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**THE PROGRESS OF LIBERTY IN THE UNITED STATES.**

There are three classes of persons in the loyal States of this Union who proclaim the present civil war unnecessary, and clamor for peace at any price: first, a multitude of people, so ignorant of the history of the country that they do not know what the conflict is about; secondly, a smaller class of better-informed citizens, who have no moral comprehension of the inevitable opposition of democracy and aristocracy, free society and slave society, and who believe sincerely that a permanent compromise or truce can be negotiated between these opposing forces in human affairs; thirdly, a clique of demagogues, who are trying to use these two classes of people to paralyze the Government, and force it into a surrender to the rebels on such terms as they choose to dictate: their separation from the United States or recall to their old power in a

restored and reconstructed Union.

It will be my purpose, in this article, to show the complete fallacy of this notion, by presenting the facts concerning the progress of the different portions of our country in the American idea of liberty during the years preceding this war. The census of 1860, if honestly studied, must convince any unprejudiced man, at home or abroad, that the Slave Power deliberately brought this war upon the United States, to save itself from destruction by the irresistible and powerful growth of free society in the Union. This war had the same origin and necessity of every great conflict between the people and the aristocracy since the world began.

Every war of this kind in history has been the result of the advancement of the people in liberty. Now the people have inaugurated the conflict against the aristocracy, either in the interest of self-government, or an imperial rule which should virtually rest upon their suffrage. Now the aristocracy has risen upon the people, who were becoming too strong and free, to conquer and govern them through republican or monarchical forms of society. There has always been an irrepressible conflict between aristocracy and democracy; in times of peace carried on by all the agencies of popular advancement; but in every nation finally bursting into civil war. And every such war, however slow its progress, or uncertain its immediate consequence, has finally left the mass of the people nearer liberty than it found them.

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The northern Grecian states represented the cause of the people; and the oriental empires the cause of the few. These little states grew so rapidly that the despots of Asia became alarmed, and organized gigantic expeditions to destroy them. At Marathon and Salamis, the people's cause met and drove back the mighty invasion; and two hundred years later, under the lead of Alexander, dissolved every Asiatic empire, from the Mediterranean to the Euphrates, to its original elements.

Julius Cæsar destroyed the power of the old Roman aristocracy in the interest of the people of the Roman empire. Under the name of 'The Republic,' that patrician class had oppressed the people of Rome and her provinces for years as never was people oppressed before. After fifty years of civil war, Julius and Augustus Cæsar organized the masses of this world-wide empire, and established a government under which the aristocracy was fearfully worried, but which administered such justice to the world as had never before been possible.

The religious wars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, which involved the whole of Europe for eighty years, were begun by the civil and religious aristocracy of Europe to crush the progress of religious and civil liberty among the people. These wars continued until religious freedom was established in Germany, Holland, and Great Britain, and those seeds of political liberty sown that afterward sprang up in the American republic.

The English civil wars of the seventeenth century were begun by the king and great nobles to suppress the rising power of the commons, and continued till constitutional liberty was practically secured to all the subjects of the British empire.

The French Revolution was the revolt of the people of France against one of the most cruel and tyrannical aristocracies that ever reigned; and continued, with brief interruptions, till the people of both France and Italy had vindicated the right to choose their emperors by popular suffrage.

During the half century between the years 1775 and 1825, every people in North America had thrown off the power of a foreign aristocracy by war, and established a republican form of government, except the Canadas, which secured the same practical results by more peaceful methods.

The historian perceives that each of these great wars was an inevitable condition of liberty for the people, and has exalted their condition. In all these struggles there were the same kinds of opponents to the war: the ignorant, who knew nothing about it; the morally indifferent, who could not see why freemen and tyrants could not agree to live together in amity; and the demagogues, who were willing to ruin the country to exalt themselves. But we now understand that only through these red gates of war could the peoples of the world have marched up to their present enjoyment of liberty; that each naming portal is a triumphal arch, on which is inscribed some great conquest for mankind.

The present civil war in the United States is the last frantic attempt of this dying feudal aristocracy to save itself from inevitable dissolution. The election of Mr. Lincoln as President of the United States, in 1860, by the vote of every Free State, was the announcement to the world that the people of the United States had finally and decisively conquered the feudal aristocracy of the republic after a civil contest of eighty years. With no weapons but those placed in their hands by the Constitution of the United States, the freemen of the republic had practically put this great slave aristocracy under their feet forever. That portion of the Union which was controlled by the will of the whole people had become so decidedly superior in every attribute of power and civilization, that the slave aristocracy despaired of further peaceful resistance to the march of liberty through the land. Like every other aristocracy that has lived, it drew the sword on the people, either to subdue the whole country, or carry off a portion of it, to be governed in the interests of an oligarchy.

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This great people was not plunged into civil war by unfriendly talking, or by the unfriendly legislation of the Northern people, or by the accidental election of Abraham Lincoln as President. Nations do not go to war for hard words or trifling acts of unfriendliness or accidental political changes; although these may be the ostensible causes of war—the sparks that finally explode the magazine. There was a real cause for this rebellion—*the peaceful, constitutional triumph of the*

*people over the aristocracy of the republic, after a struggle of eighty years.* If ever a great oligarchy had good reason to fight, it was the Slave Power in 1860. It found itself defeated and condemned to a secondary position in the republic, with the assurance that its death was only a question of time. It is always a good cause of war to an aristocracy that its power is abridged; for an aristocracy cares only for itself, and honestly regards its own supremacy as the chief interest on earth. This Slave Power has only done what every such power has done since the foundation of the world. It has drawn the sword against the inevitable progress of mankind, and will be conquered by mankind. It is waging this terrible war, not against Northern Abolitionists, or the present Administration, *but against the United States census tables of 1860;* against the mighty realities of the progress of free society in the republic, which have startled us all; but with which no class of men were so well acquainted as Mr. Jefferson Davis and his associates in rebellion.

There has always been a conflict in our country between this old slave aristocracy and the people. The first great victory of the people was in the war of the Revolution. That war was inaugurated and forced upon the country by the masses of the people of the New England and Middle States. The aristocracy of the South, with their associates in the North, resisted the movement to separate the people from the crown of Great Britain, till resistance was impossible, and then came in, to some extent, to lead the movement and appropriate the rewards of success. But the free people of the North brought on and sustained the war. Massachusetts was then the fourth province in population; but she sent eight thousand more soldiers to the field during those bloody eight years than all the Southern States united. Virginia was then the empire State of the Union, and Rhode Island the least; but great, aristocratic Virginia furnished only seven hundred more soldiers than little, democratic Rhode Island. New England furnished more than half the troops raised during the Revolution; and the great centres of aristocracy in the Middle and Southern States were the stronghold of Toryism during the war. Indeed, a glance at the map of the Eastern and Middle States reveals the fact that the headquarters of the 'peace party' in the Revolutionary and the present war are in precisely the same localities. The 'Copperhead' districts of New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania are the old Tory districts of the Revolution. The Tories of that day, with the mass of the Southern aristocracy, tried to 'stop the war' which was to lay the foundations of the freedom of all men. The Tories of to-day are engaged in the same infamous enterprise, and their fate will be the same.

Had the Slave Power been united in 1776, we should never have gained our independence. But it was divided. Every State was nominally a Slave State; but slaveholders were divided into two classes. The first was led by Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and other illustrious aristocrats, North and South; and, like the Liberal lords of Great Britain, threw their influence on the side of the people. This party, very strong in Virginia, very weak in the Carolinas, dragged the South through the war by the hair of its head; and compelled it to come into the Union. It also resolved to abolish the Slave Power, and succeeded in consecrating the whole Northwestern territory to freedom as early as 1790. The opposition party had its headquarters at Charleston, was treasonable or luke-warm during the war, and refused to come into the Union without guarantees for slavery.

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The result of the whole struggle was, that the people of the thirteen colonies, with the help of a portion of their aristocracy, severed the country from Great Britain, and established a Government by which they, the people, believed themselves able, in time, to control the whole Union, and secure personal liberty in every State. For 'the compromises of the Constitution' mean just this: that our National Government was a great arena on which aristocracy and democracy could have a free fight. If the aristocracy beat, that Government would be made as despotic as South Carolina; if the democracy triumphed, it would become as free as Massachusetts. That was what the people had never before achieved: *a free field to work for a Christian democracy.* God bless the sturdy people of New England and the Middle States for this! God bless George Washington and Thomas Jefferson, John Marshall and the liberal gentlemen of the Old Dominion, for helping the people do it. They did not win the victory, as many have supposed; but they bravely helped to lead the people of the Free States to this great military and civil achievement. Virginia was richly paid for the service of her aristocracy. But history tells us who did the work, and how nobly it was done.

The republic was now established, with a Constitution which might be made to uphold a democratic or an aristocratic government, as either party should triumph. The Slave Power, forced half reluctantly into the Union, now began to conspire to rule it for its own uses. All that was necessary, it thought, was to unite the aristocracy against the people. And this work was at once well begun. The first census was taken in 1790, and the last in 1860. This period divides itself, historically, into two portions. The thirty years from 1780 may be regarded as the period of the *consolidation of the Slave Power, and its first distinct appearance as a great sectional aristocracy in 1820, in the struggle that resulted in the 'Missouri Compromise.'* The forty years succeeding 1820 may be called the period of the *consolidation of freedom to resist this assault, and the final triumph of democracy in 1860, by the election of a President.*

The first thirty years was a period of incessant activity by the slave aristocracy. It incurred a nominal loss in the abolition of slavery in eight Eastern and Middle States, and the consecration of the great Northwestern territory to freedom; out of which three great Free States had already been carved; making, in 1820, eleven Free States. But it had gained by the concentration of its power below the line of the Ohio and Pennsylvania boundary, the division of the territory belonging to the Carolinas, and the Louisiana purchase; whereby it had gained five new Slave States; making the number of Slave States equal to the Free—eleven. It put forward the liberal

aristocracy of Virginia to occupy the Presidential chair during thirty-two of the thirty-six years between 1789 and 1825; thus compelling Virginia and Maryland to a firm alliance with itself. It had manoeuvred the country through a great political struggle and a foreign war, both of which were chiefly engineered to secure the consolidation of the slave aristocracy. In 1820 its power was extended in eleven States, containing four hundred and twenty-four thousand square miles, with one hundred and seventy-nine thousand square miles of territory sure to come in as Slave States; and the remainder of the Louisiana purchase not secure to liberty. It had a white population only seven hundred thousand less, while its white and black population was a million more than all the Free States.

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The North was barely half as large in area of States: two hundred and seventy thousand square miles, with only one hundred thousand square miles in reserve of the territory dedicated to liberty. With an equality of representation in the Senate of the United States, and a firm hold of all the branches of the Government, the prospect of the oligarchy for success was brilliant. In every nation the aristocracy first gets possession, organizes first, and proceeds deliberately to seize and administer the government. The people are always unsuspicious, slow, late in organizing, and seem to blunder into success or be led to it by a Providence higher than themselves. In this Government the slave aristocracy first consolidated, and in 1820 appeared boldly on the arena, claiming the superiority, and threatening ruin to the republic in the event of the failure of their plans. It had managed so well that there was now no division in its ranks, and for the last forty years has moved forward in solid column to repeated assaults on liberty.

The people, as usual, did not suspect the existence of this concentrated power till 1820. They made a brave militia fight then against the aristocracy, and compelled it to acknowledge a drawn battle by the admission of Maine to balance Missouri, and the establishment of a line of compromise, which would leave all territory north of 36° 30' consecrated to freedom. The Slave Power submitted with anger, intending to break the bargain as soon as it was strong enough, and continued on its relentless struggle for power. It determined to gain possession of the Senate of the United States; make it a house of nobles; control through it the foreign policy, the Executive, and the Supreme Court; and, with this advantage, reckoned it could always manage the House of Representatives and govern the nation. The key to all the political policy of the Slave Power through these last forty years is this endeavor to capture the Senate of the United States, and hold it, by bringing in a superior *number* of Slave States. So well did it play this card that, till 1850, it maintained an equality of senatorial representation, and, by the help of Northern allies and the superior political dexterity of the aristocracy, controlled our foreign policy; kept its own representatives in all the great courts of Europe; made peace or war at will; managed the Executive through a veto on his appointments; and endeavored to fill the Supreme Court with men in favor of its policy, while the House of Representatives never was able to pass a measure without its consent. Under the past forty years' reign of the Slave Power, the Senate of the United States has been a greater farce in the republic than the crown and House of Lords in the British empire. Indeed, so well did this aristocracy play its part, *that it was supposed by the whole world to be the American Government*; and the news that the people of the United States had refused, in 1860, to register its behests, was received abroad with the same astonishment and indignation as if there had been a revolt of the subjects of any European nation against their anointed rulers.

But spite of these great advantages at the outset—spite of its incredible political activity and admirable concentration, the slave aristocracy was finally defeated by the people. How this was done is the most interesting narrative in modern history. Never has the intrinsic superiority of a democratic over an aristocratic order of society been so magnificently vindicated as during the last forty years of our national career. During that period the free portion of this Union has grown to an overwhelming superiority over the slave portion, and compelled the slaveholders to draw the sword to save themselves from material and providential destruction.

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This period of forty years may be regarded as that of the *consolidation of the people*. The first thirty years of it was the era of their *industrial and social consolidation*; the last ten years has been the period of their *political union against the Slave Power*.

An aristocracy always exhibits the uttermost pitch of human policy in its career, and amazes and outwits society by its marvellous display of executive ability. But the people are always moved by great supernatural forces that are beyond their comprehension, often disowned or scorned by them, but which mould their destiny and lead them to a victory spite of themselves. The people always grow without conscious plan or method, and rarely know their own strength. But there are always a few great men who represent their destiny, and, often against their will, direct them in the path to liberty. History will record the names of three great men who, during the last forty years, have been the most notable figures in this consolidation of the people in this republic; three men that the implacable hatred of the Slave Power has singled out from all other Northern men as special objects of infamy; men who represent the industrial, moral, and political phases of the people's growth to supremacy. Each came when he was wanted, and faithfully did his work; and their history is the chronicle of this advance of liberty in the republic.

The first of these men was De Witt Clinton, of New York. No Northern man so early discovered the deep game of the Slave Power as he. He was the ablest statesman of the North in the days when the aristocracy of the South was just effecting its consolidation. He was a prominent candidate for the Presidency, and was scornfully put down by the power that ruled at Richmond. The slaveholders knew him for their clear-headed enemy, and drove him out of the arena of national politics. Never was political defeat so auspicious. Cured of the political ambition of his

youth, Mr. Clinton turned the energies of his massive genius to the *industrial consolidation of the North*. He saw that all future political triumph of liberty must rest on the triumph of free labor. He anticipated the coming greatness of the Northwest, and boldly devoted his life to the inauguration of that system of internal improvements which has made the Northern States the mighty, free industrial empire it now is. Within the period of ten years lying nearest 1820, the people, under the lead of Clinton and his associates, had brought into active operation the three great agencies of free labor—the steamer, the canal, the railroad; while our manufacturing industry dates from the same period.

This was the providential movement of a great people, organizing a method of labor which should overthrow the American aristocracy. Of course the people did not know what all this meant; thousands of the men who were foremost in organizing Northern industry did not suspect the end; but De Witt Clinton knew. The wiseacres of the city of New York nicknamed his canal 'Clinton's Ditch.' It was the first ditch in that series of continental 'parallels' by which the people of the North have approached the citadel of the Slave Power. They have dug in those vast intrenchments for forty years, to such purpose that in 1860 the great guns of free labor commanded every plantation in the Union. Pardon them, then, O lieutenant-generals of the slavery forces, if they still think well of the spade that has dug their highway to power. The Northern spade is a slow machine—but it will yet shovel the slave aristocracy into the Gulf of Mexico as sure as God lives!

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Glance over this field of industrial and material growth in the free portion of the Union, as it appeared in 1860.

At that time the Free States had increased to nineteen, while the Slave States were fifteen, containing eight hundred and seventy-five thousand square miles. The people had nine hundred and fifty thousand square miles organized into free-labor States, with eight vast Territories, containing one million square miles, an area equal to twenty-four States as large as New York. In this vast extent of States and Territories, including two thirds the land of the Union, there were not a hundred slaves. *The Government holds all those States and Territories to-day.*

Look at the position and value of these possessions of freedom. In 1850 liberty secured the great State of California, and in 1860 the State of Kansas. These States insure the possession of the whole Pacific coast, the entire mineral wealth of the mountains, the Indian Territory, and the vast spaces of Northwestern Texas to freedom, and open Mexico to Northern occupation. In the East, freedom had already secured the best harbors for commerce; in the Northwest, the granary of the world; the inexhaustible mineral wealth of Lake Superior, and the navigation of thousands of miles upon the great inland seas that separate the republic from the Canadas. From the Northern Atlantic and the Pacific it commanded the trade of Europe and Asia. This region embraces the best climates of the continent for the habitation of a vigorous race of men, and contains all the elements of imperial power.

Freedom had secured, in 1860, a population of twenty millions, while the Slave Power had reached but twelve millions, one third of whom were slaves. From 1850 to 1860 the Union *gained* almost as much in population as the entire census of 1820; and of that gain the North secured forty-one and the South but twenty-seven per cent. The slave population increased but twenty-three per cent. At this rate of increase the year 1900 will see a population of one hundred millions in the Union, of whom nine millions will be negroes, and a vast majority of the white population located in territory now free. Between 1820 and 1860 five million emigrants reënforced the Union, of which the North received the greater portion. Between the war of 1814 and 1860, Great Britain and Ireland sent to us more people than inhabited the thirteen States that formed the Union, and of this immigrant population there was an excess of nine hundred and fifty thousand *men*—a nation poured in upon the great, free North, to reënforce the people.

Already was this increase of free population telling upon slave labor in Slave States. Even in the Gulf cities Sambo was fast receding before the brawny arms of Hans and Patrick. Northwestern Texan was becoming a new Germany. Western Virginia, Maryland, Missouri, and Delaware were rapidly losing in slave labor; while along the border had grown up a line of ten cities in Slave States, containing six hundred thousand people, of whom less than ten thousand were slaves. This line of cities, from Wilmington Delaware, to St. Louis, Missouri, was becoming a great cordon of free-labor citadels; supported in the rear by another line of Free Border-State cities, stretching from Philadelphia to Leavenworth, containing nine hundred thousand; thus *massing a free population of one million five hundred thousand in border cities that overlooked the land of despotism.*

Then consider the growth of free agriculture. In 1860 the South had a cotton and rice crop as her exclusive possession. Already the Northwest was encroaching upon her sugar cultivation. Against her agriculture, mainly supported by one great staple, which can also be cultivated all round the globe, the free North could oppose every variety of crop; several of greater value than the boasted cotton. In all the grains, in cattle and the products of the dairy, in hay, in fruits; in the superior cultivation of land; in the vastly superior value of land; in agricultural machinery, probably representing a labor force equal to all the slaves—the superiority of freedom was too evident for discussion. *The value of agricultural machinery in the Free States had trebled between 1850 and 1860.* The Homestead Law was the fit result of this vast advance of free labor, and has sealed the destiny of every present and future Territory of the Union.

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Then contemplate the vast expansion of manufacturing industry, of which nine tenths belong to the Free States. *In ten years from 1850 to 1860, this branch of labor had increased eighty-six per*

cent., reaching the enormous sum of \$2,000,000,000; \$60 for every inhabitant of the Union. A million and a half of people were engaged as operatives therein, supporting nearly five millions—one sixth the whole population of the Union; while fully one third our population may be said to directly and indirectly live by manufactures.

The increase of iron manufactures in ten years was forty-four per cent.; the coal mines reached a treble yield in ten years; \$10,000,000, of clothing were produced in 1860. The lumber trade had increased sixty-four percent, in ten years, reaching \$100,000,000. Flouring mills showed sixty-five per cent, increase, reaching \$225,000,000; spirits, \$24,000,000; cotton manufactures had increased seventy-six per cent, in ten years, reaching \$115,000,000; woollens had increased sixty-seven per cent.; boots and shoes walked up to \$76,000,000, and leather to \$63,000,000. The fishermen of New England increased mightily. The gold of California, copper of the Northwest, the salt of New York and Michigan had reached colossal proportions. Whoever studies the manufacturing statistics of the North for the past ten years will be at no loss to know why the manufacturers of Great Britain are willing to sever the Slave States from the Union, to gain a customer it was thus supplying in 1860.

Now add to this array of agriculture, manufactures, extent of territory, and excess of population, the superiority of the Free States in commerce. The tonnage of the Union was twenty-six millions in 1860, the fourth of which was the growth of the ten years previous. Out of the one thousand and seventy-one ships built in 1860, the 'nation' of South Carolina produced one steamer and one schooner! Contemplate the money power of the city of New York, the vast capital invested in trade, in banks, insurance, and the like, in the North. The slave aristocracy was becoming imprisoned in a vast web of financial dependence—a web that war and wholesale repudiation of debts alone could break through.

In 1860 there were in the Union 30,- 600 miles of railroad, costing \$1,134,- 452,909, four times the extent of 1850. In 1850 only one line of railroad connected the Atlantic with the Mississippi. Now, of the eight great railroad and canal routes connecting the sea coast with this valley, six run through the Free States; transportation on these avenues costs but one tenth the old methods. Governor Letcher declares the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad has 'abolitionized' Northern and Western Virginia, and the Southern rebellion has been especially savage on railroads. Whoever would understand one secret of the consolidation of the people should study the railroad map of the Northern States, and contrast it with the South. It was a fine tribute to the value of the railroad that the first use the people made of their new political supremacy in 1860 was to pass the bill for connecting the Atlantic and Pacific by the iron rail and the telegraphic wire.

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This vast advancement in free labor, from 1820 to 1850, was fitly closed in 1850 by the annexation of California to the roll of the Free States, securing to liberty the gold mines and the Pacific coast. It is impossible to comprehend all the consequences of this step. It was the decisive industrial triumph of the people over the slave aristocracy. The Slave Power went mad over the defeat, *and for the last ten years has virtually abandoned the rivalry of industries, and turned to violence*, breaking of compromises, forcible seizure of the ballot box, repudiation of debts, stealing of arms, and finally cruel war, as if lying and robbing, in the long run, could upset free and honest industry. After the loss of California and the Pacific coast, the struggle for the Territories was but a, preliminary skirmish of the war for the conquest and desolation of the Union. The people had *waged the battle of liberty with the gigantic agencies of material prosperity for forty years, and the aristocracy was completely in their power*.

For this material superiority of the free-labor States inevitably inured to the advantage of liberty. In vain did every new Free State, year after year, vote with the Slave Power; in vain did every great railroad and manufacturing corporation of the North obey the political behests of the lords of the plantations; in vain was the mercantile aristocracy of all the great cities the fast friend of the slave aristocracy; and vainly did almost the entire immigrant population fall politically into its control. All this was as nothing *against the irresistible natural tendency of free labor*. The Irishman who voted against the negro was breaking his chain with every blow of his pick. The Wall-street banker, the great railroad king, the cotton manufacturer, who railed against abolitionism like mad, were condemning the slave aristocracy every day they lived. There is a divine law by which the work of freemen shall root out the work of slaves; and no law enacted by the will of Northern doughfaces could repeal this statute of nature. These Northern friends of the aristocracy supposed themselves to be helping their ambitious allies by their political support. But the slaveholders knew how fallacious was this aid. They saw that the North was gaining a huge superiority to the South; that the people were slowly consolidating; that when the free-labour interest did finally concentrate, it would carry every Northern interest with it, and, when the pinch came, no Northern party or statesman could or would help them do their will. They carefully sifted all offers of aid from such quarters, and having used every Northern interest and institution and party till it was squeezed dry of all its black blood, they turned their backs haughtily on the white sections of the Union, plundered friend and foe alike, and flew into civil war, out of spite and rage at the census of 1860; in other words, *declared war against the providence of God as manifested in the progress of free society*. They have fought well; at first, perhaps, better than we; but when General Lee 'flanks' the industrial decrees of the Almighty, and Stuart 'cuts the communications' between free labor and imperial power, they will destroy this republic—and not till then.

But was this great material gain of the people to be accompanied by a corresponding spiritual advancement? *Was man to become the chief object of reverence in this wonderfully expanding*

*industrial empire?* If not, all this progress was deceptive, and nobody could predict how soon our very superiority should be turned to the advantage of that aristocracy which had perverted so many things in the republic.

It could not be denied that the Free States were making wonderful strides, during these forty years, in mental cultivation and power. The free industry of the North was an education to the people, and nowhere has so much popular intelligence been carried into the business of life as here. This period also witnessed the organization of the free school everywhere outside of New England, its home; the daily press, the public lecture, the creation of an American literature, all Northern; the growth of all institutions of learning and means of intellectual and artistic cultivation unparalleled in any other age or land. No well-informed person could also deny the astonishing progress in furnishing the means of religious instruction, the multiplication of churches, great ecclesiastical organizations, and philanthropic leagues. Notwithstanding the apparent absorption of the North in its material prosperity, no people ever was so busy in furnishing itself with the means of spiritual improvement; and though a population of several millions of ignorant and superstitious foreigners was thrown in upon it during these eventful years, it came out at the end the most intelligent people, the best provided with the apparatus of religion, that was ever known.

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But there was one element yet wanting to assure the right usage of all this wealth of material, intellectual, and ecclesiastical power. This was what the slaveholding aristocracy saw at once to be the fatal omen for their cause, and nicknamed 'Abolitionism.' *Abolitionism, as recognized by the Slave Power, is nothing more nor less than the religious reverence for man and his natural rights.* This moral respect for the nature and rights of all men has always encountered the peculiar scorn of aristocracies, and no men have been so bitterly persecuted in history as those who represented the religious opposition to despotism. The Hebrew aristocracy in old Palestine called this sentiment 'atheism' in Jesus Christ, and crucified Him. The pagan aristocracy called it a 'devilish superstition' in the early Christians, and slaughtered them like cattle. The priestly and civil absolutism of the sixteenth century called it 'fanaticism' in the Dutch and German reformers, and fought it eighty years with fire and rack and sword. The church and crown nicknamed it 'Puritanism,' and persecuted it till it turned and cut off the head of Charles the First, and secured religious liberty. The slave aristocracy stigmatized it 'Abolitionism,' and let loose upon it every infernal agency in its power.

One great man, yet alive, but not yet recognized as he will be, was the representative of this religious reverence for the rights of man. Lloyd Garrison has been, for the last twenty-five years, the best-hated man in these Northern States, not because he failed to see just how a Union of Free and Slave States could endure; not because of any visionary theory of political action or the structure of society he cherished; but, strangely enough, because *he stood-up for man and his divine right to freedom.* This was what the aristocracy hated in him, and this is what, with inexpressible rage, it saw gaining in the North. It truly said that our education, our arts, our literature, our press, our churches, our benevolent organizations, our families, all that was best in Northern society, even our politics, were being consolidated by this 'fanaticism,' Puritanism,' 'Abolitionism'—otherwise, by *reverence for man and his right to freedom.*

It grew, however, almost as fast as the material power of the North—this moral conviction of the divine right of man to liberty; grew so fast, that in 1860, South Carolina glanced over the November election returns, saw the name of Abraham Lincoln at the head, shrieked, '*The North is abolitionized!*' and rushed out of the Union, with ten other Slave States at her heels, while four more were held back by the strong arm of the national power. The North is not yet 'abolitionized,' but every volley fired at liberty by the Slave Power these last three years, has killed a lover of slavery, and made an Abolitionist; as the juggler fires his pistol at your old black hat, and, when the smoke clears up, a white dove flutters in its place. If the Slave Power shoots at us long enough, we shall all become Abolitionists, and all learn to love our fellow man and protect him in the enjoyment of every right given him by God!

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Thus had the Free States, the people's part of the Union, gone up steadily to overshadowing material, intellectual, moral power. But up to 1850 this mighty growth had got no fit expression in State or national politics. All the great parties had mildly tried to remonstrate with the slave aristocracy, but quickly recoiled as from the mouth of a furnace. A few attempts had been made to organize a party for freedom, but nothing could gain foothold at Washington. A few noble men had lifted their voices against the rampant tyranny of the slaveholders: chief among these was John Quincy Adams, the John the Baptist crying in the desert of American partisan politics the coming of the kingdom of Heaven! But when the people had come up to a consciousness of their consolidated power, and the reverence for human right was changing and polarizing every Northern institution—in the fierce struggle that ushered in and succeeded the admission of California, between 1848 and 1856—this Northern superiority culminated in a great political movement against slavery. *This movement assumed a double form-positive, in the assertion that the Slave Power should be arrested; negative, in the assertion that the people should have their own way with it.* The Republican party said: *The slave aristocracy shall go no farther.* The 'Popular Sovereignty' party, or Douglas Democracy, said: *The people shall do what they choose about this matter.* Now the people were already the superior power in the republic, and were rapidly growing to hate the Slave Power; so the slaveholders, saw that the Northern Democracy, with their war cry of *popular sovereignty*, might in time be just as dangerous to them as their more open enemies. They repudiated both forms of Northern politics, and tied the executive, under James Buchanan, and the Supreme Court, under Judge Taney, to their dogma: *The right of*

*the aristocracy is supreme. Slavery, not liberty, is the law of the republic.*

The great leaders of these Northern parties were Stephen H. Douglas and William H. Seward. Mr. Douglas was the best practical politician, popular debater, and magnetizer of the masses, the North has yet produced. *He was the representative of the blind power of the North*, and stood up all his life, in his better hours, for the right of the people to make the republic what they would. But the representative statesman of the era is the Secretary of State. The whole career of Mr. Seward is so interwoven with the history of the political consolidation of the people against the Slave Power, that the two must be studied together to be understood. Nowhere so clearly and eloquently as in the pages of this great philosophical statesman can be read the rapid growth of that political movement that in twelve years captured every Free State, placed a President in the chair, and then, with a splendid generosity, invited the whole loyal people to unite in a party of the Union, *knowing that henceforth the Union meant the people and liberty against the aristocracy and slavery*. And only in the light of this view can the course of this man and his great seeming opponent, but real associate, be fitly displayed. *Douglas had taught the people of the North that their will should be the law of the republic. Seward had told them that will should be in accordance with the 'higher law' of justice and freedom.* Like men fighting in the dark, they supposed themselves each other's enemies, while they were only commanders of the front and rear of the army of the people. Both appeared on the national arena in the struggle of 1850, and soon strode to the first place. The Slave Power repudiated Seward and his 'higher law' of justice and liberty at once. They tolerated Douglas and his 'popular sovereignty' ten years longer, when they found it even a more dangerous heresy, and threw him overboard.

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In the election of 1860 there were but two parties—the two wings of the people's army, under the patriots Lincoln and Douglas; the two wings of the slave host, under the traitors Breckinridge and Bell. Of course the people triumphed. Had Douglas been elected instead of Lincoln, the Slave Power would not have stayed in the Union one hour longer. *It was not Lincoln, but the political supremacy of the people they resisted.* The Free States had at last consolidated, never to recede, and that was enough. Henceforth no party could live in the North that espoused the cause of this rebel aristocracy. Whoever was Governor or President, Democrat, Republican, Union, what not, the people's party was henceforth supreme, and the aristocracy, with all its works of darkness, was second best.

The political victory of 1860 was virtually complete. For the first time in eighty years had the people concentrated against the Slave Power. The executive was gained, placing the army, navy, appointments, and patronage in the hands of the President, the people's representative by birth and choice. The North had a majority of eight in the Senate and sixty-five in the House of Representatives, insuring a control of the foreign policy and the financial affairs of the republic; while the Supreme Court, the last bulwark of despotism, could be reconstructed in the interest of the Constitution. It is true the people did not appreciate the magnitude of the victory, or realize what it implied. They would probably have made no special use of it at once, and the aristocracy might have outwitted them again, as they had for three quarters of a century past. But the slaveholders knew that now was just the time to strike. If they waited till the people understood themselves better, and learned how to administer the Government for liberty, it would be too late. They still had possession of the executive, with all the departments, the Supreme Court, army, and navy, for four precious months. This was improved in inflicting as much damage on the Government as possible, and organizing a confederacy of revolted States. The people did not believe they would fight, and offered them various compromises, *everything except the thing they desired—unlimited power to control the republic.* The aristocracy knew that no compromises would do them good which proposed anything less than a reconstruction of the Union which would insure their perpetual supremacy. They even doubted if this could be effectually accomplished in a peaceful way. The people must first be subdued by arms, their Union destroyed, and brought to the verge of anarchy by this mighty power, backed by the whole despotism of Europe; then might they be compelled to accept such terms as it chose to dictate. It waited no longer than was necessary to complete its preparations, and opened ed its guns in Charleston harbor. When the smoke of that cannonade drifted away, the people beheld with consternation the Slave Powers arrayed in arms, from Baltimore and St. Louis to New Orleans and the Rio Grande, advancing to seize their capital and overthrow the republic.

Having conquered the aristocracy by its industry, education, religion, and politics—driven it from every position on the great field of American society in an era of peace—the people slowly awoke to the conviction that they must now conquer it on the field of arms. They were slow to come to that conviction. Their ablest leaders were not war-statesmen, and did not comprehend at once the full meaning of the war. They called it a 'conspiracy,' a 'rebellion,' an 'insurrection,' a 'summer madness,' anything but what it was—*the American slave aristocracy in arms to subdue the people of the United States with every other aristocracy on earth wishing it success.* But the people did not refuse the challenge. In April, 1861, they rushed to the capital, saved their Government from immediate capture or dispersion, and then began to prepare, after their way, for—they hardly knew what—to suppress a riot or wage a civil war.

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In every such conflict as this the aristocracy has a great advantage, especially if it can choose its own time to begin the war. Never was an oligarchy more favored in its preparations than ours. Since 1820 it had contemplated and prepared for this very hour. It had almost unlimited control over fifteen States of the Union. Society was constructed in all these States on a military basis, the laboring class being held in place by the power of the sword. An aristocracy is always preceded by military ambition; for all subordinate orders of its people have acquired the habit of

respect for rank and implicit obedience to superiors, so essential to success in war. When the war broke out, the Slave Power was ready. Its arms and ammunition and forts were stolen; its military organizations had been perfected in secret societies; its generals were selected—its president perhaps the best general of all; its military surveys were made, every Southern State mapped, and every strategical point marked; its subordinate officers, in which the real efficiency of an army consists, had been educated in military schools kept by such teachers as Hill and Stonewall Jackson. It had a full crop of cotton as a basis for finance. Its government was practically such a despotism as does not exist in the world. At the sound of the first gun in Charleston, the aristocracy sprang to arms; in a fortnight every strategical point in fifteen States was practically in its possession, and Washington tottered to its fall.

The people, as the people always are, were unprepared for war. Their entire energies had been concentrated for forty years in organizing the gigantic victory of peace which they had just achieved. When they woke up to the idea that there was yet another battle to be fought before the aristocracy would subside, they *began to learn the art of war*. And never did the people begin a great war so unprepared. The people of Europe have always had military traditions and cultivation to fall back upon in their civil wars. The North had no military traditions later than the Revolution, for no war since that day had really called forth their hearty efforts. Three generations of peace had destroyed even respect for war as an employment fit for civilized men. There were not ten thousand trained soldiers in all the nineteen States in April, 1861. There were not good arms to furnish fifty thousand troops in the possession of the National or loyal State Governments. Most of the ablest military men of the North had left the army, and were engaged in peaceful occupations. Halleck was in the law; McClellan, Burnside, Banks, on the railroad; Mitchel and Sigel teaching schoolboys; Hooker, Kearny, McCall, Dix, retired gentlemen; Fremont digging gold; Rosecrans manufacturing oil, and Grant in a tanyard; and so on to the end of the chapter; while Scott, the patriot hero, who was but once defeated in fifty years' service, was passing over into the helplessness of old age. Of course such a people did not realize the value of military education, and fell into the natural delusion that a multitude of men carrying guns and wearing blue coats is an army; and any 'smart man' can make a colonel in three months. There was not even a corporal in the Cabinet, and Mr. Lincoln's military exploits were confined to one campaign, in the war of 1812, and one challenge to fight a duel. There were not ten Northern men in Congress who could take a company into action. In short, we had the art of war to learn; even did not know it was necessary to learn to fight as to do anything else; especially to fight against an aristocracy that had been studying war for forty years.

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For more than three years have the people of the United States waged this gigantic war thus precipitated upon them by their aristocracy to arrest the irresistible growth of modern society in the republic. Every year has been a period of great success, though our peaceful population, unacquainted with war, and often ignorant of the vast issues of this conflict, have often inclined to despondency. Of course the aristocracy fought best, at first, as every aristocracy in the world has done. With half our number of better disciplined troops, better commanded and manœuvred, and the great advantage of interior lines, supported by railroad communications, and possessing in Virginia, perhaps, the most defensible region in the Union, they held our Army of the Potomac at bay for two years; have thrice overrun Maryland and the Pennsylvania border, and yet hold their fortified capital; while every step of our victorious progress in the Southwest has been bitterly contested. Yet this war of martial forces has been strangely like the long, varied war of material, moral, and political forces of which it is the logical sequel.

The Union navy won the earliest laurels in the war. The navy has been the right arm of the people in all ages. The Athenian navy repelled the invasion of Greece by the Persian empire. Antony, Pompey, Cæsar, the people's leaders in Rome, built up their youthful power upon the sea. The Dutch and English navies saved religious and civil liberty in the sixteenth century; and all the constitutional Governments that now exist in Europe came out of the hold of a British man-of-war. The United States, in 1812, extemporized a navy that gained us the freedom of the seas. And now the navy has led the way in the war for the freedom of the continent. The aristocracy felt, intuitively, the danger of this arm of defence, and discouraged, scattered, and almost annihilated our naval power before they entered upon the war. When we learn that our active navy, in April, 1861, consisted of one frigate, too large to sail over the bar of Charleston harbor, and one two-gun supply ship; and that in the three successive years it has shot up into a force of five hundred vessels; that our new ironclads and guns have revolutionized the art of naval warfare; that we have established the most effective blockade ever known along two thousand miles of dangerous coast; have captured Port Royal and New Orleans, aided in the opening of the Mississippi and all its dependencies which we now patrol, penetrated to the cotton fields of Alabama, occupied the inland waters of North Carolina and Virginia, seized every important rebel port and navy yard save four, and destroyed every war ship of the enemy that has ventured in range of our cannon, we are pronouncing a eulogy of which any people may be proud. One year more will swell this maritime power to a force amply sufficient to protect the coast of the whole republic from all assault of traitors at home or their friends abroad.

But the army of the Union has not been content to remain permanently behind the navy. Even in the first year of the conflict, when it was only a crowd of seventy-five thousand undisciplined militia, contending against a solid body of well-disciplined and commanded forces, it wrested two States from the foe, and baffled his intentions for the capture of all our great border cities. But since the opening of the campaign of 1862, the real beginning of war by the North, we have conquered from the aristocracy and now hold fast in Slave States an area of two hundred thousand square miles, inhabited by four millions of people—a district larger than France. Three

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years ago, every Slave State was virtually in the grasp of the rebels, and the Union was really put upon the defensive to protect freedom in the Free States and the national capital. Now, by a masterly series of campaigns in the West and Southwest, ranging from the Alleghanies to the Gulf, in which we have never lost a decisive battle, we have saved all the Territories of the United States, cut the 'Confederacy' in two equal parts, holding the western division at our mercy, opened the Mississippi and all its tributaries, and crowded the rebellion into the five States nearest the Atlantic coast. In the east we have fought a score of battles with the most formidable army ever marshalled on this continent, composed of the flower of the rebel soldiery led by their best generalship, and, spite of frequent repulses, have forced it from the Potomac and below the Rappahannock to the James, away from the smell of salt water, holding firmly every seaport from Washington to Wilmington, North Carolina, and a belt of land and water commanding the approach to the interior of every Atlantic State. The military force of the rebellion is rapidly being crowded into one army, not exceeding two hundred and fifty thousand men, against which the mighty power of the Union can be marshalled in overwhelming array. I know well enough that the decisive moment will really come when we confront that desperate and veteran host, on which the fate of aristocratic government upon this continent depends. But we shall then have a great army of veterans, marshalled under commanders fit to lead them in the name of liberty and the people.

It is not strange it has taken us three years to find who can fight among us. The Germans fought fifty years against religious despotism before they found Gustavus Adolphus to lead them to victory. The English fought ten years before Cromwell took command of his Ironsides. The French blundered ten years before the 'little corporal' led the army of the republic over the Alps to dethrone half the monarchs of Europe. The people had but one great general in the Revolutionary War. Until 1860 the aristocracy had furnished the only great American commander. But great generals have now appeared among the people; and if we fight stoutly and treat men fairly, our commander will appear when his army of veterans is ready.

The aristocracy at first moved armies faster than the people, for the same reason that the Tartars, the Cossacks, the Arabs, the Indians, and all semi-barbarians move more rapidly in war than a civilized people. A semi-barbarous oligarchy fights because it loves war; a civilized people fights to *establish civilization and peace*. The Southern army carries little along, lives on the food and wears the dress of the semi-savage, and overruns vast spaces, leaving a smoking desolation and a ruined society. The Northern army moves slowly, because it carries American civilization in its knapsack and baggage wagons, organizes republican society as it goes, and prepares to hold for liberty all it has gained. The people's army has paved the way for liberty and a democratic order of society over two hundred thousand square miles, among four millions of people, in three years. New Orleans, Nashville, Memphis, Beaufort, Alexandria, every slave city in our possession, is being made over into a free city.

The army goes slow because it is only the people's pioneer to level the mountains and fill up the valleys, and construct the highway of liberty from the Potomac to the Rio Grande. The Secretary of State has well said: '*The war means the dissolution of slave society*.' It was entered into with the distinct understanding that it was the last expedient to save the negro oligarchy from ruin, and every day it goes on its thundering course it more emphatically pronounces its doom. The war for the Union is the people's final contest for liberty, a contest in which they will be victorious, as in the strife of industry, morals, and politics. The people, like John Brown's soul, are 'marching on' to dissolve the slave oligarchy and establish democracy. The people now possess three fourths the territory, population, and wealth of the republic. There are yet some six million black and white people in the South to rescue from their masters, who now use them against us. They are being prepared for Union with us by this war. The poor white man will be made better, more intelligent, more ambitious even, by service in the rebel army, and on the return of peace will become the small farmer of a free soil. The black men will be raised, in due time made freemen, and start as a free peasantry on a new career. A hundred thousand slaveholders, with their families, not more than one million of people in all, will hate the Union permanently. They will be defeated, we hope and believe, and disorganized as a social and political power, and the people rule in every State they have cursed by their ambition for the last fifty years.

We do not prophesy just when or how the people will triumph. The victory, we believe, will come; but whether all at once, or through temporary revulsions of purpose and alternate truce and war, whether finished by arms or yet cast again into the arena of polities, whether by occupying all this three millions of square miles of territory or gaining on despotism year by year, nobody knows. The Slave Power has not yet played its trump card. It has a hundred devilish resources yet to foil us. It may yet try to use the negroes it still holds against us by emancipation. It may yet drag us into a war with Europe, and Saratoga and Lake Erie and Plattsburg, and Long Island and Trenton and Bunker Hill, and Detroit and New Orleans may yet be fought over again. But we have seen how, for the last forty years, the people of the United States have strode on toward supremacy, led by a Power they did not always recognize, and sometimes scorned, but led to victory spite of themselves.

