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LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

OF

POPULAR LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

AUGUST, 1880.

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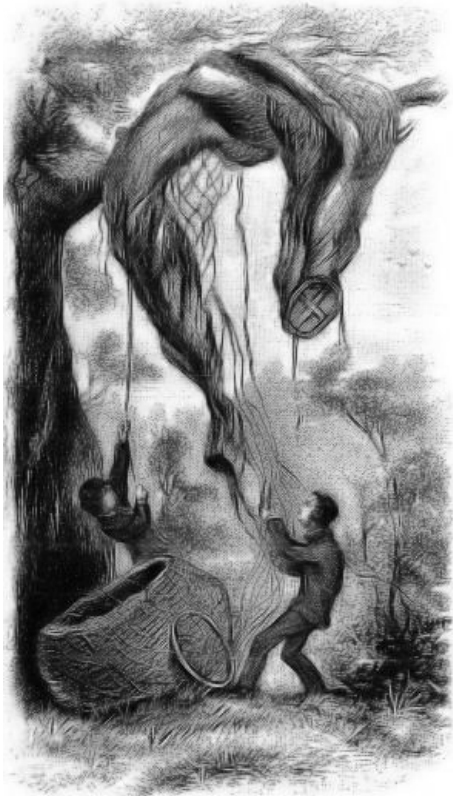
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AMERICAN AËRONAUTS.



**BALLOON ENTANGLED IN A
TREE.**

Scattered here and there in this matter-of-fact, utilitarian age of Business one finds instances of that love of daring for its own sake, with an insatiable longing for new scenes and novel sensations, which in the days of chivalry moved the mass of men to put saddle to horse and ride off Somewhere seeking Something—just as occasional trilobites, lonely and misshapen, are found in ages subsequent to the Silurian. Of such stuff are our Arctic and African explorers made; the men who run the lightning-expresses have a touch of it; it crops out in steeple-climbers, cave-explorers, beast-tamers; it makes men assault cloud-piercing and ice-mantled mountain-peaks and launch their frail canoes for voyages down earth-riving cañons and across continent sundering oceans. Sometimes action is denied, and then it strikes in and makes poets—perhaps the most daring adventurers of all. It must be difficult for the beaters of iron and the barterers in swine to understand why such useless timber is allowed to cumber the great workhouse; but then we don't know *exactly* what the trilobites were good for, and the utilitarians may find comfort in the reflection that at the present rate the obnoxious family is likely to entirely disappear with the Palæozoic.

Aëronauts have been free and accepted members of this order of modern knights-errant, from hot-headed, ill-fated Pilâtre de Rozier down to Gaston Tissandier, the man who still edits *La Nature* in the lower strata of an ocean into the treacherous upper depths of which he has risen seven miles. Your true aëronaut is not an inventor of flying-machines, not much concerned about what is known as the "problem of aërial navigation." He is content to take the

wings of the morning and be carried away to the uttermost parts of the earth. Problems he leaves to the scientists: he woos the wilderness he cannot subdue. He is an explorer of unknown regions, a beauty-worshipper at a shrine whose pearly, sun-kissed portals open to him alone. People travel thousands of miles horizontally to rest their eyes on scenes infinitely less novel, beautiful and grand than one perpendicular mile of vantage would open to them, little matter whence taken.

Having accepted the wind for his pilot, our argonaut seeks no improvement upon his aërial raft. Like the bow and arrow, it long ago reached perfection, and, though he may cherish some choice and secret recipe for varnish or be the inventor of an improved valve, he generally builds with a birdlike reliance on instinct and tradition. Gas-bag, netting, concentrating-ring, basket, valve, anchor, drag-rope and exploding cord,—what has the century of ballooning added to its essentials? how can coming centuries improve this perfection of simplicity? Aërial navigation is altogether another thing. A swallow does not rise by displacing a volume of air whose specific gravity is greater than its own, but by using the atmosphere as a fulcrum. Otherwise it must possess a bulk which its tiny wings would be powerless to impel against the opposing breeze. Mr. Grimley, the aëronaut, writing of some experiments he has recently been making at Montreal with an ingenious arrangement of revolving fans invented by two gentlemen of that city, says: "The Cowan and Paje propelling and steering apparatus worked as well as could be expected, but the air will never be navigated by balloons driven by machinery. It is opposed to common sense." Few fully appreciate the extreme mobility of the atmosphere or the intensity of the force which wind exerts on surfaces opposed to its action. A child with a palm-leaf fan can drive a balloon in equilibrium about at will in an atmosphere entirely quiet, while the same balloon, under the impulse of a lively gale, will tear itself loose from the aggregated avoirdupois of all who can lay hands upon it, and wrench great branches from the forest giants over which it skims. Doubtless, to the disheartening influence of a practical knowledge of the real difficulties in the way of aërial navigation is due the fact that the great mass of those who have attempted it have been scientists without practice, or fools without either scientific training or experimental data.

However strongly, as devout utilitarians, we may feel it our duty to disapprove, officially, of a class so little necessary to the body politic, aëronauts are interesting talkers, being able, like Shakespeare's Moor, to speak of "most disastrous chances, of *moving* accidents by flood and field, of antres vast and deserts idle, rough quarries, rocks and hills whose heads touch heaven."

Among American aëronauts none possessed a larger fund of such thrilling incident or greater

enthusiasm for his calling than he who recently paid that last penalty which ever hovers over its followers—the venerable John Wise. His autobiography, *Through the Air*, is a prose poem on the glories of Cloudland. The following extract from a private letter written by him in 1876, after an aëronautical career of forty years, comprising nearly five hundred ascensions, illustrates this enthusiasm and his views on the sanitary aspect of aëronautics: "I claim that the balloon is the best sanitarium within the grasp of enervated humanity. I can demonstrate its utility, by theory and by fact, for all chronic diseases and for the improvement of the mental and physical functions. Elevate a person ten or twelve thousand feet above the sea-level and his whole texture expands: a wrinkled, cadaverous person fills out as plump as a youth. Then the beauty and magnitude of the scenery within the scope of vision exalt the mental faculties, soul and body become exhilarated, the appetite is quickened and all the symptoms of convalescence ensue. Why, my dear friend, I am bound to ascribe my health and vigor at the age of over sixty-eight to my profession, and only for that do I persist in it. When I make up my mind to rust and die I will give up balloon-ascensions."

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Since Mr. Wise was not of a nature to be easily reconciled to "rust and die," can we doubt that the great transit could have come to him at no kinder season than when it should seem but a brief pausing on his upward flight? Though it will never be known just how or when he met the end, we may be certain that he had walked hand in hand with Death too long to greatly dread the final embrace. May we not think of him now as feasting his spirit on the splendid visions of that Promised Land which, Moses-like, it was permitted him to see prefigured in its earthly type? Throughout his adventures, too generally known to require more than passing allusion, one sees the same passionate devotion to the grand and sublime in sight and sensation, the same calm disregard of danger, whether exploding his balloon at an altitude of thirteen thousand feet and coolly noting the "fearful moaning noise caused by the air rushing through the network and the gas escaping above," preparing to test a lifelong theory of a steady easterly current by attempting to make it the medium of crossing the Atlantic, or participating with La Mountain and others in a voyage which, begun at St. Louis at 6.30 P.M., July 1, 1859, met daybreak at Fort Wayne, extended over the length of Lake Erie, included a view of Niagara from the altitude of a mile, and finally, after skirmishing within thirty feet of the storm-tossed waves of Lake Ontario for fifty miles and ploughing a tornado-track through a dense forest, terminated in a treetop near Sackett's Harbor, Jefferson county, New York, at 2.20 P.M.—twelve hundred miles in nineteen hours and forty minutes! Puck's promise kept! the seven-league boots outdone!



JOHN WISE.

Upon his son, Charles E. Wise, and his grandson, John Wise, Jr., he bestowed his skill and engrafted his enthusiasm. The latter began his aëronautical career with his teens, and though not yet out of them has made over forty ascensions. One of these excursions, made in the autumn of 1875 from Waynesburg, Greene county, Pennsylvania, sufficiently demonstrates, if any demonstration is needed, that a boy's luck and pluck are equal to anything. It had been raining the proverbial pitchforks all day, and the hydrogen oozed into the gas-bag with even more than its accustomed sluggishness. The curiosity of a country crowd was not easily damped, however, and the basket was finally attached and Master Johnny stepped on board. The aërostat sensibly refused to consider the proposition for an ascension, although urged by the successive relinquishment of barometer, lunch, water-bottle, coat, drag-rope and grapnel. As a last resort, the entire lower third of the gas-bag, which was uninflated, was cut away, the valve-cord by accident sharing the same fate, leaving an opening about seventeen feet in diameter. Then, "the crowd having given us room,

father asked me whether I felt timid about going. I told him I was determined to go if the balloon would take me. He said, 'Good-bye, Johnny!' I said, 'Good-bye,' and found myself shooting up into space on a cold, rainy October day, coatless, without ropes, anchor or valve-cord, the rags of the balloon fluttering in the breeze created by the sudden ascent; the multitude vociferously cheering me one moment and the next calling me to come back for God's sake! But I only replied by hurrahing and waving my hat, feeling perfectly *cool*, and rather enjoying the excitement of the vast crowd that was now fast disappearing below me. In seven minutes the earth vanished from my sight, and I passed from a driving rain below the clouds into a dense snowstorm above them. My feet and hands were almost numb with cold, and the prospect was about as cheerless as it well could be, when a thought passed through my brain that made me laugh outright. I had heard of people coming down in bursted balloons, but I was the first who had ever gone up in one. The idea appeared so ridiculous that it really made me feel warmer." Think of this aërial babe in the woods, with Nature's awful forces warring about him and the earth lost to view, laughing himself warm over a joke at the expense of his terrible situation! Truly, "he jests at scars that never felt a wound." Perhaps it was the balloon, but I believe it could only have been his good angel, that brought the boy safely down into a small cleared space in a forest thirty-eight minutes and forty miles from the point of departure.

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Another of Master John's voyages curiously illustrates the different directions of coexistent currents. On July 4, 1878, he made an ascension from Lancaster, Pennsylvania, landing ten miles south of the city, while J.M. Johnston, of the *Lancaster*



WASHINGTON H. DONALDSON.

Intelligencer, who ascended in another balloon at the same moment, came down at a point equally distant in an exactly opposite direction from the city.

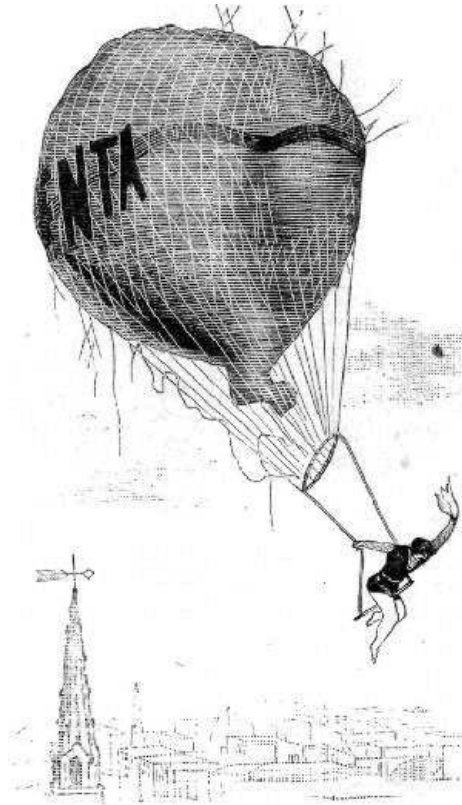
With the name of John Wise that of another aëronaut equally well known is associated—not alone by their joint attempt to cross the Atlantic by balloon, but also on account of the probably identical manner and locality of the death of both—Washington H. Donaldson. While the interest in the mysterious fate of Donaldson and Grimwood was yet fresh in the public mind Mr. Wise published a pamphlet giving a fanciful account of their adventures, as if related by the aëronaut. In the light of the Wise-Burr tragedy its concluding paragraph has a singular significance: "In the end I ask the world to deal charitably with me. Should my body be found, give it decent burial and write for an epitaph: 'Here lies the body of a man whose reckless ambition and fear of being accused of want of nerve have sacrificed his own life and betrayed a fellow-mortal into the snares of death, with no higher object than

to serve the interests of a scheme which, to say the best of it, is but a poor thing in the progress of art and refinement.'"

Donaldson was a man in many respects remarkable, in some admirable. With scant schooling, his father gave him a thorough training as a draughtsman and engraver. Allowed to choose for himself, he embarked in the amusement business, his active and versatile temperament leading him to become in turn a rope-walker, gymnast, actor, ventriloquist and, singularly enough, electro-physician. For most of these varied callings he had a certain adaptability by reason of his splendid physique, perfect health, entire abstinence from stimulants, ready wit, good-humor, fertility in expedients and promptitude and energy in execution, as well as by the daring and ambition naturally associated with such physical and mental qualifications. A friend writes of him: "He was as ready to navigate a cockle-shell from the Battery to Long Branch as he was to run a velocipede along a hundred yards of slack wire." His drawings, particularly those illustrating aëronautical scenes and incidents, were spirited and faithful. He tried his hand at verse-making among the rest. The following brief outburst, written after all the old loves had given place to that which became the absorbing passion of his life, and printed on his letter-heads and admission-cards, sufficiently illustrates the manner and matter of his efforts in this direction:

There's pleasure in a lively trip when sailing through the air.
The word is given, "Let her go!"—to land I know not where.
The view is grand: 'tis like a dream when many miles from home:
My castle in the air I love, above the clouds to roam.

Not an ideal character certainly, but a complete one in its way, and readily recognizable as belonging to a born aëronaut. The unromantic but not unusual inability of a professional predecessor to pay his board-bill, obliging him to leave his balloon with mine host as surety, first placed in Donaldson's hands the means by which he became afterward best known. Fearless as he undoubtedly was, an ascension was undertaken with the misgivings which usually preface an initial stepping from terra firma to the inconstant air. Once aloft, however, with the widespreading splendor and endless immensity of the earth's surface unrolling beneath him, and an exquisite physical exhilaration thrilling along his nerves, Donaldson became heart and soul an aëronaut. The novel and sensational expedients with which he embellished his subsequent ascensions are well known. Becomingly dressed in tights, he delighted to sail away skyward hanging by one hand from a trapeze-bar, generally terminating a variety of feats thereon by poisoning himself a moment on his back, then suddenly dropping backward, catching by his feet on the side-ropes—easy and safe enough, doubtless, with his preliminary acrobatic training, but blood-curdling to the breathless spectators beneath. He left drawings for a jointed bar which, at the proper time, should apparently break in two and leave him dangling to one of the pieces. For a consideration which the citizens of Binghamton, New York, sensibly declined to give he offered to ascend to the height of a mile in a paper balloon, there set fire to it and descend in a parachute.



DONALDSON'S DANGER.

A little incident, not generally known, illustrates the gentler side of his nature. He had been giving one of his trapeze exhibitions at Ithaca, New York, and was induced by some Cornell students to furnish them captive ascensions from the university campus. As if specially for the occasion, there came three days of delightful May weather with a propitiously quiet atmosphere. To the natural elevation of the location were added several hundred feet of rope, affording a bird's-eye view of Cayuga Lake, the town and far-famed adjacent scenery. Two or three hundred persons were "sent up," including several university professors. Donaldson was in his element, and kept everybody laughing at his jokes and amusing experiments. He had a crowd of children constantly at his heels, and in the intervals of waiting for pay-passengers would tumble them into the basket to the number of six or eight, and send them skyward screaming with delight and pelting him with a shower of hats and caps. Did their mothers know? Probably not, or there might have been screaming of a less joyous kind. One diminutive but intrepid youth of six won for himself the proud distinction of "our old experienced aëronaut," being generally used as ballast in making up a load.



DONALDSON AND THE CHILDREN.

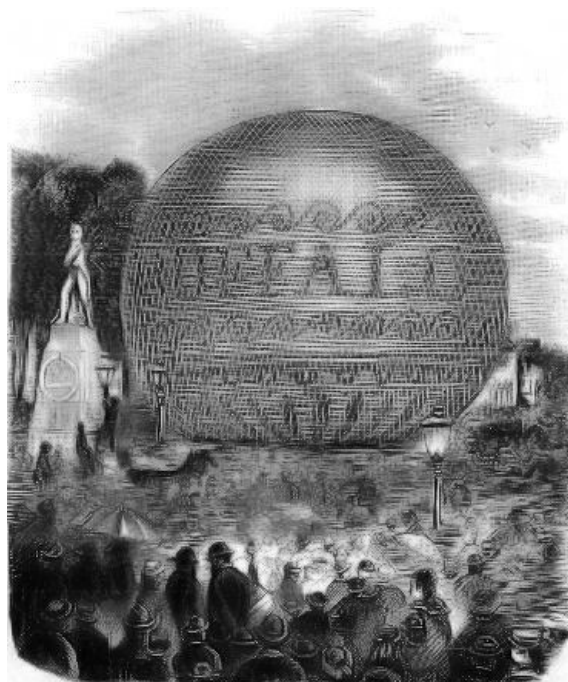
Donaldson's fondness for proving his nerve in the face of a doubting crowd led him into many difficulties, as it finally caused his death. Once, when about to make an ascension at Pittsburg with a balloon that had not been used since the previous season, his assistant, Harry Gilbert, noticed that the ropes attaching the netting to the concentrating-ring seemed rotten, and proposed to replace them with new. This Donaldson insisted would take too much time, but he was finally induced to allow eight of the sixteen to be renewed. While giving his customary trapeze performance high above the housetops the old cords began to snap, and before he could bring the balloon down every one of them had parted—a startling intimation of how his rashness might have resulted.

Among the unskilled American aëronauts undoubtedly the best known for professional skill and experience is Samuel A. King. He seems to have been a predestined air-sailor, for he made his first ascension (Philadelphia, 1851) in his twenty-third year, and during more than two hundred subsequent voyages, many of them extending over hundreds of miles, and some adding darkness and proximity to large bodies of water to the ordinary dangers, he has shown an

intuitive knowledge of the construction and management of the balloon and an appreciation of aërial forces which, while they have not robbed his experiences of thrilling incidents, have kept them singularly free from disastrous consequences. One of the most memorable of these

excursions was made from Plymouth, New Hampshire, September 26, 1872, on which occasion Mr. King was accompanied by his friend and frequent fellow-voyager, Luther L. Holden, of the *Boston Journal*. The balloon used only held twenty thousand cubic feet of gas, but was inflated with hydrogen. It was liberated at 4.18 P.M., and immediately manifested a determination to accompany some dense black clouds which were hurrying in a north-easterly direction toward the heart of the mountain-region on the verge of which Plymouth lies. Over Mount Washington and across the Androscoggin Valley it flew at the rate of fifty miles an hour. At six o'clock Lake Umbagog was floating beneath our adventurers, and before they realized their danger—so deceptive are time and space when reckoned from balloons—night surprised them in the great Maine wilderness. The alternative was between a descent in a trackless forest a hundred miles from human habitation, with scant provisions and no firearms or fishing-tackle, and an all-night voyage, trusting to luck and their ballast for getting beyond the wilderness. They had taken chances together before, and they went on now. If they failed to get out of the woods, they could tear up the balloon, and, encasing the wicker-basket with the waterproof material, float down some favoring stream. On and on for hours in an unknown direction, over an unknown region, winged by the wind and ally of the storm, they went, until, in the dismal watches of the early morning, to darkness, uncertainty and the intensity of isolation a new horror was added. The murmur of plashing forest-streams, which had hitherto been the only sound greeting them from the nether gloom, now gave place to the measured roll of the surf, and this, in turn, to complete silence. They were drifting out to sea, and were already far beyond the shore! The valve was opened at once, and as the balloon slowly settled into a dense, chilly fog the occupants of the basket momentarily expected a plunge-bath. The drag-rope, however, behaved with distinguished consideration, holding them a few feet above the waves, through which it whisked at a terrific rate. The weary and anxious watchers were thus kept in suspense for nearly half an hour, when suddenly there broke through the fog ahead the welcome outlines of a forest-shore, and in a moment more the drag-rope had lifted them above the tree-tops. By five o'clock it became light enough to note the time and that they were travelling in a south-westerly direction exactly contrary to their course of the evening before. At seven o'clock the balloon was moored to a limb, and its passengers, climbing down the drag-rope, made their way to a railroad-cutting which they had noticed while aloft. It proved to be on the line of the Intercolonial Railway in the county of Rimouski, Lower Canada, three hundred miles below Quebec. They had been dancing along the southern border of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and, had they not descended from the upper current into the water, were in a fair way to have next sighted land somewhere on the coast of Labrador.

Mr. King first brought large balloons into use in this country, and has thus been able to share the pleasures and perils of most of his sailings up and down with one or more companions, generally journalists. Few of the balloons in use twenty-five years ago would hold more than twenty thousand cubic feet of gas. Of the large balloons the Buffalo became widely known on account of its size and the number of notable voyages it made. Capacity, symmetry, lightness and staying quality considered, it was probably the best balloon ever built in America. When fully inflated it contained ninety-one thousand cubic feet of gas, and would carry up a dozen passengers. It was the Buffalo which on the memorable press-excursion from Cleveland, September 4, 1874, gave the reporters such a realizing sense of the pleasantness of dry land, the greater part of the day being spent in sailing to and fro over Lake Erie, the voyage being farther extended in the darkness of night across Essex county, Ontario, Lake St. Clair and into Michigan. The writer happened to be on the Cleveland steamer with the returning party, and had occasion to notice that the amateurs were too busily engaged in writing up their notes to thoroughly enjoy Mr. King's waggish allusions to "sea-sickness."



THE BUFFALO IN MONUMENTAL PARK, CLEVELAND.

A night-trip made from the city of Buffalo in its namesake on July 4, 1874, was noteworthy for the magnificent success attending the use of the drag-rope. The balloon took a south-easterly course across the State of Pennsylvania, going over the Alleghany Mountains and other ridges in the southern section of the State, being kept close to the earth most of the way. The relief of weight caused by a portion of the drag-rope lying and trailing upon the tree-tops enabled the balloon to climb the side of the mountain at about the same relative elevation. Swinging clear from the crest of the ridge, the balloon would soon settle into the valley, to repeat the same manœuvre farther on. Sunrise met the party near the Maryland line, and after a delightful sail across a portion of that State, Delaware and Delaware Bay, a landing was made in Southern New Jersey, four hundred miles and thirteen hours from the starting-point. The Buffalo will also be remembered in connection with the ascension from the exposition-grounds during the Centennial Exhibition.

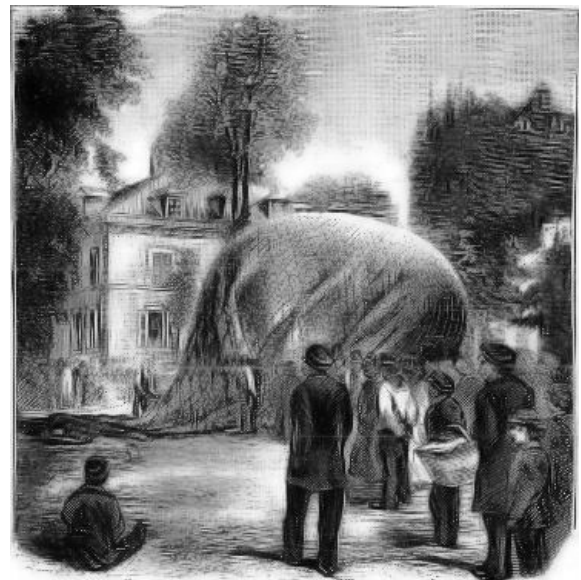
The failure of the costly experiments undertaken by Mr. King for the American Aëronautic Society, at Coney Island last season, simply affords another illustration of the aëronautical axiom

that "Captives are uncertain." Under the most favorable circumstances, and at inland points least exposed, on perhaps not more than a dozen days in the year will the air be sufficiently quiet to make captive ascensions practicable and pleasant, and the difficulty is of course greatly enhanced at the seacoast. The society proposes to again thoroughly test the matter this season, studying the velocity of the wind near the ocean from various altitudes.

Charles H. Grimley, whose views on aerial navigation have been alluded to, is a young Englishman who, while an expert air-sailor, has gained his experience rather in the pursuit of pleasure than of money, dedicating to the latter a more terrestrial vocation. His introduction to the upper currents was in the capacity of assistant to Stephen A. Simmonds, a wealthy enthusiast of London who made ascensions for the British Aeronautical Society. Mr. Grimley has made between forty and fifty aerial excursions, on one of them covering a distance of one hundred and sixty miles in three and a half hours, and on another occasion attaining a height of nineteen thousand four hundred feet. A number of these voyages were made in Canada. Some of his descents have resulted in severe bruises. One of these unpleasantly sudden landings closed a brief trip made from Pittsburg in October, 1875, and took place on the Monongahela River five miles above that city. Mr. Grimley was accompanied by Harry Byram of the *Pittsburg Dispatch*. Two things regulate the force of impact in a balloon descent—the strength of the surface-current and the amount of ballast the aeronaut has with which to overbalance the weight in excess of equilibrium causing the descent. Both were against our adventurers. Most of their ballast had been expended in getting into the air, and while they had found almost a calm at an elevation of forty-five hundred feet, the surface-current was terrific. The balloon approached the earth at an angle of about forty-five degrees with fearful velocity, flew across Beck's Run and tore into a clump of trees growing on a rocky ledge dividing the ravine from the river. The basket was dashed from one tree-trunk to another, and, the balloon finally impaling itself on the branches of a huge oak, both its occupants were hurled halfway down the river-bank, the fall rendering them insensible. With returning consciousness came a sense of sundry bruises and cuts on their persons. A scalp-wound on Mr. Grimley's forehead had bled profusely upon both, imparting a sad and sanguinary cast to the countenances turned toward those who came to their assistance.

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While preparing for an ascent from Bethel, Vermont, in September, 1877, a squall hurled the balloon over upon its side, causing a rent which extended from the mouth upward for eighteen feet, and then along a transverse seam some six feet. Mr. Grimley thus describes the result: "This gaping hole caused a loss of several thousand feet of gas, but as still enough remained to take me up, I determined to ascend, hoping that when I was out of the disturbing influence of the wind the rent would not extend. In this, however, I was disappointed, for, reaching an altitude of twelve hundred feet, a counter-current struck the balloon, causing it to sway violently and jerking the torn portion to and fro until it ripped six feet farther around the seam. The balloon continued to rise until it had attained an elevation of thirty-five hundred feet, the gas meanwhile pouring in volumes from the hole. The weight of the torn portion hanging down caused the rent to enlarge every minute, until it extended nearly halfway round, the whole interior of the balloon being plainly visible. I kept as still as possible, as the slightest agitation of the car tended to hasten the ripping. The balloon had slowly descended nearly a thousand feet when suddenly, with a sharp crack, the rip extended upward about five feet more, until stopped by another seam. I now began to be alarmed, fearing the balloon would collapse entirely. I was over the roughest and most mountainous part of Vermont, with no place in sight suitable for a landing. The balloon was falling rapidly. I threw out everything in the car, anchor and ropes included, to check the descent, but to no purpose. I struck the rocky summit of Mount Tunbridge with a crash, instantly collapsing the balloon and throwing me out of the basket, inflicting injuries from which I did not recover for many months."



INFLATING A BALLOON.

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The press-excursions, originated, as hinted above, by Mr. King, and brought into such prominence by Donaldson in connection with Barnum's Hippodrome, produced a new and interesting class of aeronauts, peculiar, I believe, to this country and decade. The reporter is the true author, after all. If he have the courage and enthusiasm to plunge into the most untried and dangerous of life's paths, and the skill to transcribe his impressions in the freshest and most vivid colors, he possesses one form of the only valid plea for a man's asking the world of readers to listen to him—unhackneyed experience.

One of Mr. Holden's adventures has been described above. After Tissandier, he is doubtless the veteran journalistic aeronaut of the world. Beginning in 1861, he has made in all twenty-six voyages, some of them perilously eventful, including several night-flights of hundreds of miles. Most of his experience has been gained with Mr. King, though he accompanied Donaldson on several occasions. At the request of Professor Abby of the Signal Service, Mr. Holden took frequent barometrical and hygrometrical observations in his later excursions. He has made no

ascensions for some years, his surplus time and enthusiasm being diverted to European travel. The following bit of description admirably illustrates his style: "It is a strange scene that bursts upon the vision of the balloon-passenger as he rises above the housetops and trees. There is a moment when he beholds the thousands of upturned faces, the throngs of people in the street, at the windows and on the housetops, teams moving lazily hither and thither, and amid all a confused fluttering of leaves, frightened birds, waving flags and handkerchiefs, and a general commotion quite indescribable. But in another moment the men become mere black spots on a field of green, the horses and carriages are reduced to toys and the houses to the dimensions of the blocks children use at play. While all detail is disappearing there is a seeming contraction of larger objects. Streets have drawn nearer to each other: it is but a few steps from one extremity of a town to the other, and remote places are brought within slight distances of the objects beneath his feet."

Mr. Frank H. Taylor, of *Harpers Weekly*, has an aëronautical record second only to that of Mr. Holden, having been basketed on several trips each with Wise, Donaldson and King. Mr. Alfred Ford, of *The Graphic*, who with Donaldson and Lunt started on the disastrous Transatlantic voyage in the Graphic balloon, and Rev. H.B. Jeffries, of the *Pittsburg Leader*, who officiated at the balloon-wedding over Cincinnati, are also entitled to rank as veterans. The European literature of ballooning, with its accurate and brilliant descriptions by Glaisher, Tissandier, De Fonvielle and Dupuis-Delcour, has nothing more graphic and absorbing than some of the accounts dashed off in the white heat of enthusiasm by these and other American journalists. The nervousness and chaffing before the start; the thrill and wonder of the upward rush; the strange exhilaration coming with reliving confidence; the unspeakable loveliness and grandeur of the prospect; the thousand varied incidents of the too-brief journey; the short, sharp excitement of the landing; the awe and curiosity of the impromptu crowd invariably on the ground before the balloon, and reluctantly leaving it only when the last whiff of gas is rolled out of it and the last rope thrown into the wagon; the moonlight ride to the station with the gas-bag for a pillow and the brain too busy with the strangeness of the day for much talk,—all this and more, in endless diversity of circumstance and treatment, these gentlemen have embalmed for the curious millions who cannot or will not go "up in a balloon."

WILL O. BATES.

ADAM AND EVE.

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CHAPTER XXII.

The month of December was well advanced before Eve's letter had reached Reuben May. It came to him one morning when, notwithstanding the fog which reigned around, Reuben had arisen in more than usually good spirits, able to laugh at his neighbors for railing against weather which he declared was good weather and seasonable.

The moment the postman entered the shop his heart gave a great bound—for who but Eve would write to him?—and no sooner had his eyes fallen on the handwriting than his whole being rejoiced, for surely nothing but good news could be heralded by such glad feelings. With a resolute self-denial, of which on most occasions Reuben was somewhat proud, he refused himself the immediate gratification of his desires, and with a hasty glance laid the letter on one side while he entered into a needlessly long discussion with the postman, gossiped with a customer—for whose satisfaction he volunteered a minute inspection of a watch which might have very reasonably been put off until the morrow—and finally (there being nothing else by which the long-coveted pleasure could be further delayed) he took up the letter and carefully turned it first this side and then that before breaking the seal and unfolding the paper.

What would it say? That she was coming back—coming home? But when? how soon? In a month? in a week? now at once? In one flash of vision Reuben saw the furniture polished and comfortably arranged, the room smartened up and looking its best with a blazing fire and a singing kettle, and a cozy meal ready laid for two people; and then all they would have to say to one another—on his part much to hear and little to tell, for his life had jogged on at a very commonplace trot, his business neither better nor worse, but still, with the aid of the little sum his more than rigid economy had enabled him to save, they might make a fair start, free from all debt and able to pay their way.

These thoughts only occupied the time which Reuben took to undo the complicated folds by which, before the days of envelopes, correspondents endeavored to baffle the curiosity of those who sought to know more than was intended for them. But what is this? for Reuben's eyes had been so greedy to suck up the words that he had not given his mind time to grasp their meaning: "Not coming back! never—any more!"—"I like the place, the people, and, above all, my relations, so very much that I should never be happy now away from them."

He repeated the words over again and again before he seemed to have the least comprehension of what they meant: then, in a stupor of dull despondency, he read on to the end, and learnt that all his hopes were over, that his life was a blank, and that the thing he had dreaded so much as to cheat himself into the belief that it could never happen had come to pass. And yet he was still Reuben May, and lived and breathed, and hadn't much concern beyond the thought of how he

should best send the things she had left to Polperro—the place she never intended to leave, the place she now could never be happy away from.

Later on, a hundred wild schemes and mad desires wrestled and fought, trying to combat with his judgment and put to flight his sense of resolution; but now, as in the first moment of death, with the vain hope of realizing his loss, the mourner sits gazing at the inanimate form before him, so Reuben, holding the letter in his hands, returned again and again to the words which had dealt death to his hopes and told him that the love he lived for no longer lived for him. For Eve had been very emphatic in enforcing this resolve, and had so strongly worded her decision that, try as he would, Reuben could find no chink by which a ray of hope might gain admittance: all was dark with the gloom of despair, and this notwithstanding that Adam had not been mentioned, and Reuben had no more certain knowledge of a rival to guide him than the jaundiced workings of a jealous heart. Many events had concurred to bring about this blamable reticence. In the first place, the letter which Eve had commenced as a mere fulfilment of her promise had grown through a host of changing moods; for as time went on many a sweet and bitter found its way to that stream whose course did never yet run smooth; and could the pages before him have presented one tithe of these varied emotions, Reuben's sober nature would have rejoiced in the certainty that such an excess of sensitiveness needed but time and opportunity to wear itself out.

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It was nearly two months now since it had been known all through the place that Adam Pascal was keeping company with his cousin Eve, and the Polperro folk, one and all, agreed that no good could surely come of a courtship carried on after such a contrary fashion; for the two were never for twenty-four hours in the same mind, and the game of love seemed to resolve itself into a war of extremes wherein anger, devotion, suspicion and jealousy raged by turns and afforded equal occasions of scandal and surprise. To add to their original difficulties, the lovers had now to contend against the circumstances of time and place, for during the winter, from most of the men being on shore and without occupation, conviviality and merriment were rife among them, and from Bell-ringing Night, which ushered in Gun-powder Plot, until Valentine's Day was passed, revels, dances or amusements of any kind which brought people together were welcomed and well attended. With the not unnatural desire to get away from her own thoughts, and to avoid as much as was possible the opportunity of being a looker-on at happiness in which she had no personal share, Joan greedily availed herself of every invitation which was given or could be got at, and, as was to be expected, Eve, young, fresh and a novice, became to a certain degree infected with the anxiety to participate in most of these amusements. Adam made no objection, and, though he did not join them with much spirit and alacrity, he neither by word nor deed threw any obstacle in their way to lessen their anticipation or spoil their pleasure, while Jerrem, head, chief and master of ceremonies, found in these occasions ample opportunity for trying Adam's jealousy and tickling Eve's vanity.

Nettled by the indifference which, from her open cordiality, Jerrem soon saw Eve felt toward him, he taxed every art of pleasing to its utmost, with the determination of not being baffled in his attempts to supplant Adam, who in Jerrem's eyes was a man upon whom Fortune had lavished her choicest favors. Born in Polperro, Zebedee's son, heir to the Lottery, captain of her now in all but name, what had Adam to desire? while he, Jerrem, belonged to no one, could claim no one, had no name and could not say where he came from. Down in the depths of a heart in which nothing that was good or bad ever lingered long Jerrem let this fester rankle, until often, when he seemed most gay and reckless, some thoughtless word or idle joke would set it smarting. The one compensation he looked upon as given to him above Adam was the power of attraction, by which he could supplant him with others and rob him of their affection; so that, though he was no more charmed by Eve's rare beauty than he was won by her coy modesty, no sooner did he see that Adam's affection was turned toward her than he coveted her love and desired to boast of it as being his own. With this object in view, he began by enlisting Eve's sympathies with his forlorn position, inferring a certain similarity in their orphaned condition which might well lead her to bestow upon him her especial interest and regard; and so well was this part played that before long Eve found herself learning unconsciously to regard Adam as severe and unyielding toward Jerrem, whose misfortune it was to be too easily influenced. Seeing her strong in her own rectitude and no less convinced of the truth of Jerrem's well-intentioned resolutions, Adam felt it next to impossible to poison Eve's ears with tales and scandals of which her innocent life led her to have no suspicion: therefore, though the sight of their slightest intercourse rankled within him, he was forced to keep silent, knowing as he did that if he so much as pointed an arrow every head was wagged at him, and if he dared to let it fly home every tongue was ready to cry shame on his treachery.

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So the winter wore away, and as each day lengthened Adam found it more difficult to master his suspicions, to contend with his surroundings and to control the love which had taken complete hold and mastery of all his senses. With untiring anxiety he continued to dodge every movement of Jerrem and Eve—all those about him noting it, laughing over it, and, while they thwarted and tricked him, making merry at his expense, until Jerrem, growing bolder under such auspicious countenance no longer hesitated to throw a very decided air of lovemaking into his hitherto innocent and friendly intercourse.

Shocked and pained by Jerrem's altered tone, Eve sought refuge in Joan's broader experience by begging that she would counsel her as to the best way of putting a stop to this ungenerous conduct.

"Awh, my dear," cried Joan, "unless you'm wantin' to see murder in the house you mustn't braithe no word of it. 'Tw'ud be worse than death to Jerrem if't should iver come to Adam's ears: why, he'd have his life if he swung gallows-high for takin' of it. So, like a good maid, keep it from un now, 'cos they'm all on the eve o' startin', and by the time they comes home agen Jerrem 'ull have forgot all about 'ee."

Eve hesitated: "I told him if ever he spoke like that to me again I'd tell Adam."

"Iss, but you won't do it, though," returned Joan, "'cos there ain't no manin' in what he says, you know. 'Tis only what he's told up to scores and hunderds o' other maidens afore, the rapskallion-rogued raskil! And that Adam knows, and's had it in his mind from' fust along what game he was after. Us two knaws un for what he is, my dear—wan best loved where he's least trusted."

"It's so different to the men I've ever had to do with," said Eve.

"Iss, but you never knawed but wan afore you comed here, did 'ee?"

"I only knew one man well," returned Eve.

"Awh, then, you must bide a bit 'fore you can fathom their deepness," replied Joan; "and while you'm waitin' I wouldn't advise 'ee to take it for granted that the world's made up o' Reuben Mays—nor Adam Pascals neither;" and she ran to the door to welcome a cousin for whose approach she had been waiting, while Eve, worried and perplexed, let her thoughts revert to the old friend who seemed to have quite forgotten her; for Reuben had sent no answer to Eve's letter, and thus had afforded no opportunity for the further announcement she had intended making. His silence, interpreted by her into indifference, had hurt her more than she liked owning, even to herself; and the confession of their mutual promise, which she had intended making to Adam, was still withheld, because her vanity forbade her to speak of a man whose affection she had undoubtedly overrated.

Already there had been some talk of the furniture being sent for, and with this in view the next time she saw Sammy Tucker she asked him if he had been to Fowey lately, and if he had seen anything of Captain Triggs.

Sammy, as was his wont, blushed up to the eyes before he stammered out something about having met "un just for a minit comin' down by Place, 'cos he'd bin up there to fetch sommit he was goin' to car'y to London for Squire Trefry; but that was a brave bit agone, so, p'r'aps," added Sammy, "he's back by now, 'cos they wos a-startin' away that ebenin'."

Eve made no other remark, and Sammy turned away, not sorry to escape further interrogation, for it had so happened that the opportunity alluded to had been turned by Sammy to the best advantage, and he had contrived in the space of ten minutes to put Captain Triggs in possession of the whole facts of Adam and Eve's courtship, adding that "Folks said 'twas a burnin' shame o'he to marry she, and Joan Hocken fo'ced to stand by and look on; and her's" (indicating by his thumb it was his stepmother he meant) "ha' tooked on tar'ible bad, and bin as moody-hearted as could be ever since."

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Captain Triggs nodded his head in sympathy, and then went on his way with the intuitive conviction that this bit of news, which he intended repeating to "thickee chap in London," would not be received with welcome. "However," he reflected, "'tis allays best to know the warst, so I shall tell un the fust time I meets un, which is safe to be afore long, 'cos o'the ole gentleman," meaning thereby an ancient silver watch through whose medium Captain Triggs and Reuben had struck up an intimacy. How Reuben blessed that watch and delighted in those ancient works which would not go, and so afforded him an opportunity for at least one visit!

Each time the Mary Jane came to London, Reuben was made acquainted with the fact, and the following evening found him in the little cabin poring over the intricacies of his antique friend, whose former capabilities, when in the possession of his father, Captain Triggs was never weary of recounting.

Standing behind Reuben, Triggs would nod and chuckle at each fresh difficulty that presented itself, delighting in the proud certainty that after all the London chap "'ud find the ole gentleman had proved wan too many for he;" and when Reuben, desirous of further information, would prepare his way for the next visit by declaring he must have another try at him, Triggs, radiant but magnanimous, would answer, "Iss, iss, lad, do 'ee come agen; for 'tis aisy to see with half a eye that 'tain't wan look, nor two neither, that 'ull circumnavigate the insides o' that ole chap if 'taint to his liken to be set agoin'."

CHAPTER XXIII.

It was some weeks after the receipt of Eve's letter that Reuben, having paid several fruitless visits to Kay's Wharf, walked down one afternoon to find the Mary Jane in and Captain Triggs on board. The work of the short winter's day was all but over, and Reuben accepted an invitation to bide where he was and have a bit of a yarn.

"You've bin bad, haven't 'ee?" Captain Triggs said with friendly anxiety as, seated in the little cabin, their faces were brought on a level of near inspection.

"Me—bad?" replied Reuben. "No. Why, what made you think of that?"

"'Cos you'm lookin' so gashly about the gills."

"Oh, I was always a hatchet-faced fellow," said Reuben, wondering as he spoke whether his lack of personal appearance had in any way damaged his cause with Eve, for poor Reuben was in that state when thoughts, actions, words have but one centre round which they all seem unavoidably to revolve.

"But you'm wuss than ever now. I reckon," continued Captain Triggs, "'tis through addlin' your head over them clocks and watches too close, eh?"

"Well, perhaps so," said Reuben. "I often think that if I could I should like to be more in the open air."

"Come for a voyage with me, then," said Triggs heartily. "I'll take 'ee, and give'ee a shake-down free; and yer mate and drink for the aitin'. Come, you can't have fairer than that said, now, can 'ee?"

A wild thought rushed into Reuben's mind. Should he go with him, see Eve once more, and try whether it was possible to move her to some other decision? "You're very kind, I'm sure," he began, "and I feel very much obliged for such an offer; but—"

"There! 'tis nothin' to be obliged for," interrupted Triggs, thinking it was Reuben's modesty made him hesitate. "We'm a hand short, so anywise there's a berth empty; and as for the vittals, they allays cooks a sight more than us can get the rids of. So I'm only offerin' 'ee what us can't ate ourselves."

"I think you mean what you're saying," said Reuben—"at least," he added, smiling, "I hope you do, for 'pon my word I feel as if I should like very much to go."

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"Iss, sure, Come along, then. Us sha'n't start afore next week, and you'll be to Bristol and back 'fore they've had time to miss 'ee here."

"Bristol?" ejaculated Reuben. "I thought you were going to Cornwall again?"

"Not to wance, I ain't, but wouldn't 'ee rather go to Bristol? 'Tis a brave place, you know. For my part, I'd so soon see Bristol as London: 'tis pretty much o' the same lookout here as there." But while Captain Triggs had been saying these words his thoughts had made a sudden leap toward the truth, and, finding Reuben not ready with a remark, he continued: "'Tain't on no account of the young female you comed aboard here with that's makin' 'ee think o' Cornwall, is it?"

"Yes, it is," said Reuben bluntly. "I want to see her. I've had a letter from her, and it needs a little talkin' over."

"Awh! then I 'spects there's no need for me to tell 'ee that her's took up with Adam Pascal. You knaws it already?"

Reuben felt as if a pike had been driven into his heart, but his self-command stood him in good stead, and he said quite steadily, "Do you happen to know him or anything about him?"

"Awh, iss: I knaws 'en fast enuf," said Triggs, who felt by intuition that Reuben's desire was to know no good of him, "and a precious stomachy chap he is. Lord! I pities the maid who'll be his missis: whether gentle or simple, her's got her work cut out afore her."

"In what way? How do ye mean?"

"Why, he's got the temper o' the old un to stand up agen, and wherever he shows his face he must be head and chief and must lay down the law, and you must hearken to act by it or else look out for squalls."

Reuben drew his breath more freely. "And what is he?" he asked.

"Wa-all, I reckon he's her cousin, you knaw," answered Triggs, misinterpreting the question, "'cos he's ole Zebedee's awnly son, and the ole chap's got houses and lands and I dunno what all. But, there! I wouldn't change with 'em; for you knaw what they be, all alike—a drunk-in', fightin', cussin' lot. Lor's! I cudn't stand it, I cudn't, to be drunk from mornin' to night and from night to mornin'."

"And is he one of this sort?" exclaimed Reuben in horror. "Why, are her relations like that?"

"They'm all tarred with the wan brush, I reckon," replied Triggs. "If not, they cudn't keep things goin' as they do: 'tis the drink car'ies 'em through with it. Why, I knaws by the little I've a done that ways myself how 'tis. Git a good skinful o' grog in 'ee, and wan man feels he's five, and, so long as it lasts, he's got the sperrit and 'ull do the work o' five too: then when 'tis beginnin' to drop a bit, in with more liquor, and so go on till the job's over."

"And how long do they keep it up?" said Reuben.

"Wa-all, that's more than I can answer for. Let me see," said Triggs, reflectively. "There was ole Zeke Spry: he was up eighty-seben, and he used to say he'd never, that he knowed by and could help, bin to bed not to say *sober* since he'd comed to years o' discretion. But in that ways he was only wan o' many; and after he was dead 't happened just as 't ole chap had said it wud, for he

used to say, 'When I'm tooked folks 'ull get up a talk that ole Zeke Spry killed hisself with drink; but don't you listen to it,' he says, 'cos 'tain't nothin' o' the sort: he died for want o' breath—that's what killed he;' and I reckon he was about right, else there wudn't be nobody left to die in Polperro."

"Polperro?" said Reuben: "that's where your ship goes to?"

"No, not ezactly: I goes to Fowey, but they bain't over a step or so apart—a matter o' six miles, say."

There was a pause, which Captain Triggs broke by saying, "Iss, I thought whether it wudn't surprise 'ee to hear 'bout it bein' Adam Pascal. They'm none of 'em overmuch took with it, I reckon, for they allays counted on 'im havin' Joan Hocken: her's another cousin, and another nice handful, by all that's told up."

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Reuben's spirit groaned within him. "Oh, if I'd only known of this before!" he said. "I'd have kept her by force from going, or if she would have gone I'd have gone with her. She was brought up so differently!" he continued, addressing Triggs. "A more respectable woman never lived than her mother was."

"Awh! so the Pascals all be: there's none of 'em but what's respectable and well-to-do. What I've bin tellin' of 'ee is their ways, you know: 'tain't nothing agen 'em."

"It's quite decided me to go down and see her, though," said Reuben. "I feel it's what her mother would have me do: she in a way asked me to act a brother's part to her when she was dying, for she didn't dream about her having anything to do with these relations whom she's got among now."

"Wa-all, 'twas a thousand pities you let her go, then," said Triggs; "and, though I'm not wantin' to hinder 'ee—for you'm so welcome to a passage down to Fowey as you be round to Bristol—still, don't it strike 'ee that if her wudn't stay here for yer axin' then, her ain't likely to budge from there for your axin' now?"

"I can but try, though," said Reuben, "and if you let me go when you're going—"

"Say no more, and the thing's settled," replied Triggs decisively. "I shall come back to London with a return cargo, which 'ull have to be delivered: another wan 'ull be tooked in, and, that aboard, off us goes."

"Then the bargain's made," said Reuben, holding out his hand; "and whenever you're ready to start you'll find me ready to go."

Captain Triggs gave the hand a hearty shake in token of his willingness to perform his share of the compact; and the matter being so far settled, Reuben made his necessary preparations, and with all the patience he could summon to his aid endeavored to wait with calmness the date of departure.

While Reuben was waiting in London activity had begun to stir again in Polperro. The season of pleasure was over: the men had grown weary of idleness and merrymaking, and most of them now anxiously awaited the fresh trip on which they were about to start. The first run after March was always an important one, and the leaders of the various crews had been at some trouble to arrange this point to the general satisfaction.

Adam's temper had been sorely tried during these discussions, but never had he so well governed it nor kept his sharp speech under such good control; the reason being that at length he had found another outlet for his wounded sensibility.

With the knowledge that the heart he most cared for applauded and sympathized with his hopes and his failures Adam could be silent and be calm. To Jerrem alone the cause of this alteration was apparent, and with all the lynx-eyed sharpness of vexed and wounded vanity he tried to thwart and irritate Adam by sneering remarks and covert suggestions that all must now give way to him: it was nothing but "follow my leader" and do and say what he chose—words which were as pitch upon tow to natures so readily inflamed, so headstrong against government and impatient of everything which savored of control. And the further misfortune of this was that Adam, though detecting Jerrem's influence in all this opposition, was unable to speak of it to Eve. It was the single point relating to the whole matter on which the two kept silent, each regarding the very mention of Jerrem's name as a firebrand which might perchance destroy the wonderful harmony which for the last week or so had reigned between them, and which to both was so sweet that neither had the courage to endanger or destroy it.

