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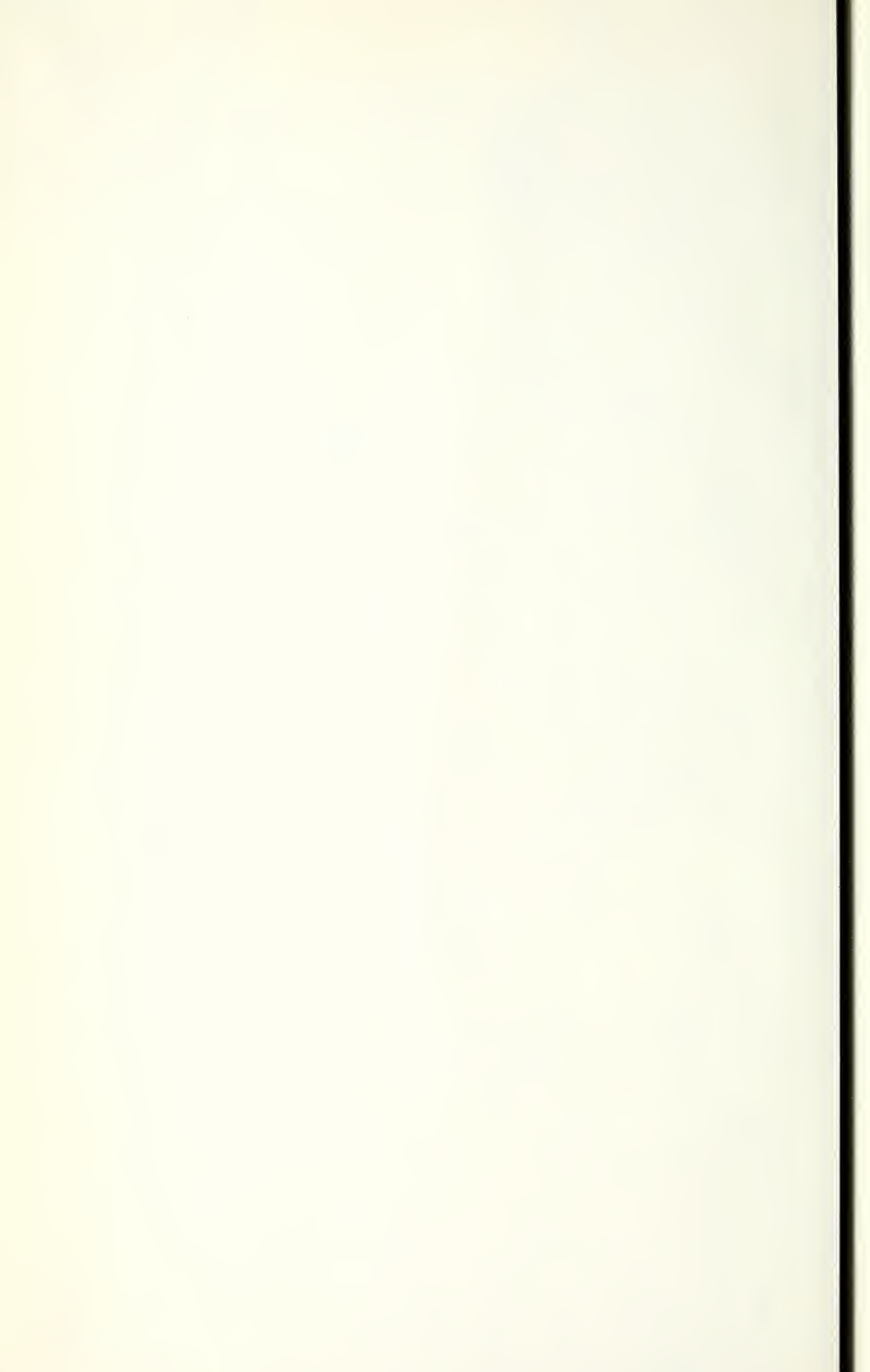
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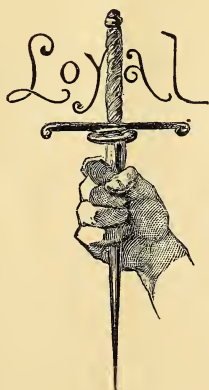
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An Illustrated Monthly

New Series, Vol. 22



March, 1900

August, 1900

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HUGO GROTIUS.

See Editor's Table.

THE
NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES.

MARCH, 1900.

VOL. XXII, No. 1.

BELLONA.

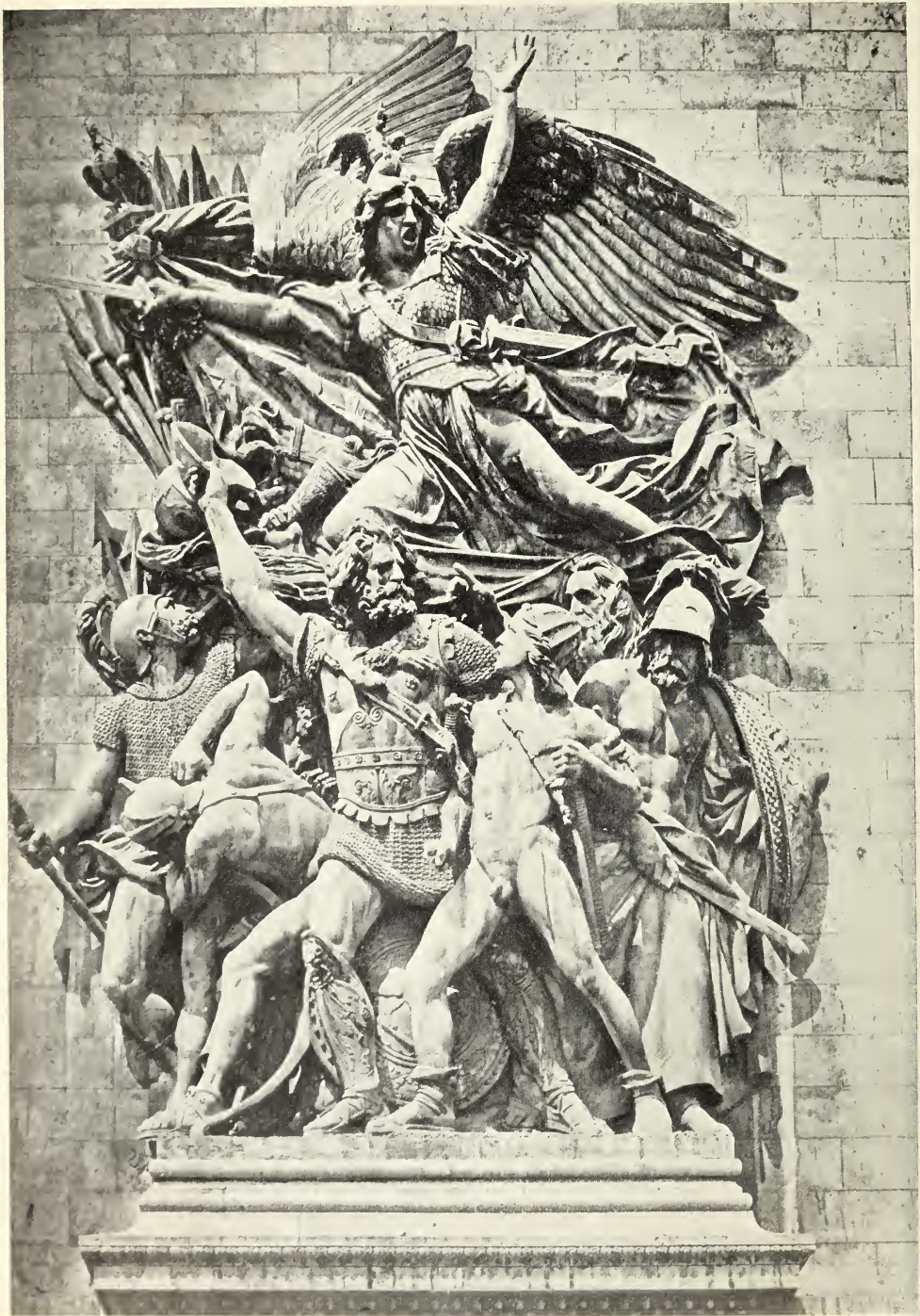
WRITTEN AFTER SEEING "LA MARSEILLAISE," BY FRANÇOIS RUDE,
ON THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE, PARIS.

Vittoria Colonna Dallin.

BORNE onward by the fiery cloud of war,
Horrid with spears and flashing swords, she comes;
With awful battle shout she bids arise
All passions base, revenge and hate and lust
For blood, with brutal cruelty and greed,
All in the name of what man holds most high,
The love of God, of fatherland and home,
Blinding men's eyes to all her hideousness
By bright alluring promises of fame,
And by the stirring music of her song.

"*Marchons, marchons!*" The air is rent with yell
And shriek, with clank of arms and trumpet call;
The charger rears all furious for the fray,
The bow is bent, the garb of peace is cast
Aside to grasp the corselet and the sword,
And peace and joy are banished from the earth,
While havoc, strife and carnage are enthroned.

The untried youth sees in his father's face
The patriot's zeal, and while he hears the shout,
His very soul is thrilled, and he becomes
A man and hero from that fateful hour.
The old man mourns that he can fight no more,
But gives his blessing to his son, and cries:
"Go forth and slay, avenge your country's wrongs!
Go forth, my son, and lead the mighty hosts
To glorious victory or glorious death!"
In all the splendor of his glittering arms,
In all the strength and courage of his prime,



"LA MARSEILLAISE," BY FRANCOIS RUDE.

He seems the martial spirit incarnate,
 A Cæsar or Napoleon, the chief
 Whom armies follow wheresoe'er he leads,
 The conquering hero who returns from war,
 With bands of captives and with precious spoils,
 Amid the plaudits of the multitude,
 Who, dazzled by the gorgeous triumph, mad
 With wild enthusiasm for their chief,
 Forget that vultures gloat o'er bloody fields,
 That myriad hearts are torn with pain and woe,
 While hydra-headed evil blights the land.

But is there none in all that group to cry:
 "Depart, O hated goddess, from the earth;
 For pestilence and famine, fire and sword,
 With death and ruin, follow in thy train!
 Leave to the past her pride in warlike deeds;
 A better, nobler pride our age should boast.
 The world has suffered long enough from thee
 And all thy dreaded brood. 'Tis time that spears
 Were beaten into pruning hooks; 'tis time
 That Peace borne on a radiant cloud should come,
 Attended by her handmaids, wisdom, love,
 Justice and liberty; spread wide her wings
 Above the earth, and by her battle shout
 Draw round her standard all the sons of men,
 To fight 'gainst sin and ignorance and crime,—
 The fitting crusades of the coming age,—
 Opening men's eyes to all her loveliness,
 By wakening deeper sympathies and love,
 Till, knit in one by ties of brotherhood,
 The nations far and wide, as ne'er before,
 Shall sing of 'peace on earth, good will to men!'"

AFTER THE BATTLE.

By Everett S. Hubbard.

MY measures may not sing the battle hymn
 Of flame and fame mid death on swiftest wing;
 Some keener rhythm shall voice War's thundering.
 But when the ranks drift back, and cannon grim
 Roll down the dales with silent lips; when dim
 Are widowed eyes, and Rachel, wandering,
 Laments; when wild birds trill—strange world—and sing
 Just as before,—then pause; come chant with him
 Who, noting not the far victorious drum
 Nor bugle pæans o'er the red morass,
 Turns to the scenes where vaunting lips grow dumb,
 And hears the moaning from the sodden grass;—
 Who, deaf to all vainglory here, would come
 To breathe a requiem when brave souls pass

The Education of the feeble-minded

By Kate Gannett Wells.



“FUN Home” is Freddy’s name for the School for the Feeble-Minded at Waltham, Massachusetts, where he has lived for years, often answering in impromptu rhymes when challenged in conversation.

“I like to sit under the grapery
Clad in Japanese drapery,”

was his instant reply to a visitor, who asked him why he did not go indoors one hot day, when he was sitting in an arbor overhung by grapevines. Not one of the attendants supposed he had ever heard of Oriental fabrics. He has an ardent admiration for a boy named Walter, and once when told to be very good and amuse himself, pleaded in trembling tone:

“If you’ll only let me
play with Walter,
Truly then I will
not falter.”

Yet Freddy is only one among thousands of children who present in themselves problems which

must be solved by processes of education as well as by the intuitions of philanthropy. There is no more interesting phase of psychology than that of the development of a low-grade, feeble-minded child into an intelligent, self-guiding person, with due regard for the rights of others.

It was as an “Experimental School” that the first state institution in America was established at South Boston, Massachusetts, October, 1848, “for teaching and training idiotic children,” though the repulsive adjective was in time modified and it is now



THE FIRST HOME FOR THE FEEBLE-MINDED AT SOUTH BOSTON.

merely called the Massachusetts School for the Feeble-Minded. Before this period, in 1818, a few idiots had been received at the American Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb in Hartford, Connecticut, out of pity for their condition, notwithstanding the first known attempt to educate an idiot in France, in 1800, had proved futile. Not until Dr. Seguin's fame as an instructor of idiots began, in 1837, and his "Treatise on Idiocy" had been

cluded a letter from Hon. George Sumner concerning Dr. Seguin's school in Paris. This famous missive glowed with hope, quoting the reply of M. Vallee, teacher at Bicetre, France, that "patience and the desire to do good are all that is necessary," and stating as a certainty that "the reflective power exists within them (idiots) and may be awakened by a proper system of instruction." Like a fresh assurance of immortality fell



SCHOOL BUILDINGS AT THE HOME FOR FEEBLE-MINDED AT WALTHAM.

crowned by the French Academy, in 1846, was serious attention bestowed upon these defective persons.

In the same year, 1846, on motion of Judge Byington of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, a board of three commissioners was appointed to inquire into the number and condition of idiots in the Commonwealth. Dr. Samuel G. Howe was made chairman of this commission, and in his first report (1847), which became so famous that it was translated into many languages, in-

this report upon the transcendentalism of the day and upon the hearts of clergymen, one of whom, Dr. E. S. Gannett, later stood reverently in the school at South Boston saying: "The soul then never dieth except sin kill it." "Say rather," added the transcendentalist, "that God is in every human being."

The practical result of the letter and the report was the annual grant by the legislature—first made May 8, 1848,—of \$2,500 for an Experimental School, with a board of trustees, under



GIRLS' BUILDING.

the care of Dr. Howe, whose first pupil was received in October of the same year. Dr. Seguin came from France, organized classes, introduced his method of training, and aided in establishing similar schools in other states. In July a private institution for idiots was opened in Barre, Massachusetts. New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio followed as pioneer states in this direction, until in 1874 seven states had under training over one thousand pupils.

Never did Dr. Howe lose faith in his two working principles: (1) that a school for the feeble-minded is a link in the chain of common schools, the last indeed, but still a necessary link, in order to embrace all the children in the state; and (2) that such a "school should not be converted into an asylum for incurables." Before he served as a redeemer of idiots these were consigned to neglect and deterioration. Yet only thirty-two out of the state's one thousand two hundred

were sent to him; and though the majority of those who came were too old for much improvement, he pleaded for their betterment in words which showed the tenderness and strength of his well reasoned faith in their possibilities. He became personally responsible for



SCHOOLHOUSE AND GYMNASIUM.

any excess of cost over the receipts, and for nearly two years gave up the rooms in the Institution for the Blind, which were assigned to him for his own family, to the use of the school until it was removed to a house of its own.

Proudly reads Dr. Howe's last report, for 1875-76, of the work he began twenty-nine years before. "I examined all candidates, engaged all its officers, prescribed diet and regimen, rules and regulations, discipline and exercise in the school and gymnasium, and made all the examinations in person. I also travelled a good deal in search of pupils. I visited other states and brought before their legislatures the plan of having

their idiotic children sent to our school, proper payment therefor being provided. I incurred considerable expense in all this without remuneration, and it was not until about seven years ago that I consented to receive a nominal allowance for my travelling and personal expenses."

Honored and dear still are the names of the school trustees and officers, those of George B. Emerson, Edward Jarvis, Stephen Fairbanks and Samuel Eliot. For twenty-one years Dr. Eliot was president of the trustees, giving to the school richly of his time and wisdom, a large part of its growth having been due to his labors on its behalf. In 1855 additional funds were given by the state and private friends, and a larger and more commodious building was erected, the public beneficiaries and the private pupils remaining in it on the same terms as before.



THE FARMHOUSE.



THE HOSPITAL.

In 1891 the work of moving the school by detachments to Waltham began, as the necessity

for country life as well as for larger accommodations became more apparent. Yet the ninety-two acres have already become insufficient for farm work and buildings, since with increasing yearly force the questions press: What is to be done with the adult feeble-minded? Shall they be allowed to return to the world to multiply their kind, or shall they be perpetually housed and supported by the state? Where shall the danger line be drawn below which a feeble-minded person is a public menace? How far shall their educa-



BOYS AT WORK.



THE DINING ROOM.

tion extend? When a mother has the right to refuse to commit to the school her defective daughter, lest it disgrace the family, and then a few years later brings her child there for perpetual custody because she is the mother of three illegitimate children supported in three almshouses in three different towns at public expense, has the pub-

lic no rights in the matter,—is it purely an individual question?

In actual practice, few of the adult inmates are discharged, and those who do leave, capable of self-support and self-management after careful training, are generally under twenty years of age. But the number of young children seeking admission is



THE PLAY ROOM.

steadily increasing, so that the state is still confronted with the necessity of maintaining some adequate permanent shelter for its feeble-minded, which shall not interfere with the requirements of a school; else the educational plan will be merged in that of a charitable asylum,—which, however, many experts believe should be the outcome of the original school plan.

No one is better fitted to cope with

the school, at once the most pathetic and inspiring, is furnished at the hours for meals. First to enter the dining room are the shambling, shuffling, big, stupid, weak children—that is, men and women. The stronger among them push the paralytic in their wheeled chairs, guide the epileptic or carry the deformed, puny ones to their high seats. Gently is borne the long basket in which lies a boy who never sits up, the children vying with one another in the care with which they drop the food into his mouth. Then come the stalwart pupils, who use bibs and eat



these difficulties than the present superintendent, Dr. Walter E. Fernald, who assumed charge in 1887. He is ably seconded in all he does by the matrons, clerks and teachers, who have unusual originality, patience and wisdom.



KINDERGARTEN EXERCISES.

In October, 1899, Dr. George G. Tarbell, who at one time had been assistant superintendent, and upon his resignation of that office had yet remained for years as one of the most active of the trustees, was appointed president of the board, a most worthy successor of Dr. Eliot, who died the previous year.

Perhaps the best general view of

off stout crockery; and then the well bred (all is comparative), who have napkins and knives and forks instead of spoons. Almost every table has its flowers, gathered by the children. Bad manners are considered by all as a public disgrace, and the code of awkward politeness is strengthened by the mutual tenderness with which it is observed, for the feeble-minded eagerly protect each other.

More apparent still is this tenderness in the large, well-lighted play rooms, one for boys and one for girls. In the latter sits in her wheeled chair a young woman, to whom Waltham is "as good as heaven," for she has

fective one soothe the irritated children, and they become quiet or sleepy under the magnetism of her affection.

Up and down the floor is drawn a block of wood, on which sit those taking an imaginary drive. Others push about circular high stools like cages, in which are placed the bandy-legged, who thus learn to stand. Like the chorus of a miniature race-course sound the ejaculations of the healthier ones to their feebler companions: "Go it!" "Don't be busted!" "Bully!"—and in a few months the weaklings of five to ten years can walk instead of crawling, cheered by the praise of their comrades.



PUPILS AT STUDY.

been sent back and forth from town and state institutions as belonging nowhere until sheltered here, where she has her heart's desire in caring for babies. One rests on her soft shoulders, another lies on her broad lap, while a third is cuddled upon the floor close to her chair, so that she can pet it all day long. When there is a disturbance in the room the attendant pushes her chair towards the scufflers, and somehow the loving touch and mumbling words of this happy de-



There is no need of other playthings than dolls for this grade of defective children. To see the older women, still more the men, hugging their dolls with a fervor that quiets their feelings, murmuring to them as if



A GROUP OF SMALL GIRLS.

they were human, or punishing them as they themselves have been corrected,—shows what is meant by potential fatherhood and motherhood. One rag doll had its hands tied behind its back because its owner had had hers treated in the same way in order that she need not stick pins into her

companions; but seldom is such a penalty inflicted upon either doll or child.

On all but very stormy days the inmates, young and old, are out of doors in squads under the charge of attendants. Each division has its own grove. Many do nothing save exist



A GROUP OF ATTENDANTS.

happily. Cleanliness is an acquired art; once gained, the child's vanity is aroused, and smooth hair, ribbons and collars become greater incentives to good behavior than books, while a belt with a buckle is equal to a diploma in its effect.

The various houses in which the children live, at a cost, including tuition, of three dollars and twenty-two cents a week, are grouped around the central administration building, where Dr. Fernald resides with his family. The many houses permit classification and separation of the pupils according to their age and condition. The brighter boys and girls are by themselves. At the north building are one hundred and eleven grown men of the custodial class, who must be cared for like children. At the farmhouse are the few helpful, trusted workers. In still another dormitory are the boys under twelve years of age and women and girls of feeble intelligence and untidy ways. In the school classes proper there are about one hundred and ten pupils; in the kindergarten and practical training classes about one hundred and seventy-six. But all the other inmates are also to be trained, or at least protected, for the sake of

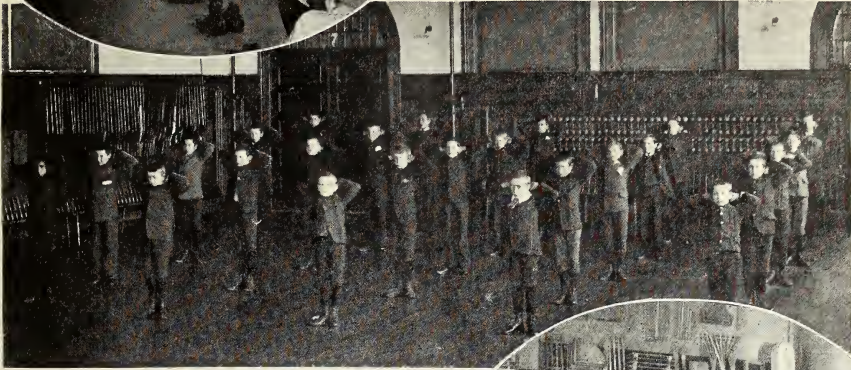
the state, if not for their own sake! Therefore household and outdoor occupations are essential.

In the laundry, which is as important a factor in manual training as in cleanliness, all the girls who are capable of making any exertion work in turn. Ruby was one of this number, so fat, heavy and sluggish when she was first received at the West Building that she waddled rather than walked. At the end of many months she knew how to be cleanly and happy. Then the matron said: "She is still too fat and too weak to work hard, but she must do something; let her fold towels in the laundry." For six months did Ruby try to fold a towel in halves, and then, one morning, with face growing paler and eyes brighter, slowly, painfully, awkwardly, she brought the four corners together with an expression of rapture on her countenance which transfigured it, and would have fallen fainting if the



THE COMPANY DRILL.

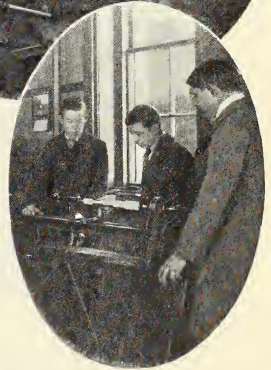
futile to expect the low-grade feeble-minded to go through a series of progressive Swedish exercises merely at the spoken word of command. The physical exercises at Waltham have been specially arranged by Dr. Fernald as schedules of movements required in the doing of common things. In this way gymnastic exer-



AT WORK AND AT PLAY.

matron had not caught her. That effort was to Ruby the victorious culmination of the hardest physical and intellectual struggles she had ever made. Six months later she was in the sewing room, darning stockings, and to-day, carefully guarded in her mother's house, helps in the housework, useful and contented.

In the gymnasium the first attempts of the children at conscious physical self-culture are very crude, as they learn to walk without shuffling, to the uneven beating of a drum, struck by one of themselves. Here also they take their first lessons in patriotism by carrying a flag, honor forbidding its being dragged upon the floor. The athletes of the "Gym" straighten the arms and legs of their feebler classmates, outwards and downwards, and with sudden thrusts poke at the chins and heads of the lazy who will not look up. As a lesson in self-control, a halt is quickly called, when all sit still with folded arms for a few moments. Strongly accented music stimulates their dormant energies, since it is



cise subserves sense training, as the child gains the will to do. Any given exercise is short in time, definite in execution, performed first by the teachers, then imitated by the class, until at last, by unwearying training, many of the children are able to execute the orders when only spoken. But one must have faith in the value of such gymnastic training to make it of real value to the most unintelligent.

The hospital is plain and comfort-

able, as are all the buildings. It is curious to note the children's recognition of death as something natural and to be expected, and yet not one of them looks forward to it for himself.

In the three big kitchens for the buildings the children shell peas, pare potatoes, wash dishes, and do simple cooking. Here as in the laundry there are matches in skill and swiftness. An ironing match often furnishes an evening's entertainment.

Long before the children are ready to enter even the kindergarten, they



AT WORK IN THE SEWING ROOM AND LAUNDRY.

are practised in sense training in the classrooms of the dormitories. From a glass case filled with toys the teacher takes out a miniature hen. "Have you any feet?" she asks of the gaping, wondering group before her. Most of them do not know. "What do you eat with?" she next inquires. Then they know; and she talks about the hen's bill, its eggs and chickens, as her pupils learn to recognize pictures of

the barnyard and to cluck and crow. Toy kitchen stoves and tea sets furnish a dolls' tea party, imparting knowledge of the names and purposes of everyday objects. Such exercises would be needless for normal children of ten years, the average age of those in this class.

The recognition of different pieces of wood by their shapes constitutes an advanced lesson. The instructor holds up a longitudinal bit, and with a seraphic grin and a chuckle of delight, a boy matches it from the pile lying on the table, while another child

tries to make a square piece fit a circular one, and becomes wofully disturbed thereat,—a hopeful sign. "When do you see

stars?" is asked, as a star-shaped piece of wood is held up. Often it is two or three months before there is any comprehension of this question. An unusually bright boy, when asked to find a ball like the one shown him, found its double on a dumb-bell.

Earlier than all this teaching and its accompanying moral lessons is the hand training. "Put your hands to-

gether; put your fingers in and out; put hands in a circle; clap them; put up thumb; close other fingers; open them; wiggle them!" This last they love to do. For each of these simple exercises the teacher daily, weekly, monthly, takes the flabby, nerveless hands of each child in her own and goes through these manœuvres of progress with them. When the hands are partially trained, the members of the class are taught to pick up pins from the floor. It is as if hippopotami were trying. Then they wind string from one ball to another, and put little sticks into a board pierced with holes,—both being difficult feats to accomplish. They learn to recognize objects enclosed in a bag by feeling their shape, and to tell the differences in sound between tin trumpets, reed pipes, etc. They acquire a sense of taste and smell through spices and bottles of various liquids.

This long fundamental training of the senses, united with physical exercises, yields better results than could be obtained by any other method, as the children slowly realize that there is a purpose in all that Dr. Fernald directs them to do. Their relation to him is so personal, that the old man of seventy, the middle-aged and the puny toddlers alike feel that they owe him love and obedience.

His underlying motive of utility in all his teaching is strikingly shown by such a simple operation as the lacing of a boot. Instead of having it taught theoretically on two perforated, upright pieces of wood, as in Sweden, the Waltham children learn on a real boot, often on one worn by a fellow pupil. The art of buttoning and unbuttoning, however, is acquired on strips of cloth, and then transferred to each other's garments. It is all slow work, demanding energy and animation from the teachers, who must not merely hold, but create attention in the children, by a brisk manner and clear voice. No wonder they are weary as each class leaves them in squirming lines, the mem-

bers helping each other out of the room.

The personal duties of daily life, just because they are necessary, are also taught as educational. There is a toilet class, a bed-making class, a sewing class. The color sense too must be trained, since the feeble-minded are often color blind. One boy drew a lobster in blue crayon; another sketched asparagus in brown chalk.

In the kindergarten itself the occupations and games are largely modified to suit the nature of the children. Pet animals, birds, toys of all kinds, especially wagons and carriages, are employed as instruments. A hack is the "funeral wagon." It follows naturally that at Waltham there is not such a marked division between the kindergarten and the primary school as among normal children. Nowhere also is a teacher more free to follow her own wise devices; therefore with each step gained, both pupil and instructor have the joyful sense of victory.

Notwithstanding queer bits of obtuseness, the grown-up children of the primary grade are very bright in seeing words in disconnected letters written on the blackboard: *h c t a c* is quickly resolved into *catch*. They learn the days of the week by pictures drawn against their names. Sunday has a church, Monday a wash-tub, Tuesday a flatiron, Wednesday a loaf of bread. So far the children agree; but the other days are indeterminate periods divided between pies, sweeping and marketing. Paper folding is very significant; dexterity in imitation is easy compared with memory of how to fold the paper. If a child can recall the order of the creases, she is considered intellectual and will make rapid progress in her drawing. But here again curious freaks are seen. A certain boy sees upside down. Drawing correctly, he yet begins at the bottom of a leaf or at the outside of a spiral. In spelling, he puts the correct letters upside down; in arithmetic, he gives the right

answer, but reverses the number; 19 is written 91.

The children are passionately fond of making collections of beetles, grasshoppers, etc., handling the creatures with tenderness and studying their habits. To be allowed the privilege of feeding the animals in the "Zoo" is high honor. In the grammar class the pupils seem very much like other children, saving the difference in age and their evident painstaking, which, with all that is angular and awkward, is still sincere. They have some knowledge of current events. When some of them were asked why they liked President McKinley, one fellow answered: "Cause a silver dollar is worth only fifty-three cents, and lots of 'em would weigh down my pocket so I couldn't get round."

On their entrance to the grammar class the problem of their future education has narrowed itself to a definite point, the utilizing of their so-called intellectual education in industrial ways; for it is cruel as well as foolish to lead them into departments of knowledge which will develop them in a one-sided manner. A boy with a phenomenal memory may have no moral sense; a girl who computes figures quickly in her head may be incapable of self-respect. The industrial training begun by hand, sense and object training, by drawing by the eye, not alone by rule and compass, is still further developed by sloyd. After the half day of school work the pupils pass into the workshops and learn cobbling, brush-making, carpentering and house painting. Not long ago the boys themselves used several hundred pounds of white lead in painting the inside of all the houses, besides doing the varnishing of the woodwork. They assist in bricklaying and mason work, and are fair farmers. These outdoor occupations include the training of the lowest grades of the defective persons, who dig ditches and make roads, or are saved from paroxysms of excitement by carrying

stones from one pile to another and back, or by walking on a circular track. They are as eager about this as if their labor were useful to others. The inert among them sit between the potato hills, picking off potato bugs as happily as if they were berrying.

The previous school education has fitted the higher grade inmates for manual work in the same way, if one may compare small things with great, that the four years at Harvard helps its graduates as they become business men. Only on this ground can the education of the feeble-minded beyond the rudiments of reading, writing and arithmetic be justified. If their intellectual training is carried too far, they become unhappy doing manual work; while if not carried far enough, they cannot get the most out of their later industrial work, and regard it as beneath their dignity. As Waltham accommodates but ten per cent of the feeble-minded of the state, a disproportionate part of the expense should not be bestowed upon the higher book education of a few, for with all the progress that might be made only a small fraction of the inmates can ever exercise independent judgment or spend money wisely.

To gain an intimate knowledge of Dr. Fernald's wisdom and sympathy in caring for the children, young and old, one should see them at their games. All the legal holidays are joyously observed, and every pretext for special occasions is eagerly seized. Last Halloween, as most of them gathered in the gymnasium for games, the thought that they were feeble-minded would hardly have occurred to a careless observer. With full tumblers of water, they ran round the hall, vying with one another in having the fullest glass at the end of the race. "Wabbling tumblers" they called it. They tried to bite apples floating in a pan of water or dangling from a pole, or, blindfolded, to feed each other from a saucer of sugar held between them; and when the sugar ran down each other's necks in-

stead of into their mouths, how they shouted! A race in winding up strings showed their insensibility to pain, the cords cutting into the flesh, so tightly and swiftly were they wound round their hands in their excitement.

On Fourth of July, the day begins early with the "Horribles" procession, arranged by themselves. All lunch out of doors, each ward having its location indicated by flags. They run sack and pig races, and close the day with fireworks. None but their guardians are tired.

Christmas is less noisy, but gayer. Each one has gifts from the tree, supplied by home friends or the school. A little play or concert is given, or pieces are spoken or carols sung. As at meal times, one then sees the sadness and affection, the hopefulness, patience and dignity of the school. Grotesque is not the epithet for these unfortunates. In comes the old man of the school, wrapped as if he were a bundle, the cripples on crutches, the paralytic in baskets, the repulsive-faced and those with the yearning gaze of womanhood and manhood. If the sight makes one's heart ache, it also holds out promise of redemption. There is neither confusion nor roughness in the crowd as Santa Claus appears, but there are hearty laughs, feeble ejaculations and travesties of smiles. The appropriateness of the gifts shows the personal consideration given to each inmate. Normal children, educated up to toy machinery, and girls who crave the luxuries of a doll's wardrobe, would not care for the rag babies, the iron toys, the suspenders, cravats and neckties which these children value.

On the ward attendants, who seem actuated alone by the desire of loving service, falls the physical care of these inmates, more repellent in many ways than the insane. Generally on their first arrival, the children are flabby and poorly fed, owing to home ignorance more than to poverty. The odor peculiar to them is due to want of cleanliness, long months of care being

necessary to destroy it, while decayed teeth are extracted,—which they deem a special privilege, enjoying it as others do gymnastics.

Though the two thousandth patient since the school was incorporated was received October 13, 1899, only thirty-six per cent of those applying for admission in 1898 could enter. Yet the number of applicants will doubtless increase, for town authorities, recognizing the need of custodial care for defectives, are more and more willing to pay the board of such persons to an institution.

Therefore in order to have a permanent home for graduates, trained, but not capable of being at large, and still too old for school life, and also to be able to receive a larger per cent of applicants at Waltham, the trustees of the school have lately bought some two thousand acres at Templeton, Massachusetts, where Beaver Brook runs through the land and where one of its hills has been gratefully called Eliot Hill. Several cottages are to be built, that these grown-up children may live in families; the rough land is to be redeemed, and the good farming land to be cultivated.

Yet with all this outlook into larger space, the problem remains, what should be the future of a school for the feeble-minded? In 1896 there were ninety-five thousand such persons in the United States. Has the state a right to confine them as it does its criminals, though the feeble-minded are usually the sufferers for others' wrongdoing, rather than for their own? Unless this right is conceded, they will marry or bear children outside of marriage,—in either case inflicting upon the state the growing burden of the neurotic, epileptic, insane and criminal; for all the various phases of abnormality can begin in feeble-mindedness. Even if the estimate of eighty per cent as that in which mental deficiency descends from parent to child is an over-estimate, the per cent is vastly higher than in any other cases. Moreover, it

has already been proved beyond dispute that "a large per cent of all the illegitimacy occurring in the country is to be charged to those whose mental condition makes them partially or totally irresponsible for the evils which they produce."

Certainly on any such reckoning the state is directly responsible for the prevention of the further increase of the evil. If, therefore, a child is once committed to Waltham, shall it remain there as long as it lives, passing from one department to another? Shall the state consider as its beneficiaries all those committed there, because they are under its authority? Has a parent no right to retain a child in his home if he guarantees to the state that no evil shall be inflicted

upon the public through its existence? These are the questions pressing for settlement as the conviction grows that, since the state is ever trustee to the future, it should assume the perpetual care and custody of the feeble-minded, parents contributing to their support in proportion to their means, and a board of experts rendering decision in each case as to the degree of defectiveness which should justify such retention. That the years of those so restrained can be made useful and happy is abundantly demonstrated by the daily life at Waltham, since on the colony plan, adopted there and elsewhere, tenderness and self-control are engendered, which largely atone for the deprivation of outward liberty.



THE BOOKS OF TIME.

By John Curtis Underwood.

WHEN to the Roman king the sybil came
 And offered him her scrolls, that he might buy,
 While still he bargained, thus was her reply:
 One roll she burned, her price was still the same;
 While still he doubts, another feeds the flame.
 At last he heaps her golden guerdon high,
 His precious remnant hugs and chokes a sigh
 For those rich volumes he can ne'er reclaim.
 Time offers us the books of life, long years
 Wherein to set the tale of worthy deeds
 In toilsome letters writ; and all too late
 We yield our golden pleasure; while we wait,
 Swift from our hands each flying moment speeds,
 Not to be ransomed e'en with prayers and tears.



THE ROME OF TACITUS.

By Bessie Keyes Hudson.

TOWARD the end of the reign of Trajan, "the best of men," the Roman people were fulfilling their highest ideal of happiness, "plenty of bread and games in the Circus," and this without paying the cost themselves, for Trajan's conquests furnished ample supplies. Day after day, sometimes for weeks in succession, the great Circus was filled with its two and three hundred thousand souls; and this place of meeting, where there was almost no distinction of rank or sex, had the greatest charm for a people naturally gay and gregarious. Moreover at that time the freedom of thinking what you pleased and saying what you thought delighted men who remembered the days when Domitian's flushed face glowered from the imperial box and it was at the risk of your life that you gave or withheld your applause.

From the roar of the great assemblage, now hushed for a moment in breathless suspense and then breaking forth in a tumult of applause at a victory hardly won, a few quiet sentences have come down to us. A stranger is seated by a Roman senator of distinguished appearance; in spite of the distractions of the place they fall into a varied and learned conversation, and before they part the stranger asks: "Are you an Italian or from the Provinces?" His neighbor replies: "You have become acquainted with me in your studies." "Then are you Tacitus or Pliny?" re-

joins the stranger without hesitation. This apparently pleased Tacitus—for it was he—and he mentioned it to Pliny at their next meeting. Pliny was exceedingly gratified and made this and a similar incident the subject of a characteristic letter to his friend Maximus. "I cannot tell you how much it pleases me that our names"—Tacitus and Pliny—"are associated with literature, as if the property of letters rather than of men, and that each of us is known by the studies apart from which he is unknown." His joy is so great that he almost hesitates in writing to his friend, not from any feeling of modesty, according to modern ideas, but from fear of causing an unpleasant sensation of envy in his friend's heart. He finishes his letter: "I rejoice, and I say that I rejoice; for why should I fear to seem too boastful when I repeat another's opinion of me and not mine of myself, and especially to you who envy no man's glory and enjoy mine?"

Fate has dealt very differently with the reputation of the two friends whose names and pursuits were united at this time. Of the "studies" with which it pleased Pliny to be identified we know very little; but from his letters we know the man, his household and his affairs, as if we had lived neighbors with him in a New England village. Tacitus is as synonymous with history as Clio herself, although he takes upon himself the

duties of Rhadamanthus in addition to those of the muse, and joins a judgment of men to the simple record of events. His complete identification with his works is due without doubt to the slight knowledge which we have of him outside of his intellectual life.