There has indeed been a Divine Intelligence guiding the destiny of our republic by the 'higher law' of the progress of free society toward a Christian democracy. We do not think the Peace Party will be able to abolish that 'higher law,' as certain of our politicians expect. We believe God Almighty is shaping a free and exalted civilized nation out of this republic, by a law of progress which we did not make and cannot repeal. We may postpone that nation by our folly and sins, but it must be made. Through labor and education, and religion and arts, and politics and war, 'it

marches' on to supremacy—*the people's nation*. And when it is established it will be the controlling nation of this continent, one of the firmest powers on the earth, the terror of every aristocracy, and the joy and hope of every people on the round globe.

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## THE UNDIVINE COMEDY-A POLISH DRAMA.

### Dedicated to Mary

#### PART III.

'Il fut administé, parceque le niais demandait un prêtre, puis pende à la satisfaction generale,' etc, etc.—*Rapport du citoyen Gaillot, commissaire de la sixième chambre, an III., 5 prairial.*

'The sacraments were administered to him, because the fool demanded a priest; he was hung to the general satisfaction.'—*Report of citizen Gaillot, commissary of the sixth session, 3d year, 5th prairial.*

A song! a new song!

Who will begin it? Who will end it?

Give me the Past, clad in steel, barbed with iron, floating in knightly plumes! With magic power I would invoke before you gothic towers and castellated turrets, bristling barbacans and mighty arches, baronial halls and clustered shafts; I would throw around you the giant shadows of vaulted domes and of revered cathedrals: but it may not be; all that is with the Past: the Past is never to return!

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Speak, whosoever thou mayst be, and tell me in what thou believest! It is easier to lose thy life than to invent a faith; to awaken any belief in it!

Shame upon you all, great and small, for all things pursue their own course in defiance of your schemes! You may be mean and wretched, without hearts and without brains, yet the world hastens to its allotted destiny; it hurries you on whether you will or no, throws you in the dust, tosses you into wild confusion, or whirls you in resistless circles, which cease not until they grow into dances of Death! But the world rolls on—on; clouds and storms arise and vanish; then it grows slippery—new couples join the dance of Death—they totter—fall—lost in an abyss of blood—for it is slippery-blood-human blood is gushing everywhere, as if the path to peace led through a charnel house!

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Behold the crowds of people thronging the gates of the cities, the hills, the valleys, and resting beneath the shadows of the trees! Tents are spread about, long boards are placed on the trunks of fallen trees or on pikes and sticks to serve as tables; they are covered with meat and drink, the full cups pass from hand to hand, and, as they touch the eager mouth, threats, oaths, and curses press forth from the hot lips. Faster and faster fly the cups from hand to hand, beaded, bubbling, glittering, always filling, striking, tinkling, ringing, as they circle among the millions: Hurrah! hurrah! Long live the cup of drunkenness and joy!

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How fiercely they are agitated; how impatiently they wait! They murmur, they break into riotous noise!

Poor wretches! scarcely covered with their miserable rags, the seal of weary labors deeply stamped upon their sunburnt faces set with uncombed, bristling hair, the sweat starting from their rugged brows, their strong and horny hands armed with scythes, axes, hammers, hatchets, spades!

Look at that broad youth with the pickaxe; at the slight one with the sword. Here is one who holds aloft a glittering pike; another who brandishes a massive club with his brawny arm! There under the willows a boy crams cherries into his mouth with the one hand, and with the other punches the tree with a long, sharp awl. Women are also there, wives, mothers, daughters, poor and hungry as the men. Not a single trace of womanly beauty, of healthful freshness upon them; their hair is disordered and sprinkled with the dust of the highways, their tawny bodies scarcely covered with unsightly rags, their gloomy eyes seem fading into their sockets, only half open as if gluing together in very weariness: but they will soon be quickened, for the full cup flies from lip to lip, they quaff long draughts: Hurrah! hurrah! Long live the cup of drunkenness and joy!

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Hark! a noise and rustling among the masses! Is it joy, or is it grief? Who can read the meaning of a thing so monstrously multiform!

A man arrives, mounts a table, harangues and sways the multitude. His voice drags and grates upon the ear, but hacks itself into sharp, strong words, clearly heard and easily understood; his gestures are slow and light, accompanying his words as music, song. His brow is high and strong, his head is entirely bald; thought has uprooted its last hair. His skin is dull and tawny, the blood never tinges its dingy pallor, no emotion ever paints its secrets there, yellow wrinkles form and cross between the bones and muscles of his face, and a dark beard, like a black wreath, encircles it from temple to temple. He fastens a steady gaze upon his hearers, no doubt or hesitation ever clouds his clear, cold eye. When he raises his arm and stretches it out toward the people, they bow before him, as if to receive, prostrate, the blessing of a *great intellect*, not that of a *great heart*! Down, down with the great hearts! Away, away with old prejudices! Hurrah! hurrah! for the words of consolation! Hurrah for the license to murder!

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This man is the idol of the people, their passion, the ruler of their souls, the stimulator of their enthusiasm. He promises them bread and money, and their cries rise like the rushing of a storm, widening and deepening in every direction: 'Long live Pancratius! Hurrah! Bread and money! Bread for us, our wives, our children! Hurrah! hurrah!'

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At the feet of the speaker, leaning against the table on which he stands, rests his friend, companion, and disciple. His eye is dark and oriental, shadowed by long and gloomy lashes, his arms hang down, his limbs bend under him, his body is badly formed and distorted, his mouth is sensual and voluptuous, his expression is sharp and malicious, his fingers are laden with rings of gold—he joins the tumult, crying with a rough, hoarse voice: 'Long live Pancratius!' The speaker looks at him carelessly for a moment, and says: 'Citizen, Baptized, hand me a handkerchief!'

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Meantime the uproar continues; the cries become more and more tumultuous: 'Bread for us! Bread! bread! Long live Pancratius! Death to the nobles! to the merchants! to the rich! Bread! bread! Bread and blood! Hurrah! hurrah!'

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A tabernacle. Lamps. An open book lies on a table. Baptized Jews.

THE BAPTIZED. My wretched brethren; my revenge-seeking, beloved brethren! let us suck nourishment from the pages of the Talmud, as from the breast of our mother; it is the breast of life from which strength and honey flow for us, bitterness and poison for our enemies.

CHORUS OF BAPTIZED JEWS. Jehovah is our God, and ours alone; therefore has He scattered us in every land!

Like the coiled folds of an enormous serpent, He has wreathed us everywhere round and through the adorers of the cross; our lithe and subtle rings pass round and through our foolish, proud, unclean rulers.

Let us thrice spew them forth to destruction! Threefold curses light upon them!

THE BAPTIZED. Rejoice, my brethren! the Cross of our Great Enemy is already more than half hewn down; it is rotting to its fall; it is only standing on a root of blood: if it once plunge into the abyss it will never rise again. Hitherto the nobles have been its sole defence, but they are ours! ours!

CHORUS OF BAPTIZED JEWS. Our work, our long, long work of centuries, our sad, ardent, painful work is almost done!

Death to the nobles—let us thrice spew them forth to destruction! Threefold curses light upon them!

THE BAPTIZED. The might of Israel shall be built upon a liberty without law or order, upon a slaughter without end, upon the *pride* of the nobility, the *folly* of the masses. The nobles are almost destroyed; we must drive the few still left into the abyss of death, and scatter over their livid corpses the ruins of the shattered cross in which they trusted!

CHORUS OF BAPTIZED JEWS. The cross is now our holy symbol; the water of baptism has reunited us with men; the scorning repose upon the love of the scorned!

The freedom of men is our cry; the welfare of the people our aim; ha! ha! the eons of Christ trust the sons of Caiaphas!

Centuries ago our fathers tortured our Great Enemy to death; we will again torture him to death this very day—but He will never rise more from the grave which we prepare for Him!

THE BAPTIZED. Yet a little space, a little time, a few drops of poison, and the whole world will be our own, my brethren!

CHORUS OF BAPTIZED JEWS. Jehovah is the God of Israel, and of it alone.

Let us thrice spew forth the nations to destruction! Threefold curses light upon them!

Knocking is heard at the door.

THE BAPTIZED. Take up your work, brethren! And thou, Holy Book, away from sight—no unclean look shall soil thy spotless leaves! Who is there?

Hides the Talmud.

Voice (*without*). A friend. Open in the name of freedom.

THE BAPTIZED. Quick to your hammers and looms, my brethren!

He opens the door.

Enter Leonard.

LEONARD. Well done, citizens. You watch, I see, and whet your swords for to-morrow.—(*Approaching one of the men:*) What are you making here in this corner?

ONE OF THE BAPTIZED. Ropes.

LEONARD. You are right, citizen, for he who falls not by iron must hang!

THE BAPTIZED. Citizen Leonard, is the thing really to come off to-morrow?

LEONARD. He who thinks, feels, and acts with the most force among us, has sent me to you to appoint an interview. He will himself answer your question.

THE BAPTIZED. I go to meet him. Brethren, remain at work. Look well to them, citizen Yankel.

Exit with Leonard.

CHORUS OF BAPTIZED JEWS. Ye ropes and daggers, ye clubs and bills, the works of our hands, ye wilt go forth to destroy them!

The people will kill the nobles upon the plains, will hang them in the forests, and then, having none to defend them, we will kill and hang the people! The Despised will arise in their anger, will array themselves in the might of Jehovah: His Word is Redemption and Love for His people Israel, but scorn and fury for their enemies!

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Let us thrice spew them forth to destruction: threefold curses fall upon them!

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A tent. A profusion of flasks, cups, and flagons. Pancratius alone.

PANCRATIUS. The mob howled in applause but a moment ago, shouted in loud hurrahs at every word I uttered. But is there a single man among them all who really understands my ideas, or who comprehends the end and aim of that path upon which we have entered, or where the reforms will terminate which have been so loudly inaugurated within the last hour? 'Ah! fervidum imitatorum pecus!'

Enter Leonard and the Baptized Jew.

Do you know Count Henry?

THE BAPTIZED. I know him well by sight, great citizen, but I am not personally acquainted with him. I remember once when I was approaching the Lord's Supper, he cried to me, '*Out of the way!*' and looked down upon me with the arrogant look peculiar to the nobles—for which I vowed him a rope in my soul.

PANCRATIUS. Prepare to visit him early to-morrow morning, and announce to him that it is my wish to confer with him alone.

THE BAPTIZED. How many men will you send with me on this embassy? I do not think it would be safe to undertake it without a guard.

PANCRATIUS. You must go alone, my name will be sufficient guard, and the gallows on which you hung the baron yesterday, your shield.

THE BAPTIZED. Woe is me!

PANCRATIUS. Tell him I will visit him to-morrow night.

THE BAPTIZED. And if he should put me in chains or order me to be hung?

PANCRATIUS. You would die a martyr for the freedom of the people!

THE BAPTIZED. I will sacrifice all for the freedom of the people.—(*Aside.*) Woe is me!—(*ALOUD.*) Good night, citizen.

Exit the Baptized.

LEONARD. Pancratius, why this delay, these half measures, these contracts, this strange interview? When I swore to honor and obey you, it was because I believed you to be a hero of extremes, an eagle flying even in the face of the sun directly to its aim; a brave man ready to venture all upon the cast of a die.

PANCRATIUS. Silence, child!

LEONARD. Everything is ready; the baptized Jews have forged arms and woven ropes; the masses clamor for immediate orders. Speak but the word now, and the electric sparks will fly, the millions flash into forked lightnings, kindle into flame, and consume our enemies!

PANCRATIUS. You are young, and the blood mounts rapidly into your brain; but will the hour of combat find you more resolute than myself?

LEONARD. Think well what you are doing. The nobles, weak and exhausted, have fled for refuge to the famous fortress of the Holy Trinity,<sup>[1]</sup> and await our arrival, as men wait the knife of the guillotine.

Forward, citizen, attack them without delay, and it is over with them forever!

PANCRATIUS. It can make no difference; they have lost the old energy of their caste in luxury and idleness. To-morrow or the next day they must fall, what matter which?

LEONARD. What and whom do you fear, and why do you delay?

PANCRATIUS. I fear nothing. I act but in accordance with my own will.

LEONARD. And am I to trust it blindly?

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PANCRATIUS. Yes. Blindly.

LEONARD. You may betray us, citizen!

PANCRATIUS. Betrayal rings forever from your lips like the refrain of an old song.

But hush! not so loud—if any one should hear us ...

LEONARD. There are no spies here; and what if some one should hear us?

PANCRATIUS. Nothing; only five balls in your heart for having ventured to raise your voice a tone too high in my presence. (*Approaching close to him.*) Leonard, trust me, and be tranquil!

LEONARD. I confess I have been too hasty, but I fear no punishment. If my death could help the cause of the down-trodden masses, I would cheerfully die.

PANCRATIUS. You are full of life, hope, faith. Happiest of men, I will not rob you of the bliss of existence.

LEONARD. What do you say, citizen?

PANCRATIUS. Think more; speak less; the time will come when you will fully understand me!

Have you collected the provisions for the carousal of the millions?

LEONARD. They have all been sent to the arsenal under guard.

PANCRATIUS. Has the contribution from the shoemakers been received?

LEONARD. It has. Every one gave with the greatest eagerness; it amounts to a hundred thousand.

PANCRATIUS. They must all be invited to a general festival to-morrow.

Have you heard nothing of Count Henry?

LEONARD. I despise the nobles too deeply to credit what I hear of him. The dying race have no energy left; it is impossible they should dare or venture aught.

PANCRATIUS. And yet it is true that he is collecting and training his serfs and peasants, and, confiding in their devotion and attachment to himself, intends leading them to the relief of the fortress of the Holy Trinity.

LEONARD. Who can oppose us? *The ideas of our century stand incorporated in us!*

PANCRATIUS. I am determined to see Count Henry, to gaze into his eyes, to read the very depths of his brave spirit, to win him over to the glorious cause of the people.

LEONARD. An aristocrat, body and soul!

PANCRATIUS. True: but also a Poet!

Good night, Leonard, I would be alone.

LEONARD. Have you forgiven me, citizen?

PANCRATIUS. Sleep in peace: if I had not forgiven you, you would ere this have slept the eternal sleep.

LEONARD. And will nothing take place to-morrow?

PANCRATIUS. Good night, and pleasant dreams!

Leonard is retiring.

Ho, Leonard!

LEONARD. Citizen general?

PANCRATIUS. You will accompany me day after morrow on my visit to Count Henry.

LEONARD. I will obey.

Exit Leonard.

PANCRATIUS. How is it that this man, Count Henry, still dares to resist and defy *me*, the ruler of millions? His forces will bear no comparison with mine; indeed he stands almost alone, although it is true that some hundred or two of peasants, confiding blindly in his word and clinging to him as the dog clings to his master, still cluster round him—but that is all folly, and can amount to nothing. Why, then, do I long to see him, long to win him to our side? Has my spirit for the first time encountered its equal? Can it progress no farther in the path in which he stands to oppose me? His resistance is the last obstacle to be overcome—he must be overthrown—and then? ... and then! ...

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O my cunning intellect! Canst thou not deceive *thyself* as thou hast deceived others?...

Shame! thou shouldst know thine own might! Thou art *thought*, the intelligence and reason of the people—the ruler of the masses—thou controllest the millions, so that their will and giant force is *one* with *thine*—all authority and government are incarnated and concentrated in thee alone—all that would be crime in others is in thee fame and glory—thou hast given name and place to unknown and obscure men—thou hast given faith and eloquence to beings who had been almost robbed of moral sentiment—thou hast created a new world in thine own image, and *art thyself its god!* and yet ... and yet ... thou art wandering in unknown wastes, and fearest to be lost thyself—to go astray!

Thou knowest not thyself, nor of what thou art capable; thou rulest others, yet doubt'st thyself—thou knowest not what thou art—whither thou goest—nor whence thou earnest! No ... no.... Thou art sublime!

Sinks upon a chair in silent thought.

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A forest, with a cleared hill in its midst, upon which stands a gallows; huts, tents, watchfires, barrels, tables, and crowds of men. The Man disguised in a dark cloak and red liberty cap, and holding the Baptized Jew by the hand.

THE MAN. Remember!

THE BAPTIZED (*in a whisper*). Upon my honor, I will lead your excellency aright, I will not betray you.

THE MAN. Give but one suspicious wink, raise but a finger, and my bullet finds its way to your heart! You may readily imagine that I attach no great value to your life when I thus lightly risk my own.

THE BAPTIZED. Oh woe! You press my hand like a vice of steel. What is it you wish me to do?

THE MAN. Appear to the crowd as if I were an acquaintance—treat me as a newly arrived friend.

What kind of a dance is that?

THE BAPTIZED. The dance of a free people.

Men and woman dance, leap, and sing round the gallows.

THEIR CHORUS. Bread! meat! work! wood in winter, rest in summer! Hurrah! hurrah!

God had no compassion upon us: Hurrah! hurrah!

Kings had no compassion upon us: Hurrah! hurrah!

The nobles had no compassion upon us: Hurrah! hurrah!

We renounce God, kings, and nobles: Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

THE MAN (*to a maiden*). I am glad to see you look so gay, so blooming.

THE MAIDEN. I am sure we have waited quite long enough for such a day as this! I have washed dishes and cleaned knives and forks all my life, without ever having heard a kind word spoken to me: it is high time I too should begin to eat, to dance, to make merry. Hurrah! hurrah!

THE MAN. Dance, citizeness!

THE BAPTIZED. For God's sake, be cautious, count! You may be recognized; let us go!

THE MAN. If any one should recognize me, you are lost. We will mingle with the throng.

THE BAPTIZED. A crowd of servants are sitting under the shade of this oak.

THE MAN. Let us approach them.

FIRST SERVANT. I have just killed my first master.

SECOND SERVANT. And I am on the search for my baron. Your health, citizens!

VALET DE CHAMBRE. In the sweat of our brows, in the depths of humiliation, licking the dust from the boots of our masters, and prostrate before them, we have yet always felt our rights as men: let us drink the health of our present society!

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CHORUS OF SERVANTS. Here's to the health of our citizen President! one of ourselves, he will lead us to glory!

VALET DE CHAMBRE. Thanks, citizens, thanks!

CHORUS OF SERVANTS. Out of dark kitchens, dressing rooms, and antechambers, our prisons of old, we rush together into freedom: Hurrah!

We know the ridiculous follies, peevishness, and perversity of our masters; we have been behind the shows and shams of glittering halls: Hurrah!

THE MAN. Whose voices are those I hear so harsh and wild from that little mound on our left?

THE BAPTIZED. The butchers are singing a chorus.

CHORUS OF THE BUTCHERS. The cleaver and axe are our weapons; our life is in the slaughter house; we know the hue of blood, and care not if we kill *cattle* or *nobles*!

Children of blood and strength, we look with indifference upon the pale and weak; he who needs us, has us; we slaughter beeves for the nobles; the nobles for the people!

The cleaver and axe are our arms; our life is in the slaughter house: Hurrah for the slaughter house! the slaughter house! the slaughter house! the slaughter house!

THE MAN. Come! I like the next group better; honor and philosophy are at least named in it. Good evening, madame!

THE BAPTIZED. It would be better if your excellency should say, 'citizeness,' or 'woman of freedom.'

WOMAN. What do you mean by the title, 'madame?' From whence did it come? Fie! fie! you smell of mould!

THE MAN. Pardon my mistake!

WOMAN. I am as free as you, I am a free woman; I give my love freely to the community, because they have acknowledged my right to lavish it where I will!

THE MAN. And have the community given you for it these jewelled rings, these chains of violet amethysts?... O thrice beneficent community!

THE WOMAN. No, the community did not give them to me; but at my emancipation I took these things secretly from the casket of my husband, for he was my enemy, the enemy of freedom, and had long held me enslaved!

THE MAN. Citizeness, I wish you a most agreeable promenade!

They pass on.

Who is this marvellous-looking warrior leaning upon a two-edged sword, with a death's head upon his cap, another upon his badge, and a third upon his breast? Is he not the famous Bianchetti, a condottiere employed by the people, as the condottieri once were by the kings and nobles?

THE BAPTIZED. Yes, it is Bianchetti; he has been with us for the last eight or ten days.

THE MAN (*to Bianchetti*). What is General Bianchetti considering with so much attention?

BIANCHETTI. Look through this opening in the woods, citizen, and you will see a castle upon a hill: with my glass I can see the walls, ramparts, bastions, etc.

THE MAN. It will be hard to take, will it not?

BIANCHETTI. Kings and devils! it can be surrounded by subterranean passages, undermined, and....

THE BAPTIZED (*winking at Bianchetti*). Citizen general....

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THE MAN (*in a whisper to the Baptized*). Look under my cloak how the cock of my pistol is raised!

THE BAPTIZED (*aside*). Oh woe!—(*Aloud*) How do you mean to conduct the siege, citizen general?

BIANCHETTI. Although you are my brother in freedom, you are not my confidant in strategy. After the capitulation of the castle, my plans will be made public.

THE MAN (*to the Baptized*). Take my advice, Jew, and strike him dead, for such is the beginning of all aristocracies.

A WEAVER. Curses! curses! curses!

THE MAN. Poor fellow! what are you doing under this tree, and why do you look so pale and wild?

THE WEAVER. Curses upon the merchants and manufacturers! All the best years of my life, years in which other men love maidens, meet in wide plains, or sail upon vast seas, with free air and open space around them, I have spent in a narrow, dark, gloomy room, chained like a galley slave to a silk loom!

THE MAN. Take some food! Empty the full cup which you hold in your hand!

WEAVER. I have not strength enough left to carry it to my lips! I am so tired; I could scarcely crawl up here—it is the day of freedom! but a day of freedom is not for me—it comes too late, too late!—(*He falls, and gasps out*:) Curses upon the manufacturers who make silks! upon the merchants, who buy them! upon the nobles, who wear them! Curses! curses! curses!

He writhes on the ground and dies.

THE BAPTIZED. What a ghastly corpse!

THE MAN. Baptized Jew, citizen, poltroon of freedom, look upon this lifeless head, shining in the blood-red rays of the setting sun! Where are now your words and promises; the equality, perfectibility, and universal happiness of the human race?

THE BAPTIZED (*aside*). May you soon fall into a like ruin, and the dogs tear the flesh from your rotting corpse!—(*Aloud*) I beg that your excellency will now permit me to return, that I may give an account of my embassy!

THE MAN. You may say that, believing you to be a spy, I forcibly detained you.—(*Looking around him*.) The tumult and noise of the carousal is dying away behind us; before us there is nothing to be seen but fir and pine trees bathed in the crimson rays of sunset.

THE BAPTIZED. Clouds are gathering thick and fast over the tops of the trees: had you not better return to your people, Count Henry, who have been waiting so long for you in the vault of St. Ignatius?

THE MAN. Thank you for your exceeding care of me, Sir Jew! But back! I will return and take another look at the festival of the citizens.

VOICES (*under the trees*). The children of Ham bid good night to thee, old Sun!

VOICE (*on the right*). Here's to thy health, old enemy! Thou hast long driven us on to unpaid work, and awaked us early to unheeded pain! Ha! ha! When thou risest upon us to-morrow, thou wilt find us with fish and flesh: now off to the devil, empty glass!

THE BAPTIZED. The bands of peasants are coming this way.

THE MAN. You shall not leave me. Place yourself behind this tree trunk, and be silent!

CHORUS OF PEASANTS. Forward, forward, under the white tents to meet our brethren! Forward, forward, under the green shade of the beeches, to rest, to sleep, to pleasant sunset greetings!

Our maidens there await us; there await us our slaughtered oxen, the old teams of our ploughs!

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A VOICE. I am pulling and dragging him on with all my strength—now he turns and defends himself—down! down among the dead!

VOICE OF THE DYING NOBLE. My children, pity! pity!

SECOND VOICE. Chain me to your land and make me work without pay again—will you!

THIRD VOICE. My only son fell under the blows of your lash, old lord; either wake him from the dead, or die to join him!

FOURTH VOICE. The children of Ham drink thy health, old lord! they beg thee for forgiveness, lord!

CHORUS OF PEASANTS (*passing on out of sight*). A vampire sucked our blood, and lived upon our strength:

We have caught the vampire, he shall escape no more!

By Satan, thou shalt hang as high as a great lord should!

By Satan, thou shalt die high, high above us all!

Death to the nobles; tyrants were they all!

Drink, food, and rest for us; poor, weary, hungry, thirsty, naked!

Your bodies shall lie like sheaves upon our fields; the ruins of your castles fly like chaff beneath the flail of the thresher!

VOICE. The children of Ham will dance merrily round their bonfires!

THE MAN. I cannot see the face of the murdered noble, they throng so thickly round him.

THE BAPTIZED. It is in all probability a friend or relation of your excellency!

THE MAN. I despise him, and hate you!

Poetry will sweeten all this horror hereafter. Forward, Jew, forward!

They disappear among the trees.

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Another part of the forest. A mound upon which watchfires are burning. A procession of people bearing torches.

THE MAN (*appearing among them with the Baptized*). These drooping branches have torn my liberty cap into tatters.

Ha! what hell of flame is this throwing its crimson light into the gloom, and leaping through these heavily fringed walls of the forest?

THE BAPTIZED. We have wandered from our way while seeking the pass of St. Ignatius. We must retrace our steps immediately, for this is the spot in which Leonard celebrates the solemnities of the New Faith!

THE MAN. Forward, in the name of God! I must see these solemnities. Fear nothing, Jew, no one will recognize us.

THE BAPTIZED. Be prudent; our lives hang on a breath!

THE MAN. What enormous ruins are these scattered around us! This ponderous pile must have lasted centuries before it fell!

Pillars, pedestals, capitals, fallen arches—ha! I am treading upon the broken remnants of an escutcheon. Bas-reliefs of exquisite sculpture are scattered about upon the earth! Heavens! that is the sweet face of the Virgin Mother shining through the heart of the darkness! The light flickers, I can see it no more. Here are the slight-fluted shafts of a shrine, panes of colored glass with cherub heads, a carved railing of bronze, and now, in the light of yonder torch, I see the half of a monumental figure of a reclining knight in armor thrown upon the burnt and withered grass: Where am I, Jew?

THE BAPTIZED. You are passing through the graveyard of the last church of the Old Faith; our people labored forty days and forty nights without intermission to destroy it; it seemed built for eternal ages.

THE MAN. Your songs and hymns, ye new men, grate harshly on my ears!

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Dark forms are moving forward in every direction, from before us, behind us, and from either side; lights and shadows, driven to and fro by the wind, float like living spirits through the throng.

A PASSER-BY. I greet you, citizens, in the name of freedom!

SECOND PASSER-BY. I greet you in the name of the slaughter of the nobles!

THIRD PASSER-BY. The priests chant the praise of freedom; why do you not hasten forward?

THE BAPTIZED. We cannot resist the pressure of the throng; they drive us on from every side.

THE MAN. Who is this young man standing in front of us, mounted upon the ruins of the shrine? Three flames burn beneath him, his face shines from the midst of fire and smoke, his voice rings like the shriek of a maniac; and his gestures are rapid and eager?

THE BAPTIZED. That is Leonard, the inspired and enthusiastic prophet of freedom. Our priests, our philosophers, our poets, our artists, with their daughters and loved ones, are standing round him.

THE MAN. Ha, I understand; your aristocracy! Point out to me the man who sent you to seek an interview with me.

THE BAPTIZED. He is not here.

LEONARD. Fly to my arms; cling to my lips; come to me, my beautiful bride! Independent, free, stripped of the veils of hypocrisy, full of love, untrammelled from the chilling fetters of prejudice, come to me, thou chosen one of the lovely daughters of freedom!

VOICE OF A MAIDEN. I fly to thee, beloved one!

SECOND MAIDEN. Look upon me! I stretch forth my arms to thee, but have sunk fainting among the ruins; I cannot rise, and have only strength left to turn to thee, beloved!

THIRD MAIDEN. I have outstripped them all; through cinders and ashes, flame and smoke, I fly to thee, beloved!

THE MAN. With long, dishevelled hair far floating on the wind, with snowy bosom panting with wild excitement, she clammers up the smoking ruins to his arms!

THE BAPTIZED. Thus is it every night.

LEONARD. To me! to me! my bliss, my rapture! Lovely daughter of freedom, thou tremblest with delicious, god-like madness!

Inspiration, flood my soul! Listen to me, all ye people, for now will I prophesy unto you!

THE MAN. Her head sinks on his bosom; she faints in his arms.

LEONARD. Look upon us, ye people! we offer you an image of the human race, freed from trammels, and risen into new life from the death of forms. We stand upon the ruins of old dogmas, of old gods; yea, glory unto us, for we have torn the old gods limb from limb!

They have rotted into dust; our spirits have conquered theirs; their very souls have fallen into the abyss of nothingness!

CHORUS OF WOMEN. Happy among women is the bride of the prophet: we stand below and envy her glory!

LEONARD. I announce to you a new world; to a new god I have given the heavens; to the god of freedom and of bliss, the god of the people; every offering of their vengeance, the piled corpses of their oppressors, be his fitting altar! The old tears and agonies of humanity will be forever swept away in an ocean of blood!

We now inaugurate the perpetual happiness of men; freedom and equality belong of right to all!

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Damnation and the gallows to him who would reorganize the Past; to him who would conspire against the common fraternity!

CHORUS OF MEN. The towers of superstition, of tyranny, of pride, have fallen, have fallen! To him who would save one stone from the old buildings—damnation and death!

THE BAPTIZED (*aside*). Ye blasphemers of Jehovah, I thrice spew you forth to destruction!

THE MAN. Keep but thy promise, Eagle, and I will build on this very spot and upon their bowed necks a new temple to the Son of God, the Merciful!

A CONFUSED CRY FROM MINGLING VOICES. Freedom! Equality! Bliss! Hurrah! hurrah!

CHORUS OF THE NEW PRIESTS. Where are the lords, where are the kings, who lately walked the earth with crown and sceptre, ruled with pride and scorn?

FIRST MURDERER. I killed King Alexander.

SECOND MURDERER. I stabbed King Henry.

THIRD MURDERER. I murdered King Immanuel!

LEONARD. Go on without fear; murder without a sting of conscience!

Remember that you are the Elect of the Elect; the Holy among the Holy; the brave heroes and blessed martyrs of equality and freedom!

CHORUS OF MURDERERS. We go in the darkness of night; we move in the gloom of the shadow! With the dagger firmly clutched in our unsparing hands, we go, we go!

LEONARD (*to the Maiden*). Arouse thee, my beautiful and free!

A loud clap of thunder is heard.

Reply to the living god of thunder: raise high the hymn of strength! Follow me all, all! Let us once more trample under our feet the ruined temple of the dead God!

THE MAIDEN. I glow with love to thee and to thy god! I will share my love with the whole world: I glow! I glow!

THE MAN. Some one blocks the way; he falls upon his knees, raises his joined hands, struggles, sighs, sobs....

THE BAPTIZED. He is the son of a famous philosopher.

LEONARD. What do you demand, Herman?

HERMAN. High priest, give me the Sacrament of Murder!

LEONARD (*to the Priests*). Give me the oil, the dagger, and the poison!—(To Herman.) With the sacred oil once used to anoint kings, I now anoint thee to their destruction!

The arm once used by knights and nobles, I give thee now for their destruction!

I hang upon thy breast this flask of poison, that where the sword cannot reach, it may gnaw, corrode, and burn the bowels of the tyrants!

Go, and destroy the old race in all parts of the world!

THE MAN. He is gone! I see him, at the head of a band of assassins, crossing the crest of the nearest hill.

THE BAPTIZED. They turn, they approach us, we must move out of their way!

THE MAN. No. I will dream this dream to its end!

THE BAPTIZED (*aside*). I thrice spew thee forth to destruction!—(*To the Man*). Leonard might recognize me, your excellency. Do you not see the knife glittering upon his breast?

THE MAN. Wrap yourself up in my cloak. What ladies are those dancing before him you call Leonard?

THE BAPTIZED. Princesses and countesses who have forsaken their husbands.

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THE MAN. Once my angels!!

The people now surround him on every side, I can see him no longer, I only know by the retreating music that he is going farther from us. Follow me, Jew, we can see him better up here!

He clammers up the parapet of a wall.

THE BAPTIZED. Woe! woe! We will certainly be discovered.

THE MAN. There, now I can see him again! Ha! other women are with him now, pale, confused, trembling, following him convulsively; the son of the philosopher foams and brandishes his dagger; they are stopping by the ruins of the North Tower.

They remain standing for a moment, they climb upon the ruins, they tear them down, they pull the shrine apart, they throw coals upon the prostrate altars, the votive wreaths, the holy pictures; the fire kindles, columns of smoke darken all before me: Woe to the destroyers! Woe!

LEONARD. Woe to the men who still bow down before the dead God!

THE MAN. Dark masses of the people turn and drive upon us.

THE BAPTIZED. O Father Abraham!

THE MAN. Old Eagle of glory, is it not true that my hour is not yet come?

THE BAPTIZED. We are lost!

LEONARD (*stopping immediately in front of Count Henry*). Who are you with that haughty face, citizen, and why do you not join in the solemnities?

THE MAN. I hastened here when I heard of the revolution; I am a murderer of the Spanish league, and have only arrived to-day.

LEONARD. Who is that man hiding himself in the folds of your mantle?

THE MAN. He is my younger brother. He has taken an oath to show his face to no one, until he has at least killed a baron.

LEONARD. Of whose murder can you yourself boast?

THE MAN. My elder brothers consecrated me only two days before my departure, and....

LEONARD. Whom do you think of killing?

THE MAN. You in the first place, if you should prove false to us!

LEONARD. For this use, brother, take my dagger!

Hands it to him.

THE MAN. For such use my own will suffice me, brother!

MANY VOICES. Long live Leonard! Long live the Spanish murderer!

LEONARD. Meet me to-morrow in the tent of Pancratius, our citizen general.

CHORUS OF PRIESTS. We greet thee, stranger, in the name of the Spirit of Liberty: we intrust to thy hand a share of our emancipation!

To men who combat without cessation, who kill without pity or weakness, who work for freedom by day, and dream of it by night, will be at last the victory!

They pass on out of sight.

CHORUS OF PHILOSOPHERS. We have wakened the human race, and torn them away from the days of childhood! We have found truth, and brought it to light from the womb of darkness! Combat,

murder, and die for it, brethren!

THE SON OF THE PHILOSOPHER (*to the Man*). Brother and friend, I drink your health out of the skull of an old saint! May we soon meet again!

A MAIDEN (*dancing*). Kill Prince John for me!

SECOND MAIDEN. Count Henry for me!

CHILDREN. Bring us back the head of a noble for a ball.

OTHER VOICES. Good fortune guide your daggers home!

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CHORUS OF ARTISTS. On these sublime old ruins we build no temples more; we paint no pictures, mould no statues for forgotten shrines; our arches shall be formed of pointed pikes and naked blades; our pillars built of ghastly piles of human skulls; the capitals of human hair dyed in gushing streams of crimson blood; our altar shall be white as snow, our god will rest upon it, the cap of liberty: Hurrah! hurrah!

OTHER VOICES. On! on! the morning dawn already breaks!

THE BAPTIZED. They will soon catch and hang us; we are but one step from the gallows.

THE MAN. Fear nothing, Jew, they follow Leonard, and observe us no longer. I see with my own eyes, I understand with my own mind, and for the last time before it engulfs me, the chaos now generating in the abyss of Time, in the womb of Darkness, for my own destruction, for the annihilation of my brethren!

Driven on by madness, stung by despair, my thoughts awake in all their strength....

O God! give me again the power which Thou didst not of old deny me, and I will condense this new and fearful world, which does not understand itself, into *one* burning word, but which one word will be the Poetry of the entire Past!

VOICE IN THE AIR. Poet, thou chant'st a drama!

THE MAN. Thanks for thy good counsel!

Revenge for the desecrated ashes of my fathers—malediction upon the new races! their whirlpool is around me, but it shall not draw me into the giddyng and increasing circles of its abyss! Keep but thy promise, Eagle; Eagle of glory!

Jew, I am ready now for the vault of St. Ignatius!

THE BAPTIZED. The day dawns; I can go no farther.

THE MAN. Lead me on until we strike the right path; I will then release you!

THE BAPTIZED. Why do you drag me on through mist, through thorns and briars, through ashes and embers, over heaps of ruins? Let me go, I entreat!

THE MAN. Forward! forward! and descend with me!

The last songs of the people are dying away behind us; a few torches here and there just glimmer through the gloom!

Ha! under those hoary trees drooping with the night dew, and through this curdling, whitening vapor, see you not the giant shadow of the dead Past? Hark! hear you not that wailing chant?

THE BAPTIZED. Everything is shrouded in the thickening mist; at every step we descend, deeper, deeper!

CHORUS OF WOOD SPIRITS. Let us weep for Christ, the persecuted, martyred Jesus!

Where is our God; where is His church?

THE MAN. Unsheathe the sword—to arms! to arms!

I will restore Him to you; upon thousands and thousands of crosses will I crucify His enemies!

CHORUS OF SPIRITS. We kept guard by day and night around the altar and the holy graves; upon untiring wings we bore the matin chime and vesper bell to the ear of the believer; our voices floated on the organ's peal! In the glitter of the stained and rainbow panes, the shadows of the vaulted domes, the light of the holy chalice, the blessed consecration of the Body of our Lord—was our whole life centred!

Woe! woe! what will become of us?

THE MAN. It is growing lighter; their dim forms fade and melt into the red of morn!

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THE BAPTIZED. Here lies your way: this is the entrance to the Pass.

THE MAN. Hail! Christ Jesus and my sword! (*He tears off the liberty cap, throws it upon the ground, and casts pieces of silver upon it.*) Take together the Thing and the Image for a remembrance!

THE BAPTIZED. You pledge your word to me for the honorable treatment of him who will visit you at midnight?

THE MAN. An old noble never repeats or breaks a promise!

Hail! Christ Jesus and our swords!

VOICES (*from the depths of the Pass*). Mary and our swords! Long live our lord, Count Henry!

THE MAN. My faithful followers, to me—to me!

Aid me, Mary, and Christ Jesus!

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Night. Trees and shrubbery. Pancratius, Leonard, and attendants.

PANCRATIUS (*to his attendants*). Lie upon this spot with your faces to the turf, remain perfectly still, kindle no fires, beat no signals, and, unless you hear the report of firearms, stir not until the dawn of day!

LEONARD. I once more conjure you, citizen!

PANCRATIUS. Lean against this tall pine, Leonard, and pass the night in reflection.

LEONARD. I pray you, Pancratius, take me with you! Remember, you are about to intrust yourself alone with an aristocrat, a betrayer, an oppressor....

PANCRATIUS (*interrupting him, and impatiently gesturing to him to remain behind*). The old nobles seldom broke a plighted promise!

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A vast feudal hall in the castle of Count Henry. Pictures of knights and ladies hang upon the walls. A pillar is seen in the background bearing the arms and escutcheons of the family. The Count is seated at a marble table upon which are placed an antique lamp of wrought silver, a jewel-hilted sword, a pair of pistols, an hourglass, and clock. Another table stands on the opposite side, with silver pitchers, decanters, and massive goblets.

THE MAN. At the same hour, surrounded by appalling perils, agitated by foreboding thoughts, the last Brutus met his Evil Genius.

I await a like apparition. A man without a name, without ancestors, without a faith or guardian angel; a man who is destroying the Past, and who will, in all probability, establish a new era, though himself sprung from the very dust, if I cannot succeed in casting him back into his original nothingness—is now to appear before me!

Spirit of my forefathers! inspire me with that haughty energy which once rendered you the rulers of the world! Give me the lion heart which erst throbbed in your dauntless breasts! Give me your peerless dignity, your noble and chivalric courtesy!

Rekindle in my wavering soul your blind, undoubting, earnest faith in Christ and in His church: at once the source of your noblest deeds on earth, your brightest hopes in heaven! Oh, let it open for me, as it was wont to do for you; and I will struggle with fire and sword against its enemies! Hear me, the son of countless generations, the sole heir of your thoughts, your courage, your virtues, and your faults!

The castle bell sounds twelve.

It is the appointed hour: I am prepared!

An old and faithful servant, Jacob, enters, fully armed.

JACOB. My lord, the person whom your excellency expects is in the castle.

THE MAN. Admit him here.

Exit Jacob.

He reappears, announcing Pancratius, and again retires.

PANCRATIUS. Count Henry, I salute you! The word 'count' sounds strangely on my lips.

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He seats himself, throws off his cloak and liberty cap, and fastens his eyes on the pillar on which hang the arms and shield.

THE MAN. Thanks, guest, that you have confided in the honor of my house! Faithful to our ancient forms, I pledge you in a glass of wine. Your good health, guest!

He takes a goblet, fills, tastes, and hands it to Pancratius.

PANCRATIUS. If I am not mistaken, this red and blue shield was called a coat of arms in the

language of the Dead; but such trifles have vanished from the face of the earth.

He drinks.

THE MAN. Vanished? With the aid of God, you will soon look upon them by thousands!

PANCRATIUS. Command me to the old noble! always confident in himself, though without money, arms, or soldiers; proud, obstinate, and hoping against all hope; like the corpse in the fable, threatening the driver of the hearse at the very door of the charnel house, and confiding in God, or at least pretending to confide in Him, when confidence in himself is no longer even possible!

Pray, Count Henry, give me but one little glimpse of the lightning which is to be sent from heaven, for your especial benefit, to blast me and my millions; or show me at least one angel of the thousands of the heavenly hosts, who are to encamp on your side, and whose prowess is so speedily to decide the combat in your favor!

He empties the goblet.

THE MAN. You are pleased to jest, leader of the people; but atheism is quite an old formula, and I looked for something *new* from the *new men*!

PANCRATIUS. Laugh, if you will, at your own wit, but my faith is wider, deeper, and more firmly based than your own. Its central dogma is the emancipation of humanity. It has its source in the cries of despair which rise unceasingly to heaven from the hearts of tortured millions, in the famine of the operatives, the grinding poverty of the peasants, the desecration of their wives and daughters, the degradation of the race through unjust laws and debasing and brutal prejudices—from all this agony spring my new formulas, the creed which I am determined to establish: '*Man has a birthright of happiness.*' These thoughts are my god, a god which will give bread, rest, bliss, glory to man!

He fills, drinks, and casts and goblet from him.

THE MAN. I place my trust in that God who gave power and rule, into the hands of my forefathers!

PANCRATIUS. You trust Him still, and yet through your whole life you have been but a plaything in the hands of the Devil!

But let us leave such discussions to the theologians, if any such still linger upon earth:—to business, Count Henry, to stern facts!

THE MAN. What do you seek from me, redeemer of the people, citizen-god?

PANCRATIUS. I sought you, in the first place, because I wished to know you; in the second, because I desire to save you.

THE MAN. For the first, receive my thanks; for the second, trust my sword!

PANCRATIUS. Your God! your sword! vain phantoms of the brain! Look at the dread realities of your situation! The curses of the millions are upon you; myriads of brawny arms are already raised to hurl you to destruction! Of all the vaunted Past nothing remains to you save a few feet of earth, scarcely enough to offer you a grave. Even your last fortress, the castle of the Holy Trinity, can hold out but a few days longer. Where is your artillery? Where are the arms and provisions for your soldiers? Where are your soldiers? and what dependence can you place on the few you still retain? You must surely know there is nothing left you on which to hang a single hope!

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If I were in your place, Count Henry, I know what I would do!

