,” said Mr. Gryce kindly when he was alone with Leam.

“This will do,” said Leam, suppressing a shudder as she looked round the little room, where what had originally been a rhubarb-colored paper—chosen because it was a good wearing color—was patched here and there with scraps of newspapers or bits of



other patterned papers; where the huge family Bible and a few musty and torn odd volumes of the *Spectator* and the *Tatler* comprised the sole library; and where the only ornaments on the chimneypiece were three or four bits of lead ore from the Roughton Gill mines, above Caldbeck.

“You have been used to something far different,” said Emmanuel, compassionately.

“My past is over,” she answered in a low voice.



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“But you’ll come to a better future,” he cried, his mild blue eyes watery and red.

“Shall I? When I die?” was her reply as she passed her hand wearily over her forehead, and wished—ah, how ardently!—that the question might answer itself now at once.

But the young live against their will, and Leam, though bruised and broken, had still the grand vitality of youth to support her. Of the stuff of which in a good cause martyrs, in a bad criminals, are made, she accepted her position at Windy Brow with the very heroism of resignation. She never complained, though every circumstance, every condition, was simply torture; and so soon as she saw what she was expected to do, she did it without remonstrance or reluctance. Her life there was like a lesson in a foreign language which she had undertaken to learn by heart, and she gave herself to her task loyally. But it was suffering beyond even what Emmanuel Gryce supposed or Keziah ever dreamed of. She, with the sun of the South in her veins, her dreams of pomegranates and orange-groves, of music and color and bright blue skies, of women as beautiful as mamma, of that one man—not of the South, but fit to have been the godlike son of Spain—suddenly translated from soft and leafy North Aston to a bleak fell-side in the most desolate corner of Cumberland—where for lush hedges were cold, grim gray stone walls, and the sole flowers to be seen gorse which she could not gather, and heather which had no perfume—to a house set so far under the shadow that it saw the sun only for three months in the year, and where her sole companion was old Keziah Gryce, ill-favored in person, rough of mood if true of soul, or creatures even worse than herself;—she, with that tenacious loyalty, that pride and concentrated passion, that dry reserve and want of general benevolence characteristic of her, to be suddenly cast among uncouth strangers whose ways she must adopt, and who were physically loathsome to her; dead to the only man she loved, his love for her killed by her own hand, herself by her own confession accursed; and to bear it all in silent patience,—was it not heroic? Had she been more plastic than she was, the effort would not have been so great. Being what she was, it was grand; and made as it was for penitence, it had in it the essential spirit of saintliness. For saintliness comes in small things as well as great, and George Herbert’s swept room is a true image. There was saintliness in the docility with which she rose at six and went to bed at nine; saintliness in the quiet asceticism with which she ate porridge for breakfast and porridge for supper—at the first honestly believing it either a joke or an insult, and that they had given her pigs’ food to try her temper; saintliness in the silence with which she accepted her dinners, maybe a piece of fried bacon and potatoes, or a huge mess of apple-pudding on washing-days, or a plate of poached eggs cooked in a pan not over



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clean; saintliness in the enforced attention which she gave to Keziah's rambling stories of her pigs and her chickens, her mother's ailments, Jenny's shortcomings in the matter of sweepings and savings, Tim's wastefulness in the garden over the kailrunts, and the hardships of life on a lone woman left with only a huzzy to look after her; saintliness in the repression of that proud, fastidious self to which Keziah's familiarity and snuff, Jenny's familiarity and disorder, the smell of the peat—which was the only fuel they burnt—reeking through the house, and the utter ugliness and barren discomfort of everything about, were hourly miseries which she would once have repudiated with her most cutting scorn; saintliness in the repression of that self indeed at all four corners, and the resolute submission to her burden because it was her fitting punishment.

So the sad days wore on, and the fell-side air had not yet brisked up Emmanuel's adopted daughter as his sister prophesied. Indeed, she seemed slighter and paler than ever, and if possible more submissive to her lot and more taciturn. And as her intense quietude of bearing suited Miss Gryce, who could not bear to be fussed, and time proved her douce and not fashious, she became quite a favorite with her rough-grained hostess, who wondered more and more where Emmanuel had picked her up, and whose bairn she really was.

Her only pleasure was in wandering over the fells, whence she could see the tops of the Derwentwater mountains, and from some points a glimpse of blue Bassanthwaite flowing out into the open; where mountain-tarns, lying like silver plates in the purple distance, were her magic shows, seen only in certain lights, and more often lost than found; whence she could look over the broad Carlisle plain and dream of that day on the North Aston moor when she first met Edgar Harrowby; and whence the glittering strip of the Solway against the horizon made her yearn to be in one of the ships which she could dimly discern passing up and down, so that she might leave England for ever and lay down the burden of her life and her sorrow in mamma's dear land.

So the hours passed, dreary as Mariana's, and hopeless as those wherein we stand round the grave and know that the end of all things has come. And while North Aston wondered, and Alick mourned, and Edgar repented of his past folly with his handsome head in Adelaide's lap, Leam Dundas moved slowly through the shadow to the light, and from her chastisement gathered that sweet grace of patience which redeemed her soul and raised her from sin to sanctity.

CHAPTER XL.

LOST AND NOW FOUND.



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In bringing up Alick tied tight to her apron-strings, feeding him on moral pap, putting his mind into petticoats, and seeking to make him more of a woman than a man, Mrs. Corfield had defeated her design and destroyed her own influence. During his early growth the boy had yielded to her without revolt, because he was more modest than self-assertive—had no solid point of resistance and no definite purpose for which to resist; but after his college career he developed on an independent line, and his soul escaped altogether from his mother's hold. Had she let him ripen into manhood in the freedom of natural development, she would have been his chosen friend and confidante to the end: having invaded the most secret chambers of his mind, and sought to mould every thought according to the pattern which she held best, when the reaction set in the pendulum swung back in proportion to its first beat; and as a protest against his former thralldom he now made her a stranger to his inner life and shut her out inexorably from the holy place of his sorrow.

The mother felt her son's mind slipping from her, but what could she do? Who can set time backward or reanimate the dead? Day by day found him more silent and more suffering, the poor little woman nearly as miserable as himself. But the name of Leam, standing as the spectre between them, was never mentioned after Mrs. Corfield's first outburst of indignation at her flight—indignation not because she was really angry with Leam, but because Alick was unhappy.

After Alick's stern rejoinder, "Mother, the next time you speak ill of Leam Dundas I will leave your house for ever," the subject dropped by mutual consent, but it was none the less a living barrier between them because raised and maintained in silence.

"Oh, these girls! these wicked girls!" Mrs. Corfield had said with a mother's irrational anger when speaking of the circumstance to her husband. "We bring up our boys only for them to take from us. As soon as they begin to be some kind of comfort and to repay the anxiety of their early days, then a wretched little huzzy steps in and makes one's life in vain."

"Just so, my dear," said Dr. Corfield quietly. "These were the identical words which my mother said to me when I told her I was going to marry you."

"Your mother never liked me, and I did like Leam," said Mrs. Corfield tartly.

"As Leam Dundas, maybe; but as Leam the wife of your son, I doubt it."

"If Alick had liked it—" said Mrs. Corfield, half in tears.

"You would have been jealous," returned her husband. "No: all girls are only daughters of Heth to the mothers of Jacobs, and I never knew one whom a mother thought good enough for her boy."



“You need not discredit your own flesh and blood for a stranger,” cried Mrs. Corfield crossly; and the mute man with an aggravating smile suddenly seemed to repent of his unusual loquacity, and gradually subsided into himself and his calculations, from which he was so rarely aroused.



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Alick, ceasing to make a confidante of his mother, began to make a friend of Mr. Gryce. Perhaps it ought rather to be said that Mr. Gryce began to make a friend of him. The old philosopher, with that corkscrew mind of his, knew well enough what was amiss with the poor lank-visaged curate. Being of the order of the benevolent busybodies fond of playing Providence, how mole-like soever his method, he had marked out a little plan of his own by which he thought he could make all the crooked roads run straight and discord flow into harmony. But he too fell into the mistake common to busybodies, benevolent and otherwise—treating souls as if they were machines to be wound up and kept going by the clockwork of an extraneous will and neatly manipulated by well-arranged circumstance.

One day he joined Alick in his walk to an outlying cottage of the parish, where the husband was sick and the wife and children short of food, and the Church sent its prayer-book and ministers as the best substitute it knew for a wholesome dwelling and sufficient wages. Theology was not much in the way of an old heathen who reduced all religions save Mohammedanism to the transmuted presentation of the archaic solar myth, and who thought Buddhism far ahead of every other creed; but he liked the man Alick, if the parson bored him, and he was caressing a plan which he had in his pocket.

“You find your life here satisfying, I suppose?” he began, his blue eyes looking into the wayside banks for creatures.

“Is any life?” answered Alick, his eyes turned to the vague distance.

“Not fully: the spirit of progress, working by discontent, forbids the social stagnation of rest and thankfulness; but we can come to something that suffices for our daily wants if it does not satisfy all our longings. Work in harmony with our nature, and doing good here and there when we can, both these help us on. But the work must be harmonious and the good we do manifest.”

“So far as that goes, Church-work is pleasant to me—all, indeed, I care for or am fit for; but North Aston is stony ground,” said Alick.

“Can you wonder? When the husbandman-in-chief is such a man as Mr. Birkett, you must make your account with stones and weeds. The spiritual cannot flourish under the hand of the unspiritual; and, considering the pastor, the flock is far from bad.”

“That may be, but we do not like to live only in comparatives,” said Alick. “I confess I should be happier in a cure where I was more of one mind with my rector than I am here, and not decried or ridiculed on account of every scheme for good that I might propose. Parish-work here is shamefully neglected, but Mr. Birkett will not let me do anything to mend it.”



“Ah!” said Mr. Gryce, catching a luckless curculio by the way, “that is bad. A more harmonious one would certainly be, as you say, far more agreeable. Or a little parish of your own—a parish, however small, which would be all your own, and you not under the control of any one below your diocesan? How would that do? That would be my affair if I were in the Church.”



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Alick's face lightened. "Yes," he said, "that is my dream—at least one of them. I would not care how small the place might be, if I had supreme control and might work unhindered in my own way."

"It will come," said Mr. Gryce cheerily. "All things come in time to him who knows how to wait."

"Ah, if I could believe that!" sighed Alick, thinking of Leam.

"Take my word for it," returned Mr. Gryce. "It will do you no harm to have a dash of rose-color in your rather sombre life; and Hope, if it tells flattering tales, does not always tell untrue ones."

"I fear my hope has flattered me untruly," said Alick, his faithful heart still on Leam.

Mr. Gryce captured a caterpillar wandering across the road. "Conduct is fate," he said. "If this poor fellow had not been troubled with a fit of restlessness, but had been content to lie safely hidden among the grass-roots where he was born, he would not have been caught. Yes, conduct is fate for a captive caterpillar as well as for man."

"And yet who can foresee?" said Alick. "We all walk in the dark blindfold."

"As you say, who can foresee? That makes perhaps the hardship of it, but it does not alter the fact. Blindly walking or with our eyes wide open, our steps determine our destiny, and our goal is reached by our own endeavors. We ourselves are the artificers of our lives, and mould them according to our own pattern."

"But that part of our lives which is under the influence of another? How can we manipulate that?" said Alick. "Love and loss are twin powers which create or crush without our co-operation."

"I only know one irreparable manner of loss—that by death," said Mr. Gryce steadfastly. "For all others while there is life there is hope, and I hold nothing, beyond the power of the will to remedy."

"I wish I could believe that," Alick sighed again; and again Mr. Gryce said cheerily, "Then take that too on trust, and believe me if you do not believe in your own inborn elasticity, your own power of doing and undoing."

"There are some things which can never come right when they have once gone wrong," said Alick.

"You think so? I know very few," his companion answered in the hearty, inspiring manner which he had used all through the interview, talking with a broader accent and lisping less than usual, looking altogether more manly and less cherubic than his wont.



“I am a believer myself in the power of the will and holding on.” After a pause he added suddenly, “You would be really glad of a small living, no matter where situated, nor how desolate and unimportant, where you would be sole master?”

“Yes,” said Alick. “If I could win over one soul to the higher life, I should count myself repaid for all my exertions. We must all have our small beginnings.”

“I am an odd old fellow, as you know, Mr. Corfield,” laughed Emmanuel Gryce. “Give me your hand: I can sometimes see a good deal of the future in the hand.”



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Alick blushed and looked awkward, but he gave his bony, ill-shaped hand all the same.

After a little while, during which Mr. Gryce had bent this finger this way and that finger another way, had counted the lines made by the bended wrist, and had talked half to himself of the line of Jupiter and the line of Saturn, the line of life and that of Venus, he said quietly, "You will have your wish, and soon. I see a most important change of residence at about this time, which in conjunction with this," pointing to a small cross at the root of the fourth finger, "will be certainly to your advantage."

"How strange!" said Alick. "One scarcely knows whether to laugh at it all as old wives' fables or to believe in the mysterious forewarnings of fate, the foremarkings of the future."

"There are more things in heaven and earth—" said Mr. Gryce. "And we know so little we may well believe a trifle more."

The fact was, all this was founded on these circumstances: He had at this moment a letter in his pocket from his sister Keziah telling him that old Priest Wilson had been found dead in his bed last night; the bishop's chaplain was a friend of his, both having been at the same station in India; and the perpetual curacy of Monk Grange was one which, if offices went according to their ratio of unpleasantness, a man should have been paid a large income to take. Hence there was no chance of a rush for the preferment, and the bishop would be grateful for any intimation of a willing martyr. Through all of which chinks whereby to discover the future Mr. Gryce founded his prophecy; and through them, too, it came about that he proved a true prophet. In three days' time from this the post brought a letter to Alick Corfield from the bishop offering him the perpetual curacy of Monk Grange, income seventy pounds a year and a house.

Before speaking even to his mother, Alick rushed off with this letter to Mr. Gryce. The old leaven of superstition which works more or less in all of us—even those few who think proof a desirable basis for belief, and who require an examination conducted on scientific principles before they accept supernaturalism as "only another law coming in to modify those already known"—that superstition which belongs to most men, and to Alick with the rest, made this letter a matter of tremendous excitement to him. He saw in it the hand of God and the finger of Fate. It was impossible that Mr. Gryce, living at North Aston, should know anything of a small country incumbency in the North. It was all that study made of his poor parched and knuckly hand. And what had been seen there was manifestly the thing ruled for him by Providence and destiny.

"How could you possibly tell?" he cried, looking at his own hand as if he could read it as his clever friend had done.

"That is my secret," said Emmanuel, smiling at the credulity on which he traded. Then, thinking a flutter outward of the corners of his cards the best policy in the circumstances

about them at the moment, he added, “And when you get there you will understand more than you do now. For you will go?”



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“Surely,” said Alick: “it would be unfaithful in me to refuse.”

“But see if you cannot make arrangements to take the place on trial for a few months. I know very little of your ecclesiastical law, but grant even that it is as devoid of common sense as I should suppose—seeing who are the men who make, administer and obey it—still, I should think that a temporary incumbency might be arranged.”

“I should think so, and I will take your advice,” said Alick, over whom Emmanuel Gryce was fast establishing the power which belongs to the stronger over the weaker, to the more astute over the more dense.

“You will find an adopted daughter of mine in the neighborhood,” then said Mr. Gryce with the most amiable indifference. “She lives with my sister at our old home on the fell-side: Windy Brow the place is called. You must tell me how she looks and what you think of her altogether when you write to me, as I suppose you will do, or when you come home, if you elect not to take the cure even on trial.”

“I am not much in the way of criticising young ladies,” said Alick sadly.