He was probably the son of Cornelius Tacitus, a procurator under Nero of a province of Belgic Gaul; and the best authorities consider A. D. 54 the year of his birth. We can guess the course of his own education from his censure of the education of modern youth, in the essay on Oratory. Probably the guidance of his early years was not left to "a worthless Greek chambermaid and a slave or two, the worst of the household." His mother, or some "elderly female relative of approved conduct," arranged his hours of work and relaxation, inculcated principles of virtue, and, what was most needed in a large household of slaves and attendants, saw that strict propriety of speech and manner was always preserved before the child. His father-in-law, Agricola, was educated at Marseilles, "that seat of learning, where Greek refinement is well mingled with provincial frugality." But Tacitus probably studied at home with private tutors until manhood, for he makes no reference to a university life of his own in relating that of his father-in-law.

The fashionable Roman schools at that time were taught by degenerate Greek rhetoricians and grammarians, whose shallow learning and evil influence all writers unite in condemning. Something may be excused, however, in a poor schoolmaster who, as Juvenal tells us, cannot go to the Baths or Forum without being stopped by curious parents and catechised as to "What was the name of the nurse of Anchises?" "How long did Acestes live, and how many measures of wine did he give to the Phrygians?" An unready answer may deprive him of fees and pupils;

and if he is a most successful and fashionable teacher he will only receive in one year the amount paid a favorite charioteer for one race,—always excepting Quintilian, who has made a fortune by his lectures and is therefore considered "lucky and a greater rarity than a white crow!" He and his pupils regard Cicero as a model of eloquence, only objecting to a few of his mannerisms, which lead the weaker writers of this school to think they have composed a Ciceronian sentence when they end with "esse videatur,"—much as Mark Twain's student thought he was speaking German when he finished a sentence with "haben geworden sein."

Tacitus undoubtedly attended these lectures when about twenty-one years old. Also, in the "Dialogue Concerning Orators," supposed to take place about the same time, he describes himself as "in attendance at home and abroad" on Marcus Aper and Julius Secundus, "the most distinguished men of our Forum." He writes: "I heard them eagerly, not in the courts alone, for I attended them at home as well as in public, with a certain youthful ardor and wonderful liking for their pursuits, so that I not only listened to their stories and discussions, but had the benefit of their private declamations." From this he learned to express himself, according to contemporary criticism, "most eloquently and *σεμνῶς*" (in a forcible and stately manner).

While still a youth his promise was so great that Agricola, then consul and about to take command in Britain, gave him his only daughter in marriage. We have every reason to think this marriage a happy one, for the traditions of the family as to the conduct of its women were of the old school. Agricola's daughter had besides a striking example of the best type of woman always before her in her mother, Domitia Decidiana, and of a happy married life in that of her father and mother, who lived "in the

greatest harmony, from mutual affection each preferring the other;" only "to the wife should be the greater praise for good conduct, as there is the greater blame for evil." Contrary to the usual Roman custom, Tacitus seems to have adopted his wife's family as his own; and no own father could have called forth a more affectionate memorial than is his "Life of Agricola." He probably owed his escape from destruction during the last years of Domitian's reign to the prudence and moderation of his father-in-law, who was not a noisy patriot, wasting his life for an empty boast of liberty, but a lover of his country, husbanding his strength to help his fellow creatures fallen on evil times.

Agricola, upon his recall from Britain, avoided as far as possible the fame due to his successes. He entered Rome quietly at night, without announcing his arrival to his friends, and settled at once into the position of a private citizen, in order to avoid any public demonstration, which might compare unfavorably with the counterfeit triumph of Domitian, where German prisoners of war were represented by slaves with their hair dyed yellow. He refused the proconsulship justly his due, and managed to live in retirement at Rome for some years, in spite of a "prince hostile to virtues, his own renown, and,—the most dangerous of enemies,—those praising him." Probably his death was caused by poison, although Tacitus generously allows that there was no proof of this beyond the suspicious interest in his sickness shown by a prince little given to sympathy. "Constant swift messengers took the news of his failing moments to the prince," and "no one believes that he would thus try to hasten tidings which he was sorry to hear."

Agricola died not only without accusing the prince, but making him a co-heir with "the best of wives and most devoted of daughters." Domitian's mind was so "evil and corrupt

from continual flattery" that he did not perceive that "a good father would make none but a bad prince his heir." He took his legacy with pleasure, rejoiced at the "honor and good opinion shown," and left the bereaved family to enjoy as much peace as was possible in that distracted time.

The death of Agricola recalled Tacitus and his wife to Rome, after an absence of four years. Some writers speak of this absence as an exile, wishing to darken Domitian's character whenever possible; but as in the year preceding their departure, Tacitus attained the prætorship and presided at the secular games as one of the quindecimviral college, it is more probable that he had some command in the provinces, or, at the worst, retired prudently for a time before the growing difficulties of the prince's temper. The grief of the young couple at their father's death was embittered by the loss of his parting words and the rumor that his end was hastened, and that, in the course of nature, he might have been spared to them many years. The "Life of Agricola" closes with the following fine expression of those truths as to the sources of consolation in bereavement and the noblest means of honoring the dead, which will always strengthen and comfort sorrowing men and women:

"Thou art indeed happy, O Agricola, not only from the brilliancy of thy life, but from the timeliness of thy death. Those who heard thy last words say that firm and willing thou didst meet thy fate, as if thou wouldst save the prince from blame as far as was in thy power. But thy daughter and I have, beside the grief of losing a father, this added bitterness, that we could not attend him in his sickness, nurse him failing and be strengthened by his countenance and embraces. Surely we should have received words and commands to treasure deep in our hearts. What pain, what anguish, for us to have lost four years of his life by our absence! Doubtless all things, O best of parents, were done in thine honor by a faithful, loving wife; yet wast thou wept with too few tears; and thine eyes yearned for something with

their last sight. If there is any place for the spirits of the good, if, as wise men think, great souls are not destroyed with the body, thou shalt rest in peace and call us, thy household, from weak longing and unmanly lamentations to the thought of thy virtues, which it is wrong to mourn or bewail. Rather will we glorify thee by our admiration than by passing praises, and by eager emulation, if our weak nature will permit. This is true reverence, this the piety of nearest kin. I would bid the daughter and wife respect the memory of the father and husband by dwelling on his words and deeds and cherishing rather the form and manner of his mind than that of his body. Not that I would do away with images in marble and bronze; yet I think such likenesses of men are meaningless and perishable as their faces, while the form of the mind is eternal, and man cannot fix and express it by art in a material of a different nature, but only by his own character. Whatever we loved, whatever we admired, of Agricola, by the lustre of his life remains and will remain in the minds of men during the eternity of time."

In such passages as these Tacitus sounds the full harmony of his character, his affectionate piety in his family relations, his political integrity, and his reasonable hope of the continued life of the soul. The suffering endured in the few years following Agricola's death—to all men of any note at Rome a time of slavery only tempered by suicide—gave a tone of bitterness to his historical writings, in spite of his sincere desire to be unaffected by personal prejudice. From this bitterness he is often likened to Carlyle; but his impatience with mankind seems more the result of unfortunate experience than an in-born instinct. If he could have lived always under the rule of a Vespasian or a Trajan, he would have accepted the fact that a republican government was no longer adequate to the necessities of the extended empire, and acquiesced in the rule of a good prince as the best government possible. We should then have lost those dissections of character and motive whose keenness and terseness have never been surpassed. As haircloth next the skin kept the consciences of mediæval saints on the alert, so possibly

dyspepsia was a mental stimulus for Carlyle; and the exasperation caused by Domitian's tyranny sharpened and strengthened the intellect of Tacitus. A few pictures by contemporary writers of the lighter evils of these years, imagining always a background of crime too foul for us to penetrate, will show the final experience which formed in Tacitus's mind this conception of the judicial character of history: "That it may reward virtue and make ill-fame with posterity a terror to men wicked in speech and action."

At this time (A. D. 93) the emperor, "like an inhuman monster," lurked in retirement, gloating over the destruction of the noblest families. It was hard to tell whether admittance to his presence or exclusion from it was the more to be dreaded. "He issued from his solitude to make a solitude about him, and hid himself again with his craft, his plots and an avenging God." Whether, as Merivale would have us think, there was method in his madness, and he was really anxious to bring back his people to the honest ways of old times,—and we shall see presently that there was need enough for this,—or whether he desired to make a vicarious atonement for his own sins by punishing the sins of others he was wholly misunderstood by his contemporaries. His example being the basest possible, his precepts being hidden in his own breast, caprice, jealousy and natural cruelty seemed the only reasons for his deeds.

The Senate, "surrounded by soldiers, sits speechless and trembling," ready to acquiesce in the destruction of brave men and the exile of noble women. The city is filled with "informers," till no man dare speak his mind, even to those most dear to him. The poor man is no more secure than the rich. Even the humble fisherman, catching a turbot of monstrous size, dare not offer it for sale. Are not the shores crowded with spies, whose pursuit neither a naked fisher-

man, nor even the seaweed on the rocks, can escape? These men will say at once: "That fish is a stray one fattened in Cæsar's fish ponds and just escaped; it should go back to its former owner!" Therefore the master of the boat and net must make a virtue of necessity and present his booty to the sovereign pontiff, lest it go for nothing. Though it is the season of the year "when sickly autumn yields to the frosts, when sick men hope to have their chills and fever reduced to every fourth day, and when whistling winter blasts would preserve his catch," still the poor fellow hurries as if the south wind, fatal to fresh fish, were blowing, that he may distance the informers and have the merit of a free gift to the emperor.

Vice and terror have broken all family and social bonds. Few men believe in the gods, and those who do think that, "though the anger of the gods is great, it is surely very slow," and their vengeance can be kept off by proper sacrifices. Accordingly the gold is scraped from the thigh of Hercules and even from the face of Neptune, and the family images, disguised by broken noses, are sold to provide luxuries for dinner or money to stake on the races. "Money, though unenshrined," is the god who rules all men. "What does the man who has been proved guilty of plundering a province care for the shame, if by some legal jugglery he can keep the spoils—or the guardian, whose ward is wandering in the street, if he has secured her fortune?"

As you stand at a street corner the forger passes in his uncurtained litter borne on the shoulders of six stalwart slaves. "He has made himself proud and happy by a little writing and a moistened seal." Then comes the powerful matron, who has mingled toad's poison with the mild Calernian wine, to quench her husband's thirst, and "better than Locusta shows her simple neighbors that husbands livid

with poison may be buried in spite of public scandal." Next, "he who gave aconite to his three uncles" (Tigellinus) "looks down upon us from his suspended cushions. When he passes put your finger on your lips, for there will be a spy to hear you if you say 'That's the man,' and then you, with a hook in the throat, will draw a furrow in the sand."

If Numa, or he who saved Minerva from her flaming temple, should appear again, the first questions would be as to his income, the amount of his land and slaves, and the dishes served on his table. To be rich and childless is the highest good. If a man with three children is in danger, "who can be expected to sacrifice even a hen sick unto death for such an unprofitable friend? The expense is too great. Not even a quail is slaughtered for one who is a father." If rich and childless, Gallita or Pacicius begin to feel a little feverish, very properly every temple porch is lined with votive tablets, and there are men who will promise hecatombs of oxen," not that their health, but their wills, may be affected by this instance of devotion. If the house of one of these powerful men is burned, before the flames have ceased he is overwhelmed with presents, until all he has lost is replaced by things more valuable; but the poor man may escape from his third story stark naked, and no one will give him as much as a covering. Last of all, "poverty, bitter though it be, has no sharper pang than this, that it makes men ridiculous."

The swarm of needy Greeks infesting the city interrupts the relation of patron and client. What if the poor man "be zealous enough to hasten in his toga at break of day!" Is not the house already filled with these wily foreigners, with smiles and tears at command, ready to play any part, "grammarian, rhetorician, geometer, painter, trainer, soothsayer, rope-dancer, physician, wizard?" According to Gifford's version:

"All trades his own your hungry Greek-
ling counts,
And bid him mount the sky,—the sky he
mounts."

Now and then some remnant of respect for ancient custom forces the patron to make a return for his client's homage. Then he gives grudgingly as little as possible, sending the client from his door with a meagre pittance to buy fire and remnants of food at a cook-shop. This duty done, the patron seats himself alone in selfish splendor, gorges himself with peacock and other costly viands and goes too soon to the bath; "hence sudden death without a will, and a funeral procession exulted over by disgusted friends!"

If the client is admitted to the house he is placed at a lower table, where he gnaws his mouldy crust, with perhaps a crab, or cabbage dressed with lamp-oil, for a relish, and washes it down with tepid water, while he is enraged by the sight of the master barely tasting and sending away mullet, lobster and asparagus, dainty salads, ice water and fine wines. Is it strange that, after such a Tantalus feast, the poor man hastens to give information which will land his patron on a desert island; or that he spies out what secrets he can, knowing that "he will be Verres's dear friend who can accuse Verres at any time he pleases?"

In spite of facilities for divorce, which allow a woman as many as eight legal husbands in one year, marriage is not regarded with much favor. The satirist—who, by the way, was an old bachelor, reported to have been jilted in his youth—says: "Are you going to marry, O Posthumus, when high and dizzy windows are open to you and the Æmilian bridge is near by?" Your wife may prove a gossip, hurrying all day from one public place to another to collect the news; she may be superstitious, and squander your money on soothsayers and astrologers, and her time in poring over the entrails of

chickens and puppies; or if she is strong minded, as soon as she has taken her place at table she will begin a dissertation on the poets, praising Virgil and excusing the suicide of Dido. "Let not the matron who shares your bed possess eloquence, nor let her be able to drag out short arguments with rolling speech, nor know all histories; but let there be some things in books which she does not know. I hate her who ponders and recollects Palæmon's treatise, who regards every rule and principle of grammar, who is a female antiquary and quotes unknown verses to me, and blames the speech of her old-fashioned friend, which no man would notice. A husband should be allowed to commit a solecism." If a blue-stocking is bad, a rich woman is also unbearable. "There is nothing a woman will not allow herself, nothing she thinks base, when she has placed emeralds about her neck and hung great pendants in her lengthened ears." Nor is her personal appearance, after the greatest efforts at adornment, more admirable than her temper; for her curls are piled high, so that she appears "an Andromache in front and a dwarf behind," and her face is besmeared with cosmetics until she is disgusting to see.

The vicious license of men and women in these last years of Domitian's reign was unfortunately not unparalleled in the years preceding and following; but in these years, instead of a disgrace, it was a sure means of safety and preferment; while ability and a noble name must be hidden in seclusion or disguised by frivolous pursuits. Surely during this period, Tacitus, Pliny and their friends represent the remnant with which Matthew Arnold credits every age. Scattered and broken, they preserved in their hearts the traditions of better times; although these too would have been lost, "had it been as easy to forget as to be silent." Pliny spent this time in the country, near Rome, and if Domitian had lived a

little longer would have been in great danger, for charges against him were found among the prince's papers.

Tacitus apparently remained in Rome, for he speaks of himself as participating in the degradation of the Senate. "Our hands led Helvidius to prison; the sight of Mauricus and Rusticus and the innocent blood of Senecio filled us with horror." But the opportunity of the Senate came when the blow of Stephanus had been struck. Nerva, one of the oldest and most amiable members of this body, was quickly proclaimed emperor. After a few struggles he appeased the prætorians, always jealous of the Senate, by choosing the soldier Trajan for his heir, and died opportunely, leaving all power in his hands. Trajan proved equal to the task of suiting both Senate and soldiery, without yielding unduly to either, and under his guidance the empire entered its Indian summer of power and glory.

Pliny, with his easy, sanguine temper, soon felt entire confidence in the new régime and a strong personal affection for the emperor. But Tacitus had been too much tried, and his nature was too inflexible to yield his cherished ideals to an enthusiasm for one man, however capable. He himself says with sadness: "Although from the very beginning of this happy age, Nerva Cæsar has blended things formerly incompatible, the rule of the prince and the liberty of the subject, and Nerva Trajan daily increases the prosperity of the times; though now public security has not only our hopes and good wishes, but the strongest pledge of their fulfilment; yet from the nature of human weakness remedies work more slowly than disease, and our bodies are as quickly destroyed as they are slow in their growth; thus one can more easily crush our talents and studies than raise them again." We see the attitude of Tacitus toward the empire repeated in that of Lafayette toward Napoleon's government. Though the

Roman state under Trajan's rule was much nearer the ideal state of Tacitus than Napoleon's empire was to any form of government of which Lafayette had dreamed, they both felt that the opposition of the Fates and the heedlessness of the people prevented any realization of their visions, and that all that was left to them was a retired life, leaving the people to be governed as their ever-changing temper decreed.

After a few more public appearances, Tacitus devoted himself entirely to his literary pursuits, which had more and more taken possession of his mind. He was consul in the second year of Trajan's reign, and delivered the funeral oration of Virginius Rufus, that remarkable man, who, after escaping many perils, "lived to read poems and histories written about himself, to enjoy his fame with posterity," and whose crowning good fortune it was to have "so eloquent a speaker for his eulogist." He was chosen with Pliny to impeach Marius Priscus for his abuse of power in Africa. They were thanked publicly by the Senate for their able conduct of the case, and their eloquence gained a victory against heavy odds of bribery; but Marius, though condemned to exile, saved enough of his booty to make this exile luxurious.

We could say here of Tacitus, as of the hero of an old fairy tale: "And he lived happily forever afterward." His time of trial was ended, and he had before him years of prosperous ease, in which to accomplish the literary work upon which his heart was set. He was the acknowledged leader of the charming group of men to whom Pliny introduces us in his correspondence and whose society is as refreshing after that depicted by Juvenal as the air of the Tuscan villa after the Suburra steaming with cook-shops. Pliny's ingenious letters reveal to us the friends whom he addresses as well as himself. We find them cultivated, wealthy men, modelling their conduct

on that of the Roman fathers, whose somewhat severe virtues they adorn with a human charity and kindness exemplary to us even after our eighteen centuries of Christian training. We can share their daily life and aims with very little exertion of the imagination, and spend, for instance, a day in the country, with Pliny, without any shock to our moral or æsthetic sense.

We leave our room, in the morning, about eight or nine o'clock, and join our host, who has spent the early morning hours in his cool, shady chamber, meditating a work he has in hand, and now and again calling his secretary to take down in shorthand a happy phrase or argument. He finds these quiet hours, when the mind is refreshed by the night's rest, the most suggestive for literary work. We spend the morning with our host, rambling about the estate, tasting the grapes, peering into the wine vats, and settling the disputes of the villagers. If any of us wish more violent exercise to make the baths acceptable, there are horses to ride and a tennis court. After the baths and an informal luncheon, we amuse ourselves as seems most agreeable to us, walking, driving, reading, sleeping or writing letters. Our host has business letters to write about the new public school, library or hospital which he is establishing at Como. Nor does he forget the spiritual welfare of his tenants; for he is planning to rebuild a temple of Ceres on his estates. He thinks he will act "benevolently as well as piously" if he builds a temple for the use of the goddess and porches for the use of the people, who assemble in great numbers on the ides of September and attend to much business besides their devotions. He asks Mustius to buy for him marble for the walls and floor, four marble columns—whatever he thinks suitable—and a new statue of the goddess; for the old one, made of wood, is disfigured by age. The tone of all these letters is as mod-

ern as if they were dictated to a girl at a typewriter instead of to a white robed Greek slave with his waxen tablets.

We meet the graceful, delicate Calpurnia at dinner, who enters into all her husband's labors with admiring sympathy. She can also accompany his sonnets on the lyre, "with a nice taste, though untaught except by love, the best master." The dinner is fresh and dainty, but without extravagant parade, and afterward we have music or acting; then, when we are quite refreshed, we stroll through the trim alleys of box and ilex, in the sweet-scented evening air, talking with our host and visitors, congenial friends, from the neighboring estates; and then to bed, to wake early the next morning to the enjoyment of another healthy, well ordered day.

Slavery might pain us in some families, but Pliny could never bring himself to take the mercenary view of his slaves, although his humanity might make him ridiculous to his harder neighbors. His slaves were well taken care of when sick; many of them were freed; and those who died in bondage were allowed to bequeath their treasures to other members of the household.

This home which we have visited was not unique. Pliny tells us of friends as happily situated as himself; of husbands and wives living together in harmony for thirty or forty years, till separated by death.

Tacitus was the acknowledged leader in this group of friends, appealed to as an authority on all literary matters. Of course his life in the city differed in many particulars from Pliny's country life; but the tone of the households was the same; the slaves happy, and the table modest but bountiful, so that all fared alike. Tacitus was more often "burdened by the toga," and gave the hours which Pliny spent among his wine presses and peasants to his receptions, where all men interested in literature were eager to appear; but their hours of

privacy were employed in the same manner, with reading, writing and study. The world was less varied then than now, and men who felt the same obligations of station and fortune naturally lived similar lives; therefore if we say, after reading Pliny's letters, "This was the manner of life of Tacitus and his friends," I do not think our sense of perspective is so faulty as that of the schoolboy who, when reproved for mingling the adventures of Æneas and Julius Cæsar, said, "I thought all the Classics lived at the same time!"

Johnson and Boswell mean to so many minds only the dogmatic teardrinker and his toady, that perhaps it is at the risk of lowering Tacitus and Pliny that we compare their friendship to that of the other pair of friends. Nevertheless, Pliny's letters give an idea of a similar relation to one who likes to dwell on the "great lexicographer's" brave struggle with poverty and disease and his final well earned position as leader among his contemporaries, and who feels that "Bozzy's" friendship was true and unselfish, though that of a lesser mind for a greater and sometimes too garrulous and artless in expression. As we have only Pliny's side of the correspondence, we may do him injustice in thinking him the dependent mind; it may be only his courtesy which gives the impression that he is writing up to Tacitus. It is evident that he selects his literary projects in particular for Tacitus's approval and sympathy. He asks him to select a teacher for the new school at Como from among the crowd of literary men attending his levees, and he describes his plans in full; but he does not tell him of his building projects, nor of the charms and wonders of the country places which he visits. When he writes of a successful hunt, where he captured three boars, there is a tone of apology in the remark: "I sat by the nets, but had my writing materials with me;" "and you will find that Diana does not wander more

than Minerva on these mountains." The following letter shows clearly the pleasant relations of the friends:

"I have read your book, and marked as carefully as possible what I think should be altered and what suppressed. For it is my custom to speak the truth, and yours to hear it willingly, nor are any men more patient of blame than those who particularly merit praise. Now I await my book with your notes. What a delightful interchange of services! How it pleases me that posterity, if it has any care for us, will always relate with what harmony, frankness and confidence we lived! It will be as rare as remarkable that two men, almost equal in age and rank, of some note in literature (for I am forced to speak sparingly of you because I speak of myself at the same time), should have helped each other's studies. When I was still a youth and you were in the prime of your reputation and glory, I followed you and desired to be considered next to you, though with a long interval between. Although the time boasted brilliant minds, you seemed to me—from some similarity of character, perhaps—especially easy and worthy of imitation. I am therefore the more pleased that, if there is any talk of literature, we are spoken of in the same breath. There are men who are placed above both of us; but what do I care how we are ranked, if only you and I are associated! In my mind that place is first which is next to you. You must have noticed that even in men's last wills we receive exactly the same legacies, unless the will is made by an intimate friend of one of us. All these things show that we love each other ardently, since our studies, habits, reputations and finally the judgments of men in their last moments hold us together with such bonds. Farewell!"

Pliny never doubts for a moment the value of Tacitus's record. He writes to him of his uncle: "Although he"—Pliny the Elder—"was the author of many and lasting works, yet the immortality of your writings will add much to the perpetuation of his name." Then follows the well-known account of the eruption of Vesuvius, which overwhelmed Pompeii and Herculaneum. Perhaps encouraged by the reception of this account, or led by the artless desire for fame which has always characterized the Latin race, he writes: "I predict—nor shall my prediction fail—that your

histories will be immortal. I say candidly, then, so much the more do I desire to be included in them. For if we usually take care to have our face portrayed by the best artist, ought we not to choose a writer and eulogist like you to set forth our works?" Then follows an account of his brave support of his colleague in the Bæbius Massa affair, and the congratulations of Nerva on his speech. We get an amusing glimpse, in the last sentences of this letter, of the struggle of his desire for fame with his real respect for history. "You will make these things, such as they are, greater, more famous and more widely known; not that I ask you to go beyond the facts of the case,—for history ought not to overstep the bounds of truth, and truth is sufficient for creditable deeds." It would be interesting to see whether or not Tacitus adopted this modern method of book making and gave his friend the little puff which was not asked, but the book in which it may have been is lost,—and instead of Tacitus preserving Pliny for us, Pliny has preserved all that we know personally of Tacitus.

In his stately Roman home, surrounded by his friends and books, we have our last sight of "the first of historians to apply the science of philosophy to the study of facts." It is pleasant to think that the "good times" must have outlasted him, though we do not know the date of his death.

Many men with mature minds and a vast accumulation of facts have devoted themselves to work in their libraries, and they and their friends have expected that the forthcoming book would be immortal; but such expectations have usually been unfulfilled. Works compiled with infinite labor moulder in back rows and dusty corners, and when their author survives it is by his correspondence or some chance book; but not even the faithful Pliny could desire for his friend's histories greater success or

longer existence than they have obtained. It is owing to them that we can share the life of the Roman world during a period of nearly eighty years.

Fascinated we follow in the Annals the psychological drama of the life of Tiberius, which Macaulay calls a miracle of art, worthy to rank with "Hamlet." We are introduced to a man of middle age, reaching power after a youth marked by the strongest contrasts: first an exile, then the emperor's son-in-law, again exiled, and then called to share the emperor's power and succeed him on the throne. We see this experienced man, with his cautious habits and conservative temperament, changed by the servility of the Senate, the arrogance of his mother and the treachery of his friend, Ælius Sejanus, from a tolerable ruler living in moderate state and taking a suitable part in affairs, to a tyrant diseased in body and mind, living a self-exile at Capri, where he was a slave to superstitious terrors and base pleasures. When a man of fifty-five, Tiberius would sit modestly at one side of the prætor's tribunal, where, owing to his presence, "many things were adjudged in spite of corrupt influence and the solicitations of powerful men." Twenty years later his favor and entreaties could not prevent Cocceius Nerva, a life-long friend, from preferring suicide by starvation to life under such a ruler. Tacitus is inclined to think that the early life was one of great dissimulation; and perhaps such a power of deception is no more astonishing than the power of evil which could so change a man in a few years.

The sad story of the brave and upright Germanicus is well contrasted with this dark, incomprehensible one; and his consort, Agrippina, is the one fine character among the royal women, though she was "too impetuous, if love for her husband had not restrained her otherwise ungovernable spirit." Her daughter, the younger Agrippina, is even more

clearly depicted; but she, although having the same indomitable will and great ambition as her mother, was restrained by no sense of decency or affection.

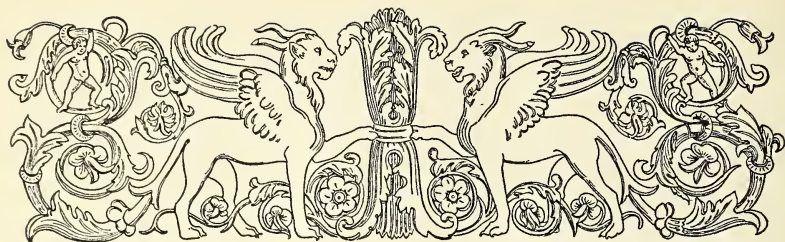
From the mutilation of the manuscript we see only a small part of the career of the half-witted Claudius, the puppet of his wives and freedmen, and only the closing scenes of the life of the wretched Messalina, ending with her merited murder in the arms of the poor old mother whom she had despised in her prosperous days. We have all but two years of the life of Nero. He is simply the passionate, spoiled child, who first destroys the mother and tutors who have indulged him, and then, maddened by license and remorse, murders indiscriminately all who come in his way. He therefore cannot interest us like Tiberius by the constant changes of an enigmatical mind. Besides these occupants of the throne, we have the mass of consuls, senators, nobles and freedmen revolving around them, some honest and wise, others false and frivolous, but nearly all servile.

Behind all these is the intangible Roman people, with its epigrams, which could make even Tiberius writhe, its superstitious regard for a comet, a thunderbolt, or the birth of a two-headed calf, and its constant desire for amusement and excitement. No public event takes place without our hearing criticism, censure or applause from the crowd, "exposed to few dangers from the meanness of their fortune." They laugh at being warned not to disturb the funeral of Augustus as they did that of the "divine Julius," and ridicule the parade of soldiers, "as if, forsooth, in

order to ensure a quiet burial to an old prince, dying after a long reign and leaving an abundance of heirs, there must be a guard of soldiers!" Then, as the procession passes, they discuss his character and his domestic affairs. When Nero pronounces the panegyric of Claudius, the populace "do not refrain from laughter at the mention of his foresight and wisdom, though the speech composed by Seneca showed much eloquence." Old men also remark that Nero was the first ruler "who needed another's eloquence." The Romans' affection for Germanicus and his unlucky family never failed; but by their ill-timed demonstrations they hastened the destruction which they feared, and they were forced often to lament: "Breves et infaustos populi Romani amores!"

Chateaubriand justly calls our attention to the coincidence of the birth of Tacitus and the first year of Nero's reign: "Il parut derrière les tyrans pour les punir comme le remords à la suite du crime." It is part of the eternal justice of things that the histories of Tiberius, Claudius and Nero, "during their lifetime falsified through fear" or "adulation," should have been related after they were dead by a writer without "anger or partiality." The one soft spot in their otherwise hardened natures was the desire for the good opinion of posterity; and here Tacitus has pierced them with unerring aim. As their shades have passed through the Tartarean gates, driven by the lash of the serpent crowned Tisiphone, so their dearly loved "Fame," stripped of all embellishments, is pursued through the ages by Tacitus with his pitiless pen.





LIFE'S GIFTS.

By J. A. Coll.

WHAT bring you, love, to my lonely heart
In the mating days of spring?
A lover true, and a little part
Of the joy in everything;
The budding grace of an early May,
The thought of bees on a flowery way,
Whose honeyed moments to you I bring,
And offer them at your feet to-day—
And with the honey, the sting.

What bring you, love, to my weary sight
In the mellow month of June?
An eye to look from the sombre night
Back to the glory of noon;
A vision of suns that never set .
On roses June shall never forget.
Roses I bring; and withered and torn
In winter winds, you shall know them yet—
For with them I leave the thorn.

What bring you, love, to my listening ear
When the autumn birds are gone?
A beloved footstep coming near,
And songs of the harvest done;
The songs of a love as ripe and true
As pippins red in the autumn dew;
Songs of a reaper who worked alone
That he might bring a harvest to you—
And with it the brambles sown.

What bring you, love, to my lonely life
When the autumn zones are crossed?
A sunny hearth and a cheerful wife.
And what if the world is lost
In a sea of whiteness overspread?
And what if the autumn grass is dead?
I bring the summer you treasure most:
The love of June when June has fled—
And with it I bring the frost.



WINCHESTER IN THE EARLY PART OF THE CENTURY.

ENGLISH HISTORY IN WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

By Marshall S. Snow.

TO turn from a study of Canterbury to a study of Winchester is an easy and a natural transition. Canterbury was the place where the re-christianizing of England began, if indeed England can be said to have been really Christian under Roman rule. It became, therefore, and has remained to our day, naturally and properly the head of the English Church. But scarcely had the monastery of St. Augustine been founded and the beginning made of the great church which was to be so closely connected with the future of England, when upon a site once occupied by a Christian church as early as the second century, where a second building had stood during the reign of Constantine the Great, arose the walls of a third,—a church called “The Sanctuary of the House of Cerdic.” This church became the general seat of the Saxon coronations, as Westminster in later times was of the Norman kings and their successors.

For more than twelve hundred years, therefore, the site of Winchester Cathedral has been devoted to Christian worship. Within its walls and under its pavement are the tombs and the

bones of Saxon, Danish and Norman kings, princes, prelates. Here in unmarked graves or in splendid chantries rest Angevin, Anglo-Norman, Lancastrian and Tudor prelates, princes and statesmen, and persons no less notable, men whose deeds are inseparable from their country’s annals and whose memories are imperishable so long as history remains. Here then, as at Canterbury, suggestions come to the student of history worth many printed pages, bygone days become as yesterday, and the personages of whom we heard and read when we were children live and move and have a real being.

It is interesting to see, as we read the details of early English history, of how much importance the old town and the old cathedral of Winchester were. Under the Roman rule of Britain, Winchester had little history, properly so called. The spade and the pick give us, to be sure, a few coins of the third and fourth centuries; and here and there have been found vases and utensils and pieces of tessellated pavements. Six Roman roads, also, which radiate from the city gates, show that *Venta Belgarum*, as the



WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

Romans called the town, was an important centre of the imperial power. The settlement, like other Roman camps, was in plan an oblong, rectangular camp, with the base to the east. There were four gates named from the cardinal points of the compass. Eastgate and Westgate were joined by a broad thoroughfare, still the High Street of the city. At right angles with this road ran a road from Northgate to Southgate, to the east of which the greater part of the town lay. Of the four divisions of the city, those to the south of the High Street were the most important. The tribunals of law were in the upper part, on the hill; and in the lower, in the valley, were the temples of the gods, the chief dwellings and the military headquarters. So when the West-Saxon kings built their castle and palace above and the church below, they only followed the example set by their Roman predecessors. From the four gates of the city radiated six straight roads, leading to London, to the interior, and to the sea. What the history of this camp city of *Venta Belgarum* was during those generations of Roman dominion no one has

recorded. Of the early years of Saxon rule we know little more. We have but a faint outline of historic fact during the shadowy reigns of the successors of Cerdic and Cymric, the reputed founders of the West-Saxon greatness. They fight with Briton or Jute, and thus slowly win supremacy; and not until the middle of the seventh century does light come to Wessex, when the missionary Birinus connects the rude Germanic tribes with the civilized life of Christendom.



KING CANUTE.

"With the first breath of Christ's religion," writes Dean Kitchen, "history begins to speak in low mysterious tones." Although there had probably been a Christian church at Venta in Roman days, West-Saxon paganism alone remained when, in 634, Pope Honorius sent Birinus to evangelize southern and western England. Soon the king and his family were baptized. In the valley arose a church, the parent of the present cathedral, and by its side nestled a Benedictine monastery. Although this church, standing without doubt upon the site of the earlier Roman structure, disappeared centuries ago, we are fully justified in thinking that the cathedral of to-day stands on the very spot originally hal-

he died in 836, and his bones are said to lie even now in one of the beautiful chests on the choir screen of the cathedral. Then come the reign of Ethelwulf and the life and influence of the kindly and sagacious St. Swithun, the saint of Winchester.

Under the fostering care of Alfred the Great, Winchester became the home of all the learning and the arts of that day. Here the king guided and took part in those efforts which



CLOSE GATE AND
PORTER'S LODGE.



THE DEANERY.

began the development of the English mind and language. In his translations and in his great work, the Chronicle, may be seen undoubted marks of his power and originality. Winchester may well

be proud that within her confines Alfred made this first great history-book of the English people. At the castle the earlier part of the work was compiled and copied; it was nothing more than a simple record of facts down to the time of contemporary history. Copies of this earliest part went to different places, one to the scriptorium at Peterborough, another to the monks of Christ Church in Canterbury, and others elsewhere,—the original manu-

lowed by St. Birinus to the worship of God and in honor of Sts. Peter and Paul. From this time forward Winchester has a history of its own, and one interwoven with the history of England. It becomes, and for centuries remains, the English capital, the Royal City. Egbert, whose accession in 827 to the overlordship or kingship of the now united Heptarchy marks an epoch in English history, here proclaimed to his subjects his new authority. Here



KING ALFRED.

script being kept at Winchester, in Wolvesley Castle, fastened to the desk by a chain, that all who could read might study it as it grew from year to year. In the library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, may still be seen this very manuscript. Alfred himself wrote up this copy of the chronicle for about twenty years, his work coming down to the year 891. "In it," writes one, "we have the first vernacular history of a Teutonic people; there is nothing like it in Germany nor in Scandinavia, nor among the Low Dutch. As we read it we stand at the fountain-head of a literature, which in breadth, extent and splendor of masterpieces is surpassed by none. The Peterborough copy, which was carried on until 1154 and then dies out in the middle of a sentence, was the little runnel through which our mother tongue was safely conveyed through the wilderness of Norman oppression."

From Winchester also Alfred set in motion many of his plans for the benefit of his people. Here he issued the new code of Wessex law, made some fresh distribution of land, and collected facts from every quarter, which he embodied in the earliest Domesday Book. Upon the coast, at the harbor of Portsmouth, he built ships of a new type to meet the Dane, and with them fought the famous sea fight in the Solent. To his capital he brought the captive crews, and judged and hanged them there.

Alfred, whose life struggle ended in 901, was buried in the Old Minster; but unfortunately "the fear of his greatness was too strong,"

and the canons of the church, scared and declaring that his ghost walked and gave them no peace, begged his son Edward to transfer his body to the New Minster, hard by. When, in 1111, that monastery was removed to Hyde, just outside the city walls, the bones were also removed and buried in the new Abbey church. Finally, in the eighteenth century, when the ruins of Hyde Abbey were pulled down, the remains of the noblest of English kings disappeared forever.

Two generations after the death of the great Alfred, during the reign of his grandson Edgar, there arose a powerful reforming bishop, Ethelwold by name. By him a new cathedral was begun, of wonderful fashion, in wrought stone. By the side of the masons labored the monks. So many the chapels, the chronicler tells us, so numerous the columns, that a man might easily be lost in the cathedral; and above all rose a mighty tower



THE CHOIR.

shining with burnished gold, crowned with a weathercock, which filled the traveller coming down the hill into the city with amazement. "Up there it stands aloft," says Wulfstan, "over the heads of the men of Winchester,

and up in midair seems nobly to rule the western world." And then there was the wonderful organ, or pair of organs, with twelve bellows below and fourteen above, with seventy strong men as blowers, working with much



toil and noise of shouting as they cheered one another and filled the wind chest. At two keyboards sat two performers, "in unity of spirit, ruling each his own alphabet," for on every key was cut, or perhaps painted, a letter indicating the note; and when the players hammered the keys with clinched fists there came forth seven jubilant notes. "Like thunder," says the poet, "their iron voice assaults the ears and drives out every other sound; nay, so swells the sound that as you hear you must clap your hands to your ears, unable as you draw near to abide the brazen bellowing. All through the city the melody can be heard (for there was no glass in any window); and the fame and the echo of it spread through all the land." It must have been, in-

deed, a strange noise compared with the modern organ.