At length the day of departure had come, and as each hour brought the inevitable separation closer Eve's heart began to discover itself more openly, and she no longer disguised or hid from those around that her love, her hopes, her fears were centred upon Adam.

In vain did Jerrem try, by the most despairing looks and despondent sighs, to attract her attention and entice her to an interview. Away from Adam's side—or, Adam absent, from Joan's company—Eve would not stir, until Jerrem, driven into downright ill-humor, was forced to take refuge in sullen silence.

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It had been decided that the Lottery was to start in the evening, and the day had been a busy one, but toward the end of the afternoon Adam managed to spare a little time, which was to be

devoted to Eve and to saying the farewell which in reality was then to take place between them.

In order to ensure a certain amount of privacy, it had been arranged that Eve should go to an opening some halfway up Talland lane and there await Adam's approach, which he would make by scrambling up from under the cliff and so across to where she could see and come to meet him.

Accordingly, as soon as five o'clock had struck, Eve, who had been fidgeting about for some time, got up and said, "Joan, if Jerrem comes in you won't tell where I've gone, will you?"

"Well, seein' I don't know the whereabouts of it myself, I should be puzzled," said Joan.

"I'm goin' up Talland lane to meet Adam," faltered Eve; "and as it's to say good-bye, I—we—don't want anybody else, you see."

The tremulous tone of the last few words made Joan turn round, and, looking at Eve, she saw that the gathered tears were ready to fall from her eyes. Joan had felt a desire to be sharp in speech, but the sight of Eve's face melted her anger at once, and with a sudden change of manner she said, "Why, bless the maid! what's there to cry about? You'm a nice one, I just say, to be a sailor's wife! Lor's! don't let 'em see that you frets to see their backs, or they'll be gettin' it into their heads next that they'm somebodys and we can't live without 'em. They'll come back soon enough, and a sight too soon for a good many here, I can tell 'ee."

Eve shook her head. "But will they come back?" she said despairingly. "I feel something different to what I ever felt before—a presentiment of evil, as if something would happen. What could happen to them, Joan?"

"Lord bless 'ee! don't ax un what could happen to 'em. Why, a hunderd things: they could be wracked and drowned, or catched and killed, or tooked and hung." Then, bursting into a laugh at Eve's face of horror, she exclaimed, "Pack o' stuff, nonsense! Don't 'ee take heed o' no fancies nor rubbish o' that sort. They'll come back safe enuf, as they've allays done afore. Nothin's ever happened to 'em yet: what should make it now? T' world ain't a-comin' to an end 'cos you'm come down fra' London town. There, get along with 'ee, do!" and she pushed her gently toward the door, adding, with a sigh, "'Twould be a poor tale if Adam was never to come back now, and it the first time he ever left behind un anything he cared to see agen."

Eve soon reached her point of observation, and under shelter of the hedge she stood looking with anxious eyes in the direction from which Adam was to come. It had been a clear bright day, and the air blew fresh and cool; the sky (except to windward, where a few white fleecy masses lay scattered about) was cloudless; the sea was of a deep-indigo blue, flecked with ridges of foam, which unfurled and spread along each wave, crested its tip and rode triumphant to the shore. Inside the Peak, over the harbor, the gulls were congregated, some fluttering over the water, some riding on its surface, some flying in circles over the heights, now green and soft with the thick fresh grass of spring. Down the spine of the cliff the tangle of brier-wood and brambles, though not leafless, still showed brown, and the long trails which were lifted and bowed down as the sudden gusts of wind swept over them, looked bare and wintry.

Eve gave an involuntary shiver, and her eyes, so quick to drink in each varied aspect of the sea, now seemed to try and shut out its beauty from before her.

What should she do if the wind blew and the waves rose as she had seen them do of late, rejoicing in the sight, with Adam by her side? But with him away, she here alone—oh, her spirit sank within her; and to drive away the thoughts which came crowding into her mind she left her shelter, and, hurrying along the little path, crossed the cress-grown brook, and was soon halfway up the craggy ascent, when Adam, who had reached the top from the other side, called out, "Hallo! I didn't think to find you here. We'd best walk back a bit, or else we shall be just in the eye of the wind, and it's coming on rather fresh."

"You won't go if it blows, Adam?" and Eve's face betrayed her anxiety.

"Oh, my dear one," he said kindly, "you mustn't think of the wind's having anything to do with me. Besides, it's all in our favor, you know: it'll rock us to sleep all the sooner."

Eve tried to smile back as she looked up at him, but it was a very feeble attempt. "I don't want to feel frightened," she said, "but I can't help it."

"Can't help what?"

"Why, thinking that something may happen."

"Oh, nonsense!" he said: "there's nothing going to happen. It's because you care for me you think like that. Why, look at me: ain't I the same? Before this I never felt anything but glad to be off and get away; but this time"—and he drew a long sigh, as if to get rid of the oppression—"I seem to carry about a lump of lead inside me, and the nearer it comes to saying good-bye the heavier it grows."

This sympathy seemed to afford Eve some consolation, and when she spoke again it was to ask in a more cheerful tone how long their probable absence would be, where they were going, what time they would take in getting there; to all of which Adam answered with unnecessary exactness, for both of them felt they were talking, for talking's sake, of things about which they knew all they could know already. Yet how was it possible, in the light of open day, when at any

moment they might be joined by a third person, to speak of that which lay deep down in their hearts, waiting only for a word, a caress, a tender look, to give it voice?

Adam had had a dozen cautions, entreaties, injunctions to give to Eve: he had been counting through every minute of the day the time to this hour, and now it had come and he seemed to have nothing to say—could think of nothing except how long he could possibly give to remaining.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed after more than an hour had slipped away—time wasted in irrelevant questions and answers, with long pauses between, when neither could think of anything to say, and each wondered why the other did not speak—"By Jove, Eve! I must be off: I didn't think the time had gone so quick. We mustn't start at the furthest later than eight; and if I ain't there to look after them nobody'll think it worth while to be ready."

They were back under shelter of the hedge again now, and Adam (who possessed the singular quality of not caring to do his lovemaking in public) ventured to put his arm round Eve's waist and draw her toward him. "You'll never let me go again," he said, "without bein' able to leave you my wife, Eve, will you? 'Tis that, I b'lieve, is pressing on me. I wish now more than ever that you hadn't persisted in saying no all this long winter."

"I won't say no next time," she said, while the hitherto restrained tears began to fall thick and fast.

Adam's delight was not spoken in words, and for the time he forgot all about the possibility of being overlooked: "Then, when I come back I sha'n't be kept waiting any longer?"

"No."

"And we shall be married at once?"

"Yes."

Adam strained her again to his heart. "Then, come what may," he said, "I sha'n't fear it. So long as I've got you, Eve, I don't care what happens. It's no good," he said, after another pause. "The time's up, and I must be off. Cheer up, my girl, cheer up! Look up at me, Eve, that's a sweetheart! Now, one kiss more, and after that we must go on to the gate, and then good-bye indeed."

But, the gate reached and the good-bye said, Eve still lingered. "Oh, Adam!" she cried, "stop—wait for one instant."

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And Adam, well pleased to be detained, turned toward her once more.

"Good-bye, Adam: God watch over you!"

"Amen, my girl, amen! May He watch over both of us, for before Him we are one now, Eve: we've taken each other, as the book has it, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health."

"Till death do you part," said the sepulchral tones of a voice behind the hedge; and with a laugh at the start he had given them Jerrem passed by the gate and went on his way.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Several weeks had now passed by since the bustle of departure was over, and, though no direct intelligence had come from the absentees, a rumor had somehow spread abroad that the expected run of goods was to be one of the largest ever made in Polperro.

The probability of this fact had been known to the leaders of the expedition before they started, and had afforded Adam another opportunity for impressing upon them the great necessity for increased caution.

Grown suspicious at the supineness which generally pervaded the revenue department, the government had decided upon a complete revolution, and during the winter months the entire force of the coast had been everywhere superseded and in many places increased. Both at Looe and Fowey the cutters had new officers and crews, and the men, inflamed with the zeal of newcomers, were most ardent to make a capture and so prove themselves worthy of the post assigned to them.

While all his comrades had affected to laugh at these movements, Adam had viewed them with anxiety—had seen the graveness of their import and the disasters likely to arise from them; and at length his arguments had so far prevailed that a little better regulation was made for the working of signals and ensuring that they should be given and attended to if required. In case of danger the rule was to burn a fire on different heights of the cliff, and small huts were even erected for that purpose; but the lighting of these fires was often delayed until the last moment: what had become everybody's business was nobody's business, and secure that, in any case, the cruisers were no more willing to fight than the smugglers were wanting to be fought, hazards were often incurred which with men whose silence could not be bought (for up to that time every crew had had its go-between) would most certainly have proved fatal.

Upon the present force no influence could as yet be got to bear, and, to prove the temper of their

dispositions, no sooner was it known to them that three of the most daring of the Polperro vessels were absent than they set to watching the place with such untiring vigilance that it needed all the sharpness of those left behind to follow their movements and arrange the signals so that they might warn their friends without exciting undue suspicions among their enemies.

Night after night, in one place or another, the sheltered flicker of the flame shone forth as a warning that any attempt to land would prove dangerous, until, word being suddenly brought that the cruiser had gone off to Polruan, out went the fire, and, an answering light showing that at least one of the vessels was on the watch, when the morning dawned the Stamp and Go was in and her cargo safe under water. The Lottery, she said, had contrived to decoy the revenue-men away, hoping that by that means the two smaller vessels might stand a chance of running in, but from their having to part company and keep well away from each other, the Stamp and Go, though certain the Cleopatra was not far off, had lost sight of her.

The day passed away, the evening light had all but faded, when to the watchers the Cleopatra, with crowded sail and aided by a south-west wind, was seen trying to make the harbor, close followed by the cruiser. The news flew over the place like lightning, and but a few minutes seemed to have passed before all Polperro swarmed the cliffs, each trying to secure a vantage-point by putting forth some strong claim of interest in those on board. With trembling hearts and anxious gaze the lookers-on watched each movement of the two vessels, a dead silence prevailing among them so long as they both followed in the same course, but the instant a clever tack was made by which the pursuers were baffled, up rose the shout of many voices, and cries were heard and prayers uttered that the darkness would come quickly on and afford their friends a safe entrance.

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Except to such men as steered the Cleopatra, to enter Polperro harbor amid darkness and wind was a task beyond their skill; and, knowing this, and seeing by her adversary's tactics the near possibility of defeat, the cruiser had resort to her guns, trying to cut away the Cleopatra's gear, and by that means compel her to heave-to. But, though partly disabled, the stout little vessel bore onward, and night's friendly clouds coming to her aid, the discomfited cruiser had to withdraw within hearing of the triumphant shouts which welcomed her rival's safety.

With the exception of the Lottery all was now safe, but no fears were entertained on her account, because, from her superior size and her well-known fast-sailing qualities, the risks which had endangered the other two vessels would in no way affect her. She had merely to cruise outside and await, with all the patience her crew could command, a fitting opportunity for slipping in, escaping the revenue-men and turning on them a fresh downpour of taunts and ridicule.

In proof of this, several of the neighboring fishing-boats had from time to time seen and spoken to the Lottery; and with a view to render those at home perfectly at ease every now and again one of these trusty messengers would arrive with a few words which would be speedily circulated among those most interested. The fact of her absence, and the knowledge that at any time the attempt to land might be made, naturally kept every one on the strain; and directly night set in both Joan and Eve trembled at each movement and started at every sound.

One night, as, in case of surprise, they were setting all things in order, a sudden shuffling made Joan fly to the door. "Why, Jonathan," she exclaimed, admitting the man whom Eve had never seen since the evening after her arrival, "what's up? What brings you here, eh?"

"I've comed with summat for you," he said, casting a suspicious look at Eve.

"Well, out with it, then," said Joan, quickly adding, as she jerked her head in that direction, "us don't have no secrets from she."

"Awh, doant 'ee?" returned Jonathan in a voice which sounded the reverse of complimentary. "Wa-all, then, there's what 'tis;" and he held toward her a piece of paper folded up like a letter.

"Who's it from? where did 'ee get un?" asked Joan, while Eve exclaimed, "Oh, Joan, see is it from them?"

"I can't stay no longer," said Jonathan, preparing to retreat.

"But you must stay till we've made out what this here is," said Joan.

Jonathan shook his head. "'Tain't nothin' to do with what I'm about," he answered, determined not to be detained, "and I've got to run all the faster 'cos I've comed round this way to bring it. But Jerrem gived it to me," he whispered, "and Adam ain't to be tould nothin' of it;" and he added a few more words which made Joan release her hold of him and seem as anxious to see him gone as he was to go.

The first part of the whisper had reached Eve's ears, and the hope which had leaped into her heart had been forced back by the disappointment that Jerrem, not Adam, had sent the letter. Still, it might contain some news of their return, and she turned to Joan with a look of impatient inquiry.

"I wonder whatever 'tis about?" said Joan, claiming the right of ownership so far as the unfolding the missive went. "Some random talk or 'nother, I'll be bound," she added, with a keener knowledge of her correspondent than Eve possessed. "I'll warrant he's a nice handful aboard there 'mongst 'em all, with nothin' to do but drinkin' and dice-throwin' from mornin' to night. Awh, laws!" she said, with a sigh of discontent as the written page lay open before her, "what's

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the good o' sendin' a passel o' writin' like that to me? 'T might so well be double Dutch for aught I can make out o' any o' it. There! take and read it, do 'ee, Eve, and let's hear what he says—a good deal more 'bout you than me, I'll lay a wager to."

"Then I don't know why he should," said Eve.

"No, nor I neither," laughed Joan; "but, there! I ain't jealous o' he, for, as I'm Jerrem's cut-and-come-agen, his makin' up to other maidens only leaves un more relish for comin' back to the dish he can stick by."

Eve's eyes had by this time run over the carelessly-written, sprawling page of the letter, and her face flushed up crimson as she said, "I really do wish Jerrem would give over all this silly nonsense. He has no business to write in this way to me."

"To you?" exclaimed Joan, snatching back the letter to look at the outside. "Why, that ain't to you;" and she laid her finger on the direction. "Come now, 'tis true I bain't much of a scholard, but I'm blessed if I can't swear to my awn name when I sees un."

"That's only the outside," said Eve: "all the rest is to me—nothing but a parcel of silly questions, asking me how he has offended me, and why I don't treat him as I used to; as if he didn't know that he has nobody but himself to blame for the difference!"

"And ain't there nothin' else? Don't he send no word to me?" asked Joan ruefully.

Eve, who was only too glad that poor Joan's ignorance prevented her reading the exaggerated rhodomontade of penitence and despair with which the paper was filled, ignored the first question. "He says," she said, turning to read from the page, "'As you won't give me the opportunity of speaking to you, promise me that when we meet, which will be to-morrow night—' Oh, Joan, can that be true? do you think he means really to-morrow?" then, running her eyes farther on, she continued: "Perhaps he does, for—listen, Joan—'You mustn't split on me to Adam, who's cock-a-hoop about giving you all a surprise, and there'd be the devil to pay if he found out I'd blown the gaff.'"

"Now, ain't that Jerrem all over?" exclaimed Joan angrily, anything but pleased at the neglect she had suffered—"just flyin' in the face o' everything Adam wants done. He knaws how things has got abroad afore, nobody could tell how, and yet, 'cos he's axed, he can't keep a quiet tongue in his head."

"I tell you what we'll do," said Eve—"not take a bit of notice of the letter, Joan, and just act as if we'd never had it: shall we?"

"Well, I reckon 'twould be the best way, for I shouldn't wonder but they be comin'," she added, while Eve, anxious to be rid of the letter, hastily flung it into the fire and stood watching it blaze up and die out. "Jonathan gave a hint o' somethin'," continued Joan, "though he never named no time, which, if he was trusted with, he knaws better than to tell of."

"I wonder they do trust him, though," said Eve, "seeing he's rather silly?"

"Awh! most o' his *silly* is to serve his own turn. Why, to see un elsewheres you'd say he'd stored up his wits to Polperro, and left 'em here till he gets back agen; and that's how 'tis he ferrets out the things he does, 'cos nobody minds un nor pays no heed to un; and if he does by chance come creepin' up or stand anigh, 'Tis only poor foolish Jonathan,' they says."

CHAPTER XXV.

The sun which came streaming in through the windows next morning seemed the herald of coming joy. Eve was the first to be awakened, and she soon aroused Joan. "It won't make no difference to them because the day's fine," she asked: "will it, Joan?"

"Not a bit: they don't care a dump what the day is, so long as the night's only dark enough; and there'll be no show o' moon this week."

"Oh, I'm so glad!" said Eve, breaking out into a snatch of an old song which had caught her fancy.

"Awh, my dear, don't 'ee begin to sing, not till breakfast is over," exclaimed Joan. "'Sing afore you bite, cry afore night.'"

"Cry with joy perhaps," laughed Eve; still, she hushed her melody and hastened her speed to get quickly dressed and her breakfast over. That done with, the house had to be fresh put in order, while Joan applied herself to the making of various pies and pastries; "For, you see," she said, "if they won't all of 'em be just ready for a jollification this time, and no mistake!"

"And I'm sure they deserve to have one," said Eve, whose ideas of merrymaking were on a much broader scale now than formerly. It was true she still always avoided the sight of a drunken man and ran away from a fight, but this was more because her feelings were outraged at these sights than because her sense of right and wrong was any longer shocked at the vices which led to them.

"I'll tell 'ee what I think I'll do," said Joan as, her culinary tasks over, she felt at liberty to indulge

in some relaxation: "I'll just run in to Polly Taprail's and two or three places near, and see if the wind's blowed them any of this news."

"Yes, do," said Eve, "and I shall go along by the Warren a little way and look at the sea, and that —"

"Lord save the maid!" laughed Joan: "whatever you finds in the say to look at I can't tell. I know 'tis there, but I niver wants to turn my eyes that way, 'ceptin' 'tis to look at somethin' 'pon it."

"Wait till you've been in a town like I have for some time," said Eve.

"Wait? Iss, I 'spects 'twill be wait 'fore my turn comes to be in a town for long. Awh, but I should just like to go to London, though," she added: "wouldn't I just come back ginteel!" and she walked out of the door with the imaginary strut such an importance would warrant her in assuming. Eve followed, and the two walked together down Lansallos street, at the corner of which they parted —Joan to go to Mrs. Taprail's, and Eve along by the Warren toward Talland, for, although she had not told her intention to Joan, she had made up her mind to walk on to where she could get sight of Talland Bay.

She was just in that state of hope and fear when inaction becomes positive pain, and relief is only felt while in pursuit of an object which entails some degree of bodily movement. Joan had so laughed at her fears for the Lottery that to a great extent her anxiety had subsided; and everybody else seemed so certain that with Adam's caution and foresight nothing could possibly happen to them that to doubt their safety seemed to doubt his wisdom.

During this last voyage Adam had had a considerable rise in the opinions of the Polperro folk: they would not admit it too openly, but in discussions between twos and threes it was acknowledged that "Adam had took the measure o' they new revenoo-chaps from the fust, and said they was a cunnin', desateful lot, and not to be dealt with no ways;" and Eve, knowing the opposition he had had to undergo, felt a just pride that they were forced into seeing that his fears had some ground and that his advice was worth following out.

Once past the houses, she determined no longer to linger, but walk on as briskly as possible; and this was the more advisable because the day was a true April one: sharp showers of mingled hail and rain had succeeded the sun, which now again was shining out with dazzling brightness.

The sea was green and rippled over with short dancing waves, across which ran long slanting shadows of a bright violet hue, reflected from the sun and sky; but by the time Eve reached a jutting stone which served as a landmark all this was vanishing, and, turning, she saw coming up a swift creeping shadow which drew behind it a misty veil that covered up both sea and sky and blotted them from view.

"Oh my! here's another hailstorm coming," she said; and, drawing the hood of her cloak close over her face, she made all haste down the steep bit of irregular rock toward where she knew that, a little way off the path, a huge boulder would afford her shelter.

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Down came the rain, and with it such a gust of wind that, stumbling up the bit of cliff on which the stone stood, Eve was almost bent double. Hullo! Somebody was here already, and, shaking back her hood to see who her companion in distress might be, she uttered a sharp scream of horror, for the man who stood before her was no other than Reuben May.

"Then you're not glad to see me, Eve?" he said, for the movement Eve had involuntarily made was to put out her hands as if to push him away.

Eve tried to speak, but the sudden fright of his unexpected presence seemed to have dried up her throat and tongue and taken away all power of utterance.

"Your old chum, Capen Triggs, asked me how I should like to take a bit of a trip with him, and I thought, as I hadn't much to keep me, I'd take his offer; and, as he's stopped at Plymouth for a day or so, I made up my mind to come so far as here and see for myself if some of what I've been told is true."

"Why, what have you been told?" said Eve, catching at anything which might spare her some of the unpleasantness of a first communication.

"Well, for one thing, that you're going to be married to your cousin."

Eve's color rose, and Reuben, thinking it might be anger, said, "Don't make any mistake, Eve: I haven't come to speak about myself. All that's past and over, and God only knows why I ever got such folly into my head;" and Reuben thought himself perfectly sincere in making this statement, for he had talked himself into the belief that this journey was undertaken from the sole desire to carry out his trust. "What I've come to do is to speak to you like a friend, and ask you to tell me what sort of people these are that you're among, and how the man gets his living that you're thinking of being married to."

Eve hesitated: then she said, "There is no need for me to answer you, Reuben, because I can see that somebody already has been talking about them to you—haven't they?"

"Yes, they have, but how do I know that what they've said is true?"

"Oh, I dare say it's true enough," she said: "people ain't likely to tell you false about a thing nobody here feels ashamed to own to."

"Not ashamed of being drunkards, law-breakers, thieves?" said Reuben sternly.

"Reuben May," exclaimed Eve, flaming up with indignation and entirely forgetting that but a little time before she had held an exactly similar opinion, "do you forget that you're speaking of my own father's blood-relations—people who're called by the same name I am?"

"No, I don't forget it, Eve; and I don't forget, neither, that if I didn't think that down here you would soon become ruined, body and soul, I'd rather cut my tongue out than it should give utterance to a word that could cause you pain. You speak of your father, but think of your mother, Eve—think if she could rise up before you could you ask her blessing on what you're going to do?"

Eve's face quivered with emotion, and Reuben, seizing his advantage, continued: "Perhaps you think I'm saying this because I'm wanting you for myself, but, as God will judge us, 'tisn't that that's making me speak, Eve;" and he held out his hand toward her. "You've known me for many a long year now—my heart's been laid more bare to you than to any living creature: do you believe what I'm saying to you?"

"Yes, Reuben, I do," she answered firmly, though the tears, no longer restrained, came streaming from her eyes; "and you must also believe what I say to you—that my cousin is a man as honest and upright as yourself, that he wouldn't defraud any one of the value of a pin's point, nor take a thing that he didn't think himself he'd got a proper right to."

"Good God, Eve! is it possible that you can speak like this of one who gets his living by smuggling?" and a spasm of positive agony passed over Reuben's face as he tried to realize the change of thought and feeling which could induce a calm defence of such iniquity. "What's the difference whether a man robs me or he robs the king? Isn't he stealing just the same?"

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"No, certainly not," said Eve, quickly. "I can't explain it all to you, but I know this—that what they bring over they buy and pay for, and certainly, therefore, have some right to."

"Have a right to?" repeated Reuben. "Well, that's good! So men have a right to smuggle, have they? and smuggling isn't stealing? Come! I should just like this cousin of yours to give me half an hour of his company to argue out that matter in."

"My cousin isn't at home," said Eve, filled with a sudden horror of what might be expected from an argument between two such tempers as Reuben and Adam possessed. "And if you've only come here to argue, whether 'tis with me or with them, Reuben, 'tis a waste of time that'll do no good to you nor any of us."

Reuben did not speak. He stood and for a few moments looked fixedly at her: then he turned away and hid his face in his hands. The sudden change from anger to sorrow came upon Eve unexpectedly: anything like a display of emotion was so foreign to Reuben that she could not help being affected by it, and after a minute's struggle with herself she laid her hand on his arm, saying gently, "Reuben, don't let me think you've come all this long way only to quarrel and say bitter things to me: let me believe 'tis as you said—because you weren't satisfied, and felt, for mother's sake, you wanted to be a friend to me still. I feel now as if I ought to have told you when I wrote that I was going to marry my cousin Adam, but I didn't do it because I thought you'd write to me, and then 'twould be easier to speak; and when you didn't take no notice I thought you meant to let me go altogether, and I can't tell you how hurt I felt. I couldn't help saying to myself over and over again (though I was so angry with you I didn't know what to do), 'I shall never have another such friend as Reuben—never.'"

Eve's words had their effect, and when Reuben turned his pale face to her again his whole mood was softened. "'Tis to be the same friend I always was that I've come, Eve," he said; "only you know me, and how I can never keep from blurting out all at once things that I ought to bring round bit by bit, so that they might do good and not give offence."

"You haven't offended me yet," she said—"at least," she added, smiling in her old way at him, "not beyond what I can look over; and so far as I can and it will ease your mind, Reuben, I'll try to tell you all you care to know about uncle and—the rest of them. I'm sure if you knew them you'd like them: you couldn't help it—more particularly Joan and Adam, if you once saw those two."

"And why can't I see them, Eve? It wouldn't seem so very strange, being your friend—for that's all I claim to be—going there to see you, would it?"

"No, I don't know that it would; only," and here she hesitated, "whatever you saw that you didn't like, Reuben, you'd only speak to me about. You wouldn't begin arguing with them, would you?"

Reuben shook his head. Then with a sudden impulse, he said, "And have you really given all your love to this man, Eve?"

"Yes," she said, not averting her eyes, although her face was covered with a quick blush.

"And whatever comes you mean to be his wife?"

"I don't mean to be anybody else's wife," she said.

"And he—he cares for you?"

"If he didn't be sure I should have never cared for him."

Reuben sighed. "Well," he said, "I'll go and see him. I'll have a talk with him, and try and find out what sort of stuff he's made of. If I could go away certain that things ain't as bad as I feared to find them, I should take back a lighter heart with me. You say he isn't home now. Is he at sea, then?"

"No, not at sea: he's close by."

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"Then you expect him back soon?"

"Yes: we expect him back to-night."

"To-night? Then I think I'll change my plan. I meant to go back to Plymouth and see what Triggs is about to do, for I'm going round to London with him when he goes; but if you're expecting your cousin so soon, why shouldn't I stop here till I've seen him?"

"Oh, but he mightn't come," said Eve, who in any case had no wish that Reuben should appear until she had paved the way for his reception, and above all things desired his absence on this particular occasion.

"Well, I must take my chance of that—unless," he added, catching sight of her face, "there's any reason against my stopping?"

Eve colored. "Well," she said, "perhaps they mightn't care, as they don't know you, about your being here. You see," she added by way of excuse, "they have been away a long while now."

"Been to France, I s'pose?" said Reuben in a tone which conveyed his suspicions.

"No," replied Eve, determined not to seem ashamed of their occupation: "I think they've been to Guernsey."

"Oh, well, all the same, so far as what they went to fetch. Then they're going to *try* and land their cargo, I s'pose?"

"I don't know what they may be going to *try* and do"—and Eve endeavored to imitate the sneer with which Reuben had emphasized the word—"but I know that trying with them means doing. There's nobody about here," she added with a borrowed spice of Joan's manner, "would care to put themselves in the way of trying to hinder the Lottery."

"'Tis strange, then, that they shouldn't choose to come in open daylight, rather than be sneaking in under cover of a dark night," said Reuben aggravatingly.

"As it happens," retorted Eve, with an assumption of superior nautical knowledge, "the dark night suits them best, by reason that at high tide they can come in close to Down End. Oh, you needn't try to think you can hurt me by your sneers at them," she said, inwardly smarting under the contempt she knew Reuben felt. "I feel hurt at your wanting to say such things, but not at all at what you say. *That* can't touch me."

"No, so I see," said Reuben hopelessly. Then, after a minute's pause, he burst out with a passionate, "Oh, Eve, I feel as if I could take and jump into the sea with you, so as I might feel you'd be safe from the life I'm certain you're goin' to be dragged down to. You may think fair now of this man, because he's only showed you his fair side; but they who know him know him for what he is—bloodthirsty, violent, a drunkard, never sober, with his neck in a noose and the gallows swinging over his head. What hold will you have over one who fears neither God nor devil? Yes, but I will speak. You shall listen to the truth from me," for she had tried to interrupt him. "It isn't too late, and 'tis but fit that you know what others say of him."

Eve's anger had risen until she seemed turned into a fury, and her voice, usually low and full, now sounded hard and sharp as she cried, "If they said a hundred times worse of him I would still marry him; and if he stood on the gallows, that you say swings over his head, I'd stand by his side and say I was his wife."

"God pity you!" groaned Reuben.

"I want no pity," she said, "and so you can tell those who would throw it away on me. Say to them that you sought me out to cast taunts at me, but it was of no use, for what you thought I should be ashamed of I gloried in, and could look you and all the world in the face"—and she seemed to grow taller as she spoke—"and say I felt proud to be a smuggler's wife;" and, turning, she made a movement as if to go.

But Reuben took a step so as to impede her. "Is this to be our parting?" he said. "Can you throw away the only friend you've got left?"

"I don't call you a friend," she said.

"You'll know me for being so one day, though, and bitterly rue you didn't pay more heed to my words."

"Never!" she said proudly. "I'd trust Adam with my life: he's true as steel. Now," she added, stepping on one side, "I have no more time to stay: I must go back; so let me pass."

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Mechanically Reuben moved. Stung by her words, irritated by a sense of failure, filled with the sharpest jealousy against his rival, he saw no other course open to him than to let her go her way and to go his. "Good-bye, then, Eve," he said, in a dry, cold voice.

"Good-bye," she answered.

"I don't think, after what's passed, you need expect to see me again," he ventured, with the secret hope that she would pause and say something that might lead to a fresh discussion.

"I had no notion that you'd still have a thought of coming. I should look upon a visit from you as very out of place."

"Oh, well, be sure I sha'n't force myself where I'm not wanted."

"Then you'll be wise to stay away, for you'll never be wanted where I am."

And without another glance in his direction she walked away, while Reuben stood and watched her out of sight. "That's ended," he said, setting his lips firmly together and hardening the expression of his naturally grave face. "That mad game's finished, and finished so that I think I've done with sweet-hearting for as long as I live. Well, thank God! a man may get on very fairly though the woman that he made a fool of himself for flings back his love and turns him over for somebody else." Then, as if some unseen hand had dealt him a sudden thrust, he cried out, "Why did I ever see her? Why was I made to care for her? Haven't I known the folly of it all along, and fought and strove from the first to get the better of myself? and here she comes down and sees a fellow whose eye is tickled by her looks, and he gets in a week what I've been begging and praying for years for; and they tell you that God's ways are just and that He rewards the good and punishes the evil!" and Reuben's face worked with suppressed emotion, for in spirit he stood before his Creator and upbraided Him with "Lo! these many years have I served Thee, neither transgressed I at any time Thy commandments; and yet this drunkard, this evil-liver, this law-breaker, is given that for which in my soul I have thirsted!" and the devils of envy and revenge ran by his side rejoicing, while Fate flew before and lured him on to where Opportunity stood and welcomed his approach.

The Author of "Dorothy Fox."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

POSSESSION.

She is thine own at last, O faithful soul!
The love that changed not with the changing years
Hath its reward: Desire's strong prayers and tears
Fall useless since thy hand hath touched the goal.
See how she yieldeth up to thy control
Each mystery of her beauty: enter, thou,
A vanquished victor. None can disavow
Thy royal, love-bought right unto the whole
Of love's rich feast. Oh outspread golden hair,
White brow, red lips whereon thy lips are set
With rapturous thrills undreamed of, past compare!
Oh ecstasy of bliss! And yet—and yet—
What doth it profit thee that every part
Is thine except the little wayward heart?

ELIZA CALVERT HALL.

AN OLD ENGLISH HOME: BRAMSHILL HOUSE.

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A peculiar charm hangs about an Elizabethan country-house.

The castles belong to an utterly different state of things and people—to a rougher, coarser time. Their towers and walls, where the jackdaws build in the ivy; their moats, where the hoary carp bask and fatten; their drawbridges and heavy doors and loopholed windows,—these all tell of the unrest, the semi-war-like state of feudal days, when each great seigneur was a petty king in his own county, with his private as well as public feuds, and his little army of men-at-arms ready to do his bidding, to sally forth and fight for the king or to defend his own walls against some more powerful neighbor.

The great houses of the eighteenth century have a different character again, with their Italian façades and trim terraced gardens, where the wits and beauties of dull Queen Anne's time amused themselves after their somewhat rude fashion. They speak of a solid luxury in keeping with the heavy features and ponderous minds of the worthies of those days.

But the Elizabethan, or even early Jacobean, house tells us of England in her golden age. The walls of red brick, gray with lichens; the rows of wide stone-mullioned windows and hanging oriels; the delicate, fanciful chimneys rising in great clusters above the pointed gables; the broad

stone steps leading up to the hospitable door; the smooth green terraces and bowling-lawns, walled in, it is true, but closed with gates of curiously-wrought ironwork meant more for ornament than for defence,—all these serve to recall the days when learning and wealth joined hands with the Maiden Queen to raise England from the depths into which she had sunk—the days of "the worthies whom Elizabeth, without distinction of rank or age, gathered round her in the ever-glorious wars of her great reign."

It was then that Burleigh and Walsingham talked statecraft; that Raleigh and Drake, Frobisher and Grenville, sailed the seas and beat the Spanish Armada; that the "sea-dogs" brought the treasures of the New World to the feet of the queen, and filled men's minds with dreams of El Dorados where gold and jewels were as common as the sand on the seashore. It was then that English literature, all but dead during the storm of the Reformation, began to revive. And then it was that a galaxy of poets arose such as the world had never seen before; that Sidney wrote his *Arcadia*, Spenser his *Faerie Queene*; that Christopher Marlowe, Beaumont and Fletcher and merrie Ben Jonson founded the English drama; and that Shakespeare, poet of poets, overshadowed them all with that stupendous genius which has filled succeeding generations with wonder and love.

Then it was that men began to think of their home as a casket in which to enshrine the gentler tastes and luxuries which peace at home and continental influences from without were fostering in England. The casket must be fitted for its treasure; and so it came to pass that throughout the length and breadth of the land those fair Elizabethan mansions sprang up.

I see one such now in my mind's eye—one that I love well, for since my earliest childhood it has filled me with awe and admiration and delight. It was built by James I. as a hunting-box for his son, Prince Henry, but ere the house was finished the young prince was dead, and all the promise of his short life gone with him. Had he lived, our English history for the next hundred years might have been a different story. Bramshill then passed into other hands—first to Lord Zouch, then to the Copes, who still own it—but in the finely-carved stone balustrade above the great western door the three plumes of the prince of Wales's feathers may still be seen, the sole memento of its royal origin. Only half the original house remains: the rest was destroyed by fire a couple of hundred years ago. Yet what still stands is verily a palace.

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You enter through the heavily-nailed and barred doors, and find yourself in a vast hall panelled up to the ceiling with old oak. The immense fireplace with its brass dogs and andirons tells of the yule log that still at Christmas burns upon the hearth, and trophies of arms of all ages—from the Toledo blade that can be bent by the point into a semicircle, so perfect is the temper of its steel, to the Sikh sword that was brought home after the Indian mutiny—form fitting ornaments for the walls.

Then come many rooms, with deep-embursed windows looking out on the terrace, each beautiful or curious in its own way—a noble dining-room hung with old grisaille tapestry, from which you may learn the life of Decius Mus if you have patience to disentangle the strange medley of impossible figures in gardens with impossible flowers, where impossible beasts roam in herds and impossible birds sing among the branches.

But the glory of the house is its first floor. The wide oak staircase leads you up first to the chapel-room, with its oriel windows overhanging the western door, its Italian cabinets, its rare china, its chairs and couches covered with crewel-work more than two hundred years old, yet with colors as fresh as on the day that Lady Zouch and her maidens set in the stitches. Then there is the great drawing-room, with its precious Italian marble chimney-piece, more brass dogs, more tapestry, more recessed windows. Then the library, full of priceless books, to which the present learned owner is constantly adding new volumes. The mere ceilings are a study in themselves, for they are covered with mouldings and traceries and hanging bosses of marvellous workmanship of the time of Inigo Jones—designed, some say, by him, for he used to stay at Eversley, hard by, with a friend and fellow-pupil of Sir Christopher Wren. Then comes the long gallery, running the whole width of the building, stored with curiosities, where we used to run races and play hide-and-seek with the children of the house in bygone days, and tremble when evening came on lest some bogie from his lurking-place should spring out upon us. The bedrooms are panelled with oak painted white, with splendid fireplaces and carved mantelpieces that reach the ceiling.

And besides all these there are enchanting little rooms reached by unexpected staircases, by secret doors in the wall, by dark passages where one hears the rustle of ghostly brocade dresses. Those are the most lovable rooms, for, once safely in them, one is at home and warm, while in the state rooms one feels, as the dear old squire who died here thirty years ago said, "like a pea in a drum."

Down from the house slopes the park, with its green glades, its heather-covered knolls, its huge oaks, its delicate silver birches—above all, its matchless Scotch firs, which James I. planted here, as he did in many places in England, to remind himself of the land of his birth. The hardy northern trees took kindly to their new home, and they have seeded themselves and spread far and wide over vast tracts of country. But nowhere south of Tweed are finer specimens to be found than in this old Hampshire park. Three great avenues of them run round a triangle half a mile across, and outside the shade of their black branches the purple heather and waving bracken form a carpet fit for elves and fairies.

From the western front of the house a double avenue of gigantic elms leads down to the river that gleams in silver lines beneath the bridge, and ends where the moors begin on the opposite

hill a mile away. Up this avenue in olden days the deer were driven toward the house, to be killed at the feet of the ladies, who stepped down in hoops and furbelows and dainty shoes to the iron gates between two pepper-box towers where gorgeous peacocks now strut and sun themselves.

Those were the days when, sorely against his own wish, Archbishop Abbot, my worthy ancestor, went a-hunting in the park on Sunday at the command of the king his master, who with the archbishop was a guest of Lord Zouch. Well for him had it been if he had resisted the royal will, for, as it befell, the arrow from his crossbow, glancing from a tree, struck one of the keepers and killed him then and there. The poor archbishop, it is said, never smiled again, and his sad, tender face in Vandyke's noble picture looks down on me from the wall as I write and bears out the truth of the story. Often and often when we children were playing in the park did we wander about, trying to settle from which tree the arrow glanced, conjuring up before our eyes the whole scene—the king's anger and the archbishop's despair at the catastrophe—and feeling the while a proud personal interest in it all. Ah, what good days those were, roaming about knee-deep in heather, catching the rare moths, chasing the squirrels that whisked up the fir stems and mocked us from their high perch, searching the hollow trees for woodpeckers' nests, eating the beech-nuts or pricking our fingers as we tried to open the husks of the Spanish chestnuts that grew by the lake! From among the bulrushes the coots sailed out at our approach, and the tiny dabchick dived so deep that we thought, "This time she *must* be drowned," when, lo and behold! she would appear twenty yards off, a little black ball with a yellow bill, only to take breath and plunge again. Sometimes in a hard winter we would hear high in the sky the cry of a weird pack of hounds. Nearer and nearer drew that unearthly music, till we held our breath in a kind of delightful terror, and then above our heads appeared a flock of wild swans on the search for water; and down they dropped, like white cannon-balls, into the lake, sending a mass of spray into the air and shivering the smooth black surface of the water into a thousand ripples that circled away and lapped against the banks in mimic waves.

But I think my most exquisite moment of happiness was one spring day when I saw close by me a little fox-cub—a furry darling, about as big as a four-months'-old kitten, with black stripes across his fat back. He had ventured out of the fox-earths on the other side of the park palings, and did not know how to get back to his anxious mother. I tried to catch him, but that was not to be, and young Reineke soon found a way home. Nevertheless, the joy was mine, never to be forgotten, of having seen a real wild beast so near.

Even on dark and stormy days the park has its own strange charm as one walks up the gloomy avenue on the soft fir-needles glistening with rain. A murmur fills the air as of sea-waves beating on the shore: it is the wet south-west wind souging overhead and lashing the writhing branches. One thinks of the German fairy-tales, and half expects to meet the old woman who led Hansel and Gretel captive, or to come suddenly upon her house with its ginger-bread roof and barley-sugar windows.

I remember once taking a well-known musician through those fir woods one dark afternoon as the wind was making soft music above us. He was silent, and I was disappointed, for I had fancied that the new country would delight him and excite his imagination. But when we reached home he sat down to the piano in the dark, and played on and on as if he were pouring out his whole soul in the flood of sweet melody; and when, after an hour of marvellous improvisation, he stopped and said to us, "I couldn't help it: I had to reel off all that I have been seeing and hearing this afternoon," then I was content, for I knew nothing had been thrown away on our friend, and that if he could not talk about it all he could do even better.

But if you would see Bramshill in all its pride come on some November morning to the first meet of the season.

Well do I recollect the excitement of those happy days. How long the night seemed before morning broke and I was sure it was not pouring with rain! How pleasant to run down to breakfast all neat and trim in one's habit! And then when flask and sandwiches were safely bestowed, white gloves buttoned and hat firmly secured, how eagerly I watched for half-past ten to walk out to the stables, where the horses were stamping and snorting impatiently, knowing full well by their marvellous instinct what enjoyment was before them! Then my little bay Sintram came dancing out, followed by Puff, the dear old brown mare. I was tossed into the saddle, and away we went at that peculiarly unpleasant and tiring pace, a "cover trot," which for some inscrutable reason is the right thing if you are going to a meet. Less than a trot, more than a walk, you can neither sit still nor rise in your stirrup, but must just jog along till you fairly ache. The horses pull and fight with their bits as we keep them in the soft sandy ditch up the lane to spare their precious feet. At the few cottages we pass women and children are all standing at their garden-gates to watch the "quality" go by. The ploughmen in the fields discover that the furrows nearest the road need a great deal of attention; the shepherds fold their sheep to-day close to the hedge, so as to secure front places for the show; and if we chance to run this way every man will leave his work and follow us as long as his breath lasts, and his master, who is riding, will not grumble, for if hounds are running every man, be he rich or poor, has a right to run too.

Up the sandy hill we go, and out on the wide moors, covered with soft brown heather, which stretch away with hardly a break twenty miles south and east to Aldershot Camp or Windsor Forest. On the brow of the hill grows a mighty bush of furze which always goes by the name of "Miss Bremer's furze-bush." When the dainty Swedish novelist once came to gladden Eversley Rectory with her presence she told how she longed to see the plant before which Linnæus had

fallen on his knees; and she walked up this selfsame hill and with eyes full of tears gazed on the prickly shrub with its mist of golden-colored, apricot-scented flowers. The old Hampshire proverb says, "When furze is out of flower kissing is out of fashion;" and, sure enough, there is not a month in the year in which you may not find a blossom or two among the green spines.

Now we cross a green road, the Welsh Ride, which in the autumn is covered with thousands of cattle making their way in great herds from the Welsh mountains and Devonshire pastures to the winter fairs round London. The drovers used to boast that they could bring their beasts all the way from Wales without once going off turf or through a turnpike. Now, alas! crowded cattle-trucks on the railway are fast superseding the old-fashioned, wholesome way of travelling, and we seldom have the autumnal air filled with the lowing of the herds, the barking of the attendant dogs and the shouts of the drovers on their sturdy Welsh ponies. But to-day the Welsh Ride looks gay enough, for it is dotted with little knots of horsemen in black or red coats using it as a short cut from Aldershot and Sandhurst. We turn off the moor into the shadow of the fir avenue that leads half a mile up to the park-gates. The ground, covered with a soft carpet of pine-needles and burrowed everywhere by the roots of the trees, gives off a hollow echo to the horses' clattering hoofs. The sombre avenue is alive in unwonted fashion to-day. Now we pass a group of pedestrians from the village; now a young farmer comes by on a half-broken colt which is to make its first acquaintance with the hounds; then a break with a big party from a country-house in Miss Mitford's village passes us with a gay greeting as it rattles on. A tiny nutshell of a pony-carriage full of babies comes trotting along, and its driver, poor Sheldon Williams, will make notes of the scene and put them into one of his clever hunting-pictures, little dreaming of the day when his early death will leave those babies penniless. Now a group of the redcoats we saw on the Welsh Ride overtakes us, and Sintram plunges and dances as a wild little thorough-bred comes up to our side. His master, who has already gained his Victoria Cross twice—first as a little lad in the trenches at Sevastopol, and again for desperate deeds of valor in the Indian mutiny—is to win yet further glory in 1879 at the head of the "flying column" in Zululand—Evelyn Wood, the most gallant and humane of all that gallant band.

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The white park-gate is held wide open by a poor ne'er-do-weel in a shabby old red coat—John Ellis by name. How he gets his living no one knows, but if there is a meet of fox-hounds anywhere within ten miles, there he is sure to be, holding people's horses or ready at a gate for stray pennies and sixpences. There is usually such a hanger-on to every pack of hounds in England—one who travels immense distances on foot to turn up in unexpected places and get a few hard-earned shillings as his reward. We jog along under the magnificent silver firs, only to be equalled by those in the duke of Wellington's park at Strathfieldsaye, hard by; then up the lime avenue which borders the cricket-ground, where thirty years ago the most famous matches in Hampshire were played; and as we reach the iron gates leading up to the house our little knot of riders has swelled into a veritable cavalcade.

Down the drive we trot, past the stables, where the watch-dogs strain angrily at their chains and a little green monkey jibbers with rage and excitement, and in another moment we turn under the shadow of the great house up to the western door. Here all is life and bustle. Twenty or thirty carriages are drawn up by the widespreading lawn: grooms are holding horses ready for their masters, who are refreshing the inner man with cherry brandy and cold breakfast indoors. A tinkle of bells is heard as the duchess of Wellington drives herself up with her three ponies abreast, Russian fashion. Then a perfectly-appointed brougham, with a pair of magnificent cobs, stops in a corner, and a soldier-like foreigner in a red coat helps out a quiet-looking English lady wrapped up in furs. She slips them off as her groom leads up a priceless horse for her to mount, and in a moment is in the saddle, and will ride as straight as any man in the field to-day. Her husband, Count Morella, better known as the famous Carlist general Cabrera, whose strange and terrible history many years ago fascinated the gentle English heiress, now satisfies his war-like spirit by fox-hunting on the best horses that money can buy, and has settled down into a quiet English country gentleman.

The hounds have arrived before us. There they are—the beauties!—on the green grass, and we ride in among them to have a word with Tom Swetman the huntsman and good George Austin the whip, the latter of whom has given me a lead over many a fence. Gallant Tom! the bravest and gentlest of men, how little we thought that in a year or two we should never see your honest face again on earth! But you will be long remembered, though you are with us no more, and the story will be told for years to come of a day when the hounds ran into their fox on the South-western Railway. It was in a cutting fifty feet deep, with a tremendous fence at the top. Tom arrived just in time to see his hounds on the rails, with poor Reynard dead in their midst and the express train from Southampton speeding up the hill at fifty miles an hour. He crammed his horse over the great post and rails, down the almost perpendicular side of the cutting, whipped the hounds off, and, as the train rushed screaming by, rode out from under the very wheels of the engine and up the farther bank with his rescued pack.

But now our master, Mr. Garth, comes down the steps—a signal that we must no longer waste time talking with our neighbors, and like a good old friend he gives us a private programme of the way we shall draw. Stirrups are lengthened or shortened, girths tightened, restive horses led away to unobserved corners where their owners can try to mount without being seen by the assembled multitude. Sintram executes a war-dance on his hind legs, to the delight of some schoolboys in a wagonette, the terror of their fair companions and the extreme disgust of his mistress at having to practice the *haute école* before so large an audience. Ah, my poor Sintram! He danced once too often, and one fine day came to a sad end by falling backward and breaking

his neck.

Tom now comes up to the master: "Shall we go, sir?"

"Yes—now, I think."

A crack of the whips and away trots Tom, followed by his splendid pack and his two whippers-in. Then comes the master, and we all crowd after them pell-mell with horses plunging and kicking, and as soon as we are fairly out in the open a kind of stampede takes place among the unruly young ones, and we see many an involuntary steeple-chase over the smooth green cricket-ground. Through the dark avenues of fir trees we canter to the temple, a little summerhouse on a promontory in the sea of wood that lies below, and we stand admiring the far blue distant view away to the Hogsback and the South Downs beyond Basingstoke as the hounds begin their work. There they are: you can see their twinkling tails as they draw the heather-covered slopes beneath us and disappear among the golden-brown bracken, while one of the whips plunges down after them and shakes a shower of amber leaves from the silver birches as he brushes past them.

Something streaks away down a green drive. A young hound gives tongue, but his note of triumph quickly changes to a yelp as the vigilant whip catches him with the tip of his long lash and roars, "War^[1] hare!" Poor little man! He has tried to run what is called a "short-tailed fox," and returns to the pack a sadder and a wiser dog. But now the tails twinkle faster than ever. A low whimper from some of the old hounds, then a burst of joyous music from the pack.

"Gone away!" yells Tom, standing up in his stirrups and tooting his horn.