“She is rather a remarkable girl, all things considered,” returned Mr. Gryce quietly. “Her name is Leonora Darley. You will remember—Leonora Darley. Ask for her when you go up to Windy Brow: Leonora Darley,” for the third time.

“All right: Miss Leonora Darley,” repeated Alick, suspecting nothing; and again Mr. Gryce smiled as he dug his fingers into the earth of a chrysalis-box. How pleasant it was to pull the strings and see his puppets dance!

Of course, Mr. Birkett’s consent was a necessary preliminary to Alick’s departure, but there was no difficulty about it. The military rector was tired to death, so he used to say, of his zealous young aide-de-camp, and hailed the prospect of getting rid of him handsomely with a frank pleasure not flattering to poor Alick’s self-love. “Certainly, my dear boy, certainly,” he said. “It will be better for you to have a place of your own, where you can carry out your new ideas. You see I am an old man now, and have learnt the value of letting well alone. You are in all the fever-time of zeal, and believe that vice and ignorance are like the walls of Jericho, to fall down when you blow your trump. I do not. But on the whole, it is as well that you should learn the realities of life for yourself, and carry your energies where they may be useful.”

“Then you do not mind?” asked Alick boyishly.

The rector gave a loud clear laugh. “Mind! a thousand times no,” he said, rubbing his plump white hands. “I can manage well enough alone, and if I cannot there are dozens of young eligibles ready to jump at the place. Mind! no. Go in Heaven’s name, and may you be blessed in your undertaking!”

The last words came in as grace-lines, and with them Alick felt himself dismissed.



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If the rector had been facile to deal with, Mrs. Corfield was not. When she heard of the proposed arrangement, and that she was to lose her boy for the second time out of her daily life, and more permanently than before, her grief was as intense as if she had been told of his approaching death. She wept bitterly, and even bent herself to entreaty; but Alick, to whom North Aston had become a dungeon of pain since Leam went, held pertinaciously to his plan—not without sorrow, but surely without yielding. He was fascinated by the idea of a cure where he might be sole master, not checked by rectorial ridicule when he wished to establish night schools or clothing clubs, penny savings banks, or any other of the schemes in vogue for the good of the poor; thinking too, not unwisely, that the best heal-all for his sorrow was to be found in change of scene and more arduous work together. Also, he thought that if his vague tentative advertisements in the papers, which he dared not make too evident, had as yet brought nothing, some more satisfactory way of discovering Leam's hiding-place might shape itself when he was alone, freer to act as he thought best. On all of which accounts he resisted his mother's grief, and his own at seeing her grieve, and decided on going down to Monk Grange the next day.

Had not Dr. Corfield been ailing at this time, the mother would have accompanied her son. The possibility of damp sheets weighed heavy on her mind; and landladies who filch from the tea-caddy, with landladies' girls, pert and familiar, preparing insidious gruel and seductive cups of coffee, were the lions which her imagination conjured up as prowling for her Alick through the fastnesses of Monk Grange. Circumstances, however, were stronger than her desire; and, happily for Alick, she was perforce obliged to remain at home while her darling went out from the paternal nest to shake those limp wings of his, and bear himself up unassisted in a new atmosphere in the best way he could.

It was on the cold and rainy evening of a cold and rainy summer's day that Alick arrived at Monk Grange—an evening without a sunset or a moon, stars or a landscape; painful, mournful, as those who dwell in the North Country know only too well as the tears on its face of beauty. He had driven in a crazy old gig from Wigton, and the nine miles which lay between that not too brilliant town and the desolate fell-side hamlet which he had been so fain to make his own spiritual domain had not been such as disposed him to a cheerful view of things. The rain had fallen in a steady, pitiless downpour, which seemed to soak through every outer covering and to penetrate the very flesh and marrow of the tired traveler as it pattered noisily on the umbrella and streamed over the leather apron; and the splash of the horse's hoofs through the liquid mud and broad tracts of standing water was as dreary as the "splash, splash" of Buerger's ballad. And when all this was over, and they drew up at the



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Blucher, with its handful of desolate gray hovels round it, the heart of the man sank at the gloomy surroundings into the midst of which he had flung himself. But the zeal of the churchman was as good a tonic for him as the best common sense, and he waited until to-morrow and broad daylight before he allowed himself to even acknowledge an impression. The warm fireside at the Blucher cheered him too, and his supper of eggs and bacon and fresh crisp havre-bread satisfied such of his physical cravings as, unsatisfied, make a man's spiritual perceptions very gaunt.

He went to bed, slept, and the next day woke up to a glory of sun and sky, a brilliancy of coloring, a photographic sharpness and clearness of form, a suggestion of beauty beyond that which was seen, which transformed the place as if an angel had passed through it in the night. As he tramped about the sordid hamlet he forgot the rude uncouthness of men and place for a kind of ecstasy at the loveliness about him. Every jutting rock of granite shone in the sun like polished jasper, and the numberless little rills trickling down the fell-sides were as threads of silver, now concealed in the gold of the gorse, and now whitening the purple of the heather. The air was full of blithesome sounds. Overhead the sky-larks sang in jocund rivalry, mounting higher and higher as if they would have beaten their wings against the sun: the bees made the heather and the thyme musical as they flew from flower to flower, and the tinkling of the running rills was like the symphony to a changeful theme. It was in real truth a transformation, and the new-comer into the fitful, seductive, disappointing North felt all its beauty, all its meaning, and gave himself up to his delight as if such a day as yesterday had never been.

After he had done what he wished to do in the village, he went up the fell-side road to Windy Brow, and, obeying his instructions, asked when he got there "if Miss Leonora Darley was at home."

"Na, she bain't," said Jenny, eyeing poor innocent Alick as a colley might eye a wolf sniffing about the fold. "T' auld mistress is."

"Say Mr. Corfield, please," said Alick; and Jenny, telling him to "gang intilt parlor," scuffled off to Keziah, pottering over some pickled red cabbage, which made the house smell like a vinegar-cask.

"I've heard tell of you," said Miss Gryce as she came in wiping her hands on a serviceable and by no means luxurious cloth: "Emmanuel wrote me a letter about you. You're kindly welcome to Monk Grange, but you're only a haverel to look at. Take a seat, and tell me—how's Emmanuel, my brother?"

"He was well when I saw him the day before yesterday: at least he said nothing to the contrary," answered Alick with his conscientious literalness.



“I like that,” said Keziah, also eyeing him, but as a colley might have eyed a strange sheep, not a wolf. “A random rory would have made no difference between now and two days back, and believing and being. You cannot be over-particular in the truth, I take it.”



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Alick blushed, shifted his place and looked uneasy. And again, as so often before, it came across him: had he done right, judged by the highest law, to conceal the truth as he knew it about Leam?

“Hoot, man! there’s no call for you to sit on pins and needles in that fashion,” said Keziah. “It’s a daft body that cannot hear a word of praise without turning as red as a turkey-cock and fidgeting like a parched pea on a drum-head. I’ve not turned much of you over yet, and maybe I’ll come to what I’ll have no mind to praise; so keep your fidgets till you are touched up with the other end of the stick. And so you are to be our new priest, are you?”

“I am going to offer myself for a time,” said Alick.

“For a time? That’s a thing as has two sides to it. If you are not to our minds, that’s its good side: if you are, and we are not to yours, that’s its bad. I doubt if our folk will care to be played Jumping Joan with in that fashion.”

“I will be guided by the will of the Lord,” said Alick reverently.

“Humph! I like the words better nor the chances in them,” returned Keziah, taking a pinch of snuff. “But maybe things’ll work round as one would have them; and whether you stay or you do not, the Lord’s will be done, amen! and His grace follow you, young man!”

“Thank you,” said Alick with emotion, getting up and shaking the pickle-stained and snuff-discolored hand.

“I have a message for Miss Leonora Darley,” he then said after a pause. “Mr. Gryce told me I was to be sure and tell him how she was looking.”

“Eh, poor bairn! she is not very first-rate,” the old woman answered tenderly. At least it was tenderness in her: in another person her voice and manner might have been taken for crabbedness and impatience. “She’s up by there, on the fell somewhere. She a’most lives on the fell-side, but it don’t make her look as brisk as I should like. Have you seen the view from our brow-top? It is a real bonny one; and you’ll maybe find Leonora not far off. I don’t think she wanders far.”

“I should like to see it,” said Alick. “The country altogether looks splendid to-day.”

“Ay, it’s a bonny day enough if it would but last. Come your ways with me and I’ll set you out by the back door. You can come in again the same road if you’ve a mind.”

On which she bustled up, and Alick, escorted by her, went through the house and on to the fell-side.



It was, if possible, grander now than it had been in the earlier part of the day. The hot sun had cleared away the lingering mist, and the cloudless sky was like one large perfect opal, while the earth beneath shone and glistened as if it were a jewel set with various-colored gems. There was not a mean or sordid thing about. Touched by the splendid alchemy of the sun, the smallest circumstance was noble, the poorest color glorious. Alick stood on the fell-brow entranced: then turning, he saw slowly



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coming across the pathless green a young slight figure dressed in gray. He looked as it came near, and his heart beat with a force that took all power from him. It was absurd, he knew, but there was such a strange look of Leam about that girl! He stood and watched her coming along with that slow, graceful, undulating step which was Leam's birthright. Was he mad? Was he dreaming? What was this mocking trick of eyesight that was perplexing him? Surely it was madness; and yet—no, it could be no one else. Supreme, beloved, who else could personate her so as to cheat him?

She came on, her eyes always fixed on the distance, seeing nothing of Alick standing dark against the sky. She came nearer, nearer, till he saw the glory of her eyes, the curve of her lip, and could count the curling tresses on her brow. Then he came down from the height and strode across the space between them.

She lifted up her eyes and saw him. For an instant the sadness cleared out of them as the mists had cleared from the sky: her pathetic mouth broke into a smile, and she held out both her hands. "Alick, dear Alick! my good Alick!" she cried in a voice of exquisite tenderness.

"My queen!" he said kneeling, his honest upturned face wet with tears. "Lost and now found!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE ITALIAN MEDIAEVAL WOOD-SCULPTORS.

More or less during the whole of this century, and ever more during the recent years of it, the love of art, especially in what have been called the "industrial" manifestations of it, has been becoming a passion in Germany and in France, as well as in England and America. Museums for the collection and preservation of the works produced by the artists of those centuries which were the palmy days of art have been established in all these countries, and private amateurs have vied with them in enriching their respective countries with specimens of all the many kinds of art-industry which remain to us from those times when religion encouraged and surrounded itself with the beautiful and the cultivation of the beautiful was a religion. And it is mainly—indeed, almost entirely—to Italy that the lovers and admirers of mediaeval art come in search of those remains of it which, it is hoped, will be (or rather are being) the means of producing a second art *renaissance*. The quantity of objects, more or less genuinely representing the mediaeval art in all its many branches, which has been carried out of Italy within the last quarter of a century is something perfectly astounding, and far exceeds what any one would believe who has not remained in Italy long enough to observe the process. A considerable portion, no doubt, of the articles thus carried home with them by the lovers



of art has consisted of modern imitations of ancient workmanship, but the quantity of genuine mediaeval articles—pottery in its various kinds, furniture, carving in wood, in marble, in stone and in ivory, lace, bronzes, embroidery, metal-work, brocaded stuffs, *etc.*—has been so enormous as to reveal in a very striking manner the extraordinary wealth of the country in the days when it was the mistress of Europe in civilization, and the all-pervading love of the beautiful which caused so very large a portion of that wealth to be expended for the gratification of a refined taste.



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Before proceeding to the more special subject of this article—certain interesting and recently-discovered notices of some of the most famous of the old carvers in wood—it may be well to say a word or two on the subject of the commerce in imitations of the mediaeval works so extensively carried on in Italy. Of course, a trade based on deception is in every way to be condemned and regretted. It is not only immoral, but it generates demoralization. But it is to be observed that in very many cases—especially in those branches where art-industry approaches the most nearly to art proper—the artist or artisan who produced the works in question has neither co-operated with the fraud we are speaking of, nor has worked with any view to the perpetration of such by others. In the next place, it is to be noted that the mortification and humiliation which many purchasers are conscious of when it is brought home to them that they have been taken in, and have purchased as old that which is in truth of recent production, may well be spared to them. I do not mean, of course, as regards the money they may have been cheated of, but as regards the slight put upon their own connoisseurship. The art of imitating the old works in question has been brought to such a pitch of perfection that it needs a very special education of the eye and large practice to detect the imposture. A circumstance occurred a few years ago at Florence which curiously illustrates both the facts I have mentioned—the frequent innocence of the producer of the imitation and the extreme difficulty of detecting the modern origin of the work. The facts are very little known, because it was the interest of many persons to misrepresent and conceal them. They ought, nevertheless, to be known, and I do not see any good reason why I should not tell them here.

A young man at Florence of the name of Bastianini—it must be at least ten years ago now, or perhaps more—of very humble origin had shown a remarkable talent for modeling busts in terra-cotta. Having formed his taste for himself, not by means of any academical teaching, but by imbuing his mind with the examples of mediaeval art which meet the eye on all sides in his native city, his works assumed quite naturally the manner and style of the artists who (in more or less direct line) were his ancestors. One day it happened to him to see a man—he was a common workman in the tobacco manufactory—whose head struck him as specially marked by the old Florentine mediaeval type and as a remarkably good subject for a characteristic bust. From this man he made a terra-cotta bust which few could have pronounced to be other than a *cinque-cento* work, and a very fine one. Bastianini, then quite unknown and much in need of wherewithal to live, sold this bust as the work of his hands to a speculative dealer for, if I remember rightly, five hundred francs. The man who bought it carried it to a dealer in antiquities—a very well-known man in Florence whose name I could



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give were it of any interest to do so—and proposed to sell it to him for a large sum. Eventually, a bargain was struck on this basis: The dealer, with perfect knowledge of the origin and authorship of the work, was to pay one thousand francs for the bust, and to pay the seller another thousand if and whenever he, the dealer, should succeed in reselling it for more than a certain price named. Thereupon, in accordance with the usual practice in such cases, the bust disappeared from sight. It was stored in the secret repositories of the *antiquario* till the circumstances attending its creation should be a little forgotten, and dust and dirt should have corrected the brand-new rawness of its surface, ready to be produced with much mystery as a recent *trouvaille* when a likely purchaser should loom over the Apennine which encircles “gentile Firenze.” In due time, one of the largest and brightest of those comets whose return is so accurately calculated and eagerly expected by the Florentine dealers in ancient art made his appearance in the Tuscan sky—no less than a buyer for the Louvre. Those were the halcyon days of the Empire, and money was plenty. Poor Bastianini’s bust was brought out with all due mystery, duly admired by the infallible French connoisseur, and eventually purchased by him for the imperial collection for, I think, five thousand francs—at all events, for a sum sufficiently large to give the man who had bought the bust from the poor artist the right to demand his supplementary payment. He did so. But the greed of the dealer prevailed over his prudence, and he refused to give his accomplice in the fraud the promised share in the plunder. Of course that ensued which might have been expected. The defrauded rogue “split.” The bust sold to the Frenchman was easily identified with that which Bastianini had made, and which had been known to all artistic Florence, and the authorities at the Louvre were duly certified by many a loud-tongued informer that they had been gulled. The information, as is usually the case with information of the kind, came too late to be of service to the buyers, but not too late to give them serious annoyance. The bust had been exhibited at the Louvre in a prominent place; it had excited considerable notice; none of the savants presiding over that establishment had conceived the smallest suspicion of its genuineness; and it was excessively disagreeable to have to admit that they had all been deceived by a work made the other day by an unknown Florentine artist. It was so disagreeable that the gentlemen in question had not the courage to face the truth. They pooh-poohed their informants, professed to adhere without a doubt to their own first opinions, and the bust, to the great amusement of all the Florentine art-world, remained in its place of honor at the Louvre, exhibited as a cinque-cento terra-cotta for a long time after all Florence was perfectly cognizant of its real history, and after the young artist had produced three or four



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other busts all equally marked by unmistakable cinque-cento characteristics. One of these was a really remarkable bust of Savonarola, which may be seen any day in the (now public) gallery of St. Mark's at Florence. The original *teterrima causa belli* has, I believe, disappeared from the Louvre Gallery. Poor Bastianini died shortly afterward, and it is due to his memory and undoubtedly great talent that it should be distinctly understood that from first to last he was no party to or profiter by the frauds to which his special talent had given rise.