A patron saint was needed; but for this the church had but to translate the remains of Bishop Swithin, which lay near by in the churchyard; and in 971 the cathedral was consecrated and the sacred relics were reburied in a splendid shrine behind the altar. The story runs that the removal of the body of the saint was delayed forty

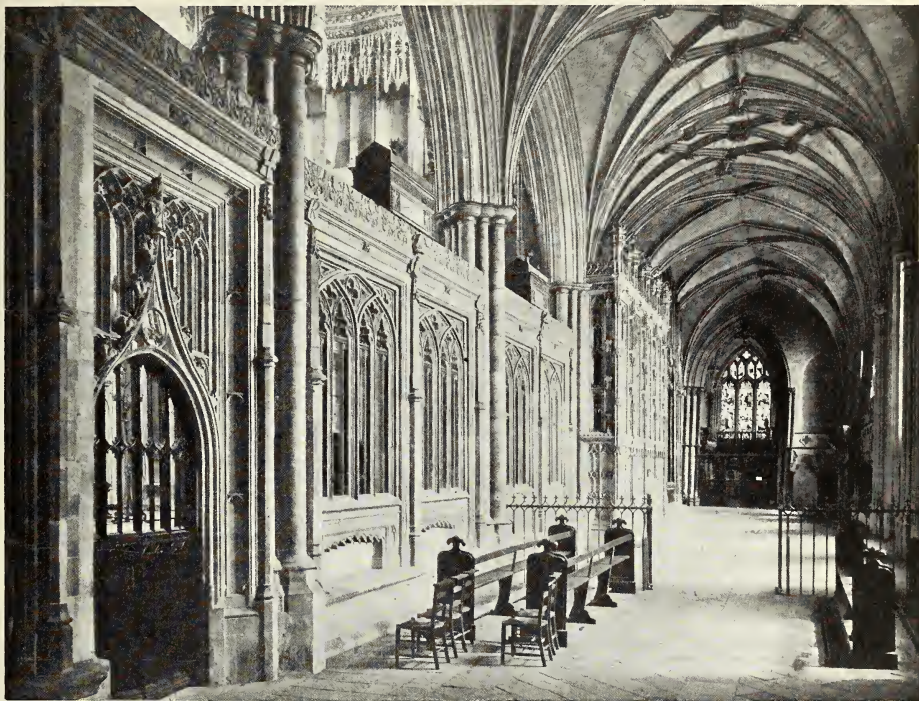


days by continual rain; hence the rhyme:

“St. Swithin’s day, if thou dost rain,
For forty days it will remain;
St. Swithin’s day, if thou be faire,
For forty days ’twill rain nae maire.”

Wulfstan, who may be trusted as a chronicler of this event, says nothing of this great downpour, which indeed could scarcely have hindered the re-

under whom this important work was carried through, did much for Winchester. Its commercial interests were greatly increased, until London was the only city in England that could pretend to be its rival. For centuries the well-known law, “Let one weight and one measure be used in all England after the standard of London and Winchester,” formed the basis of all trade, while it seems to set



CHOIR AMBULATORY.

moval from a grave only a few yards from the church door. This great occasion was celebrated by a banquet in brave English fashion. “Many the dishes and the winecups; all faces shine with joy. There is a dish for every one; and when all are satisfied, the tables still groan with viands. The flitting butlers run from hall to cellar, and urge the guests to drink, placing before them huge bowls brimful with wines and liquors countless.”

The vigorous reign of King Edgar,

the two capitals on a footing of complete commercial equality.

When in 1016 the Witan chose Canute, the Dane, to be king over all England, Winchester became the centre of what may be called an imperial dominion, stretching from England to Scandinavia. Canute and his wife Emma made many rich presents to the cathedral. Among others was the royal crown, which after the famous scene on the seashore Canute vowed never to wear again, and which



BISHOP WYKEHAM.

he placed over the cross above the high altar, where it remained until with many another thing of glory it disappeared in the sixteenth century.

In Winchester cathedral occurred the coronation of Edward the Confessor, the last of the Saxon line, and the last to use the city as the royal capital. After the Norman Conquest kings were always crowned at Westminster; but we read of several second coronations at Winchester, and all the kings of the Norman line and all the earlier Plantagenets looked upon the city with great affection and spent much time there. William I began a new royal castle. New Forest was depopulated in consequence of a command issued by him from his palace in Winchester. Thence came the Domesday Book, sometimes called The Roll of Winchester, in 1083. Here for several generations afterwards were the royal treasury and the royal mint and the repository of public records.

The early Norman period in England was a great epoch in church building. "The new lords of the land," strong and resolute, "seem to have considered the cathedral, abbey and parish churches, built in the native English style, to be deficient in size and dignity. Many older buildings,

therefore, were swept away, and new ones arose to express more clearly in stone the dominant ideas of the new masters." So, in the reign of the Conqueror, Bishop Walkelin, a kinsman of the king, began to rebuild this old church at Winchester, tearing away the cruder Saxon work and replacing it with the heavier and stronger Norman. Of the immense building which he finished in the wonderfully short space of fourteen years, only the transepts now remain unchanged. We are told by the chroniclers that William granted the bishop as many trees in Hempage wood as he could fell in three days, with which to roof the nave. The bishop got together "carpenters innumerable," and took off all the oak trees of the wood, leaving nothing standing there save the traditional "Gospel Oak," under which St. Augustine is said to have preached. The bare stem of this ancient oak still stands; and by it yearly, when bounds were beaten, the parish priest used to read, until quite lately, the Gospel for the day. The trees are still to be seen in the roof of the nave above Wkyeham's stone groining, and they are as sound as when they were first put in place more than eight hundred years ago, in 1086.



BISHOP WAYNFLETE.



WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

The city of Winchester was far more busy and populous than now. Round about the whole were the old walls of the Romans, still strong and high. The civil war between Stephen and Matilda in the middle of the twelfth century brought much trouble and commotion to Winchester. It was occupied by each

From these brief notes we may learn how closely Winchester town, and of course Winchester cathedral, were always connected with the leading events of early English history. Here, too, the student of architecture may find interesting and varied examples of English work, from the Saxon piers in the crypt to the late Gothic of the

chantries and the Lady-Chapel. He will find there a building solid and substantial, simple and grand.

It may safely be asserted that for dignity and massive grandeur the exterior of Winchester will hold its own among English cathedrals; and yet as we enter the cathedral close by the narrow passage which leads from the old High Street, we are always struck by the great plainness and simplicity of the whole building, and at first sight cannot help a feeling of disappointment, especially if we have just come from a study of

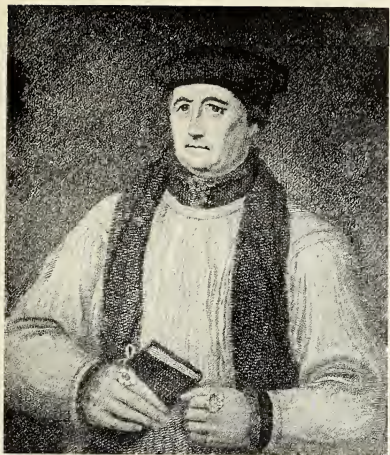


WAYNFLETE CHANTRY.

contending faction in turn. On one occasion, tradition says, Matilda was forced to feigning death and being carried out on a litter for burial, in order to escape a besieging army. As a royal residence the town now lost much of its importance, although the royal treasury was still kept there. Richard Lion-Heart found valuables there on his accession worth nine hundred thousand pounds.

Canterbury. We miss the decorated western towers and the south porch of Canterbury, with their wealth of ornamentation. We miss the glorious Bell-Harry tower. We do not at first appreciate the immensity of the building, its great length, the height of the nave, nor the effect which the large transepts will produce as we study the building more carefully.

The west front as we now see it



BISHOP GARDINER.

took the place some five hundred years ago of a Norman entrance with huge towers, which had been built in 1079, when Norman work took the place of nearly all the old Saxon building. It is plain, not imposing. The old Norman front must have been much more impressive. In Norman days this front projected farther into the close by forty feet, making the entire length of the church nearly 600 feet. In the niche of the gable above the window is the statue of the famous Bishop Wykeham. Below is a stone balcony or gallery, from which the bishops gave their benedictions to the people on festival days.

Entering the church by the west door, we see before us one of the most impressive cathedral naves in the world. Not only are the proportions magnificent, but there is an exceeding grace in the piers and vaulting. 390 of the 555 feet which make the length of the entire building can here be seen not broken, as is often the case, by the organ, which here is placed under the north tower arch. Students of architecture will find here one of the most curious and interesting instances of transformation from one style of architecture to another that has been preserved to us; for, although at present a complete and per-

fect specimen of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, it is yet, in the heart and core of its structure, from the ground to the roof, the original Norman building, begun if not completed by Bishop Walkelin in the eleventh century. In the early part of the fourteenth century the walls and windows of the west end had been removed by Bishop Edington, and all traces of the Norman effaced. In the latter half of the same century, the famous William of Wykeham began the transformation of the nave from Norman to Perpendicular. The word "transformation" is the only correct term here; for the Norman core was left in the piers and walls, and in many places the Norman ashlarling also. The piers separating the nave from the aisle are twelve feet wide, and the central space is only thirty-two feet; "yet with all this," writes Fergusson, "there is nothing heavy, but, on the contrary, it is perhaps the most beautiful nave of a church either in England or elsewhere." Canterbury was building at the same time that these changes were going on at Winchester, but there the old Norman



IZAACK WALTON.



THE NAVE.

nave was entirely pulled down; consequently the mouldings are lighter and the piers more slender than those of Winchester.

William of Wykeham, who rebuilt nearly all the nave, is the prelate who of all the bishops of Winchester has most closely associated his name with the city and the cathedral. Born of humble parents, he had the good fortune to attract the attention of the governor of Winchester Castle, who, after educating him at Oxford, presented him to Edward III in 1346. He was especially skilled in architecture, and for twenty years was busy designing and directing the buildings

and defences of the numerous royal castles. His work at Windsor was the real foundation of his fortunes. He seems to indicate this by an ambiguous Latin inscription on one of the towers at Windsor, which translated runs, *This made Wykeham*. Given various ecclesiastical preferments, he was finally made bishop of Winchester and chancellor of England. He became involved in the troubles of the last years of the reign of Edward III, but was brought again into favor before the death of the king. The last years of his life were devoted to founding securely, by means of his vast riches,

New College in Oxford and a school in Winchester, which remains as one of the most efficient of the so-called public schools of England. Wykeham lies buried in a beautiful chantry at the right as we walk up the nave.

The choir is reached by a flight of eleven steps. Here we are surrounded with historic names and memorials. High aloft, supported upon the stone screens which separate the east end of the choir from the choir aisles, are six gilded chests or shrines, rich in the variety and excellence of their details and workmanship. By their inscriptions and coronal summits they recall vividly the Anglo-Saxon monarchy,

the founders of the cathedral and of the West-Saxon power. On the south side are said to be the bones of Edred and Edmund of the tenth century; next to these those of the great Dane, Canute, the same who so discomfited his overzealous courtiers when the sea and tide refused to obey him. It was

after this lesson in morals to his court that Canute, as already noted, placed his crown over the high altar of Winchester and then presented a new cross set with jewels. On the north side the remains of Egbert, the first to



THE CRYPT.

reign over a united England, are supposed to rest in another mortuary chest like its neighbors. Then there are the bones of Emma of Normandy, the queen of Canute; Ethelwolf, father of the great Alfred, and one box full of a miscellaneous collection of bones belonging to various princes and prelates, which had been scattered about and were brought together in 1642. Whether or not these chests really hold the remains ascribed to them in the inscriptions, they give the strangest air of reality to characters and events familiar to readers of English history.

Just outside the choir, in the north aisle, is said to lie the last Danish monarch, Hardicanute, who died at Lambeth in 1642 and was brought here for burial. In the south wall is William the Conqueror's son Richard, who was killed in 1081 in the New Forest. Under the pavement before the high altar sleeps Bishop Henry de Blois, grandson of the Conqueror and brother of King Stephen. Under the tower, in a



NORTH TRANSEPT.

marble sarcophagus, is said to rest the body of the Red King, the second of the Norman line. We are told that in bodily form and in mental qualities he was a sort of caricature of his father, the Conqueror. He was of medium stature, and his form was thick and square. His bodily strength was great, his eye was always in motion,

classes. So when he fell in the midst of his sport, perhaps by the hand of Tyrrel, we are not surprised that the people of Winchester and the monks of the cathedral, who record their words, rejoiced that the oppressor of the Church had fallen on the very site of one of the churches that had been uprooted to make way for his pleasures, — that the king whose life and reign had been that of a wild beast had perished like a beast among the beasts. This has been the abiding impression which the death of William Rufus made. His death is one of those events in English history most familiar to every memory, and so in popular remembrance the Red King lives not in his life but in his death. "Of all the endings of kings in our long history," writes Mr. Freeman, "the two most impressive are surely the two that are most opposite. There is the death of the king who fell suddenly in the height of his power by an unknown hand in

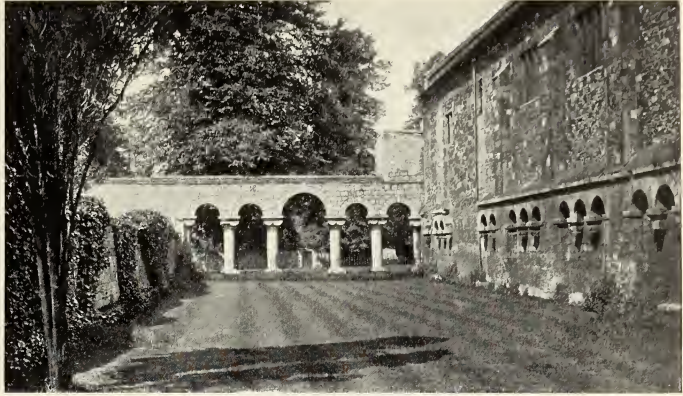


WAYNFLETE CHANTRY.

and his speech was stammering, especially when he was stirred by anger. He often showed readiness of wit, but had no continued flow of speech. The bright yellow hair of his race and his ruddy countenance won for him the well-known surname, which was used even by contemporary writers as a proper name. His cruelty and oppression made him hated by all

the thickest depths of the forest; and there is the death of the king who, fallen from his power, was brought forth to die by the stroke of the headsman, before the windows of his own palace, in the sight of his people and of the sun." When the king, forsaken by his nobles and companions, lay dead in the forest, there were none, save a few churls, charcoal

burners, whom Rufus had despised, to lay the bleeding body on a rude cart, to cover it with coarse cloths and take it, dripping blood as it went, to the gates of Winchester. "He who has so dearly loved the sport of the woods," writes one, "was himself borne



RUINS OF CLOISTERS.

from the woods to the city like a savage boar pierced by the hunting-spear." His wicked life, his awful death, made men feel that to him the rites of a Christian burial would be of no avail. A great crowd of all orders, ranks and sexes met the humble funeral procession at the west door of the Old Minster and followed the

corpse into the church. The dead man had been a king; he had been consecrated with the holy oil. They would not deny him a grave within hallowed walls; but no bell was rung, no mass was said, no offerings were made for the soul of him who was thought to have put himself beyond even God's mercy. "None wept for

him," says an old writer, "but the hirelings who received his pay and the baser partners of his foul vices." A few years later the tower under which he lay crumbled and fell. Men said it fell because so foul a corpse lay beneath it.

A little more than a hundred years after the dismal funeral of Rufus, the choir of Winchester saw a very different sight. In a chair in front of the high altar sat Pandulph, the legate of Innocent III, and before him knelt



BEAUFORT CHANTRY.



BISHOP WILBERFORCE.

John of England, son of the Henry who humbled himself before the shrine of Becket. With his hands between the hands of Pandulph, John promised to be the Pope's man, and degraded England to be a fief of the Holy See, thus completing the act which had been begun at the Templars' House in Dover. A fanatic called Peter of Pomfret had prophesied that John would cease to reign before Ascension Day. That festival of the Church fell, in 1213, on the sixteenth of May. On the fifteenth John's act of homage was performed, and on the sixteenth he hanged Peter as a false prophet; but the people said he was a true prophet, for John had indeed ceased to reign in doing fealty to the Pope. Two years later came the Great Charter, wrested from John by the barons,

whose patience was exhausted by the train of evils that the submission of the king to Pandulph had brought upon England. Thus, turn which way we will, some event of supreme importance in English history is brought to our minds in the choir of Winchester.

Leaving the choir and passing up the south aisle towards the east, on our right we see in the middle of the south transept a beautiful monument to Bishop Wilberforce, who died about twenty-five years ago, a man universally admired as well as universally known. His episcopate left on the whole Church of England the abiding impress of his own earnest spirit and extraordinary genius. He was not buried here, nor at Westminster, as some supposed would be the case, by the side of his illustrious father, the great philanthropist, but in the village churchyard, on the same slope where many years before he had



TOMB OF BISHOP WILBERFORCE.

laid the remains of his beloved wife. In this transept is also the grave of one whose name is a familiar one, Izaak Walton, whose genial soul is so clearly seen in the "Complete Angler" and the "Lives."

We pass on through the gate which opens into the space behind the choir. This space was once a chapel, but is now occupied by the splendid chantry of Bishop Fox on the south and the similar one of Bishop Gardiner on the north side. Fox was the bishop who preceded the famous Wolsey in the see of Winchester. This chantry was built by him to serve as his tomb. We can see his effigy lying in the recess in the second compartment of his tomb, representing him as in the last stages of emaciation, the feet resting against a skull and the head on a mitre. This would show, he thought, the nothingness of the body when deprived of the animating spirit. To Fox the cathedral owes not only this exquisite chantry, but the completion of the great screen, the clerestory and the roof of the choir. For ten years before his death Fox was infirm and blind, and lived at peace, bountiful and beloved by all. There is a tradition that he was "led daily by his chaplain into the cathedral, and guided up the steps in his chantry; there he was left to sit and meditate on the checkered incidents of his past life and the unknown future which lay before him." Beyond Fox's chantry are two more beautiful specimens of that style of architecture, the chantries of Cardinal Beaufort on the south and of Bishop Waynflete on the north. Under the gorgeous canopy of Beaufort's chantry is an altar tomb, on which lies the figure of the cardinal in the dress of his rank, hat and all. This is the Beaufort, a son of John of Gaunt by Catherine Swynford,—half brother, therefore, to Henry IV,—whom Shakespeare calls, in the play of "Henry VI,"

" . . . haughty cardinal,
More like a soldier than a man of the
church."

His name appears very often in the annals of many stormy years. He was one of the commission which in 1431 tried and condemned Joan of Arc. It was he who arranged the marriage of the young Henry VI with Margaret of Anjou, in the interests of the party which was tired of the war with France. In the second part of "Henry VI," Act III, Scene 3, Shakespeare makes the deathbed of Beaufort a terrible illustration of the power of remorse and despair. Thus the cardinal is made to say:

"If thou be'st Death, I'll give thee Eng-
land's treasure,
Enough to purchase such another island,
So thou wilt let me live and feel no pain."

Then after a speech full of the ravings of despair comes silence, and the king says:

"Peace to his soul, if't God's good pleasure
be!—
Lord Cardinal, if thou think'st on
heaven's bliss,
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy
hope.
He dies and makes no sign;—O God,
forgive him!"

This scene of Shakespeare is one of those which, as has been well said, "stand in the place of real history, and almost supersede its authority;" but the truth is that, so far from "dying and making no sign," Beaufort's deathbed was peculiarly calm and collected. We may at least take leave of him in the words of the good king:

"Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all."

In his effigy, as it lies in his stately chantry, we note the powerful and selfish characteristics of the face, and especially the nose, large, curved and money-loving.

In the Lady Chapel, at the extreme east end of the church, may be seen the chair in which Mary Tudor sat on the day of her unfortunate marriage with Philip of Spain, who so ill repaid the generous love which she

gave him; for the poor queen gave her whole heart to this ugly youth, while his soul was set only on his religious and political aims. For both prince and queen the marriage was a miserable failure. Yet, for the time, the splendid pageant of Winchester cathedral marked the high tide of Catholic hopes. "England returning into the old ways, France neutralized, Germany much divided, the Netherlands soon to be forced back into orthodoxy, all looked well for the cause. The reformers were divided and scattered; the reactionaries had a new organization in the militant Jesuit order, and a revived headship in the reformed Papacy. No wonder that Philip looked forward to the day when he should trample down those common folk who dared to resist the forces of authority." The struggle thus begun lasted for more than a century, closing in the dreary compromise of the Peace of Westphalia, far away from tranquil Winchester.

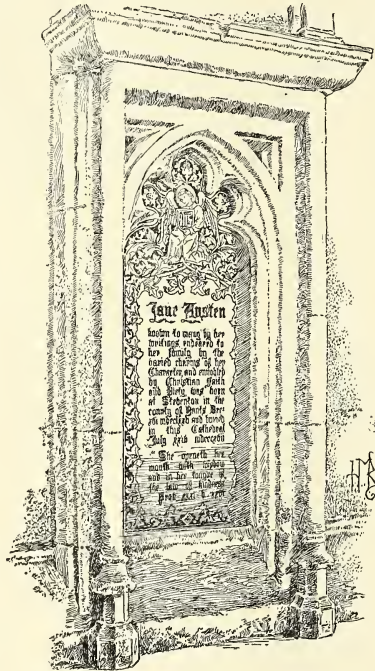
We leave the Lady Chapel and go towards the west, down the north choir-aisle. At our left is another splendid chantry, not unlike those which we have already seen. This is the tomb of Bishop Waynflete, the immediate successor of Henry Beaufort. A very different man was he, however, from the ambitious, money-loving cardinal. Though he lived in the time of the hottest civil wars, he showed no desire to take a part in politics and gave no offence to party leaders. He was a strong believer in the Lancastrian cause, but his noted

fairness of mind kept him on good terms with the Yorkist king, Edward IV, who gave the bishop much help and kindly encouragement in his great educational work, the founding of Magdalen College at Oxford. Perhaps it was because of his wise direction of the affairs of Winchester that his city played so unimportant a part in the War of the Roses. Wykeham, Beaufort and Waynflete, three great bishops, held the see for one hundred and twenty years.

Still farther to the west is the chantry and tomb of the many-sided Gardiner, the last of the proud series of statesmen bishops of Winchester. He was one of the prelates who desired reform within the Church, a man full of modern ideas, interested in the revival of classical learning, clever, receptive and ambitious. He clung to the old Church while others joined the new movement, and has always been regarded somewhat harshly as the chief in the vehement attempt at repression. No wonder that his career, as we study it, has a checkered

look. Gardiner followed Wolsey, the great minister and churchman of the earlier years of Henry VIII. Winchester seems to have been for the great cardinal only one of many sources of income and consideration. He held the see only two years and seems not to have visited the town during that time. After Gardiner the bishops ceased to be rulers in the land, and lay statesmen take their places.

The variety, the strength and the beauty of church architecture at dif-



MEMORIAL TO JANE AUSTEN
IN WINCHESTER
CATHEDRAL.

ferent periods in the history of England can be seen nowhere better than in the great church at Winchester. More of the earlier work remains than in most other places. Something has been left at each change or transformation, to show us clearly the steps taken during the period of transition. In the crypt may be seen evidences of the massive character of the foundations laid by the old architects. There are some huge square pillars which some say are remains of the first or Saxon cathedral; and in other places may be seen the great Norman arches and pillars, heavy enough to support any huge mediæval fortress. In the north transept we see the original Norman work, scarcely changed since the days of William the Conqueror. From this we may form a good idea of the original nave before the reconstruction of Wykeham; for the height and form of the piers, with the capitals and arches, correspond with those in the time of the Red King. And then in the beautiful nave, curiously transformed by the great architect bishop, is one of the most interesting and impressive illustrations of ecclesiastical Gothic.

The exterior of the cathedral is vastly more interesting to us as we look back upon it after a study of its interior; and as we see how carefully in these days this wonderful repository of English relics is kept in order, how reverently our generation regards its history, we can understand how glad Englishmen, as we Americans too, may be that the Reformation, the Puritan revolt against formalism and later social revolutions have spared this noble structure.

Thus far we have studied chiefly the great church and its connection with the history of England; and it is here of course that the great interests of Winchester gather. Some incidents should be noted, however, even in this imperfect sketch, in which the town has had a share since the earlier times which have already been referred to. It was in Winchester, in the hall of

Wolvesley Castle, overlooking the town from the west wall, that the trial took place of eleven men charged with being concerned in certain treasonable plots, headed by Brooke, Cobham, Grey of Wilton and Sir Walter Raleigh. Everybody knows what a farce this trial was and how it ended in nothing; but it was followed by long years of imprisonment for Raleigh. It was during the poet's stay at Winchester that this noble and beautiful little poem was written, which is worth quoting for its intrinsic value as well as for its connection with the present subject of study:

"Give me my scallop shell of quiet,
My staff of faith to walk upon,
My scrip of joy, immortal diet,
My bottle of salvation,
My gown of glory (hope's true gage),
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.

"Blood must be my body's balmer—
No other balm will here be given—
Whilst my soul, like quiet palmer,
Travels to the land of heaven,
Over all the silver mountains,
Where do spring those nectar fountains.

"And I there will sweetly kiss
The happy bowl of peaceful bliss,
Drinking mine eternal fill,
Flowing on each milky hill.
My soul will be a-dry before,
But after it will thirst no more."

Winchester from its situation naturally became involved in the civil war of the time of Charles I. In the latter part of the year 1642, the first serious mishap that befell the king was at Winchester; for Portsmouth fell into the hands of the party of Parliament, and their forces pursuing the retreating Royalists entered the old Royal City, the castle even being taken after a brief resistance. The troops had their way with "the Papists and the Sweet Cathedralists," carrying off and burning books, pictures and all sorts of ornaments. A chronicler who was a friend of the king tells us how they broke into the church and rushed in through the great west door, "invading God Him-

self as well as His profession, with colours flying, their drums beating, their matches fixed, and some of their troop of horse also accompanied them in their march, and rode up through the body of the church and the chancel till they came to the altar." Here they pulled down the ancient carved work in both wood and stone, and ruined the organ. Then they did much damage to the chantries so beautifully ornamented, and "brake in pieces Queen Mary's chair, in which she had sat at her marriage with Philip of Spain." While much damage was doubtless done at Winchester as well as elsewhere by these raids of the Puritans, we must not forget that an earlier Cromwell, a century before the great Oliver, had already swept away statues and all objects of worship, and that the Puritans on the whole did comparatively little mischief. It is of interest as we are studying the cathedral to note that an officer in the Parliamentary army, who had been educated at the college of Winchester, stood at the doorway of Wykeham's chantry and prevented serious harm to that lovely structure. Twice, however, the soldiers ransacked the library and there did irreparable damage. They scattered the records and carried off many books and manuscripts, some of which were never recovered. Waller, who was in command of the Puritan army, soon marched away, and the town came once more into the hands of the king. In March, 1644, Waller came back and again threatened the Royal City, which however did not yield until Oliver Cromwell encamped not far from the Westgate, by an entrenchment known to-day as "Oliver's Battery." The town was taken, the castle was given to Sir William Waller—"William the Conqueror," his friends called him—and the palace of Wolvesley was ruined. Very little harm was done to the cathedral or to the college. No bishop or cardinal was molested in his chantry, nor was the image of the Virgin and Child

over the entrance to the college disturbed,—and it still looks down upon us as we enter the gateway.

When the Restoration came, the city and church of Winchester found themselves in a sad plight; but time made things better, and the reign of Charles II was a busy time in the Royal City. Charles came often to this place, which had suffered so much from its loyalty to his father, and he seems to have had it in mind to construct a magnificent approach to the cathedral; but these plans were never carried out.

Among the residents of Winchester at this time were many people whose names are of interest to us even now. Among them we find the aged and saintly Bishop Morley, the brave and manly Thomas Ken, who lost none of the respect of the king by standing firm in condemnation of his vices, and the stout old fisherman, Izaak Walton, who died at the great age of ninety, in 1684 and was buried, as noted, in the south transept of the church.

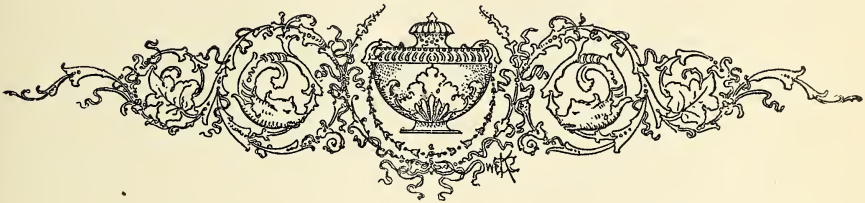
After the defeat of Monmouth in 1685, Winchester was the scene of one more tragedy, the last of importance in its history. Here in the market place was beheaded, by order of the infamous Jeffreys, the kind-hearted Alice Lisle, whose only offence was that she had shown mere ordinary humanity towards two poor defenceless partisans of Monmouth. Since then the old city has had but slight connection with the stirring events of English life.

The Winchester of to-day, in its quiet and peaceful appearance, gives little sign of the days when, as the Royal City, the city of Alfred the Great, it stood at the head of England, surpassing in political influence even London itself. In many other cities, which were once centres of political influence and historic interest, modern demands have pushed aside all relics of ancient days; but Winchester has in this respect been fortunate, lying as it does outside the main stream of industry, and has been

able to preserve old things and old ways while still preserving a quiet and reasonable prosperity.

"To have been the capital of Wessex," writes Dean Kitchen, "to have welcomed in her earlier days the arrival of every prince and prelate of great name, for a while to have been the chief city of England, the home of the great Alfred, the refuge of letters, the mother of English public

school life,—these are the titles on which the city rests her high renown, and these are the memories amidst which she lives. . . . It is not in death, but in the beautiful tranquillity of old age, that Winchester reposes in her sweet green valley, low down amidst the swelling hills that compass her about. No English city has a nobler record in the past, nor a life more peaceful in our rushing, hasteful age."



THE MARIE ANTOINETTE HOUSES OF THE UNITED STATES.

By Jane Marsh Parker.

HAPPY those Arab commentators who, according to Renan, might write history unimpeded by demands for verification, to whom fact, tradition, rumor and opinion were as one in the main,—their frequent use of "There are those who say" and of "There are others who say," followed by the commentators' acknowledged doubt, "*Allah alam* (God only knows)," provoking no captious criticism, the reader graciously accepting the responsibility of deciding what was fact and what was fiction, or neither; or both. It was a method that must have made the writing of history very like that of writing romance.

An account of that one of the many plots of the French Revolution for the rescue of the royal family of France which was to hide them, for a while at least, in an asylum in the United States, has never before been written.

This attempt to tell the story from conflicting traditions, inaccurate annals and oral hearthstone tales—a rock of fact here and there for a bridge of hypothesis—convinces the writer that the methods of the old Arab commentators are admirably adapted for the subject in hand, so frequently is authentic verification lacking where most needed.

"The history of the French Revolution," wrote Carlyle, "has generally been written in hysterics; . . . it is nothing but an inarticulate hum, a distillation of Rumor; . . . search as we will these multifiform innumerable French records, darkness too frequently covers, or sheer distraction bewilders; . . . it is a hubbub of voices and bewilderment."

The contemporaneous records of the Terror, those relating to the countless plots for the rescue of the

royal family, are most bewildering of all, written as they frequently were in cipher or misleading phraseology. The Diary of Gouverneur Morris reveals far less of the American plots with which he was connected than if a key had been given to enigmatical entries intended to conceal and mislead. Writers of fiction have found in the many plots for the rescue of the royal family from the guillotine an inexhaustible mine, fragmentary and scattered as are the clues to many of the most famous conspiracies; and yet no one has woven into a romance the good ship *Sally* of Wiscasset, Madame La Val of Frenchman's Bay, and the King's House and the Queen's House in the forests of Pennsylvania.

According to many historians of the French Revolution, the plottings for the rescue of the royal family began soon after that terrible day at Versailles, June 20, 1792, when the mob forced the king to wear for a while the *bonnet rouge*. Facts at the basis of our story prove that no later than 1792 a plot for giving Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette a refuge in the New World had matured in detail—the Vicomte de Noailles, an *émigré* of distinction, was in Philadelphia that summer doing all in his power to open a refuge for his distressed countrymen emigrating by thousands to the United States, and that the King's House at the Standing Stone on the Susquehanna had been planned, if not begun, as the nucleus of a French colony.

Paris was full of plots in 1792. The list of the most notable includes those of prominent leaders of the day, Mirabeau, Lafayette, Demourez, Madame de Staël, Gouverneur Morris, Count de Fersen—a long list. Arthur Young* wrote from Paris not long after, "If any serious plots have been laid, posterity will be much more likely to have information of them than this age,"—so imperative was secrecy on the part of the conspirators. Even Alexander Hamilton, in

writing to Gouverneur Morris, in June, 1792,* soon after the appointment of Morris as United States minister to France, suggested the adoption of fictitious names for well known personages, in their confidential correspondence—supplying a list to be followed.

In the year 1789, one Bennetté Claude de St. Pry, of Lyons, France, landed at Wiscasset, Maine, for the purpose of establishing salt works at Jeremy Squam, on the Sheepscot, now known as Edgecomb Island. "There are those who say,"† from familiarity with the early annals of the Sheepscot and the records and traditions of the descendants of De St. Pry (or Prié), that he was an official of the French government, then in the preliminary throes of the Revolution, and that he had been stationed at Wiscasset ostensibly in the interests of the salt works, but that his real business was to keep a sharp outlook upon American affairs and report the same, with the progress and results of the ideas of the American Revolution—to act, in fact, as a sort of picket guard of France.

Some fifteen years before De Pry's arrival, there had been built out on the north point of Squam, on the site of the old Indian trade station and colonial garrison, a great manor house, a conspicuous landmark of the harbor, the house that has much to do with this story after it became known as the old Clough house. It had been built in 1774, by one of the prosperous sea-captains of the port, Captain Decker,—a stately mansion in the Virginia plantation style, with wharves, warehouses and docks on the Sheepscot shore, then a great shipping point for the timber rafts floated down the river from the pine forests of Maine. For years after the events narrated in this article, it was a de-

* Sparks, Gouverneur Morris, vol. I, p. 373.

† Sewall's French Occupation of the Sheepscot.

Sewall's paper, "A Refuge for Marie Antoinette in the United States," published in Col. Maine Hist. Soc., July, 1894.

"Tracking a Romance," published in *Boston Herald*, September, 1893.

* Travels, Arthur Young, London, 1794, p. 285.

served homestead, having a weird interest from the accepted tradition that it had once been the storehouse of a cargo of goods belonging to Marie Antoinette.

Captain Decker, soon after De Pry's arrival, became a partner in the French salt works, also carrying on an extensive lumber trade with France. Colonel James Swan of Boston and his agent, General Henry Jackson, names conspicuous in the annals of Boston, had large interests in the concern. Upon the death of Captain Decker in 1792, one Captain Clough, already engaged in this French shipping business, bought the great house, succeeding Decker as Swan and Jackson's Wiscasset operator. Here it is that we first hear of the *Sally* of Wiscasset, and her part in the French salt and lumber trade.

Wiscasset, Maine, was a port of no small importance in those days. For many years it had been the centre of an extensive foreign ship timber trade. It had exceptional booming facilities for the giant masts cut from the pine forests at the head of the Sheepscot and its estuaries and borne from its docks to the great shipyards of the world. The masts of the *Constitution* (*Old Ironsides*) were sent from Wiscasset to Boston (where her keel was laid in 1797), under the supervision of General Henry Jackson. French commerce had been actively engaged in the Sheepscot long before the War of Independence. France had lost a war ship off Squam in 1778, the *Lafayette*, twice captured by the English.

Colonel James Swan* had been a soldier of the War of Independence, secretary of the Board of War of Massachusetts, and was a man of public affairs. To mend his broken fortune, he went to France in 1789, becoming a resident of Paris, General Henry Jackson and Captain Clough†

representing him in Boston and Wiscasset.

One glance at France in the year 1789, the year of the establishment of the French salt works on the Sheepscot. That was the memorable year of the meeting of the States General,—King Mirabeau declaring for the third estate: "Nothing but the force of bayonets can send us home." It was the "baptism year of democracy," when the country was ablaze with burning chateaux, seigneurs were emigrating by thousands, princes of the blood among them, sixty thousand emigrants in Switzerland alone. The French aristocracy was largely represented in the army of France, and many of its leading officers had served in the American War of Independence. "If the king fly," it was said, "there will be an invasion of the co-allied armies, aided by the *émigré* chivalry of France. If the king is not rescued, he and his family and sympathizers will be put to death. How can they be delivered? Where is the safe refuge for the king and the queen?" How naturally the officers of the army who had served in the United States (and many of them were suspected of royalist sympathies) looked to the New World for the asylum sought!

Prominent in Paris at this time was Gouverneur Morris of New York, a leading American statesman and the personal friend of General Washington. After honorable public service in various capacities during the War of Independence, Morris, like Colonel Swan, had embarked in extensive mercantile speculations. He had gone to Paris in 1789 as the agent of Robert Morris, then speculating extensively in the wild lands of Pennsylvania. There was no blood relationship between Robert and Gouverneur Morris. They were old friends, with many interests in common. In 1792 Gouverneur Morris had been appointed minister plenipotentiary of the United States to the Court of France. His Letters and Diary show

* See Drake's History of Roxbury, Mass., pp. 135-138. See Report of Boston Record Commission for 1880.

† Sewall's "Ancient Dominions" of Maine gives a vignette of Wiscasset village and harbor, with the site of the old Clough house.

his close social relationship with Lafayette, Abbé d'Autun (Talleyrand), Madame de Staël, the Duchess d'Orléans, Duke de La Rochefoucauld and the members of the King's Council—officials of the government and leaders of prominent factions generally.

Colonel James Swan was also in Paris at the time, and, like Gouverneur Morris, a frequenter of the house of Lafayette. It is a reunion of old comrades-in-arms. William Short was then American *chargé d'affaires* at Paris. In a letter from Morris to Short, February 20, 1790,* mention is made of a conference with Lafayette, Mr. Swan and Colonel Walker, respecting a decree giving French shipping a preference over American, Swan's opinion in the matter under discussion having much weight. "Mr. Swan" is frequently mentioned in the letters of Gouverneur Morris at that time. He writes to Thomas Jefferson, February 26, 1791, of dining at Lafayette's "to meet Mr. Swan, Colonel Walker and an American," whose name he forgets, but he was "something in the consulate at New York."

There is no lack of proof to show that many of the famous plots for the rescue of the royal family depended upon the aid of Lafayette. He was then at the head of the army of France; his cousin, Bouillé, in command of the frontier garrison of Metz. Bouillé was another of the French officers who had served under Washington. "Marquis de Bouillé," wrote Carlyle, "is a determined loyalist, not indeed disinclined to moderate reform, but resolute against immoderate." "Fly to Bouillé!" was the cry of the plotters generally. That meant flight over the border and away from France. "There are those who say," historians of repute, that Lafayette and Bouillé were by no means inaccessible to royal sympathizers, provided of course infinite tact and secrecy could be depended upon; that Lafayette would and could have ac-

complished the wished-for rescue more than once, save for the antipathy of the queen to himself. "It were better to perish," she is reported to have said to Madame Campan, "than to owe safety to a man who has done us the greatest harm,—to place ourselves under the necessity of negotiating with him." Marie Antoinette stands accused of sacrificing the monarchy and the very life of her husband and children to her prejudice against Lafayette.

About the year 1791, some two years after the arrival of De St. Pry at Wiscasset, a colony of French *émigrés* under Madame La Val arrived at Frenchman's Bay from Philadelphia, and settled at Trenton Point, now known as Lamoine, on the mainland northeast of Mount Desert, separated from it by a half mile or more of the bay. Madame La Val, an aristocrat evidently, was accompanied by her daughter and thirty artisans. She was a woman of unusual energy and executive ability, a widow of the Revolution, whose ruling ambition it was, in escaping from her husband's fate, to build a refuge for her distressed countrymen, even a city that should be a memorial of French enterprise and brotherhood.