Then that unmistakable screech which is supposed to mean "Tally-ho!" from a group of beaters and keepers in the distance, and there, against the park-palings, a beautiful red thing scudding along the soft ride, flat to the ground, his bushy tail flying straight behind him. Reynard himself! Now let all look out for themselves. Adieu, carriages! adieu, poor pedestrians! We are off, and shall not see you again till dinner-time. Through the park-gate we stream away, down the fir avenue, along the Welsh Ride. We have got a splendid start, and our horses fly on beside Countess Morella, who looks the perfection of a hunting lady in her plain neat habit just down to her feet.

Reynard is making for Coombes's Wood, but the earths were all stopped this morning at four o'clock; so away he speeds again, leaving the rectory and its lovely meadows and the dear old church below us—away past the bogs where the cotton-grass and the flycatcher, the blue gentian and the yellow asphodel, grow among the treacherous tussocks—away to Eversley Wood. Here the same fate—a fagot or three or four sods in the mouth of each hole—awaits him; so, changing his tactics, he strikes boldly across Hartfordbridge Flats for Lord Calthorpe's woods at Elvetham.

And now woe to the unwary or to the newcomer who thinks our heather-covered moors are all plain sailing! for along them run long lines of ruts, the remains of the old pack-road of the Middle Ages, worn by the traffic of centuries and now covered deep in purple heath. The only way to get over them, unless you stop and walk, is to jump boldly into the middle like the man in the nursery rhyme, and then jump out again: horses that have been in the country for a while soon learn to do this. But some luckless ensign who has lately joined his regiment at Aldershot comes down bodily, and horse and man roll and struggle in the deep ruts which William the Conqueror's pack-horses helped to tread out as they came from London to Winchester.

Now the woods are drawing near, and we cross the old London road, the high-road between the metropolis and Southampton, along which ninety stagecoaches ran every day in the good old times. A mile off to our right, down Star Hill, lies the famous White Lion Inn, now a miserable pot-house, where George IV. used to stay, and where, on the day that the London and South-western Railway was opened, the old ostler cut his throat in sheer despair, for Othello's occupation was gone. Ten miles up the road lies Bagshot Heath, the terror of travellers in those coaching days. There stood, and stands still, a little wayside inn called the Golden Farmer, where many of the coaches stopped to water the horses. The wearied travellers of the end of last century, touched by the tender solicitude of the charming landlord, confided to his sympathetic ear their fears of the highwaymen who were said to infest the heath. Cheered and encouraged with assurances from their host of the perfect safety of the particular road they intended taking, the travellers set out. But usually, when they had gone about a mile, the coach would stop with a sudden jerk, and a masked man on a magnificent horse would ride up, pistol in hand, and demand their money or their life. Sometimes serious encounters took place with this leader and his band, and then the wounded and terrified victims would drag themselves back to the Golden Farmer, where the host, full of commiseration for their misfortunes, would lavish care and kindness upon them. This went on for years, and it was not until hundreds of robberies had been committed that the discovery was made of the identity of the fascinating landlord and the desperate captain of the highwaymen.

Many are the tales the old people at Eversley used to tell of the "gentlemen of the road" in their fathers' and grandfathers' time. Even in quiet Eversley itself a curate lived some hundred years ago whose strange career ended on the gallows. He owned a splendid black horse which no one ever saw him mount. But it was whispered that if any one peeped into its stable in the morning the beautiful creature was seen covered with foam, bathed in perspiration, trembling as if it had just come in from a long gallop; and at last it was found out that Parson Darby belonged to the gang of highwaymen on Bagshot Heath. He was caught red-handed, and hanged close to the Golden Farmer in chains on a gibbet of which the posts were still standing forty years ago. But

what became of his black horse no one ever could tell me. Now the London road is as safe and quiet as any other well-kept highway, and the wildest passengers upon it are a few wandering gypsies, who travel up and down it from fair to race and from race to fair.

But Reynard is speeding away through the pleasant fir woods, and we are following him as fast as we can lay legs to ground—scrambling over the rotten banks, scurrying along the soft rides, lying low on our saddles to avoid the sweeping boughs, and watching with all our eyes for the slippery roots that crawl along the surface of the sandy soil. Down through the bogs, across the bridge by the home farm, past the park, into the fallow fields, with half a dozen tremendous fences which send my heart up into my throat till Sintram lands me safe over each, into the fir woods again, up to the foot of the Queen's Mounts; and there, where good Queen Bess sat and watched the deer being driven up to her feet, do we run into our gallant fox, and a "Whoo-hoop!" from Tom proclaims that Reynard is no more.

But our run has led us far from home, and while the hounds trot on to Dogmersfield Park to draw the coverts of the descendants of the old regicide Mildmay, let us wend our way once more to Bramshill and linger a while longer about the terraces and gardens of the dear old house.

Come back with me, gentle reader, through the iron gates under the crumbling archways of the pleasaunce, where the Virginia creeper twines its delicate wreaths and glorifies the old stones in autumn with a flush of flame. The troco-ground, with its green turf as smooth as a billiard-table, is just as it was in the days of King James. There in the centre is the iron ring through which the lords and dames drove the heavy wooden troco-balls; and if you go into the garden-hall through that arched corridor you will see the actual balls that they used, and the long poles, with a kind of iron cup at their ends, with which the players pushed them—forerunners of the modern croquet-box that lies beside them.

Under the sunny walls run straight wide borders, where the bees make merry among pinks and lilies, mignonette and gilliflowers, and the walls themselves are tangled with old-fashioned roses and honeysuckles. One double yellow rose tree of prodigious age is kept as the apple of the gardener's eye. Tradition tells that it was brought a hundred years ago from Damascus—a fact which I am quite willing to believe, for the knotted stem tells its own story, and certainly there never was a sweeter rose or one more worthy of coming from the far-famed gardens of the East. Many a thousand blossoms have I picked from its descendants, for it is the ancestor of a hardy race: every sucker of the family grows and thrives in the poorest soil, and covers itself each June with a thick mass of canary-colored blossoms. During the three weeks that the yellow briars were in flower every room in Eversley Rectory was decked out with flat bowls of them on a ground of green ferns, and purple-black pansies mingled with their golden blooms.

Round about the house masses of another yellow flower are planted with no sparing hand—the great St. John's wort. It is pleasant to look upon, but it has another value. Dare I tell it in the nineteenth century, this age of railroads and telegraphs and iron-clads, when space and time are in a fair way to be annihilated, and nothing is so sacred that it may not be questioned, no problem so hard that men may not try to solve it? In the days when Bramshill House was built our forefathers believed firmly in a whole unseen or rarely-seen world around them of fairies, ghosts, spirits and witches. In some out-of-the-way corners in England—even in these days of board schools and competitive examinations, when we are told that King Arthur never existed and that William Tell is a "sun-myth"—some remnants of this belief still linger. In Devonshire folks speak shyly and with bated breath of the "good people;" and even in the year of grace 1879 a Warwickshire laborer was had up before the magistrates for having with a pitchfork half killed a poor old woman whom he declared to be a witch. But be that as it may, in the reign of James I. no one doubted the existence of the spirit-world about us, and on St. John's Eve all its denizens, good and bad, were supposed to wander freely where they would. One only thing they feared, and that was the great St. John's wort. Therefore, all who wished to guard house and home from the unwelcome visitors, who pinched the maids, turned the milk sour and plagued their victims with a thousand impish tricks, planted it freely about their gardens; and thus it is that you see its golden flowers amid their shining rich green leaves and crimson shoots round nearly all old English homes.

Do not laugh at these old fables, gentle reader. When we wander over the green turf and through the wide halls we seem to have opened a door that leads us back into the past out of the turmoil of the nineteenth century. And surely for a moment it can do us no harm to leave our striving, hurrying, anxious modern life, and picture to ourselves the days when our forefathers maybe were ignorant and superstitious, but when they knew how to build and how to fight and how to write—the days when England became "a nest of singing birds."

ROSE G. KINGSLEY.

FOOTNOTES:

- [1] In hunting dialect the warning "'ware" or "beware" is shortened to "war'," as in the old advice, "War' horse, war' hound, war' heel!"

CANOEING ON THE HIGH MISSISSIPPI.

TWO PAPERS.—I.



The Kleiner Fritz and Hattie of Louisville and the Betsy D. of Cincinnati made the canoe-fleet which the Northern Pacific Railway shunted out upon its station-platform at Detroit City, Minnesota, in the early gray of last July's first Thursday. We had bargained by post with Beaulieu, a shrewd, wiry, reckless French half-breed, for transportation of ourselves, canoes, equipment and provisions to Itasca Lake, or to a point upon the Mississippi five miles below the lake, as we might elect. His assurance was that four days and forty-one dollars would carry us to our first objective point. His helpers were a lively young half-breed, son-in-law of the murdered chief Hole-in-the-Day, another big mongrel, fat, plodding and reticent, and a young Indian who could speak a few English words, but was destitute of ideas in either English or Chippewa. Their motive-power was grazing on the open prairie back of the ragged village. The Reservation Indian, denied liquor at home, reckons upon a trip out of bounds as fair opportunity for a spree, so that catching and harnessing the ponies and cattle was a tedious task that covered the hours from breakfast well on toward noon; but at last the Hattie was firmly imbedded in prairie-grass and soft luggage upon one wagon, the Fritz and the Betsy were bound together upon a second, and the men of the fleet, with the stores, filled the third.

From Detroit City to Itasca Lake is about forty miles in a straight line, but no practicable way thither approximates to a direct line, and he who would see the beautiful lake and the head of the great river must travel for seven or eight days and endure many hardships. Sixty miles were to be done on wheels. The first day's travel was to

White Earth Agency, twenty-two miles across a rolling prairie which steadily rises toward its climax in the Hauteur des Terres. The soil is of rare fertility, and the unbounded fields were clothed in the greenest of green, flecked with wild flowers of every hue in luxuriant profusion. Clumps of trees gave variety to the broad and beautiful view, while scores of clear little lakes gemmed the prairie as with great drops of molten silver. The eye swept an horizon of twenty miles, and once twenty leagues were within our visual grasp. The plodding fat man went his way in a dignified walk, but the passenger vehicle and that which bore the other boats, travelling by order of Beaulieu, who had in him more Detroit whiskey than ordinary discretion, came more than half the way at a terrible gait, spite of our remonstrances and greatly to our trepidation. Examination showed that the Betsy was racked and pounded beyond all excuse, while the poor Fritz revealed a hole in its graceful side like that made by a six-pound cannon-shot—a sad beginning for so long a cruise. Thence we went on slowly to the agency, where our first task was to find a clever Vermont Yankee reputed as the man to repair the unwelcome and inexcusable damage. The ingenious and genial fellow worked through the hot Fourth of July, while we mingled with the Indians and took part in their celebration, the first ever conducted entirely by themselves.

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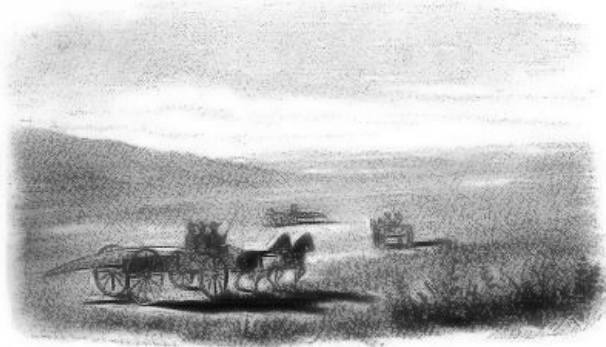
White Earth Agency is the seat of government of three reservations which embrace the homes of all the Chippewas. White Earth Reservation is thirty-six miles square, and is peopled by nearly seventeen hundred Indians and half-breeds. These were formerly gathered upon Crow Wing River, near Brainerd, where they existed in drunkenness, barbarism and destitution. In 1868 they were removed here, and the institutions of Christian civilization were introduced. They live in comfortable cabins and bark lodges. The agent, Major C.A. Ruffee, is a gentleman of capacity and integrity. Using his authority well and wisely, he is a king throughout his dominion of thirteen hundred square miles. His happy blending of civil and military government gives satisfaction to all who are well disposed. The Chippewas deal kindly among themselves, and have no quarrels with the whites. They have a well-arranged police system, with a chief, lieutenants and sergeants, embracing sixteen men in all, and directly responsible to the agent. No liquor is allowed on the reservation. They have no pilfering, and the few locks and bolts are rarely needed. In case of trespass or disagreement the parties come or are summoned before the agent, who examines the case on its merits, weighs the facts and the equities, decides; and there the quarrel ends.

The seat of the agency is an orderless village gathered about a green-shored little lake, and

includes the office of the agent, the post-office, a warehouse for supplies, a meat-shop, two trading-stores and an untidy and comfortless hotel. Near by is the neat cottage of the agent, a large and comely boarding-school, an industrial school, and the residences of the chief clerk and of the head-farmer, who teaches and aids the Indians in practical farming. Not far away to the south is the Roman Catholic church; a mile to the north is the hospital, a large and cheerful building; and near the hospital are the tasteful Protestant Episcopal chapel and the rectory of the Rev. Mr. Gilfillan, who for fourteen years has worthily occupied a parish coextensive with the Chippewa Nation. The true solution of the Indian question is being worked out at White Earth in results that augur well for the future. Each child may secure education, and the minds and morals of all ages are cared for. Their churches are well attended and their schools have outgrown present accommodations. Their religious services and schools are conducted in their own language. They have an educated Indian clergyman who can scarcely speak English, while Mr. Gilfillan speaks the Chippewa as fluently as his mother-tongue. They have few quarrels, no thieving, no drunkenness, no abject poverty. They are not more perfect than others of human kind, but according to their light and sphere they are as good as a similar average of whites anywhere. The wise purpose is to make them kind, moral, educated and industrious Indians, not make-believe white men, and the work is doing and promising well in sincere and capable hands.

The Indian Fourth-of-July celebration took place in an open, treeless prairie. The festivities centred in a series of races run in pairs by the small and wiry Indian ponies over a curved, mowed and rolled half-mile course. Nearly all the young men were betters, in stakes of from twenty-five cents to ten dollars. There were no pools, but hard running, straight betting and square paying. The chief of police was the president of the course. All were in good-humor. There was no liquor, neither was there a harsh word or a blow among the five hundred. After the races eatables, tea, coffee and ice-water were enjoyed with laughter and chat. In the evening we cruisers gave a show of rockets and Roman candles, to the great delight of the Indians, and the day closed with a dance in the large dining-hall of the boarding-school.

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ACROSS THE PRAIRIE.

Our damaged boats repaired and preparations completed for three weeks' absence from civilization, we set out near mid-day of Saturday for the march to Wild Rice River, eighteen miles. Our way lay among the cabins, lodges and farms of the Chippewas, over a billowy, green immensity bordered on the east by the lines of the Hauteur des Terres, which shut us from the Mississippi Valley, and horizoned on the west by the slopes beyond the famed Red River of the North. Our day's journey terminated, in a driving rainstorm, on the banks of Wild Rice River, where are a trading-store, the cabin of the trader and a neat chapel of the Protestant Episcopal mission. Our habitation for the night was a dark, muddy, odorous storehouse, in whose nether apartment we munched a frugal supper, then climbed a ladder to beds upon the bare floor between stacks of snake-root, which had accumulated from barterings with the Indians. During the night the rainstorm grew to a gale which rocked our night's home like a ship at sea to the music of heaven's grand diapasons. Sunday morning, impelled by the expense of our large retinue and the cheerlessness of our refuge, we pushed on for the foot of Wild Rice Lake, twenty miles distant over prairies and through forests. Two miles out we were overtaken by another fierce storm, which drove us to the shelter of the last human habitation, save two others near by, that we should see for three weeks. The broad, sweeping bow of the black cloud, the peculiar detonations of thunder in that clear atmosphere, the rush of wind, rain and hail, unhindered by the treeless and trackless moor, were lessons of God's majesty and power more impressive than cathedral mass or prayer and song and psalm of men. Out of the storm's first onset we rushed unasked into the hut of an Indian family, and surprised a pair of squaws and a six-months' pappoose squatting on a dirty and rain-pooled floor in almost total darkness. In an hour the storm had gone its eastward way, the sun shone out, and we resumed our trail among spruces, pines, oaks and elms to the foot of the lake, where we were to dismiss our prairie-schooners. Monday, with the early sun, we left teams and drivers, to push on by lakes, up rivers and through the pathless wilderness beyond all roads and habitations. Our party was reduced to the barest needs for the severe work before us. Besides our three selves we had a corps of five Indians as guides and packers, each of whom was a character, and all bore themselves through four days of severe work honestly, cheerfully and helpfully. They were Henry St. Clair, a half-breed, our interpreter, to whom we could only address measured monosyllables with any hope of imparting ideas, but always faithful, frank and wise; Kewashawkonce, the guide, a man of push and a genuine wag; Kawaybawgo, a huge hunter, whose old long shot-gun has banged over almost every acre of these wilds; Metagooe, a sleepy, thick-headed fellow; and Waisonbekton, young and active, always ready for work or burden and constantly alert for new and interesting things in Nature.

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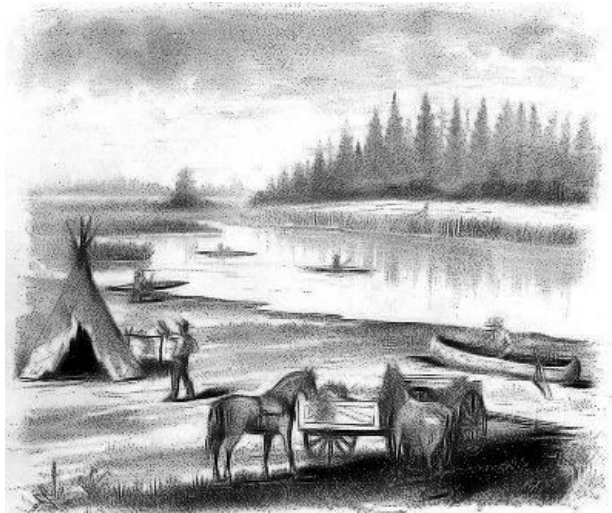
At the foot of Wild Rice Lake we prepared our canoes for voyaging, and began our long paddle toward the source of the Mississippi, whence we were to descend to civilization. A brief description of our little ships and equipment will help to a better understanding of our cruise. Each voyager had a Rob Roy canoe, slightly improved as to model and built upon the incomparable plan of Mr. Rushton of Canton, New York. The canoes are fourteen feet long, ten and a half inches deep and twenty-seven inches wide, decked over except a man-hole sixteen by about thirty-six inches, and weighing, with the mast and lug sail, from fifty to fifty-six pounds. The paddle is eight feet long, bladed at each end, grasped in the middle, and drives the canoe by strokes alternating on each side. The traveller sits flat upon the boat's floor, facing the bow. The canoe is not only a vehicle, but furnishes a dry and secure bed for sleeping at night, and, with its rubber apron, is a refuge from rain and storm. Each boat was equipped with an air-pillow, rubber blanket, rubber poncho, woollen blankets, rubber navy-bag and haversack. The general outfit represented a fine double shot-gun, a small and effective rifle, a revolver, fishing-tackle for each man, compass, aneroid barometer, thermometer, folding stove, stew-pans in nests, frying-pan, broiler, table-ware, and provisions for three weeks based upon the army ration, with dried fruits, condensed milk, brandy, medicines, etc., purchased at St. Paul.

Our stores and equipment suitably divided between the canoes, we paddled up through the outlet and into the lake, followed by Metagoose and Waisonbekton in a large birch-bark canoe bearing the provisions and camp-supplies of the Indians, while their companions walked across the country.

Wild Rice Lake is about one mile by five miles in extent. It is named from the wild rice which grows up from its shallow depths over almost its whole extent. Each autumn hundreds of Indians gather upon its shores in tents and lodges to secure the crop. Two squaws pass slowly through the thick rice in a birch canoe, one paddling at the stern and the other at the bow, drawing the ripe rice over the gunwale and with a club flailing the grain out of the straw into the boat. There and thus every family upon the reservation may secure an important part of the winter's provisions.

Through and over this green and productive sea we paddled about four miles to the mouth of Wild Rice River, which flows out of Upper Wild Rice Lake, then up the narrow, deep and crooked river. At our noon rendezvous Kawaybawgo and his foot-companions came in with a fine deer, the victim of his old but effective gun. In the early afternoon our progress became slow and excessively wearying from the shallowing of the river and its wonderful crookedness. The current ran like a mill-race around hundreds of short turns, and had its own exasperating way upon our keels. Finally, we were obliged to wade and drag the canoes after us in water varying between ankle-and waist-deep. A few hours of this wore us all out, and we called a halt and camp, utterly exhausted, with not more than twelve miles to the credit of the hard day's work. The Betsy D.'s skipper rolled over dead-beaten and sick; the Hattie's captain floundered up into the deep grass, incapable of further effort; while he of the Kleiner Fritz, scarcely better off, prescribed camphor and black coffee for the one and cherry brandy for the other, discreetly mixing the prescription for himself. Medication, an hour's rest and juicy rashers of broiled venison from the Indians' generous store soon brought the expedition to its wonted cheer and vigor.

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TAKING WATER, WILD RICE LAKE.

Supper over, we filled the pipes of the Indians with fine tobacco and asked for a council. We all sat around a bright fire, and soon effected a bargain with the Indians to drag our canoes on up the little river, leaving us to walk across the country with the guide. Early the following morning we started, four of our party with the canoes, and we on foot with Kewashawkonce. The guide was pantomimed by our fat man for a conservative pace becoming the hot morning and the difficult route. Ke, as we abbreviated him, strode into an unbroken forest, grown with dense underbrush, strewn with fallen trees at almost every step, diversified by swamps and thickets through which he beat his way by main strength, and now and then traversed by rivers—all streams are rivers there—into which he plunged with never an interrogation-mark, and so on briskly, up hill and down, till, with three miles of walking, wading, climbing and struggling, we were brought to bay, tired out. Half an hour's rest and some refreshing wild strawberries prepared us for such another stage. Then an hour more of this terrible strain made us drop again

for rest. Another hour, and before noon, hot and jaded, we came out upon a low bluff overhanging the river, and stopped for lunch. The guide, apparently fresh and unwearied, cut a sheet of birch bark for tinder, lit a fire as defence against mosquitos, and in sixty seconds was snoring. We were not slow in following his example, and the sun was dropping over into the west when we awoke. The guide examined the river, and informed us that our wading section was yet below. Standing in mid-stream drinking from his hands, he saw a fine pickerel's graceful movements a rod away, reached out for a half-sunken bit of a tree's branch, plunged it dexterously at the fish, struck it fairly in the back, and brought it up to us with a satisfied grunt. We lounged the afternoon away, and at six o'clock Metagoose came wearily to our camp with the Fritz at his heels. Half an hour later his comrades came with the other Rob Roys, their camp-traps loaded upon the decks and upon the interpreter's back. Our inquiry as to what had become of their birch canoe brought from Henry, as he dropped his pack, the sententious answer, "Busted." Over the evening's pipes and camp-fire, less than eight miles of actual distance accomplished, we resolved to abandon the shallow river and to portage directly to Upper Wild Rice Lake. The skipper of the Betsy proposed for the three of us a joint bed: Cincinnati feet have a troublesome time under a Rob Roy's low deck. We assented, stretched our rubber blankets, spread our woollens, adjusted the Betsy's long mosquito-bar and crawled carefully under it in expectation of a glorious sleep under the stars and the pines; but the dreams of the Hattie's captain, the trombonings of the Betsy's nose, the tossings of the Fritz and the savage industry of the mosquitos drove anything but troubled sleep from our eyelids, and we welcomed the early "Ho! ho! ho!" and improvised gong of the irrepressible Kawaybawgo.



MINNESOTA MOSQUITOS.

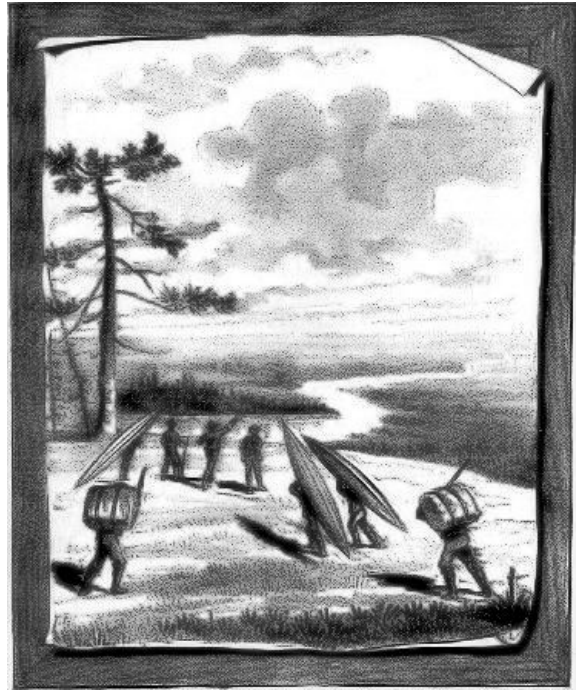
Before we had done with our coffee, venison and slap-jacks the Indians had made yokes for carrying the canoes on their heads and shoulders, and had reduced the camp to packs. Soon we were off upon the first *pose* of a regular Indian portage. Each of three Indians had upon his shoulders one of the canoes, his head within its hot and darkening sides, its bow pointing forward high in the air and its stern hanging low behind his heels. The other two squatted upon heel and toe, drew the broad strap of their carrying-thongs over their foreheads, and with a plunge and a grunt sprang to their feet, each with a great hump of six score pounds. Then we plunged, in Indian file, into a trackless forest, and jogtrotted our way for three miles, when in a clump of pines, without a word or a signal, down came the boats and the packs. Three of the splendid fellows loosed their pack-thongs and took their rest in tramping back unloaded to camp for what had been left. The others, with us, rested a few moments: then we pushed on till two miles brought us out upon the low, jungled shore of a beautiful lake about one mile by two in extent. The guide, without a word, laid down his load, but not his clothes, and with a swift rush sprang far out into the lake, swam up and down, splashing, shouting and laughing, came dripping to shore, lit his smudge-fire, lay down in a sunny place, snored an hour, awoke dry and vigorous, and with a whoop he and Waisonbekton dashed into the woods to go back for their share of the luggage left behind. While they were gone we enjoyed our lunch and gave a name to the lovely lake which had rippled so long, far away from the haunts of men, without identity. We christened it Rob Roy Lake, in honor of our fleet. It lies half a mile to the south-west of Upper Wild Rice Lake, into which its waters flow, and is set down on Colton's sectional map in the township range numbered thirty-seven. Our entire party reunited, we canoeists paddled across to the lake's outlet, a narrow, miry stream which loses itself in a swamp, and that in turn merges into the Upper Wild Rice Lake. We paddled and poled down to the end of the little river, and came to a dead stand in the matted roots of the swamp-grass: then waded waist-deep in the mire and slime, each dragging his canoe with the aid of an Indian, until we came out upon the open water. Thence a paddle of two miles along the coast brought us to another little stream flowing into the lake. As we came to its mouth Kawaybawgo was feasting upon a duck he had killed and broiled, of which he offered me a portion with a smile and interrogative grunt which seemed to

compassionate my wet, weary and forlorn appearance. A splendid pike, two feet long, came gracefully out of the stream and hung motionless in the clear water. I pointed him out to the Indian and the Hattie's captain, both of whom were standing near him. At the instant their eyes fell upon him he moved: then, as they started for him, he darted like a flash for deep water, pursued by the two men at the top of their speed through a sheet of water six inches deep for nearly a hundred feet out. It was a fair race, and the six-foot-three Indian made a splendid spurt, but the pike won.

The stream bore us upward to the floating bog out of which it flowed. We drew the canoes out upon a meadow which undulated in graceful billows at our every movement. A step would shake all the surface for a rod about us, while our combined tread sent waves of grassy earth in every direction. A sudden leap so shook the cup of cold coffee sitting by one of the Indians, six or seven yards away, that the liquid spilled over the cup's edge. The whole meadow, solid to the eye, is but one of those monster sponges that hold in abeyance waters which otherwise would sweep like a flood down the great rivers. Beyond this billowy field we came to the open water of another unnamed lake, about one mile long, fringed about with green pines, to which we gave the name of Longworth, in honor of Cincinnati's distinguished judge, and to a lovely little green island thickly grown with trees we gave the name of another canoeist left behind, Mr. Empson of Louisville. At the head of Longworth Lake, and in plain view of Empson Island, within a space cleared out of a dense jungle, we made our last camp before reaching the coveted Mississippi. Our stay here was marked in red by the most vindictive attack from mosquitos in all the cruise. No one unacquainted with the Northern

Minnesota wilderness in midsummer, or with a region having a similar insect population, can at all imagine the number and fierceness of the ravenous aerial hosts that had beset us all the way from White Earth. In mid-day they keep one constantly alert, while at night they are beyond credible report. They are small, shrewd and persistent. As I lay awake their myriad voices about and above me made a great chorus, really grand and impressive, out of which for a few seconds at a time there came bursts of harmony which I could hardly separate from the idea of a vast, distant chorus of human voices. Against their voracity no ordinary bar is a bar at all. We had gone to their haunts provided with netting which at home gave immunity, but through its meshes these mosquitos inserted their bills, then their heads, then struggled through bodily, and came down upon us like demons. We were dressed in woollens, our hands were in dogskin gloves and our heads and necks in thick calico hoods and capes, but all such protections were naught when those screaming villains had a mind for blood. At one onslaught they would go into the shrinking flesh through two thicknesses of wool and two of cotton, or through a heavy dogskin glove, or through the thick and hardened skin of the hand's palm or the foot's ball, or through a buckskin moccasin and cotton hose—through any protection at our command except a cotton canopy hung wide of our heads and bodies.

Sung and stung out of all endurance by the very centre of that army of the wilderness, we were astir in the grayest of our second Thursday's dawn, and were soon in readiness for our final portage over the crests of the Heights of Land to the river, which out of our long and severe march had become to us a veritable Mecca. Our way was up a gentle range of hills, whose tops, but a few yards wide, divide the waters which flow southward to the great Gulf from those which seek their far northward trend through the Red River of the North. The first division of our party reached the Mississippi before noon with a joy born out of a week's toil and hardship, and in a trice I was drinking of and laving in its swift, bright water. We could hardly realize that in this deep, rushing brook, not more than four or five paces wide, we saw the beginnings of that majestic current which drains half a continent. Soon our second division came up, we ate our last lunch in company, and the Indians, each shaking us by the hand with a grunt and a smile, then going off into the forest with a cheer, left us alone in that vast and uninhabited wilderness. Late in the afternoon we launched our canoes into the little river, and loaded them for our journey to its head, camping about three miles above our point of embarkation.



THE MISSISSIPPI AT LAST!



HEAD OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

The next morning we started with light hearts upon what we supposed would be but a short journey to the river's source, to meet an exasperating disappointment. We had made a bargain for transportation from the railway to Itasca Lake or to a point five miles below, all fully diagrammed and understood by correspondence, but found ourselves set down by the employés of the rascally half-breed—who had been careful to leave us at Wild Rice Lake—in an unknown land, six days from civilization, at a point nearly or quite thirty miles below the lake, below a region of rapids and obstructions against which we had especially stipulated, and up which no craft had ever travelled. A mile's work brought us to the beginning of this second series of troubles. Lying across the river at all heights, depths and angles were the tough pine logs we had dreaded, and at every mile or two were tumbling rapids. All that long Friday we took our turns with the axe, lopping off branches that we might squeeze under or shunt over logs; climbing with our stores and boats over great log-drifts held by the grip of the rocky defiles; wading through shoals and dragging our canoes through mud and sand; plunging suddenly into holes that engulfed us to our armpits; paddling astride our decks over pools too deep for wading; chopping and wrenching logs that forbade other means of passage; fighting inch by inch up plunging gorges, down which and over whose rugged boulders the narrowed waters foamed in almost resistless fury and milky foam—on and up, rod by rod, half a mile in the hour, till we came to a weary and desolate camp not two leagues from our breakfasts. There we cooked our suppers and ate in hoods and gloves, fighting mosquitos and black flies for every morsel, speculating as to the morrow's probabilities and discussing the question of victory or defeat. We rose from the night's sleep resolved upon seeing Itasca, and until mid-afternoon fought over again the battles of yesterday, and at last came out upon a smooth, placid stream, up which we paddled with easy swing some nine miles. Then the river narrowed and shallowed, and we again took to our feet upon a beautiful gravelly bottom. At times the way was closed to sight by rushes and wild rice, and we could only beat our way through. At last the water, thickly grown with reeds, broadened and deepened, and a score of paddle-strokes carried us through the green curtain out upon Itasca's beautiful surface, over which we glided, under the shadows of the setting sun, up to Schoolcraft's Island for a Sunday's quiet.

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Our heavy and restful sleep was not broken till long after the sun was glinting upon us through the trees. Our first work was given to building a lodge of underbrush and making preparations for two days' stay on the lonely island, completed by unfurling the signal of the New York Canoe Club from a high stump hard by the camp-fire. Barring the mosquitos, Sunday's rest was a pleasant and refreshing sequence to ten days of toil and struggle, and Monday found us in hearty readiness for a thorough exploration of Itasca Lake and its feeders. We took a lunch, our guns and scientific instruments, and paddled up the south-west arm of the lake to find and explore the leading tributary. We found the outlets of five small streams, two having well-defined mouths and three filtering into the lake through bogs. Selecting the larger of the two open streams, we paddled into its sluggish waters, ten feet wide and one foot deep where they enter the lake. Slow and sinuous progress of two hundred yards brought us to a blockade of logs and to shallow water. We landed, fastened the canoes, took our bearings by compass and started for a tramp through thicket and forest to Elk Lake, which we reached after a rapid walk of thirty-five minutes. This lake is an oval of about one mile in its longest diameter. It lies about half a mile in a straight line south from Itasca. Its shores are marshy, bordered by hills densely timbered. Its sources are boggy streams having little or no clearly-defined course. To all appearance, these bogs and this small lake are the uttermost tributaries to Itasca Lake, and the latter, concentrating these minor streams and sending them out as one, is the true head of the Father of Waters.

Elk Lake was a place of misadventure to us. Our struggle through the thicket and dense forest was hot and exhausting. Our scientist left there a fine aneroid barometer, which a second hot walk failed to recover. Our photographer, arrived at the lake with a grievous burden of camera, plates, tripod, etc., found that he had forgotten his lens tubes, and was compelled to double his tracks back to the canoes, then wade out into the swampy borders of the lake, waist-deep in slime, to secure a view of this highest Mississippi water, only to have his plate light-struck and ruined by an accident on the homeward journey.

While the artist was gone for his forgotten lenses our Nimrod missed a fine eagle which swept over our heads at long range. So we returned to our island camp in no very good mood, but a

NATIONAL MUSIC AN INTERPRETER OF NATIONAL CHARACTER.

The popular music of any people is, in a great measure, the thermometer of its physical sensitiveness and its moral sentiments; and the reason of this is evident. The shepherd tending his flock, the fisherman mending his nets, the soldier on the march, the peasant at the plough, has no inducement to sing unless his heart's emotion incite him to it. A true national music is, then, what the Germans call *Volksmusik*, and, springing from the hearts of the people, it is psychologically one of their best interpreters. For this reason the composers of national melodies are seldom known to fame. A national song composes itself: the musician's lyre is the musician's heart, and from the sorrow, triumph and travail of life comes the child of song.

The assertion, then, that music is a universal language is only half true: it has a great variety of dialects; and it is this very sensitiveness to human influence which makes it so universally eloquent. Let us turn first to the East, for it still retains its primitive music, and at this very hour some muezzin is calling from his minaret or some Jew intoning his Talmud in the same musical cadence with which Syrian maidens sang the hymns to Cybele.

All Oriental music is distinguished by a pathetic, long—drawn, wailing monotony quite in keeping with the stationary and contemplative character of the people. We are struck at once with its frequent repetitions of one note and its short and cautious transitions, the intervals rarely being greater than a half, or at most a full, note. The conclusion of a measure is generally a descent, and the commencement of a new one seems to be a feeble effort to rise from the dreamy apathy in which Eastern imagination delights; but it is immediately followed by the fall of the rhythmus, re-establishing its languid repose. The frequent use of half notes induces a predominance of the minor key, and this, with the constant recurrence of the rhythmical fall, imparts to Semitic and Hindoo music that melancholy, lethargic uniformity which expresses in a striking manner the benumbed energies and undeveloped spirit of the people among whom it is found. When a race has substituted habit and custom for national feeling, its music is necessarily monotonous and characterless, for the stronger the national feeling of any people, the more intense, vivid and pronounced will be its music.

Hindoo music is almost untranslatable to Western ears, but Sir W. Jones, in an essay on the musical modes of the Hindoos—to be found in the third volume of the *Asiatic Researches*—makes an attempt to render one of their most popular songs. The original, of which he also gives a copy, looks like a mixture of Egyptian hieroglyphics and Chinese characters, and how far our notation represents it it is impossible to say; for, though Sir W. Jones was an erudite Oriental scholar, that of itself would not render him a good translator of Hindoo music. The air is a song of love and spring, and the measure is indicated, "rapid and gay:"



Kindred to Semitic and Hindoo music, though venturing on bolder intervals, is Chinese, Persian and Arabian. The almost untranslatable airs of India assume in China something like an artless melody. Their smallest intervals are semitones, which have been in use, like everything else in China, from time immemorial. Nevertheless, in the diatonic series of seven intervals the Chinese usually avoid the two semitones by omitting the fourth and the seventh, so that their scale consists really of only five intervals, and as they regard F as their principal key (just as we regard C as ours), the Chinese scale stands thus:

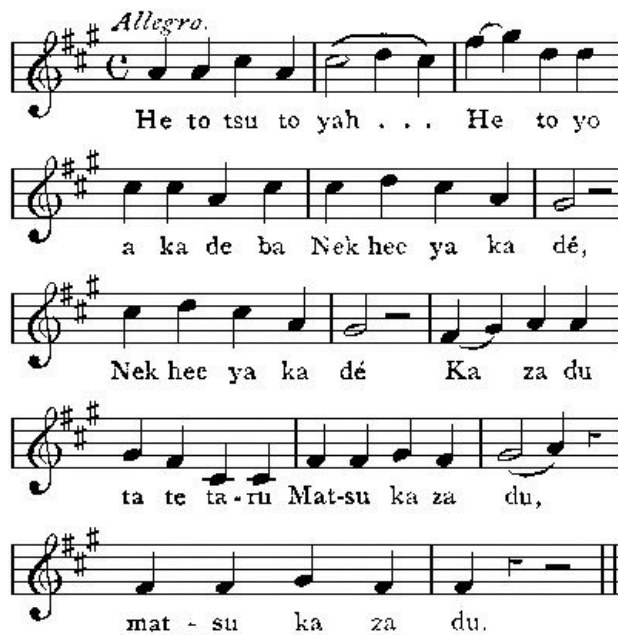


CHINESE SCALE.

This scale is, however, by no means confined to China, but is met with in several Asiatic countries —Japan, Siam, Java, etc. In order to judge how it affects the character of music, I have copied the following Chinese air and Japanese song from Carl Engel's *Researches into Popular Songs and Customs*:



CHINESE AIR, "MOO-LEK-WHA."



JAPANESE AIR.

Arabic music, which is Asiatic in its foundation, shows decided traces of the wider civilization and greater independence of character to which this race attained. The delicate gradations of sounds are still adhered to in the form of multitudes of grace-notes, but the intervals are longer and the melodies more decided. The overloading of the melody by an excessive use of trills and grace-notes by Persians, Arabians, and even Spaniards, in their popular music, indicates some common sentiment; and it is remarkable that the European Jews preserve this same Oriental ornamentation in the vocal performances of their synagogues. Numerous examples of Arabic music may be found in Lane's *Modern Egypt*. This writer professes great admiration for it, and says he "never heard the song of the Mekka water-carriers without emotion," though it consists of only three notes:



The translation of the line is, "Paradise and forgiveness be the lot of him who gave you this

water!" It is said that the Arabic music is a powerful exponent of the wild, fierce and yet romantic nature of that people, though it did not commend itself to Engel and other musicians at the Paris Exposition. But, however void of beauty and expression any national music is to us, it is certainly felt to possess these qualities by the people to whom it belongs; and it is very likely that our music would seem to them just as unintelligible and discordant. When the French missionary Amiot played some of Boildieu's and Rossini's melodies to a Chinese mandarin he said, with a polite shake of the head, "They are sadly devoid of meaning and expression, while the Chinese music penetrates the soul."

Both Venice and Spain show traces of Arabic influence in their national music. In Venetian airs it is only a dim memory, manifesting itself by the frequent repetition of single notes, whereas the Spanish melodies are often so Moorish in construction and sentiment that it is easy to fancy in them tones like the call of the muezzin. Thus, too, the following Spanish song, judged by its repetitions and short intervals, might easily be taken for an Arabic air:

Se - ras due-ña de mi vi - da

Se - ras due-ña de mi vi - da

Si sa-bes cor-re-spon - der

So-lo sien-to tu mu - clan - za

Por-que le fi - ne-res nu - ger

Se-ras due-ña de mi vi - da

It is to be noted that instruments of percussion are the natural exponents of such primitive music, and that, therefore, the East has its drum, gong and cymbals, Arabia its tambourine, Spain its castanets.

The Slavs, being a pure race, have also a very decided national music. Its peculiarity is smooth, lisping, sibillating sounds, analogous to the rustling of leaves in a forest. Having no native accent in their own language, they easily imitate that of others; and this imparts to the Slavonic races that admirable facility for speaking foreign languages which distinguishes them. This characteristic of their speech is faithfully reproduced in their music, especially in that of the southern Slavs. It is indicated by continuous notes of the same value, and by a compass scarcely ever exceeding a fifth. Its negative peculiarities harmonize exactly with the history of the Russians. The sad, doleful monotony of their existence in the past is pathetically interpreted by their narrow, sombre, subdued melodies. They are the voice of a people whose ideas revolved in a narrow circle—of people who dwelt on vast gray plains dotted with sad brown huts, and who heard no sounds but the sighing of the wind through the dark pine forests. The "Vesper Hymn," known to every ordinary player, is a very good example of the general character of Russian melodies. The songs of the peasants are further distinguished by their frequent modulation from the major to the minor key, as if not long could they be joyful, and also by the peculiar way in which they are rendered. The tonic and the dominant are the prevalent intervals, and the intermediate notes are slurred or slightly sounded. Rochlitz found it impossible to convey this peculiarity by notation, but gives the following melody as a favorite accompaniment to the serf-songs of Northern Russia:



The Poles, members of this family, have had a great national existence, and their national music echoes its history and its character. The heartstirring strains of their mazurkas make many a bosom beat and ache as they remind the listeners of past times. Polish music is the voice of a light-minded, brave-hearted people who lived in a gay turmoil and drained with eager lips and reckless spirits the cup of glory and of joy. The Polish polkas and mazurkas, with their changing and fugitive rhythmus and their lively, uneven time, admirably embody the light and graceful spirit of this people.

In striking contrast to the character and music of the Slavic peoples are the character and music of the Hungarians. Living on the confines of the East and West, this people belong to the former by descent and to the latter by civilization. Between two elements, they have been exposed to the attacks of both, and their history records only a continual struggle for existence as a nation. This prolonged warfare has made *nationality* the uppermost thought in the life of the Hungarian: it is the influence controlling all his ideas, his feelings, his poetry and his art. His music embalms a thousand years of struggle for it, and every note of its wild, melancholy strains breathes tales of war and sorrow, of hope and triumph. The music interpreting such an intense nationality ought to be a peculiar one; and it is. A foreigner, having once heard it, can never mistake its sounds for those of any other national music.

But to understand the Magyar music you must apprehend the Magyar's character. He is a singular mixture of East and West, habitually passive and melancholy, yet easily roused to the wildest excitement. His step is slow, his face pensive, his manners imposing and dignified; yet when once roused he rushes forward with a furious impetuosity which his enemies have learned to estimate and dread. His eloquence is wonderful, and after success he throws aside his solemnity and gives himself up with wild abandon to the feast, the dance and the song. All this various character he has imparted to his national music: it is full of pathos and earnestness, yet often impetuous and even hilarious. The "Rákótzý" is so perfectly national that it thrills like a shout from the Hungarian heart, and it is no wonder that the Austrian government found it necessary to forbid it to be played on public occasions, and even to confiscate all printed copies of it. "When I hear the 'Rákótzý,'" said a famous Hungarian, "I feel as if I must arise and conquer the world." As my readers can easily procure a copy of it, it would be a kind of sacrilege to give so grand a march shorn of any of its noble proportions; and I can with far more justice give an example which embraces two of the most predominant traits of Hungarian songs—the Scotch *catch* introduced in the middle or end of the bar, instead of at the beginning as in Scotch music, and the beautiful modulations from the major to the minor key of the minor third—a change very unusual in any national music but the Hungarian:



HUNGARIAN AIR.

We cannot leave Hungarian music without noticing the fact that it has been greatly influenced by the gypsies of that country, by whom it is mainly cultivated as an art. In Hungary, indeed, there is no stately festival, no public rejoicing, no private merrymaking, without some gypsy band; and it would be impossible to find more sympathetic interpreters of its intense and passionate spirit. But if professional musicians, they are nomadic ones: they wander through all the towns and villages of Transylvania and Wallachia, and are everywhere welcome. In dance-music the life and impetuosity of their musical movements, their varying rhythms and the strange thrill of their wild dissonances are absolutely entralling. Charles Boner, in his work on Transylvania, says that even the aged find it impossible to resist the dance when a gypsy band invites them to it. Their prelude is slow and sonorous, the music quickens, there is a rush of tones, the fantastic melody hastens on at a head-long pace—every one, old and young, is under its spell.

Many of the Hungarian gypsies are composers as well as performers. Pougrátz and Patikárus are names beloved wherever the "Czardas" is listened to; and where, in Hungary, is not the "Czardas" listened to? No one can play a "Czardas" like a gypsy, and he is often rewarded for it in the most exaggerated manner; for he soon has his audience so excited that they call for it again and again, and heap recompense on recompense, until, in their passionate delight, the last ducat, the last watch, ring, and even horse, has been bestowed. The gypsies of Hungary conclude all pieces ending in the minor key by substituting the major chord for the minor chord; for instance, a passage written thus,



they finish thus:



following instinctively a rule which we find frequently observed in the most classical compositions. The following is a martial dance of the gypsies, but the most elaborate notation would only be the skeleton of any example: the best parts of all their performances are those they improvise while playing:



It may be said that the gypsy has no nationality, and can therefore have no national music. This is hardly true. The gypsy has no country, but his sentiment of nationality is strong and persistent, and his music is as peculiar as his language and customs. It is true that he steals the music of the country in which he sojourns just as readily as he steals the poultry from the roost or the linen from the line, but he always imparts to it some echo of his far Eastern home and some flavor of the tent and the hedgerow. Twice in my life this fact has struck me in a remarkable manner. Once, on the skirts of a pine forest in the wilds of Argyleshire, I came suddenly on a gypsy-camp celebrating a wedding. The women were dancing the "Romalis" to a violin and tambourine. The music, the dance, the conical tents, the flashing swarthy faces, the careless piquant dresses, were all so Oriental in character that in spite of the mountains, the moors and the heather I found it hard to realize that I was in the heart of Scotland. Even when the most distinctive Scotch pibrochs were played I was quite conscious of an Eastern clash in them which no Scot could or would have given. Again: eighteen months ago I found a camp of English gypsies in the Rocky Mountains a little beyond Golden. One man was leaning against a tree fiddling negro melodies to the birds, but negro melodies with the flavor of the tent instead of the cabin. At my request he played "Yankee Doodle," and imparted to it a revolutionary dash, a piquant mocking defiance, which convinced me that he knew its history and was interpreting it from his own heart—a fact which a subsequent conversation confirmed. I often wonder that no musical speculator has ever organized a band of Russian, Hungarian and English gypsies. Certainly, it would give us a far more characteristic entertainment than bands of blackened "minstrels."

The Swiss love their national music as they love their mountains and their freedom; and at first sight it seems singular that a people so blended with the progress of liberty should possess a music singularly simple and pastoral. But in this fact we perceive how truly music explains character, for as early as the fourteenth century their political faith, like their mode of life, was simple and averse to display. In a few ordinary words the deputies of Appenzell said all that has since been said with infinite bombast: "We are convinced that mankind are born for order, but not for servitude—that they must have magistrates whom they themselves elect, but not masters to grovel under." The essentials of true freedom having thus early become an every-day enjoyment, a people so plain and simple sang naturally melodies suggestive of the calm pastoral life so dear to them.



SWISS SONG.

We must notice that the favorite instrument of the Swiss, the Alp-horn, has caused a predilection for a certain progression of intervals. The Alp-horn is a long tube of fir-wood having the same compass as the trumpet. But on both these instruments the upper F is not an exact F, neither is it an exact F sharp, and thus in most Alpine tunes there are passages like the following, where the notes marked x ought to be F natural, but are nearly F sharp. However, this irregular tone

charms the Swiss, and is one of the peculiarities of their "Ranz des Vaches:"



But it is in the national music of the Celtic race that we find the most familiar examples of melody symbolizing character. The purest form of it is undoubtedly the Irish; and who will not bear witness that in its half-laughing and half-sobbing notes we hear the voice of the race? Its musical distinction is the emphatic and striking introduction of the sixth major, but this peculiarity is also prominent in Scotch and Welsh airs, and is a favorite termination in all mountainous countries. To a fine sensibility there is, I think, a much more peculiar trait in Irish music, whether gay or sad—a strain of *longing* which imparts a charm like songs of memory—a strain so subtle that my explanation can only be intelligible to those who have already apprehended it.