To return, however, to what I was saying about that large portion of the works of art and art-industry every year exported from Italy, mainly by individual buyers for the gratification of their own taste, which consists of *imitations*. It may be remarked, especially as regards the objects belonging to the latter category, that these imitations, if bought as such, are not undesirable purchases. In many instances, particularly in those of iron- and bronze-work, intarsia, and carving in wood, the modern Italian artists, who began as imitators, have attained a degree of excellence which entitles them to take rank as the founders of a new artistic *renaissance*, while their familiarity with cinque-cento art and the loving study of it have led them to produce work in each of the above-named branches which is calculated to improve the taste of both workers and purchasers in countries beyond the Alps. As regards metal-work, whether in iron or bronze, avowedly modern, but of the true cinque-cento type and style, the amateur would do well to visit the foundries and workshops of Venice; for intarsia he may go to Milan; for wood-carving to Florence, Siena and Perugia; to the last also for intarsia. He will find in Perugia work both in carving and intarsia on which he might spend his money very much more advantageously than in buying second-rate bits of really old wood-work, or indeed any such bits as he is at all likely to meet with. And it is not surprising that the little Umbrian hill-city should have become a special home for this particular branch of art; for it contains some of the most remarkable works of the kind extant, the product of some of the most renowned masters of the craft in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. It is a mistake to suppose, as many persons do, that the fine works of this kind which we still admire were the product of men who were considered in their day as mere artisans, and whose names were not known beyond the boundaries of their native provinces. They were recognized as true artists, whose names were known from one end of the Peninsula to the other, and who were sent for from distant cities to execute works of importance. In many cases their names have perished: in more they are unknown to the present generation of art-lovers—*caruerunt quia vate sacro*. And in some cases—as a very notable instance, to be mentioned presently, will show in a remarkable manner—the higher



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portion of the merit which was wholly their own—the conception of their designs, with all the grace of fancy and cultured knowledge of the principles of the beautiful which it implies—has been assigned to others to whom the modern world has exclusively given the title of artists. But the increased and still increasing attention which the world is paying to all the details and all the branches of cinque-cento art—to good purpose, for it is due to it that we have emerged or are emerging from the eighteenth-century depths of ugliness in all our surroundings—has induced the useful Dryasdusts, whose nature and function it is to burrow in corporation and conventual muniment-rooms and the like promising covers, to search out with a very considerable degree of success a mass of facts, not only as to the real authorship of the work in question, but curiously illustrative of the status these artists held and the manner in which they lived and worked. Among the principal of these archive-hunters is the learned Professor Adam Rossi, the corporation librarian at Perugia, and it is mainly to his researches that the facts I am about to lay before the reader are due.

One of the finest specimens of cinque-cento wood-work extant in Italy—perhaps I might safely say the finest—is the choir of the monastic church of St. Peter at Perugia. The monks of St. Peter were Benedictines of Monte Cassino, and, like most of the families of that order, they were very wealthy and were liberal patrons of art. On the 9th of April, 1525, having determined to refit the choir of their church in a magnificent manner, they came to an agreement with a master-carpenter of Perugia for the execution of the work, and a detailed contract was signed by the parties. (I have called this cinque-cento work, and it will be observed that it was executed in the sixteenth century. It may be necessary, therefore, to explain to those who are unacquainted with the Italian mode of speaking in this respect that the Italians always speak of what we should call the fourteenth century as the “trecento,” what we should call the fifteenth, as the “quattrocento,” and so on. The period at which art in all its branches culminated in Italy was, in our language, the sixteenth century.)

Maestro Bernardino di Luca, the artist with whom the convent contracted for the fitting of the choir, is styled in the instrument *legnaiuolo* (a “carpenter”). And no doubt Maestro Bernardino—or “Bino,” for short, as he is called in the instrument when once at the beginning he has been named formally at full length—practiced all the more ordinary business of his trade. But there must have been carpenters *and* carpenters, as to the present day there are painters *and* painters, the same word indicating the calling of a Landseer and of a house-painter. This simple modesty of designation was a characteristic of the epoch. We find sculptors whose works are to the present day admired and studied



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as masterpieces styling themselves simply “stone-cutters.” The contract is a long document, consisting of twenty-one clauses, the greater number of which are occupied with the most minute and detailed specification of the work to be done. It is to be executed “according to the model made by the said Bino, changing it or keeping it as it is according to the will of the fathers” (the monks of St. Peter’s), “so as not to change the form and substance of the model.” The prices agreed to be paid for each stall in the choir, with its arch above it, is ten golden ducats, which, allowing for the change in the value of the precious metals, may be considered to be about equal to three hundred and seventy-five dollars at the present day. The price does not seem by any means a small one. But Signor Rossi’s researches have elsewhere shown that it is a mistake to suppose that the renowned professors of any branch of art were poorly paid in those days. The very reverse was the case. It would not be interesting to the reader to give him the details of the work which Maestro Bino bound himself to execute, but some of the stipulations must be mentioned, because they curiously illustrate the life of the times. The convent is to furnish all the wood—that which is required for the work itself, as well as all that may be needed, planks, scaffolding and the like, for the putting of it in its place. *Item.* We give him rooms to work in and to sleep in and to cook in, as well as beds furnished with bedclothes. *Item.* Maestro Bino binds himself not to undertake any other work till the choir is wholly finished and put up, and he engages to do all the work within the walls of the convent. He is bound to keep four men at work under him, and more if necessary.” The work is to be completed within two years should no impediment intervene by death or grave and manifest illness. The convent undertakes to furnish money from time to time as needed for the pay of the journeymen, and fifty ducats beforehand for the hiring of assistants and other necessary expenses.

Maestro Bino went to work at once, and on the 15th of that same April had from the convent what seems the very large sum of ten florins and eight soldi for glue. But, after all, this Maestro Bernardino di Luca was not the author of the exquisite carvings which people go to Perugia to look at at the present day. A very “grave and manifest infirmity” did intervene to prevent the execution of the work, for on the 19th of the following August, Maestro Bino discharged his workmen on account of the plague, which had begun to devastate Perugia; and there is reason to think that the maestro himself perished by it, for after that last entry the name of Bernardino di Luca vanishes into the abyss of darkness, and is no more heard of, and shortly afterward we find the convent entering into a new bargain with another maestro for the execution of the work. This was Maestro Stefano de Antoniolo da Zambelli of Bergamo, who agreed with



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the monks in July, 1533, to execute the required works in the choir for the price of thirty golden crowns each stall. It will be observed that this price is about fifty per cent. higher than that for which Maestro Bino had contracted to do the work, which is an indication of the then rapidly-falling value of the precious metals. But this increased price was still insufficient, for on the 17th of July, 1534, the monks enter into an amended contract with Maestro Stefano, in which the terms of the original contract are rehearsed, and it is then declared that Maestro Stefano having shown and proved to the abbot's satisfaction that those terms could not stand, and that he should be greatly the loser by the bargain, and it being by no means the wish of the fathers that Maestro Stefano should be deprived of a fair reward for his work, but rather that he should make a suitable profit by the job, it was now agreed that the maestro should undertake to labor uninterruptedly and with all possible diligence, that the convent should find all materials and tools, and should maintain Maestro Stefano and his wife and a journeyman, and should pay sixty golden crowns a year as long as the work was in progress. Further, the convent undertakes to pay half a golden crown monthly to the wife of the said Maestro Stefano, "on the understanding that the said wife of the maestro shall serve and cook and wash clothes for all the family engaged on the work of the choir;" and further, half a golden crown monthly to the journeyman. Under this arrangement it was of course the interest of the convent that the work should be completed as quickly as possible. And we find, accordingly, the abbot commissioning Antonio of Florence to carve six of the backs of the stalls; Battista of Bologna and Ambrose, a Frenchman, to carve the reading-desk; and Fra Damiano of Bergamo, who was then at Bologna, to execute the four sculptures in bas-relief which adorn the door. This Fra Damiano, who signs himself on his work "Fr. Damianus de Bergamo, Ordinis Predicatorum," seems to have been a brother of the principal artist, Maestro Stefano. But a curious peep at the manners of that time is afforded by the fact of a professed monk working for hire as a wood-carver. The main portion of the work, however, and the general design, were due to Maestro Stefano da Zambelli of Bergamo, and just two years and half from the signing of the contract the work was completed and signed in intarsia, as we see it to this day, "Hoc opus fecit M^r. Stephanus di Bergamo."

For a long time it was supposed that the very beautiful designs for the entirety and for each detail of this noble work was due to Raphael. The guide-books all copied the statement one after the other; and they were indeed excusable in doing so, for the large and magnificent folio which was published at Rome by the abbot and monks in 1845, containing engravings of every detail of the celebrated carvings, declares on the title-page that the work was executed "by



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Stefano da Bergamo after the designs of Raffaello Santi di Urbino.” The celebrated and learned Montfaucon, who was a member of the same order, seems to have been the first who made this mistaken statement. Once made on such authority, it was accepted and repeated without further investigation till the undeniable evidence of the archives of the convent, dragged to light from under the dust of centuries by the industry of Professor Rossi, showed that in truth the conception and design, as well as the execution, of this beautiful masterpiece, which has for so long been thought worthy of Raphael, was the work of the “carpenter, Maestro Stefano da Bergamo.”

I do not believe that it is any longer possible to obtain a complete copy of the above-mentioned work. Many years ago I found the separate sheets of it lying about in the sacristy in a manner which gave one a vivid idea of the reckless carelessness which is so marked a characteristic of Italians. Bundles of the different plates, some containing forty or fifty copies, some twenty or so, and some not more than four or five, were thrust into cupboards with wax candles for the altar, tattered choir-books and old candlesticks. And here was the whole remaining stock of the work! I was at that time able, by the exercise of much patience, trouble and persuasion with the old sacristan—who seemed to consider the sale of the plates a very insufficient recompense for the trouble of looking for them—to get together a complete copy of the work; but when I was there the other day not more than twenty of the plates out of nearly twice that number were to be found. In the mean time, however, a complete set of photographs of every portion of the sculpture has been made in a smaller size, but sufficiently large to give a very satisfactory representation of the extreme beauty and elegance of the work. It is indeed impossible to doubt that this Master Stephen of Bergamo, the carpenter, whose wife was to have half a crown a month for doing the washing and cooking for all the family living in the rooms assigned to them in the monastery for a workshop and living-rooms, was a man of education and culture, and in every sense of the word an *artist*. The difference between his social position and that of any artist of corresponding eminence in our day would seem to consist wholly in that greater degree of personal and material luxury which civilization and increased wealth have brought with them. The payment which he was to receive for his year’s work, besides having been maintained, lodged and fed at the cost of the monastery during the time, may, I take it, be considered equivalent to about twenty-two thousand five hundred dollars.



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In 1494, on the 5th of April, Maestro Mariotto di Paola, "called Torzuolo," contracts with the canons of the cathedral to make a range of cupboards in the sacristy. Such masses of wood-work, very frequently richly carved and ornamented, are found in the sacristies of most of the larger churches in Italy. They generally consist of a range of deep drawers below, up to about the height of an ordinary table, and above this a series of cupboards reaching to the ceiling of the apartment, so much less deep than the drawers as to leave a large space of table on the top of the latter. The drawers are used mainly for the keeping of the sacred vestments; the table for the spreading out of such of these as are about to be or have just been used; and the cupboards above for the holding of all the treasures of the church—chalices for the altar, monstrances for the exposition of the sacrament, reliquaries of all sorts of shapes and sizes for the preservation of the relics of saints, ornamental candlesticks, and such like. In the richer and more important churches these objects are generally of the precious metals, and frequently richly adorned with gems, so that the amount of treasure stored in these repositories is often very considerable. Sometimes such a range of wood-work as has been described will be found filling one side only of the sacristy, but in many cases it runs round the whole apartment. And this piece of ecclesiastical furniture therefore presented a great field for the taste and ingenuity of the old *maestri* in wood-carving to exhibit their skill both in design and in execution. At the Benedictine monastery of St. Peter, of the choir of which we have been speaking, this fitting up of the sacristy had been done previously; and it is accordingly much less rich in carving than the work in the choir. But some of the doors of the cupboards are still more preciousy ornamented by some very finely-painted heads from the hand of the great Perugino.

Such as it is, however, this sacristy at St. Peter's was handsome enough to excite the emulation of the canons of the cathedral, for the contract made with Maestro Mariotto—who was nicknamed Torzuolo—specifies that the work is to be entirely of walnut wood, after the fashion of the sacristy at St. Peter's, and is to be executed "in the manner of a good, loyal and expert master." It is to be all done by his own hand, or at least in his presence and under his superintendence. The work is to be completed in one year, and the canons are to pay for it at the rate of ten florins every square braccio, Florentine measure. This was in 1494; and it will here again be observed that the price, as compared with that to be paid to Maestro Stefano by the monks of St. Peter's for their choir, even fully allowing for the greater richness of the latter, indicates the very rapid alteration in the value of money which took place at the beginning of the sixteenth century. But the canons, it would seem, were very careful hands



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at a bargain, for we find that it is provided in the contract that when the work shall have been completed it shall be examined by two experts, and that if it shall be found to be worth less than the price named, Maestro Torzuolo shall receive so much less; but that if it shall be found by the said experts and appraisers to be worth more, the maestro shall stand to his bargain and not receive more than the price named—an agreement which is frequently found in the contracts made about that period. When the work was completed it was accordingly examined and appraised by Maestro Mattia of Reggio and Maestro Pietro of Florence. The latter was brought from Citta di Castello, a little city in the Apennines some twenty-five miles distant, express for the purpose. We do not find any statement of their award. But it would seem that Maestro Torzuolo did not keep to his contract in one respect, but was as unpunctual as the carpenters of the present generation, for the above experts were not called to appraise the work till the year 1497.

Maestro Pietro of Florence was evidently a man at the head of his profession, for at Citta di Castello, when he was summoned to Perugia to appraise the work of Maestro Torzuolo, he was engaged in making for the canons there a wooden ceiling for the nave of their church, which was, by a contract dated 1499, to be ornamented with large roses similar to the ornamentation of the ceiling of the council-hall in the Palazzo Vecchio at Florence; giving us thus another indication of the degree of general interest and attention which these works excited in those days. The communication between city and city was difficult and comparatively unfrequent, yet the fame of any fine work of the sort we are talking of evidently not only reached far and wide among other cities, but forthwith excited their rivalry and led to the production of other *chefs-d'oeuvre*. Maestro Pietro was to receive for the ceiling of the nave at Citta di Castello no less a sum than five hundred golden ducats, equal to at least seventeen thousand five hundred dollars at the present day. We find him also employed as architect to direct the construction of a cupola of the church of Calcinaio. This carpenter was, then, an architect also; and Professor Rossi remarks that it is by no means the only case of the kind.