The Vicomte Louis Marie de Noailles arrived in Philadelphia in 1792 or 1793 (some of the annals say 1791),—a refugee,—his absorbing ambition the founding in the New World of an asylum for the thousands of his countrymen fleeing from France. Noailles, as he was called when stripped by republicanism of his titles, was the brother-in-law of Lafayette. He had followed Lafayette to America in 1777, and had proffered his sword to Washington. His record in the War of Independence had been one of exceptional honor and distinction. After the declaration of peace, Noailles had lingered in Philadelphia, much courted by the gay society of the capital.* Upon his return to France, he became a leader of affairs,

* See Sparks, Letters Gouverneur Morris, vol. II, p. 103.

* The Republican Court, p. 378.

and as a deputy to the States General had introduced the triple motion of equal taxation, the abolition of all pecuniary rights, and of bondage, inviting at the same time the nobles and clergy to sanction the abolition of the feudal system. His moderatism, however, proved offensive to Jacobinism in time, and in emigration was his only safety from prison and the guillotine. In Philadelphia he was as one of the household of William Bingham, who, with Robert Morris and Stephen Girard, became identified with his refugee colonization scheme. We do not know that Noailles had anything to do with Madame La Val's colony at Frenchman's Bay. We do know, however, that Lafayette, only five years before, had had his interest notably focalized upon the very tract on Frenchman's Bay where Madame La Val had decided to provide a refuge for her countrymen; and Frenchman's Bay was not very remote from Wiscasset.

Louis XIV, with his characteristic magnificence, had given, in the year 1688, to one M. de la Motte Cadillac one hundred thousand acres in New France, the grant including Mount Desert and neighboring islands. By the treaty of Utrecht (1713), the title passed to England, and finally it came under the jurisdiction of the colony of Massachusetts Bay. In 1786, when the United States was doing its utmost adequately to recognize the services of its French allies, General Lafayette had presented to the United States government, in behalf of the heirs of M. de Cadillac, a petition asking that a part of the original grant, some sixty thousand acres, be restored to them. The petition was granted, and is said to be the only French claim to lands in Maine ever recognized by the state of Massachusetts,—a concession to General Lafayette. The sixty thousand acres* were soon

divided among land speculators. Some twenty-three thousand were bought by Henry Jackson of Boston, who sold his purchase to William Bingham, then associated with Robert Morris in various projects. The tract bought by Madame La Val was a part of the restored possessions of the descendants of M. de Cadillac; the purchase suggesting—considering subsequent events, in which Jackson, Bingham, Noailles, Robert and Gouverneur Morris and Lafayette were interested—that the combination might have had something to do with the sale.

When Madame La Val arrived at the point, a great log house, already known as the French Mansion, was ready for her occupancy. This house in the wilderness had been built a few years before by a Madame Burchell, who had lived there as a recluse in considerable state, her retinue of French and Indian servants supplying her table with game of all kinds. Unfortunately there was no one to preserve and hand down the interesting details of a life that would have been interesting reading for us of to-day. Madame La Val soon supplemented the old French mansion with a larger and finer residence, "elegant as a Paris salon,"—"there are those who say,"—its interior furnishings surpassing anything seen in those parts before.* There are traditions of how Madame La Val used to go tramping over her wide domain in male attire,—a rifle on her shoulder no doubt,—personally superintending the building of a pier she would have half a mile out into the channel. She named her great house Fountain La Val, and did much to beautify its surroundings. She was fond of exploring the country around her settlement and of laying out future towns.

The exiled bishop of Autun, Talley-

*Madame Marie Thérésé de Gregoire, granddaughter of M. de Cadillac, died in 1810 and was buried at Hull's Cove, Mount Desert. Upon her death her family returned to France. The tract of sixty thousand acres was called the De Gregoire tract.

*Views of Fountain La Val and its vicinity are given in "Lamoine and its Attractions," by Professor John C. Winterbotham (1887). Published by the Lamoine and Mount Desert Land Company, Globe Building, Washington Street, Boston. Professor Winterbotham is the local historian of the locality.

rand, visited Madame La Val in 1795, Albert Gallatin, then a resident of the United States but a few years, having spent the first year or more in Maine. (Interesting traditions of this visit and regarding the true parentage of Talleyrand were handed down to their descendants by the colonists of Madame La Val.)* No mention is made in Talleyrand's Memoirs of this visit to the French colony at Frenchman's Bay, but the local annals of the vicinity abound in interesting reminiscences of it,—many of them by no means creditable to Talleyrand, who was also a guest at the old Clough house for several days, a room and a bedstead still bearing his name.

Now in 1792, when Noailles was pushing his refugee colonization scheme in Philadelphia and Madame La Val was laying the foundations of her colony at Frenchman's Bay, another great house, called the King's House, was being planned, if not building, at the Standing Stone on the Susquehanna, in the forest of Pennsylvania, a house intended to be the nucleus of Noailles's asylum of French refugees, the centre of the settlement that was to have, if possible, Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette in its midst, a royal court in the backwoods.

From all that can be learned from annals relating to the colony and the King's House on the Susquehanna, supplemented by fragmentary traditions, recent research and the reminiscences of contemporary pioneers of the locality, we may believe that, preceding the first purchase by Noailles and his *confrère*, the Marquis Antoine Omer Talon (a refugee of distinction) of a large tract of land of Morris and Nicholson on the Susquehanna (the same to be "a retreat for French emi-

grants"), the sale had been anticipated by building upon the contemplated tract the great log house known as the King's House, and intended as a residence for their Majesties. In Peck's "Wyoming," page 126, we find that "Colonel Hollenback was employed by Robert Morris to find a place of retreat for the royal household, and that he purchased twelve hundred acres in Bradford county, where Frenchtown was subsequently built," giving the year 1793.

Assuming, as we may upon good grounds, that the King's House was built as early as 1792, let us now see what was going on in France, before giving a fuller account of the picturesque asylum of Noailles and Talon on the Susquehanna.

Since early in 1790 the queen has been plotting an escape from France for the royal family. She will not listen to schemes separating her from the king and her children. She is writing continually in cipher to Coblenz; the king, with as much activity as his sluggish temperament permits, is soliciting aid from foreign powers. The Count de Fersen, dubbed "the handsome Fersen" by the Court—the favor he had received from the queen the source of much gossip—has but one idea: "He is searching the world," says a contemporary, "for a savior of the queen." He holds the threads of countless schemes, of which much is suppressed in *Extraits des papiers du grand Maréchal de Suède, Comte Jean Axel de Fersen*. He too had served in the army of Washington.

The death of Mirabeau occurred April 2, 1791. "Had Mirabeau lived," wrote Carlyle, "the history of France . . . had been different,"—Carlyle believing evidently that Mirabeau's plot, "one of those far-stretching plans that dawn fitfully on us by fragments in the confused darkness," was the one that might perhaps have been carried out could Mirabeau's hand have controlled its execution. The royal family were to be taken to Rouen and held

*This tradition has mention in the "Republican Court," p. 381. See also the statement of Hon. Edward H. Robbins given in the *Bangor Historical Magazine*. Hon. John De Littre of Minneapolis, Minn., a descendant of one of the colonists, has given the writer many family papers. The *New York Courier and Inquirer* published (about 1850) an article based upon Robbins's statement.

there under protection until after a death grapple between Mirabeau and Jacobinism. If Jacobinism came off triumphant—then flight from the country. Where?

Lafayette could have told, if any one, no doubt, and Bouillé as well; Gouverneur Morris presumably and "other Americans," between whom and Noailles there must have been no dearth of correspondence going on in cipher—the letters destroyed as soon as read—knew Mirabeau's plot in detail. Mirabeau complained of plans within plans—that he was but one of many confidential advisers of their Majesties. He had been dead several weeks when the flight to Varennes was undertaken, one of Fersen's plots, doomed by its absurdity to failure from the first. Well might Carlyle ask: "Why could not royalty have gone in some old berline?" Why so much luggage—so many bandboxes?

Between the escapade of Varennes and the tenth of August, memorable for the assault upon the Tuileries and the flight to the National Assembly, the entries in the Diary of Gouverneur Morris frequently suggest that they were meant to conceal what the writer alone would understand. Sparks, in his Life of Gouverneur Morris, gives much of this Diary—a record plainly designed by the writer for private use alone, an aid to memory in recalling dates, names and first impressions. It closes abruptly, January, 1793: "to continue this journal would compromise many people." An interesting item is that of June 5, 1789: "Go to M. Hudon's* . . . stand for his statue of General Washington . . . a manikin." Only such entries will be given here as seem to serve as clues to missing threads of our story:

"June 20, 1789.—Go to Club Meet . . . Duc La Rochefoucauld, Vicomte de Noailles . . . and others." [The first named was already a leading plotter for the rescue of the royal family. As lord lieutenant of Normandy, he had offered not

* M. Hudon had been to the United States in 1785 to model the head of Washington for the statue in the Capitol at Richmond.

only to receive his Majesty, thinking of flight thither, but to lend him an enormous amount of money.]*

July 3.—Morris is told that he is frequently quoted by aristocrats as belonging to their party.

July 12.—Mention is made of "the little Abbé Bertrand," who, frightened at a mob in the streets of Paris, is escorted home by Morris. Bertrand figures in what is known as "the plot of Morris and others."

July 20.—Morris advises Lafayette, immediately after the fall of the Bastille, what course to take in behalf of order.

Sept. 16.—Dines at M. de Montmorin's, minister of foreign affairs, a name identified with the Morris plot, so called. At dinner the apprehended flight of the king is discussed. Morris declares it impracticable.

The entries following show his continued constant association with Jefferson, his predecessor as United States minister to France, and with Lafayette, Duc de La Rochefoucauld and Madame de Staël. The famous plot of the latter was in 1792; but that she was already romancing an intrigue for the escape of the royal family cannot be doubted.

October 8. Two days after the sack- ing of Versailles, Morris is at Lafayette's in conference with Lafayette, Madame Lafayette, Madame de Staël, Mr. Short (American *chargé d'affaires*), "and others." He advises Talleyrand and Mirabeau and several leaders of the moderatists what it is best to do in forming a new ministry. He brings Lafayette and Talleyrand together, "that they may the better know each other."

Early in 1790 he is writing to the queen, advising what course the king should pursue.

November 19, 1790, after an evening at the Comédie Française with the Duchess d'Orléans, he suggests to the Count de Thiare "the advantages that would result from putting the dauphin into the hands of governors, and sending him upon his travels."

At this time the Duke de La Rochefoucauld-Liancourt was in command of four regiments at Rouen. Presumably his plot for getting the

* Carlyle's French Revolution, vol. II, p. 116.

royal family on board of a yacht and making off with them to England was known to Morris. The aid of Lafayette, as usual, was counted upon.

March 3, 1791. "They tell me the queen is now intriguing with Mirabeau, the Count de Lamarck and the Count de Mércy" (the Austrian ambassador). "They wish to visit me again."

April 30, 1791. "M. Monciel and M. Bremond" (associate plotters of Morris) "come in, and the former gives me an account of what he has done with the chief of the Jacobins. They think it will be best to act in concert with the Court, without appearing to do so, lest they should lose their popularity."

Successing entries show frequent conferences with M. Montmorin, one of the confidential advisers of their Majesties, through whom they communicate with Morris. Britain and Prussia are intriguing—they give money to Condé and Orléans. M. Montmorin reports that he and the king wept together. "Poor man! he considers himself as gone, and that whatever is now done must be for his son." Morris writes in French what one Bergasse is to correct for him. "He" (Bergasse) "will write to the king . . . and tell him that having obtained my plan in order to correct the language he sends it to his Majesty, but under the strictest injunction of secrecy."

In August and September there are several entries relating to a *Memoire* which Morris had written for the king—as well as the draft of a speech for him to deliver upon taking the oath to serve the constitution. There is a series of conferences with M. de Montmorin, in which the king takes part. Of the speech we read that it is in the king's possession, but that he found it "difficult to swallow." Bremond tells Morris that the king preferred his *Memoire* to another sent him from England. The Count de Moustier had returned from an embassy to the king of Prussia,

"whither he had been sent after his return from America. . . . The king of Prussia will furnish money to assist in putting the finances of this country to right."

November 26, 1791. "M. de Montmorin tells me . . . that one of the provinces, with all the troops in it, might be depended upon." The real cause of M. de Montmorin quitting the ministry is given; he had not the full confidence of their Majesties,— "they were governed sometimes by counsels from Coblentz. . . . M. de Montmorin urged them to adopt a privy council to decide in all cases, and endeavored to convince them that unless they fixed upon a plan of conduct they would be greatly injured, but in vain."

In January, 1792, Gouverneur Morris was appointed United States minister to France. He was in high favor with the king. When his "plan of a correspondence with M. de Monciel" was submitted to his Majesty, it was well received. Morris tells the minister of the marine that it is time to arrange matters with the emperor. He is answered that unless assured that the king and queen make no imprudent confidences, he dare not risk himself. "The risk is indeed great."

The appointment of Gouverneur Morris as United States minister to France had been made in the face of strenuous opposition, because of his "aristocratical tendencies," and his apparent sympathy with the moderatists, if not with open royalists. He had been confirmed by a majority of only five votes. After accepting his appointment he spent several months in England, returning to Paris, May, 1792, when liberty trees, carnagnole dances, the *ca-ira*, the *bonnet rouge*, were the dominant features of the hour—"the king's ships rotting in harbor, brigands on the highway."

Conferences with Bremond and Monciel are renewed. "June 20. His Majesty has put on the *bonnet rouge*, but he persists in refusing to sanction its decrees." Lafayette gives Morris

“a rendezvous” at M. Montmorin’s. “The king has neither plans, money nor means.”

July 11. “Bremond . . . tells me that their Majesties flashed in the pan yesterday morning, which occasioned the resignation of the ministry . . . we prepare heads of a discourse for Monciel in the view, if their Majesties come round, to strike a still more important stroke.” July 12. “Monciel is to have an interview with the king and queen.” The plot is maturing, which might have been successful, but the king drew back and his council “struck work at once,” as Carlyle puts it, and resigned,—the queen’s antipathy to Lafayette having had much to do in shaping the king’s conduct. “I think there is want of mettle,” Morris writes, “which will ever prevent them from being truly royal.”

This plot, in which “Morris and others” were concerned, was to have been carried out July 14, 1792, the day of the Fête of the Federation, when Lafayette was to be in command of the military, and would see that the royal family, who were to be prominent in the procession, were placed under a picked escort, and between regiments that could be depended upon when flight should be struck for Compiègne. Swiss guards were to be stationed along the route of flight, and once at Compiègne the royal family were to be protected by loyal troops until the king’s authority should be recognized. The support of the allied powers was counted upon. If the worst came, flight from France was arranged, but of the further details little is known.

We know that the strict surveillance of the French government at that time over ships sailing out of harbor did not interfere with the freedom of the *Sally* of Wiscasset,* and surely there

* Morris writes to the Minister of the Marine, August, 1793: “Is there not some way, either by an exception of the law or by special permission, to let vessels of the United States depart for the ports of the said states or the French colonies?” This was of a case in which he had not a personal interest—as he must have had in the *Sally*. He generally had his way in such matters.

was no lack of asylums for royalty in the land where Noailles and Talon, with the aid of Robert Morris “and others,” were doing all in their power to provide a retreat for Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette.

Between July 11 and August 10, that fearful day of the sacking of the Tuileries, after which the rescue of the royal family was impossible, the Diary is vague and often enigmatical. It states, however, that near the end of July, 1792, Gouverneur Morris received a large sum of the king’s money, in all about seven hundred and forty-eight thousand livres; that this money was brought to him by Monciel at his Majesty’s command, “for distribution among those who were concerned in executing the project for removing the king from Paris.”* The money was sent with his Majesty’s thanks for counsels received, his Majesty regretting that those counsels had not been followed. The United States minister was asked, moreover, to become the custodian of the king’s papers—a request that Morris declined, on the ground that the papers would not be safe in his possession; but he would hold the money at the disposal of the king, with the understanding that, in any event, no right of property on his part would be attached to the money thus deposited.

The events of the 10th of August made the king’s money of no avail for his deliverance; but without it those who had risked their lives for his would have been in most grievous plight. The house of Gouverneur Morris became that day the refuge of the terrorized plotters, and of others under suspicion, the king’s money alone ensuring escape. Mr. Morris, in 1796, paid over to the Duchess d’Angoulême, daughter of Louis XVI, the balance left in his hands, one hundred and forty-seven pounds sterling.†

* Sparks, Morris, vol. I, p. 382.

† Sparks, Morris, vol. I, p. 384.

Accounts of other plots, in which Monciel, Bertrand and "many others," presumably Lafayette, Morris and Colonel Swan, were concerned are given by many of the annalists of the French Revolution. Those for the rescue of the queen, after the execution of the king, January, 1793, surpass all preceding ventures in daring and stratagem.

That there should have been so unique a colony of French *émigrés* as that of Frenchtown in the township of Asylum on the Susquehanna less than a century ago, and that it should have had such faint survival in local annals and traditions, is passing strange indeed,—a colony of aristocrats in the main, *ci-devant* ecclesiastics, members of the royal household, military officers of rank, heads of religious houses, entertaining for weeks at a time such guests as the three exiled princes of the house of Orléans, the Duke de La Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, Talleyrand and, no doubt, many others as conspicuous in the history of France and the United States.

The Duke de La Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, in his "Travels through the United States and the Country of the Iroquois in the Years 1795-1797," gives the most authentic contemporary account that we have of the colony, unsatisfactory as it is in the main. A few of the local annalists of that day, and occasionally a traveller through the wilds of Pennsylvania, make mention of the settlement,— "the great boom" of the Asylum Land Company; but the statements of such are too often contradictory and misleading. The Rev. David Craig, in his History of Bradford County, Pennsylvania, has given an admirable summary of his thorough research among the traditions and annals of Frenchtown (Asylum); what he has not collected may hardly be found; yet he can add comparatively little to what is given by the Duke de La Rochefoucauld-Liancourt. Oh, for a packet of letters written from Frenchtown by some of those exiled gentle-

women; or an old journal,—no matter if it were as tiresome in detail as the Jesuit "Relations!" The search for something of the kind has so far yielded little. The direct descendants of Noailles can throw no light upon their great-grandfather's colonization scheme; nor can those of De La Rochefoucauld-Liancourt add anything to what has been given in their ancestor's travels. The Duke d'Orléans, afterwards Louis Philippe, is known to have kept a diary the most of his life. That part of it recording his visit to Frenchtown has long been missing. Correspondence with historical societies and local historians of Pennsylvania has been most disappointing, prompt and courteous as has been the response to requests for information about Asylum; nor have those novelists whose field is the Pennsylvania of a century ago known of anything adding to the meagre records of the colony. If the long sequestered papers of Robert Morris are ever given to the public, the full history of the colony of Noailles and Talon may then possibly be written.

In 1792 the number of French *émigrés* in the United States must have been many thousands.* The insurrection of the blacks in San Domingo had sent to the United States many who had settled there, the father of John C. Fremont among them. The refugees who landed in Philadelphia, as many did, would be sure to hear of the colony of Noailles, or of similar colonization schemes projected by innumerable wild-land speculators, among whom were Robert Morris and his partner, John Nicholson, the failure of whose North American Land Company involved Morris in disaster and burdened his closing years with poverty.

The first organization of the Asylum Company and its purchase of twelve hundred acres at the Standing Stone on the Susquehanna in 1793

*Taine gives 150,000 as the number of French emigrants *in all*.

soon proved a failure, but was followed by the organization of a new company, with Robert Morris at its head,—the territory of the company increased to one million acres. Noailles and Talon were appointed by Robert Morris associate governors of Asylum on handsome salaries, Noailles remaining in Philadelphia, and Talon living in state in the governor's house at Frenchtown.* The details of the business features of the great project, its unique bank of one million acres, five thousand shares of two hundred acres each at \$2.50 an acre, the interest of six per cent on these shares to increase with the cultivation of the land, are given by the Duke de La Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, and are of far less interest to-day than a packet of spicy letters written from the colony would be, or a journal kept by a visitor like Talleyrand.

Late in the year 1793, Noailles arrived at the Standing Stone, when the clearing of the land and actual settlement began. He was followed by Talon in December. They had been preceded several months by the Count Buide Boulogne, to whom Robert Morris had given the following circular letter, addressed to Matthias Hollenback, Esq., at Wilkesbarre, as well as to Mr. Dunn at Newton (Elmira), and Messrs. James Tower and Company, Northumberland. Hollenback was the agent of Robert Morris.

“PHILADELPHIA, August 8, 1793.

Sir: Should Mr. Boulogne find it necessary to purchase provisions or other articles in your neighborhood for the use of himself or his company, I beg that you will assist him therein; or should you supply him yourself, and take his drafts on this place, you may rely that they will be paid; and I hold myself accountable. Any services it may be in your power to render this gentleman or his companions I shall be thankful for, and remain

Sir, your obed't st.,
ROBERT MORRIS.”

A letter from Boulogne to Judge

*The township was called Asylum. The central settlement on the river, Frenchtown. The annalists interchanged the names.

Hollenback, the 19th of October following, proves that the sale of land had not then been completed, and that Boulogne was already engaged in building. Nothing has yet been found, to the writer's knowledge, indicating just how far the building of the King's House had advanced. “In buying,” writes Boulogne, “you must absolutely buy the crops which are on the ground, as everybody here is very poor and *our expenses are great.*”

In that same summer of 1793, the Queen's House of the colony must have been begun, some eight miles away, in the midst of the forest, of which a description will be given further on.

“The site of old Frenchtown,” says its historian, David Craft, “can be seen from the Lehigh Valley Railroad as you look down the Susquehanna at Rummerfield, where the river sweeps round the mountain to the right, a plain of nearly twelve hundred acres. A good part of the site has been washed away. The post office bears the name of Asylum, and is nearly opposite Rummerfield.” A farmhouse or two are to be seen on the site, and fields of buckwheat, tobacco and corn. The logs of the old King's House now form part of one of the great barns belonging to descendants of Bartholomew Laporte, one of the refugees. Every vestige of the settlement is gone, save the old French roads built by the colonists, who, it is said, expended some three thousand dollars on roads.*

There are those still living who saw the King's House in their childhood and the faint remains of the foundations of the Queen's House. The King's House was demolished some fifty years ago. One old man, who helped in pulling down its ruins, describes it as built of hewn logs, covered with shingles, standing at the centre of the settlement, a two and a half story building about sixty feet

* Craft's History of Bradford County, Pennsylvania, between pp. 268, 269, gives lithographic views of Frenchtown. Day's History of Pennsylvania has a woodcut of the place in 1832.

long and thirty wide, a wide hall through the centre, eight stacks of chimneys, each stack heating four rooms, the dining room and kitchens in an annex connected with the main building by a covered passage. There was a big bake house, a high, nailed paled fence inclosing all, with great double gates. A stream of water ran through a spring house, which was within the enclosure. Down the river there was a gristmill; an orchard of nine hundred apple trees dated from the first years of the settlement. This description tallies so closely with others given of the Governor's House, that it is a question whether the King's House and the Governor's House were not one and the same.

The voluminous Hollenback papers, like those of Gouverneur Morris, are nailed up in boxes and stored in the vault of a Trust Company. The Nicholson papers are scattered to the four winds. The deeds of sale of the Asylum Land Company and the original map of the town are said to be in the courthouse of Towanda, Bradford county, Pennsylvania.

In less than two years some thirty houses had been built by refugees near the King's House—log houses with a French air, say annalists, such log houses as had never been seen in our backwoods before, each with a stone fireplace and what the surrounding natives looked upon as a marvelous and unnecessary display of interior decoration. A theatre was one of the first buildings erected. Will the program of a single performance ever come to light?

The town covered some three hundred acres; there was a market square in the centre, a log chapel, the missal of which is said to be now in the possession of an ecclesiastic in Rome. The settlement was in its infancy when its first wedding enlivened the lonely hamlet, that of M. de Blacons, late deputy for Dauphine and Mlle. de Maulde, late canoness of Bonberg. "They keep a haberdasher's shop," wrote Rochefoucauld-Liancourt.

"Their partner is Mr. Colin, formerly Abbé de Sevigny, Archdeacon of Tours and *conseiller au grand conseil*." Mlle. de Maulde had fled from France with the Abbé de Sevigny—only these barren facts for what alas! there was no Fanny Birney or Horace Walpole among the exiles to describe for our delectation.

Isaac Weld, Jr., in his "Travels through the States of North America," gives a brief account of his visit to Frenchtown. "The town contains about fifty log houses . . . the French settlers, however, seem to have no great inclination or ability to cultivate the earth, and a great part have let their lands at a small yearly rent to Americans, and amuse themselves with driving deer, fishing and fowling. They hate the Americans and the Americans hate them." The crying lack of the colony was, plainly, a working class. "However polished its present inhabitants," wrote the Duke de La Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, "they cannot dispense with the husbandman, as the husbandman can with the gentleman." It was a visionary scheme, a pathetic picture at its brightest; the efforts of the exiles to amuse themselves more pitiful, perhaps, than their heroic attempts to combine habits of elegant leisure with much hewing of wood and drawing of water. Eminently unfitted, as the most of them were, to endure the privations of life on the border, would their exile have been brightened with the king and the queen in the great log house,—and what would a prolonged stay have been like to their Majesties in the backwoods of Pennsylvania?

"My grandmother," writes a descendant of Madame d'Autremont, one of the colonists, "used to dress for dinner every day, just as she had in France." Pieces of her brocade gowns are among the heirlooms of her grandchildren. One of her sons became the private secretary of Talleyrand when he, in his exile, visited his countrymen in Frenchtown,—young

d'Autremont following him back to France.

"Purchasers here," wrote Gouverneur Morris from Paris to Robert Morris, concerning the sale of wild lands, "are for the most part ignorant of our geography. So far from thinking the forest a disadvantage, they are captivated with the idea of having their *chateaux* surrounded by magnificent trees. They naturally expect superb highways over the pathless desert and see barges on every stream."

It is said that the colonists thought nothing of sending a wood cutter a mile away to cut down a tree if it obstructed a view; and that a favorite recreation was *teetering* on planks laid across the stumps of the clearings. But the stories of sneering Americans should be taken with many grains of salt. The settlement became one of the sights of the country, the well-to-do Quakers of Philadelphia driving out to dine at its Frenchy inns, trade a bit at the haberdasher's shop kept by the Abbé de Sevigny, once archdeacon of Tours, or to dance at the Governor's House with high-born pioneers who had so narrowly escaped the guillotine. What would we not give for Benjamin's and Priscilla's account of what they saw at Frenchtown,—their picture of the stir in the little hamlet when it was known that the three Orléans princes had passed "through the Wind Gap on horseback," had spent a night at Wilkesbarre "in the old red tavern on the river bank," and would soon be at the Governor's "Chartres-Eglité," Duke de Montpensier and Count de Beaujolais.

The pretty shops of Frenchtown, with their attractive merchandise, drew not a little trade from neighboring towns like Wilkesbarre. The making of maple sugar, vinegar, molasses, tar and potash were among the industries of the colony. A brewery was contemplated, when the news of the amnesty of Napoleon Bonaparte (1800) was received, under which royal refugees of France might return,



MARIE ANTOINETTE.

and their confiscated estates would be restored upon conditions, easy enough for homesick exiles to fulfil,—Talleyrand's outcry, after a sojourn in the United States, voicing the sentiments of many: "I shall die if I remain another year under the Stars and Stripes."*

Descendants of Bartholomew Laporte and Charles Honet, who did not

* Blennerhassett's "Life of Madame De Staël," vol. II, p. 262.



LOUIS XVI.

go back to France, own the most of the site of the old colony to-day, a locality which did not soon lose its attractions for Frenchmen, many being drawn to settle there and in the vicinity long after the disastrous scheme of the Asylum Land Company had been abandoned. The career of the colony was so brief, the results so futile, the intelligence of its neighbors so unenlightened concerning its affairs,—the fact that it has nearly disappeared from memory and tradition needs no other explanation. The fact that at the time of the founding of Asylum the revolutionists of France had a strong constituency in the United States, and notably at Philadelphia, explains the secrecy with which the inner affairs of the colony were conducted. There were those in the country who rejoiced at the execution of Louis XVI, and Marie Antoinette might not have been out of peril had she reached the Queen's House in the woods.

It must have been in the summer of 1793 that the Queen's House, hidden in the forest some eight miles from the King's House, was begun in a lonely spot upon the road between Frenchtown and Dushore, now the site of

New Era, Pennsylvania. Marie Antoinette was executed October 14, 1793. Allowing forty days for the sea voyage and the journey from Philadelphia to Frenchtown, a pony express making the trip once a week unless hindered by storm, we may assume that the tidings of her execution were brought by Talon, or about the time of his arrival, and that work upon the great log house in the woods was stopped at once. Unfinished, it fell to decay. The foundations of the Queen's House could be pointed out not many years ago; but now every trace has disappeared. The house was located on a road opened for it at the time by the colonists, and in the midst of heavy timber. A veritable hiding-place it would have been for the widowed Marie Antoinette, then languishing in prison, her hair whitened by the shadow of the guillotine.

Contemporaneously with the stopping of work on the Queen's House in the Pennsylvania woods, and when the Terror was at its height, the *Sally* of Wiscasset came home with a strange cargo and a stranger story—all of which is recorded in the annals of that seaport town, with interesting details that may not be fully given here. The *Sally* had sailed from Paris immediately after the execution of Marie Antoinette, of which Captain Clough had been an eyewitness, he bringing home with him a piece of the robe she wore on the guillotine, a relic treasured by his descendants unto this day. The cargo of the *Sally* had been marvellously unlike anything ever brought to Wiscasset before,—French tapestries, marquetry, silver with foreign crests, rare vases, clocks, costly furniture and no end of apprelling fit for a queen. In short, the story was soon noised abroad—for sailors would gossip, if captain and supercargo did not—and has survived in local annals and family traditions that only for the failure, at the last moment, of a plot for the deliverance of Marie Antoinette, she would have been aboard the *Sally* with all that had

been provided for furnishing a refuge for her in the United States; that she was to have been the guest of Mrs. Clough, at the big house on Squam Point, until she could be transferred to a safer retreat. Was that refuge to have been the Queen's House in Pennsylvania? *Allah alam!*

Nor will it ever be known which one of the many plots of those last days of Marie Antoinette in prison was the American plot, in the carrying out of which the *Sally* of Wiscasset was undoubtedly to have had a prominent part. A careful study of those many plots, those of "Gouverneur Morris and others," makes it reasonable to believe that what is called "the affair of the pinks," betrayed and defeated at the last moment, might have been the one that would have placed the poor queen on board the *Sally* and have landed her at Squam Point. Would Madame La Val have been one of her court ladies in the Clough house on the Sheepscot? Truly, here it were easier to write romance than history.

And what became of the *Sally's*

cargo? Here another historical great house comes into this disconnected story—the old Swan house of Dorchester, Massachusetts, known for many years as the Marie Antoinette house, because, as rumor affirmed, it had been largely furnished originally with what had been the belongings of the poor queen.

Colonel Swan had returned to the United States in 1795, accompanied by Madame Swan, a beautiful and eccentric gentlewoman, who had been with her husband in Paris during the Terror. They brought with them a large collection of fine French furniture, decorations and paintings. The confiscation of the goods of aristocrats and *émigrés* made the purchase of even royal belongings by no means difficult at a time when Revolutionary committees were coining money on the Place de la Revolution and furnishers were scouring the provinces for bargains, the "trumpery" of pillaged chateaux.

Colonel Swan had become very wealthy through his commercial enterprises, and could afford to pay the government \$90,000 for a large confiscated tory estate at Dorchester, and to build upon it, in 1796, the mansion of which description is given in Drake's "Roxbury," also in Orcutt's "Good old Dorchester." The Swan house was demolished some twenty

years ago. It is described as a circular house, very French, crowned with a dome, a broad veranda surrounding it, no fireplace, it is said, nor heating apparatus of any kind, only one other house in the country like it, that of General Knox at Thomaston, Maine,—General Knox, the Secretary of War of President Washington's first Cabinet, and whose house in Philadelphia was a favorite resort of the Duke de La Rochefoucauld and the French refugees, an intimate friend of Colonel



GOUVERNEUR MORRIS.

Stone. One room was called the Marie Antoinette room, the bedstead of which is in possession of the descendants of Colonel Swan to-day, and known as the Marie Antoinette bedstead. "There are those who say" that much of the *Sally's* famous cargo was carried to the Swan house, which seems reasonable, as the *Sally* was engaged in trade under Colonel Swan and his Boston agent, Henry Jackson. A son of Colonel Swan's was besides supercargo on that voyage, and had claimed a sideboard as his share of what seems to have been an abandoned cargo—a piece of rare antique furniture now in the possession of Hon. James P. Baxter, Port-

scendants of Colonel Swan, however, make no pretence of believing that the old French furnishings and costumes of the estate of Madame Swan were ever the personal property of Marie Antoinette. That some of them may have been is not unlikely, as after the sacking of Versailles and the Tuileries, when the infuriated mob meant to destroy everything that had ever belonged to "the Austrian wolf," when corpses were burned on piles of furniture and thieves were busy besides, not a few royal relics were secured by those who knew their value in the market.

One supposition is that the *Sally* was freighted with the goods of those who were hoping to escape to the United States by her, but the ship sailed away without them, carrying off their property. Between the guillotine which took off their heads, says Drake, and Swan who took off their trunks, there was little left of the poor Frenchmen. Not a few of the Marie Antoinette relics in this country may be



THE SWAN HOUSE, DORCHESTER, MASS.

land, Maine, and known as the Marie Antoinette sideboard. This sideboard, upon the marriage of young Swan and a daughter of General Knox was placed in the Knox mansion—suggesting that General Knox could have told the true story of the *Sally* had he been inclined.

Colonel Swan and the Swan house have prominent place in the annals and traditions of Dorchester, and Colonel Swan's name is inseparably associated with that of Marie Antoinette. Lafayette's visit to Madame Swan at the Swan house in 1824 did much in reviving the old story of the plot, a story that has naturally been much amplified in tradition. The de-

traced to the *Sally* of Wiscasset, and the Swan house of Dorchester. An abandoned cargo falls to the shippers of course.

Some sixty years ago, the old Clough house was ferried to the mainland and placed where it now stands in North Edgecomb, on the Sheepscot. It is still known as the Marie Antoinette house, and is owned and occupied by descendants of Captain Clough. The traditions of the Marie Antoinette cargo handed down from Captain Clough are quite voluminous, and most interesting, but there is nothing about an Asylum in Pennsylvania.

All traces of the great manor house,



THE MARIE ANTOINETTE HOUSE, EDGECOMB, MAINE.

Fountain La Val, have disappeared. There are old fruit trees said to have been planted by the exiles, and a venerable Lombardy poplar. Traditions of the colony and its founder are preserved by the descendants of Louis Deparré Des Isles and of Charles De Laittre, the secretary and the superintendent of Madame La Val, whose families became united in marriage, Madame La Val deeding to the wife of Des Isles all of her property at Frenchman's Bay, when she gave her hand in marriage to one Van Bartte, governor of Demerara, about 1797, and left her refugees to get on without her as they could. The after history of the settlement abounds in romantic episodes.

Descendants of refugees of the French Revolution may be found in all parts of the United States, the high order of their citizenship, as a rule, their brilliant leadership in state and municipal affairs and the eminent

success of their business enterprises proving, to the people of the United States at least, that the French Revolution did much for the advancement of civilization. Many were the projects for the colonization of French refugees, projects often abandoned in the experimental stage as failures. The coming of Napoleon Bonaparte into power not only recalled many of the exiles, but was the cause of a new and considerable emigration from France, mainly of those who were unwilling to serve in the armies of the First Empire.

"There are those who say" that the Duke of Artois, afterwards Charles X of France, was in hiding from Napoleon some nine years (1805-1814) in a rude chateau in Madison county, New York—because of his implication in the Cadondal plot—a notable addition to the list of houses of refuge prepared in the United States for royalty in exile.



The Smoking Pine

A Legend of the
Vaughan Stream
at Hallowell.

By Emma Huntington Nason.

O N Bombahook's high bank it stands,
The ancient smoking pine;
It lifts aloft its hoary hands
Above the wooded pleasure lands,
And makes its mystic sign.

Its gray-green branches sway,—and then
Their ghostly murmurs cease;
A solemn silence fills the glen,
While Assonimo smokes again
The spectral pipe of peace.

We watch the blue-tinged vaporous haze
In curling mist arise;
And lo! to greet our wondering gaze,
The phantom camp-fires start and blaze
Beneath the twilight skies.

Across the wildly dashing stream
That swirls and foams below,
The firelight throws its ruddy gleam,
And dusky forms, as in a dream,
Flit softly to and fro.

Hush! 'tis the Indian chieftain's hand
That lights the calumet;
He speaks: "In this, our fathers' land,
Too long we roam, an outcast band,
On whom the curse is set!

“For us the hopeless strife is o’er;
 No warrior waits our call.
 White brothers! bid us place once more
 Upon the Bombahook’s fair shore
 Our wigwams few and small!

“And while the torrent, o’er the rocks,
 Flows downward to the tide,
 And with its thundering echo mocks
 The death chant of the Wawenocs,
 In peace let us abide!

“Our doom is sealed, our glory past,
 Our hearth fires, faintly fanned,
 Die out; and, from the heavens o’ercast,
 The whirlwind and the tempest-blast
 Shall smite us from the land!

“But from the chieftain’s heart a pine,
 Blood-set, shall rise and sway,
 Where Assonimo’s ghostly line
 Shall smoke, as a perpetual sign,
 The pipe of peace for aye!”

The tempest came; the prophet chief,
 With all his people, fell.
 No death-dirge droned for their relief;
 Only the pale-face gazed in grief
 Upon the wasted dell.

The new moons, o’er the forest nave,
 Waxed full and slowly swung;
 But when the springtide kissed the wave,
 From out the Wawenoc’s deep grave
 The mighty pine tree sprung.

To-day, above the waters swift,
 Its lofty branches flare;
 And see! the smoke-wreaths curl and lift!
 From Assonimo’s pine they drift,
 And vanish into air.



THE AMISTAD CAPTIVES.

AN OLD CONFLICT BETWEEN SPAIN AND AMERICA.

By Ellen Strong Bartlett.

THE contest with Spain through which we have just passed brings to mind with fresh vividness another bitter conflict between ourselves and that old monarchy,—a conflict much longer than our recent war, but fought in the court room instead of on the battlefield. It is one of the most famous lawsuits in our annals,—that of "Spain *vs.* *L'Amistad*;" and thus the story runs,—as full of romance as a mediæval legend:

"'Tis sixty years since" various men, women and children were pursuing their ordinary occupations of planting, hunting, and buying and selling in Mendi, near Sierra Leone, on the west coast of Africa, quite ignorant that their lives were soon to be involved in the diplomatic relations of two great nations, and that on the other side of the globe of which they knew so little their fate was to arouse the concentrated and prolonged efforts of the foremost legal talent of the United States. Suddenly the peaceful tillage of the fields, the activity of barter, the fierce conflicts of tribal wars were all ended by the grip of the kidnapper and by dismal days in the barracoon. From that assembling place they were taken to a slave ship, the *Teçora*, that flew the flag of Portugal.