THE MAN. Speak! you see how patiently I listen!

PANCRATIUS. Were I Count Henry, I would say to Pancratius: 'I will dismiss my troops, my few retainers; I will not go to the relief of the Holy Trinity—and for this I will retain my title and my estates; and you, Pancratius, will pledge your own honor to guarantee me the possession of the things I require.'

How old are you, Count Henry?

THE MAN. I am thirty-six years old, citizen.

PANCRATIUS. Then you have but about fifteen years of life to expect, for men of your temperament die young; your son is nearer to the grave than to maturity. A single exception, such as yours, can do no harm to the great whole. Remain, then, where you are, the last of the counts. Rule, as long as you shall live, in the house of your fathers; have your family portraits retouched, your armorial bearings renewed, and think no more of the wretched remnant of your fallen order. Let the justice of the long-injured people be fulfilled upon them! (*He fills for himself another cup.*) Your good health, Henry, the last of the counts!

THE MAN. Every word you utter is a new insult to me! Do you really believe that, to save a dishonored life, I would suffer myself to be enslaved and dragged about, chained to your car of triumph?

Cease! cease! I can endure no longer! I cannot answer as my spirit dictates, for you are my guest, sheltered from all insult while under my roof by my plighted honor!

PANCRATIUS. Plighted honor and knightly faith have, ere this, swung from a gallows! You unfurl a tattered banner whose faded rags seem strangely out of place among the brilliant flags and joyous symbols of universal humanitarian progress. Oh, I know you, and protest against your course! Full of life and generous vigor, you bind to your heart a putrefying corpse! You court your own destruction, clinging to a vain belief in privileged orders, in worn-out relics, in the bones of dead men, in mouldering escutcheons and forgotten coats of arms—and yet in your inmost heart you are forced to acknowledge that your brother nobles have deserved their punishment, that forgetfulness were mercy for them!

THE MAN. You, Pancratius, and your followers, what do you deserve?

PANCRATIUS. Victory and life! I acknowledge but one right, I bow to but one law, the law of perpetual progress, and this law is your death warrant. It cries to you through my lips: 'Worm-eaten, mouldering aristocracy! full of rottenness, crammed with meat and wine, satiated with luxury—give place to the young, the strong, the hungry!'

But I will save you, and you alone!

THE MAN. Cease! I will not brook your arrogant pity!

I know you, and your new world; I have visited your camp at night, and looked upon the restless swarms upon whose necks you ride to power! I saw all: I detected the *old* crimes peering through the thin veils of *new* draperies, shining under new shams, whirling to new tunes, circling in new dances—but the end was ever the same which it has been for centuries, which it will forever be: adultery, license, theft, gold, blood!

But I saw you not there; you were not with your guilty children; you know you despise them in the depths of your soul; and if you do not go mad yourself in the mad dances of the blood-thirsty and blood-drunken people, you will soon scorn and despise yourself!

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Torture me no more!

He rises, moves hurriedly to and fro, then seats himself under his escutcheon.

PANCRATIUS. It is true my world is in its infancy, unformed and undeveloped; it requires food, ease, material gratifications; but it is growing, and the time will come—(*He rises from his chair, approaches the count, and leans against the pillar supporting the escutcheons*)—the time will come when my world will arrive at maturity, will attain the consciousness of its own strength, when it will say, I AM; and there will be no other voice on earth able to reply, 'I ALSO AM!'

THE MAN. And then?

PANCRATIUS. A race will spring from the generation I am now quickening and elevating, stronger, higher, and nobler than any the world has yet produced; the earth has never yet seen such men upon her bosom. They will be free, lords of the globe from pole to pole; the earth will be a blooming garden, every part of her surface under the highest culture; the sea will be covered with floating palaces and argosies of wealth and commerce; a universal exchange of commodities will carry civilization, mutual recognition, and comfort to every clime; prosperous cities will crown every height, and expand their blessings of refinement and culture o'er every plain; earth will then offer happy and tranquil homes to all her children, she will be one vast and united house of blissful industry and highest art!

THE MAN. Your words and voice dissemble well, but your pale and rigid features in vain struggle to assume the generous glow of a noble enthusiasm, which your soul cannot feel.

PANCRATIUS. Interrupt me not! Men have begged on bended knees before me for such prophecies.

The world of the Future will possess a god whose highest fact will not be his own defeat and death upon a cross; a god whom the people, by their own power and skill, *will force* to unveil his face to them; a god who will be torn by the very children whom he once scattered over the face of the earth in his anger, from the infinite recesses of the distant heavens in which he loves to hide! Babel will be no more, all tribes and nations will meet and understand their mutual wants, and, united by a *universal language*, his scattered children, having attained their majority, assert their *right* to know their creator, and claim their just inheritance from a common father: '*the full possession of all truth!*'

The god of humanity at last reveals himself to man!

THE MAN. Yes, He revealed Himself some centuries ago; through Him is humanity already redeemed.

PANCRATIUS. Alas! let the redeemed delight in the sweetness of such redemption! let them rejoice in the multiplied agonies which have in vain cried to a Redeemer for relief during the three thousand years which have elapsed since His defeat and death!

THE MAN. Blasphemer, cease! I have seen the Cross, the holy symbol of His mystic love, standing in the heart of the eternal city, Rome; the ruins of a power far greater than thine were crumbling into dust around It; hundreds of gods such as those you trust in, were lying prostrate on the ground, trampled under careless feet, not even daring to raise their crushed and wounded heads to gaze upon the Crucified. It stood upon the seven hills, stretching its mighty arms to the east and to the west, its holy brow glittering in the golden sunshine; men wistfully gazed upon its

perfect lesson of self-abnegating Love; it won all hearts, it RULED THE WORLD!

PANCRATIUS. An old wife's tale, hollow as the rattling of these vain escutcheons! (*He strikes the shield.*) These discussions are in vain, for I have read all the secrets of your yearning heart! If you really wish to find the *infinite* which has so long baffled your search; if you love the *truth*, and are willing to suffer for it; if you are a *man*, created in the image of our common humanity, and not the impossible hero of an old nursery song—listen to me! Oh, let not these rapidly fleeting moments, the last in which you can possibly be saved, pass in vain! The race renews itself, man of the Past; and *of the blood we shed to-day, no trace will be found to-morrow!* For the last time I conjure you, if you are what you once appeared to be, A MAN, rise in your former might, aid the down-trodden and oppressed people, help to emancipate and enlighten your fellow men, work for the common good, forsake your false ideas of a personal glory, quit these tottering ruins which all your pride and power cannot prevent from crumbling o'er you, desert your falling house, and follow me!

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THE MAN. O youngest born of Satan's brood!—(*He paces up and down the hall, speaking to himself.*) Dreams, dreams, beautiful dreams—but their realization is impossible! Who could achieve them? Adam died in the desert—the flaming sword still guards the gates—we are never more to enter Paradise! In vain we dream!

PANCRATIUS (*aside*). I have driven the probe to the core of his heart; I have struck the electric nerve of Poetry, which quivers through the very base of his complicated being!

THE MAN. Progress of humanity; universal happiness; I once believed them possible! There—there—take my head—my life—if that were possi—.... (*He sighs, and is silent for a moment.*) It is past! two centuries ago it might have been—but now.... But now I have seen and know there will be nothing but assassination and murder—murder on either side—nothing can satisfy now but an unceasing war of mutual extermination!

PANCRATIUS. Woe then to the vanquished! Falter not, seeker of universal happiness! Cry but once with us: '*Woe to the oppressors of the people!*' and stand preëminent o'er all, the First among the Victors!

THE MAN. Have you already explored all the paths in the dark and unknown country of the Future? Did Destiny, withdrawing at midnight the curtains of your tent, stand visibly before you, and, placing her giant hand upon your scheming brain, impress upon it the mystic seal of victory? or in the heat of midday, when the world slept, and you alone were watching, did she glide pale, pitiless, and stern before you, and promise conquest, that you thus threaten me with defeat and ruin? You are but a man of clay as fragile as my own, and may be the victim of the first well-aimed ball, the first sharp thrust of the sword! Your life, like mine, hangs on a single thread, and you have no immunity from death!

PANCRATIUS. Dreams! idle dreams! Oh do not deceive yourself with hopes so vain, for no bullet aimed by man will reach me, no sword will pierce me, while a single member of your haughty caste remains capable of resisting the task which it is my destiny to fulfil. And what doom soever may befall me, after its completion, count, will be too late to offer you the least advantage. (*The clock strikes.*) Hark! time flies—and scorns us both!

If you are weary of your own life, save at least your unfortunate son!

THE MAN. His pure soul is already saved in heaven: on earth he must share the fate of his father.

His head sinks heavily, and remains for some time buried in his hands.

PANCRATIUS. You reject too all hope for him?... (*Pauses.*) Nay—you are silent—you reflect—it is well: reflection becomes him who stands upon the brink of the grave!

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THE MAN. Away! away! Back from the passionate mysteries now surging through the depths of my soul! Profane them not with a word; they lie beyond your sphere!

The rough, wide world belongs to you; feed it with meat; flood it with wine; but press not into the holy secrets of my heart! Away! away from me, framer of material bliss!

PANCRATIUS. Shame upon you, warrior, scholar, poet, and yet the slave of one idea and its dying forms! Thought and form are wax beneath my plastic fingers!

THE MAN. In vain would you seek to follow my thoughts; you will never understand me, for all your forefathers were buried in a common ditch, as dead things, not as men of individual character and bold distinctive spirit. (*He points to the portraits of his ancestors.*) Look upon these pictures! Love of country, of family, of the home hearth, feelings at war with all your ideas, are written in every line of their firm brows—their spirit lives entire in me, their last heir and representative. Tell me, O man without ancestors, where is your natal soil? You spread your wandering tent each coming eve Upon the ruins of another's home, every morning roll it up again that it may be unrolled anew at night to blight and spoil! Yon have not yet found a *home*, a *hearth*, and you will never find one as long as a hundred men live to cry with me: '*Glory to our fathers!*'

PANCRATIUS. Yes, glory to your fathers in heaven and upon earth; but it will repay us to look at them a little more closely. (*He points to one of the portraits.*) This gentleman was a famous Starost; he shot old women in the woods, and roasted the Jews alive: this one with the inscription, 'Chancellor,' and the great seal in his right hand, falsified and forged acts, burned

archives, stabbed knights, and sullied the inheritance with poison; through him came your villages, your income, your power. That dark man played at adultery with the wife of his friend. This one, with the golden fleece on his Spanish cloak, served in a foreign land, when his own country was in danger.

This pale lady with the raven ringlets carried on an intrigue with a handsome page. That one with the lustrous braids is reading a letter from her gallant; she smiles, as well she may, for night approaches, and love is bold.

This timid beauty with the deep blue eyes and golden curls, clasping a Roman hound in her braceleted arm, was the mistress of a king, and soothed his softer hours.

Such is the true history of your unbroken, ancient, and unsullied line! But I like this jolly fellow in the green riding jacket; he drank and hunted with the nobles, and employed the peasants to run down the tall deer with the hounds. Indeed, the ignorance, stupidity, and wretchedness of the serf were the strength of the noble, and give convincing proof of his own intellect.

But the Day of Judgment is approaching: I promise you that none of your vaunted ancestors, that nought of their fame shall be forgotten in the dark award.

THE MAN. You deceive yourself, son of the people! Neither you nor your brethren could have preserved existence, had not our noble ancestors nourished you with their bread, and defended you with their blood. In times of famine, they gave you grain, and when the plague swept over you with its hot breath of death, they built hospitals to receive you, found nurses to take care of you, and educated physicians to save you from the grave. When from a herd of unformed brutes they had nurtured you into human beings, they built schools and churches for you, sharing everything with you save the dangers of the battle field, for war they knew you were not formed to bear. As the sharp lance of the pagan was wont to recoil, shattered and riven, from the glittering armor of my fathers, so recoil your vain words as they strike the dazzling record of their long-consecrated glory. They disturb not the repose of their sacred ashes. Like the howlings of a mad dog, who froths, bites, and snaps as he runs, until he is driven out of the pale of humanity, so fall your accusations, dying out in their own insanity.

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But it is almost dawn, and time you should depart from the halls of my ancestors! Pass in safety and in freedom from their home, my guest!

PANCRATIUS. Farewell then, until we meet again upon the ramparts of the Holy Trinity. And when your powder and ball shall be utterly exhausted?

THE MAN. *We will then approach within the length of our swords.* Farewell!

PANCRATIUS. We are twin Eagles, but your nest is shattered by the lightning! (*He takes up his cloak and liberty cap.*) In passing from your threshold, I leave the curse, due to decrepitude, behind me. I devote you and your son to destruction!

THE MAN. Ho! Jacob!

Enter Jacob.

Conduct this man in safety through my last post on the hill!

JACOB. So help me God the Lord!

Exit Jacob with Pancratius.

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## DEATH IN LIFE.

In some dull hour of doubt or pain,  
Who has not felt that life is slain—  
And while there yet remain

Long years, perhaps, of joyless mirth,  
Ere earth shall claim its kindred earth,  
Such years were nothing worth

But that some duty still demands  
The sweating brow, the weary hands?  
And so Existence stands

With an appeal we cannot shun,  
To make complete what Life begun,  
With toil from sun to sun.

And so we keep the sorry tryst,  
With all its fancied sweetness missed—  
Consenting to exist

When Life has fled beyond recall,  
And left us to its heir in thrall,  
With chains that will not fall.

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Belated stars were waning fast  
As through an open gate I passed,  
And crossed a meadow vast—

And, still descending, followed still  
The path that wound adown the hill  
And by the ruined mill—

Till in its garden I espied  
The cottage by the river side  
Where dwelt my promised bride.

Beneath the porch no lantern flared,  
No watch dog kept his faithful ward,  
The window blinds were barred.

Entering with eager eye and ear,  
And ushered by the phantom Fear,  
I stood beside the bier

Of one who, passing hence away,  
Left something more than lifeless clay,  
As twilight lingers after day,

The pulseless heart, the pallid lips,  
The eyes just closed in death's eclipse,  
The fairy finger tips

So lightly locked across the breast,  
Seemed to obey the sweet behest  
By angels whispered—Rest!

That beauty had been mine alone,  
Those hands had fondly pressed my own,  
Those eyes in mine had shone.

The open door was banged about,  
As wailing winds went in and out  
With sigh and groan and shout.

And darkly ran the river cold,  
Whose swollen waters, as they rolled,  
A tale of sorrow told.

I could not choose but seek that stream,  
Whose sympathetic moan did seem  
The music of a dream.

O River, that unceasing lay  
Charms each fair tree along thy way,  
Until it falls thy prey!

O endless moan within my heart,  
Thy constancy has made me part  
Of what thou wert and art!

And while I stood upon the brink,  
And tried to think, but could not think,  
Nor sight with reason link—

A form I had not seen before  
Came slowly down the dismal shore;  
A sombre robe she wore,

And in her air and on her face  
There was a sterner kind of grace,  
Heightened by time and place—

A sort of conscious power and pride,  
A soul to substance more allied—  
Than that of her who died.

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With scarce a semblance of design,  
Toward me her steps she did incline,  
And raised her eyes to mine

So sweetly, so imploringly,  
I scarcely wished, and did not try,  
To put their pleading by,

And, ere a movement I had made,  
Her hand upon my arm she laid,  
And whispered: I obeyed.

While one into the darkness sped,  
I followed where the other led;  
Yet often turned my head,

As one who fancies that he hears  
His own name ringing in his ears  
Shouted from far-off spheres.

Oh! bliss misplaced is misery!  
I love the life I've lost, but, see!  
The life that's here loves me.

And while I seem her willing slave,  
My heart is hid in weeds that wave  
Above a distant grave.

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## ÆNONE:

### A TALE OF SLAVE LIFE IN ROME.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

In an hour from that time the banqueting hall of the palace was prepared for its guests. Silken couches had been drawn up around the table. Upon it glittered a rich array of gold and silver. Between the dishes stood flasks of rare wines. Upon the buffet near by were other wines cooling in Apennine snow. Tall candelabras in worked and twisted bronze stood at the ends and sides of the table, and stretched overhead their arms hung with lamps. From the walls were suspended other lamps, lighting up the tapestries and frescoes. At one end of the hall, richly scented spices burned upon a tripod. With a readiness and celerity for which the Vanno palace was famous, a feast fit for the emperor had been improvised in a few minutes, and nothing was now wanting except the guests.

These now began to drop in one by one. The poet Emilius—the comedian Bassus—the proconsul Sardesus—others of lesser note; but not one who had not a claim to be present, by reason of intimate acquaintance or else some peculiarly valuable trait of conviviality. In collecting these, the armor bearer had made no mistake; and knowing his master's tastes and intimates, he had made up the roll of guests as discreetly as though their names had been given him. One he had met in the street—others he had found at their homes. None to whom he gave the invitation was backward in accepting it upon the spot, for there were few places in Rome where equal festal gratification could be obtained. To have been called to the house of Sergius Vanno and not to have gone there, was to have lost a day to be forever regretted. None, therefore, who had been spoken to, among that club of congenial spirits, was absent. Of those who did not come, one was sick and two were at their country villas. These, however, were lesser lights, valuable by themselves, perhaps, but of no account in comparison with others who had come; and therefore their absence was scarcely noticed.

Sergius stood at the door receiving his guests as each arrived. He had arrayed himself in his most festive costume, and had evidently resolved that whatever might happen on the morrow, that night at least should be passed in forgetfulness and unbridled enjoyment. Even now his face was flushed with the wine he had taken in anticipation, in the hope of giving an artificial elation to his spirits. But it seemed as though for that time the wine had lost its accustomed charm. Although at each greeting he strove to wreath his face in smiles, yet it was but a feeble mask, and could not hide the more natural appearances of care and gloom which rested upon his features; and while his voice seemed to retain its old ring of joyous welcome, there was an undertone of sad discordance. As the guests entered and exchanged greetings with their host, each, after the first moment, looked askant at him, with the dim perception that, in some way, he was not as he was wont to be; and so, in a little while, they sank, one by one, into a troubled and apprehensive silence. He, too, upon his part, looked furtively at them, wondering whether they had yet heard the thing that had befallen him. It was but a short time ago, indeed, and yet in how few minutes

might the unrestrained gossip of a slave have spread the ill tidings! For the moment, Sergius recoiled from the difficult task of entertainment which he had taken upon himself. Why, indeed, had he called these men around him? How could he sit and pledge them in deep draughts, and all the time suspect that each one knew his secret, and was laughing about it in his sleeve? And if they knew it not, so much the worse, for then he must tell the tale himself. Was it not partly for this purpose that he had assembled them? Far better to speak of it himself—to let them see how little he regarded the misfortune and the scandal—to treat it as a brave jest—to give his own version of it—than to have the matter leak out in the ordinary way, with all conceivable distortions and exaggerations. But how, in fact, could he tell it? Was there one among them who would not, while openly commiserating him, laugh at him in the heart? Did there not now sit before him the lieutenant Plautus, who, only a month before, had met with a like disgrace, and about whom he had composed derisive verses? Would not the lieutenant Plautus now rejoice to make retaliatory odes? Would it not be better, then, after all, to forbear any mention of the matter, and, letting its announcement take the usual chance course, to devote this night, at least, to unbroken festivity? But what if they already knew it?

Thus wandering in his mind from one debate to another, and ever, in a moment, coming back to his original suspicion, he sat, essaying complimentary speeches and convivial jests, and moodily gazing from face to face, in a vain attempt to read their secret thoughts. He was wrong in his suspicions. Not one of them knew the reason of the burden upon his mind. All, however, perceived that something had occurred to disturb him, and his moody spirit shed its influence around, until the conversation once again flagged, and there was not one of the party who did not wish himself elsewhere. The costliest viands and wines spread out before them were ineffective to produce that festive gayety upon which they had calculated.

'By Parnassus!' exclaimed the poet Emilius, at length, pushing aside his plate of turbot, and draining his goblet 'Are we to sit here, hour after hour, winking and blinking at each other like owls over their mice? Was it merely to eat and drink that we have assembled? Hearken! I will read that to you which will raise your spirits, to a certainty. To-morrow the games and combats commence in the arena of the new amphitheatre. Well; and is it known to you that I am appointed to read a dedicatory ode before the emperor and in honor of that occasion? I will give you a pleasure, now. I will forestall your joy, and let you hear what I have written. And be assured that this is no small compliment to your intelligence, since no eye hath yet looked upon a single verse thereof.'

With that the poet dragged from his breast his silken bundle, and carefully began to unwind the covering.

'You will observe,' he said, as he brought the precious parchment to light, and smoothed it out upon the table before him, 'you will observe that I commence with an invocation to the emperor, whom I call the most illustrious of all the Cæsars, and liken to Jove. I then congratulate the spectators, not only upon the joy of living in his time, but also upon being there to bask in the effulgence of—'

'A truce to such mummery!' cried Sergius, suddenly arousing from his spiritual stupor and bursting into a shrill laugh. 'Do we care to listen to your miserable dactyls? Is it not a standing jest through Rome that, for the past month, you have daily read your verses to one person after another, with the same wretched pretence of exclusive favoritism? And do we not know that no warrant has ever been given to you to recite a single line before the emperor, either in or out of the arena? We are here to revel, not to listen to your stale aphorisms upon death and immortality. Ho, there, more wine! Take off these viands, which already pall upon us! Bring wine-more wine!'

The guests were not slow to respond to the altered mood of their host; for it was merely the reflection of his sullen gravity that had eclipsed their own vivacity. The instant, therefore, that he led the way, the hall began to resound with jest and laughter. The poet, with some humiliation, which he endeavored to conceal beneath an affectation of wounded dignity, commenced rolling up his manuscript, not before a splash of wine from a carelessly filled flagon had soiled the fair-written characters. More flasks were placed upon the table by ready and obedient hands—and from that moment the real entertainment of the evening commenced.

Faster than any of his guests, as though care could be the better drowned by frequent libations, Sergius now filled and refilled his flagon; and though the repeated draughts may not have brought forgetfulness, yet, what was the nearest thing, they produced reckless indifference. No longer should the cloud which he had thus suddenly swept away from his brow be suffered to remain. Was he not master in his own house? If woman deceives, was that a reason why man should mourn and grow gray with melancholy? What though a random thought might at times intrude, of one who, in the next room, with her head against the wall, lay in a half stupor, listening to the ring of goblets and the loud laugh and jest? Had she not brought it all upon herself? He would fill up again, and think no more about it! And still, obedient to his directing tone, the guests followed him with more and more unbridled license, until the hall rang with merriment as it had never rung before.

Then, of course, came the throwing of dice, which, at that time, were as essential a concomitant of a roystering party as, in later centuries, cards became. Nor were these the least attraction of the feasts of Sergius; for though the excellence of his viands and wines was proverbial, the ease with which he could be despoiled at the gambling table was not less so. Already he was known to have seriously crippled his heritage by continued reverses, springing from united ill luck and want of skill; but it was as well understood that much still remained. And then, as now, the

morality of gambling was of a most questionable character—invited guests not thinking it discreditable to unite in any combinations for the purpose of better pillaging their host. This seemed now the general purpose; for, leaving each other in comparative freedom from attack, they came forward one by one and pitted their purses, great and small, against Sergius, who sat pouring down wine and shaking the dicebox, while he called each by name, and contended against him. The usual result followed; for, whether owing to secret signs among the players, or to superior skill, the current of gold flowed but one way, from the host to his guests. For a while he bore the continued ill luck with undiminished gayety, deeming that in meeting their united prowess he was doing a brave thing, and that, whatever befell him, he should remember that in character of host, he must consent to suffer. But at length he began to realize that his losses had been carried far enough. He had never suffered so severely in any one evening before. Even his duty to them as their host did not demand that he should completely ruin himself, and he began to suspect that he had half done so already. With a hoarse laugh he pushed the dice away, and arose.

'Enough—quite enough for one night,' he exclaimed. 'I have no more gold, nor, if I had, could I dare to continue, with this ill run against me. Perhaps after another campaign I may meet you again, and take my revenge; which, if the Fates are just, must one day or another be allotted me. But not now.'

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He thought that he was firm in his refusal, but his guests had not yet done with him. It needed but gentle violence to push him back again upon his seat, and to replace the dicebox in his hand.

'Art weary, or afraid to continue?' said the praetorian captain. 'Well, let there be one more main between us, and then we will end it all. Listen! I have won this night two hundred sestertia. What is the worth of that quarry of yours to the south of the Porta Triumphalis?'

'Three hundred sestertia—not less,' responded Sergius.

'Nay, as much as that?' rejoined the captain, carelessly throwing down his own dice. 'Then it is useless to propose what I was about to. I had thought that as the quarry had been well worked already, and was now overrun with fugitive slaves and Nazarenes, and the like, to ferret out whom would require half a legion, I could offer to put the two hundred sestertia against it, so that you might chance to win them back. But it is of little consequence.'

Sergius sat for the moment nervously drumming upon the table. He knew that the other was purposely disparaging the property and trying to tempt him into an equal stake; and yet he suffered himself to be tempted. The luck might this time be with him. It were worth while to try it, at least. If he lost, it would be but one more buffet of fortune. And if he won, how easily would those two hundred sestertia have been regained, and what a triumph over the one who had enticed him! And therefore they threw—five times a piece; and after a moment of breathless excitement, the play was decided in favor of the captain.

'The quarry is mine, therefore,' he said, endeavoring to assume a nonchalant air of indifference. 'Would you still win it back, Sergius? And the sesteria also? Well, there is that vineyard of yours on the slope of Tivoli, which—'

'Stay!' exclaimed the proconsul Sardesus, who, of all the party had not as yet touched the dicebox. 'Let this be enough. Will you plunder him entirely? Have you no regard for my rights over him? Do you not know that to-morrow, at the amphitheatre, Sergius and I are to match gladiators against each other for a heavy wager, and that I expect to win? How, then will I get this money, if you now strip him of all that he owns?'

Probably the proconsul felt no fear about collecting what he might win, and spoke jestingly, and with the sole intention of putting a stop to a system of pillage which seemed to him already too flagrant and unscrupulous. But his words were too plainly spoken not to give offence at any time, more particularly now that all present were heated with excitement; and the usual consequence of disinterested interference ensued. The other guests in no measured language, began to mutter their displeasure at the insinuations against themselves; while the host, for whose benefit the interruption had been intended, resented it most strongly of all. He needed no counsel, but was well able to take care of himself, he intimated. And he remembered that he had entered into some sort of a wager about the result of a gladiatorial combat, and he had supposed that no one would have doubted his ability to pay all that he might lose therein. It was proper, at least, to wait until there had been some precedent of the kind proved against him. No one, so far, had found him wanting. And the like.

'And yet,' he continued, as after a moment of reflection he began to realise the value of the wager, and how inconvenient it would be to lose, and that he had not yet succeeded in making any preparation for the contest, 'when I tell you that I have not yet found a gladiator to my mind, you will not force this match upon me to-morrow? You will forbear that advantage, and will consent to postpone our trial to another time?'

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The proconsul shrugged his shoulders.

'Was it in the bond,' he said, 'that one should await the convenience of the other? Has there not been time enough for each to procure his man? This wager was made between us mouths ago, Sergius—before even you went into the East.'

'And it was while I was there,' exclaimed Sergius eagerly, 'that I found my man—a Rhodian, with

the forehead, neck, and sinews of a bull. He could have hugged a bull to death almost. Having him, I felt safe, for who could you obtain to stand up against him? But in an evil hour, not over a month ago, this play actor here—this Bassus—by a stupid trick gained him from me. What, then, have I been able to do for myself since? I have sought far and near to replace him, but without success; and had made up my mind, if you would not postpone the trial, to pay up the forfeit for not appearing, and think no more about it. But by the gods! I will, even at this late hour, make one more attempt. Harkee, Bassus! Whenever I have asked you about this Rhodian, you have said that you have sold him; and, for some low reason, you have refused to tell who owns him now. Tell me, now, to whom you sold him, so that I can purchase him at once! Tell me, I say; or there will be blood between us!"

"What can he say," interrupted the proconsul, "but that he sold his Rhodian to me, the day thereafter? You do well to praise him, Sergius. Never have I seen such a creature of brawn and muscle. And with the training I have given him, who, indeed, could overcome him? You will see him to-morrow, in the arena. You will see how he will crush in the ribs of your gladiator, like an egg shell."

Sergius gave vent to a groan of mingled rage and despair.

"And you will not postpone this trial?" he said. "Will you, then, take up with an offer to play off that Rhodian against ten of my slaves? No? Against twenty, then? What else will tempt you? Ah, you may think that I have but little to offer to play against you, but it is not so. I have no gold left, and my last quarry is gone. But I have my vineyards and slaves in plenty. What say you, therefore?"

"Tush! Beseech him not!" interrupted Emilius, to whom the mention of vineyards and slaves gave intimation of further spoils. "Do you not see that he shakes his head? And do you not know his obstinacy? You could not move him now were you to pay him in full the amount of the forfeit. It is not the gold that he longer cares for, but the chance to distinguish himself by the exhibition of the slave of greatest strength and prowess. So let that matter go for settled. Rather strive, in some other manner, to win the money with which to pay your forfeit. This, with good luck, you may do—a little here and a little there—who knows? Perhaps even I can help you. Have I not won fifty sestertia from you? I will now wager it back against a slave."

"Against any slave?"

"By Bacchus, no! I have enough of ordinary captives to suit me, and care but little for any accession to the rabble of them. But you have one whom I covet—a Greek of fair appearance and pleasing manners—fit not for the camp or the quarries, but of some value as a page or cupbearer. It was but lately that I saw him, writing at your lady's dictation, and I wished for him at once. Shall we play for him?"

"No! a thousand times, no!" exclaimed Sergius, striking the table so heavily with his open hand that the dice danced and the flagons shook. "Were you to offer me thrice his value—to pay off my forfeit to Sardes to the last sestertium—to gain me back my quarry and my vineyards—all that I have lost—I would not give up that slave. My purpose is sweeter to me than all the gold you could offer, and I will not be cheated out of it. That slave dies to-morrow in the amphitheatre—between the lion's jaws!"

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"Dies? In the arena?" was the astonished exclamation.

"Is there aught wonderful in that?" Sergius fiercely cried. "Have you never before known such a thing as a master giving up his slave for the public amusement? And let no man ask me why I do it. It may be that I wish revenge, hating him too much to let him live. It may be that I seek to be a benefactor like others, and furnish entertainment to the populace at my own expense. It is sufficient that I choose it. Will not any other slave answer, Emilius?"

"Nay, no other will do," remarked the poet, throwing himself carelessly back, with the air of one dismissing a fruitless subject from his mind. "This was the only one whom I coveted. For any other I would not care to shake the dicebox three times, though I might feel sure to win."

"Will you offer the same to me, Sergius?" eagerly cried the comedian. "I also have won heavily from you. Will you play any other slave than this page against fifty sestertia?"

For his only answer, Sergius seized the dice, and began impatiently to rattle them. The eyes of Bassus sparkled with anticipated victory.

"You hear?" he cried, to all around him. "Against my fifty sestertia he will stake any of his slaves excepting this Greek page?"

"They all hear the terms," retorted Sergius. "Now throw!"

"Whether male or female?" continued Bassus, still looking around to see that all understood.

"Are they fools? Can they not hear? Will you throw or not?" shouted Sergius.

In a wild delirium of excitement, the comedian began the game, and in a few minutes it was concluded. Then he leaped from his seat, crying out:

"I have won! And there can be no dispute now! You all heard that he gave the choice of his slaves, whether male or female?"

"Fool!" sneered Sergius, throwing himself back. "What dispute can there be? Do you think that I

would deny my word? And do you suppose I did not know your aims, cunningly as you may think you veiled them? Would I have given up Leta to you, if she had been of any further value to myself? By the gods! had you waited a while, I do not know but what I would have made her a present to you; not however, to oblige you, but to punish her!'

The comedian listened in chopfallen amazement. Already it seemed to him that his prize had lost half its value.

'Be at rest, though,' Sergius continued, in a contemptuous tone. 'I have merely tired of her, that is all. Her eyes are as bright and her voice as silvery as ever. She may not ever come to love you much, but she will have the wit to pretend that she does; and if she makes you believe her—as you doubtless will—it will be all the same thing to you. Who knows, too, with what zeal she may worm herself into your affection, under the guidance of her ambition? For, that she has ambition, you will soon discover. By Bacchus! since you have no wife or household to fetter your fancies, it would not surprise me were you to succumb to her wiles, and to make of her your wife. You may recline there and smile with incredulity; but such things have been done before this, and by men who would not condescend to look upon one in your poor station. Yes, I will wager that, in the end, you will make of her your wife. Well, it would be no harm to you. She will then deceive you, of course; but what of that? Have not better men submitted to that inevitable lot? Yes, she will deceive you; and then will smile upon you, and you will believe her word, and be again deceived. But you will have only yourself to blame for it. I have warned you in advance.'

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## CHAPTER XV.

As the shouts of laughter elicited by the host's remark rang through the hall, drowning the muttered response of the comedian, Leta glided softly and rapidly from behind the screen of tapestry which veiled the open doorway. There, crouching out of sight, she had remained concealed for the last hour—watching the revellers through a crevice in the needlework, and vainly hoping, either in the words or face of Sergius, to detect some tone or expression indicative of regretful thought or recollection of herself. When at last her name had been mentioned, for a moment she had eagerly held her breath, lest she might lose one syllable from which an augury of her fate could be drawn. Then, repressing, with a violent effort, the cry of despair which rose to her lips, upon hearing herself thus coolly and disdainfully surrendered as the stake of a game of dice, and with less apparent regret than would have been felt for the loss of a single gold piece, she drew the folds of her dress closely about her and passed out.

Out through the antechamber—down the stairway—and into the central court; no other purpose guiding her footsteps than that of finding some place where she could reflect, without disturbance, upon the fate before her. In that heated hall she must have died; but it might be that in the cool, open air, she could conquer the delirium which threatened to overwhelm her, and could thus regain her self-control. If only for five minutes, it might be well. With her quick energy and power of decision, even five minutes of cool, deliberate counsel with herself might suffice to shape and direct her whole future life.

Hardly realizing how she had come there, she found herself sitting upon the coping of the courtyard fountain. The night was dark, for thick clouds shut out the gleam of moon and stars. No one could see her, nor was it an hour when any one was likely to be near. From one end to the other the court was deserted, except by herself. No light, other than the faint glow from the windows of the banquet hall upon the story above her. No sound beyond the sullen splash of the water falling into the marble basin of the fountain. There was now but little to interfere with deliberate reflection.

What demon had possessed the Fates that they should have brought this lot upon her? It could not be the destiny which had been marked out for her from the first. That had been a different one, she was sure. Her instinct had whispered peace and success to her. Such were the blessings which should have been unravelled for her from off the twirling spindle; but some malignant spirit must have substituted another person's deserved condemnation in place of her more kindly lot.

That she had failed in attaining the grand end of her desires was not, of itself, the utmost of her misfortune. She had aimed high, because it was as easy to do that as to accept a lower object of ambition. She had taken her course, believing that all things are possible to the energetic and daring, but, at the same time, fully realizing the chances of failure. But to fail had simply seemed to her to remain where she was, instead of ascending higher—to miss becoming the wife of the imperator, but to continue, as before, the main guide and direction of his thoughts, impulses, and affections.

And now, without previous token or warning, had come upon her the terrible realization that she had not only gained nothing, but had lost all, and that the fatal chance which had fettered her schemes, had also led to her further degradation. Thrown aside like a broken toy—with a jeering confession that she had wearied her possessor—with a cool, heartless criticism upon her character, and with cruel prophecies about her future—gambled for with one whose sight filled her with abhorrence—and, when won, made over to him as a bone is tossed to a dog—what more bitterness could be heaped upon her?

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But there was now no use in mourning about the past. What had been done could not be altered. Nor could she disguise from herself the impossibility of ever regaining her former position and

influence. Those had passed away forever. She must now look to the future alone, and endeavor so to shape its course as to afford herself some relief from its terrors. Possibly there might yet be found a way of escape.

Should she try to fly? That, she knew, could not be done—at least, alone. The world was wide, but the arm of the imperial police was long; and though she might, for a little while, wander purposelessly hither and thither, yet before many hours the well-directed efforts of a pursuer would be sure to arrest her. She could die—for in every place death is within reach of the resolute; but she did not wish to die. For one instant, indeed, she thought of the Tiber, and the peace which might be found beneath its flow—but only for an instant. And she almost thanked the gods in her heart that it had not yet gone so far with her as that.

Burying her face in her hands, she sat for a moment, endeavoring to abstract her thoughts from all outward objects, so as the more readily to determine what course to adopt. But for a while it seemed as though it was impossible for her to fix her mind aright. Each instant some intruding trifle interfered to distract her attention from the only great object which now should claim it. A long-forgotten incident of the past would come into her mind—or perhaps some queer conceit which at the time had caused laughter. She did not laugh now, but none the less would she find herself revolving the merits of the speech or action. Then, the soft fall of the water into the fountain basin annoyed her, and it occurred to her that it might be this—which prevented undivided reflection. Stooping over, therefore, and feeling along the edge of the basin, she found the vent of the pipes, and stopped the flow. At once the light stream began to diminish and die away, until in a moment the water was at rest, except for the few laggard drops which one by one rolled off the polished shoulders of the bronze figures. These gradually all trickled down, and then it seemed as though at last there must be silence. But the murmur of the evening breeze among the trees intervened; and, far more exasperating than all, she could now hear the bursts of merriment which rang out from the banqueting room overhead. Therefore, once more putting her hand into the basin, she turned on the flow, and the gentle stream again sprang from the outstretched cup and fell down, deadening all lesser sounds.

Then Leta looked up at the sky, overspread with its thick pall of clouds, and wondered vacantly whether there would be rain upon the morrow, and if so, whether the games appointed for the new amphitheatre would take place. But she recovered herself with a start, and again buried her face in her hands. What were games and combats of that kind to her? She was to enter upon a different kind of struggle. She must reflect—reflect!—and when she had reflected, must act!

For ten minutes she thus remained; and now, indeed, seemed to have gained the required concentration of thought. No outward sound disturbed her. Once a Nubian slave, who had heard the stoppage of the fountain's flow, emerged from beneath an archway, as though to examine into the difficulty. Finding that the water was still playing as usual, he imagined that he must have been mistaken, gave utterance to an oath in condemnation of his own stupidity, slowly walked around the basin, looked inquiringly at Leta, and, for the moment, made as though he would have accosted her—and then, changing his mind, withdrew and walked back silently into the house. Still she did not move.

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At length, however, she raised her head and stood upright. Her eyes now shone with deep intensity of purpose, and her lips were firmly set. Something akin to a smile flickered around the corners of her mouth, betraying not pleasure, but satisfaction. She had evidently reflected to some purpose, and now the trial for action had arrived.

'Strange that I should not have thought of it before,' she murmured to herself. Then stepping under the archway which led from the courtyard into the palace, she reached up against the wall and took down two keys which hung there. Holding them tightly, so that they might not clink together, she glided along, past the fountain—through the clump of plane trees—keeping as much as possible in the deeper shadows of arch and shrubbery—and so on along the whole length of the court, until she stood by the range of lower erections which bounded its farther extremity. Then, fitting one of the keys into an iron door, she softly unlocked it.

Entering, she stood within a low stone cell. It was the prison house of the palace, used for the reception of new slaves, and for the punishment of such others as gave offence. It was a long, narrow apartment, paved with stone and lighted by a single grated aperture set high in the wall upon the courtyard side. The place was of sufficient dimensions to hold fifty or sixty persons, but, in the present case, there was but one tenant—Cleotos—Not even a guard was with him, for the strength of the walls and the locks were considered amply sufficient to prevent escape.

Cleotos was sitting upon a stone bench, resting his head upon his right hand. At the opening of the door he looked up. He could not see who it was that entered, but the light tread and the faint rustle of a waving dress sufficiently indicated the sex. If it had been daylight, a flush might have been seen upon his face, for the thought flashed upon his mind that it might be Ænone herself coming to his assistance. But the first word undeceived him; and he let his head once more fall between the palms of his hands.

'Cleotos,' whispered Leta, 'it is I. I have come to set you free.'

'It is right,' he said, moodily. 'All this I owe to you alone. It is fit that you should try to undo your work.'

'Could I foresee that it would come to this?' she responded, attempting justification. 'How was I to know that my trivial transgression would have ended so sorrowfully for you? But all that is

easily mended. You have money, and a token which will identify you to the proper parties. There is yet time to reach Ostia before that ship can sail.'

'How knew you that I had gold—or this signet ring; or that there was a ship to sail from Ostia?' he exclaimed with sudden fierceness. 'You, then, had been listening at the door! And having listened, you must have known with what innocence we spoke together! And yet, seeing all this, you called him to the spot and left him to let his eyes be deceived and his heart filled with bitter jealousy, and have played upon his passion by wicked misrepresentation, until you have succeeded in bringing ruin upon all about you! I see it all now, as clearly as though it were written upon a parchment rolled out before me! To think that the gods have beheld you doing this thing, and yet have not stricken you dead!'

'I have sinned,' she murmured, seizing his hand and bending over, so that a ready tear rolled down upon it. He felt it fall, but moved not. Only a few days before, her tears would have moved him; but now his heart was hardened against her. He had found out that her nature was cruel and not easily moral to repentance, and that, if emotion was ever suffered to overcome her, it was tolerated solely for some crafty design. The falling tear, therefore, simply bade him be upon his guard against deceit, lest once again she might succeed in weaving her wiles about him. Or, if she really wept with repentance, he knew that it was not repentance for the sin itself, but rather for some baffled purpose.

'Go on,' he simply said.

'I have sinned,' she repeated, still clinging to his hands. 'But, O Cleotos! when I offer to undo my work and set you free, you will surely forgive me?'

'Yes, it is right that you should repair the mischief you have caused,' he repeated; 'and I will avail myself of it. To-night, since you offer to set me free, and claim that you have the power to do so—to-night for Ostia; and then, then away forever from this ruthless land! But stay! What of our mistress? I will not go hence until I know that she is safe and well.'

'She is well,' responded Leta, fearful lest the truth might throw a new obstacle before her plans. 'And all is again right between her lord and herself, for I have assured him of her innocence.'

'Then, since this is so, there is no motive for me to tarry,' he said. He believed her, and was satisfied; not that he esteemed her worthy of belief, but because it did not seem to him possible that such a matter as a grateful kiss upon a protecting hand could require much explanation. 'I would like well once more to see her and bid her farewell, and utter my thanks for all her kindness; but to what purpose? I have done that already, and could do and say no more than I have already done and said. There remains, therefore, nothing more than to fulfil her commands, and return to my native home. But tell her, Leta, that my last thought was for her, and that her memory will ever live in my heart.'

'I cannot tell her this,' slowly murmured Leta, 'for I shall not see her again. I—I go with you.'

Cleotos listened for a moment in perplexed wonderment, and then, for his sole answer, dropped her hand and turned away. She understood him as well as though he had spoken the words of refusal.

'You will not take me with you, then; is it not so?' she said. 'Some nice point of pride, or some feeling of fancied wrong, or craving for revenge, or, perhaps, love for another person, tells you now to separate yourself from me! And yet you loved me once. This, then, is man's promised faith!'