Kindred to the Irish is the Welsh and the Scotch music. The Welsh has a more hopeless sob, the Scotch a wilder mirth. We feel in the old Welsh tunes that terrible struggle they had, first with the Romans, and then with the Anglo-Normans; and whoever has heard the "March of the Men of Haerlech" will understand why King Edward slew the Welsh Bards.

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The most striking examples of Scotch music are the pibrochs and strathspeys. These compositions generally ring with a wild laughter that is almost harassing, especially when it is enhanced by the abrupt close with the fifth instead of the keynote. The ear, which has been longing for the rest, has a sense of being teased and deluded with the rollicking strain. As exponents of the cautious, cannie Scot we should think them a satire did we not know what a wild vein of Celtic wit runs through the granite foundation of his character. If it be true that national musics embalm peculiar humanities, of no country is this so true as of Scotland, for no people and no history is so highly picturesque and so full of the broadest lights and shadows. In their earliest history we find this antithesis. They lived rudely as peasants: they fought as if possessed by the very spirit of chivalry. When they abolished the magnificence of the papacy they inaugurated the barest of churches. They were the first to betray Charles Stuart, and the last to lay down arms for the rights of his descendants. They are worldly-wise to a proverb, and yet wildly susceptible to poetry and romance.

The songs of such a people have necessarily a great variety: the color and the perfume of life are in them. Listen to the mocking, railing drollery of "There cam' a young man," the sly humor of the "Laird o' Cockpen," or "Hey, Johnnie Cope!" and you may understand one side of Scottish character. The Border ballads, that go lilting along to the galloping of horses and jingling of spurs, are the interpretation of another side. The same *active* influence accompanies the Jacobite songs—"Up wi' the bonnets for bonnie Dundee!" filled many a legion for Prince Charles—and the blood kindles yet to their fife-like and drum-like movements. Again, the stately rhythm and march of some of the oldest airs make them peculiarly suitable for patriotic songs; and Burns took advantage of this when he adapted "Scots wha hae" to the air of "Hey, Tuttie Taittie!" for to this spirit-stirring strain Bruce and his heroes marched to the field of Bannock-burn.

Scotch music is a good example of the fact that the favorite musical instruments of the different nations have undoubtedly caused some favorite group of notes, constituting *motives* of a peculiar rhythm, which are employed with evident preference. Thus, the use of the minor seventh instead of the major seventh (as in "Wha'll be King but Charlie?"), and the sudden modulation from the minor key to the major key, a whole tone below, are in exact accord with the bagpipe, and are more certain in the strathspeys, reels and dances which are universally played on that instrument; the intervals of which are



with the bass of the drone emitting A, so that A minor must be regarded as the principal key of this instrument. Indeed, Macdonald, in his *Complete Tutor for the Great Highland Bagpipe*, gives the odd rule that the "piper is to pay no attention to the flats and sharps marked on the clef, as they are not used in pipe-music."

In Scotch music are also continually found motives of a rhythm in which the first note has only one-fourth the duration of the second. This is known as the Scotch catch or snap, and evidently originated in the strathspeys, though it is now a distinction of many fine songs, notably so of "Roy's Wife of Aldavalloch."

That these old melodies are the voice of ancient Scotland is proved by the fact that no modern musician has been able to imitate them. Haydn tried to rearrange some of them, and failed, and Geminiani blotted quires of paper in attempting to write a second part to the "Broom o' the Cowdenknowes." No: ere we can add anything to the national music of Scotland we must restore the precise national conditions of which it was the articulate idea.

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English music, until the days of the Tudors, was really French: England sang, as all Europe did,

the songs of the Troubadours. But the "Chanson de Roland" and the "Complaint of the Châtelain de Courcy" were not English strains, for a national song is a winged fact. France was the legitimate successor of the Troubadours, and many of their oldest songs would serve to-day as *airs de vaudeville*. The French national music has mostly grown out of civil dissensions and party conflicts. What scenes do the "Carillon," the atrocious "Carmagnole" and the "Marseillaise" bring up! The "Carillon" had been Marie Antoinette's favorite tune: it pursued her from her palace to her prison, startled her on her way to her trial, and was probably the last sound she heard as she lay bound under the guillotine.

When not breathing blood and anarchy French popular music has a wonderful range: it is gallant, mocking, elegant, or full of absolute nonsense and frivolity. In fact, French music has always been so intensely national that it would have been impossible for England to have long borrowed it; and in the days of the Tudors we find English character beginning to explain itself in those admirable tunes and ballads which form a regular and successive declaration of English principles, with their sound piety, broad fun, perfect liberty of speech and capital eating and drinking. They have neither the wailing grief nor the boisterous merriment of Celtic music, and they lack entirely the monotonous tenderness of the Troubadours; but they are full of buoyant, daring independence, and have a certain *homeliness* which strikes in a very powerful manner some chord in the Anglo-Saxon heart.

The cosmopolitan nature of the German speaks to all the world in his music. Of all national musics it is the grandest and the most developed: we see this in the position it gives to rhythms. National musics with undeveloped rhythms are the speech of people just awakening, while music that has them strongly marked and regularly introduced belongs to people of fully-matured energies. Only in the *Jodlers* and *Landlers* of the Tyrolese, Austrian and Swiss mountains is the original Teutonic iambic preserved in its purity. In all other German music every kind of rhythm is met with, no kind being predominant. For the musical language of Germany embraces not only the few octaves of passion, but the whole keyboard of existence. It has preludes, symphonies and sonatas for every phase of life. Nothing smaller than this range would suffice to express the multiform ideas of a people so thoughtful and cosmopolitan. And though by this universal sympathy German music may have lost a purely national life, it is a most sufficing compensation to have gained the power of expressing the ideas of a whole epoch.

Musical taste in America is in progress of formation. We have no national music: we have not even a decided preference for any style. We like Beethoven and Chopin, but we also like Rossini and Donizetti and delight in Lecocq and Sullivan. In no respect is the national pride so utterly forgotten as in music. We give to all schools a fair hearing. The great German masters are household words: the national music of every land is welcome. We have been learning to like Italian opera at an insane cost; we have kindly winked at the follies of opera-bouffe; probably nowhere in the world are the intellectual depths of a German symphony and the passionate declamation of an Italian recitative more thoroughly appreciated. This is the natural musical exposition of our complex and various life. This wondrous variety, which indicates possibilities not yet revealed, pleases us without being always clear to our feelings and intellect. Still, we shall not ask, with the Frenchman, "Sonate, que veux-tu?" We are satisfied with what the present affords, and what new masters shall appear or what new instruments be invented we know not. Always the epochs will have their own interpreter. One hundred years ago who had imagined a Weber or Steinway piano, that piece of furniture with a soul in it?

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It has been suggested to me while writing this paper that national melodies are in a great measure influenced by the physical features of the country in which they rise. I think very little so. It is true that the music of all mountainous countries has many points of resemblance, but it is because the people of such countries have strong mental and moral similitudes. Savages are not inspired by the most lovely scenery, and a collection of national airs from different parts of the world would not reveal to us whether they were written in valleys or on mountains or by the sounding seashore.

There are distinct ensigns by which national music may be as promptly detected as a ship by its colors. Spanish airs have in them the rapid twinkling, so to speak, of the guitar; the mountain-melodies of Switzerland recall the open notes of the Alp-horn; the Irish and Scotch musics have their marks as plainly impressed upon them as the physiognomy of the peoples is distinct, and it is nothing to the purpose to say that they have been cleverly imitated: the mark still remains a fact, and is the mysterious specialty that thrills the rich, the poor, the soldier and the churchman, the peasant and the exile. Whatever analogy exists between a country and its music is mainly with the inward character of the people themselves, and is generally too profound to be theorized upon. We only know that at every step we advance in the science of music we are deciphering what is written within us, not transcribing anything from without.

Nor as Americans are we insensible to the value of a national music. The few airs which have any claim to represent us in this capacity have done service that no money can estimate. During the late war wherever the rebel flag was raised it was necessary to silence "Yankee Doodle." Like the "Marseillaise," it was an institution before which its enemies trembled; and when we have produced or annexed something infinitely grander we shall not forget the saucy, free-and-easy, mind-your-own-business melody that carried the nation cheerfully through two great crises.

AMELIA E. BARR.

MALLSTON'S YOUNGEST.

The railroad-village of Fairfield woke up one spring morning and found a clumsy blue car, with a skylight in its roof, standing on the common near the blacksmith-shop. Horses and tongue were already removed, the former being turned into the tavern pasture and the latter stowed in the tavern barn. A small sky-colored ladder led up to the door of this artistic heaven, which remained closed long after a crowd of loungers had gathered around it.

The Fairfield loungers were famously lazy savages, though to the last degree good-natured and obliging. They wore butternut overalls and colored shirts, a few adding the picturesque touch of bright handkerchiefs and broad straw hats: there were a few coats in various stages of rags and grease, and one or two pairs of boots, but the wearers of these put on no airs over the long ankles and sprawling toes which blossomed around them. The whole smoking, stoop-shouldered, ill-scented throng were descendants of that Tennessee and Carolina element which more enterprising Hoosiers deplore, because in every generation it repeats the ignorance and unthrift branded so many years ago into the "poor white" of the South.

Those who could read traced the legend "Photographic Car" on the sides of the vehicle, and with many a rude joke each bantered the other to have his picter took for such purposes as skeerin' stock off the railroad-track or knockin' the crows stiff. Their scuffling and haw-haws waked the occupant of the car, who rose in his bunk and drew the curtain from a window. The boys saw his face and hushed. Raising the window, he scattered a bunch of handbills among them, which set them all to scrambling, and, when they had caught the bills, to struggling with large and small type which announced that an unrivalled photographer would be in that vicinity in a very few days with his beautiful travelling-car, giving everybody an opportunity of securing such tin-types and photographs as only the large cities turned out, and at the lowest possible prices.

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Presently the photographer appeared at his own door and looked abroad. The tender spring morning, though it glorified surrounding woods and rich farming-lands, could do little for this dilapidated village, which consisted of one lane of rickety dwellings crossed at right angles by the Peru Railroad, a stern brick building, a wooden elevator and a mill. It was a squalid sight, though the festive season of the year and that glamorous air peculiar to Indiana brooded it. The photographer surveyed his new field with an amused sneer, and descended the steps to go to his breakfast at the tavern, a peak-roofed white frame set among locust trees—the best house on the street. Before it stood that lozenge-shaped sign on a fat post which stands before all country taverns, making a vague, lonesome appeal to the traveller.

The loungers moved in groups on the station-platform, their hands in their pockets and their necks stretched forward, eying the stranger.

Out of the blue distance on the railroad two plumes of steam rose suddenly: then a black object stood up on the track and gave two calls at a crossing. Double-shuffles were danced on the platform, as if the approaching train charged these vagabonds with some of its own strength. It screamed, and bore down upon this dilapidated station to stop for one brief minute, change mail-sacks and gaze pityingly out of its one eye at the howling crew which never failed to greet it there. People in the cars also looked out as if glad they were not stopping, and a few with long checks in their hats, who appeared to be travelling to the earth's ends, were envied by a girl approaching the post-office in the brick block.

She waited near the photographic car until the train passed, her lip curling at this blue van and the pretensions of its owner.

Later she came out of the post-office by a back hall, and, darting a fierce look at Jim Croddy, who ran against her in his performance of the double-shuffle, took her way across the common, crushing her letters in her hand. This time she scarcely looked at the photographic van, but with dilated eyes and set teeth pursued her path into the springing weeds. The photographer, who had returned, looked at her, however, and found her individuality so attractive that he watched her swift step until it took her out of sight within the doorway of a brick residence detached from the village by a meadow and long lawn.

The young man opened his car and prepared for business. His landlady was going to bring her grandchild to be photographed. A locker received his primitive couch, and he further cleared the deck for action by stowing in the back apartment where he prepared his chemicals all remaining litter. Jim Croddy and kindred spirits ventured to look in.

"See here, boys," inquired the photographer, "couldn't one of you get me a bucket of water from somewhere?"

They would all do it. The heartiest and most obliging set of idlers in the world, they almost fought for the pail, and two, taking it between them, cantered to the pump in front of the post-office. The rest were fain to enter, treading each other's bare heels as they tumbled up the steps.

"Don't you want your pictures taken?" inquired the artist, quizzically surveying his shaggy crowd.

"We ain't got no money," replied Bill Stillman, the smallest but readiest-tongued.

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"You got money, Bill," retorted Leonard Price, a parchment-colored wisp of nineteen who had recently become a widower.

"I got to git clo'es with it if I hev'. There's Mallston: git him to set for *his* picter."

Mallston was hooted for as he came across the dewy grass on feet of brawn, shaming puny rustics by his huge physique. The photographer mentally limned him: a bushy, low-browed head and dark, reddish, full-lipped face, bearded; muscle massed upon his arms and tatter-clothed legs; a deep, prominent chest; hands large, black, powerful; the whole man advancing with a lightness which in some barbaric conqueror would have been called dignified grace.

Mallston had nothing to answer for himself. He stood folding his arms and looking in. It was said he had African blood in his veins—barely enough to stain the red of his skin, pinch up his children's hair and give them those mournful, passionate black eyes through which the tragedy of the race always looks. But so vague, so mere a hearsay, was this negro stain, if it existed at all, that he had married a white wife, and moved in society unchallenged by these very fastidious descendants of Carolina and Tennessee.

Mallston's wife had lately added a son to his family. He had two sons before, also two daughters. From any standpoint it seemed an unnecessary addition when the economist considers that he had no means of support except his big-fingered paws, and these, though very willing, depended on chance jobs and days' works given him by other men. In face of these facts the youngest was there as well as the oldest—scarcely seven; the second, scarcely five; and the third and fourth, aged three and a half and two—in his rented house of one room, containing beds in opposite corners, a table and a cooking-stove in front of the fireplace. A generous family and scant provision for it being the mode in Fairfield, however, Mallston may not have seen his desperate position, especially with summer and harvest wages coming. Just now he was out of a job, having finished a ditching contract, and his black, speculative eyes looked anxiously at the photographer.

"Come, clear now!" exclaimed that young man with some authority to his loafers: "I am going to have some sitters."

The landlady and her grandchild were already coming to take advantage of morning sunlight and the domestic lull before dinner. With them came a curious neighbor in ill-made, trailing calico and dejected sun-bonnet, who walked with her hands on her hips and puckered her upper lip, with consciousness of the loss of two front teeth, when she laughed. As they proceeded at a pace regulated by the toddling child, they encountered an old woman with no teeth at all, whose nose and chin leaned very much toward each other: her grizzled hair curled under a still more dejected sun-bonnet, and, setting down a basket of clothes, she stood panting from exertion and wiping her wan face on the bonnet cape.

"I'm a-garn to hick'ry that Bill," she exclaimed weakly. "I tole him to carry me wash-water, and here he is stannin' round thish yer car! George and John's just out, too, and so's Foster. Soon's they git the'r vittles they up and leave me to do the best I kin. Laws! who's garn to pay out money fer fortygraphs? If folks all had to work as hard as I do, they wouldn't have no money fer no such things, so they wouldn't. It 'ud stan' 'em in hand to be savin'."

"Why don't you drive off some yer good-fer-nothin' boys and make 'em do somethin', Mis' Stillman?" bantered the neighbor.

"Well, they've all been a-workin'," relented the mother. "Bill, he's as good a feller to work as ever was if he don't git with a lot of orn'ry boys. Hit hurts Fawt to work stiddy, so it does.—Bill, come here and tote these clo'es home fer me."

Bill came, ruddy and laughing from a scuffle, and walked off with the basket.

"And git the wash-water and make a fire under the kittle," called his mother.

"I'll be apt to," responded Bill.

"Come along into the daguerreyan car, Mis' Stillman," invited the landlady. "You never see the inside o' one, did you?"

"Laws! is that wher' you're garn to? I can't stop but a minute. Hit looks mighty fine. The boys said this feller was drivin' into town last night when meetin' broke. Who's garn to have their picter took?—You, Jane?"

"Me?" replied the neighbor. "Laws! no: I ain't rich."

"Oh, you'll change your minds," drawled the landlady patronizingly, as became a lady of means: "he takes 'em reel cheap."

The photographer met this group at his door and assisted them into the car, from which all his earlier visitors had dispersed except Mallston.

Mallston stood at the steps and watched the landlady's grandchild prepared for a sitting. The rabble had begun their morning business of pitching horseshoes, but his interest was held by that little child—its fresh clothes, rings of black hair and pomegranate coloring. The artist, having placed his camera, was in the farther room preparing his plate. When he came out and was in the act of closing the door he noticed Mallston, and asked, "Do you want a job?"

The barbarian did decidedly.

"Come into the back room, then, and help me."

Mallston went striding through the car, and placed himself in an obedient attitude behind the partition.

"Laws!" exclaimed Mrs. Stillman, standing between the camera, where the artist was burying his head under a black cloth, and the object to be photographed, "when we lived in Bartholomew county—'twas the year after we moved f'm Johnson county—Foster and John they was little fellers then, and I did want the'r picters that bad, so I did. But the'r pap he 'lowed it was a waste o' money. Pore man! he was a mighty hard worker: he'd go a mile'd to make a cent, and then he'd lose it all with bad management, so he would. But I had easy times them days, with everything to my han': I spun and wove all the jeans the men-folks wore, and we milked a dozen cows—"

"Will you please move aside?"

"Git out o' the way, Mis' Stillman: the man can't see through ye."

"Oh!" exclaimed the old woman, jerking herself from the photographer's line of vision, "I didn't go fer to git in the way. But this ain't doin' my washin'," she added, moving toward the entrance. Here, on a little shelf, she found some tiles and brushes, which she took up to examine and hold before the other women, who were seated awaiting the picture-taking. "What's these here things?"

"Artists' materials," replied the photographer, removing his head from under the black cloth, and that from the camera.—"Now, my little man, look straight at the hole in the box, and don't move.—That large brick house—keep perfectly quiet—across the field seems a good point to sketch from. Who lives there?"

"Harbisons," replied the landlady.

"Harbisons, eh? I suppose it was Miss Harbison I saw go past this morning?—Don't move, my little man."

"I do' know," demurred the washer-woman, whose sole recreation in life was the faculty of speech. "I ain't seen Mis' Harbison to town to-day. They's him and her and the boys. Both the boys is away f'm home now. What-fer lookin' woman?"

"It was a young lady in a wide hat."

"Oh, that's Miss Gill: she's some kin to 'em. She's a school-teacher to Bunker Hill or Peru. Laws! I hate to see anybody so proud."

"That's a good boy!" said the photographer. He removed his plate and carried it to the rear room, where he required the assistance of Mallston, who had watched the process with silent interest. Presently reappearing with the dripping negative, which he held for the women to see, he repeated incidentally, "Proud, is she, this Miss Gill?"

"Yes, she is, kind o'," testified the neighbor who was called Jane.—"It's a reel good one, ain't it?"

"If ye take as good as this all the time," cried the pleased landlady, holding off the negative and giving that excited drawl to the terminal word which may distinguish Kentuckians, for she claimed to be one, "every girl in town 'll be comin' after the'r picter-uh!"

"Except the proud Miss Gill."

The landlady, who had a moustache, bristled it over her square mouth: "I never ast much about her. She's kind o' yaller-complected, but some says she's smart. Bill Harbison was smart too, but he's all broke up now. They don't own nothin' but the house and grounds they're livin' in."

"Laws!" poured in the steady washer-woman, "I used to work fer Mis' Harbison when she was well off—I done knit socks and pieced quilts—and she was always liber'l, so she was. When we fust come here he was gittin' down with his last sickness, and we left a good place in Bartholomew county, fer *his* folks they kep' a-writin', 'Here's the place, Billy: this is wher' you'll find the flitter tree and the honey pond.' And it wasn't never my will, but come we must; and you orto seen Fairfield then. Why, ther' wasn't nothin' but mud, so ther' wasn't.—My soul! if thern don't go Bill, and I know he ain't carried me no wash-water."

The artist helped her down the steps and asked her to come again, which courtesy she distrusted. She 'lowed he was p'tendin'. He threwed his head up like he was big-feelin'. It ruffled her that anybody should be big-feelin' over a pore widder-woman that took in days' washin's, and had a pack o' triflin' boys that et her out o' house and home.

Still, this old woman enjoyed the fruit trees' budding promise as she patted along the railroad, and perhaps some old thrill shot again as a meadow-lark uttered his short, rich madrigal from the weather-darkened fence.

"Ho, Mis' Stillman," called Mallston's wife, standing in her door with the youngest on her arm, "le's go over and see that ther' picter car."

"I done done it," responded the old woman.

By the end of two weeks this photographic car had done good execution on the community. The artist himself appeared friendly, which greatly assisted his trade, openness to familiarity being a prime virtue in all rustic neighborhoods. Every youngster who came to the store after groceries,

with a bag slung over the horse's neck in which to carry them, gave pap no peace until means were furnished for a rosy-cheeked tin-type of himself in a pink, green or purple case. The Appledore girls, handsome daughters of a rich farmer, and therefore able to sit for pictures in Kokomo, or even Indianapolis, yet put on all their chains, rings and bracelets and went to the car to test this young photographer's skill. Mrs. Stillman received money from her daughter in Ellwood, together with the written command: "You go and git your fortygraph took fer me, mother: we don't none of us never know what's a-garn to happen." So she removed her black alpaca from its peg on the wall for her adornment, and came also, explaining to the neighbors that Kit sent the money, so she did, and was makin' a pore mouth about not havin' no picter of mother. And having got the picture, she used all her past trials and present misfortunes to save half the price, which she succeeded in doing.

Every day the artist had a few sitters. It was surprising how many of the bilious, bare-legged children who collected to gaze at his framed specimens were brought to be photographed, for most of the villagers were squalidly poor and the farmers were entering their busy season. During this time he had opened the Harbison domicile to himself, being son of a friend who had sat in the State legislature with Mr. Harbison. All Fairfield knew that he went there nearly every day, and that it was not to shoot with the long-bow on the lawn. They had no idea how he loved to lounge from one empty room to another of this picturesque, half-furnished house, and how he was gratified by the fitness of the inhabitants to their abode. He liked to see Miss Gill tuck a bunch of peach-blossoms in her coil of hair, and to feel the quickening influences of spring supplemented by her electricity.

Mrs. Harbison took her earth-loving hands from garden-making and went to show the young people the ferns in the woods. She pulled her sun-bonnet over her eyes and trod out with the solid steps of a woman bred to love the soil under her feet. The photographer sketched along the way, but he finally sat down by Little Wildcat where the water boiled over boulders, and Mrs. Harbison went farther to dig ginseng. There was a joyful hurry of birds all around. That leopard of the Indiana woods, the sycamore, repeated itself in vistas.

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"Sycamores always look like dazzling marble shafts blackened with patches of moss," said the young man.

"And their leaves," said the girl sitting on the log not far from him, "smell like poetry. I spread them on my face late in summer after a shower and suck up their breath. But I never can put the sensation into words."

"How's that for a sycamore?" he asked, showing a scrap.

She examined it with great satisfaction: "Why do you go about with a photographic car? Why don't you set out to be an artist?"

He laughed: "Because there is so much of the vagabond in me, I suppose. Then I never had any education in art. Folks as poor as Job's turkey."

"But a man can do so much or so little."

"Well, when I'm going about with the car I see a great many odd people, and can pick up little striking things for studies. I get a living, too, such as it is, which I shouldn't do if I set up as an artist. Look here!" He turned over his book and showed an etching of Mallston stepping across the common carrying his youngest, with the four older children at his heels. One had sprawled, and was evidently lifting a howl to the paternal ear. They both laughed at it.

"He's a good fellow," remarked the photographer, "but there's no end to the ignorance and misery such creatures bring upon the world. He couldn't take decent care of himself, and he has a wife and five children hanging on him."

"It is just so with nearly all these people," exclaimed Miss Gill in high scorn. "They have no idea of what life should be—no ambition, and scarcely a soul to divide around among them all. It smothers me!" She threw her arms out impetuously. "I want such different things—the society of the cultivated, the stimulus of great natures. Maybe I could write something that would get before the public then."

"Have you ever sent anything East?" he inquired with a Hoosier's vast respect for older civilization.

"Yes," she answered with a falling inflection of voice and head. "But it's no use: I never shall amount to anything with my surroundings."

The water gurgled over its boulders and the green landscape sent up an exquisite loamy breath. The young people, both representing the afflatus of the State, met in one tragic look which ended in a smile.

Next morning Mallston took his usual post in the car, shifting from one bare foot to the other, while the photographer lounged on his locker waiting for custom. The native frequently parted his shaggy jaws, but considered how he should offer his information. He watched his employer with real attachment, and his dark red face deepened its hue around the eyes as he broke out, "We've got a little feller t' 'r house."

"What! not another one?"

"He's two month ole," explained Mallston.

"Oh, your youngest. Why, yes, I've seen him." Mallston was evidently surprised that so humble a creature as his youngest had attracted the great photographer's notice. "He's a fine youngster," added the latter.

Mallston was then emboldened to blurt out, "We've named him."

"You have? Well, what do you call him?"

"We called him after you."

"Why, here's an honor! How did you come to name him for me?"

"I done it."

"Let me see: what can I do for him? Suppose you bring him over now while we aren't very busy and I'll take his picture."

Mallston grinned with pleasure: "My woman wanted his picter. My woman 'lowed mebbly you wouldn't charge for it if you knowed he was a namesake."

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"Certainly I won't. So bring him right along and we'll do our best for him."

It was some time before he reappeared, carrying his youngest in his arms, its cheeks polished and its wet hair turning over in rings, decked in its chief finery, a blue quilted cloak. The mother came along to hold her cherub in her lap. She was a long, raw-boned woman, immature in face under all her crust of care and tan, evidently distressed in her free waist by the tightness of her calico dress and in her unfenced feet by shoes.

"What are you going to do with the baby?" inquired Miss Gill kindly as she encountered this group at right angles on her return from the post-office.

"Garn with him to the man to git his picter. Come in and see him took," invited Mrs. Mallston timidly.

The young woman, ready to seize on any distraction, went in, scarcely understanding that her bruised ambition reached for healing to such homely, lowly natures as these.

The artist was glad to see her, and she sat on the locker while preparations went on. She exchanged amused glances with him when the other Mallstons flocked to the steps, bellowing in various keys for their mother, and on their being swung in by one arm and placed in a row on the opposite locker, she gazed at them in turn, wondering what the future held out to such lumps of dirt and sombre black eyes.

Mallston set his youngest on the mother's lap and looked at it with sneaking fondness. The whole tribe seemed equally dear to him, but this youngest appealed to his strength. Mrs. Mallston was not celebrated as a tender mother. She went after pails of water and left her children playing beside the railroad-track; their tattered and ludicrous appearance bespoke her unskilfulness with the needle; she was said to have scalded the eldest boy with a skilletful of hot water in which she had soaked bacon, pouring it out of the window on his head. But she probably did as well as she knew how, and Mallston did much better. The photographer watched him go back a dozen times to straighten the baby's sturdy legs, tap it under the chin with his colossal fore finger, cluck in the laughing red cavern of his mouth and change the folds of its quilted cloak with quite a professional air. What were poverty, the world's neglect, hard labor and circumscribed life to this man? That muscle which gathered and distributed the streams of his body may have been to him a heaven in which these five youngsters ministered as angels.

The young man felt moved with an emotion he resisted: "My God! can it be that this savage is right in his instincts, and I am wrong? Can some peculiar blessing of Heaven rest on the man who dares Fate for family love? Or is the poor wretch's fondness a recompense for his overburdened lot?"

The baby took a fine picture. Mallston stood by a window and gazed at the large tin-type. His full lips dropped apart and his head leaned sidewise. He turned to his wife and said with a foolish expression, "If the little feller 'ud happen to drop off now we got sumpin' to remember him by."

"My childern's kind o' sickly," remarked his wife, marshalling forth her quartette, "fer all they look so hearty."

The photographic car remained day after day, although sitters seldom came now, for even the loafers were helping to put in crops. The horses which should have dragged it out almost any dewy morning were not exactly eating their heads off, being turned upon pasture, but the landlord was famous for getting his entertainment's worth. As long as weekly board-bills were paid he said it was none of his business if the man stayed all summer.

On Monday the photographer resolved, "I will start on Wednesday;" on Wednesday he decided, "I will wait till Saturday;" and on Saturday, "It's too late in the week now, but I *must* go next Monday."

Mrs. Harbison, when interviewed about the generous portion of time he spent on her lawn with her summer visitor, answered with downrightness, "Well, what if he does like to come to our place? We know all about his folks. And if them two wants to sit and talk, they're fit company fer each other, and I reckon it won't hurt 'em. So what you going to do about it?"

The village was going to talk about it. The female population gathered at the storekeeper's house, their favorite rallying-place because the storekeeper's wife had no opinions of her own, but made a good echo to whatever was said, and there they judged that Gill girl for taking up with strangers like she done, so stuck up, and hoped it would turn out he was a married man, and wouldn't that bring her down?

Meanwhile, the photographer stretched himself on his oilcloth-cushioned locker and stared at the now fully-unfurled woods, without one mental glance at the vivid moss in its shades, its four varieties of ferns or the ruined cabin with one side thrown down, showing nickers of sunlight through the gaps of its fireplace. He called himself ill names for remaining where he was, and made a crazy picture of a photographic car seesawing along the country roads, with a figure he well knew sitting on the platform beside him as he drove. It was so absurd, but he quoted Mrs. Dalles's song of "Brave Love" while he etched:

We could not want for long,
While my man had his violin
And I my sweet love-song.

The world has aye gone well with us,
Old man, since we were one:
Our homeless wanderings down the lanes,
They long ago were done.

Then, across some chasm of indefinite time, he saw a studio and himself happy at an easel, with this devoted dark face resting against his side, reciting her work to him and quivering with joy at some sign of success. But the whole panorama dissolved at a breath.

"Now, aren't you a nice fellow," he addressed himself, "a brilliant rascal, a wise genius, to be thinking of such a thing?"

Miss Gill was returning from the woods with a full basket before the morning heat came on. A few women at the storekeeper's fence looked sidewise at each other as she paused to chat under the photographer's window.

The morning was so clear that every object stood in startling relief. A plume of steam far up the leafy railroad vista heralded the Peru express's lightning passage through the town. Scarcely a lounge was left on the platform. Mallston had a job of cleaning the cellar for the storekeeper, and at intervals appeared from its gaping doors with a basket of decayed potatoes on his shoulders. The landscape rung with bird-songs, and the girl, who had skimmed the cream off such a morning, looked up and laughed at her dejected friend. She had purple violets tucked into her coil of hair, her belt and under her collar.

"What are you doing here? Why aren't you out trying to catch the effect of day-twilight in the thick woods?"

"I've been trying," he replied without smiling, "to catch the effect of a rash action—and a woman's face."

"How solemn! Let me see it. Is it Mrs. Stillman's?"

"No, it isn't: it's my wife's."

Her half-lifted hand dropped. While her eyes met his without blenching she turned ghastly white, her face seeming to wither into sudden age.

The express-train whistled. Only a moment before its steam-plume had been her symbol of rushing success in life, and now, for some scarcely apprehended reason, she felt that the train and Fate were running her down. With intuitive resistance and a defiant sweep of her body she turned toward it and screamed aloud.

The photographer could not credit this rapid change to himself when he saw upon the track a small rough cart drawn by Mallston's oldest girl and containing his youngest stretched upon a dirty pillow. The express was coming down-grade at full speed, but at its whistle the oldest child turned off the track and tried to drag her burden across the rail. The cart upset, and the baby sprawled, crying, between the rails, while his sister fled crying toward home.

This whole occurrence was a flash: it seemed to the spectators they had barely started forward with their blood curdling, the engine had but screamed, and Mallston was merely seen dropping a basket of potatoes and leaping with upright hair and starting eyes, before the whole thing was over. The train stopped with such a recoil that many passengers were thrown from their seats: the engineer dropped from his cab, and there was a crowd.

Mallston was jammed into a heap against a tall board fence which surrounded the store-lot. The baby sprawled near him, where he had thrown it when the engine struck him.

"Are you hurt?" asked the photographer, turning him over.

He sat up, looking dazed and ludicrous: "Wher's the little feller?"

"I got him," panted the breathless mother, shaking the child from side to side as she showed it to him.

"*He's* all right," cried the engineer, "but I hit you. Where are you hurt?"

"I ain't hurt no place," said Mallston, crawling up on all fours, "'cept wher' my back and head hit the fence." He stood up grinning at the excited crowd, and put his sneaking, protecting fingertips under the baby's chin. The youngest had ceased to yell during the fright, but this touched him off again.

"You skeered the poor little feller," said Mallston severely, but the engineer was already mounting his cab, laughing with relief. The train passed on, people crowding the platforms.

Women felt the baby's limbs: there were no hurts except a bruise on one fat leg and a little more than the usual amount of dirt on its face.

"Are you sure you aren't injured?" urged the photographer, shaking his man.

But Mallston looked into his eyes with a preoccupied mind, and said, as to the only person present who would appreciate the depth of the remark, "I couldn't a-stood that, by jeeminy!" Tears stood in his big bovine eyes.

The group dispersed, many glad to have enjoyed such a genuine sensation, Mrs. Stillman declaring to the neighbor and the landlady she hadn't had such a skeer since the time *he* was took in the dead o' night with bleedin' at the lungs, and not a doctor in ten mile, and every minute like to be his last, so it was.

The artist followed Miss Gill from the spot. She picked up her basket beside the photographic car, her face so sublimated it seemed never to have known any other look.

"I didn't understand human nature," she confessed to the photographer, who had entered his car and again appeared at the window above her. "That fellow has the poetry in him that I can't write out. I'm afraid I'm going to cry."

The artist held down his sketch-book to her. Dabbing back her tears with one hand, she took it with the other and exclaimed at once, "Why, you've sketched *me!*"

"When a man like that dares so much for home happiness in this world, I think I can dare a little, poor, struggling dog as I am. I called that a while ago the picture of my wife; and it shall be—my *woman*," infusing the idiom of his native State with its primitive, tender meaning.

She handed back the book, and he took it, with her hand.

"Do you dare?" trembled the girl with a laugh, mindful that all Fairfield was out.

"I think I do," he replied, smiling also as he followed her eyes toward a group proceeding down the railroad—"even in spite of that."

Mrs. Mallston was walking beside her husband, making a display of ankle-bone under her scant calico wrapper, her sun-bonnet flapping to her nose, the four juveniles able to walk dangling from her fingers or drapery. Mallston, straight as a hickory tree, carried his youngest on his bosom, patting its cheek with his horny, potato-scented palm.

M.H. CATHERWOOD.

THE EARLY DAYS OF MORMONISM.

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For many years both before and after the Revolution the western part of New York was claimed by Massachusetts. The dispute was finally settled in 1786 by the latter State retaining the title to the soil westward of a meridian line extending from Pennsylvania to Lake Ontario. The line was afterward ascertained to be the meridian of Washington. It passed near Elmira, through the county of Seneca, and pierced the town of Lyons in the county of Wayne. The area of the Massachusetts claim was more than seven million acres, or about fifteen counties as they are now arranged. The entire tract was sold in 1787 to Oliver Phelps and Daniel Gorman for one million dollars. Phelps and Gorman immediately proceeded to Canandaigua and obtained the Indian title to one third of the tract. A land-office was opened in that village, the first of its kind in America. But the sales, although rapid, prevented the ruin neither of the purchasers nor of Robert Morris, the financier of the Revolution, who came forward to help them. The Holland Land Company profited by these misfortunes. The rich valleys of the Genesee and its tributaries more than made good its promises to actual settlers, as is readily proved by the waving fields of grain which greet the traveller through that section to-day.

In the year 1815 there came to the town of Palmyra, in Wayne county, a family by the name of Smith. Their former home was Sharon, Vermont. The father's name was Joseph, the mother's maiden name was Lucy Mack, and they were both of Scotch descent. Their son Joseph, afterward "the Prophet," was born on December 23, 1805. Hyrum, another son, helped his father at the

trade of a cooper. Joseph, Jr., grew up with the reputation of being an idle and ignorant youth, given to chicken-thieving, and, like his father, extremely superstitious. Both father and sons believed in witchcraft, and they frequently "divined" the presence of water by a forked stick or hazel rod. Orlando Sanders of Palmyra, a well-preserved gentleman of over eighty, tells us that the Smith family worked for his father and for himself. He gives them the credit of being good workers, but declares that they could save no money. He also states that Joseph, Jr., was "a greeny," both large and strong. By nature he was peaceably disposed, but when he had taken too much liquor he was inclined to fight, with or without provocation.

The profession of a water-witch did not bring enough ducats to the Smith family; so the attempt was made to find hidden treasures. Failing in this, the unfolding flower of Mormonism would have been nipped in the bud had not Joe's father and brother been engaged in digging a well upon the premises of Clark Chase in September, 1819. Joseph, Jr., stood idly by with some of the Chase children when a stone resembling a child's foot was thrown from the well. The Chase children claimed the curiosity, as it was considered, but Joe seized and retained it. Afterward, for a series of years, he claimed that by the use of it he was enabled to discover stolen property and to locate the place where treasure was buried.

After living in Palmyra for about ten years, the Smith family moved southward a few miles and settled in Manchester, the northern town of Ontario county. Their residence was a primitive one, even for those days. William Van Camp, the aged editor of the *Democratic Press* at Lyons, recalls the fact that it was a log house from the following circumstance. Martin Harris, a farmer near Palmyra, visited the Smiths while he was yet in doubt concerning the doctrines of Mormonism. One night, while he was in his room, curtained off from the single large room of the interior, there appeared to him no less a personage than Jesus Christ. Harris was informed that Mormonism was the true faith, and Van Camp knows that it was a log house, although no vestige now remains, because Harris told him that his celestial visitor was lying on the beam overhead!

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One mile from the Smith residence was the farm of Alonzo Sanders, now owned by William T. Sampson, commander in the United States Navy. This farm is four miles south of Palmyra, on the road toward Canandaigua. It includes a barren hill which rises abruptly to the height of one hundred and fifty feet. The ridge runs almost due north and south, and from the summit there are beautiful views of the hills surrounding Canandaigua and Seneca Lakes. It is known to the present generation as "Gold Bible Hill:" to Joe Smith it was known as "the Hill Cumorah," where the angel Moroni announced to him the presence of the "golden plates" giving an account of the fate which attended the early inhabitants of America. With these plates would be found the only means by which they could be read, the wonderful spectacles known as the "Urim and Thummim." Joe was not averse to such a revelation, for his hazel rod and his "peek-stone" had already failed him. There had been various religious awakenings in the neighborhood, and when the various sects began to quarrel over the converts Joe arose and announced that his mission was to restore the true priesthood. He appointed a number of meetings, but no one seemed inclined to follow him as the leader of a new religion. In September, 1823, an angel appeared to him, forgave his many lapses from grace and announced the golden plates.

These plates, however, were not found for several years. In the mean time the scene of Smith's operations shifted along the banks of Seneca Lake and down the tributaries of the Susquehanna to the point where that river sweeps southward into Pennsylvania past a borough of its own name, and then northward into New York, before it finally crosses Pennsylvania on its way to the Chesapeake. The borough of Susquehanna forms an important station on the Erie Railway, one hundred and ninety miles north-west of New York City. All about the locality houses are built in little groups upon the steep hillsides: even the railroad-shops could not be erected before the ground was levelled for them. When the river first cut a channel through the Appalachian Mountains it was very saving of its strength. Should anything besides the river attempt to enter this valley it must either hang against the sides or swim.

Joe Smith had paid several visits to this region when the first settlers were struggling with the wilderness. It was a much wilder country than that about Palmyra, and the inhabitants were much more credulous. Upon these people Smith practised with his peek-stone. A number of aged persons now living in that vicinity give this description of the prophet: He was six feet or a trifle over in height; of stout build, but wiry; his hair and complexion were light; his eyes were blue and mild; and "he did not look as if he knew enough to fool people so," as one old lady expresses it. When "peeking" he kneeled and buried his face in his white stovepipe hat, within which was the peek-stone. He declared it to be so much like looking into the water that the "deflection of flight" sometimes took him out of his course. On a wilderness-hill—now a part of Jacob J. Skinner's farm—his peek-stone discovered a ton of silver bars which had been buried by weary Spaniards as they trudged up the Susquehanna. An expedition for their recovery was undertaken as soon as Smith could muster enough followers to do the work. Unlike St. Paul, Joe did not work with his own hands, and he did not hesitate to be chargeable to any one. Several round excavations were made on the crown of a hill, the largest of which was about thirty-five feet in diameter and of about the same depth. The water was drained toward the south, and a shanty covered the hole from the eyes of the scoffers and the profane. The diggers had proceeded with great labor, and were just ready to grasp the silver, when the charm moved it three hundred feet to the north-east. Joe tracked it with his peek-stone to its hiding-place. It was not so far under the surface this time—only about twenty feet—and the faithful again worked with a will. The dilatory movements of the silver caused anxiety to Mr. Isaac Hale, with whom the diggers had been "boarding round." Hale was a stiff old Methodist whose business judgment told him that he was taking too much

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stock in this "big bonanza." For all his anxiety, the silver again flitted away, and alighted fifty feet beyond the big hole. They determined to capture it if they ran the hill through a sieve. The third hole had been sunk fifteen out of the necessary twenty feet when the treasure once more jumped to the other side of the big hole. Then the prophet had a vision: the blood of a black sheep must be shed and sprinkled around the diggings. Black sheep were scarce, and while they waited for one the faithful obtained their needed rest. At length, no sheep appearing, Joe said that a black dog might answer. A dog, therefore, was killed, and the blood was sprinkled on the ground. After that the silver never went far away. Still, it waltzed about the big hole in such a lively manner that frequent tunnelling to effect its capture availed nothing. At last the prophet decided that it was of no use to dig unless one of their number was made a sacrifice. None of the faithful responded to his call, and thus the magnificent scheme was abandoned. Oliver Harper, one of the diggers who furnished the money, was soon afterward murdered. The prophet thought this might answer for a sacrifice: he again rallied the diggers, but the charm remained stubborn and would not reveal the silver.^[2]

There was, however, another object for which Smith said the Lord had sent him to Susquehanna; and that was—a wife. Until he obtained one there was no use in trying to get certain buried treasures at Palmyra. A headless Spaniard guarded it with great vigilance, but would, it appeared, be driven away if Smith should shake millinery and dry-goods bills at him. Joseph stopped at the house of Isaac Hale, already noticed as having furnished board to the diggers. Mr. Hale owned a farm on the north side of the river, a mile and a half below the present borough of Susquehanna. He had three daughters, two of them already married. The second daughter, Emma, was easily persuaded to join her fortunes with those of the adventurer. The father, however, made so much opposition that they crossed over into the State of New York, and were married at Windsor, a neighboring town. This was probably early in 1826. Mr. Hale threatened to shoot his son-in-law—the "Peeker," as he called him—if he ever returned.

About these days, every other means of gaining a living without honest work having been exhausted, the prophet thought it was time to find the golden plates. Returning to the vicinity of Palmyra, Smith and his followers began to dig for the plates on the eastern side of the hill. It was announced that each one of the diggers must be pure in deed, and that no evil thought must cross his mind as he worked. One night a spade struck an iron box at the same moment that an evil thought seized one of the diggers. The box sank to lower depths amid thunder and lightning, while Smith announced that nothing could be done that night but to go home and pray. They were more fortunate, however, in leaving their evil thoughts at home on the night of September 22, 1826, for then, according to the faithful, the golden plates were taken from "the Hill Cumorah with a mighty display of celestial machinery." It is recorded that after the prize had been delivered to the prophet by angels his eyes were opened and he saw legions of devils struggling with a celestial host to keep the plates concealed. On his return to Susquehanna with a bandaged head, Smith gave out that he had had an encounter with the chief devil, and been severely wounded by a blow "struck from the shoulder."

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With the golden plates were also found the Urim and Thummim, the magic spectacles or religious peek-stones, "transparent and clear as crystal," which should translate the hieroglyphics on the plates. There were three witnesses who swore by all that was sacred that the angel of the Lord laid these plates before them, and that "they were translated by the gift and power of God." The three witnesses were Oliver Cowdery, who was finally expelled from the brotherhood in Missouri; David Whitner, who abandoned the Mormons and settled in Richmond, Missouri, where he still lives; and Martin Harris, who quarrelled with Smith in the same State and returned to New York to live.

Such a precious treasure as was now in the hands of Smith was not to be "borne in earthly vessels frail." He applied to Willard Chase, a son of that Clark Chase on whose premises the original peek-stone was discovered, to make him a wooden box for the plates. The compensation was to be a share in the prospective profits from the "Gold Book." Chase's lack of faith in both the man and the book caused him to decline the work. Smith thereupon thrust his gold plates and the rings which connected them into a bag of beans and started for Susquehanna. Twenty miles above that borough lies the village of Harpersville. Here lived Benjamin Wasson, who married one of Mrs. Smith's sisters. Wasson was a cabinetmaker, and, although not a Mormon, he made a strong box for the plates. Smith announced that no one could look into the box and live, but when his father-in-law, Hale, wished to try it Smith hid the box in the woods. Hale, in his statement of 1834, declared that Smith translated the plates in his own house, "with the stone in his hat and his hat over his face," while the plates were still hid in the woods.

Fortunately for Smith, he did not have to depend upon Hale for a place in which to carry on his operations. His wife had a six-acre place in a corner of her father's farm, adjoining the farm of Joseph McKune. Upon this little strip of land Smith moved a partly-finished house, twenty-six feet broad, eighteen feet deep and fourteen feet in the posts. It is evident, from the stovepipe through the roof, that the edifice was never finished. After Smith left this region Martin Harris came from Palmyra and sold the house to McKune, whose widow lived in it for about forty years. It is now the farm-residence of her son, Benjamin McKune, high sheriff of Susquehanna county, and lies close to the track of the Erie Railway, a mile and a half west of Susquehanna Dépôt. The elder McKune strongly suspected that Smith and his gang were counterfeiters.

The prophet's original plan was that the plates should be translated by an infant son, who should perform other miracles and become his successor. But his expectations were doomed to disappointment, for in a little fern-grown cemetery near at hand is a tottering slab of black

sandstone with the simple inscription, "In memory of an infant son of Joseph and Emma Smith, June 15, 1828." Hence the magic spectacles were very opportunely found with the plates. The little low chamber in Smith's house was used as a translating-room. The prophet and his plates were screened even from the sight of his scribes, Martin Harris, Oliver Cowdery and Reuben Hale, by blankets secured with nails. While the translation was going on the neighbors frequently called to discuss the forthcoming book, which, it was alleged, would make the Hale family very rich. Occasionally a visitor was allowed to feel the thickness of the Golden Book as it reposed within a pillow-case, but no one was permitted to see it.^[3]

The "celestial machinery" for the translating process was very simple. A copy of the hieroglyphics was taken, and then Smith either wrote his translation on a slate or dictated for others to write on paper. Martin Harris having taken a scroll containing some of the hieroglyphics to Professor Anthon, the characters were pronounced to be partly Greek, partly Hebrew and partly Roman inverted, with a rude copy of Humboldt's Mexican calendar at the end. That the prophet was not well advanced either in Greek or English appears from a story related by the Rev. Henry Caswall, who visited Nauvoo, Illinois, in 1842. He had with him a copy of the Psalter in Greek, which he handed to the prophet and asked him to explain its contents. Smith looked at it a few moments, and then replied, "No, it ain't Greek at all, except perhaps a few words. What ain't Greek is Egyptian, and what ain't Egyptian is Greek. This book is very valuable: *it is a dictionary of Egyptian hieroglyphics*." Pointing to the capital letters at the beginning of each verse, he said, "Them figures is Egyptian hieroglyphics, and them which follows is the interpretation of the hieroglyphics, written in the reformed Egyptian. Them characters is like the letters that was engraved on the golden plates." Upon this the Mormons began to congratulate Mr. Caswall on the information he was receiving. "There!" they said, "we told you so: we told you that our prophet would give you satisfaction. None but our prophet can explain these mysteries." The prophet then attempted to buy the book, on the ground that it could be of no use to Caswall, because he did not understand it! Refusing to sell, Caswall inquired the meaning of certain of the hieroglyphics on the papyrus of the prophet. When cornered the prophet slipped out of the room, and Caswall saw him no more.

Mrs. McKune relates the particulars of an incident which took place early in 1828. Martin Harris had advanced so much money to Smith that his wife came from Palmyra in great alarm to arrest the destruction of property and to reclaim her husband if possible. Harris showed her the sacred writings, already nearly completed, as an inducement for her to hold her peace. She found where the manuscript was concealed, and at once secured it. When asked to return it she replied, "Joe Smith may peek for it." This he attempted to do, but accused her of unfairly removing the manuscript whenever the attendants had almost reached it. After waiting a little time, she produced a portion of the roll and declared Smith to be a fraud. The remainder of the manuscript she retained, and finally burned it, with the remark, "If it cannot be found there will be an end to the partnership between Joe Smith and my husband." Joe never undertook to use his wonderful spectacles for a second translation of the matter in the missing manuscript: he feared that Mrs. Harris might produce a totally different Bible consisting of his first translation.