On the passage they were cruelly treated, perhaps not more so than if they had been on other slave ships. Crowded into low quarters, little more than four feet high, chained together in couples by wrists and legs, day and night, cramped into positions so unnatural that sleep was difficult, hot and thirsty, but with sparing allowance of water, sometimes hungry, sometimes forced to eat even when seasick, on

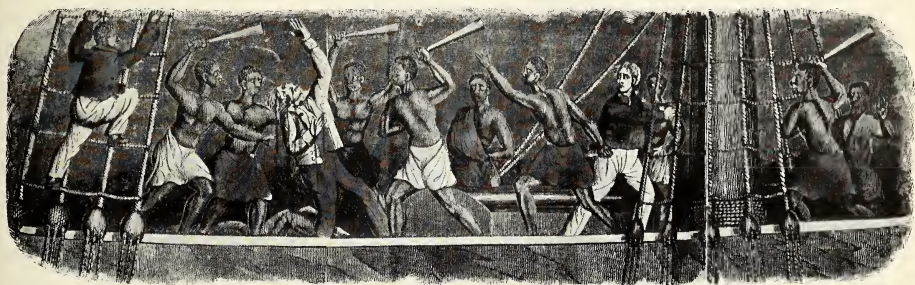
pain of flogging, with open wounds from the galling manacles, and with vinegar and gunpowder rubbed into those wounds,—these poor creatures endured all the horrors of a prison combined with those of crossing the ocean in an old-time sailing craft. It is not strange that many died and were thrown overboard. The voyage began some time in April, 1839, and in July the weary Africans were landed, at night, in a village near "the Havana." They could not have expected bliss there; so perhaps they were not disappointed when after ten days the forty-three survivors were put on board another vessel, secretly and at night.

This vessel was the schooner *L'Amistad*, destined to be famous in our annals. On it were the purchasers of the black "cargo," José Ruiz and Pedro Montez, who designed to take their new property to their plantations in Puerto Principe. But fear was fed by both remembrance and anticipation; the cook made rough jokes, and suggested that the blacks were to be eaten as soon as they reached their new destination; and the accumulated sense of undeserved injury broke forth in stern uprising, under Cinque, their leader by force of character. Using the right of self-preservation which belongs to all men, they overpowered the Spaniards, the captain and the cook perishing in the fray, and the crew escaping in a boat; they assumed control of the vessel, and ordered Montez and Ruiz to steer them back to Africa.

Verily the tables were turned. For days the *Amistad* with its strange company wandered about the Atlantic. The negroes, by signs di-

rected towards the sun, made it clear that the course by day must be towards the east; but at night the wily Spaniards brought into play their superior knowledge and turned the helm in a contrary direction. Thus it was that a northwestern course was the result of the conflicting steering and that the *Amistad* at last came within sight and legal cognizance of the northeastern shores of the United States. During August there were ominous reports of a "long, low, black schooner," manned by blacks, that was drifting aimlessly near the coast. The United States steamship *Fulton* and some revenue cutters were sent out for her, and perhaps a little appre-

load of blacks landing on North Neck and, with carts and horses borrowed from a farmer, busily employed in getting water, they approached the men; and by the aid of signs and the few English words which Banna and Cinque had picked up, Green made a bargain to take the *Amistad* back to Sierra Leone. But at that juncture, the United States coast survey brig *Washington* appeared on the scene; Ruiz and Montez, seeing men of European race, wildly gesticulated for help, and when near enough to be heard demanded rescue and protection; and Captain Green admitted afterwards that, on seeing the *Washington* near, he had decoyed the ne-



From an old print in possession of Yale University.

THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN FERRER.

hension was aroused by these rumors; but it was lost in the excitement caused by the news that the mysterious vessel had reached land, had been captured and, with its dusky crew, was in the custody of government officials. Here the story of the *Amistad* becomes a part of our national history.

After touching at various points along the coast, for water and provisions, the blacks had landed in small boats on Long Island, leaving their vessel off Culloden Point, near Montauk Point, a place which was destined to have another painful significance in the story of Spain in the Western Hemisphere. This was on Sunday, August 25, 1839. Pelatiah Fordham and Captain Harry Green, the latter of Sag Harbor, were out gunning at that time; and when they saw a boat's

groes and persuaded them to linger until it was too late for them to escape from their new captors.

Pitifully the poor wretches cried, "Sierra Leone! Sierra Leone!"—pointing frantically to the east. Cinque threw himself overboard, and dropped into the all-concealing waves a belt full of Spanish gold; but he was recovered, and Lieutenant Gedney of the *Washington*, having heard of the alarming vessel through rumor, proceeded to arrest the dangerous fugitives! The poor blacks found themselves once more turned away from Africa. They were taken across the Sound to New London as the nearest port. Thus the Federal courts of Connecticut saw the next scenes of the drama.

When the *Washington* and the *Amistad* cast anchor in the deep

waters of New London harbor, they entered a whirlpool of political agitation. Every one knows that at that time the "land of the free" was also the "land of the slave"; as John Quincy Adams said in that year, "in the silent lapse of time, slavery had been winding its cobweb thread around and over free institutions." The desire of protecting the ownership of slaves was strong in the public

It is hard to find any period in our history when the moral and political atmosphere seems so unnatural to us as in that first half of the nineteenth century, called by Harriet Martineau "The Martyr Age of America," when prejudice often usurped the place of judgment, and the strangest prejudice of all was that against "color." That feeling, perhaps naturally strongest in the South, had many painful manifestations

in the North. Mobs and riots had been too frequent to bear enumeration. At the North, in Canaan, New Hampshire, a company of influential citizens had dragged from its foundations the building of the academy, because its doors had been opened to colored students; in Canterbury, Connecticut, Miss Prudence Crandall, a Friend, had been committed to jail for no other crime than that of teaching colored girls in her school; in New York, Lewis Tappan's house had been sacked; in Cincinnati, the mob had wrought its will on the property and presses of the *Philanthropist*; in the City of Brotherly Love, Pennsylvania Hall had been burned by a mob; in Boston, another mob had broken up with yells and rude attacks a meet-



CINQUE.

From the painting by Nathaniel Jocelyn, in the possession of the New Haven Colony Historical Society.

mind and had caused a phenomenal and unreasonable sensitiveness to any words or actions which might even indirectly disapprove the "institution" which was an anomaly in this "asylum for the oppressed." Events were often seen through magnifying or distorting glasses; and now, when we reduce them to the plain vision of common sense and receding time, sometimes they are most unpleasant in their bald brutality.

ing of about thirty ladies who wished to discuss slavery; the English orator, George Thompson, had been threatened with the tar kettle, and William Lloyd Garrison had been dragged by a rope through the streets—all to show that Boston "cherished rational and correct notions on the subject of slavery"; and the Rev. Elijah P. Lovejoy had been killed by a mob at Alton, Illinois, for printing antislavery articles. In the



THE HOUSE AT MONTAUK POINT TO WHICH THE CAPTIVES WERE TAKEN.

South there was only one opinion that could be expressed with safety to life. Truly it was not a propitious moment for a company of ignorant refugees, members of a despised race, to appear in northern waters.

The question of jurisdiction involved some delay and careful investigation. Ought the case to come before the courts of New York or those of Connecticut? Accurate soundings were taken, and it was found that the *Amistad* was one-half mile from shore when she was seized; and as all waters below the line of low-water mark on the seacoast are called "high seas," it was decided that Cinque and his men were taken on the high seas and that, New London being the first port of entry to which they were taken, Connecticut had rightful jurisdiction.

The captives were taken before the Federal court for the District of Connecticut at New London, for preliminary examination and trial. Strangely, the judge was no other than that Andrew T. Judson, who

had distinguished himself as the persecutor and prosecutor of Prudence Crandall. He committed the men for trial before the Circuit Court, which was to sit at Hartford on September 17.

Ruiz and Montez hastened to publish a card in the New London papers, thanking the public for sympathy, and Gedney and

Green for "rescue from a ruthless gang of African buccaneers." Suit was brought against Cinque and the thirty-eight surviving men for "piracy and murder." Thomas R. Gedney and others filed their libel "*vs.* the Schooner *L'Amistad* and cargo" (including the prisoners), praying for salvage for "meritorious services performed." Green claimed salvage because he had helped to secure the "property" almost escaped from Ruiz and Montez.

Montez filed a claim against four slaves and part of the cargo as his lawful property, and in the same way Ruiz, against the



SILHOUETTES OF AFRICANS FROM THE AMISTAD.





THE FARMINGTON CHURCH.

remaining slaves and property. District Attorney Holabird (of Winsted), under Gedney's libel, put forth claims: first, that the Africans had been claimed by the government of Spain according to the treaty of 1795, and ought to be re-

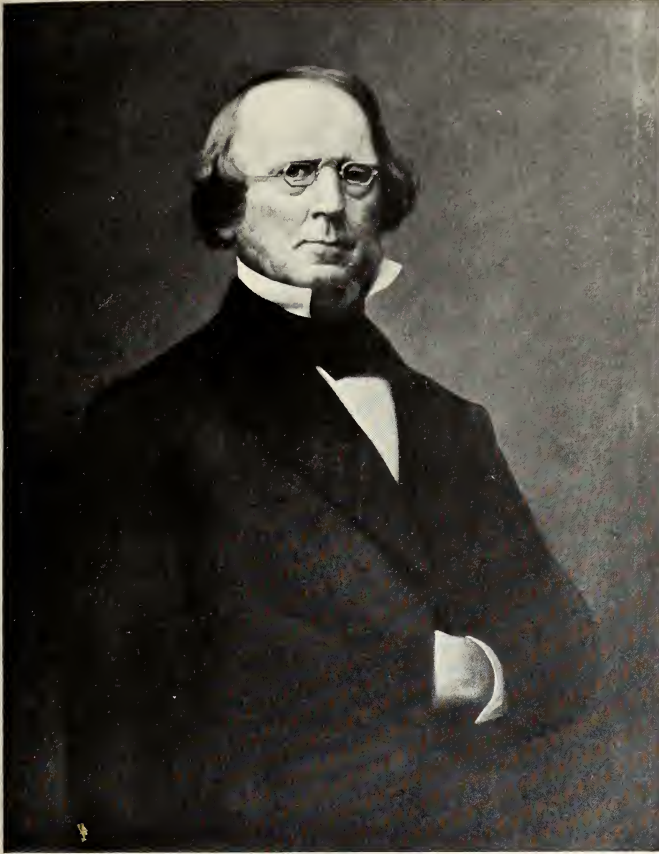
tained till the pleasure of the Executive might be known as to the demand; second, that they should be held subject to the President's instructions, to be taken to Africa under the act of 1819. The Spanish consul filed a libel in behalf of the owners abroad; and later, Antonio, the cabin boy, who, being a Cuban, was legally the slave of the dead captain, was the subject of another claim. Was ever so complicated an accumulation of charges brought against a band of strangers?

At the September court in Hartford, Judge Thompson, not friendly

to their cause, decided that they could not be tried in our courts for murder on the high seas, on a Spanish vessel. By Judge Judson the decision was also made that no claims for salvage could be met by selling men, women and children, whatever might be done



THE FARMINGTON RIVER.



From the painting by C. Noel Flagg.

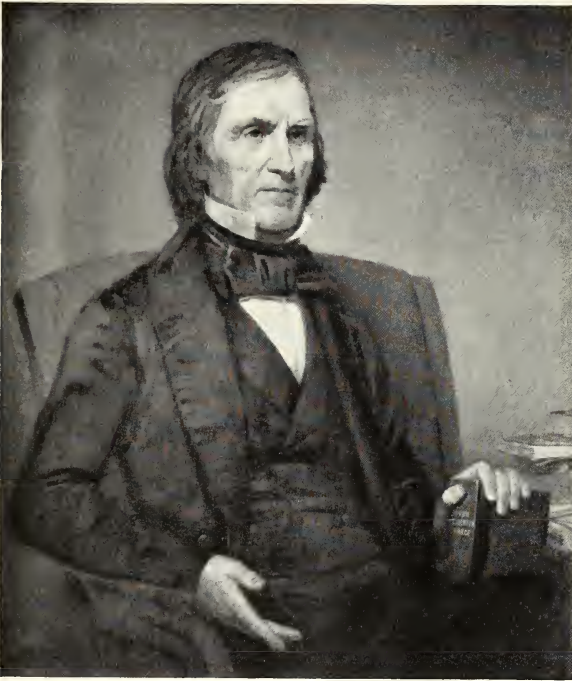
GOVERNOR ROGER SHERMAN BALDWIN.

about the goods involved. Three days having been devoted to the consideration of these matters, the negroes were bound over to the court to be held in New Haven in January. So to New Haven they were taken for a second time, and there they were lodged in the county jail. The three little girls had cried pitifully, and had clung to the rough jailer, Pendleton, when they were brought into court to testify as to the "piracy and murder;" and they were held under bonds of one hundred dollars each as witnesses.

Public excitement, increased by lurid articles in the newspapers, became intense. As soon as the extraordinary events were known a few friends of the black man met at 143

Nassau Street, New York, and appointed Lewis Tappan, Joshua Leavitt and Simeon S. Jocelyn a committee to procure funds for the relief and legal defence of these waifs of ocean so strangely cast on our shores; and they quickly secured able counsel, Messrs. Seth P. Staples and Theodore Sedgwick of New York and Roger S. Baldwin of New Haven. What the Africans thought, as they were again and again taken about by sloop, by wagon, and by canal boat, from one dread tribunal to another, could only be guessed; for between them and their guardians was an almost im-

penetrable wall of silence, the silence between men who know not each other's language. Banna, having somewhere picked up a few English words, had managed to ask Captain Green, in behalf of Cinque, while they were on Long Island, whether there were slaves here; and he had been answered by treachery. Antonio, the Cuban cabin boy, could speak some Spanish words; but it was impossible to make them understand the charges against them, or to get from them such explanations or refutations as they had to offer. Afterwards an effort was made to show that Cinque and others understood English well, and that by an astonishing superiority of cunning they had deluded judges, law-



From the painting by Frank B. Carpenter.

PROFESSOR JOSIAH WILLARD GIBBS.

yers, friends and foes alike, by an assumed ignorance of the language; but this is declared to be absolutely erroneous by those who taught them and took them through all the slow processes of acquiring our speech. By the time of the last trial they had, of course, acquired some slight proficiency; but it is difficult to see how their sojourn with Spaniards, even if under conditions more agreeable than it really was, could have been favorable to the acquisition of English.

Many pitied their helpless state; but one man applied the powers of his trained mind to bring them relief. This was Professor Gibbs, professor of Hebrew in Yale College. Very soon after their arrival he visited them in jail and, by laying down pennies in varying numbers before them and by appropriate signs, succeeded in getting the sounds of their numerals. He repeated them until he was sure that he had learned them, with the dialectic variations which he had de-

tected; and then he hastened to New York, where he spent several days among the wharves, searching the crews of vessels from foreign ports, in the hope of finding an African sailor. Whenever such a one was discovered, Professor Gibbs recited to him his self-taught lesson in numerals. One after another shook his head. At last, "e-ta (1), fe-le (2), sau-wa (3), na-ni (4)," drew forth a smile of recognition from a negro on the *Buzzard*, a British brigantine, and thus was found the link needed to connect captives and captors. It was another proof of the value of the scholar in the economy of the world's work.

James Covey, for such was the adopted name of the negro, was then about twenty years old. He too had been stolen in childhood, had been sold, first to African owners, then to Portuguese, and, being at last on a slave ship which was captured by the British, was thus made free again by the magic of England's flag. He had learned to read and write English in the English school at Sierra Leone.

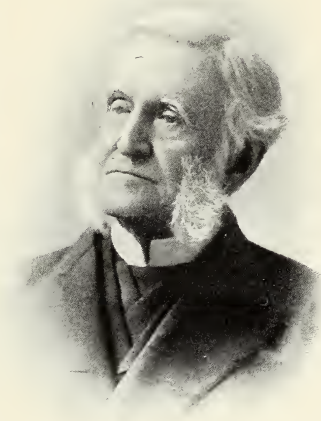
The captain of the *Buzzard*, Fitzgerald, was kind enough to let Professor Gibbs take the man to New Haven as an interpreter; for in his wanderings he had acquired a fair knowledge of the Mendi language. Learning and humanity, hand in hand, can accomplish a great deal. Like a magician's wand, the tact and ingenuity of Professor Gibbs brought a friend from the "vasty deep" for these heathen stranded on our shores. When they saw him bringing Covey into their prison, and when they heard once more the familiar accents of home, a shout of joy arose, which was

never forgotten by those who heard it. Then it was possible to secure a connected account of their strange adventures; and a brief description of each one was prepared, with the story of his life in Africa.

Although a common misfortune had brought them together, their experiences in African life had been different. They came from Mendi, Gissi, Bandi, Bullom, all neighboring districts of Western Africa, between Sierra Leone and Liberia. All had been stolen, at various times and places, by other Africans, who supplied Spanish and Portuguese dealers,—sad comment on the evil reaction of the slave trade. Of the three little girls, one had been made prisoner by a party of men who broke into her mother's house at midnight, and the other two, having been pawned for debts which were not paid, had been sold to pay those debts. The men were of ordinary height, differed greatly in features, and in color varied from black to yellow. Some had lived in villages near mountains and rivers, some in "fenced villages." A picture in Lander's "Travels in Africa," representing a hamlet composed of round clay dwellings with conical roofs thatched with leaves or turf, without windows or chimney, all neatly arranged, and shaded by palm trees, was recognized by them as being like their own villages. They had figs, oranges, lemons, bananas and pineapples, cotton, rice and corn. Some had been rice planters; some had owned cows, sheep, goats, hens; some had been hunters, killing leopards and elephants; some had been laborers; some had been blacksmiths, making axes and hoes; and some were sons of

chiefs, "gentlemen, who didn't do any work," as the interpreter expressed it.

A committee of New Haven men, the Rev. Leonard Bacon, Rev. H. G. Ludlow and Amos Townsend, Jr., had been commissioned to provide suitable instruction for the blacks, who now had a little more liberty within the jail. They must have lived in constant trepidation for weeks, until they had gained a little assurance from the evidence of friendly protection. From the third-story windows of the jail, which faced the Green on the site of the present City Hall, they beheld the pomp and circumstance of "training day," and at once the poor wretches were overcome by terror, thinking that the day of their death had come. To the call for instructors there was a quick response from Mr. George E. Day, then assistant instructor of Hebrew, now professor in the Yale Divinity School, and some of the divinity students, who gave their morning hours to this missionary work thus unexpectedly brought to them. Here was a bit of native heathendom for them



REV. GEORGE E. DAY, D. D.

to work upon, and with zeal and patience they tried to Christianize it. Great was the interest felt by teachers and pupils alike in this most novel application of the "natural method" of acquiring languages. Of course, pictures and all kinds of ingenious expedients were used in the first steps; and as soon as some readiness of communication was established, the teachers tried to give some idea of the principles of our religion. Dr. Day says that in this they were somewhat successful, and that their pupils learned to read a part of the New Testament.

What strange scenes that im-

promptu schoolroom in the New Haven jail presented!—the untutored heathen brought to the very door of the scholar, the eye that had been keen to watch the track of the elephant or the leopard, now eagerly following the intricacies of the printed page, and the pale-faced youth who had left their Hebrew and Greek lessons in college halls striving to explain God's goodness to those who were still smarting from man's injuries!

They wore the clothes provided for them by government, but during their stay in New Haven they did not learn all the refinements of table etiquette. Away would go the tin plates and cups after a meal, as heedlessly cast aside as had been the palm leaves of their home. For necessary exercise they were sometimes taken out on the Green, where their antics, and especially the agile feats of Cinque, afforded amusement to the ever-present spectators, and must have been a glad contrast to the cramped and shackled days on the slave ship.

They varied in moral and mental traits; but Cinque was always their leader; his manly form and speaking face engrossed attention wherever he appeared. He it was whose impassioned words had roused his fellows to make one more vain effort for liberty, on Long Island; he it was who had been put in irons and separated from the others as "dangerous" after landing in New London; he it was who, when the interpreter was absent

from morning worship, rose and took the duty of interpreting the prayer.

While he was a prisoner he was allowed to go to the studio of Jocelyn, that his portrait might be painted by that noted portrait painter, the brother of that Simeon S. Jocelyn who had long been the firm friend of the black man. Of this picture, which was called a speaking likeness, many copies engraved by Sartain exist.

The original was painted at the order of the late Robert Purvis, Esq., of Charleston, South Carolina, a member of the first American Anti-

slavery Society ever organized. He was the chairman of the semi-centennial celebration held in Philadelphia, December 4, 1883, to mark the anniversary of the establishment of the Antislavery Society in that city, December 4, 1833. Mr. Purvis was in 1883 one of four survivors of sixty who signed the Declaration of Sentiment of the National Con-
vention.



JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

tion. At the request of Dr. Stephen G. Hubbard of New Haven, the painting was presented in 1899 to the Historical Society of New Haven by the daughter of Mr. Purvis, Miss Harriet Purvis of Philadelphia, and it now hangs in the collection of that society. The painter, Deacon Nathaniel Jocelyn, was himself a man of note and a companion of that veteran in art, Asher B. Durand. He had sent portraits to the first exhibition of our Academy of Design, in 1826, he had travelled in Europe with Morse, and had afterwards, in 1844, received the

gold palette for the best portrait exhibited in Connecticut; and during his long life he painted portraits of many well known men and women. He and his brother, Simeon S. Jocelyn, who had been almost the only man to vote against the majority in the famous meeting which forbade the establishment of an educational institution for colored youth in New Haven, worked long and faithfully with Lewis and Arthur Tappan to make true our national boast of liberty for all.

As fear abated and knowledge increased, the Africans gave some interesting information about their life in Africa. The toga-like garment used there, from three to four feet wide and from six to nine feet long, differed little for men and women, except in the manner of wearing. It was thrown over the left shoulder, leaving the right arm and shoulder bare. Their chiefs had "plenty, plenty cloth;" and this, with the name of one chief, "Kak-beni," meaning lazy, gives us a notion of their conception of the luxuries of royalty. They had the barbarian's fondness for ornament, and liked strings of beads and shells around their wrists and ankles.

According to their account, matrimonial negotiations among them were simple and direct, without any foolish sentimentality. The man made a gift to the woman; if the gift was accepted, he was accepted. One of the men, Uga-ho-ni, gave "twenty clothes and a shawl" for his wife. Another, Ba-u, paid "ten clothes, one goat, one gun, and plenty of mats," and he was indebted to his mother for making the clothes. It would almost seem that the burden of the *trousseau* was on the wrong side of the house.

In Mendi they had a kind of fetich religion, in that they revered certain objects in nature, as a cotton tree, a mountain, "because there was a spirit in them;" but these men could give only a scanty account of the ceremonies of their religion, for the reason that they were too young to take part in them, only the old being con-

sidered worthy of that. Are we the only people who do not respect age? They abhorred cannibalism, were with few exceptions truthful, and were ready to punish any thieves among their number.

While lawyers and diplomats were discussing the legal complications, and good men were trying to teach the gospel of peace, the newspapers and the showmen were reaping their harvest of "sensations." The original theme of the story was played with all possible variations, and Ruiz and Montez, and Cinque and Grabeau, were posed alternately as victims and as martyrs. Wax figures of the blacks were made from life and carried around the country, and some large pictures were painted to represent the "mutiny." One was called "The Death of Captain Ferrer, the captain of the *Amistad*, July, 1839." The following explanation is appended to the woodcut copy of it:

"Don José Ruiz and Don Pedro Montez of the Island of Cuba, having purchased fifty-three slaves at Havana, recently imported from Africa, put them on board the *Amistad*, Captain Ferrer, in order to transport them to Principe, another port on the Island of Cuba. After being out from Havana about four days, the African captives on board, in order to retain their freedom and return to Africa, armed themselves with cane knives, and rose upon the captain and crew of the vessel. Captain Ferrer and the cook of the vessel were killed. Two of the crew escaped; Ruiz and Montez were made prisoners."

The scene is on the deck. The captain is represented as dying from his wounds; Antonio, as climbing a ladder in wild fright; Ruiz, as trying to flee. For one man the struggle is forever ended. Eight negroes in all, led by Cinque, are wildly brandishing the famous cane knives, while they are resplendent in yellow or green garments, which give no trace of months of lying in the hold. These cane knives were two feet long, stout

and broad, and were used for cutting sugar cane. In the library of the New Haven Historical Society may be seen a poster that advertised the huge painting, which was taken from town to town for public exhibition, thus at the same time proving and increasing the excitement which pervaded the community. The name of the advertiser is torn off; the remainder is as follows:

"... would respectfully announce to the citizens of . . . and vicinity, that he has opened for exhibition at . . . the magnificent painting of the massacre on board the schooner *Amistad!*

"By A. Hewins, Esq., of Boston. The Scene represents the rise and struggle of the Africans, in which Capt. Ferrer and the cook lost their lives, and Don Pedro Montez, one of the owners of the slaves, was dangerously wounded. This thrilling event with 26 of the principal characters is correctly delineated on 135 feet of Canvas, and strikes the beholder as real life. Its faithfulness to the original has been attested by those who participated in the awful tragedy. The hundreds of visitors both in New Haven and Hartford where the Africans have been seen, have bestowed the most unqualified praise upon the merits of the painting, and the following extracts from the public journals of those cities will convey some idea of the estimation in which it is held.

"From the *New Haven Herald*. "The Massacre.—This picture which is now open for exhibition, comprises the scene on board the *Amistad* when the blacks rose upon the crew and killed the Captain and the Cook. It is of very large dimensions and comprises a view of the vessel and every person on board, many of which are portraits, particularly those of Cinque and Grabeau."

"From the *New Haven Palladium*. "It is a very large and well-executed painting, and doubtless represents the bloody tragedy much as it was enacted. The likeness of many of the blacks will be readily recognized."

"From the *New Haven Register*. "The painting is large and well executed, and we doubt not conveys a good idea of the bloody scene on board the *Amistad*. Go and see it."

"From the *N. E. Review*, Hartford. "The design is a very superior one and cannot but satisfy every one of its correctness, judging from our own ideas of the original scene, as we form them from the descriptions that have been published. Cinque is represented in the act of taking

the life of Montez. He is held back by the interference of others, and all the spirit of desperation and demoniacism is pictured in his expressive face."

But however the picturesque and the romantic appealed to the diverse sympathies of the common people, the serious legal questions involved in the romance demanded an answer; for the lives of thirty-nine men hung on the decision of the courts. There was a constant assumption that all men who were black were slaves; and the counsel for Gedney said that the court was bound to presume them such until the contrary was proved to be true. It seems that in Cuba different kinds or grades of negroes were recognized: first, the "bozals," meaning those recently kidnapped; second, the "ladinos," meaning those who had been bound slaves since 1820. The "passo" of the *Amistad* described the captives as "negros ladinos," an expression worthy of Rosamond Vincy, with whom "words were not a direct clew to facts;" and the translation which was furnished by some one in the State Department, either through ignorance or design, rendered the words "sound negroes." The little girls were described as "sound negro women." The points to be decided were whether these men and children were lawfully "ladinos," and therefore, according to Spanish law, to be the purchased property of Ruiz and Montez; whether, having been proved to be such slaves and therefore guilty of "piracy and murder," they ought to be tried by our courts or by those of Spain in Cuba; and, on the other hand, whether they ought to be sold to satisfy the demands for salvage. On these decisions all the others depended; and each side mustered every possible legal resource for the conflict. To further assist in the deception of the "sound negroes," Spanish names were indiscriminately assigned to the negroes, the little girls being enumerated as Joanna, Frances, etc., and the men by such names as Joseph, etc. Calderon, the Spanish minister,

urged in behalf of Spain that the *Amistad* cargo, slaves and all, be delivered immediately to him without salvage. The reason which he offered for such a demand was a surprising one; he feared that if the negroes were not thus given to the Spanish authorities to be punished, "it would endanger the internal tranquillity of the island of Cuba"!

But Ruiz and Montez, through Calderon and his successor, the Chevalier De Argaiz, who was backed in turn by the Spanish government, claimed that their rights rested on the treaty of 1795; yet they apparently lost sight of the fact that, at that time, the slave trade was against the laws of Spain, and that she had received £400,000 from England for suppressing it in her colonies. To be sure, that traffic had not been easily stopped; the newspapers of the time give incidentally many proofs of that. For instance, you can see a bit of the news of the day which speaks of a slaver as having been in the business for twenty years, making fourteen successful voyages. She suffered one interruption; for we are naively told that "an irruption of a tribe of natives broke up that agency," and so they could not bring any negroes on one voyage. During all those years the Spanish government was secretly paid, under the name of "voluntary contributions," fifteen dollars for each slave imported; and the number of such imported slaves sometimes reached twenty or twenty-five thousand in a year.

But inconsistencies appeared almost trivial beside the exaggerated prejudices that arose to confront justice. To human vision the case of the strangers seemed almost hopeless. In the high places of the judicial and the executive departments of the government every voice seemed unfriendly and every power to be in active opposition. The District Attorney of Connecticut, in announcing to Mr. Forsyth, our Secretary of State, that the trial for murder must

fail in our courts, hastened to ask if the captives could not be sent to the Spanish authorities "before the court sits." The Attorney General of the United States, Mr. Grundy, had shown marked opposition to any suggestions of bettering the condition of negroes in this or any other country, and was so strongly opposed to the abolition of the institution of slavery as openly to approve of lynching those who advocated that measure. So it was not strange that he "could not see that by any legal principle he would be justified in going into an investigation for the purpose of ascertaining the facts set forth in the paper clearing the vessel from one Spanish port to another," as evidence whether the men were slaves or not. The President, Mr. Van Buren, so far forgot the limitations and the etiquette of his authority as to manifest his readiness to yield to the claims of De Argaiz, and to take the personal responsibility of sending a United States vessel to return the negroes to Cuba for such "punishment" as the Cubans saw fit to give. He did go so far as to send Gedney and Meade to Cuba to testify against Cinque; and Mr. Grundy publicly avowed that the President might issue his order directing his marshal to deliver the vessel and cargo to such persons as might be designated by the Spanish minister! We have learned to be less afraid of Spanish wrath. Mr. Forsyth directed that the captives "should be hurried on board the *Grampus* (a schooner which was kept outside of New Haven harbor for several days), as soon as a decision favorable to Ruiz and Montez was made, lest time should be given for an appeal!"

But in the midst of all this rancor and excitement the lawyers of the blacks began and continued their work with an unflinching zeal and persistence that were heroic. Mr. Lewis Tappan gave "laborious days" to the cause, in spite of the demands of large business interests; and of Governor Baldwin it has been said

that but for the indefatigable ardor with which he brought all his legal ability to bear on the case it would have been lost.

New Haven was the scene of the trial, which began on the twenty-third of January, 1840, and was before the District Court of the United States, the only court before which salvage or admiralty cases could be tried. The excitement became intense as the days lengthened into a week. Crowds patiently sat for hours in the court room in order to secure places. In the harbor lay the *Grampus*, ready, as all men knew, to hurry away the accused if acquitted, to prevent appeal. Craft bred craft, and in the same waters lurked a quiet vessel that was prepared to forestall that plan by a rescue.

The decision was a blow to the administration; for though given by Judge Judson, the condemner of Prudence Crandall, and not a friend of the black man, it was "that the officers of the *Washington* were entitled to salvage on the vessel and cargo, but not on the negroes, as, even if they were slaves, they had no value in Connecticut; that Green and the other 'long-shoremen' had done nothing for which they could claim compensation; that Antonio was a born slave and must be returned to Cuba; that the other prisoners were freeborn and only kidnapped into slavery, and therefore free by the law of Spain itself, and that they should be delivered to the President of the United States, to be by him transported back to Africa, under a statute passed in 1819, applicable to slaves illegally imported into this country in violation of the act of Congress of 1808, prohibiting the slave trade." The full text of this decision occupied two pages of the New Haven *Palladium* for January 13, 1840. The editor speaks of the "golden opinions from all quarters" won by Mr. Baldwin, "by the skill, talent and eloquence which he has displayed in the management of this case."

Joy reigned with Cinque and his friends for a time; but the joy was short, for the government, through the Secretary of State, ordered the District Attorney to appeal to the Circuit Court, and when that repeated the decision of the District Court, it appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States.

The correspondence between persons officially interested in the *Amistad* case is full of striking passages of harshness, pathos and logic. The Secretary of State, Mr. Forsyth, in the course of a letter to the Chevalier De Argaiz, used these words: "All the proceedings in the matter, on the part of both the executive and judicial branches of the government, have had their foundations in the assumption that these persons (Ruiz and Montez) alone were the parties aggrieved, and their claim to the surrender of the property was founded in fact and in justice." The order of President Van Buren, just referred to, was as follows: "The marshal of the United States for the district of Connecticut will deliver over to Lieutenant John S. Paine of the U. S. navy, and aid in conveying on board the schooner *Grampus*, under his command, all the negroes, late of the Sp. schooner *Amistad*, in his custody, under process now pending before the circuit court of the United States for the District of Connecticut." An article appeared in the official journal of the administration, with especial commendation from the editor, which expressed these views with still more clearness: "The truth is, that property in man has existed in all ages of the world, and results from the natural state of man, which is war. When God created the first family and gave them the fields of the earth as an inheritance, one of the number, in obedience to the impulse and passion that had been implanted in the human heart, rose and slew his brother. This universal nature of man is alone modified by civilization and law. War, conquest and force have produced

slavery, and it is state necessity and the internal law of self-preservation that will ever perpetuate and defend it."

On the other hand, Mr. Staples and Mr. Sedgwick sent to Mr. Van Buren a letter of expostulation, in which they said: "We, with great respect, insist that the purchasers of Africans illegally introduced into the dependencies of a country which has prohibited the slave trade, and who make the purchase with knowledge of this fact, can acquire no right. We put the matter on the Spanish law, and we affirm that Ruiz and Montez have no title, under that law, to these Africans."

And the poor captives themselves applied the logic of nature to the case. They evidently discussed the workings of civilized laws, as seen by them, and decided to employ the talents of Ka-le, one of the most apt among them in the use of English, to write a letter to be sent to ex-President John Quincy Adams, one of their counsel, before the great trial of their fate before the Supreme Court. This letter was written without aid from English-speaking people:

"NEW HAVEN, Jan. 4, 1841.

"Dear Friend Mr. Adams,—I want to write a letter to you because you love Mendi people and you talk to the grand court. We want to tell you one thing. José Ruiz say we born in Havana, he tell lie. We stay in Havana 10 days and 10 nights, we stay no more. We all born in Mendi—we no understand the Spanish language. Mendi people been in America 17 moons. We talk American language little, not very good; we write every day, we write plenty letters, we read most all the time, we read all Matthew and Mark and Luke, and John, and plenty of little books. We love books very much. We want you to ask the Court what we have done wrong. What for Americans keep us in prison. Some people say Mendi people crazy, Mendi people dolt, because we no talk America language. Merica people no talk Mendi language, Merica people dolt? They tell bad things about Mendi people, and we no understand. Some people say Mendi people very happy because they laugh and have plenty to eat. Mr. Pendleton [the jailer] come, and Mendi

people all look sorry because they think about Mendi land and friends we no see now. Mr. Pendleton say Mendi people angry, that white men afraid of Mendi people. The Mendi people no look sorry again, that why we laugh. But Mendi people feel sorry; O we can't tell how sorry. Some people say, Mendi people got no souls. Why we feel bad, we got no souls? We want to be free very much.

Dear friend Mr. Adams, you have children, you have friends, you love them, you feel very sorry if Mendi people come and carry them all to Africa. We feel bad for our friends, and our friends all feel bad for us. Americans no take us in ship. We on shore and Americans tell us slave ship catch us. They say we make you free. If they make us free they tell true, if they no make us free they tell lie. If America people give us free we glad, if they no give us free we sorry—we sorry for Mendi people little, we sorry for America people great deal, because God punish liars. We want you to tell court that Mendi people no want to go back to Havana, we no want to be killed. Dear friend, we want you to know how we feel. Mendi people think, think, think. Nobody know what he think, teacher he know, we tell him some. Mendi people have got souls. We think we know God punish us if we tell lie. We never tell lie, we speak truth. What for Mendi people afraid? Because they got souls. Cook say he kill, he eat Mendi people, we afraid, we kill cook, then captain kill one man with knife, and cut Mendi people plenty. We never kill captain, he no kill us. If court ask who brought Mendi people to America? We bring ourselves. Ceci hold the rudder. All we want is make us free.

"Your friend

"KA-LE."

Spanish demands grew louder. England's young queen struck a prophetic note in a plea for justice to the captives, and all the prolonged excitement became intense. There was need for all the legal knowledge and acumen that could be brought to bear. Mr. Baldwin renewed his exertions. John Quincy Adams, the "old man eloquent," who had enlisted in the cause, freely gave himself, with all the treasures of his learning, his ability and his experience, to the case. His diary, in which more than any other American statesman he has laid bare the workings of his soul, shows the perplexities and anxieties which weighed on his spirit while he was

ransacking libraries and preparing a guard for every weak point in the defence of his chosen clients. One delay followed another, and every day thus gained by the indefatigable old man, whose modesty was only equalled by his ability, was used in studying the great case, "with deep anguish of heart, and a painful search of means to defeat and expose the abominable conspiracy, executive and judicial, of the government against the lives of those wretched men. How shall the facts be brought out? How shall it be possible to comment upon them with becoming temper, with calmness and moderation, with firmness, with address, to avoid being silenced, and to escape the imminent danger of giving the adversary the advantage in the argument by overheated zeal? Let me not forget my duty." (Diary, Vol. X, pp. 48-51.)

Friends and foes recognized that the accumulated learning and experience of a lifetime were to be packed into this last great effort of the champion of justice. Lieutenant Gedney's friends begged that his ill health might be a reason for a gentle touch from the caustic Adams; Key, the enthusiast who gave us our "Star-Spangled Banner," almost lost hope, and every thinking man felt the thrill of the momentous decision that was soon to be made. At last the all-important day, February 20, 1841, arrived, and the trial before the Supreme Court in Washington began. Mr. Adams, who knew not how to swerve for friend or foe, was scathing when he spoke of Mr. Van Buren as "governed not by any sense of justice, but by sympathy for Spanish slave-masters," and when he said that the order to put the negroes on the little *Grampus* was the "servile submission of an American President to the insolent dictation of a foreign minister." But he was not more scathing than Van Holst, who, from the standpoint of another generation and another nation, says that the administration "strained its influence to the utmost in the service of the

slaveocracy in a case in which only the boldest sophistry could discover the shadow of an obligation." For days the argument continued on both sides. One of the judges was called to the highest tribunal of all during the time, and with the ensuing delay it was not until March 9 that Judge Story made known his decision, and Mr. Adams could despatch to Mr. Baldwin in New Haven the burning words:

"The captives are free. Yours in great haste and great joy, J. Q. ADAMS."

The great trial was over; the perplexing case was laid aside forever, and the friends of freedom for the colored race had won a victory. But what could the poor Mendi people do with their hard-won prize? Could they put themselves back in Mendi? Could they even again man the *Amistad*, possessed once by them in the exercise of their rights, and long ago sold for salvage and for the reimbursement of their owners? Could they restore their comrades who had perished? Naturally they were anxious to go home; and once more their friends helped them. By this last decision they were not to be handed over to the President for return to Africa, but were to be at once their own masters. Lewis Tappan immediately renewed his exertions in their behalf, and in various ways he succeeded in procuring money sufficient to defray the expenses of their homeward voyage and of their support while awaiting here a suitable opportunity for that voyage; for it must be remembered that there has never been a regular ocean line between New York and Mendi. Mr. Tappan took a few of them about with him from place to place in Massachusetts and Connecticut, and found audiences so much interested in their performances in reading, spelling and arithmetic that in that way a considerable sum was raised, which was augmented by the subscriptions of friends.