'You dare to talk to me of faith and broken vows!' he exclaimed, after a moment of speechless amazement at her hardness in advancing such a plea. 'You, who for weeks have treated me with scorn and indifference—who have plotted against me, until my life itself has been brought into danger—who, apart from all that, cast me off when first we met in Rome, telling me then that I was and could be nothing to you, yes, even that our association from the first had been a mistake and a wrong! Yes, Leta, there was a time when I truly loved you, as man had never then done, or since, or ever will again; but impute not to me the blame that I cannot do so now.'

'I was to blame,' she said; and it seemed that this night must be a night of confession for her, in so few things could she justify herself by denial or argument. 'I acknowledge my fault, and how my heart has been drawn from you by some delusion, as powerful and resistless as though the result of magic. But when I confess it freely, and tell you how I now see my duty and my heart more clearly, as though a veil of after all, I find no forgiveness in your heart, said I not truly that man's faith cannot be trusted? Am I not the same Leta as of old?'

'The same as of old?' he exclaimed. 'Can you look earnestly and truthfully into your soul, and yet avow that you are the pure-hearted girl who roamed hand in hand with me only a year ago, in our native isle, content to have no ambition except that of living a humble life with me? And now, with your simple tastes and desires swept away—with your soul covered with love of material pleasures as with a lava crust—wrapt up in longing for Rome's most sinful, artificial excesses—having, for gold or position or power or ambition, or what not, so long as it was not for love, given yourself up a willing victim to a heartless master—do you dare, after this, to talk to me of love, and call yourself the same?'

'And are you one of those who believe that there can be no forgiveness for repentant woman?'

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'Of forgiveness, all that can be desired; but of forgetfulness, none. There is one thing that no man can forget; and were I to repulse the admonitions of my judgment, and strive to pass that thing by, who would sooner scorn me than yourself? Let all this end. Know that I love you not, and could never love you again. Your scorn, indifference, and deceit have long ago crushed from my heart all the love it once held. Know further, that if I did still love you, my pride would condemn the feeling, and I would never rest until I had destroyed it, even were it necessary to destroy myself rather than to yield.'

'These are brave words, indeed!' she exclaimed, taunted by his rebuke into a departure from her assumption of affection. 'But they better suit the freeman upon his own mountain side than the slave in his cell. Samos is still afar off. The road from here to Ostia has not yet been traversed by you in safety. Even this door between you and the open street has not been thrown back. And yet you dare to taunt me, knowing that I hold in my hand the key, and, by withdrawing it, can take away all hope from you. Do you realize what will be your fate if you remain here—how that on the morrow the lions and leopards of the amphitheatre will quarrel over your scattered limbs?'

'Is this a threat?' he cried. 'Is it to tell me that if I do not give my love where my honor tells me it should not be given, I must surely die! So, then, let it be. I accept the doom. One year ago, I would have cheerfully fought in the arena for your faintest smile. Now I would rather die there than have your sullied love forced upon me.'

Without another word he sat down again upon the stone bench. Even in that darkness she could note how resolute was his expression, how firm and unyielding his attitude. She had roused his nature, as she had never seen it before. She had not believed that a spirit which she had been accustomed to look upon as so much inferior in strength to her own, could show such unflinching determination; and for the moment she stood admiring him, and wondering whether, if he had always acted like that, he might not have bound her soul to his own and kept her to himself through all temptation and trial. Then, taking the other key, she unlocked the door in the rear wall of the cell, and threw it open. The narrow street behind the court was before him, and he was free to go.

'I meant it not for a threat,' she said. 'However low I may sink, I have not yet reached the pass of wishing to purchase or beg for affection. Why I spoke thus, I know not. It may be that I thought some gratitude might be due me for rescuing you. But I cannot tell what I, thought. Or it might have been that words were necessary for me, and that I used the first that came. But let that pass. Know only that your safety lies before you, and that it is in your power to grasp it. And now, farewell. You leave me drifting upon a downward course, Cleotos. Sometimes, perhaps, when another person is at your side, making your life far happier than I could have made it, you will think kindly of me.'

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'I think kindly of you now, Leta,' he said. 'Whatever love I can give, apart from the love which I once asked you to accept, is yours. In everything that brotherly affection can bestow, there will be no limit to my care and interest for you. Nay, more, you shall now go away from hence with me; and though I cannot promise more than a brother's love, yet with that for your guide and protection, you can reach your native home in peace and security, and there work out whatever repentance you may have here begun.'

'And when we are there, and those who have known us begin to ask why, when Cleotos has brought Leta back in safety, he regards her only as a sister and a friend, and otherwise remains sternly apart from her, what answer can be given which will not raise suspicion and scorn, and make my life a burden to me? No, Cleotos, it cannot be. Cruel as my lot may be here, I have only myself to answer for it, and it is easier to hide myself from notice in this whirl of sin and passion than if at home again. And whatever may henceforth happen to me, the Fates are surely most to blame. How can one avoid his destiny?'

'The Fates do not carve out our destiny,' he said. 'They simply carry into relentless effect the judgments which our own passions and weaknesses pronounced upon ourselves. O Leta! have you considered what you are resolved upon encountering? Do you not know that some day this master of yours will tire of you, and fling you to some friend of his—a soldier, actor, or what not—that as the years run on and your beauty fades, you will fall lower and lower? Have not thousands like yourself thus gone on, until at last, becoming old and worthless, they are left to die alone upon some island in the Tiber? Pray that you may die a better death than that!'

'It is a sad picture,' she answered. 'It is not merely possible, but also probable. I acknowledge it all. And yet, if I saw it all unrolled before me as my certain doom, I do not know that I would try to shun it. Already the glitter of this world has changed my soul from what it was, and I am now too feeble of purpose to spend long years in retrieving the errors of the past. There came into my heart a thought—a selfish thought—that you might forget what has gone before; and then it seemed that I might succeed in winning back my peace, and so shun the fate which lies before me. But you cannot forget. I blame you not: you are right. You have never spoken more truly than when you said that I would have despised you if you had yielded. Therefore, that hope is gone; and now I must submit to the destiny which is coming upon me.'

'But, Leta, only strive to think that—'

'Nay, what is the use? Rather let me throw all regrets away, and strive not to think at all. Why not yield with a pleasant grace to the current, when we know that, in the end, struggle as we may, it will surely sweep us under?'

'Leta—dear Leta—'

'Not a word, dear Cleotos; it must not be. From this hour I banish all human affections from my heart, as I banish all hope. Could you remain here, you would see how relentless and fierce my nature will grow. Plots and schemes shall now be my amusement; for if I must be destroyed, others shall fall with me. This must be the last tender impulse of my life. I know not why it is, but I could now really weep. Cleotos, forgive me! I came hither, loving you not, but hoping to beguile you into receiving me again. I have failed, and I ought to hate you for it; and yet I almost love you instead. It is strange, is it not?'

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'But, Leta—'

'How my heart now feels soft and tender with our recollections of other days! Do you remember, Cleotos, how once, when children, we went together and stole the grapes from Eminides's vine? And how, when he would have beaten you, I stood before you, and prevented him? Who would then have thought that, in a few years, we should be here in Rome—slaves, and parting forever? We shall never again together see Eminides's vineyard, shall we?'

'O Leta—my sister—'

'There, there; speak not, but go at once, for some one comes near. Tarry no longer. If at home they ask after me, tell them I am dead. Farewell, dear Cleotos. Kiss me good-by. Do not grudge me that, at least. And may the gods bless you!'

He would still have spoken, would have claimed a minute to plead with her and try to induce her to leave the path she was pursuing, and go with him. But at that instant the voice of some one approaching sounded louder, and the tones of Sergias could be distinguished as he tried to troll forth the catch of a drinking melody. There was no time to lose. With a farewell pressure of her arm about Cleotos's neck, Leta pushed him through the aperture into the dark back street; and then, leaving the keys in the locks, turned back into the garden, and fled toward the house.

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## CREATION.

The primary characteristics of creation are aggregation, producing all existing forms; and dissolution, in which the parts suffer disintegration, their varied elements entering into new combinations. The active powers producing such normal condition of matter, which is ceaseless motion, are comprehended in attraction for aggregation, and repulsion for dissolution, alternately. This power of combining atoms and dissolving their connection is electric, which is only possessed by that element, in its dual character of attraction and repulsion; and thus we may reasonably assume that electricity is the material wherewith creative energy manifests its power in the varied combinations, dissolutions, and reconstructions which comprise all animate and inanimate existences. This same cosmical power, electricity, holds all worlds in their normal relations, and is the source of light and heat, as well as the connecting link, through our electric nerve cords, by which our minds alone commune with the outer world, in direct contact with our bodily senses, and hence becomes the medium of all our knowledge.

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### ELECTRICITY AS THE SOURCE OF LIGHT, HEAT, GRAVITATION, AND THE ORIGIN OF ALL GLOBES, NEBULÆ, AND COMETIC MATTER.

If space were wholly devoid of matter, all globes, or other masses of matter, would be dissipated into it, or *à priori* could not have been formed from it. The material interchange, passing through space, between globes, in all stages of formation, such as light, heat, and gravitation, could not be conducted through a vacuum, as their very presence would be destructive of vacuity. Materiality would be dissipated or absorbed in an attempted passage through vacuity; therefore, as we know that light, heat, and gravitation are, necessarily, material, space is but diffused materiality, at its minimum of etheriality. Globes moving in their orbits and on their axes must thus meet with resistance: this, together with the internal motion of their contained elements, necessarily excites the constant production of electricity, in its dual character of attraction and repulsion, according to its well-known laws; and this double character, alone possessed by electricity, when concentrated produces material affinity, with reciprocal attraction and repulsion, in all its atoms, thus forever preventing entire solidity or entire separation of its parts. Such condensation of matter by electric action, is the origin of heat and the variety produced by incandescence, which, therefore, accounts for the formation of globes from the materials in space, and their sustentation in orbit.

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As motion is the normal condition of matter, and is the producer of electricity, therefore electric actions, concentrated in space, necessarily gathers cometic and nebulous matter from space, the materials, through incandescence, for future globes, with orbits contracting in proportion to condensation, its maximum of attraction. As material space is boundless, so the creation of globes is endless therein, through electric action, by producing gradual centres of material condensation, the mere whirlpool specks in infinite space.

Revolving bodies, gaseous, fluid, or solid, thus impress or charge the centres of their motion, by superinduced attraction, with electricity, as their Leyden jars. So, too, the central body, or primary of a system, so overcharged with electricity by its revolving secondaries, becomes positively electrified or repellent to all such revolving bodies; and thus the producers and accumulator are mutually attractive and repellent of each other.

The planets, by their lightning speed in orbits and on their axes, being producers, and the sun the recipient or accumulator of electricity; the latter, as the centre of our revolving system, is the Leyden jar, and thus becomes the overcharged positive source and dispenser of electric light and heat to the surrounding planets.

The planets, as producers, are always negatively electric, tending toward the accumulator, the sun; while the latter, as the accumulator, being overcharged, is positively electric, and repels. The sun being the greater body, the planets' negative electric attraction for it must always yield to the greater mass and tend toward the sun; while that great body, overcharged with accumulated positive electricity, is fully capable of repelling such tendency of the lesser revolving planets toward it. Attraction or gravitation with the planets, and repulsion (instead of centrifugal force) with the sun, forever and inexhaustibly retain the various bodies, of each system, in their respective orbits. As motion is the normal condition of matter, eternally producing electric action, and when centralized evolving light and heat; so light and heat are as inexhaustibly eternal as motion, and may thus be demonstrated as electric. The same principle of action applies to all individual globes of each separate system, conjointly; and collectively, the different systems mutually attract and repel each other, proportionate to mass and the weakened forces of distance, thus preserving a cosmical harmony throughout creation, forever forbidding collision or destruction of individual globes.

This theory will be found to correspond with the well-known laws of positive and negative electric action; as well as illustrative of the influence of electric light on vegetable production—the only artificially produced light, capable of imparting a healthy growth, and color—which, I think, clearly proves it to be of the same character as solar light. It is also corroborative of much that is inexplicable, except in the identity of electricity with solar effulgence, as the source of light, heat, and gravitation, as well as substituting repulsion for centrifugal force, and must forever disprove the theory of solar light being the result of mere metallic incandescence, or any other equally exhausting combustion. The latter theory, with such supposed expedients in nature, to carry out the mighty design of creation, belittles the subject by its transitoriness, and is, therefore, unworthy the conception of modern generations.

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## PHENOMENA OF HAZE, FOGS, AND CLOUDS.

The predominant haze, which generally envelops the landscape and reddens the sun and moon during long droughts, is usually ascribed to smoke from burning woods and forests, pervading the air. I have observed a similar prevalent haze, connected with other extensive droughts than the one from which the country is now (August) suffering, and have invariably heard the same vague and inadequate cause assigned. Observation proves conclusively, that the assigned is not the true general cause (although it has its purely local effect), as with winds, for days together, in opposite quarters from local fires on mountain or plain, such widespread districts remain enveloped in haze, although hundreds of miles distant. Neither over such districts was there any odor as from smoke pervading the atmosphere (except temporarily from some neighboring chimneys, which the then heavy air kept near the earth), nor felt by the eyes, which very perceptibly smart when exposed to smoke. It is impossible, with varying winds, that mere local fires should spread smoke so uniformly as to comprise most of the area of the drought, which on this occasion extended from our great western lakes to the Atlantic seacoast; and anomalously, too, that it should have continued so long after a rain had extinguished those fires.

I should assign a very different cause for this phenomenon. Rain drops are negatively electric, while suspended moisture, such as fog, displays itself in the form of vesicles or globules, distended by the presence and prevalence of positive electricity, which refracts the rays of light from so many myriad surfaces, that all objects are thus, necessarily, obscured to the eye. During droughts, when haze prevails, positive electricity in the air becomes in excess, which is heating, and therefore serves still more to subdivide, as well as to expand or distend the floating moisture in the atmosphere (of which it is never entirely deprived) into infinitesimal vesicles, or globules, like minute soap bubbles, and thus from such an infinite number of refracting surfaces is produced the haze, as well as the obscuration of the landscape and the reddened disks of the sun and moon, by the absorption of their heat or red rays, so characteristic of great droughts. This same infinitesimal vesicular condition of suspended moisture, is also the sufficient cause of there being no deposition of dew on such occasions, except where a local change of electric condition cools the air, thus temporarily clearing the atmosphere, and permitting a local deposition of the previously suspended moisture, in the form of dew.

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All fogs are due to this same cause, as well as that which, in extreme wintry cold, overhangs the open water, as it yields its comparative heat to the air. The formation and suspension of clouds, in all their varied characteristics, have the same origin. That highly attenuated haze which invests the distant landscape, particularly mountains, with its magical purple hue, is due to the

same, but still more ethereal interposition of infinitesimal globules of suspended moisture. In corroboration of this being the true explanation of the phenomena of haze, fogs, etc., is the fact, that as soon as clouds prevail, denoting an electric change in the atmosphere, all haze immediately disappears, or becomes embraced in the larger vesicles or globules, forming clouds.

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## FLY LEAVES FROM THE LIFE OF A SOLDIER.

### PART II.—CHEVRONS.

She sewed them on upside down. Please to remember that this was in May, 1861 (or was it 1851? it seems a long time ago), when a young lady of the most finished education, polished to the uttermost nine, could not reasonably be expected to know what a sergeant-major was, much less the particular cut and fashion of his badge of rank. I told her, exultingly, that I was appointed sergeant-major of our battalion. 'What's that?' she inquired, simply enough. I explained. The dignity and importance of the office was scarcely diminished in her mind by my explanation; and, indeed, I thought it the grandest in the army. Who would be a commissioned officer, when he could wear our gorgeous gray uniform, trimmed with red, the sleeves wellnigh hidden behind three broad red stripes in the shape of a V, joined at the top by as many broad red arcs, all beautifully set off by the lithe and active figure of Sergeant-Major William Jenkins? As for Mary, who protested that she never could learn the difference between all these grades, or make out the reason for them, she was for her part convinced that not even the colonel himself, certainly not that fat Major Heavysterne, could be grander, or handsomer, or more important than her William. So I forgave her for sewing on my chevrons upside down, although it was at the time an infliction grievous to be born, inasmuch as the fussy little quartermaster-sergeant was thereby enabled to get a day's start of in the admiration and envy of our old company. How they envied us, to be sure! But I had one consolation: Oates' were all straight; mine were arched. And *she* sewed mine on. His were done by Cutts & Dunn's bandy-legged foreman.

There never was such a uniform as ours. Not even the 'Seventh' itself—incomparable in the eyes of the *three-months'*—could vie in grand and soldierly simplicity, we thought, with the gray and red of the 9th Battalion, District of Columbia Volunteers. Gray cap, with a red band round it, letters A S, for 'American Sharpshooters' (Smallweed used to say he never saw it spelt in that way before, and to ask anxiously for the other S), gray single-breasted frock coat, with nine gilt buttons, and red facings on the collar and cuffs. Gray pantaloons, with a broad red stripe down the outer seam. The drummers sported the most gorgeous red stomachs ever seen, between two rows of twenty little bullet buttons. The color rendered us liable to be mistaken for the rebels, it is true; but this source of anxiety to the more nervous among us was happily prevented from leading to any unfavorable results by the fatherly care displayed by poor old General Balkinsop, under whose protection, we were sent into the field, in always keeping at least a day's march from the enemy!

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When we non-commissioned staff officers were first promoted, we felt badly about leaving our companies; wanted to drill with them still, and so on. But this soon wore off under the pressure of new duties. For my part, I soon found that the adjutant, Lieutenant Harch, regarded it as quite a natural arrangement that the sergeant-major should attend to the office duties, while the adjutant occupied himself exclusively with what he was pleased to style the military part of the business; meaning thereby, guard mounting every morning and Sunday morning, inspection once a week, making an average of, say, twenty minutes work per diem for the adjutant, and leaving the poor sergeant-major enough to occupy and worry him for ten or eleven hours. 'Sergeant-major, publish these orders,' Lieutenant Harch would say, in tones of authority exceeding in peremptory curtness anything I have ever heard since from the commander of a grand army; and then, scraping a match—my match—upon the wall, he would begin attending to his 'military duties' by lighting a cigar—my cigar—and strolling up the avenue, on exhibition, preparatory to going home to dine, while the fag remained driving the pen madly, kindly assisted sometimes by Quartermaster-Sergeant Oates, until long after the dinner hour of the non-commissioned staff. I think the company commanders must sometimes have doubted (unless they carefully refrained from reading orders, as I have sometimes thought probable) whether the adjutant could write his name; for all our orders used to be signed:

'By order of Major JOHNSON HEAVYSTERNE:

FREDERICK HARCH,  
1st Lieutenant and Adjutant,  
By WILLIAM JENKINS, Sergeant-Major.'

Now, if the printer sets this up properly, you will see that, even at that early day, we knew too much to adopt the sensation style of signing orders which some officers have since learned from the *New York Herald*, thus:

By command of

Major-General BULGER!  
WASHINGTON SMITH, A. A.-G.

In those days there was but little of that distinction of ranks which has come to be better observed now that our volunteers have grown into an army. You see, the process of forming an army out of its constituent element follows pretty much the fashion set by that complex machine the human animal: the materials go through all the processes of swallowing, digestion, chylification, chymification, absorption, alteration, and excretion; bone, muscle, nerve, sinew, viscera, and what not, each taking its share, and discarding the useless material that has only served, like bran in horse feed, to give volume and *prehensibility* to the mass. Our non-commissioned staff messed with the major, who was as jolly a bachelor as need be, of some forty-nine years of growth, and thirty of butchering, that being his occupation. The adjutant, being newly married to a gaunt female, who, I hope, nagged him as he us, *preferred* to take his meals at home. Smallweed, who had somehow got made quartermaster, couldn't go old Heavysterne, he said, and so kept as long as he could to his desultory habits of living as a citizen and a bachelor. So our mess consisted of the major, who exercised a paternal care over the rest of us, superintending, indeed often joining in, our amusements and discussions, our quarrels and makings up; of Quartermaster-Sergeant Oates, who knew all about everything and everybody better than anybody, and was always ready to ventilate his superior knowledge on the slightest provocation, and who, as Smallweed, now Lieutenant Smallweed, used to say, 'would have made a d—d elegant quartermaster-sergeant, if he hadn't had a moral objection to issuing anything;' of Chaplain Bender, a sanctified-looking individual of promiscuous theology and doubtful morals (the funny men used to speak of him irreverently as Hell Bender); of the battalion commissary, Lieutenant Fippany, an unmitigated swell; of Commissary-Sergeant Peck, a stumpy little fellow, full of facts and figures, and always quiet and ready; of the writer, Sergeant-Major Jenkins, or Jinkens as my name used to be mispronounced, infinitely to my disgust; and lastly, semi-occasionally, of the sutler, Mr. Cann. The surgeon, old Doctor Peacock, ran a separate mess, consisting of himself, the assistant surgeon, Dr. Launcelot Cutts, and hospital steward Spatcheloe.

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The drum-major, Musician Tappit, having refused to be mustered in, and the War Department having presently refused to let us have any musicians at all, used to appear only on parades, gorgeous in his gray uniform and ornamental red stomach, disappearing with exemplary regularity, and diving into his upholsterer's cap and baize apron upon the slightest prospect of work or danger. I don't think it was ever my bad fortune to eat more unpleasant meals than those eaten at our mess table. The officers, excepting the major, but specially including the chaplain, used to insist on being helped first and excessively to everything; also on inviting their friends to dine on our plates, there being no extra ones; also on giving us the broken chairs, one in particular, that was cracked in a romp between the chaplain and the adjutant, and that pinched you when you sat on it. Then Lieutenant Harch was always playing adjutant at the dinner table, settling discussions *ex cathedra* in a sharp tone, and ordering his companions to help him to dishes, as thus: 'Sergeant-Major, p'tatoes!' 'Oates, beef!' 'Hurry up with those beans!' To be monosyllabic, rude to his superiors and equals, and overbearing to his inferiors in rank, this fledgling soldier—our comrade of a few days since, and presently the subordinate of most of us, through standing still while we went ahead—used to think the perfection and essence of the military system. And then that smug-faced, smooth-tongued, dirty-looking chaplain, with his second-hand shirt collars and slopshop morality—was it whiskey or brandy that his breath smelt oftenest of? He was the first chaplain I had seen, and I confess his rank breath, dirty linen, and ranker and dirtier hypocrisy, gave me a disgust toward his order that it took long months and many good men to obliterate.

The best part of May we spent in drilling and idling and grumbling, and some of us, not so hard worked as Sergeant-Major Jenkins, in the true military style of conviviality, usually terminating in an abrupt entry in the orderly book, opposite the name of the follower of Bacchus, 'Drunk; two extra tours guard duty;' or 'Drunk again; four extra tours knapsack drill.' Now, the knapsack drill, as practised by well-informed and duty-loving sergeants of the guard, simply consists in requiring the delinquent to shoulder, say, for two hours in every six, a knapsack filled with stones, blankets, or what not, until it weighs twenty, thirty, or perhaps forty pounds, according to the nature of the case and the officer who orders the punishment.

Quartermaster-Sergeant Oates and I went up, one afternoon, with Lieutenant Smallweed, Corporal Bledsoe of our old company, and two or three others, to see the famous 'Seventh' drill, out at Camp Cameron, which I suppose nearly everybody knows is situated about a mile and a half north of the President's house, on the 14th-street road, and just opposite to a one-horse affair that used to call itself 'Columbian College,' but which, after passing through a course of weak semi-religio-secessionism, gradually dried up, leaving its skin to the surgeon-general for a hospital. The afternoon we selected to visit Camp Cameron turned out to be an extra occasion. General Thomas, the adjutant-general of the army, was to present a stand of colors to the 'Seventh' on behalf of Mr. Secretary Cameron, on behalf of some ladies, I think. Ladies! I admire you very much, for the very many things wherein you are most admirable, but why, oh! why, in the name of the immortals, will you, why will you present flags? Don't do it any more, please. They are always packed up in a box and left somewhere almost as soon as your handkerchiefs have ceased waving, your soprano hurrahs ceased ringing; or else they are given to some pet officer for a coverlet. They cost a great deal of money; they oblige the poor soldiers to endure a mort of flatulent oratory at a parade rest; and they force the poor colonel, in a great perspiration, to stumble through a few feeble, ineffectual, and disjointed words of thanks, which he committed to memory last night from the original, written for him by the adjutant or the young regimental poet, but of which he has forgotten almost every other word. The wise old Trojan says, speaking of the horse (I get my quotations from the newspapers, you may be sure):

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implying that he is opposed to going into that speculation in wooden horseflesh, because he fears the Greeks, even when they bring gifts. Just so, I fear the ladies, especially when they present flags. Remember *Punch's* advice to young persons about to be married? '*Don't!*'

The Seventh, after going through the usual evening parade, and a few simple manœuvres, formed square, facing inward, with General Thomas and the oil-skin sausage that contained the new colors, and all the regimental officers, in the centre. General Thomas's feeble pipes sounded faintly enough for about half an hour, during which time no man in the ranks heard more than a dozen words. Then Colonel Lefferts responded in a few inaudible, but no doubt very appropriate remarks. Then 'the boys,' seeing that the time had come, cheered lustily, after the hypothetical manner of the rocket. But there was one thing we did hear, standing on tiptoe, and straining every ear. The Seventh was to go somewhere. The crisis of the war had come. The Seventh was going to shoot at it. Their thirty days were almost out; but they were going to be shot at, just like any of us three-months men.

To leave their canned fruits, and milk, and fresh eggs, and board floors, and a stroll on the avenue in the afternoon, and go where glory waited for them! Happy, happy gray-breasts! We wandered enviously round the excited camp, and talked with our friends. Many were the rumors, appalling to us in those days, when we were yet unused to camp 'chin.' The regiment was to go to Harper's Ferry. Johnston was there. They would hang him if they took him. They were to march straight to Richmond. One man of the 'Engineer Company' was going to resign, he said, because his company had to remain to guard the camp. They were to take two days' rations and forty rounds of cartridges per man—*ball* cartridges. Forty rounds of ball cartridges and two days' work! Surely, we thought, the days of the rebellion are numbered. And then, chewing the bitter cud of the reflection that the war would almost certainly be ended before we got a chance at the enemy, we wandered sadly back to our quarters, Smallweed growling horribly all the way. Our 'headquarters' we find in a great state of excitement. We find the orderly and Major Heavysterne discussing the prospects of the rebels being able to hold out a month, and Color-Sergeant Hepp and the adjutant both trying to decide the dispute. Hepp thinks they can't do without leather, and the adjutant thinks the want of salt must fetch them in a few weeks. Thinks? Decides! Whatever may be doubtful, this is certain. Everybody seems strangely excited. We tell them our news. 'Tell us some'n do'n know!' rasps Lieutenant Harch; 'our b'ttalion's goin', too; get ready, both of, quick! Smallweed, where in the h— have you been? I've had to do all your work.' We were to go at nine o'clock at night. It was then eight. Whither? No one knew. The chaplain comes in, with symptoms of erysipelas in his nose, and a villainous breath, to tell us, while we—the quartermaster-sergeant and I—are packing our knapsacks and leaving lines of farewell for those at home and at other people's homes, that the major has imparted to him in confidence the awful secret that we are bound for Mount Vernon, to remove the bones of Washington. This gives us something terrible to think of as we march down, in quick time (a suggestion of that adjutant, I know), to the Long Bridge, and during the long delay there, spent by commanding officers in pottering about and gesticulating. By commanding officers? There is one there who does not potter, standing erect—that one with the little point of fire between his fingers that marks the never-quenched cigarette—talking to Major Heavysterne in low and earnest tones, but perfectly cool and clear the while. That is our splendid Colonel Diamond, as brave and good a soldier as ever drew sword, as noble and true a Christian as ever endured persecution and showed patience. They are discussing a plan for crossing the river in boats, landing at a causeway where the Alexandria road crosses Four Mile Run, and so cutting off the impudent picket of the enemy's cavalry that holds post at the Virginia end of the Long Bridge. The battalion commanders are evidently dazzled by the brilliancy of the moonlight and the colonel's scheme, for it soon becomes apparent that they haven't the pluck and dash necessary to render such an operation successful. Even we young soldiers, intent upon the awful idea of resurrecting Washington's bones, and little dreaming then of becoming the pioneers of the great invasion, could see the hitch. Presently the major got a definite order, and beckoning to us of the battalion staff, began to cross the bridge. Dusky bodies of troops, their arms glistening in the moonlight, had been silently gliding past us while the discussion progressed. Most of them seemed to have halted on the bridge, we found as we passed on, and to have squatted down in the shade of the parapet, gassing, smoking, or napping. It was nearly midnight. We had got to the middle of the causeway, and found ourselves alone, bathed in silence and moonlight and wonder, when up dashed a horseman from the direction of the Virginia side. He stopped, and peered at us over his horse's neck. 'O'Malley, is that you?' says the major, seeing it is an Irish officer belonging to Colonel Diamond's staff. 'Yes,' says the captain, 'and who the devil are you?' 'Major Heavysterne. Won't you please ride back and send my battalion forward? You'll find the boys standing on the draw. Cap'n Bopp, of the Fisler Guards, is the senior officer, I believe.' But the Irishman was off, with an oath at the major's stupidity in forgetting to order his men forward. Presently the battalion came creeping up, silently enough, I thought, but the adjutant made the excuse of a casual 'ouch' from a man on whose heels Hrsthschnoffski had casually trodden, to shriek out his favorite 'Stop 'at talken'!' 'Do you command this battalion?' asks Captain Pipes, sternly; and straightway there would have been a dire altercation, but for the major's gentle interference. The bridge began to sway and roar under our steps. We were on the draw. Clinging to the theory of Washington's bones, I peered over the draw, in the hope of seeing a steamer; there was nothing there but the sop and swish of the tide. Perhaps we were not going to Mount Vernon at all! 'Halt! Who are these sleeping beauties on the draw? Ah! these are the Bulgers. 'Say, Bulger,' I ask of one of them, 'who's ahead of you?' 'A'n't nobody,' he replied indignantly, as who should say, Who *can* be ahead of the invincible Bulger Guards. Nobody! Here was great news. "*Orr'd H'RCH!*" drones the major,

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in low tones; and 'Owa' H'MP,' sharply, "*Orrrr RRRCH*," gruffly, repeat the captains. On we go, breaking step to save the bridge, surprise and fluttering in our hearts. A'n't nobody ahead! Now we are on the hard dirt, the sacred soil, of the pewter State, mother of Presidents, the birthplace of Washington, the feeding ground of hams, but otherwise the very nursery and hive of worthlessness, humbug, sham, and superstition. Virginia, that might have been the first, and proudest, and most enlightened State in the Union, that is the last and most besodden State in or half out of it—But while my apostrophe runs on, the bit between its teeth, the head of our little column muffles its tread on the sacred soil itself, dirtying its boots in the sacred mud, the roar of the bridge ceases, the last files and the sergeant-major run after them to close up, in obedience to the sharp mandate of the major, and the invasion is begun. No man spoke a word; no sound was audible save the distant hum and crackling of the city, the cry of a thousand frogs, and the muffled tramp of our advancing footsteps. I thought the enemy, if any were near, must surely hear the cartridges rattle in my cartridge box as we double-quicked to close up, and I put my hand behind me to stop the clatter. If any enemy were near, indeed! There seemed an enemy behind every bush, a rebel in every corner of the worm fence. I am in the rear of the column, I thought, and my heart went thump, bump, and my great central nervous ganglion ached amain. 'Sergeant-major,' whispers Major Heavysterne; 'Sergeant-major,' barks the adjutant. 'Fall out four files and keep off to the right, and about fifty paces in advance of the battalion, and examine the ground thoroughly. Report any signs of the enemy.' The ache grew bigger, and I perspired terribly as I inquired, in tones whose tremor I hoped would be mistaken for ardor, whether any one was ahead of us. 'No one except the enemy,' laughed the major, quietly. No one except the enemy! Fifty paces from any one except the enemy, by my legs, each pace a yard! 'The ground to the right is all water, and about seven feet deep,' I reported joyfully, having ascertained the fact. 'Then go fifty yards ahead, as far to the right as you can get, and keep out of sight,' were our new orders. I thought we would keep out of sight well enough! We were going up hill—up the hill on which Fort Runyon now stands. Here is a shanty. What if it should be full of the enemy, and we but four poor frightened men, with our battalion hidden by the turn in the road. Mechanically I cocked my rifle and opened the door, and strained my eyes into the darkness. Nobody. I let down the hammer again.

Fear had oozed out of my fingers' ends, in lifting the latch, just as valor did from those of Bob Acres, and Jenkins was himself again. We jobbed our bayonets under the lager-beer counter, to provide for the case of any lurking foe in that quarter. Just here the road forked. Sending two of us to the right, the rest kept on the Alexandria. 'Look there,' chatters Todd second between his teeth, wafting in my face a mingled odor of fear and gin cocktails. 'Where?' 'Why there! on top of the hill—a horse!' 'Is that a horse?' 'Yes.' 'A man on him, too!' 'Two of 'em!' Click, click, click, from our locks. We creep on and up stealthily. We are scarcely thirty yards distant from the two horsemen, when a man darts out from the left-hand side of the road behind us—two men—three! We are surrounded. Todd second would have fired, but I held him back. 'Who's that?' I whispered; '*speak quick, or I fire!*' 'Can't you see, you d—d fool,' barks out our surly adjutant, who, unknown to us, had been leading a similar scout on the opposite side of the road. Click, click, from up the hill. The enemy are going to shoot. An awful moment. We steady our rifles and our nerves; all trace of fear is gone; nothing remains but eagerness for the conflict that seems so near, and with a bound, without waiting for orders, we move quickly up the hill. Lieutenant Harch moves his men out into the road, where the bright moonlight betrays, perhaps multiplies, their number; the horsemen spring to their saddles, and are off at a clattering gallop, to alarm Alexandria. 'Don't shoot!' shrieks the adjutant; our rifles waver; the hill hides the flying picket; the chance is lost; presently all Alexandria will be awake, and a beautiful surprise frustrated. As we peer into the moonlit distance from the top of the hill now almost spaded away and trimmed up into Fort Runyon, feeling the solemnity of the occasion impressed upon us with dramatic force by all the surroundings—by our loneliness, by our character as the harbingers of the advance of the armies of American freedom and American nationality, and by the recent flight of the first squad of the enemy whom we had met with hostile purpose: as we dreamily drink in all these and many other vague ideas, up comes our battalion, and occupies the hill, the major sending off a company to hold the bridge where the road crosses the canal and forks to Arlington and Fairfax Court House. Presently there pass by us regiments from Michigan, New York, New Jersey, and it may be from other States which I forget. Some turn off to the right, to settle on the hill which is now scooped into Fort Albany; others press forward to Alexandria, the bells of which town very soon begin to ring a frightened peal of alarm and confusion. We move out a half mile farther and halt, our night's work being over, and other things in store; the moonlight wanes, and grows insensibly into a chilly daylight, presently reddened by the sun of to-morrow. All this seems to us to have occupied scarcely half an hour, but it is broad day again for certain, and surely we are a mortally tired and aching battalion as we march back listless, hot, sleepy, and gastric, over the Long Bridge, to our armory, there to fall asleep over breakfast in sheer exhaustion, and to spend the remainder of the day in a dry, hard series of naps, not the least refreshing—such as leave you the impression of having slept in hot sand. As we—the quartermaster-sergeant and I—stroll down the avenue that afternoon according to our wont, we hear the news of Ellsworth's death, of the occupation of Alexandria by our forces, and of the flight of the enemy's handful of silly, braggadocio Virginia militia, hastily collected to brag and drink the town safe from the pollution of the vile Yankee's invading foot. Ah! V'ginia; as thou art easily pleased to sing of thy sister-in-law, Ma'yland,

'The taäirahnt's foot is awn thaï sho','

and will be likely to remain thar a right tollable peert length of time, I expect.

Nothing but bridge guarding in the festering swamp on the Virginia side of the Potomac, varied by multiplying details for extra duty as clerks in all imaginable offices, falls to our lot until the 10th of June, when, after a number of rumors, and many dark forebodings as to what the District men would do, we are finally ordered into the field as a part of the Chickfield expedition, originally designed for the capture of Dregsville, I believe; an object which may have been slightly interfered with by its detailed announcement about a week beforehand in one of the Philadelphia papers. The expedition consisted of the First, Third, Fifth, and Ninth Battalions of District of Columbia Volunteers, the First New Hampshire, the Ninth New York, and the Seventeenth Pennsylvania, which *would* call itself the First. I think four other regiments from the same State did the same thing, it being a cardinal principle with them, perhaps, that each regiment was to claim two different names and three different numbers, and that at least four other regiments were fiercely to dispute with it each name and each number: for example, there was the

First Pennsylvania Artillery, calling itself the...

First Pennsylvania Militia, Infantry, itself the...

First Pennsylvania Volunteers, Infantry, calling itself the...

First Pennsylvania Volunteers, Infantry, calling itself, and called by the Governor, the...

First  
Pennsylvania  
Regiment

And for another example there was a regiment which called itself the 'Swishtail Carbines,' after a beastly ornament in the hats of its men; the 'Shine Musketoons,' after their lieutenant-colonel; the '289th Pennsylvania Volunteers,' after the State series of numbers, which began with 280 or thereabout; and the 'First Regiment of the Pennsylvania Volunteer Reserve Corps, Breech-Loading Carbineers,' and doubtless by other names, though I don't remember them.

Besides this tremendous host—we had never seen so large a force together, and thought it the most invincible of armadas—we had a battery of artillery, composed of three or four different kinds of guns, as the fashion was in the good old days of our company posts, wherefrom we were just emerging in a chrysalis state, and also two companies of cavalry; one a real live company of regulars, commanded by Captain Cautle, of the Third Dragoons, the other led by Captain (he called himself major, and his company a battalion) Cutts, formerly and since an enterprising member of the firm of Cutts & Dunn, who made my uniform, and who will make your clothes, if you wish, my dear reader, and charge you rather less than three times their value, after the manner of Washington tailors; which charge will appear especially moderate when you remember that the clothes will almost fit, and won't wear out so very soon after all, as is the way with Washington clothes. Indeed, as the tactics say, 'this remark is general for all the deployments;' and the same may as well be said of all bills and things made in the great city of sheds, contractors, politicians, dust, and unfinished buildings. But is this a description of Washington? We are at Chickfield, where the loyal Maryland farmers come to us to protect their loyalty, to charge a dollar a panel for old worm fences thrown down by 'the boys,' to sell forage at double prices, to reclaim runaway negroes, and to assure us of the impossibility of subjugating the South. And here, in the peaceful village of Chickfield, the object of our expedition having been happily frustrated by the newspapers, we enjoy our ease for a week or ten days, and our first camp experiences. Oh! that first experience of unboxing tents smelling loudly as of candle grease, of finding the right poles, of vainly endeavoring to pitch them straight, of hot and excited officers rushing hither and thither in a flurry, trying to instruct the different squads in their work, and straightway frustrated by the thick heads, or worse, by the inevitable suggestions of those remarkably intelligent corporals, who seem to consider themselves as having a special mission direct from heaven to know everything except how to do what they are bid. And oh! the first camp cookery, when everything is overdone except what is underdone; when the soup is water, and the coffee grounds, and the tea (we had tea in the *three-months!*) senna! And after a day of worry, hurry, confusion, and awful cooking, the first rough sleep, with a root running across your ribs, and a sizable gravel indenting the small of your back! How the teamsters talk all night, and the sentinels call wildly, incessantly, for the corporal of the guard! How you dream of being hung on a wire, as if to dry, with your head on a jagged rock; of an army of sentinels pacing your breast, ceaselessly engaged in coming to an 'order arms;' of millions of ants crawling over and through you; of having your legs suddenly thrust into an icehouse, and a brush fire built under your head; of black darkness, in which you fall down, down, down, down—faster, faster, faster!—till crash! you bump against something, and split wide open with a thundering roar, which gradually expands into the sound of a bugle as you awake to renewed misery, and are, as Mr. Sawin says, 'once more routed out of bed by that derned reveille.'

Presently there comes an order for us to march to Billsburg, and there join the army of the Musconetcong, commanded by that dauntless hero, Major-General Robert Balkinsop. Of course we march in a hurry, as much as possible by night, 'without baggage,' as the orders say—meaning with only *two* wagons to a company. The other battalions of D.C. Vols. stay behind and loaf back to Washington, there to be mislaid by Major-General Blankhed, who is so preoccupied with issuing and affixing his sign manual to passes for milk, eggs, and secessionists, to cross and recross Long Bridge, that the war must wait for him or go ahead without him. We go on to glory, as we suppose (*deluded three-months!*), and march excitedly, with all our legs, fearing we shall be too late. As we near Billsburg, we can hear the since familiar *tick-tack, pip-pop-pop* of a rattling skirmish, and the *vroom-vroom* of volley firing. Anxiously, eagerly—no need for the colonel to cry 'Step out lively!'—we press forward, with all the ardor of recruits. Recruits! Hadn't we been a month in service, and been through one great invasion already? There they are! See

the smoke? Where? On top of that hill! Halt! Our battalion deploys as skirmishers with a useless cheer. We close up. We load with ball cartridge, and most of us, on our individual responsibility, fix bayonets; it looks so determined—nothing like the cold steel, we think. Slowly, resolutely, we advance. An aid comes galloping back. We crowd round him. The colonel looks disgustedly handsome. What does he say? Pshaw! It's only the 284th Pennsylvania, part of General Balkinsop's body guard, discharging muskets after rain. Only three soldiers, a negro, a couple of mules, and an old woman, have been hurt so far, and 'the boys' will be through in an hour or so more!

Well, as we were sent for in a hurry, of course we waited a week. How General Balkinsop manœuvred the great army of the Musconetcong; what fatherly, nay, grandmotherly care he took to keep us out of danger; how cautiously he spread, his nets for the enemy, and how rapidly he left them miles behind; how we killed nothing but chickens, wounded nothing but our own silly pride, and captured nothing but green apples and roasting ears; all this, and more, let history tell. The poor old general kept us safe, at all events; and if the enemy, with half our numbers, was left unharmed, and allowed quietly and leisurely to move off and swell his force elsewhere, and so whip us in detail, what of it? Didn't we save our wagon train? And isn't that, as everyone knows, the highest result of strategy?

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And then came the battle (the *battle!*) of Bull Run, with its first glowing, crowing accounts of victory, and its later story of humiliation and shame! Ah! let me shut up the page! My heart grows sick over this mangy, scrofulous period of our national disease; give me air!

Luckily for me, I had a raging fever just after that awful 21st of July, 1861. When I awoke from my delirium, and had got as far as tea, toast, and the door of the hospital, they told me of the great uprising of the people, of General McClellan's appointment to command the Army of the Potomac, of how 'our boys' had reënlisted for the war, and of how I, no longer Sergeant-Major William Jenkins, was to be adjutant of the regiment, and might now take off my *chevrons*, and put on my SHOULDER STRAPS.

*She* sent them to me in a letter. Wait a month, and I'll tell you.

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## THE FIRST FANATIC.

When Noah hewed the timber  
Wherewith to build the ark,  
Outside the woods one shouted—  
"That wild fanatic!—*hark!*"

And when he drew the beams  
And laid them on the plain,  
One said, 'He has no balance,  
He surely is insane.'

And when he raised the frame,  
One clear, sunshiny day,  
'Poor fool of *one idea*,'  
A smiling man did say.

When he foretold the flood,  
And stood repentance teaching,  
They sneered, 'You radical,  
We'll hear no ultra preaching!'