Maestro Mattia, the other expert called to appraise the work done by Maestro Torzuolo for the canons of the cathedral of Perugia, was already well and favorably known in that city, for he had been employed in 1495 to appraise some work which had been done for the choir of the monks of St. Lorenzo; in that same year we find him executing some very elaborate work for the convent of St. Augustine; and on the 20th of December there was read at a meeting of the municipal council a petition from Maestro Mattia to be admitted to the freedom of the city of Perugia; which request the masters of the guilds, "taking into consideration the industry, the mode of life and the moral character" of the petitioner, were pleased to grant, on the condition that he, together with two other persons admitted to citizenship at the same time, should make a present to the corporation of a silver dish and forty pounds' weight of copper money, and, further, that he should give the masters and treasurers of his own guild a dinner.



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The notices which Professor Rossi has collected from the various collections of archives explored by him show in a remarkable manner how much the best patron of art and artists in those days was the Church. By far the greatest number of the contracts cited are made by ecclesiastics, either monks or collegiate bodies of canons or the like, for the ornamentation of their churches and sacristies. The next best patrons are the different trade-guilds of the cities. Each of these had its place of meeting for the *priori*—masters or wardens, as we should say, of the company—and many of them a contiguous chapel. The sort of furniture needed for these places was generally a range of seats running round the principal room, a back of wainscoting behind them, a kind of pulpit for those who addressed the meeting, a raised and prominent seat for the “consuls” of the guild, and a large table or writing-desk for the transaction of business. All this, as will be readily perceived, afforded fine opportunities for the display of rich carvings and intarsia; and there was much rivalry between the guilds in the splendor and adornment of their places of meeting. Some of these works still remain intact, as in the case of the meeting-room and chapel of the company of exchange-brokers, which is celebrated wherever art is valued for the magnificent frescoes by Perugino which adorn the upper part of the walls above the wood-work. I think, however, that the Church was more liberal and magnificent in her orders. I have seen much fine wood-work in the different guild-halls and town-halls in various cities of Italy, but in no lay building, not even in wealthy and magnificent Venice itself, with all the splendor of its ducal palace and its Scuole, have I ever seen anything of the kind at all comparable to the wood-work in the choirs of the monastery of St. Peter at Perugia and of the cathedral at Siena. There is in the cathedral of Bergamo some intarsia, perhaps the finest things extant in that special description of work, but for carving the choirs I have mentioned are pre-eminent.

But there are a great number of beautiful works of this sort lurking in places where the traveler, however eager a lover of art, would hardly think of looking for them. The central districts of Italy are full of such. There is in the mountains to the south of Perugia, overhanging the valley of the Tiber, a little city, the very name of which will probably be new to many even of those who have traveled much in Italy. Still less likely is it that they have ever been at Todi, for that is the name of the place I am alluding to. It lies high and bleak among the Apennines, and possesses nothing to attract the wanderer save some notable remains of mediaeval art which strikingly show how universal, how ubiquitous, art and artists were in those halcyon days. Todi has, moreover, the misfortune of being situated on no line of railway, and of not being on the way to any of the great modern centres. It is, therefore,



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completely out of the modern world, and nobody knows anything about it save a few lovers of ancient art, who will not be beat in their explorations by want of communications and bad hostelries. But the little hill-city possesses two churches, whose choirs well deserve a visit by the admirers of cinque-cento wood-work, I have mentioned it here, however, mainly because one of these, the choir of the cathedral, offers not so much in what may still be seen there, as in its records, a very curious example of the spirit of anti-ecclesiastical freethinking which was widely spread at that time through the artist-world, whose best patron was the Church. I mentioned some months ago, in the pages of this Magazine, some curious facts showing the real sentiments of the great Perugino on this subject while he was painting Madonnas and miracles for his ecclesiastical patrons. And the following singular extract from the archives of the cathedral church of Todi may be added to what was there written as a proof of the somewhat unexpected fact. The wood-work of the choir was begun by Maestro Antonio Bencivieni of Mercatello, in the duchy of Urbino, and was completed in 1530 by his son Sebastian, who finished his work by inserting in it a singularly haughty inscription in intarsia. The Latin of the original may be Englished thus: "Begun by the art and genius of Ant^o Bencivieni of Mercatello. This work was finished by his son Sebastian. Having kept faith and maintained his honor, he did enough." The worthy canons, however, discovered just one and forty years afterward that Maestro Sebastiano had done somewhat too much. For he had on the fourth stall, counting from the bishop's seat, on the right-hand side of the choir, inserted amid the ornamentation certain Latin words, inscribed over a carving of three vases intended to represent reliquaries, which may be translated thus: Over the first vase, "The shadow of the ass ridden by our Lord;" over the second, "The feet of the Blessed Virgin as she ascended into heaven;" over the third, "Relics of the Holy Trinity." These strange inscriptions remained where Maestro Sebastiano had so audaciously placed them till the May of 1571. At that date we find a record in the cathedral archives which, after rehearsing the words in question, and describing the position of them, proceeds: "Which words, placed there and written scandalously, and in a certain sort derisive of the veneration for holy relics, and in contempt of the Christian religion, the very reverend canons" (So-and-So—names rehearsed) "ordered to be removed and entirely canceled, so that they should no longer be seen or read." Can it be supposed that this very extraordinary inscription in a choir frequented daily by the canons of the church had entirely escaped notice for more than forty years? Surely this is impossible. Should we not rather see in the fact that the chapter of 1530 noticed the mocking words with probably a shrug and a smile, whereas the chapter of 1571 took care that they were removed, an interesting and curious commentary on the change which the intervening years had brought about in the spirit of the Church, and another unexpected indication of the difference between the Church of the worldly, pagan-minded Clement VII. and that of the energetic, earnest bigot Pius IV. That such a difference existed we know full well, but this passage of the Todi archives is a very curious proof of it.



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T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.

REST.

In deepest weariness I lay so still
One might have thought it death,
For hush of motion and a sleep of will
Gave me but soundless breath.

And yet I slept not; only knew that Rest
Held me all close to her:
Softly but firmly fettered to her breast,
I had no wish to stir.

“Oh, if,” I thought, “death would but be like this!—
Neither to sleep nor wake,
But have for ages just this *conscious* bliss,
That perfect rest I take.”

The soul grows often weary, like the flesh:
May rest pervade her long,
While she shall *feel* the joy of growing fresh
For heavenly work and song!

CHARLOTTE F. BATES.

LETTERS FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

BY LADY BARKER.

MARITZBURG, February 10, 1876.

In the South African calendar this is set down as the first of the autumnal months, but the half dozen hours about mid-day are still quite as close and oppressive as any we have had. I am, however, bound to say that the nights—at all events, up here—are cooler, and I begin even to think of a light shawl for my solitary walks in the verandah just before bedtime. When the moon shines these walks are pleasant enough, but when only the “common people of the skies” are trying to filter down their feeble light through the misty atmosphere, I have a lurking fear and distrust of the reptiles and bugs who may also have a fancy for promenading at the same time and in the same place. I say nothing of bats, frogs and toads, mantis or even huge moths: to these we are quite accustomed. But although I have never seen a live snake in this country myself, still



one hears such unpleasant stories about them that it is just as well to what the Scotch call "mak siccar" with a candle before beginning a constitutional in the dark.

It is not a week ago since a lady of my acquaintance, being surprised at her little dog's refusal to follow her into her bedroom one night, instituted a search for the reason of the poor little creature's terror and dismay, and discovered a snake coiled up under her chest of drawers. At this moment, too, the local papers are full of recipes for the prevention and cure of snake-bites, public attention being much attracted to the subject on account of an Englishman having been bitten by a black "mamba" (a very venomous adder) a short time since, and having died of the wound in a few hours. In his case, poor man! there does not seem to have been a chance from the first, for he was obliged to walk some distance to the nearest house, and as they had no proper remedies there, he had to be taken on a farther journey of some miles to a hospital. All this exercise and motion caused the poison to circulate freely through the



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veins, and was the worst possible thing for him. The doctors here seem agreed that the treatment of ammonia and brandy is the safest, and many instances are adduced to show how successful it has been, though one party of practitioners admits the ammonia, but denies the brandy. On the other hand, one hears of a child bitten by a snake and swallowing half a large bottle of raw brandy in half an hour without its head being at all affected, and, what is more, recovering from the bite and living happy ever after. I keep quantities of both remedies close at hand, for three or four venomous snakes have been killed within a dozen yards of the house, and little G—— is perpetually exploring the long grass all around or hunting for a stray cricket-ball or a pegtop in one of those beautiful fern-filled ditches whose tangle of creepers and plummy ferns is exactly the favorite haunt of snakes. As yet he has brought back from these forbidden raids nothing more than a few ticks and millions of burs.

As for the ticks, I am getting over my horror at having to dislodge them from among the baby's soft curls by means of a sharp needle, and even G—— only shouts with laughter at discovering a great swollen monster hanging on by its forceps to his leg. They torment the poor horses and dogs dreadfully; and if the said horses were not the very quietest, meekest, most underbred and depressed animals in the world, we should certainly hear of more accidents. As it is, they confine their efforts to get rid of their tormentors to rubbing all the hair off their tails and sides in patches against the stable walls or the trunk of a tree. Indeed, the clever way G——'s miserable little Basuto pony actually climbs inside a good-sized bush, and sways himself about in it with his legs off the ground until the whole thing comes with a crash to the ground, is edifying to behold to every one except the owner of the tree. Tom, the Kafir boy, tried hard to persuade me the other day that the pony was to blame for the destruction of a peach tree, but as the only broken-down branches were those which had been laden with fruit, I am inclined to acquit the pony. Carbolic soap is an excellent thing to wash both dogs and horses with, as it not only keeps away flies and ticks from the skin, which, is constantly rubbed off by incessant scratching, but helps to heal the tendency to a sore place. Indeed, nothing frightened me so much as what I heard when I first arrived about Natal sores and Natal boils. Everybody told me that ever so slight a cut or abrasion went on slowly festering, and that sores on children's faces were quite common. This sounded very dreadful, but I am beginning to hope it was an exaggeration, for whenever G—— cuts or knocks himself (which is every day or so), or scratches an insect's bite into a bad place, I wash the part with a little carbolic soap (there are two sorts—one for animals and a more refined preparation for the human skin), and it is quite well the next day. We have all had a threatening of those horrid boils, but they have passed off.



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In town the mosquitoes are plentiful and lively, devoting their attentions chiefly to newcomers, but up here—I write as though we were five thousand feet instead of only fifty above Maritzburg—it is rare to see one. I think “fillies” are more in our line, and that in spite of every floor in the house being scrubbed daily with strong soda and water. “Fillies,” you must know, is our black groom’s (Charlie’s) way of pronouncing *fleas*, and I find it ever so much prettier. Charlie and I are having a daily discussion just now touching sundry moneys he expended during my week’s absence at D’Urban for the kittens’ food. Charlie calls them the “lil’ cattie,” and declares that the two small animals consumed three shillings and ninepence worth of meat in a week. I laughingly say, “But, Charlie, that would be nearly nine pounds of meat in six days, and they couldn’t eat that, you know.” Charlie grins and shows all his beautiful even white teeth: then he bashfully turns his head aside and says, “I doan know, ma’: I buy six’ meat dree time.” “Very well, Charlie, that would be one shilling and sixpence.” “I doan know, ma’;” and we’ve not got any further than that yet.

But G—— and I are picking up many words of Kafir, and it is quite mortifying to see how much more easily the little monkey learns than I do. I forget my phrases or confuse them, whereas when he learns two or three sentences he appears to remember them always. It is a very melodious and beautiful language, and, except for the clicks, not very difficult to learn. Almost everybody here speaks it a little, and it is the first thing necessary for a new-comer to endeavor to acquire; only, unfortunately, there are no teachers, as in India, and consequently you pick up a wretched, debased kind of patois, interlarded with Dutch phrases. Indeed, I am assured there are two words, *el hashi* (“the horse”), of unmistakable Moorish origin, though no one knows how they got into the language. Many of the Kafirs about town speak a little English, and they are exceedingly sharp, when they choose, about understanding what is meant, even if they do not quite catch the meaning of the words used. There is one genius of my acquaintance, called “Sixpence,” who is not only a capital cook, but an accomplished English scholar, having spent some months in England. Generally, to Cape Town and back is the extent of their journeyings, for they are a home-loving people; but Sixpence went to England with his master, and brought back a shivering recollection of an English winter and a deep-rooted amazement at the boys of the Shoe Brigade, who wanted to clean his boots. That astonished him more than anything else, he says.



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The Kafirs are very fond of attending their own schools and church services, of which there are several in the town; and I find one of my greatest difficulties in living out here consists in getting Kafirs to come out of town, for by doing so they miss their regular attendance at chapel and school. A few Sundays ago I went to one of these Kafir schools, and was much struck by the intently-absorbed air of the pupils, almost all of whom were youths about twenty years of age. They were learning to read the Bible in Kafir during my visit, sitting in couples, and helping each other on with immense diligence and earnestness. No looking about, no wandering, inattentive glances, did I see. I might as well have "had the receipt of fern-seed and walked invisible" for all the attention I excited. Presently the pupil-teacher, a young black man, who had charge of this class, asked me if I would like to hear them sing a hymn, and on my assenting he read out a verse of "Hold the Fort," and they all stood up and sang it, or rather its Kafir translation, lustily and with good courage, though without much tune. The chorus was especially fine, the words "Inkanye kanye" ringing through the room with great fervor. This is not a literal translation of the words "Hold the Fort," but it is difficult, as the teacher explained to me, for the translator to avail himself of the usual word for "hold," as it conveys more the idea of "take hold," "seize," and the young Kafir missionary thoroughly understood all the nicety of the idiom. There was another class for women and children, but it was a small one. Certainly, the young men seemed much in earnest, and the rapt expression of their faces was most striking, especially during the short prayer which followed the hymn and ended the school for the afternoon.

I have had constantly impressed upon my mind since my arrival the advice *not* to take Christian Kafirs into my service, but I am at a loss to know in what way the prejudice against them can have arisen. "Take a Kafir green from his kraal if you wish to have a good servant," is what every one tells me. It so happens that we have two of each—two Christians and two heathens—about the place, and there is no doubt whatever which is the best. Indeed, I have sometimes conversations with the one who speaks English, and I can assure you we might all learn from him with advantage. His simple creed is just what came from the Saviour's lips two thousand years ago, and comprises His teaching of the whole duty of man—to love God, the great "En' Kos," and his neighbor as himself. He speaks always with real delight of his privileges, and is very anxious to go to Cape Town to attend some school there of which he talks a great deal, and where he says he should learn to read the Bible in English. At present he is spelling it out with great difficulty in Kafir. This man often talks to me in the most respectful and civil manner imaginable about the customs



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of his tribe, and he constantly alludes to the narrow escape he had of being murdered directly after his birth for the crime of being a twin. His people have a fixed belief that unless one of a pair of babies be killed at once, either the father or mother will die within the year; and they argue that as in any case one child will be sure to die in its infancy, twins being proverbially difficult to rear, it is only both kind and natural to kill the weakly one at once. This young man is very small and quiet and gentle, with an ugly face, but a sweet, intelligent expression and a very nice manner. I find him and the other Christian in our employment very trustworthy and reliable. If they tell me anything which has occurred, I know I can believe their version of it, and they are absolutely honest. Now, the other lads have very loose ideas on the subject of sugar, and make shifty excuses for everything, from the cat breaking a heavy stone filter up to half the marketing being dropped on the road.

I don't think I have made it sufficiently clear that besides the Sunday-schools and services I have mentioned there are night-schools every evening in the week, which are fully attended by Kafir servants, and where they are first taught to read their own language, which is an enormous difficulty to them. They always tell me it is so much easier to learn to read English than Kafir; and if one studies the two languages, it is plain to see how much simpler the new tongue must appear to a learner than the intricate construction, the varying patois and the necessarily phonetic spelling of a language compounded of so many dialects as the Zulu-Kafir.