Owing to the demolition of the jail

in New Haven, they were kept in Westville at the time of their release from custody, and thence all except those in Mr. Tappan's party were taken to Farmington, Connecticut, for care and instruction during the time intervening before their departure. Farmington was already well known for the intelligence, culture and broad philanthropy of its citizens; and it was quite fitting that the village which had been the scene of one of the first missionary meetings should be chosen for prolonging this missionary effort. A large new barn had just been built on the grounds of Mr. Austin F. Williams, and this was rearranged for the headquarters of the Africans. With sleeping rooms and a schoolroom, where they were regularly taught by teachers from Farmington and elsewhere who offered their services, the men had a comfortable home. Contributions of food and clothes came from even distant villages; and even now people describe the wagon loads which they saw sent off to the Mendi men.

The name which Mr. Williams afterwards bestowed on his place, Cinque Park, gave token of the strong impression made by the African leader on all who saw him. He ruled unquestioned over his fellows; and while his ardent, earnest temper did not readily yield to opposition, his native energy and ability commanded respect from all. The three little girls, Tay-mi, Mar-gru and Keeya, were domiciled with three kind families, and each endeared herself to those who protected her. Of Tay-mi, the youngest, but the quickest scholar, many amusing stories are still told. After correctly delivering a message of "love" from one lady to another, she showed her penetration into conventional expressions by adding, "But that no nothing!" The far-away home in Africa, from which man-robbers had torn her, was still dear to her childish heart, and she spoke of sweet fruits and shady palms. On the night before their final departure from Farmington, an un-

usual display of northern lights occurred. Alarm filled Tay-mi's mind, and in dismal accents she moaned: "I think we never see Mendi any more!" She liked the New Testament very much, particularly the passage, "Let not your heart be troubled." She joined a temperance society, and after her return to Africa would not drink any palm sap until she was assured that it would be right for her.

The men observed fixed hours for study and for returning to their temporary home; but otherwise they were free to stroll about the village,—and they seemed to enjoy the privilege of frequent visits to the houses in which they gained some intimacy. Their eyes saw everything, and their minds were very active. They liked to examine all the household articles, especially those involving mechanical ingenuity. In the house where Tay-mi lived was a French mantel clock, with the dainty Greek columns of alabaster, the gold face and the glass case, which were the fashion of the time; and that had a never-ending fascination for the men. They seemed to like life in the peaceful old colonial town, with its wooded heights and winding river. That river made its sad claim on the company of strangers; for when one of them, an expert in swimming, leaped in to search for the body of young Chamberlain, who had been drowned, he was entangled in the dam, and was himself lost.

The months of learning the alphabet of civilization flew by; and then came the good byes. The unusual opportunity of a vessel bound for Sierra Leone was found, and passage was secured for them. They were to go by canal boat to New Haven, thence to New York and so to Mendi. There was a farewell meeting in the old Farmington church, which is still vivid in the memory of those who were present. It was just after the stately old pulpit, with its sounding-board and carved vine wreaths, had been taken away, and in front of the new one a platform had been made, large

enough for all the Africans to sit upon. It was dignified by the presence of the religious leaders of the region, among them, the benignant pastor, the Rev. Dr. Noah Porter, and the Rev. Dr. Joel Hawes of Hartford, who stood by one of the Africans while he read in English the one hundred and twenty-fourth psalm: "If it had not been the Lord who was on our side." Never had the words of David seemed more prophetic than when uttered by the son of Africa.

And when Cinque arose, there was a hush over the multitude, that from far and near crowded the spacious old church. Never did his commanding figure and speaking face arouse more enthusiasm, never did his sonorous voice ring forth with more telling vibrations. He told the story of their surprise in Mendi, of the traitor's ambush, of the long horrors of the voyage, of the secret transfer in Havana, of the stern joy in making themselves free on the *Amistad*, of the disappointment at being duped on Long Island, of the second capture and the wild effort once more to escape. For an hour or more he held his listeners enchained, dismayed by his sufferings, enthusiastic with his hopes, breathless with his suspense. Eyes gleamed, hearts beat quicker and sympathy swept over the audience in a flood,—and not one word of English had he spoken. Often has the writer heard those who listened to Cinque on that night describe the ineffaceable impression produced by the exercise of this wonderful gift of native oratory. An interpreter was at hand to explain; but such was the power of Cinque's impassioned tones, gestures and expressions that any explanation was almost unheeded. Mind spoke to mind by other words than those of language.

The series of extraordinary events which culminated in this fortunate way was not without influence on the recently aroused interest in foreign missions. Soon after the decision of the Supreme Court in the *Amistad* case,

the first public effort to send the Gospel to Africa was made by the Rev. James W. C. Pennington, the colored pastor of the First Colored Congregational Church in Hartford. He called a meeting in his own church, May 5, 1841, for the purpose of discussing the possibility of such an effort. Much interest was aroused, and a committee was appointed to call a general meeting of the friends of missions,—which met in Hartford, August 18, 1841, to consider a special mission to Africa. This is said to be the origin of associated missionary work in the dark continent. In this instance, the Mendi Mission was begun and carried on by the *Amistad* Committee, which was, in 1846, combined with later organizations, and became the American Missionary Association. The Rev. William Raymond and his wife and the Rev. James Steele offered to go to the new field; and it was in their charge that the Mendi company was to take the voyage to Sierra Leone. James Covey, the interpreter, took passage with them. Of the five teachers, two were colored people, Mr. and Mrs. Henry R. Wilson, members of the church of the Rev. Mr. Pennington in Hartford. Mr. Wilson was born in Barbadoes, a slave, and Mrs. Wilson was born and brought up in Brooklyn, Connecticut. Bishop Brownell and others gave testimony to her good character. They were to be supported by the Union Missionary Society, then recently established in Hartford. The Rev. James Steele was a brother of Dr. John Steele, missionary physician at Madura, East Indies. He took with him a printing press and a font of types. The Rev. William Raymond was of Amherst College, afterwards of Oberlin, and had been the teacher of the Mendians in Farmington. These men were all trained in various useful crafts, such as printing, carpentering, tailoring, etc. The last farewell of all was at the Broadway Tabernacle, on Sunday evening, November 21, 1841, when instructions were given to these

pioneers in Afr'can missions, and Cinque for the last time thrilled an American audience.

The bark that took them to Africa was the *Gentleman*, two hundred and eighty tons. It carried neither rum nor powder. They were all amply supplied with vegetables from the large garden of fifteen acres which they had cultivated at Farmington, and they were otherwise well provisioned. They were furnished with books, with clothing for themselves and their families, with agricultural implements, with a choice and extensive variety of seeds, and with letters to the British commander and authorities. The *Gentleman* was taken in tow by a steamboat hired for that purpose, and anchored off Staten Island until Saturday morning, November 27, when at dawn of day, with a stiff breeze, she put to sea.

Soon the wide Atlantic rolled between those dark-faced people and the America of their friends and of their foes; but neither waves nor years could efface the burning memories of that strange episode in their lives, memories of slave ships, of court rooms, of Christian friends, of listening thrones. To their fellows who had seen them snatched away two years before, they must have seemed indeed like those returned from the grave. It was well for the missionary cause that there were impressions of untiring, enthusiastic kindness to offset the remembrance of the injuries inflicted by so-called Christians in this western world.

Cinque, at first, went back to his savage life; but after a time the influence of his Christian teachers in Connecticut asserted itself, and he passed the last years of his life as an interpreter for the mission station. There he died, about 1879, and the prayers over his grave were said by the Rev. Albert President Miller, a graduate of Fisk University, who was afterwards the pastor of the Temple Street Congregational Church in New Haven,

and who is now in Washington, D. C. So does each generation reap from the sowing of the former one.

Little Mar-gru also lived long years of usefulness as a missionary among her own people; and one of her African pupils, in the strange whirligig of time, at last was the mother of a student in the Yale Theological School, who manifested a fair degree of ability.

At intervals the Spanish government demanded that the United States should reimburse Ruiz and Montez for their losses. But the decision of the Supreme Court was final. The work of Governor Baldwin had been done too well to be undone. To his unwearied and skilful efforts more than to any other cause was the result owing; he, more than any one else, could feel that through him strict justice had been done.

The long-drawn suspense of the successive trials, stretching over eighteen months, kept public excitement roused, and the bitterness of party feeling intensified the struggle, so that for years it stirred the nation. But that generation has passed; the burning questions which were set ablaze by the drifting Spanish schooner were taken from Connecticut and Washington court rooms to glow before the world on the battlefield. The ashes only remain; only a few people can tell now even what the *Amistad* was. But that great legal contest was like the "divide" which separates the tributaries of the Atlantic from those of the Pacific. The unflinching decision of Connecticut judges, in spite of frowning official power, in spite, sometimes, of private preference, that the rights of human beings must be secured for every man who trod her soil, was that which, ratified by our Supreme Court, was an inspiration for a weak party of reformers through years of dispute and through the purification of our national honor by the solemn sacrifice of the civil war.

THE BOMB OF AN ANARCHIST.

By *Alice Ames Winter.*



THREE young men sat smoking in silence. Dick Maurice, as was natural to a sybarite, occupied the biggest and most comfortable chair; George Newton, regardless of inkstands, perched jauntily upon the table, and Harry Wilson sat gloomily in a stiff chair and puffed his pipe in short jerks. George, the reckless, took his pipe from his mouth and, waving it airily, exclaimed, "What's the matter with you, Harry? I never knew you so mum before. Is the study of medicine proving too much for your brain, or are you trying to assume an air of wisdom beyond your years?"

"Can't I meditate a little on the degeneracy of the race and the cursed spite and all that kind of thing, without laying myself open to your jeers?" asked Wilson. "The awful idea just struck me that it was a sign of old age to be afflicted by the times being out of joint, and I was wondering whether I am growing old. It's an unpleasant subject."

"Cheer up, old chap. It's more likely to be indigestion than old age that is turning you pessimist," Maurice called from the depths of his chair.

"If the times are dislocated, I should think it would just suit your medical taste to set them again," said George flippantly, and then, dodging the sofa pillow that was aimed at him, he added: "What is it that afflicts you now?"

"Do you know my cousin Myra?" asked Harry, looking from one to the other of his companions. Both shook their heads, and his look of gloom deepened. "Nice girl, pretty girl, jolly girl," he said grimly. "First she

went to college and made a specialty of Greek. For four years I trembled for her, but she came out as jolly as ever, and I thought my agony was over. But now she's done it again."

"Done what again? Gone to college?" asked Maurice languidly.

"No,—gone into a College Settlement. She came here to spend the winter with some friends, and I was looking forward to larks with her; but the last time I saw her she talked a great deal about Social Questions, and Useful Lives, and Wider Sympathies,—all in capital letters. I asked her what all these things were to me if I couldn't find her at home, ready to sing to me, when I chose to drop in at Mrs. Wharton's; and I got no answer to my question but silent scorn."

"Will one of you intelligent beings who take life seriously inform me what the girls do in the aforementioned Settlements?" asked Maurice, sitting up.

"Sh!" George answered. "It's a mystery, like that of the vestal virgins. No mere man can look on their rites and live."

"Well, what's-his-name—some classical gentleman—did peep into their secrets. I believe I'll follow his example; it would be a diversion!" exclaimed Maurice.

"Shall you put on petticoats and sacrifice your mustache on the altar of Vesta?" inquired George; but Maurice was already rising with dignity and leaving behind him the gibes and jeers of his companions.

About seven o'clock in the evening of the third day later, Dick Maurice paused at the corner of Greenbush Alley and Pleasant Street, to take a complacent survey of himself, before he advanced to the conflict. He was really a work of art, and he knew it.

Only to himself was known the secret of where he had got the peculiarly baggy trousers which stopped just short of his ankles, the short coat that hitched up behind and down in front, and the hat of the style of four seasons back. His hands too had that look which betokens long accustomed dirt but slightly veiled by recent washings. And yet it was with a trepidation born of fear of self-betrayal that he rang at the door of the only house in Greenbush Alley that had clean doorsteps and flowers in its windows. The door was opened by a pleasant faced girl with a big white apron; and Dick took his hat awkwardly from his head while he shuffled his feet uneasily and asked:

"If you please, Miss, I wanted to know is this the Settlement."

"It is. Won't you come in and tell us what we can do for you?" The pleasant faced girl answered in an equally pleasant voice. Dick went in with heavy tread and lengthy steps. He found himself in a good-sized room, bare but very clean, whose sole decorations consisted of two lonely vases and three or four pictures, though it was glorified by the masses of plants that crowded the windows and shut out the sordid street. Through a doorway he saw a young woman playing games with a horde of children, who seemed, Dick thought, to exceed even the ordinary ability of children in swarming all over her. Dick felt it was on his cards to stare about him, but his hostess brought him back by repeating her question:

"Is there anything we can do for you?"

"Yes, Miss," he answered at length. "At least I thought I'd come in and see if you give lessons in anything here."

"Evening classes, you mean?" Dick nodded. "Yes, we have classes in book-keeping and history, and a travel class to which men belong. Perhaps you'd like to join one of them?"

Dick shuffled his feet again; but a

sudden brilliant idea struck him. "Well, you see, Lady," he said, "it isn't them I want to study. I s'pose it sounds very queer to you for a man like me to be caring about such a thing; but the truth is, Miss, I want some one to teach me Greek."

"Myra," the girl called to some one who happened to be passing through the hall at this instant, "can you come here for a moment?"—and she turned away to hide a half smile in the corners of her mouth.

Dick's heart thumped with conscious guilt as Harry Wilson's cousin came into the room; but he was too far committed to his part to draw back, and as he looked at her he felt that he was justified in his iniquity by its reward, for Myra Langley was a singularly attractive girl. She stood for a moment in the doorway with inquiring eyes, while Dick noted her slender grace, her great masses of Titian hair, and the exceptional blending of innocence with that noble poise which comes from contact with noble thoughts.

"I'm a pretty mean fellow," Dick exclaimed to himself; but aloud he said: "I was asking this lady if there was any chance of me getting taught Greek here."

Miss Langley sat down abruptly. "I could teach you Greek, I think," she said. "But why do you want to study it?"

Dick flushed uneasily. "Why, you see, Ma'am," he explained, "I've been reading a good deal by myself in public library books, and I got so interested in those old fellows I made up my mind I'd like to study their language. All the books say you've got to read it in their own language to appreciate it; and I heard there were some awful smart ladies down here—so I thought it wouldn't do any harm to ask. I'm willing to pay for lessons, Ma'am, though I'm not saying I can pay much."

Myra was looking at him fixedly, and Dick wondered whether she suspected him. "It would take you a

long time to learn to read Greek easily," she said, "and you would have to study very hard."

"I don't mind the study, Miss, if you'll try me. I have all my evenings after working hours."

"What is your work?" asked Miss Langley.

"Bricklayer," Dick, the lazy, answered unblushingly.

"Well, if Miss Hart, the head of the Settlement, thinks it wise, I am willing to try the experiment," Myra said doubtfully. "Will you wait here a moment?" and she swept from the room and upstairs, where Dick heard voices in conversation. After a time she came down, with two books in her hand. "Would you like to begin now," she asked, "or would you rather come again?"

"Now, if it suits you, Ma'am,"—and he rose and followed her across the hall to another bare little room, where she drew up two chairs beside a table. As she opened the book to the alphabet, Dick held on to his chair in amusement at the situation. Perhaps his emotions would have been heightened had he known that his teacher was inly congratulating herself that her pupil was not one of the offensively unwashed. But he wrinkled his brow and set himself to follow her slender forefinger through the quirks and cranks from *alpha* to *omega*. It was a wonderfully successful lesson. In almost no time Dick was pronouncing quite complicated words, though he disregarded the accents with a perseverance that was a terrible strain on his own classical instinct. Myra Langley was fairly beaming as she closed the book.

"Do you know, Mr. Hopkins," she said, "I think you are almost a proof of what some of the industrial teachers claim! They say that the education of the hand really helps the brain, and certainly I never saw any one learn so rapidly as you, who have been a day laborer all your life."

"The hand ain't much educated in bricklaying, Ma'am," said Dick as he

prepared to depart, commissioned to return on Tuesday evening with the first and second declensions at the tip of his tongue.

He had a mingled sense of guilt and triumph as he slunk into his rooms and, hanging the garments of Hopkins in the closet, got himself into his dress suit preparatory to ending the evening at Mrs. Van de Haven's ball. Myra Langley, meanwhile, was discouraging to an admiring circle of girls gathered in Miss Hart's room, on the really extraordinary brain power which existed among these humbler classes, and which needed only half a chance to develop itself.

Nor did time give her the lie; for as the Tuesday and the Friday nights slipped by, Hopkins (who always yielded to the temptation of going "just once more") dashed on in his Greek career at a perfectly breakneck pace. Myra felt called on to warn him against overwork, and worried herself greatly over his statement that he never went to bed before one o'clock.

"A man who has to work hard all day, as you do, Mr. Hopkins," she remonstrated, "has no business to risk his health by late hours. You will really know more in the long run if you don't overstrain yourself now."

"Look at me, Miss Langley," he answered. "I'm as strong as a horse. Do I look as though I was overworking or breaking down?" And in sooth he didn't, being a fine specimen of the young American, who had been a crack football player during his college career.

So they raced through conjugations and syntax, and waded into Xenophon almost before Myra knew it. "What I want to do, you know, Miss Langley, is to read Plato; I can't stop long here," he would say.

Mr. Hopkins was not long in becoming a prominent feature in Settlement life. It seemed to have a great fascination for him, and whenever he had a "day off" he was an invaluable assistant in all kinds of enterprises. It

was he who helped Miss Langley and Miss Hart on their famous picnic, when they took forty ragamuffins up the river into the unknown genuine country. Without him, how could the girls have gathered the lambs, who had scattered in forty different directions? It was he who found Sally McDaniel, after she had filled her arms with gentians, stamping on all the flowers which were too numerous for her to carry, on the plea, she explained, that if she couldn't carry 'em home, no one else should. It was he who then sat down by Sally and tried to infuse her with the idea that beauty was its own excuse for being, exhibiting such a knowledge of botany that Myra was awed and astonished. He also carried a body of boys to the lake and taught them to swim. He went around and beguiled Bridget and Paddy and Hans and Gretel to the Art Loan Exhibit, and kept them there absorbed by his talks about the pictures. He even had a class of his own in swinging dumb-bells. All these and many more things he did, so that whenever the Settlement was in straits, whether it needed a door-knob mended or the garbage department blown up about the condition of the alley, Mr. Hopkins was the person called upon. His manners had improved with amazing rapidity, and after the first visit his hands were immaculate. All the girls grew to like and respect the tall and athletic fellow, who had an unusually clever mind and who hid the heart of a gentleman under his unprepossessing coat.

Often Myra thought that, if she hadn't known, she would hardly have guessed that he wasn't—wasn't—well, just like herself, you know. And yet there was something about him that made her uneasy; for when they went on their expeditions, he had a conscious, sneaking way of looking about him, as if he feared to be recognized; and he could never be beguiled into coming to the Settlement at a time when he was likely to meet any visitors from "up town." Myra spec-

ulated about it; and she found that all the others noticed and commented upon this vague underhand something in his manner. Had he committed a crime, and was he trying to expiate it by doing all he could to help the people around him? The thought made her particularly tender and sympathetic toward him; but it was not until the middle of the winter that, one evening after they had finished a Plato reading, the awful truth came upon her. He had brought her a bunch of violets,—“to sweeten the dead languages,” he said,—and she felt called upon to remonstrate against an intangible new relationship that was growing up between them.

“You know,” she said gently, “I fully appreciate your kindness in bringing me these lovely flowers; but really I don't think you ought to do that kind of thing.”

“I got them from a cousin of mine who has a greenhouse,” he said glumly;—and this was literally true, for he had rifled Mrs. Van de Haven's choicest specimens on his way to the slums. “But if I hadn't, why shouldn't I get you flowers? Am I different from any other man? You may look dismayed, but with all your gentleness, you have the class feeling as strong as any French marquise. You wouldn't have offered to give Greek lessons to a young man of your own class; but you think you are made of different flesh and blood from me because I'm a bricklayer. Down in your heart of hearts you think all of us down here are interesting specimens to be experimented on. But you know perfectly well why I spend so much of my time working here. Some day I am going to sweep away all these artificial barriers—blow them all up with a bomb, and show you that you and I stand on the same level.”

Myra's eyes were big with horror. “I have no such outrageous feeling!” she cried. “None of us have,—just because we have a little more money. But, oh, what do you mean by it all? Are you an—an—anarchist?”

"Yes, I am," said Dick grimly, "and I'll keep my word and explode a lot of false ideas and complacent prejudices that think they are resting on a sure foundation. They will find there's dynamite underneath!"—and he rose and went gloomily away; for really he was beginning to think that his position at the Settlement was no joke.

As for Myra, she went sadly up to Miss Hart's room, where three or four girls were gathered for their good-night chat. They teased her a little about the evident devotion of Hopkins; but she was too full of her recent discovery to reply with any spirit. "Girls," she said solemnly, "I've found out what is the matter with him. I know now why he was so afraid of being seen, and why he never wanted to meet people. He has confessed to me himself. Heaven only knows in what awful plots he has been implicated. He is an anarchist!"

Myra went sorrowfully to her bed, and cried a little before she went to sleep. The next day was her birthday. The rain fell in torrents. Everything seemed to drag, and she felt a strange desolation as she went about her daily tasks. When afternoon came, and Miss Hart spoke of two forlorn sick women who needed a helping hand, she was glad to relieve her inner dreariness by offering to face the outer storm on an errand of mercy. When she came back it was long after dark, and she was drenched.

"We're waiting dinner for you, Myra," Miss Hart called to her as she ran upstairs.

"Don't wait; I'll be down as soon as I can get on some dry clothes," she called. But when she opened the door of the dining room, she stood aghast. The silence was broken by a din of toy pistols, torpedoes and tooting horns that fairly took her breath away, while her eyes were dazed by unexpected sights. The room was hung in red. A red tablecloth covered the table, in whose centre stood a lamp covered with a great red shade and banked

with scarlet carnations. Lobsters, tomatoes, beets, radishes, strawberries and red candies formed the incongruous feast, and from the centre of the table, in zigzag, lightning-like lines, streaks of yellow tissue paper went to the corners of the table. Myra's eyes fell upon the cards with grinning skull and crossbones which marked each seat. As soon as the noise of the toy pistols stopped, her ears were greeted by the chorus which burst from the assembled girls, and of which she caught only the words:

"Keep a workin' and a shirkin',
Keep a shirkin' and a workin',
Till yer git eight hours a day!"

The girls were all laughing now, and Miss Hart made a low courtesy, exclaiming: "We've gotten up a little anarchist dinner, dear; we thought it appropriate for your birthday!"

Myra's blushes vied with the surrounding crimson as she was escorted in pomp to the head of the table, and she hid her face by reading her card with its jingle, beginning:

"My bombshell falls on palace walls
And blows up castles old in story."

"Shame upon you all," Myra cried. "You may well call it an anarchist dinner when you do such murder as this." She tried to throw herself into the frolic that followed, and bear her part in the toasts and speechmaking; but when the dinner was over, she crept to her room, for it seemed to have brought her difficulties to a crisis and to force her to face the problems that she had been thrusting into the background of her mind. In Hopkins's words to her she realized that there was a more personal significance than mere defiance of the existing state of society, and she had an uneasy consciousness that, on her own part, she recognized a closer bond than that of common humanity. She did not doubt his feeling for her. But did she dare to cut herself off from the kind of life to which she was accustomed;

to trust to her gentle influence to wipe out from his mind all the bitter anarchistic spirit which had grown up there? And even if that were gone, could she—nurtured in refinement of thought and surroundings—become the wife of a day laborer? Myra was an orphan, with a little fortune of her own, and there was no question of outraging the feelings of very near relatives. It was a purely personal problem; but she wondered how many unknown habits and prejudices of his might meet her like a dead wall, as this revelation of his distorted social views had done. If, on the other hand, she wrenched herself away from him,—a pang darted through her at the thought,—would she not know that she was making him harder and more bitter than ever? Would not her shrinking from him seem like a verification of the aristocratic feeling that she had denied? Before the uneasy night was over, one thing had become apparent to her; she must have time to think it over,—and the immediate future was clear. A few minutes' conversation with Miss Hart made everything easy. A cab was called, and by the middle of the morning Myra was rolling out of Greenbush Alley, with its disorder, its overcrowded life, its genuine and happy work, into that other world of serene elegance which lay so near at hand.

Mrs. Wharton welcomed her with open arms. "I'm only overtired," Myra explained, "and I thought, dear Mrs. Wharton, you would perhaps let me come and spend a little vacation with you before going back to my work again."

"My dear child," exclaimed the warm-hearted matron, "I only wish you would give up your slums altogether and stay with me. You look like a shadow. Your eyes are all ringed with black. I'm afraid those horrible people are killing you."

"Indeed the shadows are only affairs of one sleepless night," Myra expostulated. "To-morrow you'll find me as blooming as ever."

"You shall have a bowl of bouillon and be put to bed this instant," Mrs. Wharton said firmly; "for I can't wait till to-morrow for your roses. I give a dinner this very evening, and I shall want you for my bright particular star."

"But, Mrs. Wharton," the girl remonstrated, "I can't possibly come in on your dinner in this way. It would upset everything to have an extra guest thrust in upon your perfect arrangements."

"Nonsense," cried Mrs. Wharton. "Do you think I am to be foiled by so simple a problem? I'll just send a note around to the club, and you shall have the most delightful man in the city for your table companion—a regular Prince Charming, my dear,—rich, clever and fascinatingly lazy."

The vision of a poor laborer, struggling against hard circumstances, rose in Myra's mind, in contrast with Mrs. Wharton's picture; but she was soon tucked up on a comfortable sofa and lost in a slumber that forgot both the man of leisure and the man of toil, while Mrs. Wharton sat at her desk and despatched the following note:

"My dear Dick: I am unexpectedly short one man for a little dinner this evening, and I count myself fortunate in having so good a friend as yourself, whom I beg to come to my rescue. You shall not be wholly unrewarded, for you shall take in the loveliest girl in the city. Now *that* will bring you, will it not, even if my friendship fails?"

Cordially yours,
MARY C. WHARTON."

A half day's sleep made Myra a little late at her toilet; but when she was dressed at last she looked at herself in the mirror with a half astonished delight. She had been out of this world so long that she had almost forgotten how she looked in shimmering gauze, and she raised her bare arm and kissed it in a kind of ecstasy over its softness and roundness.

Dinner was on the point of being

announced as she entered the drawing room. As Mrs. Wharton presented Mr. Maurice to her, she gave one swift glance at the immaculate young man in all the glory of his evening array, and the room seemed to swim around her. With a sense that support was very necessary to her, she took the arm that he offered. Not till they were seated at the table did she dare to steal another look at him, to make sure that she had seen him aright. He was gazing fixedly in front of him, with a little nervous twitching about the corners of his mustache, and his face betrayed a kind of amused anxiety.

Mrs. Wharton looked down the table at them with supreme dissatisfaction. She had had her own pleasant little dreams in bringing them together. "Myra," she said to herself, "with her beauty, her energy and nobility of purpose, is just the girl to fascinate Dick Maurice, and make a fine man of him." And here they were sitting in silence, Myra evidently ill at ease and distraught, and Dick making, for once in his life, no effort to ingratiate himself with a beautiful woman!

So the oysters passed in silence, and

not until Myra was struggling with the soup that seemed to choke her did Dick rouse his courage to the point of murmuring: "I'm afraid my bomb has exploded too soon, Miss Langley."

Myra raised her head haughtily: "I dare say it all looks to you like a very clever trick," she said.

"It may have begun in the spirit of mischief," Dick said humbly; "but you must know that it ended very much in earnest. I should have given it up long ago if it had been only a prank. You know the old quotation about those who came to scoff and remained to pray."

Myra was trying to crush back the hot tears that were pressing from behind her eyes, and she did not dare to reply.

"Am I never to be forgiven?" Dick spoke very low. "You are ready to give your life to helping those poor wretches in Greenbush Alley. Am I so much more hopeless a case?"

A sudden sense of relief swept over Myra. After all, her problem was no problem at all. "But at least I can give him an uncomfortable hour or two before I yield," she said to herself. And in spite of her philanthropic principles, she did.

A RUMOR GOES.

By Jay Lincoln.

ENGLAND, a rumor goes that lust of ore,
 The pride of power, the trumpet's fanfaronade
 Deform your March of Progress to a raid,
 And with Injustice marching on before
 You usher Justice in. Our hearts are sore;
 For we have loved your shining cavalcade,
 Your girdle round the earth, that scatters shade
 Like the sun's self. Restore our faith, restore!

But be it truth the whispering peoples tell,
 Then lose your battles. Though your arteries spill
 Earth's richest blood, Oh, what shall parallel
 Our poverty if good confounds with ill
 And right with wrong,—if your own stroke should kill
 That great world-conscience you have fostered well?



NEW IPSWICH IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

By Pauline Carrington Bouvé.

JOURNEYING from the seaboard towards the Connecticut River, upon or near the line between Massachusetts and New Hampshire, three isolated mountain peaks form conspicuous landmarks to the traveller—Watatic, Monadnock and Wachusett. About halfway between the two latter lies the little village of New Ipswich, whose records make an interesting page of New England history.

In the year 1621 King James granted to one John Mason a tract of land that lay between the Piscataqua and Naumkeag (*i. e.*, between Portsmouth and Salem), and extended about sixty miles into the interior. Two years later Mason and those associated with him took possession of this grant; and this was the germ of the Province of New Hampshire. Mason died soon after, and his death was followed by the revolution in England. The claim, during this period, was neglected, and it was not until after the Restoration that it was

revived. In 1745 it was decided that John Tufton Mason, a native of Boston and a great-grandson of Mason, the original grantee, held rightful title to the Province of New Hampshire.

As the settlement of the province progressed, the frequent attacks of the Indians obliged the settlers to seek aid and protection from their neighbors of the older and stronger Province of Massachusetts. As the southern portion of the Mason territory was claimed by both provinces, Massachusetts, as a matter of policy and a means of fortifying her claims, promptly gave assistance to New Hampshire, securing thereby the adherence of those whom she protected. Some years later the older province began to apportion out vacant or province lands. To the descendants of the soldiers of King Philip's war the General Assembly of Massachusetts gave the "Narragansett Townships;" to the descendants of those who followed Sir William Phipps into

Canada were apportioned the "Canada Townships." These grants were made at the session of the General Court of Massachusetts in the year 1735-6, so that the town of New Ipswich refers the initial measure of its settlement to this date. That the town of New Ipswich in New Hampshire was named after the town of Ipswich in Massachusetts, to sixty citizens of which latter town the grant was made, the following petition, discovered among the Ipswich records, clearly proves:



REV. JESSE APPLETON.

"To his Excellency Francis Bernard, Esqr., and to the Honorable his Majesty's Council and to the Honorable House of Representatives in General Court assembled May, 1767. The Petition of Sundry persons Grantees of the Town of New Ipswich, lately so called, and the Legal Representatives of the Grantees of *Sd* Town. *Humbly Sheweth* That the Great and General Court or Assembly of the Province of Massachusetts Bay, did, in the month of Jan. Anno Domini 1735, grant unto sixty of the Inhabitants of the Town of Ipswich a Township of the contents of six miles square which was called New Ipswich; that afterwards the said Township fell within the province of New Hampshire; That your Petitioners after having been at a very great and long continued Expence, lost their several rights in said Township, and became Very great Sufferers, they having built a Meeting House, a saw mill, Bridges, &c., besides Expending a great deal on their Several rights; wherefore your Petitioners humbly pray that your Excellency and Honours would be pleased to take the premises into your consideration and Grant unto them an Equivalent in some of the ungranted lands of this Province, or make them such other compensation as to your wisdom shall seem meet."

Among other signatures to this petition are the names of Isaac Appleton, Samuel Wigglesworth, Nathaniel Rogers and several other men of

prominence. The origin of the name Ipswich is a matter of dispute. Some antiquarians believe it to be derived from Eba, a Saxon queen, who lived in the old English town of that name,—*wich* being of course the Saxon word meaning place or home. Thus Ebaswich was gradually corrupted, they say, into Ipswich. Others claim that the name is derived from the river Gippen, Ipswich being evolved from Gippswich, the place of the Gippen or winding river. However this may be, certainly there is no doubt but that the name of the town comes down from a remote period of Saxon sovereignty in the British Islands.

In the year 1762, September 9, George the Third, by an Act of Incorporation, declared the township of Ipswich incorporated, with all the rights thereof, "Always reserving to us, our heirs and successors, all White Pine Trees that are or shall be found growing on the said tract of Land fit for the use of Our Navy." Some years later a second act of incorporation was granted in the same terms as the first, with these two exceptions, that the town is by royal assent called New Ipswich, and the term of duration is unlimited. Abijah Foster, the pioneer settler of New Ipswich, came from Ipswich in Massachusetts, and took up his abode here in 1738. His wife and infant daughter were with him; and his son, Ebenezer, was the first male white child born in the isolated hamlet. There were a sturdy courage and persistence in these pioneer settlers that arouse a thrill of admiration and respect, when one remembers the loneliness, the hardships and the dangers that were so bravely

and cheerfully borne by them. Indeed, this respect is instinctive, for there is always some village antiquarian in our colonial towns who is eager to show the oldest house, the oldest tombstone, or the oldest inhabitant of his birthplace, and to rehearse old legends. In New Ipswich there is a very marked interest in this line of research, fostered, perhaps, by the fact that such a number of men of much more than local repute have gone forth into the world beyond the New Hampshire hills from the quiet little town.

Just in the rear of the present bank building the visitor is shown the site of Foster's log cabin, in which Ebenezer was born, and from which both Abijah and Ebenezer went forth to join the ranks that fought in the old French war. It is a matter of some pride to the villagers that Ebenezer, the first citizen by birth, died in the service at Crown Point in 1759.

Benjamin Hoar and Moses Tucker



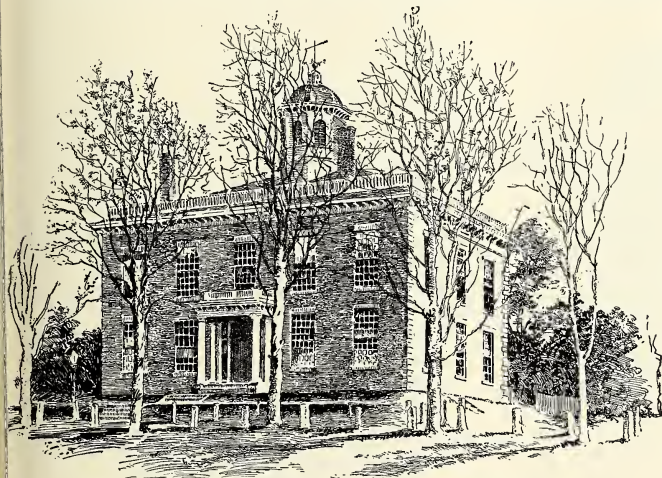
SAMUEL APPLETON.

his cabin and stayed at home. For some reason the Indians changed their plan of action; and Captain Tucker, as he was called, had the laugh on his side when his neighbors came back.

The picturesque beauty of the quaint little town, with the hills for a background, and the Souhegan River running like a silver ribbon through the valley, is very grateful to the senses of the city visitor who chances to seek rest and refreshment in this old colonial town, teeming with memories of "good men just and true."

The puritanic influence was strong here a half century ago; and in 1843 there was a split in the church, caused by a disagreement among the clergy

and elders as to the use of fermented wine in the communion. Looking back, it seems strange that a congregation of rational men and women should have lost their heads over such a non-essential point; yet it is significant of the almost morbid conscientiousness of that period, and stands

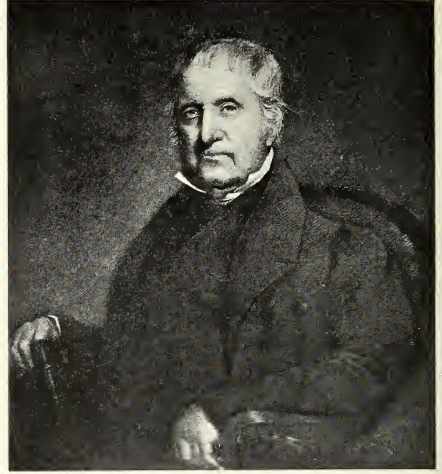


NEW IPSWICH (APPLETON) ACADEMY.

followed Foster; and it was Moses Tucker who in after years remained alone and unaided in the village when the rest of the inhabitants fled before a threatened attack from the Indians. In spite of his neighbors' entreaties, and finally their disgust and ridicule, the valiant Moses fortified himself in

out as a witness of the very earnest religious feeling of that generation of New Ipswich Christians. It is not remarkable that a locality in which such a strong religious element existed should have sent out twenty-six ministers of the gospel, some of whom gained wide reputation.

The "old meeting-house" was built on the land owned by the Rev. Stephen Farrar, and was destroyed by fire. It was not so common in the early part of the century to use the term "minister"; the word "parson" expressed the ecclesiastic distinction. Parson Farrar, besides being the first incumbent of the Congregational church, enjoyed the happy distinction—for it was a distinction in those days—of receiving his salary in money. In the musty town records one may read that he was paid annually "40 pounds sterling, together with 40 cords of fire wood," which is suggestive of the very simple needs of that generation. Notwithstanding the



TIMOTHY FARRAR.

trine of infant damnation?" inquired one.

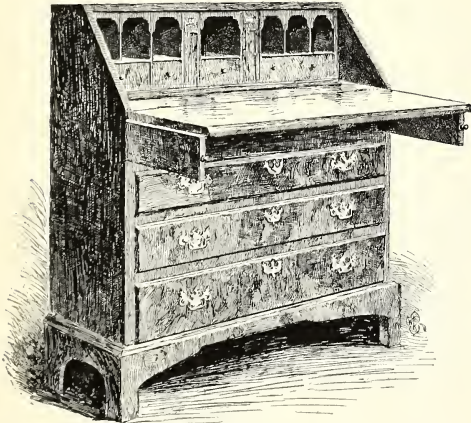
"I believe the same as Parson Farrar," was the reply.

"Well, what does he believe?"

"I don't know," was the rejoinder. "You ask him about it."

Judge Timothy Farrar, brother of Parson Farrar, was also a citizen who added lustre to the fame of his native town. Judge Farrar was a partner of Daniel Webster in the city of Portsmouth, and was for forty years judge in the supreme and common pleas courts of New Hampshire.

When the Constitution of the United States, which by the terms of the instrument was not to go into effect until nine of the original thirteen states should ratify it, was adopted by the last of the nine states, Rhode Island, the governor of New York sent out a messenger to bear the tidings. The governor's envoy reached New Ipswich on Sunday, June 22, 1790. One can imagine the flutter of excitement that ran through the congregation that Sabbath morning, as the elders and deacons and righteous folk sat decorously worshipping and doing their best to follow the parson's discourse in spite of the hum of the bees and the scent of the clover that came in through the open windows,



THE DESK OF "PARSON" FARRAR.

quiet simplicity of his way of living, Parson Farrar held as strong an influence over his parishioners as that wielded by any prelate in the pomp of ecclesiastic authority and office. Two of his church members were discussing theology one day.