And when he drove the beasts and birds  
Into the ark one morn,  
They shouted, 'Odd enthusiast!'  
And laughed with ringing scorn.

When he and all his house went in,  
They gazed, and said, 'Erratic!'  
'A pleasant voyage to you, Noah!  
You canting, queer fanatic!'

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## SKETCHES OF AMERICAN LIFE AND SCENERY.

### V.—THE ADIRONDACS.

This interesting mountain region embraces the triangular plateau lying between Lake Champlain and the St. Lawrence, Lake Ontario and the Mohawk. The name was formerly restricted to the

central group containing the highest peaks, but is now applied to the various ranges traversing the northeastern counties of the State of New York. The loftiest points are found in the County of Essex and the neighboring corners of Franklin; but the surfaces of Clinton, St. Lawrence, Herkimer, Hamilton, Warren, and Washington are all diversified by the various branches of the same mountain system. The principal ranges have a general northeasterly and southwesterly direction, and are about six in number. They run nearly parallel with one another, and with the watercourses flowing into Lake Champlain, namely, Lake George and Putnam's Creek, the Boquet, Au Sable, and Saranac Rivers. Recent surveys made by, or under the direction of, Professor A. Guyot, will doubtless furnish us with more accurate information regarding ranges and measurements of heights than any we can now refer to. So far as we have been able to learn from the best authorities within our reach,<sup>[2]</sup> the situation and names of the most prominent ranges are as follows: The most southerly is that known as the Palmertown or Luzerne Mountains, and embraces the highlands of Lake George, terminating at Mount Defiance, on Lake Champlain. This range has also been called Black Mountain range and Tongue Mountains. The second range, the Kayaderosseras, ends in the high cliff overlooking Bulwagga Bay. The third, or Schroon range, terminates on Lake Champlain in the high promontory of Split Rock. It borders Schroon Lake, and its highest peak is Mount Pharaoh, nearly 4,000 feet above tidewater. The fourth, or Boquet range, finds its terminus at Perou Bay, and contains Dix Peak (5,200 feet), Nipple Top (4,900 feet), Raven Hill, and Mount Discovery. The fifth or Adirondac range (known also as Clinton or Au Sable) meets Lake Champlain in the rocks of Trembleau Point, and embraces the highest peaks of the system, namely, Mount Tahawus (Marcy), 5,379 feet, and Mounts Mc-Intire, McMartin, and San-da-no-na, all above 5,000 feet in elevation. The series next succeeding on the northwest, does not consist of a single distinguishable range, but of a continuation of groups which may be considered as a sixth range, under the name of Chateaugay or Au Sable. Its highest points are Mount Seward (5,100 feet), and Whiteface, nearly 5,000 feet in height. We have also seen noticed as distinguishable a ridge still exterior to the last mentioned, as Chateaugay, *i.e.*, the range of the St. Lawrence.

The above-named ranges are not always clearly defined, as cross spurs or single mountains sometimes occupy the entire space between two ridges, reducing the customary valley to a mere ravine. The usual uncertainty and redundancy of nomenclature common to mountain regions, adds to the difficulty of obtaining or conveying clear ideas of the local distribution of elevation and depression. On the northern slope, the three rivers, Boquet, Au Sable (with two branches, East and West), and Saranac, furnish to the traveller excellent guides for the arrangement of his conceptions, regarding the general face of the country. To the south, the same office is performed by the various branching headwaters of the Hudson.

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These mountains are granitic, and the river bottoms have a light, sandy soil. The Au Sable well deserves its name, not only from the bar at its mouth, but also from the sand fields through which it chiefly flows. Steep, bare peaks, wild ravines, and stupendous precipices characterize the loftier ranges. The waterfalls are numerous and beautiful, and the lakes lovely beyond description. More than one hundred in number, they cluster round the higher groups of peaks, strings of glittering gems about the stately forms of these proud, dark-browed, Indian beauties—mirrors wherein they may gaze upon the softened outlines of their haughty heads, their wind-tossed raiment of spruce fir, pines, and birch.

In the lowest valleys the oak and chestnut are abundant, but as we leave the shores of Lake Champlain and ascend toward the west, the beech and basswood, butternut, elm, ash, and maple, hemlock and arbor vitæ, tamarack, white, black, and yellow pines, white and black birch, gradually disappear, until finally the forest growth of the higher portions of the loftier summits is composed almost exclusively of the various species of spruce or fir. The tamarack sometimes covers vast plains, and, with the long moss waving from its sombre branches, looks melancholy enough to be fancied a mourner over the ring of the axe felling noble pines, the crack of the rifle threatening extermination to the deer once so numerous, or the cautious tread of the fisherman under whose wasteful rapacity the trout are gradually disappearing. We have reason to be thankful that all are not yet gone—that some splendid specimens are left to tell the glorious tale of the primeval forest, that on the more secluded lake shores an occasional deer may yet be seen coming down to drink, and that in the shadier pools the wary and sagacious prince of fishes still disports himself and cleaves the crystal water with his jewelled wedge.

Berries of all sorts spring up on the cleared spots; the wide-spreading juniper, with its great prickly disks, covers the barer slopes; the willow herb, wild rose, clematis, violet, golden rod, aster, immortelle, arbutus, harebell, orchis, linnæa borealis, mitchella, dalibarda, wintergreen, ferns innumerable, and four species of running pine, all in due season, deck the waysides and forest depths.

The climate is intensely cold in winter, and in the summer cool upon the heights, but in the narrow sandy valleys the long days of June, July, and August are sometimes uncomfortably hot. The nights, however, are ordinarily cool. Going west through the middle of the region, from Westport to Saranac, a difference of several weeks in the progress of vegetation is perceptible. Long after the linnæa had ceased to bloom at Elizabethtown, we found its tender, fragrant, pink bells flushing a wooded bank near Lake Placid. Good grass grows upon the hillsides, and in the valleys are found excellent potatoes, oats, peas, beans, and buckwheat. The corn is small, but seems prolific, and occasional fields of flax, rye, barley, and even wheat, present a flourishing appearance. Lumber, charcoal, and iron ore of an excellent quality are, however, the present staples of this mountain region. Bears and panthers are found in some secluded localities, and

the farmer still dreads the latter for his sheep. The wolves are said to kill more deer than the hunters. The otter and beaver are found among the watercourses, and the mink or sable is still the prey of the trapper. The horses are ordinarily of a small breed, but very strong and enduring.

The men are chiefly of the Vermont type, most of the original settlers having come from the neighboring State. The school house, court house, church, and town hall are hence regarded as among the necessary elements of life to the well-ordered citizen. Honest dealing, thrift, and cleanliness are the rule, and the farm houses are comfortable and well cared for. The men look intelligent, and the women are handsome, although, indeed, too many pale or sallow complexions give evidence of sedentary habits, and of the almost universal use of *saleratus* and hot bread [??]. The families of many farmers far in among the mountains rarely taste fresh meat, but subsist chiefly upon salt pork, fish, fresh or salted, as the season will permit, potatoes, wheat, rye, and Indian meal, with berries, dried apples, perhaps a few garden vegetables, plenty of good milk, and excellent butter. Eggs, chickens, and veal are luxuries occasionally to be enjoyed, and, should one of the family be a good shot, venison and partridge may appear upon the bill of fare. Bright flowers ornament the gardens, and gay creepers embower doors and windows. Along the more secluded roads are the log cabins of the charcoal burners, said cabins containing, if apparently nothing else, two or three healthy, chubby, pretty children, and a substantial cooking stove, of elaborate pattern, recently patented by some enterprising compatriot.

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Among the most remarkable features of these mountains are the 'Passes,' answering to Gaps, Notches, and Cloves in other parts of the Union. They afford means for excellent roads from end to end of the mountain region, and are, in addition, eminently picturesque. The two most noteworthy are the Indian and Wilmington Passes; the first too rugged for the present to admit of a road; and the latter containing the beautiful Wilmington Fall. Many of the mountains have been burned over, and the bare, gaunt-limbed timber, and contorted folds of gray, glittering rock, afford a spectral contrast to the gentler contours of hills still clad in their natural verdure, bright or dark as deciduous or evergreen trees preponderate. The variety of form is endless; long ridges, high peaks, sharp or blunt, sudden clefts, great bare slides, flowing curves, convex or concave, serrated slopes crowned with dark spruce or jagged as the naked vertebræ of some enormous antediluvian monster, stimulate the curiosity and excite the imagination of the beholder. There is an essential difference in the character of the views obtained, whether looking from the south, or the east. In the former case, the eye, following the axes of the ranges, sees the mountains as a cross ridge of elevated peaks; and in the latter, where the sight strikes the ranges perpendicularly to their axes, one, or, at most, two ridges are all that can be seen from any single point.

This region may be approached from Lake Champlain by way of Ticonderoga, Crown Point, Port Henry, Westport, and Port Kent, the two latter places being the nearer to the higher peaks; or from the lake country in Hamilton County, by way of Racket and Long Lakes.

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The night boat for Albany, June 27th, 1864, was crowded with passengers fleeing from pavements, summer heats, and stifling city air, to green fields, cool shadows of wooded glens, or life-giving breezes from mountain heights. True, there were some who, like Aunt Sarah Grundy, bitterly lamented the ample rooms and choice fare of their own establishments, and whose idea of a 'summer in the country' was limited to a couple of months at Saratoga or Newport, with a fresh toilette for each succeeding day; but even these knew that there were at both places green trees, limpid waters, whether of lake or ocean, and a wide horizon wherein to see sunsets, moonrises, and starlight. Aunt Sarah went to Newport; she found there fewer of such persons as she was pleased to designate as 'rabble,' and the soft, warm fogs were exactly the summer atmosphere for a complexion too delicate to be exposed to the fervent blaze of a July sun.

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But the majority were not of Aunt Sarah's stamp. They were men, wearied with nine months' steady work, eager for country sports, for the freedom of God's own workhouse, where labor and bad air and cramped positions need not be synonymous; or women, glad to escape the routine of housekeeping, the daily contest with Bridget or Katrine, with Jean, Williams, or Priscilla. There were young girls, with round hats and thick boots, anxious to substitute grassy lanes or rocky hillsides for the flagstones of avenues; lads, to whom climbing of fruit trees and rowing boats were pleasant reminiscences of some foregone year; and finally, children, who longed for change, and whose little frames needed all the oxygen and exercise their anxious parents could procure for them.

Such, doubtless, was a large portion of the precious freight of our 'floating palace,' whose magnificence proved to us rather of the Dead-Sea-apple sort, as we had arrived upon the scene of action too late to procure comfortable quarters for the night, and, in addition, soon after daybreak found ourselves aground within sight of Albany, and with no prospect of release until after the departure of the train for Whitehall. At a few moments past seven, we heard the final whistle, and knew that our journey's end was now postponed some four and twenty hours. We afterward learned that by taking the boat to Troy we would have run less risk of delay, as the Whitehall and Rutland train usually awaits the arrival of said boat. At nine o'clock we reached Albany, and one of our number spent a dreary day, battling with headache and the ennui of a little four year old, who could extract no amusement from the unsuggestive walls of a hotel parlor. About five in the afternoon we left for Whitehall, where we purposed passing the night. This movement did not one whit expedite the completion of our journey, but offered a change of

place, and an additional hour of rest in the morning, as the lake-boat train from Whitehall was the same that left Albany shortly after seven.

We found Whitehall a homely little town, in a picturesque situation, on the side of a steep hill, past which winds the canal, and under which thundered the train that on the following morning bore us to the lake, where the pleasant steamboat 'United States' awaited her daily cargo. The upper portion of Lake Champlain is very narrow, and the channel devious; the shores are sometimes marshy, sometimes rocky, and the bordering hills have softly swelling outlines. Our day was hazy, and the Green Mountains of Vermont seemed floating in some species of celestial atmosphere suddenly descended upon that fair State. We passed the Narrows (a singular, rocky cleft, through which flows the lake), and soon after came to Ticonderoga, with its ruined fort and environing hills.

After leaving Crown Point, the lake becomes much wider, and at Port Henry spreads out into a noble expanse of water. Behind Port Henry, the Adirondac peaks already begin to form a towering background. Westport, however, has a still more beautiful situation. The lake there is very broad, the sloping shores are wooded, the highest peaks of the Green Mountains are visible to the east and northeast, and the Adirondacs rise, tier after tier, toward the west.

On the boat were wounded soldiers going to their homes. Poor fellows! They had left their ploughs and their native hills, to find wounds and fevers in Virginia. When one looked upon the tranquil lake and halo-crowned mountains, it seemed almost impossible that the passions of evil men should have power to draw even that placid region into the vortex, and hurl back its denizens scarred and scathed, to suffer amid its beauty. And yet were these men the very marrow and kernel of the landscape, the defenders of the soil, the patriots who were willing to give themselves that their country might remain one and undivided, that the 'home of the brave' might indeed be the 'land of the free.'

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At Westport we left the boat, and found the stage to Elizabethtown, a *buckboard*, already crowded with passengers. An inn close at hand furnished us the only covered wagon we chanced to see during our ten weeks' sojourn among the Adirondacs. The drive to Elizabethtown (eight miles) was hot and dusty, for we faced the western sun, and the long summer drought was just then commencing to make itself felt. Nevertheless, there was beauty enough by the wayside to make one forget such minor physical annoyances. As the road rose over the first hills, the views back, over the lake and toward those hazy, dreamy-looking Vermont mountains, seemed a leaf from some ancient romance, wherein faultless knights errant sought peerless lady loves with golden locks flowing to their tiny feet, and the dragons were all on the outside, dwellers in dark caverns and noisome dens. In our day, I fear, we have not improved the matter, for the dark caverns seem to have passed within, and the dragons have been adopted as familiars.

By and by, on some arid spots, appeared the low, spreading juniper, which we had previously known only as the garden pet of an enthusiastic tree fancier. And thus, perhaps, the virtues which here we cultivate by unceasing care and watchfulness, will, when we are translated to some wider sphere, nearer to the Creator of all, burst upon us as simple, natural gifts to the higher and freer intelligences native to that sphere.

Raven Hill is the highest point between Westport and Elizabethtown. It is a beautifully formed conical hill, rising some twenty-one hundred feet above the sea level, and contributing the cliffs on the northern side of the 'Pass,' through which leads the road into the valley of the Boquet, that vale known formerly as the 'The Pleasant Valley,' in which was Betseytown, now dignified into Elizabethtown. Does an increase in civilization and refinement indeed destroy familiarity, render us more strange one to another, even, through much complexity, to our own selves? The southern side of the Pass is formed by the slope of the 'Green Mountain,' once so called from its beautiful verdure, now, alas! burnt over, bristling with dead trees and bare rocks, and green only by reason of weeds, brambles, and a bushy growth of saplings. The view, descending from the summit of the Pass into the Pleasant Valley, is charming. The Boquet runs through green meadows and cultivated fields, while round it rise lofty mountains—the 'Giant of the Valley' (alias 'Great Dome' or 'Bald Peak'), being especially remarkable, with its summits, green or bare, round or peaked, glittering with white scars of ancient slides. To the west lies the Keene Pass, a steep, rocky gateway to the Au Sable River and the wonders beyond. This view of the descent into the Pleasant Valley is even more striking from a road passing over the hills some five miles south of Elizabethtown. The vale is narrower, the point of view higher, and the opposite mountains nearer and more lofty. The Giant of the Valley rises directly in the west, and Dix's Peak closes the vista to the south. On a semi-hazy afternoon, with the sunlight streaming through in broad pathways of quivering glory, it would be difficult to imagine a more enchanting scene.

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There are in Elizabethtown two inns,<sup>[3]</sup> one down by the stream, a branch of the Boquet, and the other up on the 'Plain,' near the court house. The latter has decidedly the advantage in situation. Both are owned by the same landlord, and are well kept. We arrived in the midst of court week, and found every place filled with lawyers, clients, witnesses, and even, behind the bars of the brick jail, we could see the prisoners, more fortunate than their city compeers, in that they breathed pure air, and could look out upon the everlasting hills, solemn preachers of the might and the rights, as well as the mercy of their Creator.

From two to three miles from the Valley House is the top of Raven Hill, seemingly a watchtower on the outskirts of the citadel of the Adirondacs. The ascent is easy, and the view panoramic, embracing Lake Champlain and the Green Mountains, Burlington and Westport, the bare, craggy

hills to the north, the higher ranges to the west, with the abrupt precipices of the 'Keene Pass' and the lofty 'Dome' and 'Bald Mountain,' Dix's Peak to the south, a clear lake known as 'Black Pond' among the hills toward Moriah, and at the base the Pleasant Valley with the winding Boquet River.

Near the lower hotel is Wood Mountain, about half as high as Raven Hill, and offering a view somewhat similar, although of course not so extended. The distance to the top is but little over a mile, and the pathway, although somewhat steep, is very good.

A visit to the iron mines and works at Moriah can readily be made from Elizabethtown. The distance is from twelve to fourteen miles. One of the mines is quite picturesque, being cut into the solid rock, under a roof supported by great columns of the valuable ore. The workmen, with their picks and barrows, passing to and fro, as seen from the top of the excavation, look like German pictures of tiny gnomes and elves delving for precious minerals. The yield from the ore is about eighty per cent., and of very superior quality. The return road passes down the hill, whence is the splendid view of the 'Valley' before mentioned.

A delightful excursion can also be made to 'Split Rock,' about nine miles up the valley of the Boquet. The little river there, in two separate falls, makes its way through a rocky cleft. The basins of the upper, and the singularly winding chasm of the lower fall, are especially worthy of observation. At Split Rock we first made any extensive acquaintance with a costume which threatens to be immensely popular among the Adirondacs, namely, the *Bloomer*, and in the agility displayed by some of its fair wearers we beheld the results likely to spring from its adoption as a mountain walking dress. Our private observation was, that moderately full, short skirts, without hoop of course, terminating a little distance above the ankle, and worn with clocked or striped woollen stockings, were more graceful than a somewhat shorter and scantier skirt, with the pantaloon extending down to the foot. The former seems really *à la paysanne*, while the latter, in addition to some want of grace, suggests *Bloomer*, and the many absurdities which have been connected with that name. It is a great pity that a sensible and healthful change in walking attire should have been caricatured by its own advocates, and thus rendered too conspicuous to be agreeable to many who would otherwise have adopted it in some modified and reasonable form.

Near New Russia, about five miles from Elizabethtown, is a brook flowing among moss-covered stones and rocks, overhung by giant trees of the original forest; and just out of Elizabethtown is a glen, through which pours a pretty stream, making pleasant little cascades under the shadow of a less aged wood, and within a bordering of beautiful ferns, running pines, and bright forest blossoms. We should also not neglect to mention Cobble Hill, a bold pile of rocks, rising directly out of the plain on which a portion of the town is situated.

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But we had heard of the 'Walled Rocks of the Au Sable,' and Elsie and I could not rest until our own eyes had witnessed that they were worthy of their reputation. We left Elizabethtown at half past six in the morning, our team a fast pair of ponies, belonging to our landlord. The previous days had been warm and obstinately hazy, but for that especial occasion the atmosphere cooled and cleared, and lent us some fine views back toward the Giant of the Valley and the Keene Pass. The first ten miles of road were excellent. We then crossed a little stream known as Trout Brook, a tributary of the Boquet, and, by a somewhat rough and stony way, began to ascend the high land separating the Boquet from the Au Sable. This ridge includes the 'Poke a Moonshine' Mountain, a rude pile of rocks, burnt over, and with perpendicular precipices of some three or four hundred feet, facing the road which winds along the bottom of the declivity. This cleft thus becomes another 'Pass,' and, with the huge rocks fallen at its base, offers a wild and rather dreary scene. To the north, near the foot of the mountain, are two ponds, Butternut and Auger, which wind fantastically in and out among the hills. As we descended the ridge, we looked toward Canada, far away over rolling plains and hillocks, and soon after reached the sandy stretch of the basin of the Au Sable, in the midst of which is Keeneville, twenty-two miles from Elizabethtown.

By the wayside we passed a solitary grave, the mound and headstone in a patch of corn and potatoes. Was the unknown occupant some dear one whom the dwellers in the humble cabin near by were unwilling to send far away from daily remembrance, or were they too poor to seek the shelter of the common graveyard, or, again, had the buriers of that dead one followed to the 'land of promise,' or departed to some other far country, leaving this grave to the care or rather carelessness of stranger hands, and did the snowy headstone recall no memory of past love to the laborer who ploughed his furrow near that mound, or to the children who played around it?

Ah! thus, not only in the mystical caverns of beauty, poetry, and romance are hidden the graves of buried hopes, but even amid the corn and potatoes of daily life rise the ghostly head and foot stones of aspirations dead and put away out of sight, dead in the body, in daily act, but living yet in spirit, and influencing the commonplace facts to which they have yielded the field, permeating the everyday routine with the ennobling power of lofty desires, and keeping the wayworn traveller from sinking into the slough of materialism or the quicksands of utter weariness. The man who in his youth dreamed of elevating his kind by a noble employment of the gifts of genius, may find that genius apparently useless, a hindrance even to prosperity, but he can nevertheless sow along his way seeds of beauty not lost upon the thinking beings about him, and bearing fruit perhaps in some future generation. The woman whose reveries have pictured her a Joan of Arc, leading her country's armies to victory, and finally yielding her life in the good cause, may sew for sanitary commissions, and, nursing in some hospital, dropping medicines, making soups and teas, die of some deadly fever, a willing sacrifice to her country.

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Later in the day we saw the corn and potatoes growing up to the very verge of an exquisite

waterfall, reckless strength and glorious poetry side by side with patient utility and humble prose. This union seemed not strange and unnatural, as did that of the solitary grave with the active labor of supplying the living with daily food, the grave the more lonely that the living with their material wants encircled it so closely.

Keeseville is a manufacturing town, situated upon the Au Sable, which here breaks through a layer of Potsdam sandstone, and presents a series of most interesting and wonderful falls and chasms. About a mile below the village is the first fall of eighty feet. The river has here a large body of water, and falls in fan shape over a rapid descent of steps. It takes a sharp turn, so that without crossing the stream, a fine view can be obtained of the dancing, glittering sheet of foam. About half a mile below is Birmingham, another manufacturing town, which has done its best, but without entire success, to destroy the beauty of the second fall, immediately below the bridge, said bridge being erected upon natural piers at the sides and in the centre of the stream.

Here begins a chasm which continues for the distance of about a mile and a half. Wonderfully grand are these Walled Rocks of the Au Sable, through, which rushes the river, pent up between literally perpendicular walls, a hundred or more feet in height, and from eleven to sixty or eighty feet apart, generally from twelve to fourteen. The water sometimes rushes smoothly and deeply below, and sometimes falls over obstructions, roaring, and tumbling, and foaming. The turns in the river are very sudden, and there are great cracks and gullies extending from top to base, pillars of rock standing alone or leaning against their companions. Occasionally, looking down one of these clefts, one sees nothing but the rock walls with a foaming, rapid rushing below. At one of these most remarkable points, a rude stairway has been constructed, by which the traveller can descend to the bottom, and, standing by the water's edge, look up to the top of this singular chasm. The walls finally lower, and the river flows out into a broad basin, whence it ere long finds its way into Lake Champlain. The banks are wooded with pines, hemlocks, spruce, arbor vitæ, beech, birch, and basswood, and the ground is covered with ferns, harebells, arbutus, linnæa, mitchella, blue lobelia, and other wild flowers.

There is an excellent inn, the Adirondac House, in Keeseville. Our attentive host told us of Professor Agassiz, and the fiery nature of his speculations regarding the probable history of the sandstone, whose strata, laid as at Trenton Falls, horizontally, layer above layer, add such interest and beauty to the stupendous walls, with their unseen, water-covered depths below, and their graceful wreaths of arbor vitæ nodding and swaying above.

He also told us a tale of the war of 1812, when a bridge, known as the 'High Bridge,' crossed the Au Sable at the narrowest point, some eleven feet in width. A rumor was abroad that the British were about to march up from Plattsburg; whereupon the bridge, consisting of three beams, each nine inches wide, was stripped of its planking. A gentleman had left his home in the morning, and, ignorant of the fate of the bridge, returned quite late at night. Urging his steed forward, it refused to cross the bridge, and not until after repeated castigation would it make the attempt. The crossing was safely accomplished, and the rider suspected nothing amiss until he reached home and was asked how he had come. 'By the High Bridge,' was his reply; whereupon he was informed that the planking had been torn away, and he must have crossed upon a string piece nine inches wide, hanging some hundred feet above the surface of the water. His sensations may be imagined.

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A venturesome expedition had also been essayed by our host, in the shape of a voyage down the chasm in a boat. We presume he went at high water, when the rapids would be less dangerous.

Keeseville is only four miles from Port Kent, a steamboat landing on Lake Champlain nearly opposite Burlington, and the Adirondacs may then be approached in several ways. A stage runs three times per week from Keeseville through Elizabethtown and Schroon River to Schroon Lake. North Elba and Lake Placid are some thirty-six miles distant, and may be reached by a good road through the Wilmington Pass. Saranac is somewhat farther, but readily accessible. Strong wagons and good teams are everywhere to be found, and the only recommendation we here think needful to make to the traveller is to have a good umbrella, a thick shawl or overcoat, and as little other baggage as he or she can possibly manage to find sufficient. Trunks are sadly in the way, and carpet bags or valises the best forms for stowage under seats or among feet.

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## LOIS PEARL BERKELEY.

The fiery July noon was blazing over the unsheltered depot platform, where everybody was in the agony of trying to compress half an hour's work into the fifteen minutes' stop of the long express train. The day was so hot that even the group of idlers which usually formed the still life of the picture was out of sight on the shady side of the buildings. Hackmen hustled noisily about; baggage masters were busier and crosser than ever; there was the usual *mélée* of leave-takings and greetings. With the choking dust and scalding glare of the sun, the whole scene might have been an anteroom to Tophet.

From the car window, Clement Moore, brown, hollow-cheeked, and clad in army blue, looked out with weary eyes on all the confusion. Half asleep in the parching heat, visions of cool, green forest depths, and endless ripple of leaves, of the ceaseless wash and sway of salt tides, drifted across his brain, and rapt him out of the sick, comfortless present. But they vanished like a flash

with the sudden cessation of motion, and the reality of his surroundings came back with a great shock. Captain George, coming in five minutes after with a glass of iced lemonade in one hand and a half dozen letters in the other, found necessary so much of cheer and comfort as lay in—

'Keep courage, Clement, old fellow, it's only a few hours longer now.'

And then he fell to reading his epistles, testifying his disapprobation of their contents presently by sundry grunts, ending finally in a 'Confound it!' given explosively and an explanation:

'Too bad, Moore! Here am I taking you home to get well in peace and quiet, and Ellen has filled the house up with half a dozen girls, more or less. Writes me to come home and be 'made a lion of;' as sensible as most women!' And the grumble subsided. He broke out again shortly: 'Louise Meller—Lois Berkeley—Susy—' the other names were drowned in the rattle of the starting train. The captain finished his letters, and Clement Moore took up his broken dreams, but this time with a new element.

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Lois Berkeley. With the name came back a fortnight of the last summer—perfect bright days, far-off skies filled with drifting fleets of sunny vapor, summer green piled deep over the land, the gurgle of falling waters, the shimmer of near grain fields, deep-hued flowers glowing in the garden borders, all the prodigality of splendor that July pours over the world. And floating through these memories, scarce recognized, but giving hue and tone to them like a far-off, half-heard strain of music—a woman's presence. By some fine, subtile harmony, such as spirits recognize, all the summer glow and depth of color, as it came back to him, came only as part of an exquisite clothing and setting for a slender figure and dark face. All the dainty adaptations of nature were but an expression, in a rude, material way, for those elegances and fitnesses which surrounded her, and which were as natural to her very existence as to the birds and flowers. Only a fortnight, and in that fortnight every look and word of hers, every detail of dress, even to the texture of the garments she wore, were indelibly fixed in his memory. She was so daintily neat in everything, nothing soiled or coarse ever came near her. Careless, too, he thought, remembering how, coming through the parlor in the evening dusk, he had entangled himself in the costly crape shawl left trailing across a chair, of the gloves he had picked up fluttering with the leaves on the veranda, and the handkerchiefs always lying about. Perhaps Clement Moore was over critical in his fancies about ladies' dresses, and felt that inner perfect cleanliness and refinement worked itself out in such little matters as the material and color and fit of garments, and all the trifles of the toilet. A soiled or rumpled article of attire showed a dangerous lack of something that should make up the womanly character. He had not reduced all these unreasonable men's notions to a system by which to measure femininity. He did not even know he had them. An excessive constitutional refinement and keenness of perception made him involuntarily look for such scrupulous delicacy as belonging of course to every woman he was thrown in contact with. He had always been disappointed, at first with a feeling of half disgust with himself and others, that his dreams were so different from the reality. It drove him apart from the sex, and gained him the reputation of being shy or ill nated. After finding that disappointments repeated themselves, he accepted them as the natural order of events, let his fancies go as the beau ideal that he was to seek for through life, and became the polished, unimpressible man of society.

But this little Yankee girl had of a sudden realized his ideal. Something in their first meeting, momentary though it was, and strange according to conventional notions, struck the chord in his heart that was waiting silent for the magic fingers that knew the secret of waking it. If he had fancied that those fingers would never come, or coming, never find it, that something in his unhappy birth set him apart with that strange pain of yearning as his portion in life, and so had tried to forget or choke the want under commonplace attachments and ties, he was no worse than, nor different from, the rest of humanity. But all humanity does not meet trial as unflinchingly and honorably—does not put temptation out of its way as purely and honestly as did this undisciplined life. It is hard to take at once the path that duty orders: we linger to play with possibilities, shed some idle tears, waste life before the necessity, and go back to everyday work weakened and scarred and aching. And once or twice in a lifetime that black, hopeless *never* drops down, not the less grievous and inexorable because simply a moral obligation.

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Well, only babies cry for the moon. Anything clearly impossible and out of our reach we very soon cease sighing for. Men do not cherish a passion which they recognize as utterly hopeless; and Clement Moore, being a man, and moreover an honorable one, put this summer idyl out of his head and heart with all despatch. 'All blundering is sin.' If he had blundered in allowing it to take such hold of his life, he expiated the sin bravely. Sympathies bud and blossom with miraculous quickness in this tropical atmosphere of affinity. He did not know till the excitement of actual presence was over, and he had time to think soberly, in the dead blank and quiet that followed, how it had grown to be a part of his very existence. But whether that part was to be just a pleasant remembrance through the dusty and hot years before him, or whether it was to go deeper and wring his heart with bitterest sense of loss, he did not quite realize. At any rate there was a risk in dwelling on it. He had no more right to be running that risk than he had to be trifling with a cup of deadliest poison; and so he shut away all the golden-winged fancies that had sprung into life with those long, fervid days. Shut them away and sealed their prison place. If they were dead, or pleading for freedom in his still moments, he never asked nor thought. He came back from his lounging summer trip with a certain new, strange drive of purpose in him never seen before. The many events that had crowded themselves into the next year did not smother his prisoners. He never saw their corpses or thought of them sneeringly, and by that sign knew they existed still. But dust and all the desolation of desertion gathered about the hidden chamber that he never recurred to now. Still he kept away from its neighborhood; at first

setting a guard of persistent physical action. He was always reading or writing or going somewhere with a kind of hidden, misty aim in his most objectless journeys. After—as the necessity for such occupation wore away, and he lapsed back into the old listless ways of dreaming—his thoughts were always busy with the future; never now did he indulge in those wayward dreams of old. They had a dangerous tendency to take a certain forbidden way. Finally, this self-control became a habit, and he scarcely felt its necessity. The 'might have been' never came back more poignantly than as a vague, shadowy regret, that gave everything a slightly flat and unpalatable taste. But he did not take life any less fully, or with any abatement of whatever earnestness was in him.

Men are not patient under sickness, at least not that unquestioning, unresisting patience which most women and the lower animals show. These especially who are usually well and robust are a trial to the flesh and spirit of those about them. Moore was not the wonderful exception. His first few weeks in the hospital were not so bad; but when the actual racking pain was over, and nothing remained but that halting of the physical machinery to which we never give a thought during perfect action—the weakness hanging leaden weights to every limb, the unwonted nervousness and irritability, the apparently causeless necessity for inaction—he was anything but a resigned man. Captain George, getting his furlough and carrying him off, was blessed from the deepest heart of the ward nurses. He had a kind of feeling that this his first illness was a matter in which the universe should be concerned, and with that fretful self-exaggeration came that other unutterable yearning that attends the first proof that we are coheirs with others to the ills flesh is heir to, weary homesickness and childish desire for sympathy.

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So now, weakened physically with that strange new heartsickness, paralyzing his will and giving freer scope to his feverish impatience, George's careless words had rolled away the stone from the sepulchre, and its prisoners were free. Not dead, not having lost a shade of color from their wings, they nestled and gleamed through his heart, filling the summer day with just such intangible perfect witchery as those other days had been full of. Perhaps, too, time and absence had heightened the charm. Imagination has such a way of catching up little scenes and words and looks, and, without altering one of the facts, haloing them with such a golden deceptive atmosphere, adding, day by day, faintest touches, that they grow by and by into a something wholly different. So that fortnight came back to him, an illuminated poem, along rich strains of music, making every nerve thrill with the pleasure-pain of its associations.

And by degrees, as the tide of sensation, thinned itself, lying back with closed eyes, while the long train swept on through the torrid day, separate pictures came before his inner sight. Just as keen and clear were they as when they first fell on his vision. He had not blurred nor dimmed their outlines with frequent recalling and suggestions of difference.

A narrow strip of gray sand, ribbed with the wave wash to the very foot of the reddish brown bowlders that bounded it. Standing thereon a slender woman's figure, clad in quiet gray. The face was turned toward him—a dark, unflushed face, with calm, fixed mouth, and clear gray eyes under straight-drawn brows and long, separate, lashes. Fine, lustreless, silky hair was pushed back into a net glittering with shining specks under the narrow-brimmed straw hat. A face full of a waiting look, not hopeful nor expectant, simply unsettled and watchful, yet fresh, and rounded with the dimples and childlike curves of eighteen. Whatever of yearning and unrest the years had brought lingered only about the shadowy eyes and fine mouth. There were no haggard nor worn outlines, and a baby's skin could not have been softer and finer.

At her feet crissed the shining ripples of the incoming tide. Far beyond, calm and burnished, stretched the summer sea into the dreamy distance, where the white noon sky, stricken through with intensest light and heat, dropped down a palpitating arch to meet it. And in all the dazzle of blue and white and silver and bare shining gray, she stood, a straight, slender, haughty little figure, as indefinite of color as all the rest; all but a narrow strip of scarlet at her throat, falling in a flaming line to her waist. The shimmering atmosphere seemed to pant about her; and through the high noon, over the still waters and sleeping shore, hummed the peering strains of a weird little song. She was singing softly:

'For men must work and women must weep,  
And the sooner 'tis over the sooner to sleep.'

In the long parlor, the leaf ghosts that had all day long been flitting in, were darkening with the sunset and filling the room with twilight dimness. Deep in a crimson couch and haloed with the last brightness, lay the long, white outlines of a reclining figure. A handful of Japan lilies burned against the pure drapery, and another handful of tea violets lay crushed in the fleecy handkerchief on the floor. Against the cushions the exquisite contour of the sleeping face showed plainly. Coolest quiet sphered the whole figure; not a suggestion of anything but slowest calm grace disturbed its repose. But with the hushing rustle of leaves with the summer murmur flowing in, seemed to come also the deep monotone of the waves, when this inanimate statue was striking out at his side through the rattle and rush of the surf, the wide eyes filled with fierce light, the whole face fixed and stern with the strain of heart muscle, toward the helpless shape shooting out on the undertow. He had not seen her after, and, coming to seek her that night with words of compliment and thanks, he was met by this white vision that had absorbed all the fire and force of the afternoon into its blankness.

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A depot platform—long afternoon shadows fell over the pretty country station—standing alone in the woods. The small, temporary bustle about the waiting train was not discordant with the dreamy, restful look of the whole picture. Then the culminating hurry, the shriek and rattle of the

starting train—a little figure poised itself for an instant on the car step—a face flushed a little, and dark eyes brightened with a flash of surprised recognition—a quick gesture of greeting and farewell, and then she was gone into the purple shades of evening.

Once again he had seen her, but from afar off, in the glare and heat of a crowded assembly room. The face was a little thinner now, and the eyes were looking farther away than ever. The blood-red light of rubies flashed in the soft lace at her throat and wrists, and dropped in glittering pendants against the slender neck. She was talking evidently of a brilliant bouquet of pomegranates and daphnes that lay in her lap, swinging dreamily the dainty, glittering white fan. And while he looked, she drew away the heavy brocade she wore, from under a careless tread—a slight, slow motion, wholly unlike the careless sweeps of other women. The imperious nature that thrilled her even to the tips of the long fingers, manifested itself, as inborn natures always do, under the deepest disguises, in just this unconscious, most trifling of acts; and, remembering the gesture, he asked, with words far lighter than the tone or feeling:

'As much of a princess as ever?'

And Captain George answered:

'As much of a princess!' both unmindful that no word had been spoken to token who was in the thought of each.

Very trifling things these were to remember. Very likely he had seen scores of far more graceful and memorable scenes; but just these trifles, coming back so vividly, proved to him, as nothing else could have done, with what a keen, intense sympathy every word and look of hers had been noted.

The spoken words roused him. In the ride that followed, twenty different persons and things came into their talk; but never once the princess. *That*, arousing himself again from his half-dreamful lapse from the old guarded habit, was put away steadily and quietly. His battle had been fought once. He was not to weaken his victory with fancies of the 'might have been.' He had not been tempted, through all these months; he would not tempt himself, now that real trial was so near at hand. Man as he was, if escape had been possible, he would have fled. But there was nothing to do but to go forward, and he called up that old, mighty, intangible safeguard of honor. The matter was settled beyond any question of surprise—he must avoid the long, sapping days of contact, the wasting, feverish yearnings of absence coming after.

Flying over miles and miles of the summer land, heaped with the red tangled sweets of clover fields, belted with white starry mayweed, blue with marshy growth of wild flag, with hazy lines of far-off hills, fading into purple depths of distance, and near low ones lying green and calm close beside them, with brown clear brooks, famous trout streams, after the New England fashion, went running across their way, the old home pride leaped up in George's eyes and voice, and even Moore forgot his weariness, and talked with a flash of the old, careless spirit.

The hack that brought them to their destination left them, deep in the summer night, at the foot of the long avenue of elms—going up which, with slow steps, on a sudden the house broke on them, ablaze with lights, athrob with music, whereat there was a renewal of explosive utterances, and the captain led his friend to the rear of the house to insure a quiet entrance.

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From the dark piazza, where he waited while George summoned some one to receive them, he caught, through the long, open casement, the vista of the parlors, with their glitter and confusion of light drapery and glimpses of bright faces and light forms, and softened hum of voices, as the dancers circled with the music. And through it all, straight down toward him, floating in one of the weird Strauss waltzes, came the princess, swathed in something white, airy, wide-falling. The same dark, unflushed face, the same wide, far-looking eyes, and fixed mouth, the same silky falling hair, but cut short now, and floating back as she moved. It was only for a moment: the perfumed darkness that seemed to throb with a sudden life of its own, the great, slow, summer stars above him, the wailing, passionate music that came trembling out among the heavy dew-wet foliage, the dark, calm earth about him, and the light and color and giddy motion that filled the gleaming square before him, struck in on his senses with staggering force; and then she swayed out of his sight, and Mrs. Morris came forward with words of cheer and welcome.

That night, lying sleepless after the music was hushed and the wheels had done rolling away from the door, as if material enough for all fever fancies had not been given, backward and forward through the corridor a woman's garments trailed with light rustle, and a low voice hummed brokenly the waltz he had heard. Ceasing by and by in a murmur of girls' voices, and the old-remembered air, sung softly:

'For men must work and women must weep,  
Though storms be sudden and waters deep.'

After that many days went by unmarked. His wound, aggravated by fatigue, racked him with renewed pain; and when that was over, vitality was at too low an ebb for anything but the most passive quiet. Before listless, unnoting eyes drifted the crystal mornings, the golden hours steeped deep in summer languors, the miracles of sun-settings and star-filled holy nights. From his window he saw and heard always the ocean, blue and calm, lapping the shore with dreamy ripple in bright days—driving ghostly swirls of spray and fog clown the beach in stormy, gray ones. The house itself seemed set in the deepest haunt of summertime. Great trees, draped in the fullest growth of the year, rippled waves of green high about it. All day long the leaf sounds and

leaf shadows came drifting in at the windows. Perfectest hush and quiet wrapped its occasional faint strains of music, or chime of voices came up to him, but did not break the silence. A place for a well soul to find its full stature, for a tired or sick one to gather again its lost forces. And by slow degrees the life held at first with so feeble a grasp came back to him.

By and by there came a day when, from his balcony, he witnessed a departure, full of girls' profuse adieux, and then the hush of vacancy fell on the wide halls and airy rooms of the great house. That evening, with slow steps, he came down the staircase. In the twilight of the parlors showed dimly outlined a drift of woman's drapery, and the piano was murmuring inarticulately. Outside, on the broad stone doorstep, showed another drift, resolving itself into the muslins of Miss Nelly Morris, springing up with glad words of welcome as his unsteady frame came into view. Before half the protracted and vehement hand shaking was over, Moore turned at a soft rustle behind him, and Nelly found her introduction forestalled. Moore hoped, with his courtliest reverence, that Miss Berkeley had not forgotten him.

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She made two noiseless steps forward, and put out a small, brown band. He took it in his left, with a smiling glance of apology at the sling-fettered right arm. It was not often that Miss Berkeley's broad lids found it worth their while to raise themselves for such a wide, clear look as they allowed with the clasp. And then Nelly broke in:

'Then you two people know each other. Grand! And I've been wondering these two weeks what to do with you! Why didn't you tell me, Leu?'

'How was I to identify Mr. Moore with 'George's friend from the army'? Mr. Moore remembers he was on debatable ground last summer.'

Her soft, slow speech fell on his hearing like the silver ripple of water, clear and fine cut, but without a bit of the New England incisiveness of tone that filled his delicate Southern ear with slight, perpetual irritation.

'But I've made my calling and election sure at last. I was transformed into a mudsill and Northern hireling last spring.'

'In spite of the transformation, I recognized you as soon as you spoke. I was not quite willing to be forgotten, you see, by any one who wore the glorifying army cloth.'

They were out on the veranda now. Nelly was gazing with pitiful eyes at the sleeve fastened away, while the wasted left hand drew forward a great wicker chair into the circle of the moonlight. He caught the look:

'Not so very bad, Miss Nelly; not off, you see, only useless for the present;' and he took a lowly seat at her side, near the princess's feet.

'You are guiltless of shoulder straps. You might have obtained a commission, I think. Why didn't you, I wonder,' she said speculatively.

'Because I knew nothing of military matters, for one thing, and hadn't the assurance to take my first lesson as lieutenant or captain.'

Miss Berkeley's white lids lifted themselves again.

'More nice than wise, sir. Others do it,' was Nelly's comment.

'Yes, but I haven't forgotten the old copy-book instructions, 'Learn to obey before you command,' and began at the beginning. I've taken the first step toward the starred shoulder straps—he wore the corporal's stripes—' and am hopeful.'

'You'll never attain to them, you lazy Southron. Tell us about your camp life.'