FEBRUARY 12.

In some respects I consider this climate has been rather over-praised. Of course it is a great deal—a very great deal—better than our English one, but that, after all, is not saying much in its praise. Then we must remember that in England we have the fear and dread of the climate ever before our eyes, and consequently are always, so to speak, on our guard against it. Here, and in other places where civilization is in its infancy, we are at the mercy of dust and sun, wind and rain, and all the eccentric elements which go to make up weather. Consequently, when the balance of comfort and convenience has to be struck, it is surprising how small an advantage a really better climate gives when you take away watering-carts and shady streets for hot weather, and sheltered railway-stations and hansom cabs for wet weather, and roads and servants and civility and general convenience everywhere. This particular climate is both depressing and trying in spite of the sunny skies we are ever boasting about, because it has a strong tinge of the tropical element in it; and yet people live in much the same kind of houses (only that they are very small), and wear much the same sort of clothes (only that they are very ugly), and lead much the same sort of lives (only that



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it is a thousand times duller than the dullest country village), as they do in England. Some small concession is made to the thermometer in the matter of puggeries and matted floors, but even then carpets are used wherever it is practicable, because this matting never looks clean and nice after the first week it is put down. All the houses are built on the ground floor, with the utmost economy of building material and labor, and consequently there are no passages: every room is, in fact, a passage and leads to its neighbor. So the perpetually dirty bare feet, or, still worse, boots fresh from the mud or dust of the streets, soon wear out the matting. Few houses are at all prettily decorated or furnished, partly from the difficulty of procuring anything pretty here, the cost and risk of its carriage up from D'Urban if you send to England for it, and partly from the want of servants accustomed to anything but the roughest and coarsest articles of household use. A lady soon begins to take her drawing-room ornaments *en guignon* if she has to dust them herself every day in a very dusty climate. I speak feelingly and with authority, for that is my case at this moment, and applies to every other part of the house as well.

I must say I like Kafir servants in some respects. They require, I acknowledge, constant supervision; they require to be told to do the same thing over and over again every day; and, what is more, besides telling, you have to stand by and see that they do the thing. They are also very slow. But still, with all these disadvantages, they are far better than the generality of European servants out here, who make their luckless employers' lives a burden to them by reason of their tempers and caprices. It is much better, I am convinced, to face the evil boldly and to make up one's mind to have none but Kafir servants. Of course one immediately turns into a sort of overseer and upper servant one's self; but at all events you feel master or mistress of your own house, and you have faithful and good-tempered domestics, who do their best, however awkwardly, to please you. Where there are children, then indeed a good English nurse is a great boon; and in this one respect I am fortunate. Kafirs are also much easier to manage when the orders come direct from the master or mistress, and they work far more willingly for them than for white servants. Tom, the nurse-boy, confided to me yesterday that he hoped to stop in my employment for forty moons. After that space of time he considered that he should be in a position to buy plenty of wives, who would work for him and support him for the rest of his life. But how Tom or Jack, or any of the boys in fact, are to save money I know not, for every shilling of their wages, except a small margin for coarse snuff, goes to their parents, who fleece them without mercy. If they are fined for breakages or misconduct (the only punishment a Kafir cares for), they have to account for the deficient



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money to the stern parents; and both Tom and Jack went through a most graphic pantomime with a stick of the consequences to themselves, adding that their father said both the beating from him and the fine from us served them right for their carelessness. It seemed so hard they should suffer both ways, and they were so good-tempered and uncomplaining about it, that I fear I shall find it very difficult to stop any threepenny pieces out of their wages in future. A Kafir servant usually gets one pound a month, his clothes and food. The former consists of a shirt and short trousers of coarse check cotton, a soldier's old great-coat for winter, and plenty of mealy-meal for "scoff." If he is a good servant and worth making comfortable, you give him a trifle every week to buy meat. Kafirs are very fond of going to their kraals, and you have to make them sign an agreement to remain with you so many months, generally six. By the time you have just taught them, with infinite pains and trouble, how to do their work, they depart, and you have to begin it all over again.

I frequently see the chiefs or indunas of chiefs passing here on their way to some kraals which lie just over the hills. These kraals consist of half a dozen or more large huts, exactly like so many huge beehives, on the slope of a hill. There is a rude attempt at sod-fencing round them; a few head of cattle graze in the neighborhood; lower down, the hillside is roughly scratched by the women with crooked hoes to form a mealy-ground. (Cows and mealies are all they require except snuff or tobacco, which they smoke out of a cow's horn.) They seem a very gay and cheerful people, to judge by the laughter and jests I hear from the groups returning to these kraals every day by the road just outside our fence. Sometimes one of the party carries an umbrella; and I assure you the effect of a tall, stalwart Kafir, clad either in nothing at all or else in a sack, carefully guarding his bare head with a tattered Gamp, is very ridiculous. Often some one walks along playing upon a rude pipe, whilst the others jog before and after him, laughing and capering like boys let loose from school, and all chattering loudly. You never meet a man carrying a burden unless he is a white settler's servant. When a chief or the induna of a kraal passes this way, I see him, clad in a motley garb of red regimentals with his bare "ringed" head, riding a sorry nag, only the point of his great toe resting in his stirrup. He is followed closely and with great *empressement* by his "tail," all "ringed" men also—that is, men of some substance and weight in the community. They carry bundles of sticks, and keep up with the ambling nag, and are closely followed by some of his wives bearing heavy loads on their heads, but stepping out bravely with beautiful erect carriage, shapely bare arms and legs; and some sort of coarse drapery worn across their bodies, covering them from shoulder to knee in folds which would delight an artist's eye and be the despair of a sculptor's chisel. They don't look either oppressed or discontented. Happy, healthy and jolly are the words by which they would be most truthfully described. Still, they are lazy, and slow to appreciate any benefit from civilization except the money, but then savages always seem to me as keen and sordid about money as the most civilized mercantile community anywhere.



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FEBRUARY 14.

I am often asked by people who are thinking of coming here, or who want to send presents to friends here, what to bring or send. Of course it is difficult to say, because my experience is limited and confined to one spot at present: therefore I give my opinion very guardedly, and acknowledge it is derived in great part from the experience of others who have been here a long time. Amongst other wraps, I brought a sealskin jacket and muff which I happened to have. These, I am assured, will be absolutely useless, and already they are a great anxiety to me on account of the swarms of fish-tail moths which I see scuttling about in every direction if I move a box or look behind a picture. In fact, there are destructive moths everywhere, and every drawer is redolent of camphor. The only things I can venture to recommend as necessaries are things which no one advised me to bring, and which were only random shots. One was a light waterproof ulster, and the other was a lot of those outside blinds for windows which come, I believe, from Japan, and are made of grass—green, painted with gay figures. I picked up these latter by the merest accident at the Baker-street bazaar for a few shillings: they are the comfort of my life, keeping out glare and dust in the day and moths and insects of all kinds at night. As for the waterproof, I do not know what I should have done without it; and little G——'s has also been most useful. It is the necessary of necessaries here—a *real*, good substantial waterproof. A man cannot do better than get a regular military waterproof which will cover him from chin to heel on horseback; and even waterproof hats and caps are a comfort in this treacherous summer season, where a storm bursts over your head out of a blue dome of sky, and drenches you even whilst the sun is shining brightly.

A worse climate and country for clothes of every kind and description cannot be imagined. When I first arrived I thought I had never seen such ugly toilettes in all my life; and I should have been less than woman (or more—which is it?) if I had not derived some secret satisfaction from the possession of at least prettier garments. What I was vain of in my secret heart was my store of cotton gowns. One can't very well wear cotton gowns in London; and, as I am particularly fond of them, I indemnify myself for going abroad by rushing wildly into extensive purchases in cambrics and print dresses. They are so pretty and so cheap, and when charmingly made, as mine *were* (alas, they are already things of the past!), nothing can be so satisfactory in the way of summer country garb. Well, it has been precisely in the matter of cotton gowns that I have been punished for my vanity. For a day or two each gown in turn looked charming. Then came a flounce or bordering of bright red earth on the lower skirt and a general impression of red dust and



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dirt all over it. That was after a drive into Maritzburg along a road ploughed up by ox-wagons. Still, I felt no uneasiness. What is a cotton gown made for if not to be washed? Away it goes to the wash! What is this limp, discolored rag which returns to me iron-moulded, blued until it is nearly black, rough-dried, starched in patches, with the fringe of red earth only more firmly fixed than before? Behold my favorite ivory cotton! My white gowns are even in a worse plight, for there are no two yards of them the same, and the grotesque mixture of extreme yellowness, extreme blueness and a pervading tinge of the red mud they have been washed in renders them a piteous example of misplaced confidence. Other things fare rather better—not much—but my poor gowns are only hopeless wrecks, and I am reduced to some old yachting dresses of ticking and serge. The price of washing, as this spoiling process is pleasantly called, is enormous, and I exhaust my faculties in devising more economical arrangements. We can't wash at home, for the simple reason that we have no water, no proper appliances of any sort, and to build and buy such would cost a small fortune. But a tall, white-aproned Kafir, with a badge upon his arm, comes now at daylight every Monday morning and takes away a huge sackful of linen, which is placed, with sundry pieces of soap and blue in its mouth, all ready for him. He brings it back in the afternoon full of clean and dry linen, for which he receives three shillings and sixpence. But this is only the first stage. The things to be starched have to be sorted and sent to one woman, and those to be mangled to another, and both lots have to be fetched home again by Tom and Jack. (I have forgotten to tell you that Jack's real name, elicited with great difficulty, as there is a click somewhere in it, is "Umpashongwana," whilst the pickle Tom is known among his own people as "Umkabangwana." You will admit that our substitutes for these five-syllabled appellations are easier to pronounce in a hurry. Jack is a favorite name: I know half a dozen black Jacks myself.) To return, however, to the washing. I spend my time in this uncertain weather watching the clouds on the days when the clothes are to come home, for it would be altogether *too* great a trial if one's starched garments, borne aloft on Jack's head, were to be caught in a thunder-shower. If the washerwoman takes pains with anything, it is with gentlemen's shirts, though even then she insists on ironing the collars into strange and fearful shapes.

Let not men think, however, that they have it all their own way in the matter of clothes. White jackets and trousers are commonly worn here in summer, and it is very soothing, I am told, to try to put them on in a hurry when the arms and legs are firmly glued together by several pounds of starch. Then as to boots and shoes: they get so mildewed if laid aside for even a few days as to be absolutely offensive; and these, with hats, wear out at the most astonishing rate. The sun and dust and rain finish up the hats in less than no time.



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But I have not done with my clothes yet. A lady must keep a warm dress and jacket close at hand all through the most broiling summer weather, for a couple of hours will bring the thermometer down ten or twenty degrees, and I have often been gasping in a white dressing-gown at noon and shivering in a serge dress at three o'clock on the same day. I am making up my mind that serge and ticking are likely to be the most useful material for dresses, and, as one must have something very cool for these burning months, tussore or foulard, which get themselves better washed than my poor dear cottons. Silks are next to useless—too smart, too hot, too entirely out of place in such a life as this, except perhaps one or two of tried principles, which won't spot or fade or misbehave themselves in any way. One goes out of a warm, dry afternoon with a tulle veil on to keep off the flies, or a feather in one's hat, and returns with the one a limp, wet rag and the other quite out of curl. I only wish any milliner could see my feathers now! All straight, rigidly straight as a carpenter's rule, and tinged with red dust besides. As for tulle or crepe-lisse frilling, or any of those soft pretty adjuncts to a simple toilette, they are five minutes' wear—no more, I solemnly declare.

I love telling a story against myself, and here is one. In spite of repeated experiences of the injurious effect of alternate damp and dust upon finery, the old Eve is occasionally too strong for my prudence, and I can't resist, on the rare occasions which offer themselves, the temptation of wearing pretty things. Especially weak am I in the matter of caps, and this is what befell me. Imagine a lovely, soft summer evening, broad daylight, though it is half-past seven (it will be dark directly, however): a dinner-party to be reached a couple of miles away. The little open carriage is at the door, and into this I step, swathing my gown carefully up in a huge shawl. This precaution is especially necessary, for during the afternoon there has been a terrific thunderstorm and a sudden sharp deluge of rain. Besides a swamp or two to be ploughed through as best we may, there are those two miles of deep red muddy road full of ruts and big stones and pitfalls of all sorts. The drive home in the dark will be nervous work, but now in daylight let us enjoy whilst we may. Of course I *ought* to have taken my cap in a box or bag, or something of the sort; but that seemed too much trouble, especially as it was so small it needed to be firmly pinned on in its place. It consisted of a centre or crown of white crepe, a little frill of the same, and a close-fitting wreath of deep red feathers all round. Very neat and tidy it looked as I took my last glance at it whilst I hastily knotted a light black lace veil over my head by way of protection during my drive. When I got to my destination there was no looking-glass to be seen anywhere, no maid, no anything or anybody to warn me. Into



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the dining-room I marched in happy unconsciousness that the extreme dampness of the evening had flattened the crown of my cap, and that it and its frill were mere unconsidered limp rags, whilst the unpretending circlet of feathers had started into undue prominence, and struck straight out like a red nimbus all round my unconscious head. How my fellow-guests managed to keep their countenances I cannot tell. I am certain I never could have sat opposite to any one with such an Ojibbeway Indian's head-dress on without giggling. But no one gave me the least hint of my misfortune, and it only burst upon me suddenly when I returned to my own room and my own glass. Still, there was a ray of hope left: it *might* have been the dampness of the drive home which had worked me this woe. I rushed into F——'s dressing-room and demanded quite fiercely whether my cap had been like that all the time.

"Why, yes," F—— admitted; adding by way of consolation, "In fact, it is a good deal subdued now: it was very wild all dinner-time. I can't say I admired it, but I supposed it was all right."

Did ever any one hear such shocking apathy? In answer to my reproaches for not telling me, he only said, "Why, what could you have done with it if you *had* known? Taken it off and put it in your pocket, or what?"

I don't know, but anything would have been better than sitting at table with a thing only fit for a May-Day sweep on one's head. It makes me hot and angry with myself even to think of it now.

F——'s clothes could also relate some curious experiences which they have had to go through, not only at the hands of his washerwoman, but at those of his temporary valet, Jack (I beg his pardon, Umpashongwana) the Zulu, whose zeal exceeds anything one can imagine. For instance, when he sets to work to brush F——'s clothes of a morning he is by no means content to brush the cloth clothes. Oh dear, no! He brushes the socks, putting each carefully on his hand like a glove and brushing vigorously away. As they are necessarily very thin socks for this hot weather, they are apt to melt away entirely under the process. I say nothing of his blacking the boots inside as well as out, or of his laboriously scrubbing holes in a serge coat with a scrubbing-brush, for these are errors of judgment dictated by a kindly heart. But when Jack puts a saucepan on the fire without any water and burns holes in it, or tries whether plates and dishes can support their own weight in the air without a table beneath them, then, I confess, my patience runs short. But Jack is so imperturbable, so perfectly and genuinely astonished at the untoward result of his experiments, and so grieved that the *inkosacasa* (I have not an idea how the word ought to be spelt) should be vexed, that I am obliged to leave off shaking my head at him, which is the only way I have of expressing my displeasure. He keeps on saying, "Ja, oui, yaas," alternately, all the time, and I have to go away to laugh.



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FEBRUARY 16.