Mrs. Squires and Mrs. McKune agree in saying that no converts were made by Smith and Harris in the vicinity of Susquehanna. The scene of the Mormon endeavors was suddenly moved along the beautiful valley of the Susquehanna to a point north of the Appalachian Mountains and just within the borders of New York. In the locality of Harpersville and Nineveh a broad plain had been settled by a colony of emigrants called "the Vermont Sufferers," from their having formerly occupied land which was claimed by both Massachusetts and New York. Three miles above Nineveh lies Afton, just on the edge of Chenango county, and a short distance above are Sidney, in Delaware county, and Otego, in Otsego county. Smith and his followers operated with the peek-stone in this part of the valley, where he was a comparative stranger. George Collington, one of the most substantial farmers in Broome county, was then a lad of sixteen. One evening, at twilight, he discovered Smith, Joseph Knight, William Hale (uncle of Smith's wife) and two men named Culver and Blowers in the act of dodging through the woods with shovels and picks upon their shoulders, their object being to discover a salt-spring by the agency of the peek-stone. He followed them, under cover of the brush, to a point where they stopped for consultation and finally decided to dig the next day. Noticing that Bostwick Badger, who then owned the farm now occupied by Collington, had felled an oak near the place, and that he had drawn out the timber, Collington obtained permission to cut the top for wood. Collington's axe and the prophet's diggers began operations about the same time on the following morning. Out from the treetop came Collington and asked what they were doing. They told him to mind his business, which he did by thoroughly publishing them about the neighborhood—a proceeding that brought them a number of unwelcome visitors in the place of one. Frederick Davenport furnished young Collington with a half bushel of salt to be deposited in the hole at night. By morning the water had dissolved the salt and retained its briny flavor. Bottles were filled for exhibition, and the stock of the converts in the peek-stone ran high until the trick was discovered. It was claimed that the peek-stone also pointed out an extensive silver-mine on the farm of Abram Cornell at Bettsburg, nearly opposite Nineveh. No silver was found except that furnished by Josiah Stowell, a not over-bright man whose little all went into the pocket of Smith.

However much he might fail in discovering material treasures, Smith's hold upon the religious infatuation of his followers grew more and more strong. John Morse, an aged convert to Mormonism, had recently died, and Smith was sent for to restore him to life. After looking at him Smith declined, because it would be a pity to have him suffer rheumatism and die again so soon! This was something like Brigham Young's refusal to restore a lost leg to one of his Mormons, on

the ground that if he did it the man would be obliged to walk on three legs all through eternity!

Mrs. Marsh says that Joseph Knight and his sons were on one occasion in her husband's hay-field, and boldly declared that Smith could perform miracles. On being challenged for an example, Joseph Knight said, "The prophet cast the Devil out of me. He looked like a black cat; and he ran into a pile of brush." The prophet prayed for a deceased shoemaker in Greene, Chenango county. This man had joined their Church, and the Mormons needed his property to help them in leaving the country. The widow refused to sign the property over until the prayers had been offered for the return of her husband. The prayers having availed nothing, the executor sought to recover the property. Thomas A. Johnson, then a law-student and a brother of Mrs. Marsh, was sent to Harpersville to get possession. Smith's followers were encamped in the barn of Joseph Knight, and they threatened to shoot. By the advice of friends Johnson compromised the matter by taking a valuable horse.

All accounts agree that Smith drank freely, both in the Susquehanna and in the Harpersville neighborhoods. Mrs. McKune relates that one night Smith volunteered to pray the frost away from the corn-field of his brother-in-law, Michael Morse. The field was not saved, probably because it had an exposure toward the north and the west. A number of witnesses in the vicinity of Nineveh remember that the prophet set a day for that village to sink, but that he afterward repented and withdrew his curse. He did, however, announce that on a certain evening, about twilight, he would walk on the water. The place of his selection was watched by Gentile boys until one of Smith's followers was seen to construct a bridge of planks just under the surface. Watching their opportunity, the boys removed the outer planks. Before the prophet made the attempt to walk he exhorted his followers to have strong faith. When his bridge suddenly gave way he swam ashore and said, "Woe unto you of little faith! Your faith would not hold me up."

There were other boys in the neighborhood who thought it rare sport to annoy the Mormons. The same Joseph Knight who has already figured in this narrative owned a small farm on which he had built a combined grist- and carding-mill. The power was obtained by means of a small stream, the outlet of Perch Pond to the Susquehanna River, opposite Harpersville. This stream was dammed, so that the Mormon converts might be baptized by immersion. The day for the ceremony was fixed, but the boys so persistently destroyed the dam that the Mormons did not attempt to rebuild it till the night before, and then they were obliged to stand guard until the hour for the baptism had arrived. Knight's barn was a rude structure of about forty by thirty feet, but it served the purpose of a tabernacle in the wilderness for a number of months. The prophet himself was not a very successful preacher, but the versatile Sidney Rigdon more than made up for his defects. Smith Baker gives Rigdon the credit of being "a decent speaker, as preachers averaged in those days."

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A semblance of persecution having strengthened the Church, the Gentile inhabitants of the Susquehanna Valley were glad when a "revelation" caused the sixty Mormons to pack their traps and move westward. Some of the followers were moved by a spirit of adventure, while others placed their property in the common lot and determined to accompany the prophet to his earthly as well as to his heavenly kingdom. Smith Baker was one of the teamsters, and reports that the train consisted of three baggage- and eleven passenger-wagons. The exodus was along the old State road, north of Binghamton, to Ithaca, and thence, across Cayuga Lake, to Palmyra.

The Saints in the region about the Gold Bible Hill had not been idle while these things were occurring in Susquehanna. William Van Camp relates that he and all the other boys believed Hen Pack Hill, a mile east of Palmyra, would open to allow a giant to step forth and place his foot upon Palmyra to crush it. This would be the end of all disbelievers in Mormonism, and the Saints would at once be gathered together in that vicinity. "I did not know then," says Mr. Van Camp, "how easy it is for men to lie."

Mr. Van Camp is about seventy years old, and Major John H. Gilbert, who still resides in Palmyra, is about seventy-six. Both of these gentlemen were working in the office of the *Wayne Sentinel*, E.B. Grandin proprietor, during the months from September, 1829, to March, 1830, the time during which the Book of Mormon was in process of printing. The office was in the third story of a building now known as "Exchange Row," in the principal street of Palmyra. The foreman was Mr. Pomeroy Tucker, who afterward published a work on Mormonism. Major Gilbert was a compositor and also a dancing-master. His duties in the latter calling took him away from his "case" so frequently that Van Camp "distributed" in order to give him a chance to work the next day. The "copy" was on ruled paper—an expensive thing in those days—and the letters were so closely crowded together that words like *and* or *the* were divided at the end of the line. The copy was in Cowdery's handwriting, but it was produced from a tightly-buttoned coat every morning by Hyrum Smith. One day's supply only was given at a time, and even this was carefully taken away at night, there being but one occasion when permission was given to Major Gilbert to take it away from the office. Major Gilbert and others say that David Whitner of Richmond, Missouri, has this manuscript copy; and it has been stated recently that he has been called upon by officials from Salt Lake City to produce it, and refused.^[4]

There were no marks of punctuation in the copy—a sore trial to both Tucker and Gilbert in "reading proof." At such times Cowdery occasionally "held the copy." In the absence of Cowdery the proof-readers often resorted to the orthodox Bible to verify some foggy passage. The "matter" was "paged" so that thirty-two pages could be printed at a time on one of Hoe's "Smith" six-column hand-presses. After the sheets had been run through once and properly dried, they were reversed and printed on the other side. The bookbinder then folded them by hand, and severed

them with an ivory paper-cutter. The result was that the twenty-five hundred large sheets made five thousand small sheets, with sixteen pages printed upon each side. Major Gilbert has an unbound copy of the book, which he saved, sheet by sheet, as it came from the press.

Martin Harris furnished the funds for printing the book by a mortgage of three thousand dollars on his farm. He celebrated the completion of the work by inviting all the printers to his house. Mrs. Harris (the same who secreted the manuscript at Susquehanna) had not signed the mortgage. Harris brought his guests within the door—as Van Camp relates it—and introduced them to his wife, who bowed coldly and took no pains to welcome them. At length Harris asked for the cider-pitcher, and went to the spot indicated by his wife. Returning with it in his hand, he showed a large hole in the bottom. "Well," said Mrs. Harris, "it has as much bottom as your old Bible has." There was enough bottom to the Bible, however, to give a comfortable sum of money to "Joseph Smith, Jr., Author and Proprietor." Orlando Sanders, son of Alonzo Sanders before mentioned, says that the Smiths made too much money to walk any longer: he sold them a horse, and he now has a Bible which he took in payment for a bridle.

The most reasonable theory of the origin of the Book of Mormon connects the work directly with Solomon Spalding, a soldier of the Revolution from Connecticut and a graduate from Dartmouth in the class of 1785. Failing health induced Spalding to leave the ministry and to join his brother in a mercantile life at Cherry Valley and Richfield, New York. In 1809 he removed thence to Conneaut, in Ashtabula county, the extreme north-eastern corner of Ohio. Next west of Ashtabula is Lake county, wherein is located Kirtland—a place of great historic interest to the Mormons, as will appear before our narrative closes. While Spalding was in Conneaut he wrote a few novels of so unmeritorious a nature that no one would publish them. At length the opening of an Indian mound gave him a basis of facts upon which he built a story relating to the Indian population of America and its descent from the Lost Tribes of Israel. He announced that the title of his novel would be *The Manuscript Found*, and that he proposed to publish a sensational story of its discovery in a cave in Ohio. Spalding frequently read extracts to his friends, and one of them furnished him with money, so that he could proceed to Pittsburg and have the novel printed. The manuscript remained in the office of Patterson & Lambdin in that city for some time, but it was never published. It is probable that it was taken away by Spalding, who died shortly after (in 1816) at Amity, Washington county, near Pittsburg. While it was in the office it is believed that Sidney Rigdon, a young printer, was so pleased with the novel that he took a copy for future use. Rigdon was born in Alleghany county, Pennsylvania, February 19, 1793. He received a fair English education, and in 1817 became an orthodox Christian preacher. He soon gave forth strange doctrines, which were founded on the manuscript in his possession, and then he abandoned preaching for a number of years "to study the Bible," as he expressed it. Moving into Lake county, Ohio, he prepared the minds of his followers for some new *ism*. It cannot be accurately stated just when, where and how he met Joseph Smith and added his religious enthusiasm to the humbuggery of the Peeker. But that such a union was formed appears from the talk of Smith regarding the gold plates, and from the actual finding of them in the manner proposed by Spalding fourteen years before. The union is still more evident when we listen to witnesses who had heard Spalding's readings, and who afterward recognized them in the Book of Mormon, with additions of a religious nature. These witnesses noted certain inconsistencies in the Book of Mormon which they had formerly discovered in Spalding's novel. History records that the widow of Spalding sent the manuscript to Conneaut, where it was publicly compared with the printed book and the fraud exposed. Soon afterward the manuscript was spirited away from Mrs. Spalding, probably to avoid the certainty of a still more convincing disclosure. Major Gilbert testified that Rigdon dogged Smith's footsteps about Palmyra for nearly two years before the Bible was printed. He is of opinion that Rigdon was among those who listened to Spalding in Conneaut, and took notes on those occasions. The Bible itself is full of the religious questions which stirred the people of Western New York in those days—a most strange thing in a celestial work of such great antiquity.

Immediately after the publication of the Book the Church was duly organized at Manchester. On April 6, 1830, six members were ordained elders—Joseph Smith, Sr., Joseph Smith, Jr., Hyrum Smith, Samuel Smith, Oliver Cowdery and Joseph Knight. The first conference was held at Fayette, Seneca county, in June. A special "revelation" at this time made Smith's wife "the Elect Lady and Daughter of God," with the high-sounding title of "Electa Cyria." In later years this lady became disgusted with her husband's religion, and refused after his death to leave Illinois for Utah. She remained in Nauvoo, and married a Gentile named Bidamon. For a long time she kept the Mansion House in that place, where she died April 30, 1879.

Another revelation was to the effect that Palmyra was not the gathering-place of the Saints, after all, but that they should proceed to Kirtland in Ohio. Consequently, the early part of 1831 saw them colonized in that place, the move being known as "The First Hegira." Still another revelation (on the 6th of June) stated that some point in Missouri was the reliable spot. Smith immediately selected a tract in Jackson county, near Independence. By 1833 the few Mormons who had moved thither were so persecuted that they went into Clay county, and thence, in 1838, into Caldwell county, naming their settlement "Far West." The main body of the Mormons, however, remained in Kirtland from 1831 till they were forced to join their Western brethren in 1838. Brigham Young, another native of Vermont, joined at Kirtland in 1832, and was ordained an elder. The conference of elders on May 3, 1833, repudiated the name of "Mormons" and adopted that of "Latter-Day Saints." The first presidency consisted of Smith, Rigdon and Frederick G. Williams. In May, 1835, the Twelve Apostles—among them Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball and Orson Hyde—left on a mission for proselytes. During the same year Rigdon's *Book*

of Doctrine and Covenants and his *Lectures on Faith* were adopted. A professor of Hebrew also joined them, and all the male adults entered upon the study of that language with a will.

Rigdon was by far the ablest man in the band. His earlier religious affiliations were with the Campbellites, now called Disciples. At the time of the Mormon advent he lived in Mentor, the next town to Kirtland, but he had no farm or any other property to offer them, as has been frequently stated. Those of his followers whom he found in Kirtland frequently remarked that they "had a good time before Joe Smith came." A very clear idea of his religious power may be gained by the following statement of Judge John Barr, ex-sheriff of Cuyahoga county, Ohio, and a most excellent authority on the history of the Western Reserve. The statement has never been made public hitherto: "In 1830 I was deputy sheriff, and, being at Willoughby (now in Lake county) on official business, determined to go to Mayfield, which is seven or eight miles up the Chagrin River, and hear Cowdery and Rigdon on the revelations of Mormonism. Varnem J. Card, the lawyer, and myself started early Sunday morning on horseback. We found the roads crowded with people going in the same direction. Services in the church were opened by Cowdery with prayer and singing, in which he thanked God fervently for the new revelation. He related the manner of finding the golden plates of Nephi. He was followed by Rigdon, a famous Baptist preacher, well known throughout the eastern part of the Western Reserve and also in Western Pennsylvania. His voice and manner were always imposing. He was regarded as an eloquent man at all times, and now he seemed fully aroused. He said he had not been satisfied in his religious yearnings until now. At night he had often been unable to sleep, walking and praying for more light and comfort in his religion. While in the midst of this agony he heard of the revelation of Joe Smith, which Brother Cowdery had explained: under this his soul suddenly found peace. It filled all his aspirations. At the close of a long harangue in this earnest manner, during which every one present was silent, though very much affected, he inquired whether any one desired to come forward and be immersed. Only one man arose. This was an aged 'dead-beat' by the name of Cahoon, who occasionally joined the Shakers, and lived on the country generally. The place selected for immersion was a clear pool in the river above the bridge, around which was a beautiful rise of ground on the west side for the audience. On the east bank was a sharp bluff and some stumps, where Mr. Card and myself stationed ourselves. The time of baptism was fixed at 2 P.M. Long before this hour the spot was surrounded by as many people as could have a clear view. Rigdon went into the pool—which at the deepest was about four feet—and after a suitable address, with prayer, Cahoon came forward and was immersed. Standing in the water, Rigdon gave one of his most powerful exhortations. The assembly became greatly affected. As he proceeded he called for the converts to step forward. They came through the crowd in rapid succession to the number of thirty, and were immersed, with no intermission of the discourse on the part of Rigdon. Mr. Card was apparently the most stoical of men—of a clear, unexcitable temperament, with unorthodox and vague religious ideas. He afterward became prosecuting attorney for Cuyahoga county. While the exciting scene was transpiring below us in the valley and in the pool, the faces of the crowd expressing the most intense emotion, Mr. Card suddenly seized my arm and said, 'Take me away!' Taking his arm, I saw that his face was so pale that he seemed to be about to faint. His frame trembled as we walked away and mounted our horses. We rode a mile toward Willoughby before a word was said. Rising the hill out of the valley, he seemed to recover, and said, 'Mr. Barr, if you had not been there I certainly should have gone into the water.' He said the impulse was irresistible."

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Kirtland is on the Kirtland branch of the Chagrin River, so named from the disappointment of a party of early surveyors, who thought they were in the valley of the Cuyahoga, the first river to the westward. The village is nine miles west of Painesville, three from Willoughby and twenty-two from Cleveland. Mentor is the nearest station on the Lake Shore Railway. Besides the Temple, the Mormons erected a number of substantial buildings, which show that they expected to remain in Kirtland. The residences of Smith and Rigdon are almost under the eaves of the Temple, and the theological seminary is now occupied by the Methodists for a church. A square mile was laid out in half-acre lots, and a number of farms were bought—the "Church farm" being half a mile down one of the most beautiful valleys which it is possible to conceive in a range of country so uniformly level.

Many an interesting story is told regarding the Mormon methods of carrying on business with the merchants of Cleveland. A bank was started, like other "wild-cat" banks of that period, without a charter from the State of Ohio. The institution was called "The Kirtland Safety Society Bank." A number of its bills of issue may be seen at the rooms of the Western Reserve Historical Society in Cleveland. An examination of these bills shows that early in 1837 Smith was cashier and Rigdon was president, Two or three months later either Rigdon or Williams was secretary, and Smith was treasurer. Thus the process of inflation must have been both easy and rapid. Richard Hilliard, a leading merchant of Cleveland, received their bills for a few days, and then took possession of all their available assets. They were also in debt for their farms and for goods bought in New York. The bubble burst, and many in the vicinity of Kirtland were among the sufferers. Smith and Rigdon fled to Far West, after having been tarred and feathered for their peculiar theories of finance.

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The Mormons were driven from Missouri by Governor Boggs's "Extraordinary Order," which caused them to gain sympathy as having been persecuted in a slave State. They moved to Hancock county, Illinois, in 1840, and built up Nauvoo by a charter with most unusual privileges. Smith here announced a new revelation, sustaining polygamy, which was supplemented by Young in 1852. His rebellious followers started a paper, which he promptly demolished. He was under arrest by the State authorities when a mob shot him on the 27th of June, 1844. On his death

Brigham Young tricked the expectant Rigdon out of the successorship. Rigdon then refused to recognize Young's authority, and for this contumacy he was excommunicated and delivered to the Devil "to be buffeted in the flesh for a thousand years." Returning to Pittsburg, Rigdon led a life of utter obscurity, and finally died in Friendship, Allegany county, New York, July 14, 1876. Cowdery, Whitner and Harris either deserted or were cut off. The Legislature of Illinois repealed the charter of Nauvoo in 1845. Most of the Mormons gathered at Council Bluffs, Iowa, in June, 1846. Those who were left in Nauvoo were driven out at the point of the bayonet. Early in 1847 pioneers crossed the Plains to Salt Lake Valley, whither Young followed them in July. A crop was raised that year. In 1848 the main body of the Mormons were safely lodged within the confines of Utah.

By far the most important and enduring monument left by the Mormons in Kirtland is their Temple. The advent of several hundred strangers into the midst of the insignificant hamlet was an event of considerable importance, but when they selected a most commanding site, of easy access to the public highway, and commenced the building of a church, all Northern Ohio looked on in wonder. A structure of such pretensions would be a tax upon a goodly-sized town of this generation, but the several hundred Mormons who built it gave cheerfully each one his tenth in labor, materials or money for the four years from 1832 to 1836, the entire cost being estimated at forty thousand dollars. The visitor, come from whatever direction he may, has the Temple constantly in view as a reminder of the quaint style of "meeting-houses" in New England. Its architectural superiority over the meeting-houses is probably due to the fact that Smith had a "revelation" which gave him the exact measurements and proportions. The size upon the ground is eighty feet by sixty, and the eastern gable runs up into a square tower, surmounted by a domed belfry, to the height of one hundred and twenty-five feet. Two lofty stories above a low basement are covered by a shingled roof pierced with dormer windows. Large Gothic windows of the Henry VIII. shape are filled with seven-by-nine glass, and afford relief to the solid walls of stone and stucco that have so well survived the ravages of nearly half a century, though the iron rust streaking the exterior, the moss-grown shingles, the wasps' nests under the eaves, and the two immense chimneys already tottering to their fall, give evidence of approaching ruin.

As much as this even the careless passer-by cannot well avoid seeing. The more patient and accurate visitor may readily repeat my own experience as I went in search of the key on a bleak day in December. "The people ought to fix it up," said one informant: "it is a good thing for Kirtland;" the force of which remark I did not realize till I called upon an old Mormon woman who was said to have the keys. Inquiry at her little cabin resulted in my being directed to "go to Electy Stratton's." The latter personage, my cicerone, stated that her parents were Mormons—that her father had spent several hundred dollars in the cause; and so "it was thought best that their family should have the keys for a while now." The small fee for visiting the Temple was the "good thing for Kirtland," and the custody of the keys was not to remain long in one family. Opening a rickety gate, we entered the churchyard. High aloft, just under the pediment, I could read this inscription in golden letters upon a white tablet: "House of the Lord, built by the Church of Christ, 1834." Instead of the words "of Christ" the original inscription read "of the Latter-Day Saints." The Temple faces the east. Solid green doors, with oval panels, open into a vestibule extending across the entire front, and terminating on either hand in a semicircular stairway. The ceiling is cut away from the front wall to allow a flood of light to enter from a huge square window above, and the open space is railed off like a steamer's cabin. At the right, under the stairway, is the "Temple Register Room," containing a record of visitors. On the left is the "Library," with a curious collection of whale-oil chandeliers. On the left of the wall, parallel with the front, is the "Gentlemen's Entrance:" on the right is the "Ladies' Entrance." Between these doors are the inscriptions: "Laus Deo," "Crux mihi anchora," "Magna veritas, et prevalebit." The auditorium occupies all the rest of the first story, but one could wish that the wall which divided it from the vestibule need not have spoiled one of the beautiful windows at either end, thus leaving an ungainly half window in the auditorium. A row of wooden pillars on either side gives the effect of galleries as the room is entered, but a closer view shows that the space between the rows is arched toward the centre of the ceiling. One of the pillars contains a windlass, which in former times controlled the heavy canvas curtains from above. The larger curtain fell into grooves between the high-back pews in such a manner as to separate the men from the women: the smaller curtains, at right angles to the other, divided both the men and the women into separate classrooms. Thus the audience was quartered or halved at pleasure, and the whole audience was enabled to face either westward or eastward by simply changing the movable benches from one side of the pews to the other. Clusters of richly-carved pulpits, rising by threes, in three tiers, fill up either end of the room. The eastern cluster is devoted to the Aaronic Priesthood, which also includes the Levitical Priesthood, and administered the temporal affairs of the Church. Each of the three pulpits in the upper tier has upon the front the letters "B.P.A.," meaning Bishop Presiding over Aaronic Priesthood; the middle tier has the letters "P.A.P.," Presiding Aaronic Priest; the lower tier has the letters "P.A.T.," Presiding Aaronic Teacher; a smaller pulpit below is labelled "P.A.D.," Presiding Aaronic Doorkeeper. The pulpits against the western end are built up against an outer window, with alternate panes of red and white glass in the arched transom. These pulpits were occupied by the spiritual leaders, or the Melchisedec Priesthood, Joe Smith's seat being in the highest tier. This tier of pulpits is marked "M.P.C.," Melchisedec President of Counsellors; the middle tier is marked "P.M.H.," Melchisedec Presiding High Priest; the lower tier is "M.H.P.," Melchisedec High Priest. Curtains from above were arranged to come down between the different tiers of the priesthood, but so arranged that while those of one degree might shut themselves away from the audience "for consultation," they could not hide themselves from their superiors in ecclesiastical rank. Strings and nails in the ceiling

are the only remnants of these remarkable partitions. A simple desk below the Melchisedec pulpit bears the title "M.P.E.," Melchisedec Presiding Elder. The letters are in red curtain-cord, and the desk itself, like all the pulpits above, is covered with green calico. In the days of the Temple's glory rich velvet upholstery set off all the carved work of the pulpits, and golden letters shone from spots which are now simply marked by black paint. The gilt mouldings which formerly set off the plain white finish of the woodwork were first despoiled by the vandals, and then entirely removed by the faithful to prevent further destruction. These mottoes still remain upon the walls: "No cross, no crown;" "The Lord reigneth, let His people rejoice;" and "Great is our Lord, and of great power." Over the arched window behind the ten Melchisedec pulpits, and just beneath the vertical modillion which forms the keystone of the ornamental wooden arch, is the text, "Holiness unto the Lord."

Such is the auditorium to-day—a room which will comfortably hold six hundred people, but which was often packed so full that relays of worshippers came and went during a single service. The high pews in the corners were for the best singers in Israel; and in one of these pews, the natives assert, an insane woman was in the habit of rising and tooting on a horn whenever the sentiments of the officiating minister did not meet with her approval. Smith was in the habit of announcing from his lofty pulpit, "The truth is good enough without dressing up, but Brother Rigdon will now proceed to dress it up."

Over the auditorium is a similar room with lower ceilings and plainer pulpits, each marked with initials which it would be tiresome to explain. This hall was used as a school of the prophets where Latin and Hebrew were taught. Marks of the desks remain, but the desks themselves have long since been carried away, and the hall has been used for an Odd Fellows' lodge and for various social purposes. On one of the pillars is this remarkable announcement: "THE SALT LAKE MORMONS.—When Joseph Smith was killed on June 27, 1844, Brigham Young *assumed* the *leadership* of the Church, telling the people in the winter of 1846 that all the *God* they wanted *was him*, and all the *Bible* they wanted was in *his* heart. He led or drove about two thousand people to Utah in 1847, starting for Upper California and landing at *Salt Lake*, where, in 1852, Brigham Young presented the *Polygamic Revelation*(?) to the people. The *True Church* remained disorganized till 1860, when Joseph Smith took the leadership or Presidency of *the Church* at Amboy, Illinois. *We* (thirty thousand) have no affiliation with the *Mormons* whatever. They are to us an *apostate* people, *working all manner of abomination* before *God* and man. We are no part or parcel of them in *any sense whatever*. Let this *be distinctly* understood: *we are not Mormons*. Truth is truth, wherever it is found."

In the vestibule of the Temple there is a photograph of Joseph Smith, Jr., and over it is the inscription, "Joseph Smith, Jr., M.P.C. President of the *Re-organized Church* of J.C. of L.D.S. He resides at Plano, Kendall county, Illinois." Mr. Smith, who is a son of the prophet, was born in Kirtland November 6, 1832. He removed with his parents to Missouri and Illinois, and was in his twelfth year when his father was killed at Nauvoo. He was a farmer, a school-director and justice of the peace. Removing to Canton, Illinois, he studied law, and has held various city offices. In 1860 he began to preach Mormonism according to the notice nailed on the pillar of the Temple. In 1866 he removed to Plano to take charge of *The Latter-Day Saints' Herald*, a position which he still retains, in connection with the presidency of the Church. Under date of December 23, 1879, Mr. Smith writes: "I am now pretty widely recognized as the leader of that wing of the Mormon Church declaring primitive Mormonism, but denying and opposing polygamy and Utah Mormonism.... We hope they [the Utah Mormons] are waning in power. We are maintaining an active ministry in Utah, striving to show the people there their errors.... It is not my province to state whether the Church will return to Kirtland or not."

From Mr. Smith's further statements it seems that the various sects—such as Rigdonites, Strangites, etc.—into which the Mormons were broken after leaving Kirtland are very few in numbers and very widely scattered. His reformed Church believes in the Trinity, future punishment, the laying on of hands, an organization like the primitive Church, continued revelations, single marriages, and the creed of most orthodox churches relating to the atonement and the ordinances of the gospel. The title to the Church property at Kirtland is now in Mr. Smith and a Mr. Forscutt, who derived their title through a Mr. Huntley, the purchaser under a mortgage sale against the prophet. Proceedings to remove the cloud from the title are now in the Ohio courts. "It is believed," writes Mr. Smith, "that the real title is in the Church, and not in Joseph Smith as an individual nor in his legal heirs or assignees."

The space under the roof is utilized by a series of school-rooms, each with falling plastering and "ratty" floors. Here the young Mormons were taught to ascend the Hill of Science by trudging up some scores of steps several times a day. Strange and dark cubbyholes stare at the visitor from all sides. In one of these was kept the body of Joseph, the son of Jacob, known by a roll of papyrus which was found in his hand. Joe Smith translated the characters on the roll, being favored with a "special revelation" whenever any of the characters were missing by reason of the mutilation of the roll.

Still up the stairway within a small square tower, now without a bell, I thrust my way until a little trap-door allowed an egress. But the railing had gone, and I clung to the belfry-blinds while I surveyed the cold waters of Lake Erie on the north, the rise of Little Mountain on the south, and, between them the broad tract of rolling country divided by the Chagrin River. I descended through labyrinthine passages, and came again to the ground and to the outer air with a sense of relief after my two hours' sojourn within the Mormon Temple.

FOOTNOTES:

- [2] On a scorching day in July I visited Susquehanna to obtain an authentic narrative from several parties who were eye-witnesses of the events which they related. At the residence of Mrs. Elizabeth Squires I found both herself and Mrs. Sally McKune, the widow of Joseph McKune. Mrs. Squires is considerably over seventy, and Mrs. McKune is about eighty, years of age. Both these ladies lived in the neighborhood at the time of the Smith manifestations. The statement given above with regard to the digging for treasure is that of Mrs. McKune, supplemented by Mrs. Squires. Jacob J. Skinner, the present owner of the farm, was about sixteen years old at the time of the search. For a number of years he has been engaged in filling the holes with stone to protect his cattle, but the boys still use the north-east hole as a swimming-pond in the summer.
- [3] Among the callers was Samuel Brush, now a vigorous man of seventy-five, who carries on a large farm and a lumber-mill three miles south-west of Susquehanna. At the time of the translation he often called Reuben Hale away from his work, and the pair went for a walk. Reuben also explained the phenomenon of the peek-stone on the theory of "deflected light." Mr. Brush declares that Martin Harris was a believer in "second sight," and that "Smith was a good and kind neighbor"—testimony which is also given by Mrs. McKune, Mrs. Squires and Mr. Skinner.
- [4] A note of inquiry has elicited from this sole survivor of the original "three witnesses" the information that he has this manuscript. Perhaps he may yet startle the Mormon world by publishing a *facsimile* edition of the original "translation."

A VENGEANCE.

From savage pass and rugged shore
 The noise of angry hosts had fled,
 The bitter battle raged no more
 Where fiery bolts had wrought their scars,
 And where the dying and the dead
 In many a woeful heap were flung,
 While night above the Ægean hung
 Its melancholy maze of stars.

One boyish Greek, of princely line,
 Lay splashed with blood and wounded sore;
 His wan face in its anguish bore
 The delicate symmetry divine
 Carved by the old sculptors of his land;
 A broken blade was in his hand,
 Half slipping from the forceless hold
 That once had swayed it long and well;
 And round his form in tatters fell
 The velvet raiment flowered with gold.

But while the calm night later grew
 He heard the stealthy, rustling sound
 Of one who trailed on laggard knees
 A shattered shape along the ground;
 And soon with sharp surprise he knew
 That in the encircling gloom profound
 A fierce Turk crawled by slow degrees
 To where in helpless pain he lay.
 Then, too, he witnessed with dismay

That from the prone Turk's rancorous eye
 Flashed the barbaric lurid trace
 Of hate's indomitable hell—
 Such hate as death alone could quell,
 As death alone could satisfy.

Closer the loitering figure drew,
 With naked bosom red from fight,
 With ruthless fingers clutching tight
 A dagger stained by murderous hue,
 Till now, in one great lurch, he threw
 His whole frame forward, aiming quick
 A deadly, inexorable blow,
 That, weakly faltering, missed its mark,
 And left the assassin breathing thick,

Levelled by nerveless overthrow,
There near the Greek chief, in the dark.

Then he that saw the baffled crime,
Half careless of his life's release,
Since death must win him soon as prey,
Turned on his foe a smile sublime
With pity, and the stars of Greece
Beheld him smile, and only they.

All night the two lay side by side,
Each near to death, yet living each;
All night the grim Turk moaned and cried,
Beset with pangs of horrid thirst,
Save when his dagger crept to reach,
By wandering, ineffectual way,
The prostrate Greek he yearned to slay,
And failure stung him till he cursed.

But when soft prophecies of morn
Had wrapped the sea in wistful white,
A band of men, with faces worn,
Clomb inland past a beetling height
To find the young chief they adored,
Sought eagerly since fall of sun,
And now in ghastly change restored....
One raised a torch of ruddy shine,
And, kneeling by their leader, one
Set to his mouth a gourd of wine.

Then the young Greek, with wave of hand,
Showed the swart pagan at his side;
So, motioning to the gathered band,
That none could choose but understand,
"Let this man drink," he said, and died.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

STUDIES IN THE SLUMS.

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IV.—JACK.

"I've never told the whole straight ahead, ma'am. The Lord knows it all, an' there've been times I couldn't ha' done it, an' wouldn't ha' done it if I could ha' helped it. For, you see, in spite of the deviltry I never quite got rid of the sense that God sat lookin' at me, an' that, I do suppose, came from what stuck to me, whether or no, in the school. An' you'd wonder that anything stuck or could.

"I'll begin at the beginnin'. Drink? No, it wasn't *my* drinkin'. You'd think that must ha' been it, but it wasn't, for all I came up in the Fourth Ward—the only sober bartender the ward ever see, or ever will see, I reckon.

"The very first thing that ever I remember is my mother dead drunk on the floor. I thought it was dead without the drunk, an' stood screamin'; an' my father come up an' some of the neighbors. We was all respectable then, an' one of them says, 'The Lord help you, Mr. Brown! She's begun ag'in.' He didn't speak, but just lifted her up an' put her on the bed, and then he sat down and covered up his face with his hands, an' was so still I thought he was dead too. I crawled up to him whimperin', an' he lifted me up.

"'Jack,' he says, 'my heart's broke. It's no use: she's bound to go to the bad, an' maybe you'll take after her.'

"I screamed ag'in, though I didn't know what that meant, but he hushed me. 'Jack,' he said, 'you're a little fellow, an' your troubles ain't begun yet. I'd give my life this minute to take you with me.' He held me up to him tight an' took my breath, so 't I couldn't ask him where; an' then he cried.

"That was the beginnin' of me, if gettin' a gleam of sense means beginnin' for folks; for, though I didn't know what it all meant, I did know he wanted comfort bad as I did, an' we hugged up to one another. But I know now all the ins and the outs, for I was told by one that knew them both.

"She was a pretty girl in a mill in Fall River—fast, like some of them, but with an innocent face an' big blue eyes, like a child's, to the very last. Many's the time I've seen 'em with no more sense, nor as much, as a baby's in 'em. He was a young shoemaker, that fell in love with the

pretty face, an' married her out of hand then an' there, an' took her to New York, where he'd got a good place—foreman in a factory. His folks lived in Fall River, and hers off somewheres. I haven't never seen any of 'em, an' good reason not to want to.

"She liked fine clothes, an' thought she was goin' to be a lady an' do nothin'; an' when the first baby come it was a bother to her, for she wasn't strong, an' one of the neighbors told her to drink beer. There's no use spinnin' it out. It began with beer, but it ended with whiskey, an' the first my father ever knew was the dead baby that she'd killed rollin' over on it in a drunken sleep.

"That cured her for a year. She was afraid of my father, for at first, in his fury, he swore he'd give her up to the officers; an' then she cried so, an' went on day after day, till he couldn't but be sorry for her ag'in. An' then I come along—many's the time I've cursed the day—an' till I was four all was well enough. Then it came. She'd been takin' a little slyly a good while, but nobody knew till it got to be too much for her ag'in. It was partly trouble, I will say, for my father was weakly an' goin' with consumption, an' she was fond of him. But this time there was no stoppin' her. She'd pawn everything: she's taken the jacket off me in a winter's day an' sent me with it to the pawnbroker's, an' I not darin' not to go. To the last minute my father did what he could. I was six when he died, an' he'd dress me himself an' try to keep me decent. She was drunk the very night he died, an' not a soul near. I sat on the bed an' looked at him. 'Jack,' he said, 'hate whiskey long as you live: it's killed me, an' it'll kill your mother. It's a devil.'

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"There was a saloon under us then. We had got lower and lower, for, fix up as father might, there was never any surety he wouldn't find things smashed or sold out; an' at last there wasn't anything to sell. An' when he was gone I can't remember as I ever see her sober. I got to hate the smell of it so it sickened me. It does now, though it was my trade to sell the stuff, an' I never minded that.

"I lost track of her. I was a newsboy an' lookin' out for myself when I was eight, an' sometimes I'd hunt her up, an' she'd hug me an' go on over me if she wasn't too drunk; but mostly I didn't. I might ha' been respectable enough, for I liked my work, but I got in with a set of boys that had learned to pick pockets. It was good fun. I had quick ways, an' the first time I ever hauled out a handkerchief I thought it about the smartest game anybody could play. It's more for the excitement of it, half the time, than from real native cussedness, that boys begin; an' I didn't think one way or another. But the time come when I did think. I was caught with fellows that had been up half a dozen times, an' because I was little they sent me to the house of refuge.

"Now, I ain't goin' to say more'n I can help about that, for there was one man I sha'n't ever forget. He's dead now, but he meant work with them boys, an' he did it. I believe he loved 'em every one just because they had souls. But what I do say is, that, far's I know, eight boys out o' ten come out worse'n when they went in. Why not? They're mostly the worst sort, an' it's a kind of rivalry amongst them which'll tell the most deviltry. There ain't a trick nor turn you can't be put up to, an' I learned 'em every one. I learned some other things too. We had to study some, an' I was quick, an' I learned Bible-verses so well they thought I was a crack scholar; an' we all laughed, thinkin' how easy you can humbug a teacher. But the last year I was wild to get away an' try my hand at some of the new kinks I'd learned. I was fourteen and full grown, so't I was always taken for twenty; an' I thought I was a man, sure. I run away twice, an' was brought back, an' it went hard with me, for they flogged me each time so't I couldn't stir for a week.

"At last time was up. I'd made up my mind what to do: I'd settled it by that time that everybody was ready to humbug, an' the pious-talkin' ones worst of all, for I'd seen some that I'd spotted in lies many a time. The first thing I did was to chuck away the Bible they'd given me an' make straight for Micky Hagan's. You don't know what that means? I'll tell you. Micky Hagan's was one of the receivin'-places for river-thievin'. He had boats to let, an' bought out an' out or advanced on the swag, just as you pleased; an' mostly you're in his debt, because you get into the way of swappin', an' he sets his own price on the thing you fancy.

"Now, I've thought it all out, ma'am, many a time. If there'd been anybody to take hold of us in the right way I don't believe we should have come out as we did. I wasn't bad all through then: I mean, I was ready to do a good turn if I could, an' bound for a lark anyhow. But we'd smuggled in novels and story-papers till our heads was full of what fine things we'd do. They didn't give us better things. There was books—yes, plenty of 'em—but mostly long-winded stuff about fellers that died young, bein' too good for this world. There wasn't anybody to tell us we'd a right to some fun, and the Lord meant us to enjoy life, nor to get us busy in some way that would take our minds off real wickedness. These preachers hadn't ever been boys: they'd been born in their white chokers, I believe, an' knew no more of real human nature than they did of common sense. If I had a boy growin' up I'd keep him hard at something, an' try an' have him like it, too. A boy don't mind work if there's anything he can see to be got by it. Why, see how I did. At fifteen out all night long, up an' down the river, schemin' all ways to circumvent the watchmen, for they're that 'cute it needs all your brains an' more to get ahead of 'em. You see, a ship'll come in an' unload partly, an' there's two or three days they're on the keen lookout till they're nigh empty; an' then's the best time for light plunder—ropes an' such. But I went in for reg'lar doin's—bags of coffee or spice, or anything goin'. We had a dodge for a good while they couldn't make out—goin' along soft, oars muffled, hardly drawin' a long breath, till we'd got under the dock, where I'd seen the coffee-bags lie, an' a man on 'em with pistol cocked. Then, slow an' easy, bore with a big auger up through them beams and straight into the bag, an' the coffee'd pour down into the bag we held under. Went off with seven bags that very way one night, an' I was that full of laugh! I walked back down the dock when we'd landed 'em, an' saw the watchman jest dancin' an'

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swearin', he was so mad.

"'What's up?' I says, innocent as could be, goin' up to him.

"'It's them d— river-thieves,' he says, 'with a new kink,—'em! I'll be even with 'em yet. Here's seven holes right up through, an' the Lord only knows how they could do it an' I not hear 'em. They're that thick I believe there's one to every bag of coffee on ship or off; but I'll get 'em yet.' He looked at me sharp as a rat, but I kept my face straight till I'd walked off, an' then I believe I laughed a day without stoppin'.

"That went on three years. I'd got to think no man alive could take me, for I'd been grabbed a dozen times, an' always slipped out somehow. I'd been shot at, an' hit twice; been knocked overboard, an' swum under the dock—'most froze an' stiff with ice before I could get out. An' then to think that it was only a coil of rope took me at last! I thought 'twas spices, but the captain'd been too quick for us, an' every bag was in the government storehouse. I crawled up the side like a cat an' felt round, mad enough to find only that rope; an' I'd just dropped it over the side when there was a light, an' three men on me. I dropped, but they had me. I fought like mad, but the handcuffs were on, an' I was marched off quicker'n I can tell it. An' one was the very man that had sworn to be even with us, an' he knew me on the spot. That trial didn't take long. 'In consideration of my youth,' the judge said, I was to have 'only ten years.' Only ten years! He didn't know how it looked to me, that loved my own life an' freedom so't I couldn't bear a house over me even a day, but must be out in the air. I swore I'd kill whoever took me, an' I fought with the keeper till they chained me like a wild beast; an' that's the way I went to Sing-Sing, an' all warned they'd got the devil's own to deal with.

"There was six months I fought: there wasn't a week I wasn't up for punishment. Do you know what that means? It's better now, they say. Then it meant the shower-bath till you fainted dead, an' when you came to, put back to have it ag'in. It meant the leather collar an' jacket, an' your head wellnigh cut off when, half dead, you had to let it drop a bit. It meant kicks an' cuffs an' floggin's an' half rations. I was down to skin an' bone. 'You're goin', sure, Jack,' I said; an' then I said, 'What's the use? Behave yourself an' maybe you'll get pardoned out, or, better yet, maybe you'll get away.'

"It was tough work. I hated that keeper so't I could have brained him joyfully any minute. I'd set my teeth when he came near, for the murder'd run down my arms till my hands twitched an' tingled to get at him. I swore I'd kill him if I ever got a chance to do it quietly, for he'd treated us worse than dogs. But I mended my ways. It took a year of hard work before I could hold on to myself. I'd get a sight at the sky when we crossed the yard, an' my heart was up in my throat every time. Oh, to be out! If only I could be on the river ag'in an' smell the salt an' feel the wind! I've lain on my floor in the cell many a night an' cried like a baby for only ten minutes' freedom. I'm that way yet: there's wild blood in me from somewhere, an' I'd make a better Indian than white man any day."

Jack's restless motions were the best proof of his theory. As his story began he had sat quietly in the little mission-parlor, but now he was walking hastily up and down, stopping a moment at some special point, then starting again—a tall, lean figure, with characteristic New England face, very thin now, and with a hectic flush on the sunken cheeks, but shrewd and kindly—the narrow chin and high cheek-bones, prominent nose and soft thin hair, seeming to belong wholly to the type of New England villager, and by no possibility to the rough and desperate native of the Fourth Ward. Born in his own place on some quiet inland farm, he would have turned peddler, or, nearer the sea, have chosen that for his vocation; but it was impossible to look upon him as an ex-convict or to do away with the impression of respectability which seems part of the New England birthright.

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"At last," he went on, "things changed. A new chaplain came, for one thing, an' I'd got so quiet they changed my cell an' put me on the other side the buildin'. I went on in a kind of dream. I worked like two, an' they begun to take notice of me. The chaplain 'd come an' talk to me, an' he worked over me well; but he might as well have talked to the dead. But my very keepin' still made him think he'd half got me, an' he'd fetch books an' papers; an' things got easier that way. I read an' studied: I was bound now to know something, an' I worked at that hard as I did at everything else; an' there come a time when I was recommended for pardon, an' five years an' a day after I went in he brought it to me. I couldn't speak: I could have gone on my knees to him, an' he had sense to know how I felt.

"'Jack,' he said, 'you're very young yet, an' now is your chance. Try to be an honest man an' pray for help. I wish I knew if you will pray.'

"'You'd make me if any one could,' I says, 'but I ain't sure of the use of it yet: I wish I was.'

"He just looked at me sorrowful, for I hadn't said even that much before, an' I went off.

"An' I did mean to keep straight. I'd had enough of prison; but when I went round askin' for work, not a soul would have me. A jail-bird!—well, they thought not. I grew mad ag'in, an' yet I wouldn't take to the river, for, somehow, I'd lost my courage. Then I met an old pal, an' he took me round to Micky's saloon. The barkeeper'd just been stuck in a fight. I'd been a profitable one for Micky, an' maybe he thought, beginnin' there, I'd go back to the river once more. An' there I was three years, an' fights nigh every night of the year. I could stop 'em when no one else could, for I was always sober.

"'Why don't you drink?' they'd say, an' I'd tell 'em I wanted what brains I had unfuddled. But I hated it worse an' worse. I'd have stopped any minute if there'd been one alive to take me by the hand an' say, 'Here's honest work.' I looked at folks when I went out, to see if there was one that could be spoken to. An' at last I made up my mind for another try. I'd saved some money an' could live a while, an' one Saturday night I just left when Micky paid me. 'Get another man,' I said: 'I'm done;' an' I walked out, with him shoutin' after me.

"Then I waited three months. I answered advertisements, an' I put 'em in. I went here an' I went there, an' always it was the same story, for I answered every one square. An' at last I was sick of it all: I had nothing to live for. 'I'm tired of living with rascals,' I said, 'an' good folks are too good to have anything to do with me. I've had all I want. If work don't come in a week I'll get out of this the easiest way.'

"It didn't come. My money was gone: I'd gone hungry two days. I'd been on half rations before that, till my strength was all gone: I'd pawned my clothes till I wasn't decent. Then I hadn't a cent even for a place on the floor in a lodgin'-house, an' I sat in the City Hall Park long as they would let me. Then, when I was tired of bein' rapped over the head, I got up an' walked down Beekman street to the river—slow, for I was too far gone to move fast. But as I got nearer something seemed to pull me on: I began to run. 'It's the end of all trouble,' I said; an' I went across like a shot an' down the docks. It was bright moonlight, an' I had sense to jump for a dark place where the light was cut off; an' that's all I remember. I must have hit my head ag'inst a boat, for when they took me out it was for dead. Two of my old pals hauled me out, an' worked there on the dock to bring me to, till the ambulance come an' took me to Bellevue.

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"I wouldn't have lived, but I didn't know enough not to, bein' in a fever a month. Then I come out of it dazed an' stupid, an' it wasn't till I'd been there six weeks that I got my senses fairly an' knew I was alive after all.

"'I'll do it better next time,' I said, bein' bound to get out of it still; but that night a man in the bed next me began to talk an' ask about it. I told him the whole. When I got through he says, 'I don't know but one man in New York that'll know just what to do, an' that's McAuley of Water street. You go there soon's you can stir an' tell him.'

"I laughed. 'I'm done tellin',' I said.

"'Try him,' he says; an' he was that urgent that I promised. I'd ha' given a hand if I hadn't, though.

"I went out, tremblin' an' sick, an' without a spot to lay my head; an' right there I stood by the river an' thought it would come easier this time. But I'd never go back on my word, an' so I started down, crawlin' along, an' didn't get there till meetin' had begun. I didn't know what sort of a place it was.

"It was new then, in an old rookery of a house, but the room clean an' decent, an' just a little sign out, 'HELPING HAND FOR MEN.' I sat an' listened an' wondered till it was over, an' then tried to go, but first I knew I tumbled in a dead faint an' was bein' taken up stairs. They made me a bed next their own room. 'You'd better not,' I said: 'I'm a jail-bird an' a rascal, an' nobody alive wants to have anything to do with me.'

"'You be quiet,' says Jerry. 'I'm a jail-bird myself, but the Lord Jesus has forgiven me an' made me happy; an' He'll do the same by you.'

"They kept me there a week, an' you'd think I was their own, the way they treated me. But I stuck it out: 'When I see a man that's always been respectable come to me an' give me work, an' say he's not afraid or ashamed to, then maybe I'll believe in your Lord Jesus Christ you talk about; but how am I goin' to without?'

"An' that very night it came. You know him well—the gentleman that looks as if the wind had never blown rough on him, an' yet with an eye that can't be fooled.

"'You don't need to tell me a word,' he says: 'I believe you are honest, an' you can begin tomorrow if you're strong enough. It's light work, an' it shall be made easier at first.'

"I looked at him, an' it seemed to me something that had frozen me all up inside melted that minute. I burst out cryin', an' couldn't stop. An' then, first thing I knew, he was down on his knees prayin' for me. 'Dear Lord,' he said, 'he is Thy child, he has always been Thy child. Make him know it to-night: make him know that Thy love has followed him and will hold him up, so that his feet will never slip again.'

"These words stayed by me. I couldn't speak, an' he went away. He knew what he'd done.

"That's all. Some of the men shake their heads: they say it wasn't regular conversion. All I know is, the sense of God come into me then, an' it's never left me. It keeps me on the watch for every soul in trouble. I'm down on the docks o' nights. I know the signs, an' now an' then I can help one that's far gone. I'm goin' myself, you see. There ain't much left of me but a cough an' some bones, but I shall be up to the last. God is that good to me that I'll go quick when I do go; but, quick or slow, I bless Him every hour of the day for the old mission an' my chance."