'There's very little to tell. Drill, smoke, loaf—begging your pardon for the rough expression of a rough fact—drill again. As one day is, so is another; they're all alike.'

'Well, tell us about your getting wounded, then, and the fight. George will not get wounded himself, in spite of my repeated requests to that effect.'

And so Moore fought his battle over again, in the midst of which Miss Berkeley dropped out of the talk, folded some soft brilliant net over her light dress, and went down the walk leading to the shore, and he did not see her again that night.

After that he spent much of his time below stairs. Much alone; there were walks and rides in which he could take no part. Despite of George's prediction, he had peace and quiet, and gathered strength hourly. Whatever of graciousness he *had* seen or fancied in Miss Berkeley's manner in that first unexpected meeting had all vanished. A subtle, unconquerable something shut her out from all friendliness of speech or action. She went about the house in her slow, abstracted way, or in her other mood, with sudden darting motions like a swallow, or dreamed all day beside the summer sea, coming back browner and with mistier looks in her gray eyes, but always alone and unapproachable. So that in half a dozen days he had not received as many voluntary sentences from her.

But one morning the clouds had gathered black and heavy. The sea fogs had pitched their tents to landward, and their misty battalions were driving gray across the landscape. Dim reaches of blank water—lay beyond, weltering with an uneasy, rocking motion against the low, dark sky.

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White, ghostly sea birds wheeled low, a fretful wind grieved about the house, and a New England northeast storm was in progress. She was standing at the window, looking out with eyes farther away than ever over the haze-draped sea. Some fine, heavy material, the same indistinct hue as the day outside, fell about her in large, sweeping folds. A breath of sudden, penetrating perfume struck across his senses as he approached her. 'And gray heliotrope!' he said; but the heliotrope vanished as she turned and displayed the blaze of carnations at her throat, and the gleam of crimson silk under the jaunty zouave.

'Lois Pearl Berkeley,' he read from the golden thimble he had nearly crushed under foot. He half wondered if she would know what it was. He never saw her do anything. She was never 'engaged,' nor in haste about any occupation. The perfect freedom from the universal Yankee necessity of motion, with which the brown, small hands fell before her, was as thoroughly a part of her as the strange Indian scent which clung to everything she touched, and sphered her like the atmosphere of another world. He never could associate the idea of any kind of personal caretaking with her dainty leisure, more than with the lilies of the field, though they never appeared in as many graceful arrays as she.

'Yes, mine, thank you,' she said, and composedly dropped it into its place in the most orderly of useless conglomerations of silken pockets and puzzling pigeon holes. He watched her fingers, and then looked back at her.

'Lois—such an odd name for you—such a quaint, staid Puritan name.'

'And I am neither quaint nor staid nor Puritan. Thank you. Yes, my mother must have had recollections of her New England home strong on her when she gave it me, down on the Louisiana shores. It always sounded even to me a little strange and frigid among such half-tropical surroundings.'

As she spoke a sudden pang of utter weariness and longing seized him. A rush of the boyish malady of homesickness, concentrated from all the dreary months of his long absence, and none the less poignant because it was involuntary. The wide, cool, shadowy halls of his mother's house, always aglow with blossoms and haunted with their odors, all the superficial lotus-charm of Southern life—and he had lived it superficially enough to catch all its poetry rose before him. It caught away his breath and choked sudden tears into his eyes. Came and went like a flash—for before she had done speaking a sudden new bond of sympathy put away the *stranger* forevermore, and he was no longer alone.

'Then you are Southern born too,' he said, with a quick step forward, and involuntarily outstretched hand. Hers dropped into it.

'Yes, I am hardly acclimated yet. I shiver under these pale Northern skies from August till June. O my Louisiana, you never made 'life a burden' with such dark, chill days, and sobbing, cruel winds!' She turned to the windows. A sudden uncontrollable quaver of impatience and longing ran through her speech and hurried the words with unusual vehemence.

'I thought you must have liked the day, since you robed yourself in its haze and mist.' He laid his hand lightly on her gray drapery with reverent touch.

'And I thought my carnations would redeem that. Since they didn't—and she tossed the whole bright, spicy handful on the table.

In a vase on the mantle, gray, passionate, odorous blooms were massed loosely about a cluster of fragile, intense day lilies, and a dash of purple and crimson trailed with the fuchsias over its edge, and gleamed up from the white marble ledge. He went to the vase, shook out the fuchsias, and laid the residue in her lap.

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'Heliotrope, finally,' he said.

She brushed it lightly away with a half shudder.

'Not that. I don't like heliotrope. Its perfume is heart-breaking, hopeless. It belongs in coffins, about still, dead faces. If it had a voice, we should hear continual moans. It would be no worse than this, though.'

'You will wear the lilies then, unless the heliotrope scent clings to them too,' he said, gathering up the obnoxious flowers.

'Yes, if it doesn't jar your ideal to see them worn against such a stormy day dress. To me they are the perfection of summer. No color could be more intense than this spotless whiteness. There!' Fastening them, the brittle stems snapped, and the flowers fell at her feet. 'No flowers for me today, of your choosing at least. Practically, lilies have such an uncomfortable way of breaking short off.'

A broad, bright ribbon lay drawn through 'Charles Anchester' on the table. She knotted it carelessly at her throat.

'That will do for the now; but, O my carnations, how your mission failed!' hovering over them a minute.

'Then you are not satisfied with the New England mean of perfection, in everything, mentally, morally, and meteorologically?' going back to the weather again.

'Satisfied! I'd exchange this whole pale summer for one hour of broad, torrid noonlight. Deep, far-off tropical skies, great fronds of tropical foliage, drawing their sustenance from the slowest, richest juices of nature, gorgeous depths of color blazing with the very heart of the sun, deep, intoxicating odors poured from creamy white or flaming flower chalices, and always the silver-sprayed wash of the blue sea. I remember that of my home. It is months and months since I have seen a magnolia or jasmine.'

Fate sent Miss Morris to the parlor just then, luckily enough, perhaps, and the first dash of rain from the coming storm struck the windows sharply. Miss Berkeley shivered; a gray shadow swept up over her face, and absorbed all the gleam and unrest. She moved off with her book to a window; shut herself out from the room, and into the storm, with a heavy fall of curtains; and Nelly's voice rippled through a tripping, Venetian barcarole.

It stormed all the next day, and when twilight came, it rained still with desperation. A narrow sphere of light from the flame low down in its alabaster shade held the piano, and through the warm scented gloom that filled the rest of the parlor thrilled echoing chords. Moore, coming in, stopped in the dimness to listen. A troubled uncertainty made itself felt through the strains, a sudden discordant crash jarred through the room, and the performer rose abruptly. He came forward.

'O my prophetic soul, magnolias!' said Nelly, from her lounge, just outside the lighted circle.

It had just come from him, the light, exquisite basket he held filled with great, pink, flushed magnolia blooms. Nelly raved in most fashionably extravagant adjectives. Lois looked at it with hungry eyes, but motionless and speechless. He laid it before her on the table, and turned away. She stood for a moment looking gravely down on it, then buried her face among the cool petals with a sudden caressing motion. Looking up again shortly, 'Thank you,' she said simply to the giver chatting carelessly.

A broad illumination flooded the other end of the parlor a minute after, and the chess board came into requisition. If Miss Morris found little skill necessary to discomfit her opponent, and wondered thereat, she could not see, as he saw, a dark face, bowed on tropic blooms, flushed with unwonted glad color, lips apart and aquiver, wide eyes lustrous with purple light, shining through the tears that gathered in them.

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Then the piano began, played dreamily, irregularly, with slender, single threads of tune, and frequent pauses, as if the preoccupied mind let the listless fingers fall away from the keys. They gathered up finally all the broken strains into a low, slow-moving harmony. Through it Moore heard the soft lap of waves, the slow rock of Pacific tidal swells, flowing and ebbing and flowing again through flaming noons, about half-submerged bits of world, palm-shaded, sun-drenched, or swaying white with moonlight under purple midnights, holy with the clear burning stars: heard the gurgle and ripple of falling streams, deepening into the wide flow of mighty rivers, bearing in their calm sweep the secrets of a zone—of ice-choked springs, of the dead stillness of Northern forests, and the overgrowth, and passionate life of endless summers.

The red and white combatants now held truce over a queen check, while the players sat silent, listening.

Suddenly, through the murmur and rhythmic flow of water sounds, struck shrill and sharp the opening strains of a march—not such marches as mark time for dainty figures crowding ballroom floors, but triumphant, cruel, proud, with throbbing drum-beat—stabilizing the tramp of weary feet over red battle fields. Its unswerving hurry, its terrible, calm excitement, brought before his vision long blue lines—the fixed faces sterner than death, with steady eyes and quickened breath—the nervous clutch of muskets, as the rattle of small arms and boom of cannon came nearer and nearer, the fluttering silken banners, the calm sunshine, and sweet May breath—and the quick, questioning note of a meadow lark dropped down through the silence of the advancing column. As the maddening music stormed and beat about him, his heart throbbed audibly, and the rushing currents of his fiery Southern blood sounded in his ears. Honor, prudence, resolution, everything was swept away in the lava tide of excitement. Before him he saw the crown of his life. All heaven and all earth should not stop him short of it. He rose and began crossing the room, with heavy, resolute tread. In the dimness, the player was hardly visible; he would assure himself of her mortality at least. A sudden, fierce hunger for sight and touch thrilled him.

Midway he stopped. The music dropped with a shock from its fiery enthusiasm. Was it only an echo, or an army of ghosts crossing a dim field, long since fought over—the steady tramp, tramp, the pendulum of time? Unutterably wailing, pitiful, it sent plaintive, piercing cries up to the calm, dead heavens. All the fearful sights he had seen rose before him. Upturned lay faces calm in death as in a child's sleep, with all camp roughnesses swept away in that still whiteness; strong men's, with that terrible scowl of battle or the distortion of agonized death on them—mangled and crushed forms—all the wreck of a fought battle, terrible in its suggestive pathos. It sank away into the minor of water voices, soft, monotonous, agonizing in its utter passivity, a brilliant arpeggio flashed up the keys like a shower of gold, and Miss Berkeley rose with white face and trembling breath, and Nelly was alone in the room, sobbing nervously in her armchair.

The storm passed that night, with great swayings of trees, and dash of broad raindrops, and piled up broken masses of fleecy white clouds, tossed about by the rough, exultant September wind. Bright days followed, mellowing with each one to sunnier, calmer perfection. Moore passed them in his own room. That night had torn away all the disguises that he had put upon his heart. He

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knew now that he loved this woman—knew it with such a bitter sense of humiliation as such proud spirits writhe under when honor turns traitor and betrays them to the enemy. 'Lead us not into temptation.' If it meant anything in the old habit of child's prayer which clung to him yet, it meant that he should put himself out of its way, since he had proved himself too weak to meet it. His inborn honesty let him build no excuses for his failure. He saw, and acknowledged with a flush of scorn and curling lip, his own treachery to himself in his hour of need. That he had not committed himself—that his self-betrayal was only known to self—was no merit of his—simply a circumstance. And circumstances seemed mighty in their influence upon him, he thought, with a feeling of deepest contempt. All pride and self-reliance were taken out of him. Absence, at least, would be a safeguard, since it would render harmless such impulses as those of that night. However much he might sin in yearning, she; should never know, never be exposed to the risk of being drawn into his guilt and pain. He had come at last to the place where all the old delicate pride was merged in the one anxious fear that she should suffer. He would go away the next day; he would not see her again—never see her voluntarily—putting away fiercely the sudden pang of yearning: not that he came at once to such a conclusion.

Honor, pride, self-respect, having failed him once, were not easily recalled to their allegiance. His was no feeble nature, to sin and repent in an hour. He fought over every inch of his way, and came out at last conqueror, but scarred and weary and very weak in heart, and distrustful of himself.

They had gone to ride that afternoon—he had seen them drive away. He would go down and make the necessary arrangements for his departure. And so it happened that he stood an hour before sunset in the parlor. A sudden heart sickness drove the blood from his lips with the wrench of remembrance. It did not strengthen him to meet her, cool and royal, in filmy purple, putting out her hand with frank friendliness, and with a new quaver of interest in her voice. Those fatal magnolias: all the outside world seemed pressing nearer these two strangers in a strange land.

'How pale you are! You have been ill again.'

'No,' he said, almost harshly. 'You like tiger lilies,' lifting a stem crowded with the flaming whirls.

'Like them? yes—don't you? As I like the fiery, deafening drum-roll and screaming fife, and silver, sweet bugle-calls. Think where they found these wide, free curves of outline—that flaming contrast of color. Indian skies have rounded over them, Indian suns poured their fervor into their hearts. In the depth of forest jungles the velvet-coated tiger has shaken off their petals—glittering, deadly cobras crushed them in their slow coils; gorgeous-winged birds and insects swept them in their flight.'

Some new mental impulse sent a rare, faint flush to the olive cheeks, and filled the uplooking clear eyes with light. This purple-clad shape, with fiery nasturtiums burning on the breast and filling the air with their peculiar odor, with the barbaric splendor of tiger lilies reflecting their lurid glare about her as she stood, bore no more likeness to the ordinary haughty woman than fire to snow. He would have liked to have crowned her with pomegranate blossoms—have dropped the silvery sheen of ermine under her feet, and have knelt there to worship.

She moved away impatiently, trailed her noiseless drapery through the room once or twice, and came back to the window, where he stood looking out. Before them lay the sea, calm in a sheen of blue, gathering faint amethystine vapors, that the sunset would light up in a miracle of bronze and purple and rose.

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'You should have been with us last night! A soft, rushing south wind filled all the air with whispers, and drew up a veil of lace round the horizon, very high up in the east. Stars were few; the new moon dropped tender, faint beams down into the gray mist and grayer water that broke in ripples of white fire against the dark in the west, and mingled with the mystery in the east. I want to go again. Mr. Moore, I can manage a boat; will you go with me?'

With every minute he saw his hard-earned victory slipping away. With every minute his reeling sense lost foothold in the strange, new fascination of her excited presence. Will rallied to a last effort; he muttered some broken excuse, that she must have thought an assent, for she dropped a soft, white, clinging shawl over her shoulders, slipped the tie of the jaunty hat beneath her chin, and he could only follow her as she slid through the flicker of shade and sunshine down to the beach, where the summer sea washed lazily.

Low in the west and northwest lay piled ominous clouds; white, angry thunder heads began showing themselves.

'A grand sunset for to-night, and a shower perhaps. We shall be back before it breaks.'

A small boat—a frail thing of white and gilding—floated at anchor. Lois shook out the sail in her character of manager, seated herself at the helm, and they drifted out. No word was spoken; the light in her eyes grew brighter and brighter; the scarlet curves of her mouth more and more intense. Sitting with face turned away from the west, she did not see, as he did, the rising blackness. The wind freshened, skimming in fitful gusts over the waves, and the little craft flung off the spray like rain. Away off in the shadow of the cloud the water was black as death, a faint line of white defining its edge. Was she infatuated? As for him, he grew very calm, with a kind of desperation. Better to die so, with her face the last sight on earth—his last consciousness her clinging arms, sinking down to the dark, still caverns beneath—than to live out the life that lay

before him. He leaned forward and looked over into the green depths of the sea. Sunshine still struck down in rippling lines, a golden network. Soft emerald shadows hung far down, breaking up into surface rifts of cool dimness as the waves swung over them.

Her hat had fallen back; her whole face was alive with a proud, exultant delight in the exhilarating motion. Higher and higher rose the veil of cloud, and the blackness in the water was creeping toward them. Sea birds wheeled low about them, with their peculiar quavering cry, and a low swell made itself felt. Miss Berkeley turned her head; a sudden look of affright blanched her face to deadliest whiteness. A hand's breadth of clear sky lay beneath the sun, and down after them, with the speed of a racer, came that great black wave. Before it the blue ripples shivered brightly; behind it the angry water tossed and seethed. In its bosom, lurid, phosphorescent lights seemed to flit to and fro. Its crest was ragged and white with dashes of foam. She took in the whole in a second's glance, and made a movement to bring the boat's head up to the wind. As the white face turned toward him, a quick instinct of self-preservation seized him, and he sprang up to lower the sail. Something caught the halliards. His left arm was of little service; his right hung useless at his side. She reached forward—one hand on the tiller—to help him. The rim of the storm slipped up over the sun—a sudden flaw struck them—the rudder flew sharp round, wrenched out of her slight hold—the top-heavy sail caught the full force of the blow, surged downward with a heavy lurch, and the gale was on them. A great blow, and swift darkness, then fierce currents rushing coldly past him; strange, wild sounds filling his ears; and when his vision cleared itself, he saw Lois, unimpeded by her light drapery, striking out for the sunken ledge, half a dozen yards away, over which the spray was flying furiously. He ground his teeth with impatience as his nerveless arm fell helpless; but he reached her side at last. A narrow shelf, with barely sufficient standing room for two. Great, dark waves, with strange lights flashing through them, whirled blinding deluges high above their heads, as he held her close. With the instinct of the weaker toward the stronger, she grasped and clung to him; and the fierce exultation that thrilled through his veins with actual contact, made him strong as a giant. And then, close on the gale, came the rain, beating down the waves with its heavy pour. In the thunder and tramp of the storm no human voice could have made itself audible, if speech had been needed.

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The storm passed as suddenly as it had risen. Through a rift in the clouds a dash of blood-red light burst over the troubled waters, and with it a sudden quiet fell about them. They were to have their 'grand sunset' finally.

'We are too far from the mainland to reach it without help; no boats are likely to pass this way after this storm; the tide is at its lowest now; it rises high over this ledge.'

In his quiet voice a half-savage triumph made itself heard. This near-coming fate, that he believed inevitable, put away completely all claims of that world that lay behind him—shut out everything but their own individuality. Time had narrowed to a point; all landmarks were swept away.

Miss Berkeley's face had lost none of its whiteness; but the pallor was not of fear. The great eyes burned star-like, and the mouth was like iron. She looked up as his even tones fell on her ear. Something in his gaze fixed hers; through fearless, unveiled eyes, the soul looked straight out to his. What he saw there dazzled and blinded him. He caught her up to his heart suddenly and fiercely. His lips crushed hers in a long, clinging kiss, that seemed to drink up her very life. For them, the brightness that for others is dissipated over long years of the future, was concentrated into the single intense moment of the present—this one moment, that seemed to burst into bud and blossom, the fruition of a lifetime. The sky lifted away and poured down fuller floods of light; the air vibrated with strange, audible throbs. When he released her, she did not move away. Never again, though they lived out a century, could the past be quite what it had been before; through it they had come to this, the crowning perfection of their lives. Through the future would run the memory of a caress in which—she was not a woman who measured her gifts—she had dissolved all the hope and promise of that future for him. Desperation was no small element in the whirl. Only into the eternities could he carry the *now* pure and loyal. It had nothing to do with time; only through the shadow of the coming death had he attained to it.

The fancy that had always haunted him with her peculiar name and dainty presence, prompted the 'Marguerite!'

She was not a woman to whom people give pet names. A *rested*, loving smile gleamed over her face, and her lips sought his again.

'My darling!'

'Mine!' and then time drifted on, unbroken by the speech which would have jarred the new, perfect harmony. Neither *thought*—the life currents that had met so wildly and suddenly, left space in their full, disturbed flow, for just the one consciousness of delirious, satisfying love. While the fiery sunset paled, he held the little drenched figure close, her warm breath flowing across his cheek.

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Out of the gathering dimness shoreward, came a hail. It struck him with an icy chill that death could never have brought. She raised her head, listening. The longing and temptation to hold her to his breast, and sink down through the green, curling waves, came back stronger than ever. Only so could he hope to keep her. That inexorable future of time reaching out to grasp him back again, would put them apart so hopelessly. His voice was hoarse—broken up with the heart wrench.

'Marguerite, will you die here with me, or go back again to the life that will separate us?'

She did not understand him. Why should she? Did she not love him, and he her? and what *could* come between them? For her a future burst suddenly into hope with that faint call. In it lay untried, unfathomable sources of happiness.

Another breathless kiss—this time crowded with the agony of a parting for him—and then, as the hail came again, nearer and more distinct, the white shawl, that still clung about her, floated in the air as a signal.

They lifted her into the rescuing boat shortly, white and breathless, and wrapped her in heavy shawls. Not senseless, lying against his breast, the dark eyes opened once to meet his, and the pallid face nestled a little closer to its resting place. He could not tell if the time were long or short, before Nelly's voice broke on his ear.

'Only a comedy, instead of the tragedy which mother is arranging up at the house!'

The half-hysterical quaver broke into the woman's refuge of tears, and sobs with that; and Moore gave up his burden to stronger arms.

'Up at the house,' Mrs. Morris, busied with her blazing fires and multitudinous appliances for any stage of disaster, met them with the quiet tears that mothers learn to shed, and the reverent 'Thank God!' that comes oftenest from mothers' lips.

And the bustle being over, he looked reality and duty straight in the face. The man was in no sense a coward—*flinch* was not in him. He came out on the upper balcony two hours later, with the face of a man over whom ten years more of life had gone heavily. A dozen steps away sat Marguerite—the white heart of a softened glow of light. She came out at his call quiet and stately, but with a kind of shy happiness touching eye and cheek with light and flame. At sight of her, all the mad passion in his heart leaped up—a groan came in place of the words he had promised himself. He strode away with heavy, hard footfalls. Not strange, since he was trampling Satan and his own heart under his feet. He came back again, quickly, eagerly, as a man forcing himself forward to a mortal sacrifice, who feels that resolution may fail. The words that came finally were half a groan, half an imprecation, hissed through clenched teeth.

'Three years ago, a Louisiana lady promised to be my wife. She is not dead; the engagement is not broken.'

There were no words beyond the plain statement of facts that he had any right to use—harsh and brutal though they seemed. Seen in the earth-light that had broken on him with that rescuing hail, he had acted the coward and villain. If she thought him so, he had no right to demur.

There was no need of other words. The eyes, after their first terrified glance, had fixed themselves out on the night, and then the lids fell, and the wondering, stunned look changed slowly into one of perfect comprehension. Not a muscle moved. The present, leaping forward, laid before her the future, scorched and seared, beyond possibility of bloom again. She looked into it with just the same attitude—even to the tapering fingers laid lightly on the railing—as five minutes before she had dreamed over a land of promise. He, looking down on her white face—whiter in the silver powder of the moonlight—saw a look of utter, hopeless quiet settle there—such quiet as one sees in an unclosed coffin, such marble, impassive calm, neither reproachful nor grieving, as covers deadly wounds—settle never again to rise till Death shall sweep it off. Some lives are stamped at once and forever; and faces gather in an hour the look that haunts them for a lifetime.

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Then he knew that no one ever bears the consequences of a sin alone. On this woman, for whom he would have gone to death, he had drawn down the curse. He was powerless to help her; all that he could give—the promise of lifelong love and tenderness—was itself a deadly wrong—would blast his life in giving, hers in receiving. In the minutes that he stood there, gazing into her face, all the waves and billows of bitterest realization of helplessness went over his heart.

She turned to go away. 'Marguerite!' The man's despairing soul, his bitter struggles and failures, atoned for in this last agony, made itself utterance in that one cry. She turned back, without looking up; even his eager gaze could not force up the heavy lids. Then, with that sweet, miraculous woman's grace of patience and pity, she put out her hand, and as he bowed his head over it, touched her lips to his cheek with quick, light contact, and glided away.

Earliest morning shimmered lances of gray, ghostly light on the horizon, and across the sea to the waiting shore. They struck grayest and ghostliest on a high balcony, where a woman's figure crouched, swathed in damp, trailing drapery, with silky, falling hair about a still face, and steadfast eyes that had burned just as steadfastly through the long hours gone by. Great, calm stars, circling slowly, had slipped out of sight into the waves; the restless, grieving ocean had swayed all night with heavy beat against the beach; mysterious whisperings had stirred the broad summer leaves, heavy with dew and moonlight; faint night noises had drifted up to her, leaving the silence unrippled by an echo; till the old moon dropped a wasted, blood-red crescent out of sight, and the world, exhausted with the passion of the yearning night, shrouded itself in the gloom and quiet that comes before the dawn.

To the watcher, who, with strained, unconscious attention, had taken in every change of the night, the promise of the day came almost as a personal wrong. That the glare of the sunshine should fall on her pain—that the necessity for meeting mere acquaintances with the same face as yesterday should exist, now that her life lay so scorched and sere before her, filled her with

rebellious impatience.

But when, with the growing light, the first sounds of household waking came to her, she rose wearily, and went, with tired, heavy steps to her own room. And Nelly, coming in half an hour later, with an indefinite sense of uneasiness, found an older face than last evening's on the pillow, with harder lines about the mouth, and with a wearier droop of the eyelids. The voice, too, that answered her good morning, had a kind of echoing dreariness in it. But such traces are not patent to many eyes or ears, and Nelly did not realize them.

There are a few women, mostly of this dark, slender type, who bear these wrenching heart agonies as some animals bear extremest suffering of body—not a sound or struggle testifies to pain—receiving blow after blow without hope or thought of appeal—going off by and by to die, or to suffer back to life alone. Not much merit in it, perhaps—a passive, hopeless endurance of an inevitable torture; but such tortures warp or shape a lifetime. Rarely ever eyes that have watched out such a night see the sun rise with its old promise.

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Clement Moore, coming slowly back to life after a fortnight of delirium, found the woods ablaze with October, and Miss Berkeley gone. Another fortnight, and he was with his regiment. Captain George—off on some scouting expedition—was not in camp to meet him. But stretched out on the dry turf a night or two after, through the clash of the band on the hillside above broke Captain George's sonorous voice, and straightway followed such a catalogue of questions as dwellers in camps have always ready to propound to the latest comer from the northward. Concluding finally with—

'And you didn't fall in love with 'the princess'?' Poor Captain George! The prodigious effort *ought* to have kept the heart throb out of his voice, though it didn't. Moore's quick ear caught it (sympathy has a wonderfully quickening effect on the perceptions sometimes), and he took refuge in a truth that in no way touched the past few months—feeling like a coward and traitor meanwhile, and yet utterly helpless to save either himself or his friend from coming evil. Another item added to retributive justice.

'I thought you knew'—flashing the diamond on his hand in the moonlight—'somewhere beyond the lines yonder a lady wears the companion to this—or did, last spring.'

And George's spirits rose immensely thereupon.

The old, miserable monotony of camp life began again. It wore on him, this machine-like existence, this blind, unquestioning obedience, days and nights of purposeless waiting, brightened by neither hope nor memory. He had hated it before; now he loathed it with the whole strength of his unrestful soul. But it did him good. Brought face to face with his life, he met the chances of his future like the man he was, and at last, out of the blackness and desolation, came the comfort of conquering small, every-day temptations, more of a comfort than we are willing to admit at first thought.

This bare, unbroken life cuts straight down to the marrow of a man. Stripped of all conventionalities, individuals come out broadly. The true metal shows itself grandly in this strange, impartial throwing together of social elements—this commingling on one level of all ranks and conditions of men in the same broad glare of every-day trial, unmodified by any of society's false lights. The factitious barriers of rank once broken over, all early associations, whether of workshop or college, go for nought, or, rather, for what they are worth. The *man* gravitates to his proper place, whether he makes himself known with the polished sentences of the school, or in terse, sinewy, workman's talk. And through the months Moore learned to respect humanity as it showed itself, made gentler to every one, driven out from himself, perhaps, by the bitterness and darkness that centred in his own heart. It was a new phase of life for him, but he bated his haughty Southern exclusiveness to meet it. Before, he had kept himself aloof as far as the surroundings allowed from those about him—now, his never-failing good nature, his flow of song and story, his untiring physical endurance, all upborne by a certain proud delicacy and reticence, made him a general favorite. But he hailed as a relief the long, exhausting marches that came after a while. Bodily weariness stood in the place of head or heart exercise, and men falling asleep on the spot where they halted for the night, after a day in the clinging Virginia mud, had little time for the noisy outbreaks that filled the evenings in days of inaction. So he did his private's duty bravely, with cheery patience, relieving many a slender boy's arms of his gun, helping many another with words of cheer as he slumped on at his side, always with some device for making their dreary night-stops more endurable. Thanksgiving came and went. George went home on furlough. Moore refused one, and ate the day's extra allowance of tough beef and insipid rice with much fought-against memories of his New England festivals. The winter went on. Christmas days came. The man's brown face was getting positively thinner with homesick recollections of the Southern carnival. This brilliant, ready spirit, who never grew sour nor selfish under any circumstances, actually spent two good hours, the afternoon before Christmas day, in a brown study, and with a suspicious, tightened feeling in his throat, and mistiness in his eyes. Coming in at nightfall from his picket duty, tired and hungry, Jim Murphy, stretching his long length before the fire, rose on his elbow to find half a dozen epistles he had brought down to camp that day.

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'Yer lettters, Musther Moore.' Jim, even with his sudden accession of independence as an American citizen, paid unconscious deference to the world-old subtle difference between gentleman and 'rough,' and used the title involuntarily.

He opened them sitting by the same fire, munching his hard tack as he read. Murphy, watching him, saw his lips quiver and work over one bearing half a dozen postmarks—a letter from his mother, conveyed across the lines by some sleight-of-hand of influence or pay, and mailed and remailed from place to place, till weeks had grown into months since it was written. Noncommittal as it had need to be—filled with home items to the last page—there his heart stood still, to bound again furiously back, and his breath came sharp and hot. He rose blinded and staggering. Jim Murphy, seeing how white and rigid his face had grown, came toward him, putting out his hand with a dumb impulse of sympathy, not understanding how the shock of a great hope, springing full grown into existence, sometimes puts on the semblance of as great a loss.

Private Moore's application for a furlough being duly made, that night was duly granted.

'Just in time—the last one for your regiment!' said the good-natured official, registering the necessary items.

In another hour he was whirling away, and in early evening two days later he stepped out into the clear moonlight and crisp air of a Northern city.

A New England sleighing season was at its height. The streets were crowded with swift-flying graceful vehicles, the air ringing with bell music and chimes of voices. Out through the brilliant confusion he went to the quiet square where the great trees laid a dark tracery of shadow upon the snow beneath. No thought of the accidents of absence or company, or any of the chances of everyday life, had occurred to him before. A carriage stood at the door. He almost stamped with impatience till the door opened and he was admitted. The change to the warm, luxurious gloom of the parlors quieted him a little, but he paced up and down with long strides while he waited. The strong stillness that he had resolutely maintained was broken down now with a feverish restlessness.

She came at length—it seemed to him forever first—with the rustle and shimmer of trailing lengths of silk down the long room. A fleecy mist covered neck and arms, and some miracle of a carriage wrapping lay white and soft about her face. She did not recognize him in the obscurity; his message of 'a friend' had not betrayed him. But his voice, with its new, proud hopefulness, its under vein triumphant and eager, struck her into a blinding, giddy whirl, in which voice and words were lost. It passed in a moment, and he was saying, 'And I am free now—honorably free—and have come where my heart has been, ever since that month on the seaside. Most gracious and sovereign lady,'—he broke into sudden, almost mirthful speech, dropping on one knee with a semblance of humility proved no mockery by the diamond light in the brown eyes and the reverent throb that came straight from his voice.

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She bent over him as he knelt, and drew her cool, soft hands across his forehead and down his face, and her even, silvery syllables cut like death:

'Mr. Moore, last night I promised to marry your friend, Captain Morris.'

For the space of a minute stillness like the grave filled the room, and then all the intense strain of heart and nerve gave way, as the bitter tide of disappointment broke in and rolled over his future; and without word or sound he dropped forward at her feet.

She knelt down beside him with a low, bitter cry. It reached his dulled sense; he rose feebly.

'Forgive me; I have not been myself of late, I think; and this—this was so sudden,' and he walked away with dull, nerveless tread.

On the table, near her, lay her handkerchief. It breathed of heliotrope. Her words came back to him: 'Only in coffins, about still, dead faces.' He stopped in his walk and looked down on her. Forever he should remember all that ghostly sheen of silvery white about a rigid face with unutterably sad fixed mouth and drooping lids. He thrust the fleecy handful into his breast.

'I may keep this?' and took permission from her silence.

'Good-by;' the words came through ashy lips, a half sob. She knelt as impassive as marble, as cold and white. He waited a moment for the word or look that did not come, turned away, the hall door fell heavily shut, and he was gone.

Fifteen minutes after, Miss Berkeley was whirling to the house where she was to officiate as bridesmaid, and where she was haughtier, and colder, and ten times more attractive than ever.

Private Moore, waiting for the midnight return train, found life a grim prospect.

Three weeks after, a summons came from the captain's tent. George had just returned from his own furlough, and this was their first meeting. Even while their hands clasped, his new, happy secret told itself.

'Congratulate me, Clement Moore! You remember Lois Berkeley? She has promised to be Lois Berkeley Morris one day!' and, with happy lover's egotism, did not notice the gray shade about his hearer's lips.

Various items of news followed.

'A truce boat goes over to-morrow,' remembering the fact suddenly; 'there will be opportunity to send a few letters; so, if you wish to write to that lady 'beyond the lines'—

The voice that replied was thin and harsh:

'Miss Rose declined alliance with a 'Yankee hireling,' and was married last October.'

Honest George wrung his friend's hand anew, and heaped mental anathemas on his own stupidity for not seeing how haggard and worn the dark face had grown—anathemas which were just enough, perhaps, only he hardly saw the reason in quite the right light. But he spared all allusions to his own prospects thereafter, and finding that Moore rather avoided than sought him, measured and forgave the supposed cause by his own heart.

At length came a time when a new life and impulse roused into action even that slowly moved great body, the officers of the Potomac Army, and that much-abused and sorely tried insignificant item, the army itself. On every camp ground reigned the confusion of a flitting. All the roads were filled with regiments hurrying southward, faces growing more and more hazard with fatigue and privation, weak and slender forms falling from the ranks, cowards and traitors skulking to the rear, till at length on the banks of the river stood an army, hungry, footsore, marchworn, but plucky, and ready for any service that might be required of them, even if that service were but to 'march up the hill and then march down again'—what was left of them.

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An atom in the moving mass of blue, Clement Moore shared the pontoon crossing, was silent through the storms of cheers that greeted each regiment as they splashed over and up the bank, and, drawn up in line of battle at last, surveyed the field without a pulsation of emotion. Other men about him chafed at the restraint; he stood motionless, with eyes a thousand miles away. And when the advance sounded, and the line started with a cheer, no sound passed his lips. A half-unconscious prayer went up that he might fall there, and have it over with this life battle, that had gone so sorely against him. He moved as in a dream. The whirl and roar of battle swept around and by him; he charged with the fiercest, saw the blue lines reel and break only to close up and charge again, took his life in his hand a dozen times, and stood at length with the few who held that first line of rifle pits, gazing in each other's faces in the momentary lull, and wondering at their own existence. Then came a shock, shivers of red-hot pain ran through every nerve, and then—blissful, cool unconsciousness. Captain George, galloping by, with the red glare of battle on his face, saw the fall, and halted. A half dozen ready hands swung the body to his saddle. For a little the tide of battle eddied away, and in the comparative quiet, George tore down the hill to a spring bubbling out under the cedars.

The darkness that wrapped the wounded man dissolved gradually. The thunder and crash of guns, the mad cheers, the confusion of the bands withdrew farther and farther, and drifted away from his failing senses. He was back in his Southern home; the arm under his head was his mother's; and he murmured some boyish request. Jasmine and clematis oppressed him with their oversweetness; overhead the shining leaves of the magnolia swung with slow grace. So long since he had seen a magnolia, not since that evening—a life time ago, it seemed; the sight and fragrance fell on him as her cool touch did that last time. The heart throbs choked him then; he was choking again. 'Water, mother—a drink!' and something wet his lips and trickled down his throat, not cool and sweet as the rippling water he longed for, and he turned away with sickly fretfulness; but a new strength thrilled through his limbs. He opened his eyes; a face, battle-stained, but tear-wet like a woman's, bent over him.

'O Clement, dear old fellow, do you know me?'

He smiled faintly, with stiffening lips. 'Yes, I know. I've prayed for it, George. I couldn't live to see her your wife. Good-by, dear boy. Tell mother—' He wandered again. 'Kiss me, mother—now Lois, my Marguerite. Into thy hands, O Lord—' A momentary struggle for breath, and then Morris laid back the grand head, and knelt, looking down on the beautiful face, over which the patient strength of perfect calm had settled forever.

'So that was it, after all,' he said, bitterly. 'Fool not to see; and he was worth a generation of such as I.'

He turned away, tightened his saddle girths, cast a look on the pandemonium before him, looked back with one foot already in the stirrup.

'I sha'n't see him again in this hell, even if I come out of it myself.' And going back, with gentle fingers he removed the few trinkets on the body. In an inner pocket of the blouse he found a small packet. He opened it on the spot. A lady's handkerchief, silky fine, white as ever. No need of the delicate tracery in the corners to tell him whose. The perfume that haunted it still called back too vividly that evening when he had wondered at and loved her more for the strange, perfect calm that chilled a little his outburst of happiness. He folded it back carefully, touched his lips as a woman might have done to the cold forehead, and mounted, plunging up the hill to the fight that had recommenced over the trench. Later in the day, the ball that fate moulded for Captain George found him. He gave one low, pitiful cry as it crashed through his bridle arm, and then a merciful darkness closed about him.

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Two months after, white and thin, with one empty sleeve fastened across his chest, he stood where another had stood waiting for the same woman. Through the window drifted in the early spring fragrance; a handful of early spring flowers lay on the table. A soft rustle and slow step through the hall, and he rose as Lois came in. She glanced at the empty sleeve with grave, wide eyes, and sat down near him. He would not have known the face before him, it had so altered; the hair pushed back from hollow, blue-veined temples, the sharpened, angular outlines, and an old, suffering look about the mouth and sunken eyes.

Few words were spoken—nothing beyond the most commonplace greetings. Then she said:

'I should have come to you, but I have been ill myself; near death, I believe,' she added, wearily.

She gave the explanation with no throb of feeling. She would have apologized for a careless dress with more spirit once.

He rose and laid a packet before her.

'A lady's handkerchief—yours, I think. I was with him when he died, though his body was not found afterward. I was hurt myself, you know, and could not attend to it,' he said, deprecatingly.

She did not touch it, looking from it up to him with eyes filled with just such a grieved, questioning look as might come into the eyes of some animal dying in torture. He could not endure it. He put out his white, wasted left hand.

'My poor child!' She shivered, caught her breath with a sob, and, burying her face in the pillows of a couch, gave way to her first tears in an agony of weeping. And he sat apart, not daring to touch her, nor to speak—wishing, with unavailing bitterness, that it had been he who was left lying stark and still beneath the cedars.

The storm passed. She lay quiet now, all but the sobs that shook her whole slight frame. He said, at last, very gently:

'If I had known—you should have told me. He was my best friend.' His voice trembled a little. 'I know how I must seem to you. His murderer, perhaps; surely the murderer of your happiness.' A deeper quaver in the sorrowful tones. 'It is too late now, I know; but if it would help you ever so little to be released from your promise—'

There was no reply.

'You are free. I am going now.' He bent over her for a breath, making a heart picture of the tired face, the closed eyes, and grieved mouth. Only to take her up for a moment, with power to comfort her—he would have given his life for that—and turned away with a great, yearning pain snatching at his breath. In the hall he paused a moment, trying to think. A light step, a frail hand on his arm, a wistful face lifted to his.

'Forgive me; I have been very unkind. You are so good and noble. I will be your wife, if you will be any happier.'

He looked down at her pityingly. 'You are very tired. Shall you say that when you are rested again? Remember, you are free.'

'If not yours, then never any one's.'

His arm fell about her, his lips touched her forehead quietly; he led her back to her couch, and arranged her pillow, smiling a little at his one awkward hand. [Pg 572]

'I shall not see you again before I go back, unless you send for me.'

She put out her hand and touched the bowed face quickly and lightly; and with that touch thrilling in his veins he went away.

Through Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, and the Charleston siege, Captain George, no longer captain, now twice promoted for cool bravery, has borne a charmed life—a grave, calm man, remembering always a still face, 'pathetic with dying.'

Out from the future is turned toward him another face, no less pathetic in its unrest of living. The soldiers in the Capital hospitals, dragging through the weary weeks of convalescence, know that face well. For hours of every day she goes about busied with such voluntary service as she is permitted to do. She sees tired faces brighten at her coming—is welcomed by rough and gentle voices. Always patient, ready, thoughtful, she is 'spending' herself—waiting for the end.

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## THE SCIENTIFIC UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE: ITS CHARACTER AND RELATION TO OTHER LANGUAGES.

### ARTICLE TWO.

#### CORRESPONDING FIRST DISCRIMINATIONS IN THOUGHT AND LANGUAGE.

The purpose of these papers, as announced and partially carried forward in the preceding one, is to explain the nature of the NEW SCIENTIFIC UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE, a component part of the new Science of UNIVERSOLOGY, and to exhibit its relation to the Lingual Structures hitherto extant. For this purpose we entered upon the necessary preliminary consideration of the fundamental question of the Origin of Speech. We found that the latest developments of Comparative Philology upon this subject, as embodied in Prof. Müller's recent work, 'Lectures on the Science of

Language,' brought us no farther along to the goal of our investigation than Compound Roots—one-, two-, three-, four-, five—(or more) letter Roots—some four or five hundred of which are the insoluble residuum which the Philologists furnish as the Ultimate Elements of Language. It was pointed out that these Roots are not, however, the *Ultimate* Elements of Language, any more than Compound Substances are the Prime Constituents of Matter; and that, as Chemistry, as a Science, could begin its career, only after a knowledge of the veritable Ultimate Elements of the Physical Constitution of the Globe was obtained, so a *True Science of Language* must be based upon an understanding of the value and meaning of the True Prime or Ultimate Elements of Speech—the *Vowels* and *Consonants*.

It is with the exposition of the nature of these Fundamental Constituents of Language, and of their Correspondential Relationship or *Analogy* with the Fundamental Constituents of Thought, the Ultimate Rational Conceptions of the Mind, that the New UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE begins its developments. Through its agency we may hope to find, therefore, a satisfactory solution to the problem of the Origin of Speech, which Comparative Philology abandons at the critical point, and so to be able to pass to the consideration of the more specific objects of our present inquiry.

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UNIVERSOLOGY establishes the fact that there is Analogy or Repetition of Plan throughout the various Departments of the Universe. It demonstrates, in other words, that the same Principles which generate, and the same Laws which regulate, the Phenomena of the Universe as a whole, fulfil the same functions in connection with the Phenomena of every one of its parts. The Mathematical, Psychological, or any other specific Domain is, therefore, an expression or embodiment of the same System of Principles and Laws, with reference to both Generals and Details, which is otherwise exhibited in Mechanics, Physics, Chemistry, and elsewhere universally; just as the same Architectural Plan may be variously employed in constructions of different size, material, color, modes of ornamentation, etc.; and may be modified to suit the requirements of each individual construction. To every Elementary Form of *Thought* there is, consequently, a corresponding and related Law of *Number*, of *Form*, of *Color*, of *Chemical Constitution*, and of *Oral Sound* or *Speech*. Every Basic Idea, to state it otherwise, pertaining to the Universe at large or to any of its Divisions, has its counterpart or double in every other Division. Or, to express it yet another way: the manifold, diverse, and unlike Appearances or Phenomena which the Universe presents to our understanding, are not *radically* and *essentially* different; but are the same Typal Ideas or Thoughts of God or of Nature, arrayed in various garbs, and, hence, assuming varying presentations. The Numerical *Unit*, the Geometrical *Point*, the Written *Dot*, the *Globule*, the Chemical *Atom*, the Physical *Molecule*, the Physiological *Granule*, the *Yod* or *Iota*, the least Element of Sound, are, for example, *Identical Types*, differently modified or clothed upon in accordance with the medium through which they are to be *phenomenally* presented. It is with this *Echo* or Repetitory Relationship, existing between all the Domains of the Universe, but more particularly as exhibited between the two Domains of *Ideas* and *Language*, that we are at present concerned.