I was much amused the other day at receiving a letter of introduction from a mutual friend in England, warmly recommending a newly-arrived bride and bridegroom to my acquaintance, and especially begging me to take pains to introduce the new-comers into the "best society." To appreciate the joke thoroughly you must understand that there is no society here at all—absolutely none. We are not proud, we Maritzburgians, nor are we inhospitable, nor exclusive, nor unsociable. Not a bit. We are as anxious as any community can be to have society or sociable gatherings, or whatever you like to call the way people manage to meet together; but circumstances are altogether too strong for us, and we all in turn are forced to abandon the attempt in despair. First of all, the weather is against us. It is maddeningly uncertain, and the best-arranged entertainment cannot be considered a success if the guests have to struggle through rain and tempest and streets ankle-deep in water and pitchy darkness to assist at it. People are hardly likely to make themselves pleasant at a party when their return home through storm and darkness is on their minds all the time: at least, I know / cannot do so. But the weather is only one of the lets and hinderances to society in Natal. We are all exceedingly poor, and necessary food is very dear: luxuries are enormously expensive, but they are generally not to be had at all, so one is not tempted by them. Servants, particularly cooks, are few and far between, and I doubt if even any one calling himself a cook could send up what would be considered a fairly good dish elsewhere. Kafirs can be taught to do one or two things pretty well, but even then they could not be trusted to do them for a party. In fact, if I stated that there were no good servants—in the ordinary acceptation of the word—here at all, I should not be guilty of exaggeration. If there are, all I can say is, I have neither heard of nor seen them. On the contrary, I have been overwhelmed by lamentations on that score in which I can heartily join. Besides the want of means of conveyance (for there are no cabs, and very few *remises*) and good food and attendance, any one wanting to entertain would almost need to build a house, so impossible is it to collect more than half a dozen people inside an ordinary-sized house here. For my part, my verandah is the comfort of my life. When more than four or five people at a time chance to come to afternoon tea, we overflow into the verandah. It runs round three sides of the four rooms called a house, and is at once my day-nursery, my lumber-room, my summer-parlor, my place of exercise—everything, in fact. And it is an incessant occupation to train the creepers and wage war against the legions of brilliantly-colored grasshoppers which infest and devour the honeysuckles and roses. Never was there such a place for insects!



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They eat up everything in the kitchen-garden, devour every leaf off my peach and orange trees, scarring and spoiling the fruit as well. It is no comfort whatever that they are wonderfully beautiful creatures, striped and ringed with a thousand colors in a thousand various ways: one has only to see the riddled appearance of every leaf and flower to harden one's heart. Just now they have cleared off every blossom out of the garden except my zinnias, which grow magnificently and make the devastated flower-bed still gay with every hue and tint a zinnia can put on—salmon-color, rose, scarlet, pink, maroon, and fifty shades besides. On the veldt too the flowers have passed by, but their place is taken by the grasses, which are all in seed. People say the grass is rank and poor, and of not much account as food for stock, but it has an astonishing variety of beautiful seeds. In one patch it is like miniature pampas-grass, only a couple of inches long each seed-pod, but white and fluffy. Again, there will be tall stems laden with rich purple grains or delicate tufts of rose-colored seed. One of the prettiest, however, is like wee green harebells hanging all down a tall and slender stalk, and hiding within their cups the seed. Unfortunately, the weeds and burs seed just as freely, and there is one especial torment to the garden in the shape of an innocent-looking little plant something like an alpine strawberry in leaf and blossom, bearing a most aggravating tuft of little black spines which lose no opportunity of sticking to one's petticoats in myriads. They are familiarly known as "blackjacks," and can hold their own as pests with any weed of my acquaintance.

But the most beautiful tree I have seen in Natal was an *Acacia flamboyante*. I saw it at D'Urban, and I shall never forget the contrast of its vivid green, bright as the spring foliage of a young oak, and the crown of rich crimson flowers on its topmost branches, tossing their brilliant blossoms against a background of gleaming sea and sky. It was really splendid, like a bit of Italian coloring among the sombre tangle of tropical verdure. It is too cold up here for this glorious tree, which properly belongs to a far more tropical temperature than even D'Urban can mount up to.

I am looking forward to next month and the following ones to make some little excursions into the country, or to go "trekking," as the local expression is. I hear on all sides how much that is interesting lies a little way beyond the reach of a ride, but it is difficult for the mistress—who is at the same time the general servant—of an establishment out here to get away from home for even a few days, especially when there is a couple of small children to be left behind. No one travels now who can possibly help it, for the sudden violent rains which come down nearly every afternoon swell the rivers and make even the spruits impassable; so a traveler may be detained for days within a few miles of his destination. Now, in winter the roads will be hard, and dust will be the only inconvenience. At least, that is what I am promised.



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OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

THE CABS OF PARIS.

Paris is without doubt, of all large cities, the easiest to get about in. Lines of omnibuses cross and recross its surface in every direction, and, better still, the streets swarm with cabs, in which for the small sum of thirty cents one can pass at will from any given point to any other far distant one within its limits. There are carriage-stands on every side and in every principal street, and unoccupied vehicles may be seen driven at a snail's pace, with their drivers keenly on the lookout for a possible fare. Yet, with all this provision, it is occasionally very difficult to secure a carriage in Paris. On a sunny Sunday afternoon, on the day of the Grand Prix de Paris, or during the prevalence of a sudden storm carriages are as scarce in Paris as they are in New York. Yet their number increases daily, thanks to the law of 1866, by virtue of which any coachman who can pass an examination as to his knowledge of driving and acquaintance with the streets of Paris can, if he likes, purchase a vehicle of the regulation style, have his number painted on it and set up for himself as a public cabman, subject always in the matter of pace, charges, *etc.* to the police laws regulating all such details.

It has taken two hundred and thirty years to bring the cab-system of Paris to the point of perfection to which it has now attained. In 1617 the only public means of locomotion was afforded by a company which let out sedan-chairs. In 1640 a certain Nicholas Sauvage, agent for the stage-coaches of Amiens, formed the plan of establishing carriages, harnessed and ready for use at certain designated points, for the accommodation of the public. These vehicles were christened *fiacres*, but the reason for their receiving this appellation remains unknown. Some say it was because Sauvage occupied a house the facade of which was decorated with an image of St. Fiacre: another and more probable solution of the mystery has been found in the fact that just at that epoch a monk of the Petits Peres, called Fiacre, died in the odor of sanctity, and his portrait was placed in all the new vehicles to protect them against accidents. Be this as it may, the new enterprise proved successful, and in 1703 a law was passed compelling the numbering of all public carriages. In 1753 there existed in Paris twenty-eight cab-stands and sixty livery-stables, containing in all one hundred and seventy carriages. At present, Paris possesses over eight thousand cabs and three thousand livery-stable carriages: these last are generally very handsome vehicles, drawn by spirited, well-kept horses and driven by stylish-looking coachmen. The public vehicles of Paris, exclusive of the omnibuses, may be divided into three classes. First, the *voitures de place*, which are permitted, on payment of an annual tax of three hundred and sixty-five francs, to stand



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at one of the one hundred and fifty-eight points designated by the police; these bear a yellow number. Secondly, the *voitures mixtes*, which may at will be hired from a livery-stable or stand or ply upon the public highway; these bear a red number. And thirdly, the *voitures de remise*, which can only be hired from a stable, and are prohibited from appearing on the stands; these also are numbered in red, but in a particular style, so that a policeman at a glance can distinguish the difference between the *voitures mixtes* and those of the last category. To this latter class belong the stunning and splendid equipages which may be hired for any period, extending from a few hours to an indefinite number of months, and which enable the stranger to make as fine a display of equipages and liveries as the wealthiest resident of the city. The first two classes, the cabs properly so called, are, however, the most interesting to the transient visitor to Paris or to the permanent resident with a purse of moderate dimensions.

The cabs of Paris, as a rule, are comparatively neat and comfortable, those belonging to the *Compagnie Generale des Voitures* (of which institution more anon) being carefully brushed and cleaned every day. In winter a two-seated coupe lined with dark cloth or with leather, and drawn by a single horse, is the usual style of vehicle offered for the accommodation of the public. The price of such a vehicle is thirty cents for a "course" or single unbroken trip, which may be from one side of Paris to the other, or forty cents an hour. The coachman is bound by law to give the person engaging him a square ticket on which is printed his number and the exact amount of his fare: this last, however, being stated as varying under certain conditions and at certain hours, is apt to be rather puzzling to the inexperienced traveler, particularly if he or she be ignorant of French. Four-seated carriages are hard to find in winter: they are drawn by two horses, and the fare is ten cents more on the course and by the hour than that of the two-seated ones. In summer the coupes are replaced by light, open, four-seated carriages, with a hood and with leather curtains, to be used in case of rain; and they are really pleasant and comfortable vehicles. The horses do not differ much from the style of cab-horses known all over the world, being thin, shabby and dismal-looking animals as a general thing, though exceptions to the rule are not uncommon.

The cabmen of Paris form a distinct class, a separate society, composed of all sorts of elements—a turbulent, indocile, rebellious set of men, always in revolt against their employers and against the law, which holds them with an iron and inflexible grasp. Most of them are Communists, though many of them are men belonging to the higher classes of society, whom dissipation, extravagance or misfortune has driven to this mode of gaining a living. Thus, it is a well-known fact that the son of a distinguished



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diplomat, an ambassador to more than one foreign court, is now a cab-driver, and not a particularly good one. Unfrocked priests, unsuccessful school-teachers, small bankrupt tradesmen, swell the ranks, the *personnel* of which is mainly composed of servants out of place or of provincials who have come to Paris to seek their fortune. These last come mostly from Normandy, Auvergne and Savoy; and it has been noticed that the Savoyards are the most sober and docile of all. The Parisian cabman is always under the surveillance of the police: a policeman stationed on every stand watches each cab as it drives off, and takes its number to guard as far as possible against any overcharge or speculation. In case of a collision and quarrel or an accident the ubiquitous policeman is always at hand to take the numbers of the vehicles whose drivers may be concerned in the affair. Complaints made by passengers are always attended to at once, and immediate redress is pretty sure to follow. The cabman is generally gruff and surly, and, though seldom seen drunk, in the majority of cases is addicted to drink—a vice which the exposed nature of his calling palliates if it does not wholly excuse. Some cabmen are devoted to newspaper reading, and may be seen engaged perusing the *Rappel* or the *Evenement* while awaiting the appearance of a fare or stationed before the door of a shop or a picture-gallery. Others prefer to nap away their leisure moments, and may be seen, half sitting, half lying on their boxes, and sound asleep. It is rather a curious process to pass slowly along the line of a Parisian cab-stand and observe the faces of the men. Every variety and type of countenance—from the Parisian “Jakey” with villainous eyes, sharp features and black soaplocks, to the jolly old patriarch, gray and stout, and somewhat stiff in the joints, who has been a cab-driver for over forty years perhaps—presents itself to your view. The best way to engage a cab is by observing the face of the driver, not the condition of the vehicle or that of the horse. The Parisian cabmen wear no uniform, the high glazed hat being the only article of attire which is universally adopted. Even the red waistcoat, once a distinctive mark of their calling, is gradually falling into disuse, and every variety of coat and overcoat may be seen, liveries past private service being very generally adopted. Any overcharge may be reclaimed by the passenger by the simple process of making a complaint before the nearest chef de police. In past days the coachman thus complained against was forced to go in person to the complainant to beg his or her pardon, and to pay over the extra sum demanded. A frightful catastrophe which occurred some twenty years ago put an end to this form of retribution. On the 16th of September, 1855, M. Juge, director of the normal school at Douai, took a cab in the Place de la Concorde and went for a drive in the Bois de Boulogne. The driver, one Collignon, insisted on being paid more



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than his legal fare, and M. Juge forwarded his complaint to the prefecture of police the next day. Collignon was condemned to make restitution in person to M. Juge. He sold his furniture, purchased a pair of pistols and went on the appointed day to the house of M. Juge in the Rue d'Enfer. No hard words passed between them, but while the gentleman was in the act of signing the receipt the coachman drew out one of his pistols and shot him through the head, killing him instantly. Collignon was at once arrested: he was tried and condemned to death, and expiated his crime on the scaffold on the 6th of December following. Since that event another system of restitution has been followed, the sum exacted in excess of the legal fare being deposited at the prefecture of police, whither the traveler is compelled to go in quest of it.

At the prefecture of police is likewise situated the storehouse of articles forgotten or left behind in public carriages. According to the law, every coachman is commanded to inspect carefully his carriage after the occupant has departed, and to deposit every article left therein, were it but an odd glove, in the storehouse above mentioned. Each object is inscribed in a register and bears a particular number, and the number of the cab in which it was left as well. These articles fill a large room, whereof the contents are ever changing, and which is always full. Umbrellas, muffs, opera-glasses, pocket-books (sometimes containing thousands of francs) are among the most usual deposits. In one year there were found in the cabs of Paris over twenty thousand objects, among which were six thousand five hundred umbrellas. Should the article bear the address of the owner, he is at once apprised by letter of its whereabouts; otherwise, it is kept till called for, and if never claimed it becomes the property of the city at the end of three years, and is sold at auction. A vast row of underground apartments is appropriated to the unclaimed articles—dim cellar-rooms, lighted with gas. There may be seen umbrellas by the hundred or the thousand, strapped together in bundles and stacked up like fagots. Everything is registered, numbered and catalogued, and if returned to the owner his address and the date of delivery are carefully noted. The strict surveillance of the police contributes greatly toward keeping the Parisian cabman honest. Instances are on record where costly sets of jewels, bags of napoleons and pocket-books crammed with bank-notes have been faithfully deposited at the prefecture by their finders. On the other hand, an anecdote is told of a cab-driver in whose vehicle a gentleman chanced to leave his pocket-book, containing fifty thousand francs which he had just won at play. He traced his cabman to the stable, where he was in the act of feeding his horse, opened the carriage-door, and found his pocket-book lying untouched upon the floor. On learning what a prize he had missed the coachman incontinently hung himself.



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The great source of supply for public vehicles in Paris is the Compagnie Generale des Voitures, one of the most gigantic of the great enterprises of Paris. It possesses five thousand cabs and over two thousand handsome and stylish voitures de remise. It furnishes every style; of carriage for hire, from the superb private-looking barouche or landau, with servants in gorgeous livery and splendid blooded horses, or the showy pony-phaeton and low victoria of the *cocotte du grand monde*, down to the humble one-horse cab. This beneficent company will furnish you, if desired, with a princely equipage, with armorial bearings, family liveries, *etc.*, all complete and got up specially to suit the ideas of the hirer. Nine-tenths of the elegant turnouts in Paris are supplied in this manner. There is a regular tariff for everything: each additional footman costs so much, there is a fixed charge for powder, for postilions, for a *chasseur* decked with feathers and gold lace. You can be as elegant as you please without purchasing a single accessory of your equipage.

The cab-horses of the Compagnie Generale are usually brought from Normandy, and belong to a specially hardy race, such a one being needed to endure the privations and trials to which a Parisian cab-horse is exposed. Each horse has to be gradually initiated into the duties of his new calling: he has to be trained to eat at irregular hours, to sleep standing, and to endure the fatigues of the Parisian streets. Were the country-bred horse to be put at once to full city work, he would die in a week. He is first sent out for a quarter of a day; then after a week or two for half a day; then for a whole day; and when accustomed to that he is considered fit for night-work. The horses of the Compagnie Generale remain in the stable one day out of every three. If well fed, well kept and well looked after, the life of a Paris cab-horse may be prolonged from three to five years, but the latter is the extreme limit.