Ruth looked very warm and tired as she came up the path in the strong sunlight; and in striking contrast to her sat Miss Custer in the sheltered veranda, with her cool gray draperies flowing about her in the most graceful folds that could be imagined, as though a sculptor's hand had arranged them. Her dress was cut so as to disclose her white throat rising, swan-like, above a ruffling of soft yellow lace; and her sleeves, flaring a little and short enough to reveal a good deal of the exquisitely-moulded arms, were edged with the same costly trimming, throwing a creamy shadow on the white skin and giving it a tinge like ivory.

Miss Custer liked being considered a brunette, and directed all the arts of her toilette to the bringing out of that idea. She had not much to commence with, however. Her eyes were brown, it is true, but they were a sort of amber-brown, large and serene, with dusky, long-fringed lids drooping over them; and her hair, which was dark in the shadow of the veranda, all hemmed in with trees in thick foliage, was bright gold in certain lights.

She was an amply-framed, finely-proportioned person, and rejoiced in her physique, having a masculine pride in her breadth of shoulders and depth of chest. But in all other respects she was exquisitely feminine: she never displayed either strength or agility. Westbrook was a country place, and in the young folks' rambles about town and out over the hills she was more often fatigued than anybody else, and obliged to accept support from some one of the gentlemen, all of whom were eager enough to offer their services.

She had been in Westbrook only two weeks—she had come to rest herself from the burdens of fashionable life—but she was already very much at home with the place and the people. She was one of those persons who immediately interest the whole neighborhood, and of whom people say, "Have you met her? Have you been introduced to her?"

She was not an entire stranger: there were a good many people in Westbrook who had known her parents years before, and who took her at once upon the credit of her family.

Ruth looked tired and warm, I say, as she came up the path. It was after four o'clock, and school was just out. She was the teacher of the grammar department in the ugly red-brick school-house down at the other end of the town, and she had had a tiresome walk through the heat.

Miss Custer dropped her work, some delicate embroidery, in her lap and folded her white hands upon it, and smiled down at her. She liked Ruth, and was glad to see her coming: the afternoon had been rather dull because she was alone, and she was not constituted for solitude.

Doctor Ebling had said at the dinner-table that, with Ruth's permission—at which Ruth blushed and said something rather saucy, for her—he would read *The Spanish Gypsy* to Miss Custer out in the shade.

"It is so confoundedly healthy at this particular season," he said, "especially up among these Connecticut hills, that a physician's occupation's gone."

First, however, he went down town—going part of the way with Ruth—to make sure that no orders were awaiting him at his office, intending to come back immediately.

Miss Custer stepped across the hall from the dining-room into the sitting-room, made cool by having the blinds closed, and struck a few chords on the piano. Herbert Bruce, a young attorney of some wealth and some renown, and bosom friend of Doctor Ebling, followed her, and stood, hat in hand, with his shoulder against the door-jamb. "So you have never read *The Gypsy*?" he remarked.

Miss Custer turned quickly and came a step toward him. "Oh yes, I have read it," she returned. "Or, rather, a good many people have read it to me. But one can stand hearing a poem a good many times, you know."

"By Jove! that's a cooler!" thought Bruce. "No doubt she has been bored to death by that wretched *Gypsy*, and now Ebling is going to martyrize her again, and make a fool of himself into the bargain."

"Won't you be seated?" Miss Custer asked, "and let me play you something?"

In the shaded room, with her languid eyes intensified, she was a decided brunette, and a very brilliant and beautiful one. Mr. Bruce, pleading business, although he knew there was not a soul stirring down street, and nothing more to be done in his office than in that of Mortimer Lightwood, Esq., declined rather ungraciously and stalked off.

"A born coquette!" he muttered with his hat pulled over his eyes. "Ebling's a fool: Ruth Stanley is worth a dozen of her."

Miss Custer went up stairs and made her afternoon toilette, then got out her embroidery and came down to her accustomed rustic arm-chair, smilingly conscious of the perfection of all that pertained to herself, from the soft ringlets on her broad forehead, so different from the stiff, frowsy crimps of the country-girls, to the small Newport ties with their cardinal-red bows, the only bright color about her. She was just beginning to wonder what kept the doctor so long, when, raising her eyes from a reverie which had been almost a nap, she saw him driving by at a fast trot, with a farm-boy galloping on horseback beside him. He waved his hand to her.

Just then Hugh, son and heir of Aunt Ruby, mistress of this Westbrook boarding-establishment, who had been sent down town after dinner to do some marketing, came in at the gate with a basket on his arm, eating an apple. He paused when he came up, and rested himself by putting one foot on the lower step and settling his weight upon the other. "There's a man out east bin awfully cut up in a mowin'-machine," said he, glancing up at Miss Custer sideways from under his broad-brimmed straw hat, sure that she would appreciate the news, he being the first to tell it; for he had a boyish conceit that Miss Custer had a very high opinion of him, and even indulged the fancy that if he were a man—say twenty-one—instead of a youth of seventeen, he could cut out all them downtown fellers that hung round her.

"Oh! poor man!" said Miss Custer with a sweetness of sympathy that must have comforted the wounded person immensely had he heard it.

"Burnses' boy came in for Doc Ebling," continued Hugh. "They don't know whether they can patch him up again or not."

"I suppose the doctor will find out," said Miss Custer complacently; and Hugh flung away his apple-core and walked on around the house.

Miss Custer hardly knew what to do with herself. She went back to her room, and was tempted to lie down, but then it would rumple her dress and spoil her hair. She thought of the invalid lady, Mrs. Tascher, whose room was at the other end of the hall, but she had an uncomfortable intuition that Mrs. Tascher disliked her. For herself, she disliked nobody: there were people who were not congenial to her, but she never took the trouble to get up a feeling against them. But it seemed to her Mrs. Tascher had not only clearly defined but conscientious likes and dislikes. She had tried to overcome the opposing current so far as it concerned herself, because it was unpleasant; and, although not wholly unaccountable—for she was conscious of some weaknesses, as most mortals are—so far as Mrs. Tascher was affected by her shortcomings the prejudice seemed unfounded. She had never injured her—never, except in that large sense in which all good souls are injured by wrong-doing; which large sense Miss Custer, perhaps, had but a dim consciousness of even when stung—for she was very susceptible—by the criticism, open or implied, of certain high, discriminating natures.

After a while she went down to the back regions, and glided in upon the white kitchen-floor with her sweeping skirts.

Aunt Ruby looked up with an exclamation of surprise. She was picking over raspberries for tea: "Oh, you oughtn't to come in here, Miss Custer: you'll spoil your clothes."

"Impossible," said Miss Custer, glancing around at the cleanness of everything with flattering significance, and seated herself in a low splint-bottomed chair.

"To be sure, Peggy scrubbed this morning," said Aunt Ruby with a feeling of satisfaction, "but one can't ever be very sure about a kitchen-floor."

"I could always be sure enough of yours to scatter my best things upon it," said Miss Custer, who, wishing to be entertained, was exceedingly good-natured; though, for that matter, she was seldom otherwise.

Aunt Ruby, who was greatly taken with the fine-lady boarder who made herself so common, entertained her better than she thought, for Miss Custer took a curious interest in most of the people she met, and liked to study them.

Of course Aunt Ruby could not spend time for her own or anybody else's amusement merely: when she got through with the raspberries she went at something else, her loose slippers clattering over the floor back and forth wherever her duty called her. But still, she talked, and Miss Custer sat looking out into the clean-swept back yard with its boxed-up flower-beds blooming with the gayest annuals, and its cooped-up hens with their broods of puffy chickens scratching and picking and chirping outside.

"Have Doctor Ebling and Miss Stanley been long engaged?" Miss Custer asked, the conversation having somehow led up to that query.

"Oh, la! yes," Aunt Ruby answered—"for more'n a year. The way of it was: Ruth's guardian, Mr. Murray, who was a minister, went off to some forrin country several years ago to be a missionary, and left Ruth here to finish her education. He was to send for her to come an' teach in a mission-school if she wanted to go—an' she al'ays said she did—after she'd graduated in the normal. But she came up here to stay a spell after graduatin', an' met Doctor Ebling; an' they took a notice to each other right away, an' were engaged. She wrote to Mr. Murray about it, an' he gave his consent to the marriage. But it couldn't take place just yet, for the doctor had only just begun his practice an' wasn't ready to settle down."

"That is, I suppose, he had not sufficient means to set up housekeeping?" said Miss Custer, smiling.

"Well, perhaps not in the way he'd like," Aunt Ruby returned evasively, not being a gossip in the mischievous sense.

"And your other gentleman-boarder, Mr. Bruce—" began Miss Custer, and then stopped.

"Oh, he's got enough money to set up housekeeping like a king," said Aunt Ruby, feeling that this

was safe ground. "If he had anybody to set up with him," she added, and laughed at her own wit.

"But did Miss Stanley really think of going to teach in a foreign mission-school?" Miss Custer asked.

"To be sure she did," said Aunt Ruby. "She's a Christian girl, if ever there was one. You might look the world over, Miss Custer, an' you'd hardly find another girl like Ruth Stanley. She's the same as a missionary right here at home, because she looks out for every poor an' sick body in the town, an' spends half her wages to help them."

"Just the sort of person, then, for a doctor's wife," laughed Miss Custer, and gathered up her embroidery to go back to the veranda.

Instead of going through the dining-room, the way she had entered, she crossed over to the door of the back sitting-room, which was ajar, and pushed it open. She started and her cheeks crimsoned, at the recollection of her conversation with Aunt Ruby, on finding the sitting-room occupied.

Mrs. Tascher sat in Aunt Ruby's great arm-chair, with its calico cushions, looking over some fashion-plates in the carelessly-indolent way that very warm weather induces. She had some pieces of muslin and a pair of scissors beside her on the table, as though she had been cutting out. She looked up with a smile that was intended simply as an expression of politeness, and not such a smile as she would give a friend, and nodded: "Good-afternoon, Miss Custer."

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Miss Custer, feeling herself compromised by having been caught gossiping—and by Mrs. Tascher, of all people!—fortified herself by a little accession of pride in her usually suave demeanor. "Good-afternoon," she returned, passing on through the room. "How stiflingly warm it is here!"

"Yes. I have been thinking of going into the parlor," said Mrs. Tascher: "it is always cool there, because the blinds are kept closed."

"Does she say that to prevent my taking refuge in the parlor?" thought Miss Custer, and moved on and went outside.

By and by some soft piano-strains came through the window, the sash of which was raised, at her back. When they ceased she became conscious, without turning her head to look through the shutters, that Mrs. Tascher had seated herself in an easy-chair and taken up a book from the centre-table, which held the usual stock of gilt-edged poems—Whittier's, Tennyson's, etc.

Nearly an hour passed in sultry silence, broken only by the buzzing of flies and, now and then, a subdued sound of wheels on the sandy road below. At last the gate-latch clicked, and Ruth came in, walking slowly up the path.

Doctor Ebling had driven by a few moments before, and gone up the alley to the stable, and just as Ruth reached the steps, shutting her parasol and smiling up rather wearily at Miss Custer, he came around the corner of the house, lifting his hat and wiping the perspiration from his face.

"Why, where have you been?" Ruth asked in surprise.

"In the country," said he.

"And just think, Miss Stanley," exclaimed Miss Custer, speaking to Ruth, but looking a smiling reproach at the doctor, and for a moment forgetting the parlor occupant at her back, "here I have been sitting this whole blessed afternoon! I could have borne the infliction of my own solitary company better, of course, if I had not been promised an entertainment."

"You must charge your disappointment to a poor fellow who got himself cut to pieces by a grass-mower," said the doctor.

"Who was it?" asked Ruth quickly, with a sympathetic play of facial muscles.

"A man by the name of Burgess, out east of town."

"And is he in a bad way?"

"Rather."

Ruth stood for a moment with her eyes upon the ground, absorbed in the thought of a fellow-being in distress, and the doctor, glancing from her up to Miss Custer, was conscious of the strong contrast between them.

Miss Custer was ten years Ruth's senior, but just now it looked as if it might be the other way: teaching gave Ruth a jaded look that seemed like age. But she was only eighteen. She wore a plain brown dress and linen cuffs and collar, all of which bore the stamp of the school-room. Her shoes were dusty, and her hair, untouched since early morning, had settled into a mass at the back of her neck, more artistic than stylish.

By and by she excused herself and went into the house. It was her habit to take a bath and dress herself before tea. The doctor came up and seated himself on the top step, and remarked that he didn't know whether it would be worth while to go up town before supper or not. Miss Custer was about to persuade him that it would not be worth while, when a movement on the part of Mrs. Tascher recalled her to the consciousness of that lady's proximity and put her under a sort of

constraint. "Do you suppose your office to be strewn with orders for your immediate attendance upon wounded individuals?" she asked carelessly.

"If I thought it was," said he, "I'd make for the woods over yonder and hide myself."

"Unnatural physician! I always supposed medical men to be the most devoted to their profession, and the fondest of exercising it, of all beings."

"As to devotion," said the doctor, "I agree with you—we *are* a devoted class. But as to exercise of any description, that is contrary to all human inclination in such a temperature as this."

"And yet Miss Stanley endures it," said Miss Custer, and could have bitten her tongue the next moment.

A grave expression settled upon the doctor's face. "Yes," said he, "her brave spirit surmounts everything. She is of a different make-up from all the other people I know. And, by the way, it always seems to me irrelevant to bring her into comparison with ordinary mortals," he added; and, getting up and settling his hat upon his head, he strode off.

Miss Custer felt a pang of keen regret. "I have offended him," she thought.

But at the supper-table, an hour or two later, there was no evidence of offence in his attitude toward her, though it must be allowed that he paid rather more attention to Ruth than usual when she came down stairs freshened up in a light-colored lawn dress and her dark hair handsomely coiled and ornamented with a half-blown rose. She sat just opposite Doctor Ebling and beside Miss Custer, and stood the contrast with that amber-eyed beauty very well. Doctor Ebling thought so, and it had a tendency to elevate his spirits. The three carried on an animated dialogue. Mr. Bruce, at the end of the table, was abstracted, and ate his supper with great diligence, except when Mrs. Tascher, being his nearest neighbor, addressed a remark to him: then he turned to her with the utmost deference and replied as elaborately as friendly politeness demanded.

"Any of you folks in for a boat-ride this evening?" called up Hugh from the lower end of the table. "My Sally Lunn is anchored down by the big oak if you want her, and here's the key," holding it up.

"Why, yes," said Doctor Ebling, taking it upon himself to answer. Hugh's questions and remarks were usually addressed to the company collectively, and the doctor generally was tacitly elected spokesman.—"Don't you want to go, ladies?" he asked, "and you, Bruce?"

The ladies, Ruth and Miss Custer, assented with bright looks.

Mr. Bruce replied deliberately that he was not sure he could leave the office.

"Oh, come now, Bruce, that's put on," said the doctor. "No man, whatever his profession, unless he be a farmer, can convince me of a pressure of business at this season. Banish the delusive idea and make yourself agreeable for once."

Mr. Bruce raised his head, showing at the same time a flash of his white teeth and his black eyes. "For once?" he repeated. "Making myself agreeable, or making a grotesque caricature of myself in my struggles to be agreeable, has been the business of my life."

"Oh, Mr. Bruce!" laughed Ruth. "Everybody knows you are delightful, but the idea of your making an effort in that direction is too absurd."

"If I had made that speech," thought Miss Custer, "Mrs. Tascher would have looked a severe criticism."

Mrs. Tascher, as it was, looked across at Ruth and said laughingly, "That hits him hard, my dear, but he ought not to wince."

Mr. Bruce *had* colored slightly and broken up the gravity of his face.

Later, when they all rose from the table, Mrs. Tascher, under some pretext or other, detained him a moment. "Do go!" she said: "you see how it is—Ruth never has the doctor to herself a moment any more. They used to take delightful little moonlight strolls together, and were as happy as a pair of young lovers ought to be. Now there is always a third party."

"Oh! So you think I ought to sacrifice myself to the happiness of the precious lovers? And what if I get enthralled myself? Who will come to my rescue?"

"I am willing to trust you," laughed Mrs. Tascher. "You have thirty years upon your head, and a vast amount of hard practicality in it: Dr. Ebling lacks something of both."

The girls had got their hats and were already out upon the veranda.

"Come, Bruce: have you decided whether there is an important case pending or not?" called the doctor.

Mrs. Tascher gave him a little push, and he sauntered out. She stood in the doorway and saw him, with a feeling of satisfaction, pair off with Miss Custer after they had got outside the gate. "I believe she likes him twenty times better than she does the doctor," she soliloquized. "And yet with what persistency she clings to Ruth and her lover! Poor Ruth! She takes her down in good

faith."

The stream upon which Westbrook was built was about half a mile distant, and the sun was going down when they reached the big oak where the boat was anchored. Doctor Ebling clambered down the steep bank and unlocked it, and got in and rowed up a little way to where there was a better descent.

"Now, then, shall we all go at once," said he, "or take turns?"

"It is such a diminutive vessel," said Bruce, eying it doubtfully, "that perhaps Miss Custer and myself had better 'pause upon the brink' here, and wait until you two have made a short voyage."

"Oh, we shall not make a very short voyage," said Ruth, running down the bank and grasping the doctor's hand as he held it out to steady her in stepping into the boat. "I want to go up as far as the bridge and make a sketch to-night: the sunset and the moon-rise are lovely."

"Better come on—don't think we'll upset," said the doctor, beginning, nevertheless, to push off.

Bruce looked about and found a log to sit on. "Just spread your shawl on it," said he; and Miss Custer was obliged to unfold her beautiful white burnous.

"What an idea!" she thought, "and how ungallant he is!"

And yet he had a remarkable power of fascination, though, as Ruth said, he made no effort to please.

He took a seat beside her, and for some time his eyes followed the boat. After a while he said, "And did you manage to get through with *The Spanish Gypsy* again?"

"Oh no," said Miss Custer. "Didn't you know? The doctor was called into the country."

"Ah! he was?"

"Yes."

"Then you lost your afternoon's entertainment? That must have been a great deprivation."

He turned his head and looked at her with a lingering, exploring gaze that was difficult for her to fathom. How should she answer? He was certainly the only being of his sex who baffled or embarrassed her.

"It was indeed," she returned demurely, and yet with a hope that he might discover that she was but half in earnest. Her eyelids drooped and her lips were curved with a smile. She was pleasurablely conscious of his prolonged gaze, and hoped something from it, knowing from much previous experience the power of her beauty.

The silence was very eloquent. He broke it—or intensified it indeed—by repeating from *The Gypsy*, in a low and remarkably well-modulated voice,

"Do you know
Sometimes when we sit silent, and the air
Breathes gently on us from the orange trees,
It seems that with the whisper of a word
Our souls must shrink, yet poorer, more apart.
Is it not so?"

Do you know the answer?" he asked, never once taking away his eyes.

She raised hers and gave it with equal effect:

"Yes, dearest, it is true.
Speech is but broken light upon the depth
Of the unspoken: even your loved words
Float in the larger meaning of your voice
As something dimmer."

There was nothing audacious in her manner of repeating it—no coquettish reference, in voice or glance, to him. She threw into her eyes an expression of complete absorption in the spirit and story of the poem, and appeared to be far away with Don Silva and Fedalina.

Her seriousness and evident intensity of feeling were a surprise to him. He had simply been trying her with a careless stroke, but he seemed to strike true flint. "I could have sworn," he thought to himself, "that she was making fun of Ebling's proposition to read to her to-day when she said one could stand hearing a poem a good many times." And he actually went on repeating passage after passage, while she sat with her hands folded and her eyes fixed dreamily, drinking it in like distant music sounding all the way from the Spanish shores.

They were both so absorbed—not in the poem, but in thoughts that floated under the poem and circled right around themselves—that they did not hear the dipping of the oars as the doctor rowed back to shore in the white moonlight—not softened now, as it had been a while ago, by the mellow tints in the west. "Hallo!" he called. "Come down now and embark."

"Shall we?" asked Bruce in a voice so low that it seemed almost tender.

She answered by getting up, and he took the burnous off the log and folded it about her shoulders. It gave her a conscious thrill.

They sauntered down, and Bruce gave her his hand to make the descent of the bank. Ruth sprang up like a gazelle while the doctor held the boat to shore, and then pushed it off when the occupants were seated.

"I'm the poorest rower in Christendom," said Bruce, taking up the oars and making a few awkward strokes.

"Never mind about rowing," said Miss Custer. "When we get out into the current let us drift: I like it just as well."

Bruce did so, resting the handles of the oars upon his knees.

Perfect silence reigned. The moon was strangely bright, making the very air silvery. Miss Custer, with the rarest tact, let the stillness alone, knowing there was power in it.

By and by Bruce murmured,

"With dreamful eyes,
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise.

What a strange effect moonlight and water have upon us, Miss Custer! They seem almost to disembody us. I can hardly ever recall a single line of poetry in the daytime when the sun is shining. But moonlight brings out all the delicate images of the mind's palimpsest."

"Pray, then, go on and repeat something more," said Miss Custer in a low voice: "I like to hear you. Repeat the rest of 'Drifting.'"

Bruce complied, and then struck upon Byron, and was surprised and delighted to find that Miss Custer followed him even there. The truth was, Miss Custer had rehearsed all these things many times before with different actors. The whole plot lay before her, ending and all. Bruce was certainly hooked, and all she had to do was to draw the line carefully in. To be sure, he was an odd specimen, a sort of man she was not much acquainted with; but that made him all the more interesting, and she was conscious of her power to manage him.

At last Bruce put the boat about without consulting her, and rowed back to the landing in silence and with considerable dexterity, considering his self-depreciation as a rower. Ruth and the doctor, who had no doubt been affected by the moonlight too, stood on the bank waiting for them. They all went home together, a rather merry party, and immediately dispersed for the night.

The next morning, when Miss Custer came down to breakfast radiant and joyous, with a consciousness of being in perfect keeping with the unpoetic sunshine, she was stricken with consternation at finding Mr. Bruce as distant and nonchalant as ever. No lingering, exploring glance this morning—nothing but the usual flash of his dark eyes as he bowed to her. Was it possible that all the fine effects of last night had passed out of his consciousness?

Some time during the day Bruce found an opportunity to say to Mrs. Tascher, "Don't ask me to do it again: I came near making a fool of myself last night. Got to quoting poetry and all that."

"Did you, indeed?" said she, laughing. "If the siren had that effect on you, a hardened bachelor, consider how it would go with Ebling."

"Ebling's heart is supposed to be preoccupied," said Bruce: "mine is an 'aching void.'"

That evening Hugh challenged Miss Custer to a game of croquet, and she, with secret reluctance, but a very good grace—being one of those sweetly-amiable people who never speak ill of any one, and never manifest the least boredom, no matter who undertakes the office of entertainer to them—accepted. However, she would make the most she could out of it. She invited the rest of the company to come down and look on and see that she had fair play. Bruce, at whom she glanced appealingly, paid no heed, but put on his hat and went down town with the air of a man greatly preoccupied and oppressed with business cares. Mrs. Tascher never went out when the dew was falling, and so there was nobody but Ruth and the doctor. They complied at once, and took seats on a rustic bench under the trees.

Miss Custer was conscious of showing to advantage in this picturesque game, and paid far more attention to her attitudes than her strokes: as a consequence, she was beaten, and immediately threw down her mallet.

"I'll give you another chance," said Hugh wistfully.

"Oh, I could never redeem myself with you if we should play till doomsday," she answered.

"You *have* beaten me," persisted Hugh.

"But I have a presentiment that I can't do it to-night," she returned.

"Well, then, Hugh," said the doctor, getting up and helping himself to a mallet, "if she is so disheartened, suppose we give her a chance to come off second best by taking a game with me?"

Hugh, smiling, but a little put out, stepped back, and the contest began, with far more animation on the part of Miss Custer. Presently Hugh's mother called him, and he went away. After a time Ruth called to the players, who were both at the other end of the ground, "Say, folks, if you'll excuse *me* I'll go in."

Miss Custer turned round and answered, "Oh, poor child! I presume you do find it dull."

Ruth ran up to Mrs. Tascher's room. Her acquaintance with that lady she counted among the best things of her life. The world had seemed larger and brighter and better since she had known her.

Mrs. Tascher was a widow: she had considerable wealth, but being an invalid she was deprived of the enjoyment of it to a great extent. She welcomed Ruth's friendly little visits always with a smile that seemed to make her soul stand out upon her face. She was what one might call a woman of the world. That is, she had travelled much, read much, studied people much, and mingled all her previous life in intelligent and refined society.

"Why, where is the rest of your party, my dear?" she asked as Ruth tapped on the door and came in.

"Hugh's mother wanted him," Ruth answered, "and I left Frank and Miss Custer playing a game."

Mrs. Tascher's smile faded. She felt tempted to speak a word of warning, but it seemed too bad to destroy the innocent faith of this high-minded, unsuspecting girl. She gave Ruth a chair, and Ruth begged her to read something: Mrs. Tascher's reading was sweeter than music to her. She complied readily, because it gave her pleasure to do anything Ruth asked. "Here is a poem by Whittier, just out," she said, taking up a magazine, the leaves of which she had cut only that afternoon. She began it, and Ruth leaned back in her chair and closed her eyes the better to see the images that passed in her mind. Mrs. Tascher read on until the light grew so dim that she could not see the lines, and then she got up and went to the window to finish. She glanced out as she did so, and stood silent. At last she said, "Come here, Ruth."

Ruth got up and went and looked out.

Away down at the farther end of the lawn stood Miss Custer and the doctor with their elbows resting upon the fence, evidently very deeply absorbed in each other. The spot was very lonely and still, hemmed in by trees, and would not have been visible from below—perhaps from hardly any other point but this window.

"Doesn't it strike you, Ruth, that a couple of young people must be rather sentimental to stray away like that?" asked Mrs. Tascher.

Ruth laughed, but not very joyously, and immediately turned away from the window, as though the sight hurt her.

Mrs. Tascher did so too, and struck a match to light her lamp. "If I were you, Ruth," she said as she settled the shade over it, "I would go down to the croquet-ground, from where you can see those people, and call to them."

"Oh no," said Ruth with a shiver.

"Why, you see," continued Mrs. Tascher, "it doesn't look well. Miss Custer ought to know better, but she is so vain of her influence over gentlemen that she exercises it upon every occasion that offers. It doesn't appear to make any difference who the gentleman is: it would be all the same to her now if it were Hugh instead of the doctor. I believe she does care something for Bruce, and he is her lawful prey; but she knows the doctor is not in the market."

Ruth threw back her head proudly. "He *can* be in the market," she said hoarsely.

"No, no, my dear," said Mrs. Tascher, shaking her head. "I don't want you to get reckless: I want to see you play this game with Miss Custer with a cool hand and come out ahead. You can do it, and you will be stronger and safer in the end."

Ruth pretty soon went out. She entered her room with her hand upon her heart, and sat down by the window without striking a light. In the course of half an hour the doctor and Miss Custer appeared in sight, walking slowly toward the house. They passed directly under her window, but their voices were so low that she could distinguish no word. By and by she heard the piano going. A moment after Mrs. Tascher tapped on her door, and, turning the knob, put her head in and called, "Ruth!"

Ruth got up and came forward.

"Come," said her visitor, "let us go down to the parlor."

"I cannot," said Ruth: "please don't ask me."

"Foolish child!" said Mrs. Tascher. "I am a thousand times sorry that I brought this thing to your notice."

"It was brought to my notice long ago," said Ruth brokenly; and Mrs. Tascher turned and went down stairs.

The doctor was leaning back in an easy-chair, completely absorbed in watching the exquisite figure at the piano and listening to the strains she evoked.

"One *would* think she had feeling," commented Mrs. Tascher mentally as she entered the room and swept across to the vacant seat beside the doctor, dispelling somehow, with her strong presence, the spirit of sentimentalism that pervaded the atmosphere. "Why, Doctor Ebling, are you here?" she asked: "I supposed you had gone to town. Where is Miss Stanley?"

"I—I don't know," said the doctor—honestly enough, to be sure.

"I thought you all went down to the croquet-ground?"

"Yes, we did. But she came back, and left Miss Custer and myself to finish our game."

"Oh, then I presume she is in her room.—Have you finished playing, Miss Custer?" with a smile of placid indifference as Miss Custer turned round on the piano-stool.

"Yes," said Miss Custer, getting up and taking a chair. "Doctor Ebling wished to hear the 'Last Hope.'"

"You haven't come to that in your experience yet, have you, doctor?" laughed Mrs. Tascher, though she was not in the habit of playing upon words.

"No," said the doctor. "It seems to me the 'last hope' is that we feel when we draw our last breath."

The three spent the evening together, and Mrs. Tascher brought into exercise the old charms and graces of manner and conversation that years ago had made her one of the most brilliant and fascinating women society could boast of. She was not old—not more than thirty-five—and when animated she was still beautiful: her face became illuminated and stars shone in her eyes. She so far outdid Miss Custer in the matter of pleasing and entertaining that when the doctor went away he hardly thought of the latter. He said to himself as he went down town, "What a remarkably brilliant woman Mrs. Tascher must have been in her day! And is yet, for that matter. Husband been dead six years: wonder why she never married again?"

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Then he wondered with a slight feeling of uneasiness where Ruth had kept herself all the evening. "How affectionately and admiringly Mrs. Tascher always speaks of Ruth!" he said, and added, "Well, she is a noble girl."

There was an indefinable hardness in Ruth's manner the next morning. Her voice was hollow and her smile seemed ironical, though she was unusually gay. Mrs. Tascher, who observed her closely and with some uneasiness, thought her mockingly attentive to Miss Custer. Something was said at the dinner-table again about the doctor's promise to read to Miss Custer, and Ruth exclaimed, "By all means!—Miss Custer, make him stay at home and read you that poem."

The doctor of course fell readily in with the idea, and said he would not go down town this time to see if there were any orders: if anybody wanted him it was generally known that if he was not in his office he was at his boarding-place.

"Why *did* you do it?" said Mrs. Tascher, putting her handkerchief on her head and going down to the gate with Ruth.

"Because," said Ruth with drawn lips and heaving bosom, "I do not want to get him unfairly. If there is some one else who interests him more than I, he is still at liberty to choose."

"Ruth," said Mrs. Tascher, and her eyes flashed, "do you think she is getting him fairly? You have no conception of the scheming of that woman."

"Oh yes, indeed I believe I know it all," said Ruth, and hurried away.

In a few days school closed, and Ruth packed her trunk and went up to Merton, a little village about twenty miles distant, to visit her aunt. Almost as soon as she was gone Miss Custer was taken sick. Aunt Ruby insisted upon her occupying the spare bedroom, a cool, spacious apartment opening off the back sitting-room. The professional services of Doctor Ebling were of course engaged at once, and he proved himself very attentive at least.

To save appearances and for Ruth's sake, although she had little hope, Mrs. Tascher took up her position in the sick-room and compelled the doctor to give all his directions to her. He pronounced the malady a low fever brought on by the extreme heat of the season. Mrs. Tascher thought it was the result of exposure to night-dews, carelessness in regard to diet and lack of proper exercise.

Her presence, it must be allowed, put but little constraint upon the extraordinary intimacy of the pair. The doctor was all devotion, and Miss Custer all languor and dependence. She made a beautiful invalid, with her rare complexion and her white, lissome hands lying so restfully and helplessly on the counterpane. One day, after being freshly dressed in an embroidered gown of the finest texture, and instructing Mrs. Tascher how to wind her hair, which was long and abundant, around the top of her head in a coronet that was very becoming to her, she requested to have Mr. Bruce sent in when he came to his dinner. She had some affairs that must be looked into immediately by a legal eye.

"Had you not better just send him a message?" asked Mrs. Tascher.

"No: I prefer to attend to it myself," she returned coldly.

Bruce was therefore sent in, and Mrs. Tascher stepped out into the sitting-room. Miss Custer, who was certainly very white, raised her dusky eyelids, smiled faintly and held out her jewelled hand. Bruce, standing awkwardly enough by the bed-side, took it, but without apparent appreciation of its loveliness.

The invalid had chosen an inopportune moment: despite the subdued light of the chamber, it was high noon and the sun shone burningly outside, and Bruce, who had just eaten a hearty dinner, was utterly devoid of sentiment and indifferent to nice effects. There was a tumbler of dewy roses on a little table beside the bed, and he picked out one, and, sitting down, began eating the leaves one by one. "I hope," said he, thinking it a good plan to rally the sick a little, "you haven't got so discouraged by this indisposition—which the doctor tells me is not at all serious—that you wish to make your will?"

"No," she returned, hardly able to conceal her disgust at the unfeeling wretch: "I merely wish to send to my attorney for some money."

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"Oh, is that it?" said Bruce, laughing. "Then the doctor was right. So long as a person takes a controlling interest in his affairs he is safe."

"A *person!*" thought Miss Custer, and really curled her lip. She gave him her lawyer's address, stated the sum she wanted and told him he might say that she was ill.

"And unable to write," added Bruce. "All right! I shall be as prompt in the execution of your commission as the exigences of the case appear to demand."

He took up his hat and went out cheerily, and Miss Custer turned her face to the wall and cried. For a day or two she was worse: then she grew better, and was finally able to sit up. At the expiration of two weeks Ruth came back. She was very pale and her face had a rigid look. Miss Custer met her sweetly, being still under the subduing influence of invalidism, and Ruth tried to feel kindly to her; which was a great vexation to Mrs. Tascher.

"Let me alone," said Ruth passionately one day. "Don't you see how I hate her? I could almost kill her! I am trying to fight down the demon in me."

The doctor, who had himself grown thin and haggard-looking, welcomed Ruth back with an air of constraint.

One day the young folks of the village got up a picnic and invited Aunt Ruby's boarders. The doctor at first hesitated about giving his permission for Miss Custer to go, but she coaxed, and he finally consented. The evening before the picnic Ruth requested an interview with the doctor, and they walked out into the grove. She told him she wished to release him from his engagement, and it was a painful satisfaction to her to see the agony that was in his face. He accused himself bitterly—said he had broken up her happiness and ruined her life, that he could never forgive himself, and ended by refusing to accept his release, and declaring that he should never avail himself of any of the advantages it offered.

The next morning he went to Bruce with white face and strained eyes, and begged him, for the love he bore him, to take Miss Custer to the picnic and to stay by her.

"So, my boy," said Bruce, not a little affected, "you have got into the ditch and want me to help you out? Well, I will do what I can.—Thank the Lord, his eyes are opened at last!" he muttered as Ebling went away.

The picnic-ground was a wooded hillside that sloped down into a grassy meadow a mile from town. The company all got together at the appointed hour—two in the afternoon—in the street below Aunt Ruby's, and waited for her boarders to come out. Ruth had persuaded Mrs. Tascher to go, and the doctor, with a painful attempt to appear natural, kept beside her and was scrupulously attentive to her comfort. Ruth playfully claimed Hugh as her escort. Bruce, true to agreement, monopolized Miss Custer in a masterly way, much to her surprise. She tried to snub him at first, but he ignored all her efforts in that direction with consummate stupidity, and in the end she submitted with a charming grace that was torture to the doctor.

Everybody seemed in fine spirits, but on the part of two or three members of the company we have reason to suppose that it was *only* seeming. And perhaps a little general knowledge of the affairs of mankind might justify us in the suspicion that there were others not so happy as their bright looks seemed to warrant. But, however that might be, every one threw in his or her contribution to the pleasure and amusement of the day. The doctor helped to lay out a croquet-ground and fixed the target for archery-practice; Hugh was active in putting up swings; some of the older and more dignified gentlemen, including Bruce, took upon themselves the lighter duty of entertaining the ladies; when lunch-time came some of the young fellows kindled a fire, and Ruth boiled the coffee. After that there was a good deal of pairing off and walking about, or sitting cozily upon old mossy, fallen trunks of trees.

Miss Custer, who had not yet risen from the grass-plot where she had sat to eat her dinner, looked away down across the green meadows with sleepy, half-shut eyes, and asked, "What is that pile of stones in the corner yonder?"

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A youthful jeweller whom she remembered among her distant admirers answered, "It's an old well. This place here used to be a stock-farm, but it hasn't been used for that for a good many years; so the framework and buckets have been taken away."

Miss Custer, seized with a sudden impulse, sprang up and exclaimed, "I have a great mind to go down and take a look into it. Old wells have a peculiar fascination for me, and that one looks so lovely and romantic!"

She had a thought that Bruce might volunteer to accompany her, but that indolent barrister, sprawling upon the grass at her feet, hardly felt called upon by the nature of his agreement with Ebling to undergo quite so much as that. He reflected that it was his business to keep the charmer out of mischief for the day. "And if she meanders away to that fascinating well," he thought, "in her own solitary company, nobody will be damaged, so far as I can see."

But Miss Custer, seeing no other way and feeling the position a little awkward, appealed to Ruth, who got up and started with her. When they had clambered down the rather steep hill to the meadow's edge Miss Custer affectionately took her arm. "Don't you think picnics are stupid things?" she asked confidently.

"Why," said Ruth, "we didn't think so this morning."

"Oh no, not when we were anticipating, but

One of the pleasures of having a rout
Is the pleasure of having it over.

I shall be glad when we get back home, though I suppose we shall not start till near sundown."

When they reached the well Miss Custer stepped upon the flat white stones with which it was walled up to the surface of the ground and gazed down into its dark depths. "What a queer feeling that is which one is almost sure to have standing upon the edge of danger!—a sort of reckless impulse to throw one's self forward. Did you ever feel it?" Ruth, standing just behind her as she leaned over, saw her hands involuntarily clutch her dress, as though the strange temptation were so great that she must hold herself forcibly back from it. "I have—a thousand times," she added; "and I feel it now."

"Take care!" cried Ruth, catching at her.

Miss Custer, in turning away her charmed gaze, lost her balance from sheer dizziness and plunged forward. Ruth, with a look and cry of horror, bent over and saw the fearful descent, so quick and so noiseless until the dull splash was heard and the black water opened and closed again. Then she threw up her hands and started to run toward the hill, calling loudly. But already they had seen and were coming. One—Doctor Ebling—was far ahead of the rest. Ruth met him and turned back with him.

"Ruth, you did it: I saw you push her," he found breath to say. But Ruth's sensibilities were too shocked to feel the accusation.

The doctor was halfway down the well before any one else reached the spot. Bruce had had the forethought to cut down a swing and bring the rope. In a very few minutes Miss Custer—or what was believed to be her lifeless body—was lying wet upon the grass and the doctor, also dripping, was making a hasty examination of her condition. "I think she will live," was his verdict, "but we must get her home with all speed."

A light wagon coming up the road was signalled to, and they got her into it and drove furiously to town. By the time the rest of the party reached home she was partially recovered, though very weak and terribly shaken.

As soon as it was said that she was out of danger and would probably suffer no serious consequences Ruth recalled the doctor's frightful words: "You did it: I saw you push her."

She rushed in search of him. He was in the parlor, walking back and forth with a troubled air. She went up to him: "Frank, you accused me of doing that dreadful thing. I have just remembered what you said—that you saw me push her. I did not: I put out my hand to save her."

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"I hope to God you did!" said he, but his look was doubting and reproachful.

"Why, Frank," she said, with scarcely enough breath to speak the words, "if you do not believe me it will kill me!"

Just then some one came to the door and beckoned to him, and he went out. Ruth turned, with a breaking heart, to go up stairs. The youthful jeweller was talking to Mrs. Tascher in the hall. "Yes," he was saying, "I saw it all. She was standing leaning over the well, and was just turning to step back when she gave a sort of lurch as if she had got dizzy, and Miss Stanley reached out her hand and caught her by the shoulder. But she had got the start of her, and over she went in a twinkling. The whole thing was done in an instant."

"Oh, Mr. Omes, I wish you would explain all that to Doctor Ebling," said Ruth, coming up.

"Oh, he knows all about it: he saw it the same as I did," said the young man.

A suspicion crossed Ruth's mind that the doctor *knew*, but she could not believe him so base.

Miss Custer was doomed to have a serious time of it, after all. The great excitement brought on fever again, and for some days her recovery was thought doubtful. Everybody in the house did all that was in her or his power to do, and the doctor was more devoted than ever. It became a fixed

idea that he would marry Miss Custer as soon as she was able to sit up. He and Ruth scarcely spoke to each other.

One day Mrs. Tascher told Ruth she must go away.

"Yes, I know," answered Ruth: "I am going."

She packed her trunk again—this time taking all her things—and went back to her aunt's. In less than a week Mrs. Tascher had a letter from her stating that she had started, under the escort of a friend of her guardian's, for Beirut.

It was so great a shock to Mrs. Tascher that she scarcely left her room for ten days after it, and indeed did not wholly recover until another letter came, dated from far-off Syria, with a curious commingling of the strange and the familiar in the well-known handwriting and the foreign post-mark, assuring her that her young friend was safely sheltered under the protection of her guardian and his estimable wife. Ruth dwelt entirely upon her new experience, and never mentioned the old. She had not so much to say about her journey, though it was interesting and delightful, as about her arrival and the meeting with her dear friends, whose loved faces were so sweetly familiar in that strange, strange land that she fell upon their necks and wept. She drew vivid pictures of the magnificent scenery that lay around her in her new home—the gardens, the orange-groves, the figs and olives, the terraced slope of Mount Lebanon, the glorious Mediterranean.

Mrs. Tascher was comforted, though the void made by Ruth's absence was almost like death, the wide space seemed so unspannable. She wrote back at once in all the fulness of her heart, and Ruth was not so absorbed in grief for the loss of her lover but that she appreciated and was deeply grateful for the tender, unflinching affection of her friend. Mrs. Tascher, who felt that the sharpest knife was the best to be used in a case of urgent surgical necessity, wrote briefly that the doctor and Miss Custer were married—that Miss Custer had begged for at least three months' preparation, but the doctor was impatient; and so, as soon as she was able to stand the journey to Boston, where her friends and property were, they had joined hands and started.

"The marriage took place in the parlor," Mrs. Tascher wrote, "and the household were invited to be present. I, however, had a bad headache and could not get down stairs; Bruce pleaded 'business;' and poor Hugh, whose boyish affections have been cruelly tampered with, had a fishing engagement. So there was nobody but Aunt Ruby and her 'help' to witness the touching ceremony except the minister and his wife. It was touching, I suppose: Miss Custer wept bitterly at being so 'neglected,' and Ebling is mortally offended with Bruce."

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Three years went by; which space of time Mrs. Tascher spent chiefly in Florida and New York, going back and forth as the seasons changed in obedience to medical authority. At last she concluded to try a few weeks in Westbrook again. Aunt Ruby, who still kept boarders—all strangers, however—gave her the old rooms up stairs with their pleasant windows. Here she sat and wrote to Ruth a few days after her arrival.

Ruth had become quite contented, and even happy, under the warm Syrian sun, watching with earnest, loving eyes the development of barbarism and heathenism into civilization and Christianity, though it seemed very much to her sometimes as if she had lost her place and personality in the world. She was swallowed up in the great pagan East, and was nothing to the land that owned her—to the people that were her people. She was dead to the life and world to which she had been born.

The family of her guardian, together with some of their pupils, had removed to a little village up the side of the mount to spend a few of the hottest weeks, as was their custom. The mail was regularly brought up by a young Arab riding a mule. One evening, when Ruth had gone to sit alone on one of the grassy terraces overlooking the sea and the luxuriant foliage and vegetation below—a thing she liked, though it usually made her pensive and a little sad—a young Syrian girl ran down and gave her a letter. It was Mrs. Tascher's, and I will take the liberty to transcribe a part of it here:

"Aunt Ruby has furnished me with a good many surprising items in regard to the fortunes and actions of our old associates. Bruce (he was a splendid fellow—wasn't he?—solid, practical and all that), who, you remember, had a good deal of means, has built himself a house, something quite elegant. It stands on that little knoll on the other side of the town, overlooking the river. I mean to go over and take a look at it some day: it is said to be beautifully furnished, and is kept by an old maiden aunt of our friend. Bruce, by the way, is in Europe, though what took him there I cannot conjecture, unless he means to bring home a European exportation in the shape of a wife. I wish, my dear, *you* had taken a fancy to him: I always thought he admired you. You don't mind my probing an old wound—do you?—because I want to speak of some of the others. Miss Custer's fortune, as it turned out, was extremely limited. She had, I believe, enough to furnish a small rented house here, and she and the doctor immediately went to housekeeping. But time, which settles all things and places them in their true light and relations, has brought to the notice of this precious pair that they are very ill adapted to each other: it is even said that they quarrel. The coarser gossips affirm that Mrs. Ebling is lazy and shiftless, and that the doctor is disheartened and neglects his business. I have seen him once, and can judge something of his state by his bearing and looks. He is certainly not the sort of man I once thought he would make. Whether there is better stuff in him than what we see developed, or whether he owes what he is entirely to circumstances, is an unsolvable question. I am inclined to think that every person has

the making of two individuals in him—one bad, the other good. What a pity that a man usually has only one chance! If he makes a mistake he is lost. My dear Ruth, in the whole course of my life I have kept my eyes upon the infallible law of cause and effect; and I know this, that wrong-doing inevitably brings its own retribution."

When Ruth took her eyes from this letter and fixed them upon the distant blue water-depths they were brimful of tears. "Yes, wrong-doing is followed by retribution," she thought, "but where is the reward for right-doing?"

Oh, she felt so lonely in that far-off heathen land, with the shadow of others' wrong-doing lying always across her path! Why must she suffer and be alone?

A step from behind startled her, and she sprang up and turned round. A pair of black eyes were smiling at her from a handsome, familiar face. "Oh, Mr. Bruce!" she cried, and flew up the steps, holding out both her hands.

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"I have come such a long way to see you," said Bruce, "that my motive must be pretty conspicuous: I don't mean to try to conceal it. Perhaps you have never thought of me as a man you would be at all likely to marry. Still, I have made it my business to come and ask you, and I thought I might better let you know my errand at once, instead of leaving you to guess it from any clownish efforts of mine to do the agreeable to you."

He certainly broke it to her very well, smiling and holding her hands—so well that she laughed heartily and was at home with him in a moment.

One day it was rumored in Westbrook that Bruce had come home with a wife. The news had but just reached Aunt Ruby's premises when Bruce himself came rapidly up the path and asked for Mrs. Tascher. She came down at once. "I have come for you to go and call upon my wife," said he.

"Why, Mr. Bruce—" she began.

But he stopped her, and in spite of her demurring carried her off.

"You certainly *have* a lovely place, Mr. Bruce," she said, looking admiringly round as they mounted the front steps of his residence. The door flew open, and there, waiting to welcome her, stood the bride—Ruth.

ALICE ILGENFRITZ.

WHERE LIGHTNING STRIKES.

The air has been growing hotter for many days, with "occasional counteracting influences" (as "Probabilities" says), until the sunshine-loving doves hide under shadowing gables and the robins and sparrows sit on the lower branches of the trees with little wings lifted from their palpitating sides. The multitudinous shrilling of the grasshoppers adds emphasis to the white heats of the air. Even the housefly seeks the shade and hums drowsily in complicated orbits about the upper part of the room, or, with too keen proboscis, destroys my last crumb of comfort, the post-prandial nap.

My eyes open upon a world that dreams. The trees stand motionless. Among their tops the bullbat darts erratically. The pale star of thistledown mounts on some mysterious current, like an infant soul departing heavenward. The hum of the near city is hushed. The sound of the church-bells is muffled. The trumpeting of the steamer comes from the bay, as though some lone sea-monster called aloud for companionship. There is a sudden rattle and roar as a train rushes by, and then the smoke drifts away over the glowing landscape.

But there is an increasing opaque dimness in the western horizon that steadily deepens in color. Fleece-like clouds rapidly increase in height and density, and a sheet of pale flame flashes from the midst and is gone. A glowing, crinkly line marks the edge of the cloud, and disappears.

Now swallows soar far up in the sky, the doves make wild, uncertain flights above the steeples, and the hoarse trumpet of the steamer again calls for recognition. At the west another bright line falls, zigzag, to a distant hill, revealed an instant, then lost in the shadow of the cloud. Soon there is a low, momentary rumble, and you are assured that the swift, delightful, dangerous shower, that cools the earth without interrupting our pleasures for dreary days, is approaching. No one whose dwelling is not better protected than most of those which bear the vain and flimsy decorations called "lightning-rods" can know whether his own house may not in a few moments receive a ruinous stroke, or that it may not be his lot to enter eternity with the first flash from that dark, towering mass of sulphurous hue that already casts its ominous shadow upon his face.

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Timid persons should experience gladness rather than alarm at the sound of the thunder and the flash of the lightning, both being signals that personal danger is past for the time. Persons who have been struck and rendered insensible, but who have afterward recovered, had not seen or heard what hurt them. Unless we are acquainted with the locality, and know the points likely to receive the fiery bolt; if a disruptive discharge occurs near us there is no telling the spot of danger or of safety in open ground. A discharge from the front of the cloud may take a downward angle of forty-five degrees, and, passing over hill and forest, strike an insignificant knoll or a

moist meadow half a mile in advance of the cloud. For myself, if overtaken in the country by a thunderstorm, I would seek the nearest and most convenient shelter from the rain and take my chance with the lightning.