"What are your views on the doc-

when a horseman dashed up and drew rein at the meeting-house door. How the pious dames must have lost their places in their hymn books and the deacons craned their necks toward the doorway at this unusual happening! How the good Parson Stephen brought his sermon to an unpremeditated close when he had only reached the ninth head of the discourse, in order to learn the meaning of the stranger's advent! Straight up to the judge's pew strode the traveller and whispered: "Your Honor's pardon for this unseemly coming into the Lord's house in such fashion; but the governor of New York bade me find you and announce that the Constitution is ratified, saying: 'Go, stop at New Ipswich and tell Judge Farrar the good news.'" Then, mounting his steed, the envoy clattered off down the dusty highroad. One can imagine the joy of the stately old patriot, who had fought so valiantly for the ratification of the Constitution! The Farrars were of a hale and sturdy race and lived to see many changes in their

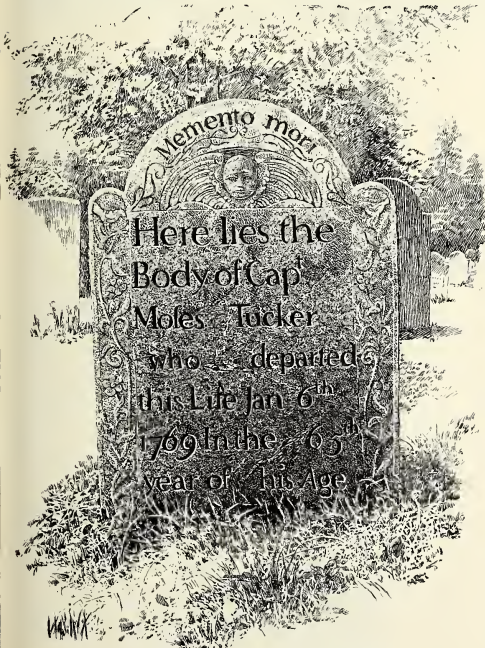


CUPBOARD IN THE FARRAR HOUSE.

native town. At the remarkable age of 102 years the judge received a degree from Harvard. The news of this honor reached the old gentleman at night. "Ah," he remarked with quaint humor, "they have stuck a feather in my nightcap!"

The visitor to New Ipswich will do well to visit the old Farrar mansion, which stands not far from the "little church on the windy hill," where the parson preached and the judge prayed. The house is a very interesting specimen of colonial country architecture. Its quaint carved cupboards, its crossbeamed ceilings and ancient mouldings are of beautiful workmanship and unique design. One feels a strong desire to poke about in search of secret hiding places in the nooks and corners of the old house.

Not less beloved than Parson Farrar as a faithful pastor and loyal friend was the Rev. Samuel Lee, who was a Yale graduate and a writer of theological books. Mr. Lee, who was a native of Connecticut, was left



IN THE OLD BURYING GROUND.



fatherless in infancy. As his mother was in poor circumstances she decided to apprentice the boy, when he should be old enough, to learn the shoemaker's trade; but a very different fate was awaiting him. When quite a young boy he was stricken with some hip disease and his life was despaired



OLD FRENCH WALL PAPER
IN THE APPLETON
HOUSE.

of for some time. One day an aged clergyman came to see the boy. During this visit the old man knelt down by the bedside and prayed fervently that the sick child might recover and become a minister of the gospel. These words were the first inspiration to that calling which Samuel Lee followed in after years. Though lamed for life, he recovered, and the minister's prayer was granted. Samuel Lee became a pupil of "Peter Parley" and was in his youth a school teacher, receiving seven dollars a month for salary, and going about on crutches from one farmhouse to another to "board out" the rest of his stipend. He left two well-known theological works, his "Eschatology," which is a text-book in the New Haven Divinity School, and "The Bible Regained," dedicated to his "beloved and only daughter, Sarah Fiske Lee," herself a genealogist of considerable note.



Miss Lee has inherited much of her father's taste for antiquarian research and curio collecting. At the old parsonage or Lee house, the writer was shown a volume which would have set the heart of a bibliomaniac thumping with desire. This precious tome is a huge Bible, the ancient and yellowed title-page of which bears this legend:

“Enpriented at London in Flete
Strete—At the Signe of the Sunne by
Edwarde G. Hitchwiche the
Last Daie of Ianuarie
Anno Domine
1548.”

From the date this must have been one of the Bibles which by the royal decree of Edward the Sixth was ordered to be chained to the reading desks in the churches in England. Unfortunately, a previous owner had had new covers made for the antique volume, so the traces of the chain by which it had been bound were not visible.

To the ranks of workers in the arts and sciences this small inland town has contributed more than her quota. Nathaniel Duren Gould, the pioneer of singing schools, began this work in New Ipswich. He taught sixty thousand children all over New England during his career, and exerted a decided influence in favor of temperance and religion at a time when professional musicians were almost invariably tipplers and scoffers. Augustus Gould, his son, was a man of scientific tastes. He became a co-laborer with Agassiz, and was admitted to fellowship in the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and was also a member of the American Philosophical Society. Jonas Chickering, too, whose name is known to-day all over the world, was born in New Ipswich, where as a boy of nineteen he undertook to tune the first and only piano in the village. Prompted by curiosity and a keen interest in musical instruments, Jonas took this piano, which had grown quite useless

for want of repairs, entirely to pieces, and after infinite labor and many qualms of fear on the part of the owner, no doubt, succeeded in restoring it to its pristine tone. This effort was perhaps the mainspring of his ambition to become a piano maker. At all events he soon after came to Boston, and on the day of his arrival secured employment in Osborne's piano factory, at that time the sole one in Boston.

In reviewing the names of a long list of professional men who received their early intellectual training in New Ipswich, it is impossible not to recognize the very strong influence that the New Ipswich or Appleton Academy has exerted upon the community. After

the close of the Revolutionary War the natives of New Ipswich began to consider the urgent necessity for an educational institution in their midst. The Farrars, Champneys, Prestons, Barretts, Appletons and Kidders had young sons growing up,



who were now THE “FORTUNE TELLER.” ready for school; and these and some other gentlemen of the town entered into a compact to maintain and support a school for the space of five years from the date of agreement, which was September 12, 1787. Two years later, 1789, a charter of incorporation was obtained, by which was “established in the town of New Ipswich, in the county of Hillsborough, an academy by the name of the New Ipswich Academy, for the purpose of promoting piety and virtue and for the education of youth in the English, Latin and Greek languages, in Writing, Arith-



AN ANCIENT DAME.

metic, Music and the Art of Speaking, practical Geometry, Logic, Geography," etc. This was the second academy incorporated in New Hampshire, Phillips Academy in Exeter having been established and incorporated five years earlier, in 1784. There was a stipulated union between the New Ipswich Academy and Dartmouth College, the Academy students having certain privileges at Dartmouth.*

When, later on, the Academy was in want of pecuniary aid, it was through the generosity of Mr. Samuel Appleton that the institution received not only substantial assistance, but a new impetus and vitality. Indeed the Academy is inseparably connected with the name of Appleton, for various

members of the family made valuable donations during the early period of its existence. It was Mr. Samuel Appleton who presented globes, philosophical apparatus and a hundred well-bound volumes for the nucleus of a library, when the institution was weak and struggling; while his brother, Isaac Appleton, donated a large and curious folio on genealogy; and Mrs. Dolly Everett, a sister, gave a fine bell to the building in 1831.

The Appleton family was one of the most influential in Hillsborough county, and came from a long and aristocratic line of English ancestry. The descendants of Deacon Isaac Appleton and his wife, Mary, have married into some of the most distinguished families of New England. One granddaughter became the wife of the poet Longfellow, while another (both daughters of Nathan Appleton) married James Mackintosh, son of Sir James Mackintosh, who was governor of one of the British West India islands.

One of the most interesting features of New Ipswich is the Appleton mansion, in one or two rooms of which the old French wall paper is still intact. The design of this paper is quaint and beautiful, representing



FIREPLACE IN THE PARKER HOUSE.

*Much information was given the writer of this sketch by Mr. William A. Preston, the present president of Appleton Academy, whose family has been for generations officially connected with the institution.

scenes on the Seine. The bright green trees reach from floor to ceiling, and the little boats, filled with gay Parisians, seem just ready to glide down the river. This colonial home of the Appletons is used to-day as a sort of hotel, and it is an odd chance that has preserved the quaint French wall paper through the changing vicissitudes of time and conditions.

The village photographer, "Lonny" Willard, possesses great skill in his art, and the illustrations taken from his photographs for this sketch are excellent specimens of photographic art. "Lonny" is one of the characters of the village. He combines several branches of art and trade in his avocations. In response to some questions in regard to his way of life, he confided to the writer that he was a man of varied pursuits. "I've got four businesses," he remarked one day while taking a snap-shot, "farming, house painting, photography and chicken raisin'; but chickens is the most profitable."

Conscientiousness of the sort Miss Jewett depicts in her inimitable stories of New England country life is a large factor in the New England character; and this trait flourishes best in localities where life is simple and natural, and where people have time to think about the great simple questions of right and wrong. The rustic mind may not always know how to deal with certain intricacies of reasoning, but it lays hold very strongly of certain simple principles of justice, morality and everlasting truth. Sometimes there is in a community of this sort a strain of superstition. An extract from a letter to Miss Lee from an aged gentleman, now residing in the West, who remembers the traditions of his early home, illustrates this point. The old gentleman writes:

"The story has been told me that some of the young bloods of New Ipswich, four-score years ago, met on a Saturday evening in a schoolhouse for the purpose of card playing. The shutters were closed, the tal-

low candles lighted, and the young men commenced their deals. Their work went pleasantly till the candle had nearly burned down. One of the party suggested that it was time to close the game so as not to trespass on holy time. Another suggested that the candle would soon burn down and that then they would quit; and so, regardless of the flight of time, they kept on playing. The candle continued to burn. Finally they heard carriages passing by. The shutters were opened, and to the astonishment of all, the sun was high in the heavens. Horror seized the young men. They were convinced that the Evil One had kept the candle burning and that they had been lured on to commit the almost



A VETERAN WILLOW.

unpardonable sin of breaking the Sabbath! This terrible desecration of holy time," continues Miss Lee's correspondent naively, "put an end to card playing during that and future generations of New Ipswich residents."

From the magnificent carved pulpit in the old Congregational church, which was a gift from Mr. Samuel Appleton, a broader religion is preached to-day. But the atmosphere of other days and other associations clings to the place. Here the Reverend Jesse Appleton, presi-



THE VILLAGE PHOTOGRAPHER.

dent of Bowdoin College, sat with his beautiful ascetic young face turned upward in prayerful thought to hear the parson's exhortations; here the Champneys, Prestons, Halls, Barrs, Hartwells, Farrars, and all the pious folk of New Ipswich gathered to hear the Word; and the spot is redolent of the past.

Turning from it, one walks down through the little town and is confronted by evidences of a newer element. The New Ipswich public library, though perhaps a reflection and result of the old intellectual activity of the place, is essentially modern, and is exerting a wide and beneficent influence throughout the vicinity. Though very much of the money for its erection and establishment was earned, a good deal has been generously given by some of the residents. It contains three thousand volumes, a piano, busts of some of our famous authors and many tasteful appointments. Altogether it is an ideal village library, in appearance, management and influence.

An interesting feature of the New Ipswich of the present is an admirable charity established there by the Rev. George Jarvis Prescott, rector of the Church of the Good Shepherd in Bos-

ton. This institution is "The Homestead Inn," where wearied-out shop girls, and indeed women laborers of all sorts and conditions can get food, lodging, fresh air and restful quiet, for the small sum of three dollars a week. In many cases even this amount is remitted, if it is beyond the means of the applicant. Mr. Prescott conceived the idea of establishing this boarding-house, where plain, wholesome food and comfortable lodging could be offered to the army of pale faced, worn-out shop girls at a nominal cost. Several ladies of Boston lent their assistance; and about five years ago the "Homestead Inn" became a fact accomplished in New Ipswich. A long, rambling, wooden house was purchased, a dormitory built, with little partitions dividing the tiny sleeping apartments, and as many comforts added as the scant amount of money in hand would allow. From the start the institution was successful. Shop girls, dress-makers' apprentices, typewriters, seamstresses, housemaids, cooks and



THE OLD CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

washerwomen found a peaceful refuge at the "Inn." Sometimes women broken in health and spirit, who could not leave home because of children, were taken with their families, though the place is particularly for unmarried women. The delicious soft inland air, the scent of the pine cones, the generous supply of fresh milk and the abundant, substantial food, soon bring back the color to faded cheeks and dim eyes, and it is common to see

their vespers and nones for them; so ancient puritanism and modern ritual touch, even if they do not mingle, in old New Ipswich.

Next to the "Inn" stands the large old-fashioned mansion belonging to the Barrs and known as "The Willows." A little brook wanders through the lawn and off to the meadows beyond, while a colossal willow tree, among whose wide branches, as big as trunks of ordinary



THE READING ROOM IN THE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

bright, refreshed women go back to their work in the city after a two weeks' sojourn at the "Homestead." Sister Katherine, the sister in charge of St. Monica's Home in Boston, goes to the "Inn" in the summer while St. Monica's is closed, and much of the success of the institution is due to her wise management and gentle care. When the curfew rings at sunset and the nine o'clock bell tells that it is bedtime, as it has done for a hundred years, the cowled sisters at the "Homestead" say that the bells ring

trees, are built the most charming of rustic seats—enough to hold forty people comfortably. This tree is said to be the largest willow in New Hampshire, possibly in New England. The old house belongs to the colonial period, dating back to 1768, and has the capacious fireplaces and cosy corners that make houses of that generation so full of delightful surprises. James Barr, a Scotch gentleman, who, while travelling in the American colonies, was caught here when war was declared against Great



REV. GEORGE J. PRESCOTT.

Britain, fell in love with a bright-eyed New Hampshire maiden and never went back to his Highland home. His son, Dr. James Barr, was a prominent physician in New Ipswich. His sturdy character and genial wit endeared him to all of the Hillsborough folk for miles around. Miss Ellen M. Barr, whose school for girls in Boston for ten years was recognized as one of the best schools ever conducted in Boston, was a native of New Ipswich, the daughter of Dr. James Barr. She was born in 1840, and died in 1895. She came to her work in Boston after a successful career as a teacher in the High School in the town of Medford, Massachusetts. Few teachers in New England have had the confidence and admiration of a larger circle of friends. A grandson of Dr. Barr, James Barr Ames, is now dean of the Harvard Law School.

Among the honorable professions that of medicine had many followers in the little town; and the names of Dr. Gibson, Dr. Preston and Dr. Barr will for generations to come be held in affectionate memory.

The visitor who

is fortunate enough to drive about the country with an intelligent guide will find many interesting spots. Whittemore Hill is indelibly associated with the pathetic history of Sally Whittemore, the New Ipswich witch, whose own father believed in her guilt and refused to allow her Christian burial. Poor little maid, how she must have suffered to find herself shunned and feared by her own flesh and blood!

Early in the century a Baptist church was founded in New Ipswich, and Methodism, Unitarianism and Universalism have all contributed their chapters to the ecclesiastical history of the town. A hundred years ago there were a number of Shakers in the south part of the town, but most of them removed after a little while to Harvard, Massachusetts. The Miller delusion found its adherents here, as in so many other New England towns, and at one time five thousand persons gathered at the meetings. In fact, there have been few religious, social or political movements which have not somehow found their representatives in this old town. It is most interesting to read about them all in the history of New Ipswich which one finds in the library, a history published now almost half a century ago. In the introduction to this history, which has been of so great service to the writer, we read that:

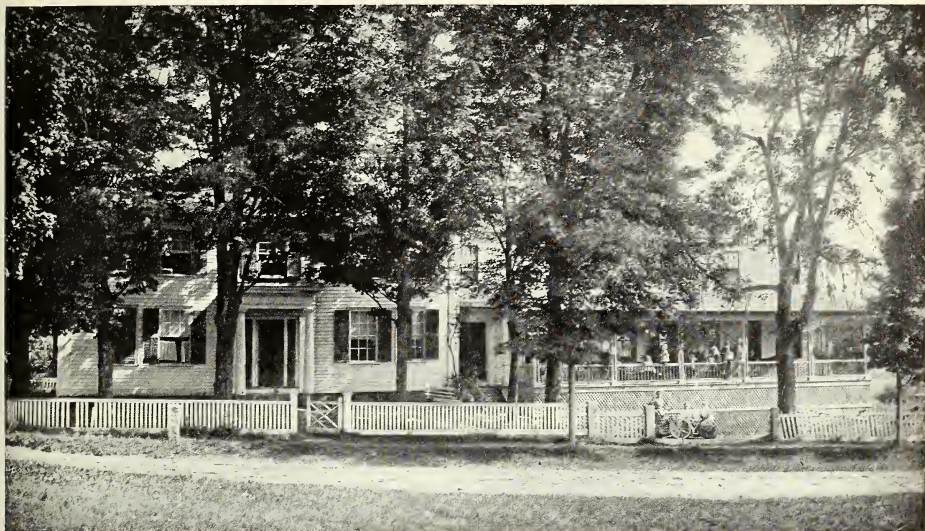


THE GIRLS' SITTING ROOM IN THE HOMESTEAD INN.

"In the summer of 1849 one of the authors (Frederic Kidder) visited his native town, to repair the tombstones of his ancestors and collect such materials as he might towards a family history. In wandering over the 'old burying-ground' he was struck with the number of the great and good resting there, whose names and deeds were likely soon to be forgotten. On looking over the town records of the period of the Revolution he could not but admire the firm and bold resolves of the citizens, their clear views of republican principles and constitutional liberty, and their self-sacrificing patriotism. He desired that some one should chronicle the history of the town, before the loss of records or the death of the remaining few

passage describing the things which immediately followed the Concord fight:

"By preconcerted arrangements the Committees of Safety in the various towns spread the news in all directions; and so rapidly had messengers sped from town to town, that before nightfall not a place within a hundred miles but had heard the news, and in many instances with almost every kind of exaggeration. The intelligence reached this town about two o'clock in the afternoon; the Committee of Safety immediately assembled on the common and fired three guns in quick succession, the signal that had been agreed on in case



THE HOMESTEAD INN.

whose memory extended back to early times should render it too late. After unavailing efforts to prevail on some one to undertake the task, he concluded to attempt it himself."

As one turns the pages of a book like this, one realizes anew how much of the real flavor of New England history and life is preserved in such local works. This history of New Ipswich is dedicated appropriately to Samuel Appleton. Two of its dozen and more chapters are devoted to the Revolution, and very vivid pictures they give us of those times that tried men's souls. Here is a graphic

of a sudden alarm. The people rapidly assembled, and in less than two hours a great proportion of the male population met on the little common in front of the meeting-house. After a short consultation with the oldest and most experienced, it was decided to prepare as many as possible and march for Concord. The town's stock of powder and lead was taken from the magazine, then situated on the beams of the meeting-house, and distributed to such as had not a supply, a careful account of it being taken by the selectmen. In the mean time the alarm was extending through the remote parts of the town, and some of the men who were at work in the woods or distant fields did not reach the usual training ground till sunset; and as provisions had to be collected, so much time was consumed that probably but few



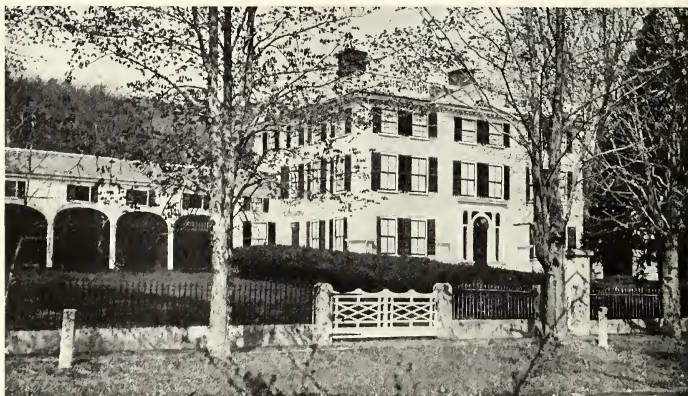
"SISTER KATHERINE."

commenced their march before dark. Several parties proceeded as far as Captain Heald's, where they took a few hours' repose; and others spent most of the night in and near the middle of the town, but took up their march before daylight; and before the sun rose the next morning not less than a hundred and fifty men, the very bone and muscle of the town, were pressing forward, some on foot and some on horseback, towards Concord. Provisions were collected and forwarded in carts, under the direction of the Committee of Safety. Deacon Appleton, like Cincinnatus, had left his plough in the furrow at the moment of the alarm, and soon after mounted his horse and carried the news to Peterborough. The next morning a company from that patriotic town, with Captain Wilson in command, passed through New Ipswich, then nearly deserted by the men, the deacon hastening on with them, not even stopping to take leave of his family, though he passed near his own door."

Then follow passages no less graphic, describing the part taken by New Ipswich men at Bunker Hill. Farther on we come by and

by on the excitement which spread all through this New Hampshire country when Stark was gathering his men for Bennington; and here is a picture, given by one of the venerable men whose memory ran back to the time, of the way the New Ipswich men looked as they began their march to Bennington:

"To a man they wore smallclothes, coming down and fastening just below the knee, and long stockings with cowhide shoes ornamented by large buckles, while not a pair of boots graced the company. The coats and waistcoats were loose and of huge dimensions, with colors as various as the barks of oak, sumach and other trees of our hills and swamps could make them, and their shirts were all made of flax, and like every other part of the dress, were homespun. On their heads was worn a large round top and broad-brimmed hat. Their arms were as various as their costume; here an old soldier carried a heavy Queen's Arm, with which he had done service at the conquest of Canada twenty years previous, while by his side walked a stripling boy, with a Spanish fuzee not half its weight or calibre, which his grandfather may have taken at the Havana, while not a few had old French pieces that dated back to the reduction of Louisburg. Instead of the cartridge box, a large powder horn was slung under the arm, and occasionally a bayonet might be seen bristling in the ranks. Some of the swords of the officers had been made by our Province blacksmiths, perhaps from some farming utensil; they looked serviceable, but heavy and uncouth. Such was the appearance of the Continentals, to whom a well-appointed army was soon to



THE BARRETT MANSION.

lay down their arms. After a little exercising on the old common and performing the then popular exploit of 'whipping the snake,' they briskly filed off up the road, by the foot of the Kidder Mountain and through the Spafford Gap, towards Peterborough, to the tune of 'Over the Hills and Far Away.'"

In one of the chapters which follow we read that at the March meeting in 1801 the Rev. Mr. Farrar was requested to read Washington's Farewell Address from the pulpit on the next Sunday, and it was voted "to establish it as a custom in future, to

giving an interesting report of themselves up to date.

The centennial celebration was one of the red letter days in the history of the old town. It would be interesting to quote many passages from the eloquent address of Dr. Augustus A. Gould, the orator of the day. I must content myself, however, with quoting a single one:

"It is now somewhat more than one hundred years since our ancestors penetrated into the then wilderness and began to clear the region where we are now as-



THE BARR MANSION.

have it read the Sunday succeeding the twenty-second of February." The historian observes that it does not appear how long this custom was maintained.

An interesting contribution to the history of New England's part in opening the great West is the record of how certain New Ipswich citizens led a colony out to Iowa, selecting a township now called Denmark in that new state, and rearing a church and school as the corner stones of their town. At the time of the centennial celebration in 1850 the citizens of this daughter town sent back a letter

sembled; and we are met to celebrate that event. Some of us have made our habitation here since the day of our birth; and in quietude and simplicity, remote from the whirlwind of metropolitan bustle, have been content to live in comparative retirement and to move within a very limited sphere. Such have made a wise choice. Others of us, more restless and ambitious, have overleaped these mountain barriers in search of fame, fortune and happiness in wider fields and more exciting scenes. Some have tried the thronged city, with all its bustle, magnificence and wickedness; some have gone to the far West, attracted thither by golden visions, which in most instances proved but visions; some have crossed the ocean to the mother land and have witnessed the splendor of royalty and perhaps enjoyed the smiles of princes;



MISS ELLEN M. BARR.

they have visited the scenes which are famous in story, and viewed the treasures of nature and art which have required centuries for their accumulation; and some may have even encompassed the globe itself. But, during our wanderings, has not this valley of our birth, encompassed by hills which shut out the prospect beyond, reminded us of the valley of Rasselas—'the happy valley,' in which all the sources of true happiness were concentrated? and though, like Rasselas, we may have contrived to escape from it, and have looked for happiness and contentment in the distinctions which wealth and station and learning and success confer, have we not, like him, found sorrow and discontent everywhere? In behalf of all these rovers I will venture to speak, and to say that no Alps have ever appeared to them so formidable as did once the mountains around us; no river has caused us to forget Souhegan; no embosomed Swiss or Scottish lakes have seemed more lovely than Pratt's Pond; no lofty and crumbling cathedral has impressed upon us such reverential awe as the

old meeting-house on the hill; no institution of learning has excelled the old district school, where the twig was first bent, and felt too; no festival ever surpassed in extravagance and in relish the old Thanksgiving dinner; no happiness has been found, far or near, to be compared with that at the old country fire-side."

Such are some of the interesting things of which one likes to read in the books, as one spends summer days in the historic town, and of which one likes to think, as one walks up and down the village street at morning or at night.

As the lingering sunbeams fade from the brow of the distant hills, the evening winds waft the sound of a church bell through the quiet valley, and the initiate tells the stranger that this is the curfew, which rings now as it did a hundred years ago. At nine o'clock at night the same sound breaks the stillness, for this is a remnant of the English custom of ringing the proper bedtime hour, when thrifty housewives cover the fire with



FIREPLACE IN THE BARR MANSION.

ashes and prepare for slumber. There are few New England villages where the bells have a sweeter sound or where one would seem to have right and title to a sweeter sleep than in this quaint village of old New Ipswich.

A PACKAGE OF OLD LOVE LETTERS.

FROM THE PRINCE COLLECTION OF MANUSCRIPTS.

Copied and Edited by C. Alice Baker.



VERY remnant of the human life of long ago awakens our interest. The sculptured frieze from a Central American forest, a wall of

well-laid masonry a thousand feet up on the narrow shelf of some Colorado cañon, Danish kitchen-midden and Florida shell heap, bronze celt from an English barrow, grotesque pipe from an Ohio mound, pile of the Lake dweller, pestle of the Cave man, beads from the stone graves of Tennessee and arrow points from the fields of New England,—all these relics of nations that have vanished, leaving only these hints of their civilization, fill us with wonder and appeal to our sympathy. From nothing, however, can we gain such vivid and complete pictures of the social and domestic life and thought of a former generation as from the diaries and correspondence it has left behind. These give us the truest illustrations of character and society, because unstudied and not intended for the public gaze. I must believe that it is a tender human sympathy, rather than mere vulgar curiosity, that makes us always so eager to untie the faded ribbon surrounding a bundle of old letters, though at the moment one can hardly help a certain sense of treachery towards those by whom and those to whom the letters were written. In this instance we may absolve ourselves in advance, by remembering that the originals of the following letters are at least two hundred years old, have long been public property, and are equally accessible to all the land.

In 1697 a ten years old boy on Cape Cod was seized with a mania for "col-

lecting" (verily there is nothing new under the sun!) As this was long before the days of postage stamps and advertising cards, Thomas Prince turned his attention to collecting books. His grandfather was at that time governor of the Old Colony, and doubtless the boy had better opportunities than most for adding to his hoard. On the day he entered Harvard College, in 1703, at the age of sixteen, Prince gave the name of "The New England Library" to his collection, and from that time on never missed an opportunity to enrich it by the addition of all the volumes and manuscripts pertaining to the history of New England that he could lay his hands on.

In 1718, Thomas Prince was ordained pastor of the Old South Church in Boston. By will he bequeathed the New England Library to this church, with the especial provision that any person approved by the pastor and deacons of the same "might have access to, and take copies therefrom." At his death, these valuable books and manuscripts were left on shelves and in boxes and barrels in the "steeple chamber," a little room under the belfry of the Old South Meeting-house, which Prince had used as a study.

Then came the siege of Boston, and the desecration of the Old South Meeting-house by Colonel Birch's light-horse dragoons, who used it as a riding-school. The old North Meeting-house and Governor Winthrop's house were torn down for fuel for the freezing Tories. The lawless dragoons ripped up the pulpit and pews of the Old South and split them up for firewood. "Deacon Hubbard's beautifully carved pew with the silk furni-

ture was taken down and carried off by an officer and made into a hogstye," so writes Mr. Timothy Newell, one of the selectmen of Boston, indignantly in his diary. More than once during that terrible winter, Mr. Selectman Newell is invited to dine on rats.

Ransacking the building from belfry to cellar for kindling stuff, the soldiers came upon the boxes containing the precious books and papers which Thomas Prince had spent his life in collecting, and destroyed much of their contents. Among many valuable papers that survived all these vicissitudes was this package of old love letters. They were written at the period of Philip's War, by the Rev. Richard Bourne of Sandwich, to his "esteemed friend the Widow Ruth Winslow, at her place in Marshfield." They show him to have been a shrewd reader of feminine character, as well as an ardent and constant lover under difficulties. He was a man of excellent judgment and a sincere Christian. Stimulated by the success of the apostle Eliot, he acquired a thorough knowledge of the Indian language, and devoted himself to Christianizing the Marshpee Indians, over whom he was ordained as pastor by Eliot himself.

Mrs. Ruth Winslow was his second wife. She was many years his junior and a widow of about thirty-five when these letters were written. The handwriting is so original in character, that it is almost like a cipher intended to be legible only to the person addressed. Endorsed on the first letter, and showing the methodical habits of the collector, is the following note, subscribed with the beautiful autograph of "T. Prince":

"This excellent Gentlewoman I very well knew when I was a Youth. She was D^{tr} to y^e eminently pious Mr W^m Sargent of Barnstable. She 1st married to Mr Josiah Winslow of Marshfield."*

. . . . "After her s^d Husband's de-

cease, she married to Mr Richard Bourne of Sandwich I suppose in June 1677, w^o dying in y^e summer of 1682 left his homested . . . to her use during Life, where she lived with her 3rd Husband Elder John Chipman. . . . And this Mrs Ruth Chipman was a Little, lively smart Gentlewoman of very good sense and knowledge of y^e strictest Piety, an excellent spirit of Family Gov^t, very good skill in y^e Diseases of Women and children, very helpfull to her neighbours,—a dear intimate Friend and mother to my mother; and my mother falling into travail with me . . . this Mrs Chipman was y^e only Person, w^o living just by, occasionally help^d me into y^e world,—She surviv^d the Elder and lived and died in g^t esteem."

It must have been a woman of no ordinary character who, notwithstanding so serious a personal blemish as a cancer on her lip, could have captivated three such worthy and distinguished men.

I.

*From the Rev. Richard to the Widow Ruth, assuring her of his steadfastness, notwithstanding some untowardness of events. This 5th of 12th, 1676.**

Dearly Beloved, my tenderest respects presented to you, I make bold to trouble you with oftentimes, although I am implicitly forbidden in the margins of yours. Yet as respecting myselfe, it is no trouble to me either to write or to come to see you, or any other lawfull meanes to obtain your favor in these respects. The truth is I long to see you [mutilated and illegible] . . . and presious in my eyes, and should have been with you this last week, my horse was even at the door, but providence soe ordering that the last week there came a message to me from hyngham, sent on purpos to aquaint mee that my son [was] very sick and desired one of his broth-

*The editor thinks she married Jonathan, son of Mr. Josiah Winslow.

* February 5, 1676.

ers to come to him, who had my horse for that journey, and when hee will returne I know not, and bye next week I had promised to bee with the Indians upon the Cape—before I received Mr Arnolds letter whom I canot disapoint, and some other occupations concerning the estate left by my son dying without a will, and I not having given deeds of y^e land, must see that the widow and children be not destitute, I have to bee at March Court if the Lord will, and I purpos then to see you or shortly after the court. We had a report gave concerning the cancer in your lipp, that it was grown very bad and dangerous and I not having reseived Mr Arnolds letter was troubled and at a great stand, yet resolved to wait to see the issue of things when God would dispose. In respect of the cancer, the which if it should grow to bee incurable would not be comfortable either to yourselfe or mee, but I hope God in mercy will prevent it, you may feel safe to conclude that I shall not desert my suit to you in this particular of an hope of comming together for our mutuall comfort. I have had divers motions since I received yours, but none suits me but yourselfe, if God soe incline your mynde to mary me. Whether soe I shall arrange my condition or not I cannot declare at present if it bee not with yourselfe. I doe not finde in myselfe any flexableness to any other but an utter loatheness. I was informed that you was to come to Capt. ffuller's againe. If you should, I should be glad to see you, and if you want money and means to accomplish a cure for you, I know of a friend of yours who will satisfie you, but if you should goe elsewhere for cure for you I pray you let mee understand from you when it will be, and if it bee not impossible for mee to come I shall come and give you a visit before you goe. I would not have you to understand that I am not cordiall. . . . [This part of the letter is much mutilated; only a few detached phrases are legible.] I pray p'sent my re-

spects to our mother-in-law and your uncle John. I did neglect it the last time I writt to your uncle, because I was not willing that it should bee made known at present, but there was I suppose some of your relations and neighbours that made report of it in divers plases; but now I doe not regard who knowes of it and I should bee very glad that it were accomplished. I would enlarge further, but multiplisity of ocations prevents more and must at present rest, hoping that you will please to returne mee a few lines from your own hande, by waye of answere, and the good Lord bee with you and guide you in a way pleasing unto Him.

Your assured reall friend,

RICHARD BOURNE.

II.

The Rev. Richard excuseth his neglect to visit the Widow Ruth. His spirits being weighed down by illness and death in his family and neighborhood. it doth not suite him to goe more abroad at present.

SANDWICH this 16th of y^e 12th, 76.

My well beloved, upon whom my desires and affections are fixed, longing to see you but am as yet prevented. I did intend to give you a visit the next weeke, but God disposing otherwise, as that my son who was at hyng-ham was taken with the diseas that many have dyed of, who was sick about five weeks and dyed last Saturday, and was buried the last Lord's day, so that at present my spirits are soe full of heavyness that it doth not suite to goe more abroad at present, but I must bee at March Court if I bee well, conserning some spetiall ocation. As conserning the canser, I would entreat you to use what meanes may be possible to obtaine a cure, with the blessing of God, wherefore do not delaye the tyme untill it bee too late, and if you want supplye you knowe what I wrote in my last conserning that. I am the same still. You shall not want for 5£ or more if you please to accept of it. And for your seeking advise and counsell from your father

and others it suites mee very well. I desire nothing but what may be in a way of God yet I would desire that it might not bee disclosed to any for [mutilated] shall nothing chang my mynde respecting yourselfe, unless it bee death or the prevailing of your cancer, if it bee not your default, which I hope it will not bee. I am just nowe very desolate. Consider of it. I shall endeavor to see you soe soone as I can with any conveniency, and doe not judg I slight you but I hope you will please to put a better construction upon it considering how it hath been with mee. . . . I was with your father the last second day and the fourth day this weeke. They are all in indifferent health. Your father and mother I spake with both of them. Your brother I saw not. He was well they told mee, but was abroad on his ocations. I desired your father to send you a letter by mee the which hee did intend to doe, but hee not having spoken to Mr. Thacher, could not well doe it at present. I conclude hee will sende to you the next weeke. They both, your father and mother desiring kindly to bee remembered to you, and doe earnestly desire [you] not to neglect any means to attain unto a full cure. Concerning the mayd that you wrote your father concerning, although the 3 weekes is this day expired, yet they both doth desire you to retaine her if possible untill the latter part of next weeke for as I understand, they have procured James — who comes to Plimouth next week upon his owne ocation, and have prevailed with him to fetch her for them, your brother being engaged to a man to help him, the which he cannot decline and therefore cannot come at present. This desiring the Lord to bless guide and direct you in the way that may be pleasing before him. I rest at present desiring you would present my respects to Mr. Arnold, with your mother-in-law and the rest of your friends.

Yours in the best bonds

RICHARD BOURNE.

I pray you when you have received these lines, either conceale them or burn them [mutilated] . . . I shall give you if God bring mee to speak with you.

III.

The Rev. Richard driveth a good bargain for Mrs. Ruth's rye at Plimouth, but meetynge with a "disquietness" there doth not proceed to Marshfield.

SANDWICH this 30th of 2nd 1677

Dearly beloved my tenderest respects presented. I being at Plimouth, and making some enquiry to put of some rye for you if you approve of it, I meetynge with one Samuel Eaton of Middleboro who stands in extream nesesity for about 6 bushells, I enquired of him what his pay might bee. His answer was Indian corn at 3 shillings per bushel at harvest, and pay it in Plimouth to the Secretary, and soe it will bee at Sandwich without any trouble. And for the rye it must bee at 3^s 6^d per bushell, and hee to fetch it at your house. You may doe as it semeth good untoe you because I would not take upon mee to dispose of anything of yours, yet the man's extremity seemes to require some, and if you fail I hope I shall make it good to you againe. You may put it to my account I shall repay it. There was one more that spoke to me concerning 20 bushells, I told him that he must give 3^s a bushell in silver at the fall or in october and fetch it at your house. It was Robert Hanson of Plymouth. It is reported of him that he doth pay very well. But be pleased to doe as you see fit. What I did, was only to make way for you to dispose of some with little trouble.

But I met with a little disquietness when I was discoursing with Robert Hanson concerning the rye, and some cattle he had bought of mee. Your sister was above in the chamber with divers others, and sent to mee to come to speak with her and that three times. I sent her word that I was upon going home, my horse was ready at the door.

and if shee pleased to come down to mee and deliver her mind what shee had to saye to mee it would be well. She would not, but I must come to her, and fearing that she would judge that I was either proud or courteous,* I went up to her and cald for one quart of wine to make the drink. There was Captain Southworth, George Watson and divers more I suppose in all 10 or 12. She asked mee when her mother intended to come to them. I answered I could not tell, but you had som thoughts when your lip was pretty well, to come to Barnstable to see your father and mother, and to get a mayd to bee with your mother untill you returned againe. And som discourse we had further, but at last, shee intimated that she intended to sue for the land after that wee were maryed. I told her that I thought the magistrates would end the difference. Noe, shee sayd, it must be put out to 12 judges; att which I was a little troubled. The Captain and George Watson cald her aside, being much troubled that shee should send for mee soe oft, and wrangle with me at the last, and did rebuke her much; and George told mee much more that was spoken; but I give you but a hint of things. I would not have you disquieted concerning these things, though I am troubled that shee should deale soe unkindly with you. I would entreat you to hasten things as much as you can, that wee may put an end to these things, in our mutuall closing together in the nearest bonds. And for what you nowe have, I doe not desire any of it, but you may please to keep it for your own improvement, and I hope I shall make a suitable addition to what you have. You may please to remember that I did intimate soe much to you when I was with you, though I shal be willing to advise and hear if you have occasion. Your person and qualifications doth soe farr satisfie mee, that I hope wee shall have noe neede to improve your estate, soe long as I have of my owne, for I may truly

saye, that I seeke not yours, but you. Therefore I pray make noe delays more than is necessary, and for others, in what they may attempt, the will of the Lord be done. . . . I pray doe mee the favoure to write a few lines to mee, that I may understand how it is with you, and present my respects to Mr Arnold, your mother with your uncle and his wife. If I thought or could understand that it would be long before you could come, I would make another journey to see you.