The Compagnie Generale not only buys its own horses, but constructs its own carriages. Its coachmen are obliged to pass through a preliminary examination, not only as to their capabilities for driving, but as to their knowledge of the streets of Paris. But the passage of the law of 1866 has let loose upon the community a swarm of ignorant coachmen, who, assuming the reins and whip, in some instances without any knowledge even of the great thoroughfares of Paris, will lead their unhappy hirer a pretty dance, particularly if he or she is a stranger on a first visit to the great city. I know of one instance where a lady, desirous of visiting the Parc Monceau, was taken to the extreme northern boundary of the city limits, and was only rescued by the intervention of the police. Then one must be very particular as to the pronunciation of the name of the street, as so many streets exist in Paris the names of which closely resemble each other when spoken, such as the Rue de Teheran and the Rue de Turin, the Rue du Maréchal and the Rue d'Aumale, *etc.* And if your coachman *can* make a mistake, you may rest assured he will do it.



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The Parisian cab is not, like its London compeer, a prohibited pariah of a vehicle, excluded from parks or the court-yards of palaces. You can go to call at the Elysee or to attend a ball there in a cab if you like, and the Bois de Boulogne or the Pare Monceau is as free to that plebeian vehicle as to the landau of a prince. And if one attends a ball in Paris, there is no need to engage a carriage to return home in. Attracted by the lights, the cabmen station their vehicles in long lines in the neighborhood of any mansion where such a festivity is taking place, waiting patiently till three, four and five o'clock in the morning for a chance of conveying home some of the merry-makers. The only instance in which I ever heard of their failing to be on hand on such an occasion was at a large fancy ball where the German was kept up till six o'clock in the morning. The gay troupe issued forth into the golden glowing sunshine of the April morning, and found not a single cab in attendance; so powdered and brocaded Marquises, white-satin clad "Mignons," Highlanders, Turks and Leaguers were forced to walk to their homes, in many instances miles away, to the immense amusement of the street-sweepers and naughty little boys, the only Parisians astir at that hour of the city's universal repose.

L.H.H.

A NEW MUSEUM AT ROME.

A new museum of sculpture at Rome! One would have thought that it could hardly be needed. Besides three vast collections—that of the Lateran, that of the Capitol, and that wondrous world of antique sculpture at the Vatican, itself, in fact, three museums, and each of the three alone matchless in the world—we have the work of the hands that lived and worked here a couple of thousands of years ago in every villa, in every garden, almost at every corner. And yet we need, and have just established, another museum of ancient sculpture. We are now cutting new lines of streets—not, as you are doing, on the surface of a soil that has never been moved save by the forces of Nature since first the Creator divided the sea from the dry land, but—among the debris of the successive civilizations of more than three thousand years. The laying of our gas- and water-pipes breaks the painting on the walls of banquet-halls whose last revel was disturbed by the irruption of the barbarian. Our "main drainage" lies among the temples of gods whose godlike forms are found mutilated and prostrate among the fallen columns and tumbled architraves and cornices of their shrines.

But if no awe of the mighty past prevents the speculator and contractor of our day from marching his army of excavators in an undeviating and unyielding line impartially athwart the temples, the palaces, the theatres, the baths of the perished world beneath their feet, yet in these days of ours the work is done reverently, at least so far as not only to respect, but to gather up with the most scrupulous care, every available

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fragment of the art, and even of the common life, of those vanished generations. If the day shall come when some future people shall yet once again build their city on this same eternal site, and some future social cataclysm shall have overwhelmed the works and civilization of the present time, those future builders will not find walls constructed in great part of the fragments of statues and the richly-carved friezes of yet older builders and artists, as we have found. The Romans of the present day are, it must be admitted, fully alive to the inappreciable value of the wondrous heritage they possess in this kind; and every fragment of it is carefully and jealously gathered and stored. And hence is the need of a new museum, and hence will be the need of other new museums—who shall say how many? For truly this Roman soil seems inexhaustible in buried treasures. There seems no likelihood that the vein should be exhausted or die out. Every now and then the excavators come upon “a fault,” as the miners say, but the vein is soon struck again.

And so the new museum at the Capitol has been rendered necessary. It was inaugurated on the 25th of February in this year. It consists of twelve rooms or galleries, part of which occupy the site of the apartments which used to contain the archives, now moved to other quarters, and part, including a large octagonal hall, the principal feature of the new museum, have been newly constructed on ground which used to be the garden of the Conservatori, the ancient municipal officers of the city, so called. The entrance is by the main staircase of the palazzo of the Conservatori, which is the building that forms the side of the square of the Capitol to the right hand of the visitor as he ascends the magnificent flight of steps from the Via di Ara Coeli. The steep sides of the Capitoline Hill on either side of these steps has been recently turned into a very well-kept and pretty garden, among the lawns and shrubberies of which the attention of the stranger, as he ascends, may be attracted by a neatly-painted iron cage in front of the mouth of a little cavern in the rock, which is inhabited by a she-wolf in memorial of the earliest traditions of the place. Memorials, indeed, are not wanting at every step, and from the first window of the staircase as the visitor ascends to the museum on the first floor he may look down on the Tarpeian Rock.

The public functionaries of all sorts here do so much of their work in a manner which gives rise to much discontentment among the Romans, and would by the people of better-ruled countries be deemed wholly intolerable, that it is a pleasure to be able to say that upon this occasion the municipality has done what it had to do thoroughly well. The galleries and rooms of the new establishment are decorated in admirably good taste in the Pompeian style, the walls being colored in panels and borders of blue and red on a buff ground. They are excellently well lighted,



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and the visitor is not hunted round the rooms by an attendant anxious only to get his tedious task over, but is allowed to wander about among the treasures around him at his own discretion, and to spend the whole day there, or as much of it as lies between 10 A.M. and 3 P.M., if he pleases. A sufficient catalogue, accompanied by a map of the place, is purchasable at the doors for a couple of francs, and the visitor is required to pay half a franc for his entrance. This last regulation is in accordance with a law recently passed by the legislature establishing an entrance-fee at the doors of all public galleries and museums throughout Italy. Heretofore the entrance to all such places was entirely free. But, seeing that the country really needs the assistance to be obtained from this source, it cannot be said to be acting otherwise than reasonably in making such a charge; and probably no one of the thousands who come to Italy to profit by her artistic treasures will ever grudge the payment of the small fee demanded; the only question being whether the measure is on the whole a profitable one financially, of which I do not feel quite sure.

The first landing-place of the vast staircase and the ante-room at the top of it are lined with the more interesting and perfect of the pagan inscriptions which the recent movements of the soil have brought to light. Of course, the majority of these present no specialties distinguishing them from the thousands of similar inscriptions with which the world has long since been familiar. But there are some among them which contribute useful fragments of knowledge to the attempts of our antiquaries to construct a satisfactory plan of the ancient city—dedications of statues, showing what god or goddess inhabited such or such a shrine, and the like. The letters of these inscriptions have been rendered more easily legible by restoring the scarlet coloring of them, as has been done in the case of those at the Vatican.

The visitor next enters a very long corridor or gallery giving access to the various halls and rooms, and adorned with a series of modern busts of the men of whom Italy has most reason to be proud. Some among them are of much merit.

Then comes the gallery of the bronzes. In this department the late finds have been very numerous and extremely interesting. Among the objects which will immediately attract the visitor's eye as he enters the principal room are a litter and a biga or chariot. In both cases of course only fragments of the bronze remain, but they are sufficient to have enabled skilled antiquaries to reconstruct the entire litter and the entire chariot. The latter is very specially interesting. The plates of embossed and chiseled bronze which encased the body of the chariot are figured with admirably-worked subjects in basso-rilievo, many of them relating to the "wondrous tale of Troy." This invaluable specimen was the gift to the museum of that eminent and liberal



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archaeologist, Signor A. Castellani, of whose matchless collection of Etruscan jewelry I wrote in a former number of this Magazine. The remaining portions of the bronze- and iron-work of the litter, with its arrangement of poles for carrying it, somewhat after the fashion of a sedan-chair, though the whole of the apparatus is much lighter, are more fragmentary, but yet sufficient for the reconstruction of a specimen illustrative to the classical reader of many a passage in the ancient writers. Under No. 10 the visitor will find the small statue of an hermaphrodite in bronze, fashioned as the bearer of a lamp—a statue of very great delicacy and beauty.

The next room is that of the medals and coins, the number of which will probably surprise the visitor not a little. The gold coins and the better-preserved and more interesting specimens are shown single under cleverly-arranged glass cases. The more ordinary results of the finds which are almost daily being made have been consigned in promiscuous heaps to huge glass vases, whose tops, however, are carefully sealed down. The large collections of the *aes rude signatum* of the consular and of the imperial families, in bronze, in silver and in gold, together with some mediaeval specimens, are ranged around the walls.

Then we come to the sculpture, the main scope of the new museum, which is distributed in a large vestibule, in a noble octagonal central hall and in a long gallery. It was an excellent idea, adding much to the interest which every stranger in Rome will take in the museum, to place on each specimen a placard specifying the locality in which it was discovered and the date of the finding. And this information is admirably supplemented by a map hung against the wall showing in detail the relative positions of all the places which have yielded up these long-buried treasures. The number of specimens of sculpture is in all one hundred and thirty-three; and it is impossible, without letting this notice run to an immoderate length, to attempt to give an adequate account of the various objects, or even of the principal among them. There is a richly-ornamented and very characteristic head of Commodus, which really looks as if it might have come from the sculptor's hands yesterday. A colossal bust of Maecenas, also the gift of Signor Castellani, a bust of Tiberius, a small statue of the child Hercules, a Venus Anadyomene, may be, and many others might be, mentioned. The last-named is a very lovely statue of a young girl entirely nude. The archaeologists have chosen to call it a Venus, but it is to my thinking clear that it never was intended for the laughter-loving goddess. The expression of the face is perfectly and beautifully chaste, and indeed a little sad. I should say that it must have been a nymph coming from the bath, and just about to clothe herself with the drapery thrown over a broken column at her knee as soon as she shall have completed the arrangement of her tresses, with which her hands are (or, alas! were, for the arms are wanting) engaged.



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Room No. 10 contains a very extensive and most interesting collection of ancient pottery. There are many of the painted vases with which the world has become so well acquainted, and which, as being the more showy objects, will on his first entrance attract the eye of the visitor. But if he will with loving patience examine the vast numbers of utensils of every sort which have been with the utmost care sifted, one might almost say, from out of the mass of debris which the recent excavations have thrown up, he will find an amount of suggestive illustration of the old pagan life of two thousand years ago which cannot fail to interest and instruct him.

T.A.T.

OUR FOREIGN SURNAMES.

It is interesting as well as amusing to read the foreign names upon the signs in the streets of our cities and towns, and observe the number of nationalities thereon represented, together with the peculiarities of form and meaning displayed by the names themselves.

German names meet the eye everywhere, and are usually very outlandish in appearance, while many of them have significations which are conspicuously and ludicrously inappropriate. For example, a lager-beer saloon in one of our large cities is kept by Mr. Heiliggeist ("Holy Ghost"); a cigar-shop in another place belongs to Mr. Priesterjahn ("Prester John"); while the pastor of a devout German flock in a third locality is the Rev. Mr. Wuestling ("low scoundrel"). The Hon. Carl Schurz, too, is hardly the sort of man to be named "apron," though it is certainly true that his name is in this country sometimes pronounced "Shirts."

Other branches of the great Teutonic family have many representatives among us, and their names seem, to the uninitiated, even more fearfully and wonderfully constructed than those of their German cousins. It produces a good deal of surprise in the mind of an American to see on the sign of a tradesman from Belgium the familiar name of Cox spelled "Kockx;" and the Norwegian patronymic Trondhjemer ("Drontheimer"), though a very mild specimen of the language, has a formidable aspect to the general beholder.

The German-Hebrew names display such an exuberant Eastern fancy in their composition as to suggest the inquiry whether they are not really but German translations of their possessors' original Oriental titles. It is not unlikely that this was the origin of names like Rosenthal ("Vale of Roses"), Lilienhain ("Meadow of Lilies"), Liebenstrom ("Stream of Love"), and Goldenberg ("Golden Mount").



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The Teutonic names, whether German, Scandinavian or Flemish, do not, as a rule, seem by any means so unpronounceable as those pertaining to foreigners of Slavonic race. The Russian, Polish and Bohemian appellations, which occur frequently in some sections of our country, so often begin with the extraordinary combination *cz* that many Americans, believing that nothing but a convulsive sneeze could meet the necessities of such a case, decline trying to pronounce them at all. But the difficulties which these Slavonic names apparently offer would, in a great measure, be removed by a uniform system of orthography. The combination *cz*, for instance, corresponds to our *ch*, and the Polish cognomen Czajkowski becomes much less exasperating when spelled, as it would be in English, "Chycovsky." The same thing is true, to a great extent, of the Hungarian names, which are not rare in our larger cities. They, too, would be greatly simplified to us by being spelled according to English rules. A very frequent combination in Hungarian names, that of *sz* is really the same as our *ss*; while *s* without the *z* is pronounced *sh*. The Hungarian name Szemelenyi under our system of spelling would therefore be "Semelenye," which is less discouraging.

The foreign names in the United States that really present the most serious difficulties to the native citizen are unquestionably the Welsh. Some of the obstacles to easy pronunciation may even in their case be removed by adaptation to our orthography; as is shown by the name Hwg ("hog"), which would be spelled by us "Hoog." But there are so many sounds in Welsh that are not only unknown, but almost inconceivable to English-speaking people, that the difficulties would still be very far from being overcome. And some of these peculiar utterances are expressed in Welsh by combinations of the Roman characters which in English stand for familiar and simple sounds; so that an attempt to reduce the two languages to a common system of spelling would not be at all easy. The combination *ll* stands in Welsh for a terrific gurgling, gasping sound, which when once heard swiftly puts an end to all the romantic associations that the name of Llewellyn has derived from history and poetry.

But all such foreign—or, more strictly speaking, un-English—names, after being in this country a generation or two, become, in a certain sense, "acclimated." They undergo a change in pronunciation, in spelling, or in both, which removes, in effect, the difficulties that originally characterized them. In this way the German names Schneider, Meyer, Kaiser, Kraemer, Schallenberger, Schwarzwelder, and a host of others have become, respectively, Snyder, Myers, Keyser, Creamer, Shellabarger, Swartswelder, *etc.* Sometimes, too, an American name more or less similar in sound or meaning has been taken or given in place of the original German title; as when Loewenstein ("Lion-rock") was exchanged for Livingston, and Albrecht ("Albert") for Allbright.



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The old “Knickerbocker” names of the Middle States have, in most instances, retained their Dutch spelling intact, but have generally been subjected to a similar process of adaptation in sound. The same may be said of the French names in this country. Their spelling has, as a rule, been preserved, while their sound has been Americanized. In this way De Rosset has acquired the pronunciation Derrozett, and Jacques has come to be called either Jaquess or Jakes. Many French patronymics, such as the old South Carolina Huguenot name *Marion*, exhibiting nothing peculiarly French in their forms, are now pronounced entirely in accordance with our rules, and their national origin is preserved by tradition alone. Some French titles, however, having undergone only a partial change in pronunciation, survive in a hybrid form as to sound, though their spelling remains unaltered. Specimens of this class may be found in such names as *Huger*, pronounced “Huzhee;” *Fouche*, commonly called “Fooshee;” and *Deveraux* or *Devereux*, now converted into “Debro” or “Devroo.” The only very noticeable change that has taken place in the orthography of our French names is that the article has been joined to the noun in many cases where they were originally separate. In this way *La Ramie*, *La Rabie*, *La Reintree*, *etc.* are now usually spelled Laramie, Larabie (or, in some instances, Larrabee), Lareintree, *etc.*; the pronunciation of the newer form being Americanized in the usual way. But this change in form is one which might easily have occurred even in France.