Teams and the persons accompanying them appear to be peculiarly in danger during a thunderstorm. Caves, and even deep mines, afford no absolute safety, for the thunderbolt has been known to enter even these. Tall trees are more dangerous than low ones, but none of them appear capable of affording protection against this mysterious element. The people of different countries have regarded various kinds of trees as exempt from the electric stroke, but inquiry has always shown that every species has suffered in one locality or another. The beech, from some cause, has probably escaped more generally than any other tree of considerable size in northern latitudes. But it is the neighborhood of a good conductor, not a sheltering non-conductor, that affords safety. Some scientific men have advised a station of fifteen to forty feet from a tree, or such a position between several trees, but it has sometimes happened that such open spaces have received the bolt. In cities and villages, likewise, open spaces are not found to be places of safety.^[5]

The question whether the small metallic articles usually carried about the person increase the danger is a matter of some concern. Many persons on the approach of a thunderstorm customarily relieve themselves of these things. Hair-pins, clasps and the metallic springs often used in the dresses of ladies are not, however, so easily got rid of. From the record of the effects of lightning upon the human body we reach the conclusion that metal is dangerous about the person only according to its position. Constantine mentions that during a thunderstorm a lady raised her arm to close a window, when a flash of lightning entered: her golden bracelet was entirely dissipated, but without the slightest injury to the wearer. A similar case is reported in the *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal* for 1844. During a violent thunderstorm a fishing-boat belonging to Midyell, in the Shetland Islands, was struck by lightning. The discharge came down the mast (which it tore into shivers) and melted a watch in the pocket of a man who was sitting close by, without at all injuring him. He was not even aware of what had happened until, on taking out his watch, he found it fused into one mass. Instances might be cited where a portion of the shoe was carried away without serious injury to the wearer, and where knitting-needles, scissors and other household implements have been struck, sometimes conducting the current to the person with fatal effect.

During a thunderstorm in France in July, 1858, a peasant-woman, on her way home from the fields, was struck down by lightning. No wound was detected upon her person, but her hair was singed and a part of a silver comb melted. Here metal seems to have conducted the electricity to the body. On the other hand, the traveller Brydone relates a circumstance which happened to a lady who was regarding a thunderstorm from her window. At a flash of lightning her bonnet was reduced to ashes, nothing else about her being affected. Brydone supposes the electric current to have been attracted by the metallic wire which maintained the shape of her bonnet. Hence he proposes that either these wires be abandoned or in times of danger a metallic chain be attached to the bonnet, by which the charge might pass to the earth. Accordingly, we find that it became fashionable in France at that period to wear on the top of the bonnet an ornament of bright metal connecting with a small silver chain dropping down to the ground. At about the same time umbrellas were carried fitted with wires and chain for a similar purpose.

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In July, 1819, lightning fell upon the prison of Biberach in Suabia, and there struck, in a common apartment, among twenty prisoners, one only—a condemned captain of brigands, who was chained about the waist. A similar arrangement of metal proved fatal in another case. On the 9th of October, 1836, on the coast of Italy, a young man was struck by lightning and killed. It was found that he wore a girdle containing gold coins. Undoubtedly, danger or safety depends on properly placing the conducting object. It may convey the current to the vital organs or it may ward off the stroke. Probably any line of metal parallel with the length of the body when upright would be in some degree a protection. The noted Dr. King once saw a military company receive a discharge of electricity from the clouds upon their bayonets, whence their muskets conducted it to the ground without harm or any painful shock. On the other hand, a battalion of French infantry, while marching between Mouzon and Stenay, June 2, 1849, was struck by lightning, and two men killed, while about two hundred were struck to the ground. Blood flowed from their mouths, ears and noses. This effect appears to have been the result of the concussion. Similar results sometimes follow from heavy discharges of artillery.

Uniform testimony goes to show that men in metallic armor have never been fatally injured by lightning. A complete suit of metallic armor embodies the principle of the well-known electrical cage of Faraday. This is simply a basket of wire network with its open side to the ground. If the wire is of proper size and the capacity sufficient, this cage is the most effectual protection possible, unless the walls be of solid iron.

If one places beside him a better direct conductor to the earth than his own body, he will not be fatally injured by the electric current, though, if it pass very near, he may be blinded by the glare or deafened by the noise—effects which are usually temporary. Equal safety for buildings may be similarly secured.

Glass being so well known as an excellent non-conductor, some have been led to suppose it effectual in warding off the disruptive stroke. Hence chambers or cases of glass have actually been made for the use of individuals who were apt to be overcome with terror during the prevalence of a thunderstorm. In this belief, also, the vane of Christ Church in Doncaster,

England, was furnished with a glass ball; but the spire was afterward struck, causing great damage. Many also think they may sit beside a closed window in safety, but records of holes being melted in the glass and whole windows crumbled to powder by lightning are too numerous to admit of any reliance upon such a precaution.

In the case of silken garments the evidence met with does not warrant a statement either for or against them; yet there appears to be no reason why this non-conductor should be more of a safeguard than any other. No doubt an abundance of gold and silver lace, or cloth having threads of these metals, might prove a protection. Feather beds, too, have been regarded as places of safety, but persons have been killed by lightning while in bed. Dr. Franklin advised especially that the vicinity of chimneys be avoided, because lightning often enters a room by them. All metallic bodies, mirrors and gilded ornaments, he held, should likewise be shunned. Contact with the walls or the floor or proximity to a chandelier, a projecting gas-pipe, a position between two considerable pieces or surfaces of metals, unless distant, are all hazardous. Draughts of air are also to be avoided. Bell-wires may generally be considered as protective, though too small to be effectual. Perhaps a hammock, in addition to the preceding precautions, will afford as much security as can be derived from insulation. But in a building having continuous iron walls, posts or pillars from top to bottom, or in one which is properly supplied with conductors in other forms, all the foregoing precautions may be neglected without apprehension. Yet, as was suggested early in this article, the great number of buildings damaged by lightning while furnished with rods has caused much distrust of this system of protection.

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From the large number of trees receiving the electric current it has come to be thought by many that these may be the best protectors of buildings if properly placed. In a case coming under my observation a tree received (or at least deflected) the current and communicated it to the house. In many instances, however, the building is struck while tall trees near by are untouched.

There is no doubt that lightning generally strikes elevated rather than low objects, and therefore it has been thought that a building surrounded by steeples had nothing to fear. As previously stated, however, the bolt sometimes selects a low object when high ones are at hand. For example, lightning fell upon a house occupied by Lord Tilney in Naples, although it was surrounded on all sides, at the distance of four or five hundred paces, by the towers and domes of a great number of churches, all wet with a heavy rain.

In considering the matter of protection from lightning we must bear in mind that trees, buildings, masts and other elevated points exert no attractive power on the thundercloud except in connection with the great plane where they are situated. The primary cause of the discharge is not in the metals of the building, the exact point or line in which the insulation by the air breaks down being determined by a variety of causes. The elevated points of a building or ship may form a channel for the passage of the current, but it is not the only one nor the cause of the discharge, which would take place sooner or later though the ship or building were absent altogether.

There has been a difference of opinion in regard to the area protected by lightning-conductors, early notions on this point having been much exaggerated. Leroy's, in 1788, is the earliest positive statement which I have met. It is, that a conductor protects a horizontal space around it equal to somewhat more than three times the height of the metal rod above the building to which it is attached. The physical section of the Academy of Sciences of Paris, on being consulted by the Minister of War in 1823, expressed the opinion that a lightning-conductor protects a circular space of which the radius is equal to the height of the rod. Here, apparently, is a wide difference, but possibly the estimates refer to different elevations. Leroy clearly intended an area at a level with the top of the building; thus, supposing the rod to be attached to a chimney six feet in height and to rise a foot and a half above the chimney, then it would protect a radius of about ten feet on the roof. The estimate of the Academy of Sciences speaks of the total height of the rod, and refers to a horizontal area at the base of the measurement, whether this began at the ground or at the top of the structure to which the rod is attached. In this view the estimates do not differ so much as might appear, the latter being about one-third less than that of Leroy. Other French writers estimate the area protected as having a radius of double the height of the rod above the highest point of the connected structure, being twice the radius allowed by the Academy. Later physicists have been cautious in giving figures, for experience has shown that estimates of protection are not accurately observed by the descending bolt. For instance, when Her Majesty's corvette Dido, furnished with the best system of conductors, was struck by lightning, the discharge fell in a double or forked current upon the main royal mast, one of the branches striking the extreme point of the royal yard arm and passing along to the conductor on the mast, while the other fork fell on the vane, spindle and truck; which last was split open. As soon as the discharge reached the conductor all damage ceased.

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The practice of the best electricians has now long been to protect all angles and projections, the latter by a branch of the rod, and the former by running a line of rod over them, having at every few feet sharp points of an inch or two in length attached to and standing out at right angles with the rod. Indeed, some go even beyond this, forming points along the whole length of the conductors by notching the corners of a square rod with a chisel. Sometimes a rod is twisted for ornament, but with a loss for practical uses, for in a twisted rod the electrical current is retarded, and a portion of the charge is more liable to leave the conductor.

In England, during our Revolutionary war, an active scientific discussion was carried on as to whether the upper end of a lightning-conductor should be sharp or blunt. "The scientific aspect of the question soon became lost in political acrimony, those who, with Dr. Franklin, advocated

sharp conductors, being classed with him and the Revolutionary party, while those who advocated blunt conductors were held to be loyal subjects and good citizens." There is a difference in the action of a sharp conductor and one with a blunt end or terminating in a ball. In the first the point silently receives the current, while in the other the opposite electricities of the rod and cloud may meet with explosion; but the building will not necessarily be injured from this cause. M. Michel proposed to combine the advantages of the two systems by having the rod terminate in a spherical enlargement from which should project points in various directions. This, he thought, would lessen the danger of fusion and control the current at distances where it might escape other forms of terminal. Some American electricians now use a modification of this form, surmounting the rod with a branching tip, while others prefer the single point. The latter is the form used in the American and British navies. The vane, with its appurtenances, is sometimes made the terminal of the conductor, and should at least always be connected.

The practice is also a good one of combining balustrades, finials and other metal-work at the tops of buildings with the system, by which protection is rendered more complete. Especially is it important to connect with a metallic roof at its lower edge, and with the gutters, unless the rain-conductors connect with the earth to its moist mass.

In regard to the material for conductors, copper is undoubtedly the best, but more expensive than iron. The latter is more liable to rust, and on account of its lower conductive power is more easily melted. An electrical explosion which only melts a copper wire would utterly destroy an iron wire of twice the diameter of the former. In being heated a rod contracts in length, and is then liable to fracture by the shrinkage, but if of sufficient size these results are not likely to occur. An iron rod, by successively receiving an electrical discharge, is sometimes reduced in size.

The conducting power of metals likely to be found in buildings is as follows: taking the power of lead as *one*, that of tin will be *two*—that is, tin conducts electricity twice as well as lead; iron, nearly two and a half times as well; zinc, four times; and copper, twelve times. From this comparison of conducting power the important fact will appear that when any two of these metals are used in the same line of conduction, the one of low power should be proportionately larger. Sir W.S. Harris—perhaps the best authority on lightning-rods in general—advises that the size of the rod, if of iron, should be three-fourths of an inch in diameter, although he admits that probably never in the experience of man has a rod half an inch in diameter been melted by an electrical discharge. He regarded the extent of surface rather than quantity of metal in the conductor as the measure of its power, while many other electricians hold the contrary opinion.

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It is important that the conductor should form an unbroken line throughout its extent, otherwise there is danger that a portion of the charge may be diverted from it. For instance: a large barn struck not long since had a conductor at each of three corners. In order to maintain the uniformity of the four angles of the square hip roof, a rod was run from the main conductor down the fourth angle to the hip, where it terminated in an erect point. A heavy discharge struck the main rod at the cupola, and, descending, divided among the four branches. That on the short branch jumped from its end to the metal sheathing along the angle of the roof, which it followed to the gutter, passing along this to one of the conductors, doing some damage on the way. Had not the charge found a line of metal on which to continue its course from the end of the rod, it would have done greater damage, and most likely have set the building on fire.

Another point of importance is, that the connection of the joints of the rod be perfect, as explosions and fusion occur wherever the surface in contact is less than the size of the rod, unless the latter is much larger than necessary. The hook and the lap joints, if not very carefully made, are liable to this objection. The best connection, no doubt, is that of the screw coupling.

The insulation of the rod from the building is an expense not only without the least advantage, but the contrary. Harris (*Thunderstorms*, pp. 129, 131) says: "This practice is not only useless, but disadvantageous, and is manifestly inconsistent with the principles on which conductors are applied." Dr. Franklin says: "The rod may be fastened to the wall, chimney, etc. with staples of iron. The lightning will not leave the rod to pass into the wall through these staples. It would rather, if any were in the wall, pass out of it into the rod, to get more readily by that conductor to the earth." The practice may have gained vogue from an observance of the use of glass knobs as insulators of telegraph-wires. Many intelligent people have failed to apprehend the vast difference between the low tension of voltaic electricity and frictional electricity, lightning being in the nature of the latter. The fact that when lightning strikes the telegraph-wire it jumps from the wire to the posts, often tearing in pieces half a dozen in a row, ought to be conclusive in regard to insulating lightning-rods.

The same considerations will also effectually dissipate the fallacy by which the horizontal lightning-rod has duped so many people in certain portions of the West; for if the wire be cut off from the ground-connections (in which condition it accords with the conductor in question) the posts (which answer to the building thus "protected") must suffer still greater damage. So far from being insulated, the rod should be connected with all considerable masses of metal in the building, these having also a good connection with the earth. Frequently during a thunder-shower—sometimes even on the approach of one—all metallic objects will be electrified, and those of considerable size will often yield a spark; and this without the building containing these objects being struck. When struck, the larger masses of metal might occasion a dangerous explosion from induction, though at some distance from the rod: for this reason, as before stated, they should be connected with the ground. Being then liable to receive a part of the current from

the conductor in case this be too small, they should be connected with it, as otherwise the current would cause damage in its passage. In a word, therefore, all metal bodies in a building should, as far as possible, be made a part of the system of conduction. This matter is not well understood generally. A dwelling in Boston having been struck by lightning a few years since, a neighbor remarked that "it was fortunate the lightning did not reach the gas-pipe, for it would then have gone all over the house." The fact was, that the bolt did not go more than five feet inside the house before it struck the pipe, and there all damage ended. The idea may be novel to most people, but if the gas-or water-pipes were carried above the roof to the usual height of lightning-rods, they would form a very efficient system of conductors so long as they were connected with the main pipes in the street. Knowing the destructive character of lightning when it passes through air, wood, brick, stone or other non-conductor, people are naturally fearful of allowing the current to run through their houses. But the lion and the lamb are not more different than are the disruptive discharge while passing through a non-conductor and the same current passing through a good conductor.

The system of lightning-conductors in use in the British navy goes through the woodwork of the vessel, the conductors sunk in the side of the masts connecting with the sea through the metal bolts in the hull. After the terrible charge of electricity had fallen on the Chichester, Captain Stewart wrote: "I examined the planks about the bolts, and found all quite fair and water-tight." (These "bolts" formed the lower part of the system of conduction, passing through the bottom of the vessel and connecting with the water.) After twenty-five years' use there had not, as we learn from the *British Nautical Magazine* for March, 1853, been a solitary instance of serious damage by lightning on ships fitted with these conductors, though many had been struck by heavy discharges. In our own navy the conductors pass from the upper part of the mast over the side of the vessel.

It is not, however, to advocate making the gas-and water-pipes the main lines of conduction that I have made these citations, but to remove in some degree the dread of "having the lightning come into the house." A better conductor would be the metal covering of the roof when such material is used. When a good metallic connection is made between a metal roof and metal rain-conductors, which, in their turn, are well connected with the earth, nothing further is needed for complete protection than a rod soldered to the roof for each chimney or other projection. But as the lightning is liable to melt the plate at the point where it enters, especially if the metal be tin or zinc, it is well to solder points at the angles. Some, "to make assurance doubly sure," carry the rods over the whole distance quite to the ground in addition. All authorities consider such a system as this to be as complete a defence against lightning as possible.

"If," says Harris, "a building or a ship were perfectly metallic in all its parts, no damage could possibly arise to it when struck by lightning, since the explosive action would vanish the instant the electrical agency entered the metal. In applying lightning-conductors, therefore, as a means of guarding against the destructive effects of lightning, our object should be to carry out this principle in all its generality, and bring the building or ship as nearly as possible into that state of passive electrical resistance it would have supposing the whole mass were iron throughout."

After the most careful and extended inquiry possible to him, it is the writer's conclusion that in nearly every case of serious damage by lightning to a building having conductors of any well-known system (except the horizontal, which is not a conductor at all in the usual sense of the word), the failure to protect has been on account of a *defective ground-connection*. The fact is the more surprising as this connection is so much within control and is the least costly part of the system. This fault has arisen from the failure of lightning-rod men, as well as owners of buildings, to apprehend what constitutes a ground-connection for electricity. If the eye sees the end of the conductor pass a short distance beneath the surface, all the connection necessary is thought to be effected, because "the ground is always wet enough in a shower." In the cities it is customary to connect the rod with the water-or gas-pipes in the street, which makes the conduction perfect. In the absence of these it is best to carry the rod to a well; and it is always desirable to enlarge the lower end of the conductor, which may be done by soldering it there to a sheet of copper. If the termination of the line cannot be carried to a well, it should be deeply buried in a bed of coke or charcoal that has been subjected to a red heat.

A season or two ago a large barn in the vicinity of Boston was struck by lightning, and though there were rods at three of the four corners, three kine were killed by the discharge. The barn stood upon the side of a hill, having a cellar and sub-cellar, the bottom of the last being very moist. An ox stood in one corner, a cow in another and a heifer at a third, and each received a fatal stroke. On examination it was found that the rods entered the ground to the depth of only about one foot, and the soil, being dry, perfectly insulated them. Consequently, on the way to damp earth the currents jumped to the nearest conductors, which happened to be these unfortunate animals. In placing conductors it must not be forgotten that dry earth in general is not a conductor. Neither will any small quantity of surface water serve to check the rage of the electric stroke, unless there is a connection of moisture with the mass of moisture below the soil.

The depth to which lightning may penetrate before it is so dissipated as to lose its dangerous character is shown by the fulgurites, or "lightning-tubes," sometimes found in sandy soils. Their formation has been conclusively traced to disruptive electrical discharges from the clouds, which have melted the sand by the intense heat generated in passing through to a moist earth. These tubes generally divide into prongs, like a parsnip, as they descend. The inner surface is smooth and very bright. It scratches glass and strikes fire as a flint. They are sometimes found three inches in external diameter, and extending to a depth of thirty feet. In one instance five of these

tubes were found in a single hill.

This tendency of certain localities to receive the electrical discharge is further illustrated by the number of times certain buildings in every considerable town have been struck. As before stated, the elevation of the structure does not seem to be the determining influence in directing the stroke, for the unfortunate edifice often stands much lower than some others in the vicinity which have always been struck. Numerous illustrations of this can be found in the records of European countries. Hollis Street Church in Boston has been struck several times, though the ground on which it stands is but little above the level of the sea, while the State-House, on the very apex of Beacon Hill, with great quantities of metal in surface and mass, is not known ever to have received a disruptive discharge. It has been supposed that the copper covering of the roof, including the gilded dome, its rain-pipes and four excellent lightning-rods, have had the effect of neutralizing the air about it by constant conduction of mild currents. Yet the rod on the spire of Somerset Street Church, nearby and eastward of the State-House, but lower, has been seen to receive a disruptive discharge. Bunker Hill Monument, about a mile north-west and some twenty feet higher, has several times received powerful discharges, which a good conductor has always carried harmlessly away.

There has also been observed a tendency of the current not only to strike certain buildings, but to enter the earth at a certain point whenever such buildings are struck. Some of our oldest and most successful appliers of rods believe that at certain points there are natural electric currents, or at least readier conduction for them than at others. Yet these points can become known only by repeated disasters. Lightning-rod men who are adepts in their business now take care to overcome adverse currents by enlarging the lower part of the conductors and by carrying them to greater depth.

Soon after the powder-magazine of the Boston Navy Yard was completed the neighboring residents grew fearful, and petitioned the authorities that it should be better protected from lightning. It had already four excellent rods, one at each corner of the building; but to these peaceful and unwarlike citizens every thunderstorm was a great battle in which their homes were in danger of destruction and their own lives in jeopardy. The result of their action was, that a trench four feet deep was dug entirely around the magazine, and in its bottom was laid a continuous line of sheet copper four inches in width: to this the plate of each rod was soldered, and then the soil was replaced.^[6] No one could doubt now that the stealthy upward stroke would be caught and the mysterious earth-currents overcome. It is supposed that thenceforth the tremors of the good citizens ceased. The massive magazine with its fiery contents yet stands, though terrible peals of thunder have shaken it and fearful bolts have fallen near.

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GEORGE J. VARNEY.

FOOTNOTES:

- [5] Among other beliefs in regard to lightning is that of the upward stroke. It has even found expression in the *American Journal of Science and Arts*. On careful consideration of the cases offered in support, both printed and unprinted, I find that every one is susceptible of a reasonable explanation without this theory.
- [6] It is not usual that the body of moisture can be reached so near the surface, but this magazine is situated on low ground.

THE SEA'S SECRET.

Just as it is, it hath been, love, I know—
So long ago
That time and place have faded: I forget
What rivers ran, what hills closed round us; yet
Thus much my soul remembers: thou and I
Saw the sun's rise and set, felt life slip by.

And then it was that first the deep-voiced sea
Sang low to thee and me
Its ancient secrets by the lonely shore;
And we two watched the strange birds dip and soar
Between the fading sea-line, far and dim,
And the white dazzle of the sands' long rim.

All that thou saidst—all that we heard and told
In some lost language old—
Has perished like the speech; yet *this* remains:
From the vast desert of the ocean-plains
A great moon climbing, with a dull red glare
Like smouldering fire, far up the purple air.

And then—I cannot grasp it—yet I *know*
That something, long ago,
Held fast thy soul to mine with cords of pain
And marvellous joy, and love's sweet loss and gain.
All save that love the years have swept away—
A thousand years, a single yesterday!

But when my soul dreams, by the lonely sea,
Back to eternity,
I hear an echo, through its hollow moan,
From those lost lives drowned in the centuries gone:
I catch the haunting memory, and I know
The secret that you told me long ago.

G.A. DAVIS.

It is not usual that the body of moisture can be reached so near the surface, but this magazine is situated on low ground.

DUNGENESS, GENERAL GREENE'S SEA-ISLAND PLANTATION.

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Southernmost of those famed "Sea Islands" of Georgia, lying right in sight of Florida's northern shore, on the northern verge of the tropic border-land, Cumberland Island presents its beach-front to the ocean. It unites within itself all those attractions which have made Florida famous—all but river and lake: it has the balmiest climate in the South; the vegetation of its forests is semi-tropical; it has game in abundance. It has all these, and yet its territory is now a waste.

In November I visited it, and again in April, and later in August. To reach it one must go first to St. Mary's, the town farthest south on the Georgia coast, or to Fernandina, the northernmost city in Florida. In either case he will have to hire a boat and a boatman, and in either case he must carry with him his provisions.

St. Mary's in April is St. Mary's in August—a drowsy, quaint old town, warm in the daytime and cool at night; hot in the sunlight, but with cool sea-breezes. The streets of St. Mary's are her glory: they are one hundred feet wide, carpeted with a green sward smooth as a shaven lawn, lined with live-oaks and china trees. In April the latter are in full bloom, their lilac blossoms hanging in dense panicles, the green leaves flecking them just enough to afford contrast, and the sombre Spanish moss depending gracefully from every branch and limb. Great gaudy butterflies are continually hovering over them and fluttering uneasily from flower to flower, and gleaming humming-birds, our own Northern summer visitors (the *Trochilus colubris*), are flashing from tree to tree, now poised a moment in air, now sipping honey from the tiny cups.

From the lighthouse dome at Fernandina one can look over half the island, trace the white sand-beach miles to the south—follow it north till it curves inland where Amelia Sound, the mouth of the St. Mary's River, forms the harbor. Away north runs up Cumberland Beach, and among the trees and over a broad stretch of marsh gleam white the ruins of "Dungeness." West, again, one sees the gloomy pines of the main land, behind which the sun goes down, lighting gloriously the marsh and silver threads of the river.

Unlike the seasons of the North, there is here no perceptible line of demarcation between them. We cannot positively assert that spring has opened or summer or winter begun. As for autumn and harvest-time, the crops are being continually gathered in. So since the year came in I have seen various plants and shrubs in bloom that ought to open with spring. Up the Ocklawaha in January I saw the blackberry or dewberry in blossom; and ever since, along the St. John's in that month and February, on the banks of the St. Mary's in February and March, and even here, in Fernandina and St. Mary's, it is blossoming and bearing fruit. It is this week—the first week in April—that we obtained the first fruit for the table, buying it for ten cents a quart. It puzzles one to think of planting. When must he begin? Last Christmas one of our truck-farmers had a large crop of peas ready to harvest: a chance frost gobbled them up, however: now (April) peas and potatoes are in their prime.

By the middle of April the china trees have dropped their blossoms, and the streets beneath are strewn with withered flowers. The fragrance that filled the air has departed with the humming-birds and butterflies. The pomegranate still continues in bloom: its vividly-scarlet flowers have delighted us ever since the middle of March. The figs commenced leafing with the month: now they are green with broad leaves, and in the axil of each appears the rudiment of a fruit. They are grotesquely gnarled and twisted, taking most unthought-of shapes and positions. The mocking-birds have mated and begun the construction of their nests. Their music is delightful: nearly all the day long they sing, and sometimes in the night. It seems almost wicked—to mercenary man—to think that birds worth twenty-five dollars apiece are freely fluttering about unharmed. When the breeding season has opened, however, it will not close without some family of mocking-birds

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being made desolate, for the young Ethiopian hath an ear for music, and most eagerly seeketh the young bird in its downy nest, trusting to the unsuspecting Yankee for remuneration therefor.

The month went out in glorious style: every morning of its thirty days had opened with unclouded sky, and each night's sun went down with a blaze of glory that flooded the marshes with golden light and left painted on the sky clouds of royal purple and crimson. Two or three showers sprang upon us in the afternoon, ending after a stay of an hour or two, cooling the air and refreshing weary man most wonderfully. Plums and peaches are nearly grown and turning color. They afford another illustration of the dilatory motions of vegetation here. In January I left some plum trees in full bloom: returning a month later, I found the same trees still white with flowers. The peaches were pink with bloom in February and March, and even in April some blushing flowers appear.

This was Fernandina and St. Mary's in April: in August the latter town had changed but little. The streets were as green as in early spring: the flowers were fewer, but the air was heavy with the fragrance of crape-myrtle and orange. It was hot in the morning, but an early breeze from the ocean soon came in, blowing with refreshing coolness all day long. It was even pleasanter than in spring and winter, the air clearer and more bracing, and annoying insects had disappeared.

St. Mary's is intimately connected with Cumberland Island in history. In the war of 1812 the island was taken, and the slaves were offered their freedom by Admiral Cockburn; but such was their attachment to the place and their masters that but one availed himself of this opportunity to escape. At Point Peter, where the main land of Georgia terminates in the marshes of St. Mary's, a fight occurred, and there are yet the remains of an earthwork thrown up by the Americans to repulse the British fleet in its advance on St. Mary's.

The oldest inhabitant of St. Mary's, who is said to have scored a century, old "Daddy Paddy"—a negro who bears in his face the tattooing of his native Africa—participated in that fight. He lives in a little cabin on a street by the wharf, and devotes his time to fishing, at which he is very expert. Upon being questioned regarding the fight, he seemed rather hazy as to dates, but was positive as to the time he first saw America: "De wah ob de rebenuw was jes' clar' peace when I land at Charleston from Afriky. Was young man den, jes' growd. No, sah, nebaw saw Gin'l Wash'tun, but heah ob him, sah: he fout wid de British, sah, an' gain de vic'try at New Orleans, sah."

"That was General Jackson, uncle."

"No, sah! Gin'l Jackson mout ha' ben thar, but Gin'l Wash'tun, he hab a han' in it. Yes, sah, I'se de fust settlah, sah: was in St. Mary's afo' a street was laid out [in 1787], an' 'twas all bay-gall an' hammock."

The Indian name of Cumberland Island was Missoe ("beautiful land"), and this was changed when Oglethorpe visited the island, at the request of an Indian chief who had received some kindness from the duke of Cumberland. It is related in an old English record, of which I have seen a copy, that the duke was so well pleased at this evidence of good-will that he caused a hunting-lodge to be erected there, and named it Dungeness, after his country-seat, Castle Dungeness, on the cape of Dungeness in the county of Kent. From that time until the breaking out of the Revolution it was "owned successively by peers of the British realm."

The island is eighteen miles in length and from half a mile to three miles in breadth. The soil is sandy, adapted to the culture of cotton, corn, potatoes, etc.: pomegranates, olives, dates, figs, limes, lemons, oranges and melons yield abundant crops. The great frost of 1835, which extended over the entire peninsula of Florida, destroyed the fine groves of orange trees: at one time this fruit was shipped in schooner-loads, and from one tree three thousand oranges have been gathered. The forest trees are live-oak, cedar and a few pines. A most interesting fact in the history of the island is found in its chronicles, for here were obtained the timbers for the Constitution (Old Ironsides), that noble frigate so well known to every American. Some of the stumps of the indestructible live-oak from which the timber was cut for her ribs may yet be seen. Deer, raccoons, bear and 'possum are abundant in the thick forest. The climate is temperate and healthy: many of the former slaves live to a great age. The island has never been afflicted by fever: while the town of Brunswick, to the north, and Fernandina, just across the channel to the south, have been scourged by Yellow Jack, Cumberland has ever remained untouched. St. Mary's, across the marshes on the main land, also boasts this immunity.

The creeks of the marshes swarm with fish of every sort, and there are oyster-beds containing large and toothsome bivalves. With 'possums and 'coons, fish and oysters, is it strange that Cuffie clung to his old home long after his master had left it? is it a matter of wonder that there yet remains a remnant of the old slave population, houseless and poverty-stricken, clinging to the island that once gave them so delightful a home? At the close of the war, it is related, Mr. Stafford, proprietor of the central portion of the island, burned his negro houses to the ground, telling his people to go, as he had no more use for them nor they for him. Cumberland to-day is nearly depopulated, the fertile cotton-and corn-fields run to waste, and wild hogs and half-wild horses roam over the pasture and scrub that cover once-cultivated fields.

The history of this island commences with that of Georgia. We read that in 1742 the Spaniards invaded Georgia and landed on the island. With a fleet of thirty-six sail and with more than three thousand troops from Havana and St. Augustine, they entered the harbor of St. Simons, north of Cumberland, and erected a battery of twenty guns. General Oglethorpe, with eight hundred men,

exclusive of Indians, was then on the island. He withdrew to his fort at Frederica, and anxiously awaited reinforcements from Carolina. By turning to account the desertion of a French soldier he precipitated the attack of the Spaniards, and on their march to Frederica they fell into an ambushade. Great slaughter ensued, and they retreated precipitately. The place of conflict is to this day known as "Bloody Marsh." The Spaniards retreated south along the coast in their vessels, and on their way attacked Fort William, at the southern extremity of Cumberland Island, but were repulsed with loss. This fort, which was constructed, I think, by Oglethorpe, is placed on the extreme southern end of Cumberland in a map of the island made in 1802. Even then the fort was half submerged at high water, and at the present day its site is far out in the channel. The water of the river-mouth is constantly encroaching upon the land, and the ruins of a house once standing upon the southern point may be seen, it is said, beneath the water at low tide. Old Fort William has been seen within the memory of residents of St. Mary's, but likewise beneath the waves.

About 1770 that rare naturalist and botanist, William Bartram, landed here and traversed the island, being set across to Amelia Island (Fernandina) by a hunter whom he found living here. He was then at the commencement of his romantic journeyings among the Seminole Indians up the St. John's River, then running through a wilderness. Another fortification, Fort St. Andrew, situated on the north-west point of the island, may still be traced by the ruins of its walls. A well is known there into which, it is said, the English threw ten thousand pounds in silver upon the approach of the Spaniards. In this way, by vestiges of foundation-walls, are indicated the various settlements of the island—mansions and cabins that have passed away, leaving no other sign but these sad memorials of the past.

At the conclusion of peace, and immediately after the close of the Revolution, the southern portion of Cumberland Island came into the possession of General Nathaniel Greene. It is said by some to have been presented to him by the State of Georgia in connection with the beautiful estate of Mulberry Grove, where he removed with his family and took up his residence. His lamentably premature death prevented the consummation of his design to build here a retreat in which to spend the hot summer months. He had resided but a year upon his estate of Mulberry Grove, and had hardly commenced to beautify and adorn this chosen residence of his maturer years, when a sun-stroke cut him down in the prime of his life.

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The general had selected the site of the mansion to be built at Dungeness, and had planned the grounds, laid out a garden—which subsequently became famous for its tropical products and roses—and had lined through the forests of live-oak those avenues which have since grown to such magnificent proportions. As has been related, he did not live to see the completion of his work, but died almost at its very inception. In 1786 the year of his death, the foundation-walls were laid of the mansion-home of Dungeness, but the building was not finished till 1803. Even after it had been occupied for years, and during the sixty years and more it was used as a residence by the descendants of General Greene, there remained a few unfinished rooms. A tradition in the family to the effect that some great misfortune would befall it if the building were finished prevented, it is said, its completion. In the early part of the present century it was the most elegant residence on the coast.

A mound of shells, the accumulation of centuries and the result of countless Indian feasts, rose high above the southern marsh of Cumberland. A forest of live-oaks surrounded it on three sides, and at its feet ran the broad creek which wound through the marsh for miles, seeking the Sound at a point opposite the Florida shore. Here, for ages of time, the Indians of the South had resorted to feast upon the oysters with which the creek was filled. The Creek Indians—the most honorable with whom the United States ever had dealings, from whom sprang the Seminoles, and who occupied the entire territory of Georgia and Carolina at the period of the white man's advent—were the last who aided in the erection of this monument to a race now passed away. The summit of this shell-mound was levelled for the site of the house, and a terraced area of an acre or more constructed with the shells. Upon this base, raised above the general level of the island, its foundations were laid. It was four stories in height above the basement, and from cellar-stone to eaves was forty-five feet. There were four chimneys and sixteen fireplaces, and twenty rooms above the first floor. The walls at the base were six feet in thickness, and above the ground four feet. They were composed of the material known as "tabby," a mixture of shells, lime and broken stone or gravel with water; which mass, being pressed in a mould of boards, becomes when dry as hard and durable as rock. The walls are now as solid as stone itself. The second story above the terrace contained the principal rooms: the room in the south-east corner was the drawing-room in the time of the Shaws and the Nightingales. The room immediately back of the drawing-room, in the north-east corner, was the dining-room: a wide hall ran through the centre, upon the opposite side of which were two rooms, used respectively as school- and sewing-room. Above these apartments, in the third story, were the chambers. That directly above the drawing-room is the most interesting of all, for it was occupied by General Harry Lee, who was confined there by sickness, and there died. The interior of the house corresponded with its exterior in beauty of finish and magnificence of decoration and appointments.

Enclosed by a high wall of masonry (the "tabby" just described) was a tract of twelve acres devoted to the cultivation of flowers and tropical fruits. This wall, now broken down in places and overgrown with ivy-and trumpet-vines, yet divides the garden from the larger fields once devoted to cotton and cane. The gardener's house was next the mansion, and joined to it by this high wall. The garden lay to the south, reaching the marsh in successive terraces. On and about the semicircular terrace immediately around the house were planted crape-myrtle, clove trees and

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sago-palms: some yet remain to indicate what an Eden-like retreat was this garden of spices and bloom half a century ago. The first broad terrace, which ran the entire length of the garden-wall east and west, was divided by an avenue of olives, which separated in front of the house, leaving a space in which were two noble magnolias. A broad walk ran from the house to the lower garden, which was divided from the other by a thick-set hedge of mock-orange: in this garden was another walk bordered by olives. This space was entirely devoted to flowers: on each side was a grove of orange trees, and in the lower garden were the fig, India-rubber and date-palm, the golden date of Africa. Of trees there were the camphor tree, coffee, Portuguese laurel, "tree of Paradise," crape-myrtle, guava, lime, orange, citron, pomegranate, sago-palm and many others whose home is in the tropics. The delicious climate of this island, several degrees warmer than that of the main land in the same latitude, enabled the proprietors of this insular Paradise to grow nearly all the fruits of the torrid zone.

A little tongue of land runs from the garden into the marsh, an elevation of the original shell-mound, covered with oaks hung with long gray moss. This was called "The Park," and here the inhabitants of this favored estate would resort for recreation in the afternoon and evening. Near this strip of land, beneath the shade of an immense live-oak, luxuriates a clump of West India bamboo, said to have originated from a single stalk brought here by General Lee. The feathery lances clash and rattle with all the wild abandon characteristic of them in their native isles. I have not seen a more perfect group outside the islands of the Caribbean Sea.

From the walls of the second story—if you wish to view the wide-extended prospect to the south you must clamber there—you can look across three thousand acres of salt marsh to Fernandina and St. Mary's, along the river and beach, across miles of ocean. Ivy climbs the corner wall of the ruins and covers garden-wall and trees. Ruin everywhere stares you in the face: on every side are deserted fields and gardens—fields that employed the labor of four hundred negroes; fields that were fertile and yielded large crops of the famous "Sea-Island cotton." Bales from this estate were never "sampled." The Sea-Island cotton that took the prize at the World's Fair in London was raised on this island.

East of the garden, stretching toward the ocean-beach, is the olive-grove. Seventy years ago the first olive trees were imported from Italy and the south of France. They grew and flourished, and years ago this grove yielded a profit to its owners. In 1755, Mr. Henry Laurens of South Carolina imported and planted olives, capers, limes, ginger, etc., and in 1785 the olive was successfully grown in South Carolina; but probably there is not at the present day a grove equal in extent to this. It was estimated that a large tree would average a gallon of oil per year: there were eight hundred planted and brought to a flourishing and profitable stage of growth. There are several hundred now, scattered through a waste of briers and scrub and overgrown with moss.

But the avenues? In the hottest day there are shade and coolness beneath the intertwined branches of the live-oaks that arch above them. The eye is refreshed in gazing down these vistas over the leaf-strewn floors of sand. The sunshine sifts through the arch above, flecking the roadway with a mosaic of leaves and boughs in light and shade. From the limbs hang graceful pennons of Spanish moss, festooned at the sides, waved by every wind, changing in every light. Grapevines with stems six inches in diameter climb into the huge oaks and swing from tree to tree, linking limb with limb: the tree-tops are purple with great fruit-clusters. To the whole scene the dwarf palmetto gives a semi-tropic aspect. There are no signs of life, save a lizard darting over the leaves, stopping midway to look at you with bright eyes. In the evening the squirrels come out in countless numbers, and their crashing leaps may be heard in all directions; bright cardinal-birds, Florida jays and gay nonpareils enliven the gloom; the jays chatter in the branches and mocking-birds carol from the topmost limbs. It is one of the joys of earth to walk through the Grand Avenue of Dungeness at sunset.

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There were, when the estate was in prosperous condition, eleven miles of avenues, seven miles of beach, eight miles of walks and nine miles of open roads. Grand Avenue, running midway the length of the island, was cleared eighteen miles, to High Point. There are now but three miles cleared, but you can look straight down beneath the arch of live-oaks for more than a mile of its length. From the Sound to the beach, crossing Central Avenue, ran River Avenue for a distance of about a mile.

This live-oak forest, which covers several thousand acres, is densely filled with scrub palmetto, impenetrable almost, and so difficult to pierce that the deer with which the forest swarms choose the old paths and roadways in their walks from sleeping- to feeding-grounds. The hunters take advantage of this, and after starting their dogs in the scrub post themselves on the main avenues where the paths intersect, and shoot the deer as they jump out. The deer of the island are estimated by thousands, and a State law which prohibits the hunting of deer with dogs, except with the owner's permission, has aided in their increase. Halfway up the island are numerous ponds, to which ducks resort in the winter in vast numbers. Bear are plentiful in the deep woods, and their tracks, with those of the deer in greater abundance, are often found crossing the abandoned fields.

Three hundred feet in width, hard as stone, shell-strewn, between wind-hollowed sand-dunes and foaming surf, this beach of Cumberland stretches for twenty miles. The sands that border it are covered with a network of beautiful convolvulus, tufts of sea-oats with nodding plumes, and picturesque clumps of Spanish bayonet (*Yucca gloriosa*) with pyramids of snowy flowers. This and the prickly pear suggest the climate of the tropics. I find them on the sandhills bordering the ocean-beach, the wind-swept dunes between the "beach-hammock" and the hard sand of the

wave-washed beach. They are called barren by many, these sandhills of the Atlantic coast, but I never find them so. To me they are always attractive, whether I am traversing the sand-slopes of Cape Cod or the similar ones of Florida. Even the grasses possess a character of their own—gracefully erect, tiny circles traced about them where the last wind has caused them to brush the sand. Here too are grasses rare and beautiful—the feathery fox-tail, the tall, loose-branched sea-oats, and many others with names unknown, which you may see ornamenting the famous palmetto hats.

So fascinating are these sand-dunes that one wanders among them for hours, following in the paths worn by the feet of cattle which roam these hills and the neighboring marsh in a half-wild state. Sometimes the banks will shelve abruptly, hollowed out by the wind, and one can look down into a hole ten or twenty feet deep, arched over by thorn-bushes, grapevines and a species of bay. These sand-caverns are of frequent occurrence. There are clumps of scrubby oak completely covered with scarlet honeysuckle and trumpet-flower. While seeking to investigate one of these I startled a hen-quail, which, after whirring rapidly out of sight, returned and manifested much anxiety by plaintive calls. This is a queer place for quail: in the neighborhood of old fields, where they can easily run out and glean a hasty meal from weeds and broken ground, is their chosen place for a nest.

Along the surface of the sea long lines of pelicans pursue a lumbering flight; graceful terns (sea-swallows) skim the waves; a great blue heron stalks across the hard sand, majestic, solitary and shy of man's approach; and dainty little beach-birds, piping plover in snowy white and drab, glide rapidly past the surf-line. A mile below Beach Avenue is a high sandhill shelving abruptly toward the beach, half-buried trees projecting from its western slope: it is now known as "Eagle Cliff," so called by the proprietor of Dungeness from the fact of my shooting an eagle there one day in November.

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In the beach-hammock are the same wind-hollowed hills, rooted into permanence by twisted oaks and magnolias. Upon their limbs in April the Spanish moss and air-plants were just blossoming, the former into little star-like, hardly-discernible flowers, the latter throwing up a green stem with a pink terminal bud, which in August had burst into a spike of crimson flowers. Curious lichens cover the rough trunks of these oaks—some gray, some ashy-white, some pink, some scarlet like blotches of blood. The *Mitchella*, the little partridge-berry, is here in bloom, and has been since the year came in.

The marsh that borders the beach-hammock and spreads a sea of silvery green before the mansion is not barren of attractions. Inquisitive and faint-hearted fiddler-crabs are darting in and out of their holes in the mud: an alligator now and then shows a hint of a head above the water of the creek, along whose banks walk daintily and proudly egrets and herons robed in white, and from the reeds of which myriads of water-hens send up a deafening chatter.

Midway between the mansion and the beach, in the southern corner of the orchard of olive trees, which overhang and surround it, is the graveyard of the family. It is the last object to which in this narrative I call attention, but to the visitor it is the most interesting, the fullest of memories of the past. By a winding and secluded path from the deserted garden, along the banks of the solitary marsh, beneath great water-oaks hung with funereal moss, one reaches this little cemetery, a few roods of ground walled in from the adjoining copsewood—

A lonesome acre, thinly grown
With grass and wandering vines.

Three tombs and three headstones indicate at least six of the graves with which this little lot is filled. In one of these graves rest the bones of her who shared the fortunes of the gallant general, the "Washington of the South," when he rested after the last decisive battle and retired to his Georgia plantation. In another lies buried his daughter, and in another the gallant "Light-Horse Harry," who so ably assisted him at Eutaw Springs—the brave and eloquent Lee. Upon the first marble slab is engraven, "In memory of Catherine Miller (widow of the late Major-General Nathaniel Greene, Commander-in-Chief of the American Revolutionary Army in the Southern Department in 1783), who died Sept. 2d, 1814, aged 59 years. She possessed great talents and exalted virtues." Phineas Miller, Esq., a native of Connecticut and a graduate of Yale College, who had been engaged by General Greene as law-tutor to his son, managed the widow's estates after the general's death, and later married her. His grave is here, though unmarked by any stone.

And this name revives the memory of one of the greatest inventions of the eighteenth century. Eli Whitney, the inventor of the cotton-gin, was born in Westborough, Massachusetts, December 8, 1765. In 1792 he obtained a position as tutor to the children of a Georgia planter, but owing to the imperfect postal regulations his letter of acceptance was not received, and on arriving in Savannah he found his place occupied by another. Without means or friends, he was in great want, when his circumstances became known to Mrs. Greene (then residing at Mulberry Grove), who, being a lady of benevolent heart, invited him to make her house his home until he should find remunerative employment.

One day, while this lady was engaged in working a sort of embroidery called "tambour-work," she complained to young Whitney that the frame she was using was too rough and tore the delicate threads. Anxious to gratify his benefactress, Whitney quickly constructed a frame so superior in every respect that she thought it a great invention. It chanced shortly after that a party of

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gentlemen, many of them old friends and officers who had served under General Greene, met at her house, and were discussing the merits and profits of cotton, which had been lately introduced into the State. One of them remarked that unless some machine could be devised for removing the seed it would never be a profitable crop (the cleaning of one pound of cotton being then a day's work). Mrs. Greene, who heard the remark, replied that a young man, a Mr. Whitney, then in her house, could probably help them. She then sent for Whitney, introduced him, extolled his genius and commended him to their friendship. He set to work under great disadvantages, having to make his tools, and even his wires, which at that time could not be had in Savannah. By Mrs. Greene and Mr. Miller he was furnished with abundant means wherewith to complete his machine. It was first exhibited privately to a select company, but it could not long remain a secret, and its fame, which spread rapidly throughout the South, was the cause of great excitement. The shop containing the model was broken open and the machine was stolen: by this means the public became possessed of the secret, and before another could be made a number of machines were in successful operation.

A partnership was entered into between Miller and Whitney, and in 1793 a large area was planted with cotton in expectation that the new gin would enable them to market it at little expense. In 1795 their shops, which had been removed to New Haven, were destroyed by fire, thus reducing the firm to the verge of bankruptcy. The faith and energy of Mr. Miller are well shown in the following letter, written from Dungeness to Whitney in New Haven: "I think we ought to meet such events with equanimity. We are pursuing a valuable object by honorable means, and I believe our measures are such as are justified by virtue and morality. It has pleased Providence to postpone the attainment of this object. In the midst of all the reflections called up by our misfortunes, while feeling keenly sensitive to the loss, injury and wrong we have sustained, I feel an exultant joy that you possess a mind similar to my own, that you are not disheartened, that you will persevere and endeavor at all hazards to attain the main object. I will devote all my time, all my thoughts, all my exertions, all the fortune I possess and all the money I can borrow, to compass and complete the business we have undertaken; and if fortune should by any future disaster deprive us of our reward, we will at least have deserved it."

While thus embarrassed information came from England that the cotton cleaned by their gins was ruined. Whitney nearly gave way under the strain, and wrote to Mr. Miller at Dungeness: "Our extreme embarrassments are now so great that it seems impossible to struggle longer against them. It has required my utmost exertions to exist, without making any progress in our business. I have labored hard to stem the strong current of disappointment which threatens to carry us over the cataract, but have labored with a shattered oar, and in vain unless some speedy help come. Life is short at best, and six or seven of its best years are an immense sacrifice to him who makes it."

Returning South, he constructed a new model (it is said at Dungeness), with the object in view so to improve upon the old one as to remove the seed without injury to the staple. It was first tried in the presence of Mrs. Greene and Mr. Miller, but found lacking in an important particular. Mrs. Greene exclaimed, "Why, Mr. Whitney, you want a brush," and with a stroke of her handkerchief removed the lint. Comprehending her idea at once, he replied, "Mrs. Greene, you have completed the cotton-gin."

With the further fortunes of the brave inventor we have no more to do, as that part of his history intimately connected with Dungeness ends here. His subsequent trials, disappointments, triumphs, all the world knows. His friend and partner, who so nobly sustained him, lies buried here, so tradition says, having died in 1806 of lockjaw caused by running an orange-thorn through his hand while removing trees from Florida to Dungeness.

Near the tomb of Mrs. Miller is another: "Sacred to pure affection. This simple stone covers the remains of James Shaw. His virtues are not to be learned from perishable marble; but when the records of Heaven shall be unfolded it is believed they will be found written there in characters as durable as the volumes of eternity. Died January 6th, 1820, aged 35 years." And by the side of this latter another marble slab, with this inscription, which explains itself: "Louisa C. Shaw, relict of James Shaw, Esq., and youngest daughter of Major-General Nathaniel Greene of the Army of the Revolution. Died at Dungeness, Georgia, April 24th, 1831, aged 45 years."

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This ends the record of the residence of the family of General Greene at Dungeness. That they made it their home for many years is evident—that they removed here soon after the death of the general is probable. In the division of General Greene's possessions Dungeness became the property of Mrs. Shaw, his youngest daughter: she, dying childless, left it to her nephew, Phineas Miller Nightingale. Mrs. Nightingale, wife of the grandson of General Greene, to whom this property was given, was daughter of Rufus King, governor of New York, and granddaughter of Rufus King, minister to Great Britain during the elder Adams's administration. The Nightingales, descendants of General Greene, remained in undisturbed possession until the late war, dispensing unbounded hospitality at their princely mansion. During the war the house was occupied by Northern troops until its close, when, through the negligence of some negro refugees, it was burned. Its ruins alone testify to the wealth of former years which now is departed, and the broad acreage of untilled fields and the ruined negro cabins cry out loudly for those who will never return to bless them.