It is sufficiently obvious that Analogy should be sought for first, in the *Generals* of any department under examination, and, subsequently, through them, in the *Particulars*. In respect to the two Domains now under special consideration, this relation is between the Fundamental Elements of Thought, including those called by the Philosophers the Categories of the Understanding, and the Fundamental Elements of Language. In pointing out the Correspondence subsisting between the Elements of these two Domains, I shall use, partly by way of condensation, and partly by copious extracts, the Elaborate Expositions contained in the yet unpublished text books of Universology. And, as what follows relating to this subject will consist, almost wholly, of this material, I do not deem it essential to encumber the page with numerous and unnecessary quotation marks. It is advisable to caution the Reader, however, that as my present purpose is explanation and illustration only, and not formal demonstration, what is about to be given will be mostly in the nature of mere statement, unaccompanied by any other evidence of its truthfulness than may be found in the self-supporting reasonableness of the statements themselves.

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It was the basic and axiomatic proposition of Hegel's Philosophy, that the first discrimination of Thought and Being in any sphere is into two factors, a *Something* and a *Nothing*;—that which constitutes the *main* or *predominant* element of the Conception or Creation, and that which we endeavor to exclude from contemplation or activity, but which, nevertheless, by virtue of the impossibility of *perfect* or *absolute* abstraction, inevitably becomes a *minor* or *subordinate* element in the Idea or the Act which may be engaging the attention. *Something* and *Nothing* are also averred to be *equal* factors in the Constitution of Thoughts or Things, because both are alike indispensable to the cognition of either; because, in other words, it is only by the presence of the *Nothing* as a *background* or *contrasting* element, that the *Something* has an independent or cognizable existence. If there were no blank space, for instance, there could be no Moon, relatively, or so far as our ability to perceive it is concerned. For the Moon is, in this illustration, a *Something* which is visible to us, and of which we have a knowledge, only by reason of the fact that it is surrounded by and contrasted with that which is *not* Moon, and which, in reference to the particular aspect under consideration is, therefore, a *Nothing*; though it in turn may be a

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*Something* or main object of attention in some other view or conception, where some other factor shall be the Nothing.

That this Relationship of Antithesis and Rank existed, as between the Constituents of some Thoughts or Things, was known from the earliest times, and gave rise to the terms *Positive* and *Negative*, expressive of it. But Hegel was the first—of modern Philosophers, at least—to point out its necessarily *Universal* and fundamental character, and to assume it as the starting-point in the development of all Philosophy and Science.

So far as concerns the investigation of the Universe from the *Philosophical* point of view (which is the less precise and definite aspect), Hegel is right in affirming that the first discrimination of all Thought and Being is that between *Something* and *Nothing*. But he is wrong in regarding the starting-point or first differentiation of *Science*, as being identical with that of *Philosophy*. Science considers, primarily and predominantly, the more exact and rigorous relations of Phenomena; and the existence of an *exact* and *definite* point of departure in Thought and Being, more fundamental, from the Scientific or rigorously precise point of view, than that of Hegel, is the initiatory proposition of UNIVERSOLOGY.

A full explanation of the nature of this Starting-point is not, however, in place here. And as the discrimination into *Something* and *Nothing* serves all the purposes of our present inquiry, a single word respecting the character of the Universological Point of Departure in question is all that it is now necessary to say concerning it.

This Starting-point of Thought and Action has reference to the Ideas of *Oneness* (Primitive Unity) and *Twoness* (Plurality). These conceptions give rise to two Primordial Principles, which form the basis of the development of UNIVERSOLOGY, and which are fundamental in every Department of the Universe and in the Universe as a whole, namely: *The Principle of Unism* (from the Latin *unus, one*), the *Spirit of the Number One*, the Principle of *Undifferentiated, Unanalyzed, Agglomerative Unity*; and *The Principle of Duism* (from the Latin *duo, two*), the *Spirit of the Number Two*, the Principle of *Differentiation, Analysis, Separation, Apartness, or Plurality*, typically embodied in *Two*, the first division of the Primitive Unity, and especially representative of the Principle of Disunity, the essence of all division or plurality. *One*, in the Domain of *Number*, and *UNISM*, in the Department of Primordial Principles, correspond, it must be added, with *The Absolute* (the Undifferentiated and Unconditioned), as one of the Aspects of Being; while *Two*, in the Domain of *Number*, and *Duism*, among Primordial Principles, are allied with *The Relative* (the Differentiated and Conditioned), of which latter Domain *Something* and *Nothing* are the two Prime Factors. The distinction between *One* and *Two*, or their analogous Aspects of Being, *Absolute* and *Relative*, is, therefore, prior to that between *Something* and *Nothing*, because *Something* and *Nothing* are two terms of *The Relative (Two)*, which has first to be itself discriminated from *The Absolute (One)* before it can be sub-divided into these two factors.

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While the nature of this discrimination into *Something* and *Nothing* may be sufficiently intelligible to the student of Metaphysics, it may not be so to the Reader unaccustomed to Philosophical Speculation. For the purpose, therefore, of rendering it somewhat clearer, I will point out the manner in which it exhibits itself in respect to the Constitution of the External World and elsewhere.

The Totality of all material objects and substances is the *Positive* Material Universe. This is contained in *Space*, which is the *Negative* Material Universe. Compoundly the two, *Matter* and *Space*, are the whole Material Universe, as to the Parts or Constituent Factors of which it consists.

Theoretically, and in one, and by no means an unimportant sense, the *Zero-Element* or *Nothing-side* of the Universe or of a given Department of Being, is one whole half, or an equal hemisphere of the Totality of Being. Thus, for example, *Zero* (0) in the usage of the Arabic Numbers, while it is represented in an obscure way merely by a single figure below the nine digits, yet stands over, in a sense, against all the digits, and all their possible combinations, as equal to them all in importance. For it is by means of this *Zero* (0) that the *One* (1) for instance, becomes 10, 100, 1000, etc.; and that all the *Positive* Numbers acquire their relative values, according to the places or positions in space which they occupy.

In another sense, however, the Negative Ground of Being, in the Universe at large, or in any given Domain, quickly sinks out of view, and Positive Being becomes the whole of what is commonly regarded. It is in this sense that, ordinarily, in speaking of The Digits of Number, the *Zero* is left out of the count.

In the same manner, when speaking or thinking of the Material Universe, while the notion of *Space* is ever present, and is, in the absolute sense, an equal half of the whole conception, still it is *Matter*, the total congeries of objects and substances in Space, of which we mainly think; the Space, as such, being understood and implied, but subordinated as a mere *negative* adjunct of the *positive* idea.

In strictness, *Matter* and *Space* are so mutually dependent on each other, that either without the other is an impossible conception. The notion of Space permeates that of Matter; passing through it, so to speak, as well as surrounding it; so that it needs no proof that Matter cannot be conceived of as existing without Space. But, on the other hand, Space is only the negation of Matter; the shadow, as it were, cast by Matter; and, so, dependent on Matter for the very origin of the idea in the mind.

If *Space*, therefore, be the analogue of *Nothing*; *Matter*, wholly apart from Space, is only a *theoretical* Something, really and actually as much a Nothing as Space itself, when abstractly considered in its equally impossible separation from Matter. But Matter, completely separated from Space, is the exact external analogue of the *Something* opposed to the *Nothing* of abstract Metaphysical Thinking. Here, then, is a lucid exposition, by virtue of these analogies, of the famous Metaphysical Axiom of Hegel, which, at its announcement, threw all Europe into amazement:

$$\text{Something} = (\text{equal to}) \text{ Nothing}.$$

It is the logic of this statement that all *Reality* or Relative Being is a product of two factors, each of which is a *Nothing*. The strangeness of this proposition will disappear when it is recognized that these two Nothings are mere aspects or sides of presentation of the Product, which is itself the only Reality. In respect to the *Real Being*, those two sides are *Nothings*. But, as appearances or ideal views of the Reality under the process of analytical abstraction in the mind, they are so far *Somethings* as to receive names and to be treated of and considered as *if* they were *Realities*. *Reality* in the *Absolute* aspect, the aspect of *Undifferentiated Unity*, (*Unismal*), contains these two factors interblended and undiscriminated. In the *Relative* aspect, that of *Duality*, (*Duismal*), it is the compound of these two factors separated and distinguished. Finally, in the *Integral* aspect of *Compound Unity* (*Trinismal*), it consists of the *Unismal* and the *Duismal* aspects contrasted—the only *real* state, or possible condition of actual existence. *And this is the Type of all Reality or Real Existence in every department of Being in the Universe.*

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But practically and ordinarily, these strictly analytical views of the question of existence are abandoned. Reality, compounded, as we have seen that it is when viewed in this way, of a Positive and a Negative Factor, is assumed as itself a Simple Element and set over against the grand residuum of Negation in the Universe of Being. This is what Kant, less analytical than Hegel, has done, when, in distributing the Categories of Thought, he has contrasted REALITY with NEGATION.

This is, as if, in respect to the External Material World, we were to divide Matter—the Planets, for example, first assigning to them the portions of Space which they bodily and respectively fill as if it were a part of themselves—from the remaining ocean or grand residuum of Space which surrounds them and in which they float. This residuum of Space would then be spoken of as *Space*, and the Planetary Bodies, *along with and including the spaces which they fill*, would be spoken of as *Matter*. This is a kind of division, less analytical, but more convenient, obvious, and practical, than the other which would attempt to separate the whole of Space from the Matter within Space. It is in this more practical manner that we *ordinarily* think of the division of the Heavens into the Domains of *Matter* and *Space*.

Between *Reality*, then, including a subordinate portion of Space—the content and volume of the Planet—and the grand ocean of Space, outlying and surrounding the Planet, there is *Limitation*, the outline of the Planet, the *Limit* or dividing surface between the space within it and the space without.

It is this Congeries of the Aspects of Being which Kant denominates *QUALITY*, as a name of a Group of the Categories of the Understanding; and which he divides into

- 1. REALITY.
- 2. NEGATION.
- 3. LIMITATION.

He then treats REALITY as synonymous with the *Affirmative* (Positive), and NEGATION as synonymous with the *Negative*; although, as we have seen, this Affirmative is not strictly equivalent to the *Something* of Hegel, nor this Negative to his *Nothing*. For *Reality* we may, in a general sense, put *Substance*, and for *Limitation* we may put *Form*, Omitting Negation which repeats the *Nothing*, as Reality repeats the *Something*, it may now be said that the next Grand Division of the Elements of Universal Being (after that into Something and Nothing) is into

1. SUBSTANCE.  
= 3. EXISTENCE.
2. FORM.

That is to say: *The Relative* (The Domain of Cognizable Being) is first made known to us through the *differentiation* and *discrimination* of the two Factors *Something* and *Nothing* which lie *undifferentiated* and *indistinguishable* in *The Absolute* (The Primitive Ground of Being). *The Relative* then subdivides into 1. *Substance* (Reality), and, 2. *Form* (Limitation), which reunite to constitute that actualized Being which we denominate *Existence*. Or, tabulated, thus:

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THE ABSOLUTE (THE PRIMITIVE GROUND OF BEING)  
CONTAINS UNDIFFERENTIATED AND INDISTINGUISHABLE THE TWO FACTORS  
SOMETHING and NOTHING WHICH CONSTITUTE THE FIRST TERMS  
AND DISCRIMINATIONS OF  
THE RELATIVE (THE DOMAIN OF COGNIZABLE BEING);  
WHICH ITSELF DIVIDES INTO  
SUBSTANCE (REALITY) and FORM (LIMITATION),  
THE PRIME CONSTITUENTS OF EXISTENCE.

To comprehend the vast importance of these discriminations, it is necessary to understand that precisely those Principles of Distribution which are applicable to the Universe at large are found to be applicable to every minor sphere or domain of the Universe; in the same manner as the same Geometrical Laws which prevail in the largest circle prevail equally in the smallest. It is the prevalence of *Identical Principles* in *diverse spheres* which is the source of that Universal Analogy throughout all spheres that lies at the basis of UNIVERSOLOGY, and gives the possibility of such a Science. The nature of this Analogy, as well as the value of the discriminations themselves, will be more clearly seen by glancing at corresponding discriminations in other spheres.

In the Constitution of the External World, *Something* is represented, as we have seen, by the solid and tangible substance which we call *Matter*, and *Nothing* by the Expanse of Space.

In the Science of Acoustics, *Sound*, the pure *Phonos*, is the *Something*, the *Reality*, as it is denominated by Kant, the *Positive Factor* of Speech. *Silence* is the relative *Nothing*, the Negation, so called by Kant, the *Negative Factor* of Speech. The Silences, or Intervals of Rest which intervene between Sounds (and also between Syllables, Words, Sentences, and still larger divisions of Speech), are only so many successive reappearances of this *negative* element. Silence, the Nothing of Sound, is, in fact, in the most radical aspect of the subject, one entire half or hemisphere or equal Factor of the whole of Speech or Music. Josiah Warren, the author of a work entitled 'Music as an Exact Science,' is the only writer I have noticed who has had the discrimination *distinctively* to recognize Silence as one of the Elements of the Musical Structure.

*Impliedly* it is, however, always so recognized. The Silences intervening between tones *tunewise*, or in respect to altitude, are, in Musical Nomenclature, denominated *Intervals*. *Timewise* Silences, or those which intervene between Tones rhythmically considered, are called *Rests*. The Intervals of Silence between Syllables and Words, in Oral Speech, are represented in the printed book by what the Printer calls *Spaces*, which are *blank* or *negative* Types interposed between the positive Types expressive of Sounds. This term *Space* or *Spaces* carries us to the analogous Total Space or Blank Space and intervening reaches of Space between the Planets, Orbs or Material Worlds, the former the corresponding *Nothing* of the total Material Universe of which these worlds are the *Something*; as exhibited in the demonstrations of UNIVERSOLOGY.

In the Domain of Optics, covering the Phenomena of Light, Shade and Color, *Light* is the *Positive Factor* or *Something*, and *Darkness* the *Negative Factor* or *Nothing*. *Light* is, therefore, the analogue of *Sound*, and *Darkness* the analogue of *Silence*. That is to say, each of these two, Silence and Darkness, denote the absence, the lack, the want or the negation of the opposite and *Positive Element* or Factor.

So in Thermotics, the Science of Heat, *Heat* itself is the *Positismus* or *Something* of the Domain; and *Cold* the *Negatismus* or Correlative *Nothing*. *Heat* is, consequently, the analogue of *Sound* and *Light*; while *Cold* is the analogue of *Silence* and *Darkness*.

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In respect to the Domain of Mind, *Positive Mental Experience* (Feelings, Thoughts, and Volitions, including self-consciousness) are the *Positive Factor*, the *Something* of Mentality. *Inexperience*, the lack of mental exercitation, hence *Ignorance*, is the *Negative Factor*, or *Nothing*. The Correspondential Relationship or Analogy existing between this Domain of the Universe and others already mentioned is testified to in a remarkable manner by our use of Language. We denominate the want of Feeling *Cold* or *Frigidity*—in respect to the Mind or the individual character. The absence of Thought and Knowledge, or, in other words, Intellectual Barrenness, is called *Darkness* or *Obscurity* of the Mind. While the lack of Will or Purpose in the Mind is said to be the absence of *Tension* or *Strain* (the great Musical term); and the Stillness or quiet hence resulting may be appropriately designated as the *Silence* of the Mind; Musical Silences being, as pointed out above, technically termed Rests.

With this superficial exhibition of the most radical aspect of the *Echo of Idea* or *Repetition of Type* which subsists between all the departments of the Universe, I pass to the more specific consideration of this Analogy as concerning the Domain of Thought and the Domain of Language.

Setting aside from our present consideration *Silence*, the *Negative factor* or *Negatismus* of Language, and fixing our attention upon *Sound*, the *Positive factor* or *Positismus* of Language, we discover it to be composed of two constituents, *Vowels* and *Consonants*.

The *Vowel* is the *Substance*, the Reality of Language, and the *Consonant* is the *Form*, the Limitation.

By *Vowel* sound is meant the free or unobstructed, and as such unlimited flow of the vocalized or sounding breath. Vowels are defined in the simplest way as those sounds which are uttered with the mouth open; as *a* (ah) in Father, *o* in roll, etc.

Consonants are, on the contrary, those sounds which are produced by the crack of commencing or by obstructing, breaking, or cutting off the sounding breath, by completely or partially closing the organs of speech; as, for instance, by closing the lips, as when we pronounce *pie*, *by*, *my*, etc.; or by pressing the point of the tongue against the gums and teeth, as when we say *tie*, *die*, etc.; or by lifting the body of the tongue against the hard palate or roof of the mouth, as when we give the *k* or hard *g* sound, as in *rack*, *rag*, or in any other similar way.

Consonants are, therefore, the breaks or *limitations* upon the otherwise unbroken and continuous vocality, voice, or vocalized breath. In other words, as already said, *Vowel-Sound* is the Elemental

*Substance*, and *Consonant-Sound* the Elemental *Form* of Language, or Speech. (By Vowels and Consonants are here meant, the Reader should closely observe, *Vowel-Sounds* and *Consonant-Sounds*, as produced by the *Organs of Speech*, and as they address themselves to the *Ear*, distinguished and wholly apart from the *letters* or combinations of letters by which they are diversely represented to the *Eye* in different languages.)

By a valid but somewhat remote analogy, the *Vowel-Sounds* of Language may be regarded collectively as the *Flesh*, and the *Consonant-Sounds* as the *Bone* or *Skeleton* of the Lingual Structure. Flesh is an *Analogue* or Correspondential Equivalent of Substance. Bone or Skeleton, which gives *outline* or *shape* to the otherwise soft, collapsing, and lumpy flesh-mass of the Human or Animal Body, is an *Analogue* of Correspondential Equivalent of Limitation or Form; as the framework of a house is the shaping or form-giving factor or agent of the entire structure.

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*Vowel-Sounds* are soft, fluent, changeful, and evanescent. One passes easily into another by slight deviations of pronunciation, resulting from trivial differences in National and Individual condition and culture; like the Flesh of the animal, which readily decays from the Bony Skeleton, while the last remains preserved for ages as a fossil. The *Vowel-Sounds* so readily lose their identity, that they are of slight importance to the Etymologist or Comparative Philologist, who is, in fact, dealing in the *Paleontology* of Language.

The *Consonants* are, on the contrary, the *Fossils* of Speech; bony and permanent representatives of Framework, of *Limitation*, of Form. *Consonant-Sounds* are also sometimes denominated *Articulations*. This word means *joinings* or *joints*. It is from the Latin *articulus*, a JOINT, and is instinctually applied to the *Consonant-Sounds* in accordance with their analogy with the *Skeleton* of the Human or Animal System.

By an easy and habitual slide in the meaning of Words, a term like *Joint* is sometimes used to denote the *break* or *opening* between parts, and sometimes to denote one of the parts intervening between such breaks; as when we speak of a *joint* of meat, meaning thereby what a Botanist would signify by the term *Internode*, the stretch or reach or shaft of bone extending from one joint (break) to another, with the meat attached to it.

Consonants have, in like manner, a double aspect as *Articulations* or *Joints*. In a rigorous and abstract sense, the Consonant has no sound of its own. It is simply a break or interruption of Sound. Etymologically, it is from the Latin *con*, WITH, and *sonans*, SOUNDING; as if it were a mere accessory to a (vowel) Sound; the Vowels being, in that sense, the only sounds. In this sense, the Consonants are analogous with the mere cracks or opening *joints*, which intervene between the bones of the Skeleton. In other words, they are no sounds, but mere nothings; the analogy, in that case, of *Abstract Limitation*.

Practically, on the contrary, the Consonant takes to itself such a portion of the vocalized or sounding breath which it serves primarily to limit, that it becomes not merely a sound ranking with the Vowel; but the more prominent and abiding sound of the two. It is in this latter sense, that it is the Analogue of the Bone.

In Phonography, as in Hebrew and some other Languages, the letters representing the *Consonant-Sounds* only are written or printed; the *Vowel-Sounds* being either represented by mere points added to the Consonant characters, or left wholly unrepresented, to be supplied by the intelligence of the Reader. The written words so constructed, represent the real words with about the degree of accuracy with which a skeleton represents the living man; so that the meaning can be readily gathered by the practised reader, by the aid of the context. In Phonography, the *Consonant-Sounds*, which are simple straight or curved lines, are joined together at their ends, forming an outline shape, somewhat like a single script (written) letter of our ordinary writing. These outline words are then instinctually and technically called *Skeleton-words*, from the natural perception of a genuine Scientific Analogy.

Consonants constitute, then, what may be denominated the *Limitismus* (Limiting Domain) of Language. The Limit is primarily represented by the Line (a line, any line); then by the Line embodying Substance as *seam*, *ridge*, *bar*, *beam*, *shaft*, or *bone*; and, finally, by a System of Lines, Shafts or Bones which may then be jointed or limited in turn among themselves, forming a concatenation of Lines, Bars or Shafts, the framework of a machine or house or other edifice, or the ideal columnar and orbital structure of the Universe itself. All these conceptions or creations belong to the practical *Limitismus*, the Form Aspect or Framework of Being in Universals and in Particulars in every Sphere and Department of the Universe.

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The *Limitismus* of Being so defined then stands over against or contrasted with the *Substancismus* (Substance-Domain) of Being which embraces the Substances, Materials or Stuffs of creation of whatsoever name that infill the interstices of the Framework or are laid upon it, and constitute the richness and fulness and plumpness of the Structure, as the Flesh does of the Body.

The wholeness or *Integrality* of the structure then consists of the composity of these Two (*Limitismus* and *Substancismus*), as the wholeness of the Body consists of the Flesh and the Bone. The Consonants being the *Limitismus*, and the Vowels the *Substancismus* of Language; the Two united and coordinated comprise the Trinismal Integrality or Integralismus of Speech.

The Vowels denote, then, *Reality*, as distinguished from *Limitation*, or, what is nearly the same thing, *Substance*, as distinguished from *Form*.

There are in all *Seven* (7); or if we include one somewhat more obscure than the rest, a kind of semi-tone, there are *Eight* (8) full-toned, perfectly distinct and primary Vowel-Sounds, which constitute the Fundamental Vowel Scale of the Universal Alphabet. Their number and nature is governed by the Mechanical Law of their organic production in the mouth. And the number can only be increased by interposing minor shades of sound, as we produce minor shades of color by blending the Seven (7) Prismatic Colors. The new Sound will then belong, in predominance and as a mere variety, to one of these Seven (7) Primary Sounds.

These Seven (7) Sounds constitute the Leading Vowel-System of all Languages; with certain irregularities of omission in the Vowel-System of some Languages.

By the addition of Five (5) equally leading *Diphthongs* (or Double Vowels) the number of leading Vowel representations is carried up to Twelve (12) or Thirteen (13)—which may then be regarded as the Completed Fundamental Vowel Scale of the Universal Lingual Alphabet.

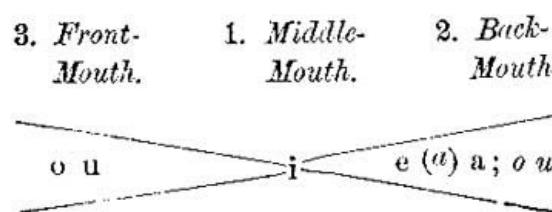
*There are, in like manner, Seven (7)—or Eight (8)—Leading Realities of the Universe, AND OF EVERY MINOR SPHERE OR DOMAIN OF BEING IN THE UNIVERSE, which correspond with, echo or repeat, and are therefore the Scientific Analogues of, these Seven (7) Leading Vowel-Sounds, as they occur among the Elements of Speech.*

In representing the Vowel-Sounds, it is better, for numerous reasons, to use the letters with their general *European* Values, than it is to conform to their altered or corrupted *English* Values. For instance, the Vowel I (i) is pronounced in nearly every language of Europe, and in all those languages which the Missionaries have reduced to writing, as we pronounce *e* or *ee*, or as *i* in machine, or *pique*; E (e) is pronounced as we enunciate *a* in paper; and A is reserved for the full Italian sound of *a* (*ah*), as in father; U is pronounced like *oo*, as in German, Spanish, Italian and many other languages.

The Seven (7) Vowels in question are then as follows:

- 1. I, i (*ee* in *feel*).
- 2. E, e (*a* in *mate*).
- 3. A, a (*a* in *fa-ther*).
- 4. o, o (*aw* in *awful*).
- 5. u, u (*u* in *curd*).
- 6. o, o (*o* in *no-ble*).
- 7. u, u (*oo* in *fool*).

These sounds are produced in the middle, at the back, and at the front of the mouth respectively. These localities, and something of the nature of the sounds themselves, as *slender* or *full*, will be plainly illustrated by the annexed figure:



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The following description of the organic formation or production of these sounds now becomes important.

The Vowel-Sound I (ee) is the most slender and condensed of the Vowel-Scale. It is produced at the middle or central part of the mouth, by forcing a slight, closely-squeezed current of Sounding Breath, through a small, smooth channel or opening made by forming a *gutter* or *scoop* of the flattened point of the tongue; while, at the same time, the tongue is applied at the edges to the teeth and gums. This sound has, therefore, an actual *form* resembling that of a thread or line; or still better, like that of a wire drawn through one of the iron openings by means of which wire is manufactured. It resembles also a slight, smooth, roundish stream of fluid escaping through a tube or trough.

This sound has relation, therefore, in the first place, to *Centrality* or *CENTRE*; and then to LENGTH (or Line), which is the First Dimension of Extension. The I-sound continued or prolonged gives the idea of Length. But broken into Least Units of the same quality of Sound, we have individualized Vowel-Sounds of this quality, each one of which is a new *Centre*; like the successive *Points* of which a *Line* is composed.

An individual sound, I, has relation, therefore, to *Centre* and to *Point* generally. As such it stands representatively for the *Soul* or *Identity* or *Central Individuality of Being*—for that which gives to anything its distinctive character, as existing in the *Point* or the *Unit*, or the *Atom*, or in any Individual Object or Thing from the Atom up to a World and to the Universe as a whole. *Identity* is, perhaps, the best single term furnished by our Language to signify this basic idea. *Individuality* approximates the meaning. It is the *pivotal* notion of Being itself, and has relation, therefore, to Ontology, the Science of Abstract Being. *Essence* and *Essential Being* are terms which may also be used in defining it. The Reader should understand, however, that with reference to this Sound, as to those to be hereafter considered, there is no term or terms in any Language which will indicate their meaning *exactly*. The analysis of Ideas upon which

UNIVERSOLOGY is based is more fundamental than any which has preceded it. Its Primary Conceptions are, therefore, broader and more inclusive than any former ones which existing terms are employed to denote. In explaining the meaning of these First Elements of Sound, then, as related to the First Elements of Thought, all that is now attempted is to convey as clear a notion of this meaning as is possible with our present terminology, without any expectation that the *precise* meaning intended will be at once or entirely apprehended.

The sound E (*a* in *mate*) is likewise a slender, abstract-like, middle-mouth sound; but differs from I in the fact that it is produced by *flattening* the opening for the Sounding Breath instead of retaining it in a roundish position. The angles of the mouth are drawn asunder, as if pointing outward to the sides of the head, and the sound is, as it were, *elongated in the crosswise direction*, as if a stick or a quill were held in the teeth, the extremities extending outward to the sides. A line, in this direction, is the measurer of BREADTH, which is the Second Dimension of Extension, crossing the Length-line represented by I at right angles. *Side-wise-ness* is synonymous with RELATION, as one of the Sub-divisions of Reality, or, in other words, of the Realities of Being. *Re-lation* is, etymologically, from the Latin *re*, BACK or REFLECTED, and *latus*, SIDE; that which mutually and reciprocally re-sides the *Centre*, or furnishes it with sides or wings. The Vowel-Sound E (*a*, in *mate*) is, therefore, the Analogue or Corresponding Representative or Equivalent in the Domain of Sound of that *Fundamental Conception* which, in respect to Thought, is denominated *Relation*, in respect to Position *Collaterality* or *Sideness*, and in respect to Dimension *Breadth* or *Width*.

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The Sound A (*a* in *father*) is made farther back in the mouth, with the mouth stretched quite open, and is the richest and most harmonious of the Vowel Sounds—the Queen of the Vowels. It is the Italian A, the sound most allied with Music and Euphony, and yet a sound which is greatly lacking in the English Language.

The English Reader must guard himself from confounding the Vowel-Sound of which we are here speaking, with the Consonant R, the alphabetical name of which is by a lax habit of pronunciation made to be nearly identical with this Vowel-Sound; while for this beautiful and brilliant and leading Vowel in the Alphabet of Nature we have no distinct letter in English, and reckon it merely as one of the values or powers of the Letter A, to which we ordinarily give the value of E (*a* in *mate*, *ai* in *pain*).

This Vowel A (*ah*, *a* in *father*) is made with the mouth so open that the form of its production suggests the insertion of a stick or other elongated object in a perpendicular direction to retain the jaws in their position; a practice said sometimes to be resorted to by the Italian Music Teacher, in order to correct the bad habit of talking through the teeth, common among his English pupils.

This height and depth involved in the Sound of the Vowel A (ah) relates it to THICKNESS, the Third Dimension of Extension; as the Sound I is related to Length, the First of these Dimensions, and the Sound E to Breadth, the Second of them.

*Thickness* is again related to *richness* and *sweetness*, to *fulness* and *fatness*, as of the good condition of an Animal in flesh, or of rich and productive soils. And these ideas are again related to *wealth* or to *riches* generally; and, hence, again to SUBSTANCE. The objects of wealth are called *goods*, and a wealthy man is said to be a '*man of substance*'. A (ah) is the representative or pivotal Vowel; that one which embodies most completely the *Vowel Idea*. Its inherent meaning is especially, therefore, that of SUBSTANCE or REALITY, which, is, in a more general way, as we have seen, the meaning of all the Vowels. The most real, tangible, sensible substance from an ordinary point of view being. Matter, this Vowel-Sound allies itself also with *Matter* or *Materiality* as contrasted with *Spiritual Substance*.

There is, it must now be observed, a flattened variety of A (ah), which will here be represented by the same letter italicized, thus, *A*, *a*, which is the so-called flat sound of A (ah) as when heard prolonged in *mare*, *pear*, etc., or when stopped, in *man*, *mat*, etc. This sound is intermediate in position between E and A (ah). That is to say, it is produced farther back in the mouth and with the mouth somewhat more open than when we say E, and not so far back as when we say A (ah); and with the mouth less open. As contrasted with the A (ah), it is a thin, flat, and slightly unsatisfactory and disagreeable sound, analogically related to the natural semitone *fa* of the Diatonic Scale of Musical Tones. This Sound signifies accordingly, THINNESS, ATTENUATED MATTER, the Ghost or Spirit of Nature, related to Odic Force, Magnetisms, Electricity, etc.; still not, however, Spirit in the sense of Mind, or in the Religio-Spiritual sense of the word. This is the exceptional or bastard Vowel-Sound which has but an imperfect or half claim to be inserted in the Leading Vowel Scale. When inserted, its natural position is between the E and the A (ah), although for certain reasons it sometimes changes position with the A (ah), following instead of preceding it.

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The next two Vowel-Sounds, *o* (*aw* in *awful*), and *u* (*u* in *curd*), are somewhat like the *a* (*a* in *mare*), exceptional or bastard Sounds. They are unheard in many Languages, and unrecognized as distinct sounds in many Languages where they are, in fact, heard. Very few Languages have distinct Letter-Signs for them. In using the Roman Alphabet, I am compelled to adopt a contrivance to represent them; which is, as in the case of the *a*, to print them in italic types, for which, when the remainder of the word is in italic, small capitals are substituted, thus: *Oful* (*awful*); *Urgent*; or, in case the whole word is intended to be italicized, for the sake of emphasis, *Oful, Urgent*. In script or handwriting, the italic Letter is marked by underscoring a single line, and the small capital by underscoring two lines.

*O* (aw) is the fullest of the Vowel-Sounds. It is made with the mouth still farther open than when we say *A* (ah), and somewhat farther back; or, rather, with the cavity enlarged in all directions, and especially deepened. The mouth is stretched in all ways to its utmost capacity, giving a hollow, vacant effect to the voice, instead of the rich, mellow and substantial sound of the *A* (ah). The Sound so produced is, nevertheless, on the one hand, a broader quality of the *A* (ah), and there is a strong tendency on the part of the *A* (ah) to degenerate into it, as when the uneducated German, says *Yaw* for *Ja* (yah). On the other hand, this sound has something of the quality of *O*. It is, therefore, intermediate in quality between *A* (ah) and *O*. In respect to meaning, it is the Type, Analogue, Equivalent, or Representative of Volume or SPACE, whether filled or unfilled by Substance. That is to say, it is the Analogue of Space, not in the sense in which we formerly regarded Space as the *negation* of Matter; but in the sense of *Infinite Dimensionality*, or of Dimensionality in all directions, as a vague generalization from the three special dimensions *Length*, *Breadth*, and *Thickness*. It is, therefore, round or ball-like, and huge, and, in respect to the nature of the tone, vague and vacant.

Space as mere nothing has no Letter-Sign in the Alphabet; but is represented by the blank types or spaces used by the printer to separate his syllables and words, as shown heretofore. Space as a Department of Reality, as one of the Realities of the Universe, a bastard or semi-Reality it is true, but nevertheless, belonging to that Domain, is denoted by the Vowel-Sound *o* (aw).

The Sound *u* (uh, *u* in curd), the fifth of the Scale, is called among Phoneticians, the *Natural Vowel*. It is the simple, unmodulated or unformed vocal breath permitted to flow forth from the throat or larynx with no effort to produce any specific sound. It is the mere grunt, a little prolonged; the unwrought material out of which the other and more perfect Vowel Sounds are made by modulation, or, in other words, by the shapings and strains put upon the machinery of utterance. The Hebrew *scheva*, the French *eu*, and *e* mute, are varieties of this easily-flowing, unmodulated, unstable, unsatisfactory sound. Like the *o* (aw), this sound *u* (uh) has a vacant, unfinished, and inorganic character as a sound, while yet, from its great fluency, its frequent occurrence tends, more than that of any other sound, to give to Language that conversational fluency, rapidity and ease which are especially characteristic of the French Tongue. From this same easy laxity of its nature all the other Vowel Sounds tend, in English particularly, when they are not accented, to fall back into this Natural Vowel; as in the following instances: Roman, broken, mirth, martyr, Boston, curd, etc.; words which we pronounce nearly Romuhn, brokuhn, murth, martuhr, Bostuhn, curd, etc.

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This Sound, as to inherent meaning, is, by its alliance with the idea of flux, flow and continuity, the Type, Analogue, Equivalent or Representative in the Domain of Oral Sound of that *Fundamental Conception* which, in respect to Idea, we denominate TIME; and of Stream-like or Currental Being of all kinds.

*Space*, denoted by *o* (aw), has relation to the Air as an atmosphere, and to the Ocean of Ether in filling the Great Spherical Dome of Empyrean or Firmament. The Vowel-Sound *u* (uh) has a similar relation to Fluidity or Liquidity, and, hence, to Water as a typical fluid, to the Ocean Flux or Tide, to the Flowing Stream, etc. This Time-like idea is uni-dimensional or elongate in a *general* or *fluctuating* sense; not *specifically* like *I*. It is in view of this characteristic, that it is broadly and primarily contrasted with the Spacic significance of *o* (aw), which is omnidimensional.

The two remaining Vowel-Sounds, the *O* and *U* (oo), repeat the *o* (aw) and *u* (uh), in a sense, but in a new and more refined stage or degree of development. The sound *O* is made at the front mouth—the locality the most openly in sight of any at which Sound is produced—by rounding the lips into an irregularly-circular, face-like, or disk-like presentation. The *O* Sound so produced denotes Presence, as of an object by virtue of its reflection of Light; and, hence, LIGHT, Clearness, Purity, Reflection.

The *U* (oo in fool) is an obscured or impure pronunciation of the *O*. The lips are protruded as if to say *O*; but not being sufficiently so for the production of the pure Sound, the Sound actually given is mixed, or made turbid or thick. The *U*-Sound denotes accordingly *Retiracy*, Obscurity, Shade, Turbidity, Mixedness, or Impurity, as of Colors in a dim light, or as of Materials in a slime or plasma, etc.

Metaphysically, *O* denotes PURE THEORY, the Abstract; and *U* (oo) signifies the ACTUAL or PRACTICAL, the Tempic, the Concrete (the Temporal or Profane), which is always mixed with contingency.

Other Vowel-Sounds, shades more or less distinct of some one of these Leading Sounds, are interspersed by nature between these *diatonic* Sounds, like the half tones and quarter tones in Music. Two of these French *eu* and *e* *muet* modifications of *u* (uh) have been mentioned. *Eu* is modulated at the lips, and *e* *muet* at the middle mouth, but both have the general character of *u* (uh). The French *U* is a modification of the *U* (oo), of the Scale just given, but made finer, and approximating *I* (ee). The Italian *O* is a modification of *o* (aw). These four are the Leading Semitone Sounds; which along with *a* carry the Scale from Seven (7) diatonic up to twelve (12) chromatic. As they will be passed over for the present with this mere mention, the points of the Scale at which they intervene will not be now considered.

Discarding these minor shades of Sounds, the Leading Scale of Vowel-Sounds is augmented from Seven (7) or Eight (8) to Twelve (12) or Thirteen (13), by the addition of the following five (5) Diphthongs or Double Vowels. In respect to the *quality* of Sound, they are pronounced just as the Vowels of which they are composed would be if separated and succeeding each other. To make

the Diphthong *long*, the two Sounds are kept quite distinct. To make it *short*, they are closely blended; as, AU (ah-oo), long; AI[U] (ahoo), short. With no diacretical mark they are pronounced *ad libidum*, or neither very long nor short.

The following are the five (5) Diphthongs which complete the Vowel Scale:

The IU is composed of the first Vowel I (ee) and the last U (oo). The I-sound, so placed before another Vowel-Sound, tends readily to be converted into or more properly to prefix to itself the weak Consonant-Sound represented in English by Y (in German and Italian by J); thus YIU for IU. The whole of the three Sounds so involved (a real Triphthong) are represented by the English U long—which is never a *simple* Vowel-Sound—as in *union*, pronounced *yioonyun*.

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This Diphthong IU (or yiu) denotes *Conjunction*, *Conjuncture*, *Event* (the two ends meeting); and also *Coupling* or *Union*; a central point between extremes.

The next and the most important of the Diphthongs (except AU) is AI, compounded of the third (A) and the first (I) of the simple Vowel-Sounds. It is pronounced very nearly like the English long I, as in *pine*, *fine*, etc., which is not a *simple* Vowel; but is compounded of the two simple Vowels above mentioned (A and I, ahee) in a very close union with each other; or, as it were, squeezed into each other. The Tikiwa (Tee-kee-wah) combination (this is the name of the Scientific Universal Language), AI, is not ordinarily quite so close, and when pronounced *long*, is quite open, so that each Vowel is distinctly heard (ah-ee).

This Diphthong AI may be regarded as embracing and epitomizing the lower or ground wing or half of the Simple Vowel-Scale (I E a A); its meaning is, therefore, that of BASIC or SUBSTANTIAL REALITY: the GROUND of Existence.

Contrasted with this is the next Diphthong, OI (aw-ee), compounded of the fifth (o) and the first (I) Vowel-Sounds. It is the Sound of *oy* in *boy*. The I contained in this Diphthong may be regarded as standing in the place of U at the other extremity of the Scale. This last Sound has a tendency to return into I through the French slender U, illustrating the Principle of the Contact of Extremes. The Diphthong OI may, therefore, be viewed as embracing and epitomizing the upper or ethereal wing or half of the Simple Vowel Scale (o u O U); its meaning is, therefore, that of AERIAL or ASCENDING REALITY; LOFTINESS or LOFT.

Next there occurs a Diphthong OI, pronounced as the same letters in the English word *going*, which has a half claim to be ranked with the Leading Diphthongs. It is sometimes reckoned into, and sometimes out of, the Scale—like *a* among the Simple Vowels. Its meaning is that of FRONTNESS, PROSPECT.

Finally, the great Focal Diphthong, that which includes and epitomizes the whole Vowel Scale, is AU (ah-oo), compounded of the third Vowel-Sound (A) and the Seventh (or Eighth) U. It is the sound heard in *our*, or in the Spanish *causa*. The meaning of this Supreme Diphthong and general Vowel Representative is UNIVERSAL REALITY. It stands practically in the place of all the Vowels, in the Composition of Words of an inclusive meaning. That is to say, it integrates in its signification, all that is inherently signified by all the other Vowels.

While, however, AU is practically and usually the Representative, Analogue or Equivalent, in the Domain of Language, of Universal Reality among the Elements of Being, this is so *only in practice*. *Theoretically*, the Diphthong best adapted to represent this Idea is AO; the A and the O being, in a supreme sense, the two most prominent or leading Vowels. But it is a little difficult to retain the Organs of Utterance in the position which they must assume in order to pronounce these two Vowel-Sounds in conjunction. The organs readily and naturally slide into the easier position in which they utter AU. This is correspondent with the difficulty always experienced in adhering to *Pure Theory* (O); and the natural tendency to glide from it, as ground too high for permanent occupation, into the more accommodating Domain of the *Practical* (U).

The Full Scale of Vowel Sounds coupled with the Full Scale of the (Indeterminate) Realities of Universal Being is, therefore, as follows:

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## 1. SOUNDS.

1. I, i (ee as in feel).
2. E, e (a as in mate).
3. A, a (a as in mare).
4. A, a (a as in fa-ther).
5. O, o (aw as in awful).
6. U, u (u as in curd).
7. O, o (o as in noble).
8. U, u (oo as in fool).
9. IU, iu (YIU), (u in union, use).
10. AI, ai (ah-ee, i in fine).
11. OI, oi (aw-ee, oy in boy).

## 2. REALITIES OF BEING.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| ENTITY OR IDENTITY (Centre, Least Element, Essential Being, Individuality). | RELATION (Sideness, Collaterality, Adjectivity).        |
| UNSUBSTANTIALITY (Thinness, Ghost, Apparition).                             | SUBSTANCE (Thickness, Materiality, Richness, Goodness). |
| SPACE (Volume, Expansion).  | TIME (Flux, Flow).                                      |
| LIGHT (Reflection, Parity, Clearness, Theory).                              | SHADE (Retiracy, Turbidity, Mixture, Practice).         |
| CONJUNCTION (Event, Joining).   | BASIC REALITY (Ground of Existence).                    |
| AERIAL OR ASCENDING REALITY (Loft, Loftiness).                              |   |

12. *OI*, *oi* (o-ee, *oi* in going). FRONTNESS, PROSPECT.  
 13. *AU*, *au* (*ou* in our). UNIVERSAL REALITY.

The Vowels and Diphthongs of this Basic Scale may be Long or Short, without any change of quality. This difference is indicated by diacritical marks, which it is not now necessary to exhibit.