Most of these French and Dutch names have been in the country for a comparatively long time, and, indeed, many of them date back to the early colonial period. Like the Spanish-American names of Texas, California, Florida and Louisiana, to which the same rule generally applies, they belonged to members of organized foreign communities, proportionately large enough to preserve their names from a complete assimilation with the ideas of the English-American population. And in a lesser degree this is also true of those early German emigrants, mainly from the Palatinate, who settled in Pennsylvania, Western Maryland and the Shenandoah Valley.

The tendency at the present day, however, seems to be strongly in favor of the process mentioned first—that of changing the sound of the names to suit American ears, and altering the spelling so as to conform to the new pronunciation. There is every indication that this will be done with regard to a very large majority of the foreign surnames that have been introduced among us within the last fifty years, or which may be brought into our country in the future. And as the changes so made are quite arbitrary, the result will be that the future student of American nomenclature will often be sorely puzzled by some of the surnames to which his attention shall be drawn.

W.W.C.



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THE NEW FRENCH ACADEMICIAN.

No institution of its kind holds so eminent a place in the esteem of a great country as the *Academie Francaise*. The elections are always a matter of interest, largely shared by the cultivated *Revue-des-Deux-Mondes*-reading world of both hemispheres; and the last election was one which excited fully as much attention as most of its predecessors. M. John Lemoinne, who at length summoned up courage to present himself as a candidate, was born in London in Waterloo year, 1815, and has for a long period, probably thirty years, been, through the *Journal des Debats*, in some sort a European power. His selection to fill the seat of M. Jules Janin is in every way appropriate. Indeed, it seems strange that he should have been contented to wait until he was sixty-one to come forward for that distinction.

The foundation of the Academy is directly traceable to the meetings of men of science at the house of M. Courart—who, early in the seventeenth century, was for forty years its first secretary—but it unquestionably owes to Richelieu a habitation and a name. It was formed with the special object of preserving accuracy in the French language, to which Frenchmen have been wont to pay an almost exclusive attention, but by the election of M. Lemoinne the Academy will have at least one member who is no less acquainted with another tongue.

Every one will remember old Miss Crawley's rage when she found that Becky was trading on her connection with the democratic-aristocratic spinster to make her way into the Faubourg St. Germain. Too impatient to write in French, the old lady posted off a furious disavowal of the little adventuress in vigorous vernacular, but, adds the author, as Madame la Duchesse had only passed twenty years in England, she didn't understand one word. It may be hoped that the new Academician will, in conjunction with the new minister of public instruction, Mr. Waddington, who is a Rugby and Cambridge man, have some effect in arousing his countrymen to the study which they have heretofore so strangely neglected of a tongue which threatens to obliterate in time the inconveniences occasioned by the Tower of Babel. English is every day more and more spoken, and French less and less.

In delivering his address of welcome to M. Lemoinne, M. Cavillier Fleury said: "You are one of the creators of the discussion of foreign affairs in the French papers: you gave them the taste for interesting themselves in the concerns of foreign countries. Few of us before steam had shortened distance really knew England. Voltaire had by turns glorified and ridiculed it; De Stael had shown it to us in an agreeable book; the witty letters of Duvergier de Hauranne had revealed the secrets of its electoral system. Your correspondence of 1841 completed the work." He might pertinently have added, "Because you are about the only French newspaper writer who ever thoroughly understood the English language, and could thus avoid ridiculous blunders."



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It has been observed that the *Debats* almost exclusively supplies the Academy with its contingent of publicists—a circumstance accounted for by that journal being jealous of the purity of its language, and in other respects preserving a high and dignified standard. It has, indeed, for an unusually long period enjoyed its reputation. French and Belgian newspapers are very much of a mystery to an Anglo-Saxon. They seem to flourish under conditions impracticable to American or English journals. The *Independance Belge* and the *Journal des Debats* lie before us. Neither of them contains sufficient advertisements to make up three of our columns, yet their expenses must, we should suppose, especially in the case of the *Debats*, published as it is where prices are so high, be very large. Both these papers contain articles evidently the work of able hands, and in the case of the *Independance* the foreign correspondence must be a very costly item, forming, as it frequently does, five columns of a large page. The price of each is twenty centimes—high, certainly, for a single sheet.

It has often been observed, too, that French newspaper-men seem exceptionally well off. They frequent costly *cafes*, occasionally indulge in *petits soupers* in *cabinets particuliers*, and, altogether, taking prices into account, appear to be in the enjoyment of larger means than their brethren of the pen elsewhere. Of course, the success of a French newspaper is, even in the absence of advertisements, intelligible in the case of the *Figaro* or *Petit Journal*, with their circulation of 70,000 and 150,000 a day; but in the case of such papers as the *Debats*, whose circulation is not very large, it is difficult to explain.

The position of a journalist in Paris seems to stand in many respects higher than elsewhere. Of course, the fact of contributions not being anonymous adds immeasurably to the writer's personal importance, if it also gets him into scrapes. Elsewhere, *editors* are men of mark, and certainly no one in the journalistic world can possibly be made more of than Mr. Delane in London. But the editorial writers in his paper, who would in Paris be men of nearly as much mark as rising members of Parliament in England, are completely "left out in the cold," gaining no reputation even among acquaintance, since they are required to preserve the strictest secrecy as to their connection with the paper. Altogether, we are disposed to believe that Paris—official "warnings," press prosecutions and possible duels notwithstanding—must be accepted as the journalist's paradise. To be courted, caressed and feared is as much as any reasonable newspaper writer can expect, and a great deal more than he is likely to get out of his work elsewhere.

R.W.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

Cities of Northern and Central Italy. By Augustus J.C. Hare. New York: George Routledge & Sons.



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Those who know Mr. Hare's *Walks in Rome* and *Days near Rome* will welcome another series of Italian itineraries from the same pen. These volumes are primarily guide-books; they tell us the best hotels, the price of cabs, the distances by rail or high-road. But the parts of traveler and manual are inverted: whereas you take your *Murray* or *Baedeker* in your hand and carry it whither you list, Mr. Hare takes you by the hand, leads you in the way you should go, makes you pause the requisite time before the things you are to look at, points to every view, lets you miss no effect, does not force his own opinions upon you, except now and then when he loses his temper a little on the debatable ground between religion and politics, repeats that quotation you are vainly trying to recall, or delights you by the beauty and aptness of a new one. He gives to a course of systematic sight-seeing the freedom and variety of a ramble with a cultivated and sympathetic companion. We would not be ungrateful to that inestimable impersonality, Murray, for all are his debtors, even Mr. Hare for the plan of his books; but, remembering how, with the latest edition in hand, we have panted up four or more flights of stairs in a Roman or Venetian palace in search of a picture removed years before, we are not sorry to find him here taken to task for leaving uncorrected statements which had ceased to be true. Moreover, Murray is no guide in matters of art; his authorities are often captains of the British Philistines; while Mr. Hare generally gives all that has been said by competent judges, sometimes imperturbably recording two conflicting opinions, and leaving the reader to decide. The range of quotation is indeed remarkable, from Dean Milman to Ouida, including many writers too little known in this country, such as Burckhardt, Ampere and Street.

But it is not to the actual traveler only that these volumes will be of use and give pleasure. They are not bad preparatory reading for those who are going abroad, suggesting what should be studied beforehand; they will be dear to those who sit within the blank limits of a home in this raw New World trying to revive the fading outlines and colors of scenes which, though unforgotten, tend to mingle with the visions of Dreamland; and they are capital wishing-carpets for those who can travel only in fancy. In the introduction there is an excellent passage on the distinctive differences between the great Italian cities: "Each has its own individual sovereignty; its own chronicles; its own politics, domestic and foreign; its own saints, peculiarly to be revered—patrons in peace and protectors in war; its own phase of architecture; its own passion in architectural material, brick or stone, marble or terra-cotta; ...its own proverbs, its own superstitions and its own ballads." Mr. Hare contrives to convey much of the characteristic impression of each town. Pretty little wood-cuts are called in to his aid, but the best illustrations



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of his text are the poetical quotations and exquisite prose-bits from Ruskin, Swinburne, Symonds and others whose pens sometimes turn into the pencil of a great painter. The author's own descriptions are extremely faithful and charming. To those who have made the journey from Florence to Rome a single fine page of the introduction brings back a thrill of that long ecstasy. In these few quiet words he spreads Thrasymene before us: "It has a soft, still beauty especially its own. Upon the vast expanse of shallow pale-green waters, surrounded by low-lying hills, storms have scarcely any effect, and the birds which float over it and the fishing-boats which skim across its surface are reflected as in a mirror. At Passignano and Torricella picturesque villages, chiefly occupied by fishermen, jut out into the water, but otherwise the reedy shore is perfectly desolate on this side, though beyond the lake convents and villages crown the hills which rise between us and the pale violet mountains beyond Montepulciano." Nothing can be more lifelike than the following picture of the tract around Siena: "Scarcely do we pass beyond the rose-hung walls which encircle the fortifications than we are in an upland desert, piteously bleak in winter, but most lovely when spring comes to clothe it. The volcanic nature of the soil in these parts gives a softer tint than usual to the coloring. The miles upon miles of open gray-green country, treeless, hedgeless, houseless, swoop toward one another with the strangest sinuosities and rifts and knobs of volcanic earth, till at last they sink in faint mists, only to rise again in pink and blue distances, so far off, so pale and aerial, that they can scarcely be distinguished from the atmosphere itself. Only here and there a lonely convent with a few black cypress spires clustered round it, or a solitary cross which the peasants choose as their midday resting-place, cuts the pellucid sky. Here in these great uplands, where all is so immense, the very sky itself seems more full of space than elsewhere: it is not the deep blue of the South, but so soft and aerial that it looks as if it were indeed the very heaven itself, only very far away."

The chapter on Ravenna is the best in the book: it is an admirable piece of work, a complete monograph. Everything is there—history, legends, art—and the quotations and illustrations are peculiarly beautiful and convincing.

Mr. Hare, like many gentlemen of similar tastes and tendencies, does not seem to have a strong sense of humor, although now and then he condescends to smile as he repeats some local legend, such as that of the crucifix at S. Francesco delle Carriere, which awoke an overweared devotee, who had fallen asleep on his knees before it, with "un soavissimo schiaffo," the gentlest slap, and bade him go to sleep in the dormitory. He speaks of an ancient custom, not mentioned by *Murray*, of harboring lost cats in the cloister of San Lorenzo at Florence: "The feeding of the cats, which takes place when the clock strikes twelve, is a most curious sight.... From every roof and arch and parapet-wall, mewing, hissing and screaming, the cats rush down to devour." It sounds like a wicked parody on the poetic assembling of the Venetian pigeons at the daily scattering of grain in the square of St. Mark's.



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There are a few little slips—so few that it is strange there should be any—among which is his mention of the “St. Christopher” of the doges’ palace as “the only known fresco of Titian,” forgetting the celebrated one in the Scuola del Santo at Padua, of which he has spoken in a previous volume. He occasionally makes an assertion to which many will demur; as, for instance, that “The real glory of the Italian towns consists not in their churches, but in their palaces.” The best refutation of this paradox is in his own pages. Most people will be startled, too, by hearing of “the want of architectural power in Michael Angelo,” although this remark is followed by a criticism which strikes us as extremely just on the stupendous slumberers on the monuments of the Medici: “The disproportionate figures are slipping off the pitiable pedestals which support them.” Among the throng of indefinable emotions and sensations which beset one in the Medicean chapel of San Lorenzo, we have always been conscious of distinct discomfort from the attitude of these sleepers, who could only maintain their posture by an immense muscular effort incompatible with their sublime repose. As regards practical matters, few travelers or foreign residents in Italy will endorse Mr. Hare’s statement that making a bargain in advance for lodgings or conveyances is not a necessary precaution, or his denial of the almost universal attempt to overcharge which is recognized and resisted by all natives. But Mr. Hare has illusions, and Italian probity is one of them. All his remarks about the present government of Italy (of which he speaks as “the Sardinian government” with an emphasis akin to the *B_u_onapart_e_* of old French monarchists) are to be taken with the utmost reservation, as most readers will see for themselves after meeting his allusion to the massacre at Perugia in 1859 as in some sort a defensive action on the part of the papal troops. Mr. Hare’s reasoning on all that relates to this subject is weak and illogical, sometimes puerile. Any one who loves what is venerable and picturesque must share the impatience and regret with which he sees so much beauty and antiquity disappearing before the besom of progress or the rage for improvement, especially in Rome. But we must remember that Italy is not the first, but the last, European country in which this has come about: in England, France and Germany what delights the eyes of the few has long been giving place to what betters the condition or serves the interest of the masses. Moreover, the Italians themselves, of whatever political complexion, black or red, are totally indifferent to these losses and changes which we lament so deeply. If there be a sad want of good taste and good sense in Cavaliere Rosa’s management of the excavations, there is at least no lack of zeal. Formerly, next to nothing was done to preserve or protect the monuments, and many of the finest were irrecoznizable and all but inaccessible from dirt and dilapidation.

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The reverence of the papal Romans for their treasures of either classic or Christian art is well illustrated by Retzsch's outline, in which a lovely statue of Apollo, broken and half buried, defiled by dogs and swine, serves as a seat for a loutish herd, who tries to copy a miserable modern Virgin and Child from a wayside shrine. Such a temper of mind in an intelligent, high-principled Englishman can only arise from a moral bias which distorts every view; but the discussion of these causes and effects would be out of place here, and we only smile in passing at the charge of "excessive cruelty" in the suppression of the monastery of San Vivaldo. Mr. Hare's treatment of the legitimate topics of his book deserves all admiration and praise. His style is simple, pleasant and picturesque; in future editions a few careless tricks should be corrected, such as the use of *from*, with *hence*, *thence*, *whence*, and a muddled sentence here and there, of which a very slight instance occurs in the pretty extract about Lake Thrasymene: there is a most confusing one about a girl who refused to kiss the emperor Otho, which reads as if she would not kiss her own father. It would be almost a pity to spoil a laugh by particularizing whether a tree or nut is meant in the story of "S. Vivaldo, who became a hermit and *lived in a hollow chestnut*, in which he was found dead in 1300."

Books Received.

The Little, or A, B, C, Book of German; that is, High School Primer; Child's Story Book and Dictionary. By Professor C.C. Schaeffer. Philadelphia: Charles Brothers & Co.

Pocket Manual of Rules of Order for Deliberative Assemblies. By Major Henry M. Robert, U.S.A. Chicago: S.C. Griggs & Co.

Cabin and Plantation Songs, as sung by the Hampton Students. Arranged by Thomas P. Fenner. New York: G.P. Putnam's Sons.

The Spectator. (Selected Papers.) By Addison and Steele. Edited by John Habberton. New York: G.P. Putnam's Sons.

Characteristics from the Writings of J.H. Newman. By Wm. Samuel Lilly. New York: D. and J. Sadlier & Co.

Brief Biographies. Vol. III. French Political Leaders. By Edward King. New York: G.P. Putnam's Sons.

The Life of William, Earl of Shelburne. Vol. II. By Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice. New York: MacMillan & Co.

Jonathan: A Novel. By C.C. Fraser-Tytler. (Leisure-Hour Series.) New York: Henry Holt & Co.



Faith and Modern Thought. By Ransom B. Welch, D.D., LL.D. New York: G.P. Putnam's Sons.

Fetich in Theology; or, Doctrinalism Twin to Ritualism. By John Miller. New York: Dodd & Mead.

The American Kennel and Sporting Field. By Arnold Burges. New York: J.B. Ford & Co.

On Dangerous Ground. By Mrs. Bloomfield H. Moore. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.

Filth-Diseases, and their Prevention. By John Simon, M.D. Boston: James Campbell.