Let us turn once more to that cemetery in the olive-grove. Another stone claims our attention, a tablet to the memory of him who pronounced those glowing words, "First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen:" "Sacred to the memory of Gen. Henry Lee of Virginia. Obiit

25 March, 1818, ætat. 63." In 1814, General Lee was injured by a mob in Baltimore, and never recovered. Early in 1818 he arrived at Dungeness from Cuba, whither he had gone to regain his health. He landed from a schooner at the river landing, a weak, decrepit old man, in whom it would have been difficult to recognize the dashing Light-Horse Harry of the Revolution. A grandson of General Greene's, Phineas Miller Nightingale, was loitering near the landing. Calling him, General Lee learned who he was, and despatched him to his aunt, Mrs. Shaw, with the intelligence of his arrival. "Tell her," said he, "that the old friend and companion of General Greene has come to die in the arms of his daughter."

A carriage was sent for him, and he was installed in the southern chamber above the drawing-room, and everything done to alleviate his pain that the kindest forethought could suggest. He lingered here some two months, and then passed away, and was buried in the family burying-ground. His only baggage at the time of his arrival was an old hair-covered trunk nailed round with brass-headed nails.

An anecdote is preserved in the family relating to the general's residence there. One of the servants, Sara by name—commonly called "the Duchess" from her stately demeanor—incurred his ill-will. General Lee once threatened to throw his boot at her, and the Duchess turned upon him and replied, "If you do I'll throw it back at you." This answer so pleased the old general that he would afterward permit no other servant to wait upon him.

Some years after his death a stone was placed above his grave by his son, General Robert E. Lee, who a few months prior to his death visited his father's grave in company with his daughter.

These are some of the associations that cluster about the ruins of Dungeness, giving to those ivy-grown walls, to forest and shore, an interest which mere attractions of scenery and climate could not awaken.

FREDERICK A. OBER.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

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"WESTERN MEMORABILIA."

One of the pioneers of the old-book trade in New York was William J. Gowans, whose career as a dealer in old and rare books covered a period of nearly fifty years, and brought him into a contact more or less intimate with all the literary and many of the other notables of his day. Gowans had some literary aspirations, and in his old age projected a book which he proposed to call *Western Memorabilia*, and which was to consist of sketches and reminiscences of the famous men he had met in his career. This book was never published—somewhat to the loss of American literature, I am inclined to think after perusing some of its scattered fragments which have recently come into my possession. These are full of detail, and, as throwing light on the characters of some persons of whom far too little is known, are certainly worthy of preservation.

On Poe I find the following notes: "The characters drawn of Poe by his various biographers and critics may with safety be pronounced an excess of exaggeration, but this is not to be much wondered at when it is considered that these men were his rivals, either as poets or prose-writers, and it is well known that such are generally as jealous of each other as are the ladies who are handsome of those who desire to be considered so. It is an old truism, and as true as it is old, that in the multitude of counsellors there is safety. I therefore will show you my opinion of this gifted but unfortunate genius: it may be estimated as worth little, but it has this merit: it comes from an eye-and ear-witness, and this, it must be remembered, is the very highest of legal evidence. For eight months or more, 'one house contained us, us one table fed.' During that time I saw much of him, and had an opportunity of conversing with him often; and I must say I never saw him the least affected with liquor, nor ever descend to any known vice, while he was one of the most courteous, gentlemanly and intelligent companions I have ever met. Besides, he had an extra inducement to be a good man, for he had a wife of matchless beauty and loveliness: her eye could match that of any houri, and her face defy the genius of a Canova to imitate; her temper and disposition were of surpassing sweetness; in addition, she seemed as much devoted to him and his every interest as a young mother is to her first-born. During this time he wrote his longest prose romance, entitled the *Adventures of Arthur Gordon Pym*. Poe had a remarkably pleasing and prepossessing countenance—what the ladies would call decidedly handsome. He died after a brief and fitful career at Baltimore, October, 1849, where his remains lie interred in an obscure burying-ground."

Of Simms he writes, under date of Oct. 15, 1868: "To-day I had the pleasure of a call from William Gilmore Simms, the novelist. He is quite affable in conversation, and apparently well stocked with general information, which he can impart with fluency. He appears somewhat downcast, or rather, I should say, has a melancholy cast of countenance: he is advanced in years, with a profusion of hair around his face, chin and throat—is apparently between sixty and seventy years of age. I requested him to enroll his name in my autograph-book, which he did with

readiness. He remarked that he was often requested to do so, especially by the ladies. I replied that this was a debt which every man incurred when he became public property either by his words, actions or writings. He acquiesced in the justice of the remark. Mr. Simms was in search of a copy of Johnson's *History of the Seminoles*, to aid him in making a new book. He was accompanied by Mr. Duykinck."

Halleck is thus introduced: "On a certain occasion I was passing a Roman Catholic church in New York: seeing the doors open and throngs of people pressing in, I stepped inside to see what I could see. I had not well got inside when I beheld Fitzgreene Halleck standing uncovered, with reverential attitude, among the crowd of unshorn and unwashed worshippers. I remained till I saw him leave. In doing so he made a courteous bow, as is the polite custom of the humblest of these people on taking their departure.

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On the subject of compliments paid him for poetical talents, Mr. Halleck once said to me, "They are generally made by those who are ignorant or who have a desire to please or flatter, or perhaps a combination of all. As a general thing, they are devoid of sincerity, and rather offensive than pleasing. There is no general rule without its exception, however, and in my bagful of compliments I cherish one which comes under that rule, and reflecting upon it affords me real pleasure as it did then. On a warm day in summer a young man came into the office with a countenance glowing with ardor, innocence and honesty, and his eyes beaming with enthusiasm. Said he, "Is Mr. Halleck to be found here?" I answered in the affirmative. Continued he, with evidently increased emotion, "Could I see him?"—"You see him now," I replied. He grasped me by the hand with a hearty vigorousness that added to my conviction of his sincerity. Said he, "I am happy, most happy, in having had the pleasure at last of seeing one whose poems have afforded me no ordinary gratification and delight. I have longed to see you, and I have dreamt that I have seen you, but now I behold you with mine own eyes. God bless you for ever and ever! I have come eleven hundred miles, from the banks of the Miami in Ohio, mainly for that purpose, and I have been compensated for my pains."

"Mr. Halleck told me that he had been solicited to write a life of his early and beloved friend Drake. 'But,' said he, 'I did not well see how I could grant such a request: I had no lever for my fulcrum. What could I say about one who had studied pharmacy, dissection, written a few poems, and then left the scene of action? I had no material, and a mere meaningless eulogy would have been out of the question.'

"In personal appearance Halleck was rather below the medium height and well built: in walking he had a rather slow and shuffling gait, as if something afflicted his feet; a florid, bland and pleasant countenance; a bright gray eye; was remarkably pleasant and courteous in conversation, and, as a natural consequence, much beloved by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. But to that brilliancy in conversation which some of his admirers have been pleased to attribute to him in my opinion he could lay no claim. His library was sold at auction in New York on the evening of October 12, 1868. If the collection disposed of on that occasion was really his library in full, it must be confessed it was a sorry affair and meagre in the extreme. In surveying the collection a judge of the value of such property would perhaps pronounce it worth from one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and fifty dollars. The books brought fabulous prices—at least ten times their value. The company was large, good-humored and just in the frame of mind to be a little more than liberal, doubtless stimulated to be so from a desire to possess a relic of the departed poet who had added fame to the literature of his country. The following are the names of a few of the books and the prices they brought: *Nicholas Nickleby*, with the author's autograph, \$18; Bryant's little volume of poems entitled *Thirty Poems*, with the author's autograph, \$11; Campbell's *Poems*, with Halleck's autograph, \$8.50; *Catalogue of the Strawberry Hill Collection*, \$16; *Barnaby Rudge*, presentation copy by the author to Halleck, \$15; Coleridge's *Poems*, with a few notes by Halleck, \$10; *Fanny*, a poem by Mr. Halleck, \$10. The sum-total realized for his library was twelve hundred and fifty dollars."

Aaron Burr is the subject of some interesting reminiscences: "Shortly after I came to New York, Aaron Burr was pointed out to me as he was slowly wending his way up Broadway, between Chambers street and the old theatre, on the City Hall side. I frequently afterward met him in this and other streets. He was always an object of interest, inasmuch as he had become an historical character, somewhat notoriously so. I will attempt to describe his appearance, or rather how he appeared to me: He was small, thin and attenuated in form, perhaps a little over five feet in height, weight not much over a hundred pounds. He walked with a slow, measured and feeble step, stooping considerably, occasionally with both hands behind his back. He had a keen face and deep-set, dark eye, his hat set deep on his head, the back part sunk down to the collar of the coat and the back brim somewhat turned upward. He was dressed in threadbare black cloth, having the appearance of what is known as shabby genteel. His countenance wore a melancholy aspect, and his whole appearance betokened one dejected, forsaken, forgotten or cast aside, and conscious of his position. He was invariably alone when I saw him, except on a single occasion: that was on the sidewalk in Broadway fronting what is now the Astor House, where he was standing talking very familiarly with a young woman whom he held by one hand. His countenance on that occasion was cheerful, lighted up and bland—altogether different from what it appeared to me when I saw him alone and in conversation with himself. Burr must have been a very exact man in his business-affairs. His receipt-book came into my possession. I found there receipts for a load of wood, a carpenter's work for one day, a pair of boots, milk for a certain number of weeks, suit of clothes, besides numerous other small transactions that but few would think of taking a receipt for. The book was but a sorry, cheap affair, and could not have cost when new more than

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fifty cents."

Edwin Forrest is thus mentioned: "At the time when Forrest was earning his reputation on the boards of the Bowery Theatre I was connected with that institution, and of course had an opportunity of seeing him every night he performed. Mr. Forrest appeared to be possessed of the perfection of physical form, more especially conspicuous when arrayed in some peculiar costumes which tended to display it to the best advantage. He had a stentorian voice, and must have had lungs not less invulnerable than one of Homer's heroes. He had a fine masculine face and prepossessing countenance, much resembling many of the notable Greeks and Romans whose portraits have come down to our time, and a keen intellectual eye. His countenance at times assumed an air of hauteur which doubtless had become a habit, either from personating characters of this stamp or from a consciousness of his merited popularity. He left the impression on the beholder of one intoxicated with success and the repletion of human applause. He kept aloof from all around him, and condescended to no social intercourse with any one on the stage, and appeared to entertain a contempt for his audience.... He has now lost that mercurial, youthful appearance which was then so conspicuous, and which doubtless aided in laying the foundation of his widespread reputation. He was then straight as an arrow and elastic as a circus-rider, the very beau-ideal of physical perfection: now he bears the marks of decay, or rather, as is said of grain just before harvest, he has a ripe appearance. If he would consult his renown he would retire from the stage, and never set foot upon it again."

The fragments also contain notes on Bryant, Parton, Mrs. Siddons and several eminent divines and journalists. Of the latter class the fullest relate to James Gordon Bennett, founder of the *Herald*, and his coadjutor, William H. Attree. The following are extracts: "I remember entering the subterranean office of Mr. Bennett early in the career of the *Herald* and purchasing a single copy of the paper, for which I paid the sum of one cent only. On this occasion the proprietor, editor and vender was seated at his desk busily engaged in writing, and appeared to pay little or no attention to me as I entered. On making known my object in coming in, he requested me to put my money down on the counter and help myself to a paper: all this time he continued his writing operations. The office was a single oblong, underground room. Its furniture consisted of a counter, which also served as a desk, constructed from two flour-barrels, perhaps empty, standing apart from each other about four feet, with a single plank covering both; a chair, placed in the centre, upon which sat the editor busy at his vocation, with an inkstand by his right hand; on the end nearest the door were placed the papers for sale. I attribute the success of the *Herald* to a combination of circumstances—to the peculiar fitness of its editor for his position, to its cheapness, and its advertising patronage, which was considerable. In the fourth place, it early secured the assistance of William H. Attree, a man of uncommon abilities as a reporter and a concocter of pithy as well as ludicrous chapters greatly calculated to captivate many readers. In fact, this clever and talented assistant in some respects never had his match. He did not, as other reporters do, take down in short-hand what the speaker or reader said, but sat and heard the passing discourse like any other casual spectator: when over he would go home to his room, write out in full all that had been said on the occasion, and that entirely from memory. On a certain occasion I hinted to him my incredulity about his ability to report as he had frequently informed me. To put the matter beyond doubt, he requested me to accompany him to Clinton Hall to hear some literary magnate let off his intellectual steam. I accordingly accompanied him as per arrangement. We were seated together in the same pew. He placed his hands in his pockets and continued in that position during the delivery of the discourse, and when it was finished he remarked to me that I would not only find the substance of this harangue in the *Herald* the next day, but that I would find it word for word. On the following morning I procured the paper, and read the report of what I had heard the previous evening; and I must say I was struck with astonishment at its perfect accuracy. Before Mr. Attree's time reporting for the press in New York was a mere outline or sketch of what had been said or done, but he infused life and soul into this department of journalism. His reports were full, accurate, graphic; and, what is more, he frequently flattered the vanity of the speaker by making a much better speech for him than he possibly could for himself. Poor Attree died in 1849, and is entombed at Greenwood."

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It is probable that other fragments of this work are in existence, and if so it is hoped that the publication of these will tend to their discovery.

C.B.T.

CONCERNING NIGHT-NOISES.

Many a time these summer nights am I startled out of my midnight sleep by a conversation like the following as two friends pause on the corner beneath my suburban window:

"Well, good-night."

"*Good*-night."

"Hold on a moment. I want to—"

"Oh yes. Rely on me. Do you think he will—"

"He promised."

"Oh, then he'll do it. Well, then, good—"

"Good-night, good-night."

"Wait an instant. But how shall I—"

" ... Now you understand?"

"Oh yes. Good-night."

"Good-night."

"*Good*-night."

After these exclamations, uttered with piercing distinctness, have been exchanged, the belated revellers from some club or whist-party or an evening at the theatre in town terminate their sweet sorrow at parting by going their several ways to their different homes, where, no doubt, on retiring to rest they sink at once into blameless slumber, ignorant of the fact that for me they have murdered sleep.

I had gone to bed betimes, wornout with hard mental labor: I had hoped for a night's repose to recruit my energies for the morrow. This sleep I craved was no luxurious indulgence of pampered inclination, but my stock in trade—my bone, my sinew, my heart's courage, my mental inspiration, the immediate jewel of my soul.

Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing:
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my NIGHT'S SLEEP
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

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But let me now repose again: tenderly entreated, softly courted, sleep may return. There are many specifics for bringing slumber to mutinous eyelids. Let me remember what they are.

First. To think of the wind blowing on a field of grain. Watch with your mind's eye the long wavy undulations, the golden sheen which takes the light. What a dreamy, exquisite rhythm! (Still, I don't sleep.)

Second. Repeat the multiplication-table backward, from twelve times down to twice. (Hopeless, the only result being to render my mathematical powers acutely, preternaturally awake, so that I begin to estimate the magnitude of my summer expenses.)

Third. Try to decide where to spend the August vacation. I am thinking of Lake George, the Saguenay, Sea Girt, the White Mountains, when all at once I begin to yield drowsily to the influence of long conversations about nothing which take possession of my mind—mere gibberish, strings of words without sense. Thank Heaven, I am off! I am actually going to sleep.
Not yet!

Down the street comes a man with an accordion. He is playing "Annie Laurie." Every now and then he strikes a wrong note. Excruciating agony! Did he render it correctly it might blend with a romantic dream, but when he insists on flattening persistently, as for Bonnie Annie Laurie he offers to lay him down and die, who is to bear it? And why does he not consummate the proffered sacrifice by dying at once? I would cheerfully bury him. He passes slowly, lingeringly, seeming to pause outside of my window, as if my casement enshrined that form like the snowdrift and that throat like the swan's. But, although he vanishes finally, the street has become alive. Two men pass in deeply-interesting conversation, one of them assuring the other that he has not done "a stroke's work" in two years. He is maudlin, of course. "A stroke's work"? And as if any man could expect to find work and to do it after keeping such hours as these!

And now comes "the whistler." I had been expecting him. He is to-night whistling airs from *Pinafore*. The *Pirates*, thank Heaven! furnishes him no airs. He whistles—let me confess, reluctant although I am to do it—he whistles to perfection. There is nothing experimental, nothing tentative, in his notes, which come clear, sharp, in perfect time and tune.

The clock strikes two. It is the voice of doom, for presently the 2.19 freight-train will thunder slowly through our end of the town. It renders my case utterly hopeless. One might as well expect to sleep in momentary expectation of the Juggernaut. I know its every sound: I can feel the bridge at— Junction, five miles away, tremble under it. I listen and wait, every nerve on edge. A mile and a half the other side of our station the engine will first snort, then begin a series of shrieks—shrieks suggestive of warning, imminent danger, supreme peril, the climax of a tragical catastrophe. For at least five minutes shall I be compelled to listen while the engineer—if it be a real living engine-man who impels this chorus of fiends—runs the full scale of his shrill tooting, perhaps deeming it essential to the safety of the town, which ought to be asleep, or to the dignity of his long, creeping train of coal- and freight-laden cars.

Even the Juggernaut passes: it is gone. I emerge, faint and wornout from the trial. Now that it is toward three o'clock, everybody except the policeman in bed, and no more trains to come until after five, one might suppose there was some chance for an interval of peace, of repose. I get up and walk about a little in order to feel, with the opportunity, the inclination for slumber. Yes, it will come....

Scarcely have I ventured to close my eyes again before there begins a chirp, a twitter, a general thrill of sound. All the birds are awake, and are soon in full chorus. Presently a flush of color will run around the horizon, and it will be dawn. The actual night has flown. I can hear Smith, our grocery-man around the corner, setting off into the country for his milk and eggs. Several marketcarts are abroad.... There goes an extra train, shrieking direly along the curve.

It is actually growing light. With the first gleam of day my excellent aunt—who embodies all my future expectations of wealth—sleeping in the next chamber, turns in her bed, yawns loudly and unreservedly, gets up and takes an observation, opening and closing her shutters with a bang. By breakfast-time my revered relation becomes a respectable and no longer a riotous member of society, but during the early morning hours her inventions for disturbing her neighbors are ingenious and diabolical.

By five o'clock the morning-trains begin, followed at half-past six by fifty factory-whistles. The children are awake and stirring. The housemaid is banging her utensils on piazza and in hallway: the cook is flirting with the milk-and butter-man at the back gate, and exclaiming "Oh Laws!" to some news or pleasantries of his. The licensed venders are abroad. There are all sorts of cries. It is less than an hour to breakfast. The night is lost: one foolish, intolerable noise has spoiled all.

L.W.

TABARIN, THE FRENCH MERRY-ANDREW.

The French word *tabarin* is almost obsolete, and its English synonym, *merry-andrew*, is not much in vogue, but as they are andronymics, to coin a word, embalming the memories of two famous charlatans, they possess an abiding interest apart from all question of their use or disuse.

Andrew Borde and Tabarin were both charlatans and both famous, but here all resemblance between them ceases. The former was a witty and eccentric quack, who travelled about from place to place and country to country selling drugs and practising medicine in fairs and marketplaces, where his glib tongue readily gathered crowds and earned him the nickname which has since passed current in English as a generic term for buffoons of all sorts and conditions. The tenth volume of the *Extra Series* of the Early English Text Society is wholly devoted to Borde, and well repays perusal, although probably few who read it will agree with Mr. Furnivall, the editor, that "any one who would make him more of a merry-andrew than anything else is a bigger fool than he would make Borde."

Tabarin, however, was a veritable and inimitable clown, and his name has figured in French literature both as a proper and a common noun almost from the day that he and his partner, Mondor, set up their booth on the Pont Neuf. They began their sale of ointments and liniments in Paris about the year 1618, attracting custom by their absurd dialogues in the vein of the circus-clown and ring-master of to-day. Occasionally they left the city to try their luck in the provinces, but during most of their career they were to be found on the bridge near the entrance to the Place Dauphine. Tabarin retired from the business about 1630, but his partner continued at the old stand with a new clown, who must have been either less witty or more obscene than Tabarin, for in 1634 Mondor was abated as a nuisance by the authorities.

Tabarin was blessed with a wife and daughter: his wife's name was Francisquine; his daughter married the celebrated buffoon Gaultier Garguille. The story goes that when he left Mondor he bought a small country-place near Paris, where he passed his latter days comfortably on his earnings. There are two traditions current as to the manner of his death: according to one, he was killed by some noblemen in a hunting quarrel; according to the other, he died from the effects of heavy drinking for a wager. He is said to have styled himself Tabarin because he usually appeared in a little tabard, called in Italian *tabarrino*, but his true name and his nationality are alike unknown.

Tabarin's pleasantries, as jotted down by members of his audiences, have been given to the world at divers times in various forms, and have latterly been collected and published in a body with those of his less successful rival Grattelard; but very few of them are suited to nineteenth-century taste, and most of them are gross to the last degree. Some of the presentable ones are here given, and may serve as specimens of his manner, though they will scarcely account for his reputation:

Tab. Who are the politest people in the world, master?

Mon. I've travelled in Spain, Italy and Germany, and I assure you that the French nation is by all odds the most courteous. They are the only people in the world that kiss and compliment, and above all take off hats.

Tab. Take off hats! If that's courtesy I don't want any of it.

Mon. Taking off hats, Tabarin, is an ancient custom originating among the Romans. It is done in token of good-will.

Tab. So you say taking off hats is the pink of politeness? Now, if that's so, do you want to know who I think are the politest people?

Mon. Yes: who?

Tab. Why, our Paris street-thieves, for they don't stop at taking off hats, but take cloaks off too.

Tab. Master, why don't they let women take orders?

Mon. Because the sex is frail, Tabarin, and not worthy to conduct the services of the Church, which are sacred mysteries.

Tab. Humbug! It's because they always will have the last word, so it wouldn't do to let them give the responses. Why, the services would never end.

By similar logic Tabarin demonstrates, among others, the following propositions:

An ass is a better linguist than his master, because he understands when he is spoken to, while his lingo is all lost upon the man.

A fiddler has the hardest lot of all mankind, because his life depends upon a bit of wood and a piece of cord, for all the world like a malefactor's.

Cut-purses are the most liberal of all men, for they not only empty their own purses, but those of other people.

If you put a miller, a tailor, a bailiff and an attorney in a bag, the first thing to come out will be a thief.

The most wonderful gardener and the most wonderful tree in the world are respectively Jack Ketch and the gallow tree, because when the hangman plants that unpleasant vegetable it bears fruit the same day.

If you see six birds on a tree, and shoot three, there will be *none* left, for of course the remaining three will fly away. This last jest is so trite to-day as to be absolutely threadbare.

Tabarin's wits were not exhausted by this kind of buffoonery. He issued comic proclamations and almanacs, and even produced short farces in which his wife performed with him. From one of these farces Molière is supposed to have borrowed the ideas for his sack-scene in the *Fourberies de Scapin*.

La Fontaine stole one of Grattelard's dialogues bodily, and converted it into the celebrated fable of *The Acorn and the Pumpkin*. Grattelard was contemporary with Tabarin, as remarked above: he and his partner, Désidério Descombes, sold quack medicines at the north end of the Pont Neuf. The dialogue in question follows, at least so much of it as is in point, and will serve as tailpiece to the specimens of Tabarin's wit:

Grat. I had a great discussion this morning with a philosopher, trying to prove to him that Nature often makes great mistakes.

D.D. No, no, Grattelard: everything that Nature does is done for the best.

Grat. Just wait now: let me tell you how I had to give in.

D.D. Well, how was it?

Grat. We were walking in the garden, and pretty soon we came across a tremendous pumpkin, as big as a Swiss drum. "There!" said I: "Nature has no better sense than to hang a great thing like that on such a slender vine that the least breeze can break it off."

D.D. Then you blamed Nature in the matter of the pumpkin?

Grat. Yes, for of course there ought to be some proportion *inter sustinens et sustentum*; but, by Heavens, I soon changed my mind, for just as I was passing under a great oak tree down fell an acorn and struck me on the nose. Of course I had to admit that Nature was right, after all, for if she had put a pumpkin up there I should have been in a pretty pickle.

D.D. Yes indeed, Grattelard: you would have cut a fine figure drinking out of a bottle with your nose in a sling.

Grat. By the Georgics of Virgil, 'twould be all up with spectacles for my old age.

Tabarin was the first of the series of clowns that enlivened the streets of Paris for two hundred years, or, at any rate, the first to attain celebrity: Bobèche in our own century was the last. He made a great noise in his day, but nothing keeps his memory green except the Bobèche of Offenbach's *Barbe-Bleue*. Tabarin, however, has a new lease of life in two of the handy little-volumes of the *Bibliothèque Elzévirienne*.

S.E.T.

"Everybody knows," said Beppo, my Roman model, "that the English are mad, signor. For has not the padre told me so? and does he not say that the fires of Purgatory burn within them? Else why do they roll about in a tub of water every morning, if not to cool their vitals? It is an insult to an Italian to wash him: we only wash dead bodies;" and Beppo draws his huge frame up to its full height, while his black eyes flash, and I mentally acknowledge him and his begrimed rags picturesque if filthy.

"Si, si, they are all mad," he continues, "and they keep horses and dogs as mad as themselves; and they ride out, dressed in the very color of the flames of Purgatory, to run screaming and shouting after poor foxes over the Campagna, notwithstanding the Holy Father has rigorously prohibited that sort of insanity, and has placed his gendarmerie purposely to stop it. But who can stop *il diavolo e gli suoi angeli*? Why, signor, if they want foxes, I myself, Beppo Donati, would catch them any number for a paul or two. But they are all mad, all mad. And the dogs, it is well known how they became possessed; for," lowering his voice and coming nearer me, "I myself saw the arch-fiend himself and his legions enter them bodily. I will tell the signor how it was.

"The signor has been in the Catacombs of the blessed martyrs, but cannot know as much about them as myself, who was custodian for many a year in the dangerous and least frequented ones; and it was there that I received the hurt that caused me to turn model. Many are the hours I have passed in the remote ones lying miles away from the Eternal City, where the only available entrance was a tortuous, chimney-like hole almost filled with rubbish, and so insignificant in appearance that it had remained concealed by a few bushes from the time it was last used by the blessed martyrs themselves till to-day.

"To descend this aperture, signor, one struggles along with much difficulty: lying on one's chest, and with a lighted taper in one hand, the other holding a rope that has been made fast to a tree outside, one slides down by degrees feet foremost. The passages are usually narrowed and choked by the rubbish, and descend nearly perpendicularly to where, lower down, they open wider and your feet touch steps cut roughly in the rock; but you must not trust them, for the soft stone will crumble with your weight. After descending some sixty or seventy feet you suddenly bump against an old stone doorway, and you are at the bottom. But on passing the doorway your position is even worse, as the stagnant pools of muddy water reach up to your knees, and the passages are too low to admit of your standing upright, while you stretch your taper into a thick darkness that closes over everything a few yards distant and prevents your seeing anything but the horizontal niches in tiers, one above the other, where the mortal remains of the beatific lie surrounded by the symbols of the faith they died for. Here they keep their vigil century after century over our Holy City, while they await their glorious resurrection.

"I have been miles under the Campagna in these subterranean cemeteries. No one has yet ascertained their entire extent. They branch out in every direction, and the ramifications are so countless—not only on a level, but in stories underlying one another—and so many of them have fallen in or been filled with water, that no successful attempt has ever been made to follow them to their extremities. Nor can it be found out whether they communicate with one another or remain as they were originally, distinct from each other.

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"You have heard, signor, that the early Christians celebrated the feasts of the Church by visiting the then newly-decorated and consecrated subterranean cemeteries, and that on one of these occasions, when a large crowd of persons had entered to celebrate a festival, it occurred to the ruling authorities that the opportunity might be advantageously used to lessen by so many the troublesome and ever-increasing population of the new faith. Accordingly, a number of huge stones were brought and the entrance built up and rigidly guarded till all the unfortunate prisoners had died a martyr's death.

"After that, to guard against a repetition of such an act, various apertures of exit were made, and may now be frequently found on the Campagna, where, when one's foot sinks into a doubtful-looking hole filled with rubbish, one knows it penetrates to the depths beneath. Secret passages were also made to debouch in the private houses of well-known Christians or buildings set apart for Christian worship; and it was from one of these walled-up doorways that I, Beppo Donati, myself saw *un miracolo* performed and a legion of devils let loose.

"It was in the church of St. Prassede. St. Prassede, the signor knows, was one of the daughters of the senator Pudens mentioned by St. Paul as sending his greetings to Timothy. The present church stands on the site of the very house once inhabited by this Christian family, and in the dark crypt under the high altar there is a walled-up doorway with the sign of the cross upon it. The crypt was originally the cellar of the ancient house, into which debouched one of the secret entrances to the Catacombs: at one extremity of the crypt is the doorway in question, now strongly built up, with the cross impressed in its superficial stucco.

"For many centuries the subterranean excavations behind the crypt have been haunted by the Evil One and his coadjutors, who break forth from time to time in unearthly noises, racings, scamperings, moanings and yellings, and scarcely a man, woman or child in the vicinity but has heard them with their own veritable ears. Many special services of exorcism have been performed in the church above to meet the occasions as they might arise, but with no permanent effect. And, signor, notwithstanding the cloud of witnesses that can testify to these supernatural sounds, the city contains sceptics, and none more determined than the learned Father Xavier of the Holy Propaganda.

"The day of the miracle that I am about to tell you of was a dark, wet Thursday in November,

when my wife Teresina and myself attended high mass at St. Prassede, in honor of Teresina's festa. At the conclusion of the mass strange sounds were heard behind the walls of the crypt, and more especially at the back of the walled-up door. Gasps, yellings, scamperings, and then a cessation, and again a repetition of the same unearthly sounds with increased vehemence. Sometimes they would seem to recede till they died away in the distance, and then come rushing as if a whole legion of the enemy were close at hand. From the body of the church the crypt is approached by an open passage down a wide flight of steps immediately in front of the high altar, and the walled door, as well as the whole of the crypt, can be distinctly seen from the top of the steps. When the mysterious noises were first heard most of the congregation had retreated precipitately to the doors, but some of the more pious or venturesome—among whom were Teresina and myself—had remained, and were leaning over the balusters while the padre descended with his attendants to perform the special service appointed for the occasion. The exorcism took effect, for the noises, from being very uproarious, suddenly ceased altogether, and the arch-fiend seemed pacified, if not utterly routed, until at the close of the service, a bell was rung as appointed in the office. The sound of this bell had the effect of increasing the demoniac uproar to such a degree that the padre officiating was fain to hurry through the rest of the service as best he could and beat a precipitate retreat, with the acolytes, bells and all, to the sacristy.

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"Teresina and myself had fled to the door of the church, where we stationed ourselves in a convenient place for a start when the occasion might require it. We had not been there long when we saw Father Xavier—the sceptic I told the signor about—enter the church with two assistants armed with crowbars and pickaxes, and proceed immediately to the crypt, where no doubt could exist as to the noises at that moment, as the yellings, scamperings and scramblings were loud enough in all conscience. The sacristan came out from the body of the church and suggested another exorcism to the reverend father, who answered that he preferred the pickaxe, and, turning to beckon to his workmen, found they had fled. Nowise daunted, the reverend gentleman took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves and went to work with a will, making the vault re-echo with his blows. This operation, while it had the effect of thinning the audience still further in the church, where Teresina and I lingered, certainly abated the noises behind the door, until the padre's blows, continuing with unabated energy, effected a breach where the very head and claws of the Evil One himself were actually to be seen protruding through the aperture: in one moment more the whole troop of the enemy had dashed through the opening, upset the padre, and were in full career through the church, from whence the whole assembly took flight into the streets, uttering frantic shouts and seeking safety in the houses. The legionaries of Satan had it all to themselves, and continued their career until they arrived at the place where the English keep their hounds, where, with a tremendous yell, they leaped over the gate and disappeared in the kennels.

"I myself saw this, signor," said Beppo, giving his head an emphatic nod, "and have I not every reason for saying that the hounds, as well as their masters, are possessed?"

Beppo's story still leaving some physiological questions unsolved in my dark Protestant mind, I took occasion to speak to Father Xavier himself about it when I next met him. From him I learned that on the morning in question a party of English left the city on a hunting-excursion on the Campagna. A fox was unearthed after considerable delay, and a sharp run started, when suddenly fox, dogs and all disappeared down one of the numerous holes leading to the Catacombs. As the occurrence was not unusual, the hunt waited, expecting them to reappear up some other aperture; but after lingering the greater part of the day they were obliged to return to the city without the dogs, who had found their way through the dark and intricate passages to the door of the crypt, where the sceptical padre, as we have seen, liberated them.

M.S.D.

THE DEMIDOFFS.

Readers of the agreeable memoirs of Madame Le Brun may remember the passage in which she speaks of a certain "M. Demidoff, le plus riche particulier de la Russie." His father, she goes on to say, had left him an inheritance of great value in the shape of mines, the products of which he sold to the government on very profitable terms. His enormous wealth enabled him to obtain the hand of a Miss Strogonov, the daughter of one of the most ancient families of the land. Their union was an harmonious one, and they left two sons, "of whom one," concludes our author, "lives most of the time at Paris, and, like his father, is very fond of art."

Madame Le Brun's friend was Nicolai Demidoff (1774-1828), one of the least distinguished members of his family, who have been the mining-kings of Russia for two centuries. The contemporary of Peter the Great was ennobled by him (without receiving a title), and in the patent it was decreed that the family should be for ever free from military and other service, "that they may devote themselves to the discovery of metals." Nicolai's son Anatoli was born in Moscow March 24, 1813: he was sent to Paris to be educated, and remained there till his eighteenth year, studying at various institutions, including the law-school and the École Polytechnique. Shortly after his return his father died, and he came into possession of an enormous property, which he immediately began to spend, lavishly, but generously. In St. Petersburg he bought and furnished a large building to serve as a charitable institution. From its

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kitchen two hundred thousand meals are given yearly to the poor, and in it one hundred and fifty orphans are housed and fed, one hundred and fifty girls are trained to be capable servants, and forty impoverished gentlewomen find a home. When the cholera raged in the same city not long afterward he not only established a hospital, but is said to have devoted himself personally to the care of the sick. In the furtherance of science and art he was still more munificent. He founded the Demidoff prizes, which annually distribute nearly four thousand dollars to the authors of the most useful works published during the year, while from his mines in Siberia eight young men went forth yearly to acquire a thorough technical education at his expense. In 1837, urged by the great need of coal felt by the Russian industrial classes, he began a three years' exploration of the Black Sea country, accompanied by a staff of six professors, who produced a detailed report, not only of the coal-deposits, but also of the zoology, botany and geology of the region traversed. The results of their labors are described in four octavo volumes—*Voyage dans la Russie méridionale, exécutée sous la direction de M. Anatole de Demidoff*—and inscribed to the emperor Nicholas. One reward of this labor was election to the Institute de France, his competitors being Parry and Sir John Franklin.

Some years before this time he had entered the diplomatic service, being attaché, first, at Vienna, then at Rome, then chargé d'affaires at Florence. Here he met and married Mathilde Bonaparte, who, through her mother, was closely connected with his sovereign. Nicolai's daughter had been allowed to make a love-match in marrying the duke of Leuchtenberg, son of Eugène Beauharnais, and the emperor was by no means pleased to have another mésalliance in the family. What most offended him, however, was the fact that M. Demidoff, in the Catholic as well as in the Greek marriage ceremony, had promised to educate his children in the faith of the officiating priest. In consequence of this he was deprived of such titular honors as he possessed and was ordered to live abroad. As the married pair did not get on very well, and as, after a childless union of four years, they agreed to separate, Demidoff was again received into the imperial favor. He had meantime bought the fine estate and mansion of San Donato, near Florence; and as he thought the possessor of so much wealth and the husband of so noble a lady deserved to have a title, he dubbed himself "prince," and continued to enjoy this self-given title, probably in the hope that an uncontested use would give him a prescriptive right to bear it. In this hope he was disappointed, for Count Medem, an attaché of the Russian embassy at Paris, noticing "Prince Demidoff" on the list of the members of the Jockey Club, crossed the name out, adding the observation, "Il n'y a pas de prince Demidoff." A bloodless duel followed.

In the lately-published memoirs of the German novelist Hackländer—who in 1843 figured as secretary to the crown-prince of Würtemberg during his visit to Italy—we have an agreeable picture of M. Demidoff at San Donato. "His paintings, sculptures, odd furniture, bronzes and weapons were arranged in an irregular and apparently arbitrary fashion, so that they did not produce the wearisome effect of an ordinary collection, but looked rather like treasures with which their owner had surrounded himself partly for use, partly only to look at." Demidoff "was a tall, thin man," continues Mr. Hackländer, "with light, almost yellow, complexion, and always dressed with extreme elegance. On the occasion of our first visit to his town-house the princess was painting in her studio, in which art she was more than a dilettante. The prince went first to her with Demidoff, and after they had come back we heard from her a peal of the heartiest laughter, which rung down through five large rooms. Soon after she came out and greeted us in the kindest fashion. She was then a young and handsome woman, with a splendid figure, graceful curves, fine eyes and complexion,—all beautified and illumined by her pleasant voice and happy manner."

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In 1851, Demidoff bought the villa of San Martini, which Bonaparte occupied during his stay in Elba, improved the building at a cost of forty thousand dollars, and made of it a museum in which were to be seen all sorts of curiosities connected with the great emperor—hats, swords, pistols, portraits of the king of Rome, and manuscripts for which he paid one hundred thousand dollars. His uncle's other collections the present M. (or, if you like, Prince) Demidoff sold at auction the present year: I have not heard whether the Elba relics were sold with them.

Florence, as well as St. Petersburg, owes much to M. Demidoff—among other things, an asylum in which fifty boys are trained in silk-weaving. It was in Paris, however, not in the city which he so long honored with his residence, that in 1870 this philanthropic and enterprising man took leave of worldly vanities.

A.V.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

A History of Classical Greek Literature. By the Rev. J.P. Mahaffy, M.A., Fellow and Professor of Ancient History, Trinity College, Dublin. New York: Harper & Brothers.

It is easy to imagine a history of Greek literature which should be not only useful and stimulative to the student, but fascinating to the general mass of intelligent readers. The literature of Greece is not, like that of modern nations, the mirror of a many-colored life; but the originality, variety and perfection of its forms make it on the whole the most complete and splendid representation of thought and imagination which the world possesses. While it owed little or nothing to any

foreign influence, it was itself the source of all later conceptions of literary art, and though it exists only in fragmentary remains, these still furnish the chief standard of excellence in nearly every department. The subject is therefore unique both in the value of its materials and in the definiteness of its limits. What is demanded for the adequate treatment of it is not universal knowledge, but minute and thorough scholarship; not a wide and diversified experience, an unlimited range of sympathies, the power of detecting subtle motives and disentangling complicated threads of action, but a comprehension of the simple and eternal elements of character and conduct, the faculty of tracing a specific development from its origin to its decline, while indicating its connection with other indigenous growths of the same soil, and a vivid sense of the marvellous rapidity and exquisite beauty of the simultaneous or successive unfoldings. Given these powers, unhampered by any defect of mere technical skill, and it is hard to see how any mind susceptible of being interested in their application to such a topic could resist their sway.

We do not know what ideal Mr. Mahaffy may have formed of the task he has undertaken or of the qualities demanded for it. His preface gives no intimation on this point, and his "introduction" affords only negative evidence in his refusal to follow "the usual practice with historians of Greek literature" and "begin with a survey of the character and genius of the race, the peculiar features of the language, and the action which physical circumstances have produced upon the development of all these things." Instead of any discussions of this nature, which "in many German books are," it appears, "so long and so vague that the student is wearied before he arrives at a single fact," the natural division of literature into poetry and prose is made the starting-point. The former, in accordance with "a well-known law of human progress," precedes the latter, but is gradually supplanted by it. "This may be seen among us in the education of children, who pass in a few years through successive stages not unlike those of humanity at large in its progress from mental infancy to mature thought. We know that little children can be taught to repeat and remember rhymes long before they will listen to the simplest story in prose." On the other hand, "when the majority of people begin to read, poetry loses its hold upon the public, and the prose-writer, who composes with greater simplicity and less labor, at last obtains an advantage over his rival the poet, who is put into competition with all the older poets now circulating among a more learned public." In accordance with this profound yet simple theory—from which we gather that the Golden Age of the poets was that in which there were no readers—the work is divided into two nearly equal parts, the first dealing with poetry and the second with prose, and this "is now the accepted order among the German writers on the subject."

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In the first volume epic, lyric and dramatic poetry are dealt with in the order in which they are here named, while in the second the arrangement is strictly chronological, taking up historians, philosophers and orators as they appeared upon the scene. Except in the case of the epic and the drama there is no examination of the rise or nature of any particular form of composition, and the exceptions merely touch the familiar ground of the origin of the Homeric poems and the rise of the Æschylean tragedy. Some account is given of the principal authors, their works are more or less fully enumerated and some of them analyzed, style and similar matters are discussed in a summary and decisive tone—critics, ancient and modern, who have held different views from those of Mr. Mahaffy being sharply reprehended—and the final sections of some of the chapters are devoted to bibliography, including modern imitations and translations. Although Mr. Mahaffy is never otherwise than terse—or, more properly speaking, curt—he sometimes condescends to repetition. Thus he tells us in three or four different places that Sophocles and Thucydides "play at hide-and-peek with the reader." These two authors, thus happily classed together, represent "the artificial obscurity of the Attic epoch," in distinction from "the pregnant obscurity" of Heracleitus and Æschylus and "the redundant obscurity of some modern poets." The attempt of "Classen and others" to explain the involutions and anacolutha of Thucydides by "the undeveloped condition of Attic prose, and the difficulties of wrestling with an unformed idiom to express adequately great and pregnant thoughts," is triumphantly refuted by the statement that "Euripides and Cratinus had already perfected the use of Attic Greek in dramatic dialogue," and "in Attic prose Antiphon had already attained clearness, as we can see in his extant speeches." As Classen, in his discussion of the question, has not omitted to notice Antiphon, it may be doubted whether he would accept this fact as conclusive. Another point in regard to Thucydides is introduced in a manner that prepares us for some startling disclosures: "As regards the historian's trustworthiness, it has been so universally lauded that it is high time to declare how far his statements are to be accepted as absolute truths." But expectation subsides when we are assured in the next sentence that "on contemporary facts his authority is very good, and so far there has been no proof of any inaccuracy brought home to him." He is open to doubt, it appears, "only when he goes into archæology," by which term Mr. Mahaffy understands early Sicilian history, which "reaches back three hundred years, nay to three hundred years before the advent of the Greeks." It has "only lately," it appears, been discovered that Thucydides had no personal knowledge of the events of that remote period, but "copied from Dionysius of Syracuse," and hence "the whole tradition requires careful consideration." In that case, we fear, the "high time" for deciding on the "absolute truth" of the historian's statements will have to be indefinitely postponed. Meantime we learn from the work before us the striking fact, that "the night-escape of the Plateans from their city," as related in the third book of Thucydides, "has been reproduced in our own day by Sir E. Creasy, in his Greek novel, *The Old Love and the New*." It has sometimes been debated whether the Greeks had any novels: it is now settled that they had one—written by an Englishman. It is to be hoped that this discovery will give a new impetus to the interest in Greek literature, which must be at a low ebb if Mr. Mahaffy be correct in stating that "even diligent scholars find it a task to read a dialogue of Plato honestly through." To be sure, if Plato's

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style and matter were simply such as Mr. Mahaffy describes them, there would be no great inducement to make the attempt. The same remark would apply to most of the extant plays of Sophocles. The *Œdipus Rex*, in particular, reveals itself in Mr. Mahaffy's analysis as a mere farrago of inconsistencies and absurdities. In allusion to the very different estimate of Professor Campbell, Mr. Mahaffy remarks, "Though I deeply respect this simple-hearted enthusiasm, it does not appear to me the best way of stimulating the study of any writer." Still, Mr. Mahaffy can occasionally defend a Greek author against the strictures of other critics. Thus he cannot agree with Mr. Simcox in giving "some credence to the attacks on Demosthenes charging him with unchastity. These," he observes, "the whole man's life and his portrait-statue forbid us to believe." We do not quite understand how the fact that Demosthenes was a "whole man" tends to rebut the charge referred to, and if what Mr. Mahaffy meant to say be "the man's whole life," this is simply begging the question, a part of that whole being the point of dispute. But the evidence of the "portrait-statue" is, of course, resistless, and one cannot but regret, in the interests of public decency, that testimony so conclusive is not admitted in modern trials involving a similar issue. One great characteristic of Mr. Mahaffy's style is an unsparing use of the first personal pronoun. "I think," "I do not think," "I conceive," "I believe," "I advocate," "I infer," "I would select," "I had predicted," are forms of expression strewn abundantly, often in clusters, over the pages of the work, the subject to which they refer being generally one on which most other people do not "think" or "conceive" as Mr. Mahaffy does. One is reminded of an epigram on Whewell, master of Trinity College (Oxford, not Dublin), after the appearance of his *Plurality of Worlds*:

His eye, as it ranges through boundless infinity,
Finds the chief work of God the master of Trinity.

William Cowper. By Goldwin Smith. (English-Men-of-Letters Series.) New York: Harper & Brothers.

Much thoughtful and sympathetic criticism has been written on the life and writings of Cowper, without any new facts being brought to light or any decided progress made. His character reveals itself and his life is minutely recorded in his correspondence; but the few points which his letters leave unexplained still remain obscure after long search and study. The question of his rupture with Lady Austen, for instance, is just where Hayley left it. His poems present elements so apparently irreconcilable that, while their qualities are universally recognized, their place in literature is still an unsettled one. The reader of *The Task* may ask himself in one breath whether it is poetry at all, or whether it be not great poetry. There is no trace of the instinctive poetic utterance of bards such as Shelley and Keats, but there is a constant appeal to the strongest and most elementary human feelings, rarely met with in any but the greatest works of art. It was never Cowper's fate to be exposed to that brilliant but unsympathetic criticism which is the most short-sighted kind. No comprehension of him can be got without bringing in feeling as a factor of judgment, and it would not be singular if the moral beauty of his verse should blind readers to its artistic faults. As a matter of fact, however, the tendency now-a-days is to exaggerate Cowper's position rather than his qualities, and this arises not from warmth of feeling, but from hasty dogmatizing. There is a marked difference between *The Task* and any poem preceding it, but the distance from *The Task* to *The Excursion* is still wider. The resemblance to Wordsworth in the former poem is tolerably superficial: it is a likeness with a difference. Cowper was the observer, not the priest, of Nature, watching her minutely and tenderly, but with none of Wordsworth's passion. The finest passages in *The Task* are wholly descriptive, and of description pure and simple there is very little in Wordsworth's writings. Neither is there any strong proof of Cowper's influence in the work of his successor, though the influence felt most strongly by each was the same—that of Milton. When M. Taine speaks of the revolution effected by Cowper as one of style, when Mr. Lowell characterizes Wordsworth's blank verse as "essentially the blank verse of Cowper," those eminent critics agree in exalting Cowper above his age at the very point where he is most closely bound to it. In sentiment he made a certain advance toward Wordsworth, though on a lower plane, but in diction he is distinctly of the eighteenth century. His style is often as artificial as that of any of its rhymesters: it is full of inversions, freighted with long, formal words, and still more marred by others of a false dilettante ring. Wordsworth would never have spoken of "embellished Nature," "embroidered banks," or applied the word "elegant" to a rose, any more than he would have used "lubricity" or "stercoraceous" in verse.

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Yet, formal as Cowper's language often is, narrow as are the ideas which take up a large part of his writings, the essence of his poetry is its truth. A false note in feeling he seldom struck, and the most artificial language cannot hinder his lines from going direct to the heart. The high-water mark of his genius was reached in two or three poems in which the words are in full harmony with the thought and reflect it limpidly, with no attempt at the "embellishment" which he too frequently employed.

In a book designed to introduce the subject to many readers we could have wished for a little more sympathy of tone than Mr. Goldwin Smith has allowed himself in his otherwise admirable volume. It is hardly necessary, for instance, to insist on the obvious narrowness of Cowper's religion. That the book is too short is a failing on the right side, and chargeable to the plan of the series rather than the writer, whose terse style and excellent arrangement make it full of interest. Cowper's life and poetry are bound together in a singularly close union. He belongs by

circumstances rather than by genius to those unfortunate minds which, thrown off the proper balance, have gained a deeper insight and a stronger hold upon others through their very weakness. What lends a peculiar pathos and charm to his figure is the purity and gentleness of his mind, the efforts by which he clung to truth in the cruel darkness of mental disease, and the innocent gayety and light-heartedness which alternated with gloom. Like Rousseau, Cowper had, by the very reaction from sadness, a rare keenness of enjoyment. Little things were enough to feast it, and hence the most trivial matters came naturally into his verse. His poems have certainly had a varied history. Written to afford occupation to a mind on the verge of madness, linked with the slightest events of his daily life, it has been their fate to serve for a long time as poetic tracts, and afterward to be exalted by critics as prophecies of a new order of things, the beginning of a literary revolution.

Books Received.

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The Diary of a Man of Fifty, and A Bundle of Letters. By Henry James, Jr.—Tales from the Odyssey, for Boys and Girls. By "Materfamilias."—Life of Charlemagne. By Eginhard.—The Right Honorable William Ewart Gladstone: A Biographical Sketch. By Henry W. Lucy. With Portrait.—British and American Education. By Mayo W. Hazeltine.—Mrs. Austin. By Margaret Veley.—Business Life in Ancient Rome. By Charles G. Herbermann, Ph.D. (Harper's Half-Hour Series.) New York: Harper & Brothers.

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