In addition to these merely *quantitative* differences in the Vowel-Sounds, there is a corresponding difference of *Quality*, which produces a Counter-Scale of Vowel-Sounds; an echo or repetition of the Basic Scale throughout its entire length. This new Scale is a Series of Sounds predominantly *short* in quantity. They are called by Mr. Pitman the *Stopped* Vowels. (In German they are denominated the *Sharp* Vowels.) These Sounds are nearly always followed by a Consonant-Sound in the same syllable, by which they are *stopped* or *broken abruptly off*, and the purity of their quality as Vowels affected or disturbed.

It is not essential for our present purpose to give a detailed list of these Vowels; more especially as every Reader will readily recall them; as *I*, in *pIn*; *E*, in *pEt*; *A* in *pAt*; *o*, in *not*; *u*, in *but*; *O*, in *stOne*, *cOAt*; *U*, in *fUlt*.

In respect to the Vowel Diphthongs, the *Stopped* Sounds are not materially different from the *short* quantities of the corresponding Full ones; and no effort need be made to distinguish the two former varieties of Sound. The same is true of the Short and Stopped Sounds of *A* (ah). But the difference is very marked in the remaining Seven (7) Simple Vowels; the Stopped Sounds of which are given above. For the ordinary purposes of Language it is not necessary to distinguish these Stopped Sounds by any diacritical mark. But in the short Root-Words, where a difference of meaning depends upon the difference between the *full* and *stopped* Vowel, the so-called *grave* accent is employed to denote the *stopped* quality, as *pique*, *pick*, for example, written thus: *pik*, *pik*.

The meaning of the Stopped Vowel-Sounds is merely the broken or *fractionized* aspect of the same ideas which are symbolized by the corresponding *Full* Vowel-Sounds.

The nature and meaning of the Vowels being thus explained with sufficient amplitude for the uses now in view, we are prepared to advance, in a subsequent paper, to the consideration of the individual Consonant-Sounds, their character and inherent signification.

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## THE TWO PLATFORMS.

It was the opprobrium of the Republican party in the Presidential campaign of 1860, that the Southern States were not, in any but a limited degree, represented in its ranks; and so it was called a sectional party. The Presidential campaign of 1864 is not less remarkable, on the other hand, because the party which now appropriates the honored name of Democratic seems to ignore the crime of rebellion on the part of those Southern States, and thus invites an even more obnoxious appellation. History will record with amazement, as among the strange phenomena of a war the most wicked of all the wicked wars with which ambition has desolated the earth (phenomena that will perplex men and women of loyal instincts and righteous common sense to the latest day), the resolutions of the Chicago Convention of 1864.

It is the purpose of this article to consider as dispassionately as may be, those Chicago resolutions, as well as the ones previously adopted at Baltimore; desiring to look at them both from the standpoint of a patriotism which loves the whole country as one indivisible nation—the gift of God, to be cherished as we cherish our homes and our altars.

A convention called of all those, without respect to former political affinities, who believed in an uncompromising prosecution of the war for the Union till the armed rebellion against its authority should be subdued and brought to terms, met at Baltimore on the 7th of June last, and nominated Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois, for reëlection as President, and Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, for election as Vice-President. The convention, with exceeding good sense, and obedient to the just and patriotic impulses of the people, disregarded all party names of the past, and called itself simply a National Union Convention. Two months later, and on the 29th of August last, obedient to the call of Democratic committees, a convention met at Chicago, composed of men whose voices were for peace, and nominated for President General George B. McClellan, of New Jersey, and for Vice-President George H. Pendleton, of Ohio. This convention took the name of Democratic, indicating thereby not the idea of the equal rule of all the people, as the name imports, but the traditions and policies of those degenerate days before the war, when Democracy had strangely come to mean the rule of a few ambitious men. In other words, it ignored the crime of those men (who have sacrificed their country to their ambition), and assumed that the country could also overlook the crime. It supposed the people ready to strike hands with rebellion and elevate the authors of rebellion to power again.

Perhaps the difference between the two conventions may be concisely stated thus: The Chicago Convention was for peace first, and Union afterward; the Baltimore Convention for Union first, then peace. Let us see.

## THE CHICAGO PLATFORM.

We suppose that no one will think us wanting in fairness when we characterize the Chicago Platform as one of peace.<sup>[4]</sup> If there is any reproach in the term, it surely is not the fault of those who take men to mean what they say.

Indeed, it is simply the truth to declare that the general impression on the first publication of it confirmed the view we have taken, and that even among the supporters of the convention there were many who proclaimed their confident expectation that General McClellan, if he should accept the nomination, would disregard the platform, and stake his chances on his own more warlike record. We will not stop to consider in this place whether that expectation has been fulfilled. It suffices for our present purpose to remind our readers that the great doctrine of the Democratic party of former days was expressed in the motto, 'Principles, not men;' and that the rigid discipline of the party has always required the nominee to be the mere representative of the platform—its other self, so to speak: as witness the case of Buchanan, who declared himself, following the approved formulas of his party, no longer James Buchanan, but the Cincinnati Platform. It ought also to be borne in mind, that General McClellan's letter of acceptance does not, in terms, repudiate the platform, and is not necessarily inconsistent with it.

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The first one of the six resolutions that constitute the Chicago Platform, has the sound of true doctrine. 'Unswerving fidelity to the Union under the Constitution,' is the duty of every citizen, and has always been the proud war-cry of every party; and they who swerve from it are subject not simply to our individual censure, but to the sanction of our supreme law. The just complaint against this platform is, that, while thus proclaiming good doctrine, it overlooks the departure therefrom of a large portion of the people, misled by wicked men. When we look at the other resolutions, the first one seems all 'sound and fury, signifying nothing.'

Nor will we withhold what of approval may possibly be due, in strict justice, to the sixth and last resolution; although the approval can only be a limited one. No one can overlook the entire lack in that resolution of cordial sympathy with the sacred cause of nationality, to which the brave heroes of the war have given their lives and fortunes. It restricts itself to a simple recognition of the 'soldiery of our army,' as entitled to 'sympathy,' with a promise of 'protection' to them, 'in the event of our attaining power.' It ignores the navy, and passes by the gallant heroes who on sea and river have upheld the flag of our country with a lustre that pales not before the names of Paul Jones, and Perry, and Decatur. Moreover, the sympathy 'extended to the soldiery' is the sympathy not of the American people, but of 'the Democratic party.' Surely, this phrase was ill conceived. It has a touch of partisan exclusiveness that is sadly out of place. But the resolution is unpartisan and patriotic in another respect that deserves notice. It extends the 'sympathy of the Democratic party to the soldiery of our army,' without making any discrimination to the prejudice of the negro soldiers; and thus commits the 'Democratic party,' with honorable impartiality, to the 'care and protection' of *all* 'the brave soldiers of the Republic.'

With these criticisms upon the first and sixth resolutions, we proceed to record our total disapprobation of the remaining four. In all candor, we contend that those four resolutions are a surrender of the national honor, and a violation of the national faith. They are unworthy the old glory of the Democratic party. For what is the purport of them? Is it condemnation of a rebellion that has 'rent the land with civil feud, and drenched it in fraternal blood'? Is it to stimulate the heroism of those whose breasts are bared to the bullets of traitors in Virginia and Georgia, and who have 'borne aloft the flag and kept step to the music of the Union' these three years and a half in unwearied defence of the nation? Ah, no; they declare the war a 'failure'! The second resolution is the keynote of the platform, reciting 'that after four years (three years and a half) of *failure* to restore the Union by the *experiment of war*,... justice, humanity, liberty, and the public welfare demand that *immediate efforts be made for a cessation of hostilities*.' Upon this resolution there can be no better comment than the remembrance of Donelson and Pea Ridge, Pittsburg Landing and Vicksburg, Murfreesboro' and Chattanooga, Antictam and Gettysburg; not to speak of that splendid series of battles from the Wilderness to Petersburg, which at last has brought the rebel general to bay; nor of the glorious victories, since the Chicago Convention, at Mobile and Atlanta, and in the Shenandoah Valley. It can never be forgotten that on the fourth of July, 1863, Governor Seymour, in a public discourse at the Academy of Music, in New York, drew a deplorable picture of the straits to which the nation was at last reduced, with the enemy marching defiantly across the fertile fields of Pennsylvania, and men's hearts failing them for fear of danger, not alone to the political capital, Washington, but also to the financial capital, New York; and that, even while the words fell from the speaker's lips, that defiant enemy, already beaten, was rapidly retreating before the magnificent old Army of the Potomac at Gettysburg: while victorious Grant had already broken the left of the rebel line, and was celebrating the nation's anniversary in the triumph of Vicksburg. Even so, let it never be forgotten that the delegates who adopted this second resolution, so burdened with despair, had scarcely reached their homes, ere the stronghold of the Southern Confederacy, which, ever since the war was begun, has been boastfully proclaimed the key of its military lines, and as impregnable as Gibraltar, fell before the unconquerable progress of the armies of the West, under General Sherman; and thus the rebel centre, as well as left, had been broken, and only the rebel right, at Richmond, yet remains to the Southern army.

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In further answer to the discouraging language of this resolution, let us offset the following terse and comprehensive statement of what has been accomplished in the course of the nation's '*experiment of war*.' It is copied from *The Evening Post* of a recent date, and the writer supposes

the soldiers to speak thus:

'We have not failed; on the contrary, we have fought bravely and conquered splendidly. In proof of our words we can point to such trophies as few wars can equal and none surpass. Besides defending with unusual vigilance and completeness two thousand miles of frontier, in three years we have taken from the enemies of the Union, by valor and generalship, thirty complete and thoroughly furnished fortresses; we have captured over two thousand cannon; we have reconquered and now hold nearly four thousand miles of navigable river courses; we have taken ten of the enemy's principal cities, three of them capitals of States; in thirty days last summer we captured sixty thousand prisoners; we have penetrated more than three hundred miles into the territory claimed by the enemy; we have cut that territory into strips, leaving his armies without effectual communication with each other; the main operations and interests of the war, which were lately concentrated about Baltimore, Paducah, and St. Louis, have been transferred, by our steady and constant advance, to the narrow limits of the seaboard Slave States; we hold every harbor but one, of a coast six thousand miles long. And whatever we have taken we hold; we have never turned back, or given up that which we once fairly possessed.'

It has, however, been fittingly reserved for the chief of the rebellion himself to give the full and complete answer to this dishonorable complaint of failure. Not a month after the meeting of the Chicago Convention, and on the 23d of September last, Jeff. Davis uttered these words, in a public speech, at Macon, Geo.: '*You have not many men between eighteen and forty-five left.... Two-thirds of our men are absent, some sick, some wounded, but most of them absent without leave. ... In Virginia the disparity of numbers is just as great as it is in Georgia.*'

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But let it be granted that after these three years and a half of war, and having accomplished such unquestionably important results, the Union is not yet restored, what then? Is that a reason for giving up now? Our fathers fought the British seven years without flinching; and under the indomitable leader God had given them, they would have fought seven years longer with equal determination. Are we less determined than they were? Are we such degenerate sons that we are willing to give up the legacy they left us, at half its original cost? There is just the same reason that we should yield the contest now as there was in 1861 that we should yield it then; neither more nor less. The integrity of the nation, the perpetuity of our institutions, the safety, honor, and welfare of the people are still at stake.

If it is true that 'justice, humanity, liberty, and the public welfare demand that immediate efforts be made for a cessation of hostilities,' then those same holy principles were assailed when the war was begun. If the United States Government was the assailant, it did wrong, and has continued doing wrong ever since; and not a century of such wrong-doing can make the war just and right on our part. This brings us face to face with the question, Who began the war? Who, in this contest, has assailed the principles of 'justice, humanity, and liberty'? Who has attacked the 'public welfare'? Has it been the United States Government? Let us revert to the occasion of the war. Confining ourselves to what all parties admit—even the rebels themselves—the immediate occasion of the war was the election of a President distasteful, for whatever cause, to the Southern leaders. Abraham Lincoln was elected President of the United States under the organic law of the nation, in strict accordance with all its modes and requirements, and none ever disputed the fairness of the election. That organic law is the Constitution, to which the South is bound equally with the North. The men of the Chicago Convention, who have recalled to our minds its high supremacy, neglected to express their opinion of those who, immediately on the election of President Lincoln, contemptuously spurned it, and have sought these three years and a half to overthrow it and destroy the Union which it upholds.

Every sentiment of 'justice' was outraged when wicked sedition thus without cause reared its head against the covenant of the nation. Every instinct of 'humanity' was stifled by the traitors who surrounded a gallant garrison of seventy men with a force of ten thousand, and opened fire on the heroes who stood by the flag that had been the glory and defence of both for more than half a century. 'Liberty,' in all its blessed relations of home, and country, and religion, was struck at when blind ambition thus set at defiance the power of the Union, to which liberty owes its life on this continent, and its hopes throughout the world. The constitutional liberty that is the glory of our civilization, the liberty regulated by law that is the pride of our institutions, was attacked by those who at Montgomery fiercely defied the Constitution and laws. And what shall we say of the constitution which these traitors to their country and humanity affected to establish, instead of that, the heritage of their and our Washington and his compeers, which had made our country powerful among nations, and blessed it with equal laws and equal protection to all? What shall we say of the constitution that ordained slavery as the corner stone of a new confederacy, to teach mankind the folly of Christian civilization, and bring back the 'statelier Eden' of the dark ages? To which party in this terrible strife of brothers does 'liberty' look for protection to-day? Which of the two armies of brothers now arrayed against each other on the plains of Virginia and Georgia, is fighting for the principle of order, which is the 'public welfare'? Let these questions be answered, and then it will appear how much reason there is in the declaration that 'liberty, justice, humanity, and the public welfare' demand the 'cessation of hostilities.' On the contrary, these very principles demand that the war be continued without abatement till they are guaranteed safe residence and sure protection under the United States Constitution.

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But, it is objected, you ignore the basis on which, this 'cessation of hostilities' is proposed,

namely, 'the Federal Union of the States.' There is a word to be said in reference to this clause which will illustrate the high-toned patriotism of some of the convention which adopted it. There was an alteration in the wording of the resolution, and some of the papers printed it accordingly, '*the basis of the Federal States.*' The editor of the *New York Freeman's Journal* (a paper which zealously supports the Chicago platform and all peace measures, and is called Democratic), being requested to explain which version was correct, said, in a late issue of his journal, that in the original draft of the resolution 'it was not the *bold doctrine* of Federal States; it was the *delusion and snare* of a Federal 'Union,' and that therefore the latter must be taken as the correct version.

Replying to the above objection, we say that we neither ignore this 'delusion and snare' of the Federal Union as the basis of the proposed peace, nor those other words in the fourth resolution, 'that the aim and object of the Democratic party is to preserve the Federal Union and the rights of the States unimpaired.' The question is, how possibly to reconcile the demand for an immediate 'cessation of hostilities' with this great anxiety to preserve the Federal Union? For the Federal Union can only be preserved by subduing the armed rebellion that menaces it. Anything short of the absolute and thorough defeat of the Southern armies must lower the dignity of the nation, and weaken and subvert the foundations of the Union. Thus far, by the grace of God and our right arm, the Constitution and Union are preserved, and so long as they 'still stand strong,' the basis of settlement remains; and whenever the rebels are tired of trying their strength against them, the nation stands ready to welcome them back, as penitent prodigals. It is not we who are unreconciled to them: it is they who refuse to be reconciled to us. If the illustration offend no weaker brother, we may say that, like the ever-surrounding love of God, the Federal Union is still watching over the rebels, and is only waiting the first symptom of their returning conscience to run and fall on their necks and kiss them, and bring them in peace to the home they so foolishly left. They are striving to destroy the Constitution and the Union. We oppose them. Let us consider what, under these circumstances, 'a cessation of hostilities' means.

In the first place, how are hostilities to cease, unless the power that controls the Southern armies so wills it? That power is a military despotism. It has usurped all other power within the limits of the rebellion, and the United States Government is seeking to overthrow it, in order that the Constitution may be restored, in all its benignity, to the people of the South, whom the usurpation has deprived of it. Is it, then, for the United States Government to propose to the authors of this usurpation to cease seeking its total overthrow? The question recurs, moreover, what 'cessation' have we to propose? It is for them to offer to yield: they are the aggressors, threatening the life of the nation. Is any among us so base he would have peace with dishonor? A nation cannot submit to be dishonored before the world—for its honor is its life. Yet what sort of peace would that be which we should thus begin by seeking? It is far from pertinent to cite, as some have done, the example of Napoleon on this point: even supposing that civil war were, in respect of this thing, the same as war between independent nations. For Napoleon never proposed suspensions of hostilities except in his own extremity, and as a convenient means to extricate himself from difficulties which he had the art of concealing from his adversaries. Are we in extremity, that this example of Napoleon should be suggested in support of the Chicago platform?

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As to how our overtures might be received at Richmond, we are no longer left any excuse for doubting. The oft-repeated assurances of all who have fled from the rebel tyranny since the war was begun, are, at length, confirmed by the authoritative declaration of Jeff. Davis himself. It is a declaration promulgated not only by Colonel Jaquess and Mr. Gilmore, in the account given by the latter of their recent visit to Richmond, but also by Mr. Benjamin, the rebel Secretary of State, in a circular letter written for the purpose of giving the rebel account of that visit. We are told by the rebel chief himself, that as *preliminary to any negotiations, the independence of the Southern Confederacy must be first acknowledged.* Why does not the Chicago platform suggest a way of avoiding this difficulty? Why has it left the country in uncertainty on a question so vital?

But, in the second place, suppose it were possible to have a 'cessation of hostilities' without this preliminary acknowledgment of the Confederate independence, and that the war might be at an absolute stand still for a definite season, are we fully aware of the risks attending this measure? For the Chicago platform has left them out of sight. 'A cessation of hostilities' is an armistice; and there is no such thing known in the authorities on international law, or in history, as 'a cessation of hostilities' distinct from an armistice. In defining the incidents of war, Wheaton speaks of a '*suspension of hostilities by means of a truce, or armistice,*' and uses the three terms interchangeably. In other words, whatever 'cessation' (or suspension, as it is called in the books) of hostilities, there may occur between the parties to a war, it is known among men and in history as an armistice, which is also the technical term for it. There would be no need to enlarge upon this point, if it had not been made already the basis of fallacious appeals to popular ignorance. Now, the incidents of an armistice are well defined, giving to both parties, besides the advantage of time to rest, full liberty to repair damages and make up losses of men and material; and it is perfect folly, or worse, to talk of 'a cessation of hostilities' without giving to the rebels these important advantages. But the controlling consideration in reference to this whole thing, and which every person ought to ponder carefully, is the effect of the proposed 'cessation of hostilities' upon our neutral neighbors. On this point the doctrine of international law is thus stated by the distinguished French writer, Hautefeuille, 'the eminent advocate of neutral rights,' as he is justly called by the American editor of Wheaton, and whose works on neutral relations are always cited with respect, and recognized as authority.

'The duties imposed on neutrals by the state of war belong essentially to the state

of war itself. From the moment it ceases, for whatever cause, even temporarily, the duties of neutrals likewise cease; *as to them, peace is completely restored during the suspension of arms.* They resume then all the rights which had been modified by the war, and can exercise them in their full extent during the whole time fixed for the duration of the truce, if this time has been limited by the agreement; and until the resumption of hostilities has been officially announced to them, if it has not been limited.<sup>[5]</sup>

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Can language be clearer? It will not do to treat it lightly. It is a statement of what international law is on this point from an authority; and the reasons for the doctrine are clear and incontrovertible. Neutrality depends on the fact of war; when, for any cause, that fact no longer exists, neutrality ceases likewise, of course. It is only the application of a well-known maxim of law, that when the reason of a rule fails, the rule itself fails. Let there be 'a cessation of hostilities,' then, as proposed in the Chicago platform, and how long would it be before rebel ships of war from English ports would be ready to desolate our coast, destroy our shipping, raise the blockade, and give to the rebellion the aid and sustenance it must have ere long or perish?

There is still another difficulty in the way of suspending hostilities, which it is well for us not to ignore. If we propose to the rebels 'a cessation of hostilities,' does not the question immediately become one of negotiation between separate Governments? Have we not in that moment, and in that thing, then recognized the Southern Confederacy as a separate and independent Power? For does not 'a cessation of hostilities' presuppose parties of equal sovereignty on both sides? Indeed, *The London Times* of a recent date already declares that 'it would concede to the South a position of equality.' Such a concession cannot, for a moment, be thought of. For the very question at issue is our constitutional supremacy. When that is yielded, all is yielded. The exchanging of prisoners, and the numerous like questions that perpetually arise in the progress of war, are matters of common humanity, that depend upon their own law. They are totally independent of the questions at issue between the parties belligerent; and our dealings with the South, in reference to such matters, cannot be construed into a recognition of its separate independence. If we consent to treat with the rebel chiefs, however, in regard to the very question involved in the war, how can we longer compel the non-interference of foreign Powers? If we acknowledge the authority of Jeff. Davis to speak for the Southern people, we cannot then take offence if other nations acknowledge him as the representative and head of a new Government.

Such and so great are the consequences of a 'cessation of hostilities,' which the Chicago platform proposes to the serious consideration of the American people.

It thus appears how irreconcilable are the expressions in that platform in regard to the preservation of the Federal Union, with the clearly announced determination to propose immediately 'a cessation of hostilities.' They are vague generalities, and can have no other purpose than to catch the popular ear so as more effectually to deceive the popular heart. That this is not a harsh judgment, consider how the four resolutions that treat of the war all hinge upon the proposition to suspend hostilities. For they concern themselves with what? With condemnation of the rebellion, its authors, and objects, suggesting, at the same time, how more effectually to bring upon it its righteous retribution? Far from it. Indeed, a stranger to all that has passed in our country during the last three years, would suppose, from a study of these resolutions, that the United States Government had usurped the power of a despotism, and that all who are not arrayed in open rebellion, against its authority were groaning under the yoke of a tyrant. The platform throughout ignores the one supreme question that is before the people to-day. That one question is, Shall we maintain the integrity of the nation? It is vain to introduce other issues; they must abide the event of arms. The old maxim that in the midst of war the laws are silent, is not to be condemned. For our laws are of no avail, the nation cannot enforce them, so long as armed rebellion threatens its existence. With the nation, all its laws, principles, vital forces, are equally menaced and imperilled; and they are, in virtue of that very fact, in abeyance, in order that they may be saved. It is said that the Constitution is not suspended because of rebellion, and this is the basis of much declamation, both in the Chicago platform and elsewhere, against the exercise of extraordinary powers on the part of the President. But the Constitution authorizes the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus*, that great writ of right which is the bulwark of our Anglo-Saxon liberty, 'when in cases of rebellion or invasion the public safety may require it;' and confers upon Congress full power to legislate for the defence of the nation, making it then the duty of the President to 'take care that the laws be faithfully executed.' What more is needed as a warrant for extraordinary power? The Chicago Convention has appealed to the Constitution, and in that has done wisely. But what is the Constitution? It is the organic law of the nation. In virtue of it the nation exists, and by the supreme warrant of it the nation maintains its existence against parricidal treason. Under the Constitution all power is granted to the public authorities to quell insurrection; and the grant of a power, by one of the first principles of law, as also of common sense, implies every essential incident to make the grant effectual.

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In support of these views it is pertinent to cite the authority of an approved text writer on municipal law, whose book has appeared since they were first written, and who has elaborately investigated the points involved. The result of his patient and thorough study is stated in these propositions:

'That no civil power resides in any department of the Government to interfere with the fundamental, personal rights of life, liberty, and property, guaranteed by the Constitution; that a warlike power is given by the Constitution to the President temporarily to disregard these rights by means of the martial law; that under the

sanction of this species of law, the President and his subordinate military officers may, within reasonable limits, suspend the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus*, cause arrests to be made, trials and condemnations to be had, and punishments to be inflicted, in methods unknown to the civil procedure, but are responsible for an abuse of the power; and that the martial law, as a necessary adjunct of military movements, may be enforced in time of invasion or rebellion, wherever the influence and effect of these movements directly extends.<sup>[6]</sup>

These conclusions of the law are worthy to be considered carefully in view of the solemn resolutions of the Chicago platform, that 'military necessity' and the 'war power' are 'mere pretences' to override the Constitution.

It remains to say, with reference to the third and fifth resolutions of this platform, that they are chargeable with an equal and common ignorance: the third, in ignoring the necessity of the presence of the military at the elections referred to, in order that disloyalty and treason might not openly defy the authority of the nation; the fifth, in ignoring two things, first, the monstrous baseness of the rebel treatment of our prisoners, who have been starved alive, with a refinement of cruelty reserved for this Christian age, and practised only by the Christian chivalry of the South; and secondly, the rebel refusal to exchange prisoners man for man; the resolution seeking, moreover, to charge upon the United States Government the fault of both these rebel violations of humanity. It may be asked, moreover, in further reference to the third resolution, if the convention really meant to pledge itself to revolution;<sup>[7]</sup> and why, if the President, as chief of 'the military authority of the United States,' should be guilty of any abuses, the proper remedy is not by impeachment, as provided in the Constitution? The language of this resolution is gravely suggestive, and cannot be too closely criticised. It seems to shadow forth some dark design, which surely is in harmony with the whole tone of hostility to our Government that pervades the platform. Taken, moreover, in connection with the fact that the Chicago Convention declared itself a permanent body, subject to the call of the chairman, this criticism does not seem unreasonable; for permanent conventions have generally been the beginning of revolution.

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## THE BALTIMORE PLATFORM.

The Baltimore platform consists of eleven resolutions; and we may perceive at a glance the important respect in which it differs from the one adopted at Chicago. That confines itself to criticism and censure of those who are striving to uphold the Constitution and the Union against an armed rebellion, which it does not so much as by a single word condemn. This declares the purpose of the people 'to aid the Government in quelling by force the rebellion now raging against its authority;' so that its power shall be felt throughout the whole extent of our territory, and its blessings be restored to every section of the Union.

It is impossible to overlook this essential distinction of the two platforms. The one is full of the captious complaint of partisanship, intent on power, and oblivious of the highest duty of patriotism in this hour of the country's need; the other recognizes no higher duty now than the union of all parties for the sake of the Union. The one vainly cries peace when there is no peace; the other thinks not of peace except in and through the Union, without which there cannot be peace. Above all, the one takes us back to the former times of purely party strife, and seeks to revive the political issues of the past; the other, leaving 'the dead past to bury its dead,' keeps pace with the living present, and looks forward to a future of glory in a restored and regenerated Union. For it is folly to suppose there can ever again be 'the Union as it was.' This is a superficial phrase, which it is marvellous that any reflecting person can delude himself with. 'The Constitution as it is' is the motto that condemns it; for under the Constitution we are to have 'a more perfect Union,' as our fathers designed, and so stated in the Constitution itself. We are to have a constitutional Union in which every right guaranteed by the Constitution shall be maintained; and this was not so in 'the Union as it was.'

Thus it is that the Baltimore platform, after pledging the people to maintain 'the paramount authority of the Constitution and laws of the United States,' and approving the 'determination of the Government not to compromise' this authority, but holding out the same Constitution and laws as our only and the sufficient 'terms of peace' to all who will accept them, proceeds to take notice of what none but the wilfully blind fail to perceive, the changed aspect of the slavery question. It is impossible to hold the same position to-day in regard to this vexed question as in the days before the war. As an element of the politics of this country its aspect is wholly changed, and there is no sort of consistency in upholding our opinions of four years ago in reference to it. We do well to remember that consistency is not obstinacy. It is not an absolute, but a relative thing, and takes note of all the new elements which are ever entering into public affairs. The criterion of one's political consistency in our country is unfaltering devotion to the Union. If the measures he advocates look always to its paramount authority, his record is truly and honorably inconsistent. On the other hand, he who forgets the end of his labors in the ardor of seeking to save the means, is chargeable with the grossest inconsistency. What, therefore, consists with the perpetuity and strength of the Union? is the question which the American patriot proposes to himself.

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It is in reference to this question that the Baltimore Platform challenges comparison with the one adopted at Chicago. For guided by the experience of the past four years (the culmination of fifty years' experience), and noting without fear the facts which that experience has revealed as in the clear light of midday, it declares that slavery is inconsistent with the existence of the Union. Does

anybody deny it? Men tell us that the Union and slavery have heretofore, for more than half a century, existed together, and why may they not continue to exist in harmonious conjunction for the next half century? We are asked, moreover, with sarcastic disdain, if our wisdom is superior to that of the fathers. Our wisdom is not, indeed, superior to that of the fathers of the republic, but it would be far beneath it, and we should be unworthy sons of such fathers, if we undertook to carry out, in 1864, the policies and measures of 1764. The progress of affairs has developed the antagonism that was only latent before, but which, nevertheless, some of the wisest of our fathers foresaw; and it is now very clear that there is a terrible antagonism (no longer latent) between slavery and the principles that underlie the Constitution. The time has come to vindicate the wisdom of the Constitution by utterly removing what seeks to disgrace and destroy it—as it were a viper in the bosom of the nation.

We must show that our Government is strong enough not only to control, but also destroy, the interest which arrays itself in arms and war against it. It is useless, surely, to deny that the Southern Confederacy means slavery. Over and over again the Southern journals have asserted, and Southern politicians have said, that free labor was a mistake, and that slavery was the true condition of labor. That these are the deliberate convictions of the Southern leaders, and these the doctrines on which the Montgomery constitution is based, no reflecting person can hesitate to believe; and the boastful declaration of the rebel vice-president, that slavery was the corner stone of the rebel confederacy, serves to confirm our conclusion beyond possibility of doubt. What these things prove is nothing more nor less than that the Union with such an element in it to feed the ambition of politicians with, as this slavery has shown itself to be, is henceforth impossible. For we see now that for the sake of slavery the slaveholding leaders are willing to destroy the Government. Who can complain if the basis of their rebellious scheme is annihilated? The answer to those who say, Touch tenderly the institutions of the South, is, Nay, but let them first cease their rebellion. Therefore, so long as the rebellion lifts its unblushing front against the Government, so long it is the duty of every lover of the Government, in the language of the third resolution of this platform, to 'uphold and maintain the acts and proclamations by which the Government, in its own defence, has aimed a death blow at this gigantic evil.'

But that makes us, Abolitionists, says the reader. Be it so. Are we not willing to be Abolitionists for the sake of saving the Constitution and the Union? And if, despising our proffers of 'the Constitution as it is,' which we have now held out to them for three years and a half, the rebels continue to defy the authority of the Government, who can complain if we proceed to adopt an amendment to the Constitution that shall leave no possibility of slaveholding treason hereafter? Surely none but themselves. Let them, then, come back and vote against it; for three fourths of all the States must concur in such an amendment before it can become part of the Constitution. Ah, the leaders of the Southern rebellion know full well how the great masses at the South would vote on such a measure! Let us be ready, then, acting not for ourselves alone, but also for our deluded brethren of the South, who are to-day the victims of a military usurpation the most monstrous the world ever saw, to put the finishing stroke to the scheme of this Confederate rebellion by adopting the proposed amendment.

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The fifth resolution commits us to the approval of two measures that have aroused the most various and strenuous opposition, the Proclamation of Emancipation and the use of negro troops. In reference to the first, it is to be remembered that it is a war measure. The express language of it is: 'By virtue of the power in me vested as commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the United States in time of actual armed rebellion against the authority and Government of the United States, and as a *fit and necessary war measure for suppressing said rebellion*.' Considered thus, the Proclamation is not merely defensible, but it is more; it is a proper and efficient means of weakening the rebellion which every person desiring its speedy overthrow must zealously and perforce uphold. Whether it is of any legal effect beyond the actual limits of our military lines, is a question that need not agitate us. In due time the supreme tribunal of the nation will be called to determine that, and to its decision the country will yield with all respect and loyalty. But in the mean time let the Proclamation go wherever the army goes, let it go wherever the navy secures us a foothold on the outer border of the rebel territory, and let it summon to our aid the negroes who are truer to the Union than their disloyal masters; and when they have come to us and put their lives in our keeping, let us protect and defend them with the whole power of the nation. Is there anything unconstitutional in that? Thank God, there is not. And he who is willing to give back to slavery a single person who has heard the summons and come within our lines to obtain his freedom, he who would give up a single man, woman, or child, once thus actually freed, is not worthy the name of American. He may call himself Confederate, if he will.

Let it be remembered, also, that the Proclamation has had a very important bearing upon our foreign relations. It evoked in behalf of our country that sympathy on the part of the people in Europe, whose is the only sympathy we can ever expect in our struggle to perpetuate free institutions. Possessing that sympathy, moreover, we have had an element in our favor which has kept the rulers of Europe in wholesome dread of interference. The Proclamation relieved us from the false position before attributed to us of fighting simply for national power. It placed us right in the eyes of the world, and transferred men's sympathies from a confederacy fighting for independence as a means of establishing slavery, to a nation whose institutions mean constitutional liberty, and, when fairly wrought out, must end in universal freedom.

We are to consider, furthermore, that from the issuing of the Proclamation dates the organization of negro troops—a measure that is destined to affect materially the future composition, as it is believed, of our regular army. This is 'the employment as Union soldiers of men heretofore held

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in slavery,' which the fifth resolution asks us to approve. Can we not approve it? The fighting qualities of the despised 'niggers' (as South Carolina chivalry terms the gallant fellows who followed Colonel Shaw to the deadly breach of Wagner, reckless of all things save the stars and stripes they fought under) have been tested on many battle fields. He whose heart does not respond in sympathy with their heroism on those fields, while defending from disgrace his country's flag, need not approve. The approval of the country will be given, nevertheless. There can be nothing better said, on this point than President Lincoln's own words, as reported lately by Judge Mills, of Wisconsin, to whom the President uttered them in conversation. They cover also the question of the Proclamation, and will fitly conclude our discussion of these two important measures:

'Sir,' said the President, 'the slightest knowledge of arithmetic will prove to any man that the rebel armies cannot be destroyed with Democratic strategy. It would sacrifice all the white men of the North to do it. There are now in the service of the United States near two hundred thousand ablebodied colored men, most of them under arms, defending and acquiring Union territory. The Democratic strategy demands that these forces be disbanded, and that the masters be conciliated by restoring them to slavery. The black men who now assist Union prisoners to escape, they are to be converted into our enemies in the vain hope of gaining the good will of their masters. We shall have to fight two nations instead of one.'

'You cannot conciliate the South if you guarantee to them ultimate success; and the experience of the present war proves their success is inevitable if you fling the compulsory labor of millions of black men into their side of the scale. Will you give our enemies such military advantages as insure success, and then depend on coaxing, flattery, and concession to get them back into the Union? Abandon all the posts now garrisoned by black men, take two hundred thousand men from our side and put them in the battle field or corn field against us, and we would be compelled to abandon the war in three weeks.'

'We have to hold territory in inclement and sickly places; where are the Democrats to do this? It was a free fight, and the field was open to the war Democrats to put down this rebellion by fighting against both master and slave, long before the present policy was inaugurated.'

'There have been men base enough to propose to me to return to slavery the black warriors of Port Hudson and Olustee, and thus win the respect of the masters they fought. Should I do so, I should deserve to be damned in time and eternity. Come what will, I will keep my faith with friend and foe. My enemies pretend I am now carrying on this war for the sole purpose of abolition. So long as I am President, it shall be carried on for the sole purpose of restoring the Union. But no human power can subdue this rebellion without the use of the emancipation policy, and every other policy calculated to weaken the moral and physical forces of the rebellion.'

'Freedom has given us two hundred thousand men raised on Southern soil. It will give us more yet. Just so much it has subtracted from the enemy; and instead of alienating the South, there are now evidences of a fraternal feeling growing up between our men and the rank and file of the rebel soldiers. Let my enemies prove to the country that the destruction of slavery is not necessary to a restoration of the Union. I will abide the issue.'

Surely these are words of exceeding good sense. They are full of a feeling of the speaker's responsibility to God and his country; and the man who cares not for his responsibility to God, may well be distrusted by his country. Is he who speaks these words of patriotism a tyrant and usurper? Are not the words convincing proof that President Lincoln is honest and faithful and capable? And if he thus meets those three requirements of Jefferson's comprehensive formula, let us not refuse the language of the platform: 'That we have full confidence in his determination to carry these and all other constitutional measures essential to the salvation of the country into full and complete effect.'

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The remaining six resolutions of this platform deserve the general remark, that they declare with no uncertain sound the views of the Baltimore Convention in reference to vital questions of public policy; whereas, the Chicago Convention has not even alluded to those questions. That in this hour of the country's crisis, in this life struggle of the nation with foes both open and secret, there should be 'harmony in the national councils;' that men once clothed in the uniform of United States soldiers become entitled to 'the full protection of the laws of war,' as forming part of the nation's defenders when those who ought to be its defenders have joined in an unholy sedition to destroy its life; that 'foreign immigration,' deserves especial encouragement at a time when the demands of the army leave the places of home labor without adequate means of refilling them; that a Pacific Railroad, uniting the extreme Western portion of the Union with all the other sections, and thus bringing within nearer reach of our California and Oregon countrymen all the advantages and facilities of the Government, while at the same time binding more closely the ties that make us one people with the West equally with the South; and that the nation's faith with all its creditors must be strictly kept, be the cost what it may; all these are duties which the terrible emergency of the hour only makes more imperative and exacting of fulfilment than ever before.

The eleventh and last resolution commits the country anew to the Monroe Doctrine. In view of the great crime that is enacting in Mexico, where a foreign power has assumed to change the Government of that afflicted country at its own arbitrary will, the declaration that we have not abandoned the doctrine is appropriate and necessary. It is a warning that our eyes are not closed to the schemes on foot for the suppression of republican government on this continent. While our present necessity compels us, as of course, to act with great circumspection, yet it would be unbecoming our dignity to quietly ignore the spoliation of Mexico. It is often said that President Lincoln, in his letter accepting the Baltimore nomination, has repudiated this resolution. These are his words:

'While the resolution in regard to the supplanting of republican government upon the Western Continent is fully concurred in, there might be misunderstanding were I not to say that the position of the Government in relation to the action of France in Mexico, as assumed through the State Department, and indorsed by the convention, among the measures and acts of the Executive, will be faithfully maintained so long as the state of facts shall leave that position pertinent and applicable.'

It is not fair to say that this is a repudiation of the resolution, or of the Monroe Doctrine, until it is first shown that the Government 'through the State Department,' has already repudiated the doctrine. The time for the enforcement of that doctrine has not yet come, and this seems to be the position that has been assumed by the Government. It certainly is the position of common sense and patriotism.

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The candid reader has now before him a brief exposition of the two platforms, and of the doctrines and bearing of each. It is believed that nothing has been extenuated; nor, on the other hand, has aught been here set down in malice. Let every one study the platforms and try conclusions for himself; then say whether the foregoing discussion could well have shaped itself differently. The sum of the whole matter seems to be, War and Union, or Peace and Disunion. If we have Union, it can only be now through war. We must 'seek peace with the sword.' The rebels have appealed from the civil law to the military law, from the Constitution to the sword; let us not shrink from the ordeal. No revolution to perpetuate oppression can hope for the favor of a God of justice.

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There are two platforms in this Presidential campaign, representing the two parties into which the voters will be divided. But there is a third party, without platform and without vote, which has, nevertheless, interests at stake transcending even ours. Let the calmly considered words of an impartial English journal,<sup>[8]</sup> which wishes well to our country, speak, in conclusion, on behalf of that third party:

'There are three parties to the American war. There are the slaves, the bondsmen of the South, whose flight was restrained by the Fugitive Bill, and whose wrongs have brought about the disruption; there are the Confederates, who, when Southern supremacy in the republic was menaced by the election of Abraham Lincoln, threw off their allegiance; and there are the Government and its supporters, who are striving to restore the integrity of the Union. These are the three parties; and as the war has gone on from year to year, the cause of the negro has brightened, and hundreds of thousands of the African race have passed out of slavery into freedom. They flock in multitudes within the Federal lines, and take their stand under the Constitution as free men. Abandoned by their former masters, or flying from their fetters, the chattels become citizens, and rejoice. No matter what their misery, they keep their faces to the North, and bear up under their privations. Every advance of the national army liberates new throngs, and they rush eagerly to the camps where their brethren are cared for. The exodus, continually going on, increases in volume.'

'Such are the colored freedmen, the innocent victims of the war, the slaves whom it has marvellously enfranchised; such are the dusky clouds that flit o'er the continent of America and settle down on strange lands—the harbingers of a social revolution in the great republic of the West. More than fifty thousand are formed into camps in the Mississippi Valley, and not fewer in Middle and East Tennessee and North Alabama. It is a vast responsibility which is cast upon the Government and the people of the North, a sore and mighty burden; and proportionate are the efforts which have been made to meet the trying emergency. The Government finds rations for the negro camps, provides free carriage for the contributions of the humane, appoints surgeons and superintendents, enlists in the army the men who are suitable, and, as far as possible, gives employment to all. Clothing and other necessaries are forwarded to the camps by the ton by benevolent hands, and books for the schools by tens of thousands. All along the banks of the Mississippi, from Cairo to New Orleans, and in Arkansas and Tennessee, the aged and infirm fugitives, the women and children, are collected into colored colonies, and tended and taught with a care that is worthy of a great and Christian people. All that can work are more than willing to do so; they labor gladly; and among old and young there is an eager desire for education. Books are coveted as badges of freedom;

and the negro soldier carries them with him wherever he goes, and studies them whenever he can. It is a great work which is in progress across the Atlantic. Providence, in a manner which man foresaw not, is solving a dark problem of the past, and we may well look on with awe and wonder. There were thousands of minds which apprehended the downfall of the 'peculiar institution.' There were a prophetic few, who clearly perceived that it would be purged away by no milder scourge than that of war. But there were none who dreamed that the slaveholder would be the Samson to bring down the atrocious system of human slavery by madly taking arms in its defence! Yet so it was; and the Divine penalty is before us. The wrath of man has worked out the retributive justice of God. The crime which a country would not put away from it has ended in war, and slavery is a ruin.'

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**LITERARY NOTICES unavoidably postponed until the ensuing issue of THE CONTINENTAL.**

## FOOTNOTES

- [1] A renowned fort in Polish history. It stood on the old battlefield between Turkey and Poland, between Europe and Asia.
- [2] NEW YORK STATE GAZETTEER.
- [3] During the past season, the Mansion House, on the Plain, was not opened until near the close of the summer. We understand it is to be henceforth a permanent 'institution.'
- [4] It is presumed that every one is familiar with the two platforms, as they are so easily obtained, and it is, therefore, not deemed necessary to encumber the pages of the Magazine with inserting them in full.
- [5] 'Des Droits des Nations Neutres,' t. I., p. 301
- [6] \$716 of 'An Introduction to Municipal Law,' by John Norton Pomeroy, Esq., Professor of Law in the New York University Law School. The whole chapter from which the extract is taken is worthy of diligent perusal, and the writer regrets that want of space alone prevents him quoting more fully from Professor Pomeroy's lucid exposition of the doctrine of martial law under our Constitution.
- [7] The third resolution is, 'That the direct interference of the military authority of the United States in the recent elections held in Kentucky, Maryland, Missouri, and Delaware, was a shameful violation of the Constitution, and the repetition of such acts in the approaching election *will be held as revolutionary, and resisted with all the means and power under our control.*'
- [8] London Inquirer.

\*\*\* END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY, VOL 6, NO 5,  
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