The good Lord keep you, and blesse the meanes used for your good and healing, and teach you by all, to come nearer to himselfe and depend upon Him more. He will not leave you nor forsake you.

I rest in the expectation shortly to see you or to heare from you.

Your assured loving friend,

RICHARD BOURNE.

IV.

At this juncture, the Widow Ruth having bemoaned her widowed state to her father, he adviseth her accordingly in a letter addresssed, "To his Beloved Daughter Ruth Winslow at her place in Marshfield. These deliver."

Loving daughter Winslow, my kind respects of love, together with my wive's remember untoe you: as also untoe our aged sister Winslow, with the rest. These are toe let you knowe and understand, that I received a letter from you lately by Samuel Thomas, wherein you doe bemoane your sad and solitary afflicted condition unto mee, wherein I desire from my very hart to sympathize with you in as far as the Lord will vouchsafe to help and assist. . . . I am sorry to heare that Mr Arnold* is brought soe weake and lowe by the stroke of the Lord's hand. The good Lord restore and renewe him againe, for the helpe of you all. My wife is also concerned with mee. to heare of your former hopes of soe easy and spedy A cure of the painful malady of your lipp, are soe much

* By courteous it is evident that the writer means *curt*.

* The minister of Marshfield.

weakened by a late returne of it working downward towards your throat, which I soe understand, works you att times much unrest; And if soe it bee indeed with you, it puts me to the greatest fear and jeloizie whether you have not aplied to take unto the less promising, instant meanes of your cure, and neglected the more hopeful season and instrument of it. But this is but my fear and jeloizie. The Lord can give answer at what time he himselfe pleases, and by what meanes and instrument. You have further desired further advise from me respecting your change of condicon. This I may further intimate unto you plainly, that you know the person as well as I doe, whose hart and affection the Lord hath pitched and plased on you, as he saith, before al others, to make you his wife. In case you can find the like in yourselfe, to wit, the Lord soe placing yours on him, and carrying out your affections to him as to preserve him in your voluntary choyse before and above all others, to make him your head and husband, notwithstanding the disparity of your ages, or what else hath been premised,—yet if you bothe remaine stedfast each to other, stil I doe judge the Lord cals mee to leave you to your liberty of chois. . . . The messenger now waits for my letter. I am forced to break of, intreating you to be careful of taking new colds, through your much business and stirring. Soe I comit you to the care and blessing of the most High God, to guide and preserve you. Soe I rest your loving Father and Mother

WILLIAM and SARAH SARGENT
from Barnstable this 17th
of May 1677.

V.

The Rev. Richard to the Widow Ruth, with a gift, and cogent arguments for her speedy coming to him.

SANDWICH June 1. 1677.

Dearly beloved, my tender and constant love presented to you.

Yours I received by Ezra,* upon y^e 30 of May last,—and should have been very glad if that you had been pleased to have writ more fully unto me, how it was with you respecting your sore; and when your determination was to come this way. Your presence is most desired, not only by myselfe but many others, insomuch that Mr Smythe told mee but 2 dayes since hee would accompany some one himselfe to come to you to helpe you along hither. I gave him thanks for his kind proffer, and told him that it was not convenient at present, forasmuch as that I was not acquainted with your capacity and ability to come, soe suddenly. I sent a letter to you and some other things by Mordecai Ellis the last weeke, and he promised to bring them to your hands at the last second day but I understand since, that he left them at Samuel Hunt's at Duxbury. I hope Ezra will bring them to you. I have likewise sent you by Ezra a small token. I am almost ashamed to send it to you, it is so mene, but I pray accept of it in remembrance of my love. I bought a parcel of them this spring,—they may be useful for working dayes.

I spake with Ezra's father . . . and this is the sum of his answer, that hee desired to know why you are soe willing to let him goe. I told him forasmuch as that you could not get him to doe anything to speake of—but he intended to come the latter part of the next week and see how things was, but not willing hee should be released. I would earnestly intreat you to let mee understand by a few lines from you the next week, by my cosen Steven or any other that comes to you from mee,—it may bee that my youngest son may come to give you a visit, if tyme will permit him soe to doe: and let me fully understand how it is with you respecting your cancer, and what preparations you have made as conserning

* Ezra had evidently been "bound out" to the widow, and apparently, taking advantage of her weak condition, was not living up to the terms of his indenture.

your removal. I cannot come to you at present. I am not well, neither have been since I came home,—troubled with my old paine. If you doe not hasten to come, I must bee constrained to bring my ocations into a narrower compass. Though you should not be well of your cancer, yet I pray you make hast to come.

If you want mony to accomplish things for your good and healing, it is ready for you. You may bee your own surgeon here, as well as at Marshfield. I have sent you here inclosed Ezra's indenture, and the next weeke I shall send you the Inventory and the letters of administration.

I pray present my respects to Mr Arnold, if living, with your mother-in-law, and to your uncle Iohn. I desire the good Lord to bestow upon you all the good you stand in need of for soul or body, and give you faythe and patiens to support your spirits under all your sorrows, and here rest at present your constant and loving friend

RICHARD BOURNE.

VI.

The Rev. Richard disturbed in mind concerning the Widow Ruth's intentions towards him, writeth a third letter, hoping thereby to provoke one from her.

SANDWICH this 4th of Iune 1677.

Dearly Beloved my best Respects presented. I hope you have two letters of myne come to your hand by this time. This may possibly provoke one from you unto mee. I longe to heare from you, though I cannot see you at present. I have been ill ever since I came home, and yesterday very ill the greatest part of the day and the last night, but now indifferent well,—but soe that I dare not take such a journey at present.

I pray let mee understand as fully as you can how it is with you, and when you intend to come this way,

and when you think to remove, and what you finde in my 2 other letters, I pray let me understand as fully as you can in answer. I would intreat you to hasten though your lip should not be well. I shall have a little wool mayhap, and I would desire your advice whether I had best to sell or to keepe it: not that I would have you to doe any about spinning, but if you have a mayd it may bee you maye desire shee may doe what you will. I have sent you here inclosed the inventory and liberty of administration. I am in great hast at present and must forbear, with an expectation to hear from you this week by Steven or my son; and the good Lord doe for you according to all your nesityty.

Your assured and
constant friend

RICHARD BOURNE.

VII.

The Rev. Richard is as much revived in his spirits by a letter from the Widow Ruth brought by Steven Skiff, as he hath been before cast down by that sent by Ezra.

SANDWICH this 11 of Iune. 1677.

Dearly beloved, my tenderest love and affection presented unto you. Yours I have reseived by Steven Skiff, and I did sudenly write a few lines to your father concerning what you desired, concerning your brother coming for you at the tyme appointed by you: and if your brother canot come for you, I will send for you, but I would desire you to inform mee whether I shall send a pillion for you to ride upon my horse in case your brother canot come.

I am much revived in my spirits upon the receipt of yours, and was as much cast down by your letter Ezra brought to mee being so short and constrained as conserning myselfe, in-somuch that I was ready to doubt, whether your mynd was not alienated from mee or not, but I began to recover myselfe againe since I reseived

yours, though could have desired you had written more fully to mee concerning thinges betwixt us.

But I would intreat you to signifie to mee in a few lines by William — whether you are not inclinable to change your name here before you returne againe to Marshfielde. You may easily understand my meaning. It is necessary I should know, because of providing something for the tyme. If I mistake not it was our agreement formerly I would put the best construction upon things. It may bee your bashfulness or shamefacedness, I hope wee shall bee better acquainted one with another, before long. For the rye if it canot bee conveniently disposed of, it may bee brought hither if you think meet soe to come, with the rest of the things.

For Ezra I know not what to say. I have acquainted his father with my apprehensions. . . .

I have sent you one paire of shoes by William. I pray make use of them, you have them freely. I would I could know wherein I could doe you good. I think I should doe it if I were able soe to doe.

I would intreat this favour from you, to come to our house as you goe to Barnstable. Doe not break my heart quite as to goe by, and not see me; and let me have a few lines from your hand by William. This desiring and hoping that the Lord will accomplish good for you notwithstanding all your sad sorrows.

I pray present my service and respect to his honor, and to Mr Arnold with your mother and uncle; and here rest, expecting a comfortable answer from your loving and

Constant friend

RICHARD BOURNE.

VIII.

*The Rev. Richard having apparently received a comfortable answer writeth as follows, To his most esteemed friend Captaine Southworth in Duxbury.**

SANDWICH this 18th June 1677

Sir all due respect presented,—I make bould to intreat a favor from you to be added unto the many that I have already reseved from you: the which is, that you would please to come to Sandwich, to joyne my well beloved Mrs Ruth Winslowe and myselfe in marriage. James — will acquaint you with the tyme when hee hath conferred with her, forasmuch as that I have written unto her as concerning the time I apprehend to be most suitable; but how shee may bee inclinable for time and place wee were not fully agreed,—I not knowing before when shee might suitably come this way. And if you should come, if you would please to acquaint George Watson that hee might accompany you hither, hee shall have good welcome, but I would not have words made of it, lest there might be offence taken by some. The truth is I am ashamed to be soe troublesome unto you, but having former experience of your loving rediness towards mee upon all ocations doth embolden mee to write these few lines at present, not doubting but you will please to come to doe this for mee. I understand that Mr. Lindley[†] canot bee at home at that tyme. I pray you let mee have an answer by James —. This, hoping of your welfare with yours, I rest at present yours to comand.

RICHARD BOURNE.

* This is the son of the widow Alice Southworth, who came to Plymouth to marry her old lover, Gov. William Bradford.

† The minister of Sandwich.



EDITOR'S TABLE.



ON the Fourth of July, 1899, the members of the International Peace Conference at the Hague assembled at the tomb of Hugo Grotius, in the great church at Delft, to do honor to his memory. It was by invitation of our American commissioners that they gathered there. In accordance with instructions from the President, and in behalf of the people of the United States, the chairman of our commission, Hon. Andrew D. White, laid on the tomb a massive silver wreath, combining "the oak—representative of civic virtue—and the laurel—representative of victory," and inscribed: "To the Memory of Hugo Grotius, in Reverence and Gratitude, from the United States of America, on the Occasion of the International Peace Conference at The Hague, July 4th, 1899." The wreath encloses two shields, one bearing the arms of the House of Orange and of the Netherlands, the other the arms of the United States, both shields bound firmly together. "They represent," said Mr. White, "the gratitude of our country, one of the youngest among the nations of the earth, to this old and honored commonwealth, gratitude for great services in days gone by, gratitude for recent courtesies and kindnesses; and, above all, they represent to all time a union of hearts and minds in both lands for peace between all nations."

The address delivered by Mr. White on this noteworthy occasion was one of the most eloquent and adequate tributes ever paid to Grotius. He felt deeply that Grotius had been the first great incarnation of the spirit and principle whose continued working in the world had at last brought this International Peace Conference; and he spoke not simply as an American, but

as an international man, a citizen of the world, feeling empowered to speak words of gratitude not only from his own country, but from all countries represented at the Conference. "Naturally," he said to the great body of commissioners gathered in the church, "we have asked you to join us in this simple ceremony; for his name has become too great to be celebrated by his native country alone—it can only be fitly celebrated in the presence of representatives from the whole world. For the first time in human history there are now assembled delegates with a common purpose from all the nations; and they are fully represented here. . . . Not only is this the first conference of the entire world, but it has as its sole purpose a further evolution of the principles which Grotius first of all men developed thoroughly and stated effectively."

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Mr. White did not fail to remark upon the special significance of the time and place as concerned America. The day of the meeting was the anniversary of our national independence; and from the Haven of Delft—the ancient city in which Grotius was born, whose pavements he trod when a child, and in whose great church at last he was laid to rest—"sailed the *Mayflower*, bearing the Pilgrim Fathers, who in a time of obstinate and bitter persecution brought to the American continent the germs of that toleration which had been especially developed among them during their stay in the Netherlands; and of which Grotius was an apostle." He noticed the particular debt of the United States to Grotius, the extent to which his thought had penetrated and influ-

enced the great mass of our people, the eagerness of the young men in our colleges and universities to understand the fundamental principles of international rights and duties, and the work of such American scholars as Wheaton, Kent, Field, Woolsey, Dana and Lawrence in developing the ideas to which Grotius first gave life and strength.

He mentioned three noteworthy American examples of the fruitage of these ideas: the act of Lincoln, who, amid the fury of the civil war, recognized the necessity of a humaner code for the conduct of our armies and intrusted its preparation to Francis Lieber, Grotius's leading American disciple; the magnanimity of General Grant in accepting Lee's surrender; and the generosity of the whole people when the bitter contest closed, and the fraternity of the blue and the gray on Decoration Day. "Surely I may claim for my countrymen," he said, "that, whatever other shortcomings and faults may be imputed to them, they have shown themselves influenced by those feelings of mercy and humanity which Grotius, more than any other, brought into the modern world."

Noticing the frequent criticism of Grotius as the main source of the doctrine which founds human rights upon an early social compact, Mr. White said: "It would ill become me, as a representative of the United States, to impute to Grotius as a fault a theory out of which sprang the nationality of my country; a doctrine embodied in that Declaration of Independence which is this day read to thousands on thousands of assemblies in all parts of the United States from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico." Noticing the frequent objection that Grotius dwelt too little on what international law really was, and too much on what in his opinion it ought to be, he asked whether it is certain after all that Grotius was wrong in this, and whether international law may not more and more draw inspiration from

"the Power which works for Righteousness"; and he said: "An American recalling that greatest of all arbitrations ever known, the Geneva Arbitration of 1872, naturally attributes force to the reasoning of Grotius. The heavy damages which the United States asked at that time and which Great Britain honorably paid were justified mainly, if not wholly, not on the practice of nations, then existing, but upon what it was claimed *ought to be* the practice; not upon positive law, but upon natural justice; and that decision forms one of the happiest landmarks in modern times; it ended all quarrel between the two nations concerned and bound them together more firmly than ever."

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It would not be possible to pay a loftier tribute than that which Mr. White pays to Grotius's great treatise, *De Jure Belli ac Pacis*. "Of all works not claiming divine inspiration, that book, by a man proscribed and hated both for his politics and his religion, has proved the greatest blessing to humanity. More than any other, it has prevented unmerited suffering, misery and sorrow; more than any other, it has promoted the blessings of peace and diminished the horrors of war." The tribute is just. Mr. White recognizes the obligations of Grotius, as Grotius himself so explicitly recognized them, to the writers who preceded him, such men as Isidore of Seville, Suarez, Ayala and Gentilis. But when all this is acknowledged, he "clearly sees Grotius, while rising from among these men, grandly towering above them." He sees in Grotius "the first man who brought the main principles of those earlier thinkers to bear upon modern times, increasing them from his own creative mind, strengthening them from the vast stores of his knowledge, enriching them from his imagination, glorifying them with his genius." "His great mind," says Mr. White, "brooded over that earlier chaos of opinion, and from his heart and brain, more than from those of any

other, came a revelation to the modern world of new and better paths toward mercy and peace. But his agency was more than that. His coming was like the rising of the sun out of the primeval abyss; his work was both creative and illuminative. We may reverently insist that in the domain of international law Grotius said, 'Let there be light!' and there was light."

This is indeed a memorable word; but it is hardly an extravagant one. Instructive is Mr. White's survey of the history of the period of the appearance of Grotius's great treatise—it was published amid the horrors of the Thirty Years' War—and the times immediately succeeding. The new gospel was little heeded. "The light shone in the darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not." Yet, says Mr. White at the close of his survey, "we see that the great light streaming from his heart and mind continued to shine; that it developed and fructified human thought; that it warmed into life new and glorious growths of right reason as to international relations; and we recognize the fact that, from his day to ours, the progress of reason in theory and of mercy in practice has been constant on both sides of the Atlantic."

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We count it a real misfortune that there is no good English translation of Grotius's great work on "The Rights of War and Peace," published in a single volume, easily available by all readers. The excellent abridged translation by Whewell occupies three volumes, being accompanied by the complete Latin text, and is a work designed for scholars. Moreover, published in 1853, it is now rare, found only in the best libraries. Why will not some good publisher at this time bring out Whewell's translation by itself, aside from the Latin text, in a single cheap volume? It would be a public service.

Meantime, the directors of the Old South work in Boston have rendered

a real service by publishing the prolegomena or introduction to Grotius's great work as one of their Old South leaflets. It is certainly calculated to be one of the most useful in this extensive series, now numbering more than a hundred leaflets, which furnishes documents of so great historical value for the mere cost of printing, five cents a copy, to the schools and the public. The present leaflet gives the entire introductory chapter of "The Rights of War and Peace," in which the fundamental principles of the work are so fully and strongly stated; and this is accompanied by extracts from Mr. White's impressive address upon our debt to Grotius, from which we have here quoted, and by brief historical notes. The leaflet should do much to draw new attention to the thought of Grotius and to his preëminent service in behalf of the better organization of the world. If, with Mr. White's address and other words growing out of the Hague Conference, it should stimulate such a degree of attention and study as to create a demand for a good popular edition of the whole work, it would perform its best possible service.

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The first thing that impresses us as we read this general introduction to Grotius's great work is its modernness. Here, after the almost three centuries, we find our own problems stated, and the evils and objections discussed of which to-day's newspapers are full. Indeed the most modern and impressive things are not those which Grotius draws from his own times, but those which he cites from far antiquity. The world had always been full of people, just as it was when he wrote, who despised all talk of international law. He recalls the saying of Euphemius in Thucydides,—“that for a king or a city which has an empire to maintain, nothing is unjust which is useful; and to the same effect is the saying that, for those who have supreme power, the equity is where the strength is. That war is

far from having anything to do with rights is not only the opinion of the vulgar, but even learned and prudent men let fall expressions which favor such an opinion." "It is very usual," he says, "to put *rights* and *arms* in opposition to each other"; and he quotes the line of Ennius, "They have recourse to arms and not to rights," and lines from Horace and other poets to the same effect. Antigonus, he notes, "laughed at a man who, when he was besieging his enemies' cities, brought to him a dissertation on Justice."

Grotius, in these citations, takes us back to a time two millenniums ago. If he could have listened forward three centuries, he would have been disheartened and appalled to find that this was still a fashionable dialect and that the spirit which he execrated was rampant and dominant in the American Senate and the British Parliament on this eve of the twentieth century. If we pleaded our Hague Conference and Lake Mohonk, he might tell us that he wanted something more than rhetoric,—that as for rhetoric, he could bring us some of that on the side of internationalism also from two millenniums ago. For yet more impressive than his array of classical statements of the principles upon which Christian America and England are waging their this year's wars is the passage in which he shows us how the better minds of pagan Greece and Rome were thrilled by visions of universal justice and the organization of the world:

"If no society whatever can be preserved without the recognition of mutual rights, assuredly that society which includes the whole human race, or at any rate the greater part of nations, has need of the recognition of rights, as Cicero saw when he said that some things are so bad that they are not to be done even for the sake of saving our country. Aristotle speaks with strong condemnation of those who, while they will allow no one to hold rule among themselves except him who has the right to do so, yet in their dealings with strangers have no care of rights or the violation of rights. A little while ago we

quoted Pompey for his expression on the other side; yet, on the other hand, when a certain Spartan king had said, 'Happy that republic which has for its boundaries the spear and the sword,' Pompey corrected him and said, 'Happy rather that which has justice for its boundary.' And to this effect he might have used the authority of another Spartan king, who gave justice the preference over military courage on this ground,—that courage is to be regulated by justice, but, if all men were just, they would have no need of courage. Courage itself was defined by the Stoics as virtue exercised in defence of justice. The name of Minos became hateful to posterity in no other way than this,—that he terminated his equity at the boundaries of his own government. Themistius, in an oration to Valens, eloquently urges that kings, such as the rule of wisdom requires them to be, ought not to care for the single nation only which is committed to them, but for the whole human race. They should be, as he expresses it, not *philo-Macedonian* only, or *philo-Roman*, but *philanthropic*."

How near to that have we got in our practice to-day? Is even our preaching to-day better? If these old pagans could open their mouths to us after this fashion in this year of grace, telling us sharply that it was a disgrace for us, after these twenty centuries, to be thinking of ourselves in the first place as Americans or Englishmen or Frenchmen or Germans or Russians, instead of in the first place simply as men, as citizens of the world,—if they should say this, their words would surprise and startle the common ear. Some Christians would mock; and others would say, We will hear thee again of this matter.

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The social impulse, mutual compact and the will of God,—these are the foundations upon which Grotius builds his argument for universal law and an organized world. The assertion that man is by nature impelled to seek only his own individual advantage he refuses to concede. Among the properties peculiar to man is a desire for society, for a life spent in common with fellow-men, "and not merely spent somehow, but spent

tranquilly and in a manner corresponding to the character of his intellect." Man is by nature a social being, not to be understood without the presupposition of society, impelled by the very principles of his nature to social relations and development, and this in ever higher degree and wider spheres. This social tendency is the source of natural law. It "may be rightly ascribed to God, because it was by his will that such principles came to exist in us."

Mutual society is required for the supply of our wants and for our safety. As individuals we are weak and needy; and association or subjection by mutual compact becomes necessary for the common defence and common good. Those who had joined any community "either expressly promised, or from the nature of the case must have been understood to promise tacitly, that they would conform to that which either the majority of the community or those to whom the power was assigned should determine." As with individuals in communities, so with communities in the great aggregate system of communities. "As a citizen who violates the civil law for the sake of present utility destroys that institution in which the perpetual utility of himself and his posterity is bound up, so a people which violates the laws of nature and of nations beats down the bulwark of its own tranquillity for future time." There is no state so strong that it may not at some time need the aid of others. Alliances can have no force if rights are confined within the boundary of the individual state alone. Everything loses its certainty if we give up the belief in rights; and it is imperative that rights should be recognized in that society which includes the whole human race.

Such is the argument. It is not a plan for the federation of the world. Hugo Grotius was not Immanuel Kant. He did not clearly foresee a time when wars would cease. He quotes Demosthenes as saying that war was "the mode of dealing with

those who could not be kept in order by judicial proceedings." Kant saw that truth; he saw that war would never cease until a rational substitute for war was provided, and he addressed his speculation to that provision. Judicial proceeding was the method in the nation because the nation was organized. The nation was the largest thing yet organized; Kant would organize the world, creating a sovereignty above every national sovereignty. Grotius, not looking so far ahead as that, still conceding recourse to arms in certain cases legitimate because there was no other recourse, would try to keep nations from going into any war save such as the old Romans called "a pure and pious war," with the consciousness of justice on their side; and, war being undertaken, he would have it conducted "religiously," according to those laws of war which it was one of the great purposes of his book to state. The scope of his book can best be shown in brief by the outline of the contents which he himself gives in the introduction published in this Old South leaflet:

"In the First Book (after a preface concerning the origin of rights and laws) we have examined the question whether any war be just. Next, in order to distinguish between public and private war, we have to explain the nature of sovereignty,—what peoples, what kings, have it entire, what partial, who with a right of alienation, who otherwise; and afterward we have to speak of the duty of subjects to superiors.

"The Second Book, undertaking to expound all the causes from which war may arise, examines what things are common, what are property, what is the right of persons over persons, what obligation arises from ownership, what is the rule of royal succession, what right is obtained by pact or contract, what is the force and interpretation of treaties, of oaths private and public, what is due for damage done, what is the sacredness of ambassadors, the right of burying the dead, and the nature of punishments.

"The Third Book has for its subject, in the first place, what is lawful in war; and, when it has drawn a distinction between that which is done with impunity, or may even, in dealing with foreigners, be de-

fended as consistent with rights, and that which is really free from fault, it then descends to the kinds of peace and to conventions in war."

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"The reader will do me injustice," writes Grotius in his introduction, "if he judges me to have written with a regard to any controversies of our own time, either such as already exist or such as can be foreseen as likely to arise. I profess, in all sincerity, that, as mathematicians consider their figures as abstracted from body, so did I, in treating of rights, abstract my mind from every particular fact." This was undoubtedly true; and it is to be remembered that the idea of his great work had been in the mind of Grotius from his very youth. Yet he was urged on to his work the more imperatively, as he tells us in recounting the "many and grave causes" why he should write, by the deplorable condition of Europe in his own time. This weighed upon his mind in his exile. The plans of his youth came back to him, deepened by a life of stern experience; and his exile was redeemed and glorified by his great pioneering effort to extend the realm of law over the whole warring world. "Having practised jurisprudence in public situations in my country with the best integrity I could give, I would now, as what remains to me, unworthily ejected from that country graced by so many of my labors, promote the same subject, jurisprudence, by the exertion of my private diligence."

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We recently surveyed in these pages the notable political thought and services of Horace Bushnell. This great New England citizen was a citizen of the world, a true international man. One of the most important and most prophetic of his orations was that upon "The Growth of Law;" and its most significant pages are those in which he looks forward to the triumph of the international spirit and sees the end of wars in a rational

and organized world. In these pages occurs a memorable tribute to Grotius, which is one of the most eloquent passages in all of Bushnell's writings.

"I know of nothing which better marks the high moral tone of modern history than that the sublime code of international law should have come into form and established its authority over the civilized world within so short a time; for it is now scarcely more than two hundred years since it took its being. In the most polished and splendid age of Greece and Grecian philosophy, piracy was a lawful and even honorable occupation. Man upon the waters and the shark in them had a common right to feed on what they could subdue. Nations were considered as natural enemies; and for one people to plunder another by force of arms and to lay their country waste was no moral wrong, any more than for the tiger to devour the lamb. In war no terms of humanity were binding, and the passions of the parties were mitigated by no constraints of law. Captives were butchered or sold into slavery at pleasure. In time of peace it was not without great hazard that the citizen of one country could venture into another for purposes of travel or business.

"Go now with me to a little French town near Paris, and there you shall see in his quiet retreat a silent, thoughtful man, bending his ample shoulders and more ample countenance over his table, and recording with a visible earnestness something that deeply concerns the world. This man has no office or authority to make him a lawgiver other than what belongs to the gifts of his own person,—a brilliant mind enriched by the amplest stores of learning and nerved by the highest principles of moral justice and Christian piety. He is, in fact, a fugitive and an exile from his country, separated from all power but the simple power of truth and reason. But he dares, you will see, to write *De Jure Belli ac Pacis*. This is the man who was smuggled out of prison and out of his country, by his wife, to give law to all the nations of mankind in all future ages. On the sea and on the land, on all seas and all lands, he shall bear sway. In the silence of his study he stretches forth the sceptre of law over all potentates and peoples, defines their rights, arranges their intercourse, gives them terms of war and terms of peace, which they may not disregard. In the days of battle, too, when kings and kingdoms are thundering in the shock of arms, this same Hugo Grotius shall be there in all the turmoil of passion and the smoke of ruin, as a presiding throne of law commanding above the com-

manders, and, when the day is cast, prescribing to the victor terms of mercy and justice, which not even his hatred of the foe nor the exultation of the hour may dare to transcend."

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We have expressed regret that there is no translation of Grotius's "Rights of War and Peace" published in cheap and popular form. It is also to be regretted that there is no adequate English book about Grotius. The French life, by M. de Burigny, which appeared in 1752, was translated and published in England two years later; but this is now practically an unknown book. A biography by Charles Butler of London was published in 1826; but its presence in some of our libraries does not forbid us from repeating that we have yet no adequate life of Grotius. Here surely is a splendid beckoning for some young Harvard historian.

Into the details of Grotius's life the purpose of the present review does not command us to enter. The simple outlines are these: He was born at Delft, in Holland, in 1583, and died in 1645. He was one of the greatest scholars of his time,—or, indeed, of any time,—and this in almost every field of the learning of the age. At the age of fifteen he was engaged in editing classical texts; and he wrote three dramas in Latin. Taking the degree of doctor of laws at Leyden, he entered upon practice as an advocate, and soon became advocate-general of the fisc for the provinces of Holland and Zeeland. He wrote largely on theological subjects. In 1603 the United Provinces appointed him the official historian of their struggle with Spain. In 1613 he was one of a deputation to the English court to adjust certain differences between the two young maritime powers. He was soon plunged into the theological controversies in Holland; and he was condemned to imprisonment at the same time that Barneveldt was condemned to death. Escaping from prison through his wife's ingenuity, he took refuge in France, and there,

in exile and poverty, composed his great work, *De Jure Belli ac Pacis*, the principles and plan of which had been conceived as early as 1604, when he was a youth of twenty-one. It was published in 1625. After fruitless attempts to reestablish himself in Holland, he accepted service under the crown of Sweden as ambassador to the court of France. He died at Rostock in 1645, on a return journey from Stockholm.

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In wishing for a different edition of Whewell's translation of Grotius, the warmest thanks are due to Whewell for his work, which satisfies every demand of the scholar. There had been published three English translations before that of Whewell, one as far back as 1682, a better one in 1738. This is a complete translation; but the great folio is consulted to-day only by book-worms. Whewell's is an abridged translation. There was good reason why it should be that. One of our journals has recently been lamenting the decline of literary allusion in modern writing. Its comparison was with a century and half a century ago. A journal of either of those periods, looking back to Grotius, might have made the same lament. The degree of literary allusion with Grotius is something quite overwhelming. He can hardly make a statement without hunting up some testimony by the Greek and Roman philosophers, historians, poets, and orators, the Bible writers, the Church fathers, and the Schoolmen, along the same line, and massing it for us by way of confirmation. His book is thus a rich anthology; but the method is one which makes the movement of the argument very slow, and the ordinary modern reader, who is concerned with the book's central purpose, very impatient. Whewell had sympathy with this modern reader; and in his translation the wealth of literary allusion and reinforcement is reduced to the lowest terms consistent with clearness and force.

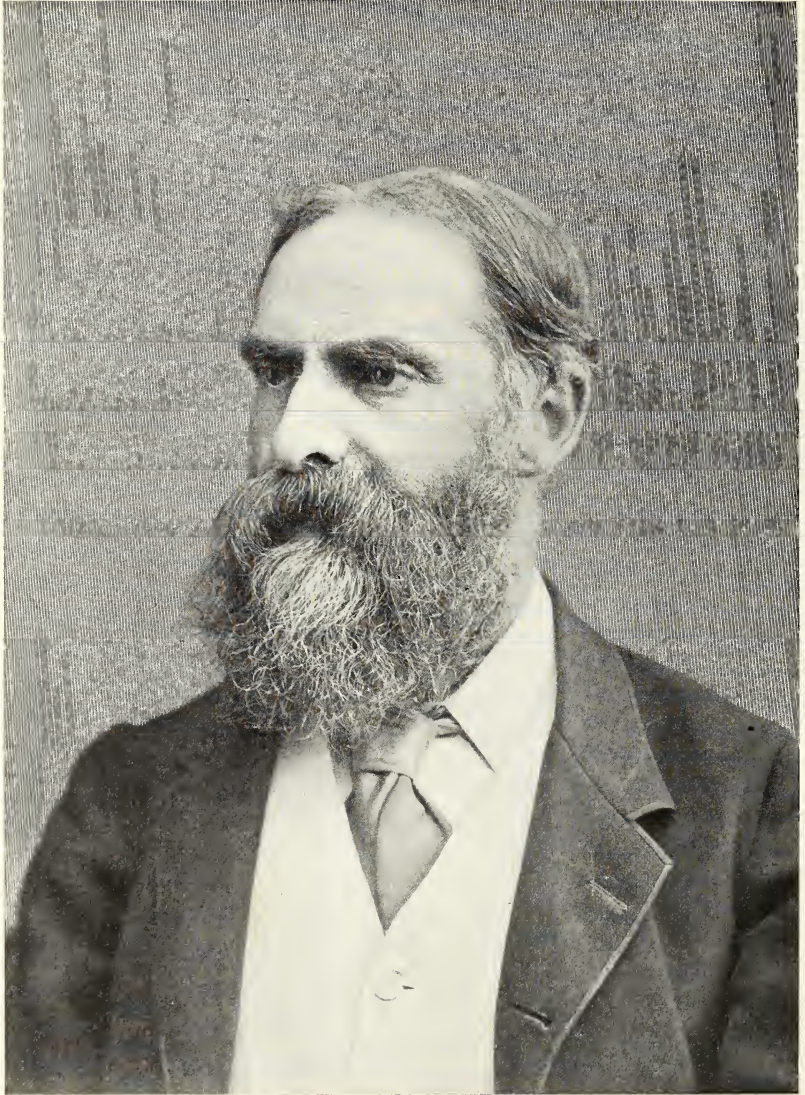
Whewell, in his valuable preface, in which the moral and political philosophy of Grotius is ably discussed, directs special attention to this prophetic word of the great thinker: "It would be useful, and indeed it is almost necessary, that certain congresses of Christian powers should be held, in which controversies which arise among some of them may be decided by others who are not interested, and in which measures may be taken to compel the parties to accept peace on equitable terms." Mr. White said justly, in his address at Delft: "The germ of arbitration was planted in modern thought when Grotius, in the *De Jure Belli ac Pacis*, urging arbitration and mediation as preventing war, wrote these solemn words: 'Especially are Christian kings and states bound to try this way of avoiding war.'"

Mr. White's noble address closed with a high command and prophecy which he placed in the mouth of Grotius himself. "From the tomb of Grotius," he said, "I seem to hear a voice which says to us as the delegates of the nations: 'Go on with your mighty work; avoid, as you would avoid the germs of pestilence, those exhalations of international hatred which take shape in monstrous fallacies and morbid fictions regarding alleged antagonistic interests. Guard well the treasures of civilization with which each of you is intrusted; but bear in mind that you hold a mandate from humanity. Pseudo-philosophers will prophesy malignantly against you; pessimists will laugh you to scorn; cynics will sneer at you; zealots will abuse you for what you have *not* done; sublimely unpractical thinkers will revile you for what you *have* done. Heed them not; go on with your work. Go on with the work of strengthening peace and humanizing war; give greater scope and strength to provisions which will make war less cruel; and above all give to the world at least a beginning of an effective practicable scheme of arbitration.' These are the words which an Amer-

ican seems to hear issuing from this shrine to-day; and I seem also to hear from it a prophecy. I seem to hear Grotius saying to us: 'Fear neither opposition nor detraction. As my own book, which grew out of the Eighty Years' War and the Thirty Years' War, contained the germ from which your great Conference has grown, so your work, which is demanded by a world bent almost to breaking under the weight of ever-increasing armaments, shall be a germ from which future Conferences shall evolve plans ever fuller, better and nobler.'"

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It was in 1625 that Grotius published his "Rights of War and Peace." The century was just drawing to its close when William Penn published his famous "Plan for the Peace of Europe,"—which great paper is also reprinted, as it is to be hoped that many of these epoch-making international documents may be, among the Old South leaflets. Another century passed on; and in 1795 came Immanuel Kant's sublime tractate on "Eternal Peace." Another century passed on; Tennyson has sung of the parliament of man, and Edward Everett Hale has preached a permanent international tribunal; and in 1899 we have seen, for the first time in human history, the official representatives of all nations gathered to take counsel together for universal law and order. It was fitting that they should pilgrimage together to the tomb of Grotius, there to renew and deepen their consecration to the great service to which they were called. America should count it a holy honor that the voice which spoke for the delegates of the nations on that solemn occasion was an American voice; and looking backward to Grotius and looking forward to the future we of this new world republic should highly resolve to do our part, as becomes the sons of the fathers who sailed from Delfthaven, to bring in the reign of reason and to organize the world.



JAMES BRYCE.

See article on "American History and English Historians."

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DELFT AND DELFT WARE.

By J. Perry Worden.

PROBABLY no country in Europe is more attractive to the average American tourist than Holland, and no town of Holland offers the student of history and familiar life more interesting annals and conditions than Delft. Little is known of its beginning; it may be said to have been founded in the mists of obscurity. According to Tacitus, Domitius Corbulo, a Roman general, in the year 48, dug a canal through the district now occupied by Delft; and this canal being called a *delft*, from the Dutch verb *delven* (to dig), gave its name to the town which afterwards arose on its banks. There was a great watch-tower on the canal, now the tower of the Oude Kerk; and like the mediæval Germanic towns which sprang up around castles, Delft grew larger and stronger about its moated citadel. In 1048 it was mentioned in the Great

Chronicle of Holland; and in 1071 Godfrey the Hunchback and the Bishop of Utrecht drove Count Diderick V from the country and dignified Delft with walls. Very likely it then took its part in the wars of the early centuries, for in 1359 Duke Albrecht, of the so-called Codfish Party, thinking that Delft had favored too much his Hookish opponents, besieged the town for ten weeks and destroyed its walls and gates. In 1389, however, the duke graciously extended the town and dug the canal from the Schie to the Meuse; and this gave rise to Delftshaven, or the Harbor of Delft. In 1448, Duke Philip of Burgundy rebuilt the walls and towers of Delft and enlarged its harbor.

Thus favored, Delft became one of the first communities in Holland to engage in commerce with all parts of Europe. Cloth was made there in

the thirteenth century, and continued a chief manufacture until King Edward III introduced into England the secrets of the Dutch weavers, when English cloth was sold in Delft itself. With this decline, there arose the brewing of beer. This became important in 1450, and soon after three hundred small breweries lined Delft's canals. The wealthiest and most distinguished citizens were brewers, and Jan Steen, the artist, is claimed to have made beer at No. 81 Koorn Markt. In 1536, when Delft began to hope for Dutch commercial precedence, fire destroyed three-fourths of all the buildings, and rendered the majority of families homeless. It was, apparently, a death blow; but Charles V released its citizens from much of their taxation, and the town prospered so greatly that in 1572 it was declared the cleanest and handsomest town in Holland. Among the stories of this conflagration is one which says that



in the midst of the excitement a poor woman ran to a convent and cried out, "Delft brant!" (Delft burns!) A shaven-headed monk heard her, and poked his head out of the window, pattering his prayers; but believing Delft doomed for its sins, he only exclaimed, "God be praised!"

With the rebuilding of Delft, well-to-do and fashionable nobles and burghers, including the Prince of Orange, removed to the town, and the fine arts, such as painting, the making of Delft ware and exquisite articles in gold and silver, began to be patronized. All authorities agree that Delft was celebrated for its trim thoroughfares and its neat dwellings, and for the honesty and frugality of its people, who were cultured, polite and hospitable, and given to works of religion and mercy; and imagination carries us back easily to the prosperous days when corners of its large and stately houses gave retreat to the long-haired gallant and his satin-gowned lady, rib-



ROUND ABOUT DELFT.

boned pantofles tripped over the well-waxed floors, tables groaned under platters of blue Delft and brimmers of gold and silver, and the mariner, sitting by the flaming fire-dogs, quaffed his dry sack and told of adventures in the eastern seas. Then art and architecture found expression

fasting and prayer in Leyden, which was followed by a feast, of which a participant says, "We refreshed ourselves, after our tears, with singing of psalms, making joyful melody in our hearts as well as with the voice;" and the next day the exiles were towed in Dutch canal-boats from Leyden to Delftshaven. The news of their proposed venture had spread abroad, and Dutchmen came from miles around to mingle their tears of sympathy and good wishes with the invocations and songs of the brave little band; prayer was offered, and



in Delft; the government was liberal and firm; and circumstances justified the old rhyme:

*Delft is statigh,
Utrecht prelatigh!*

Delft is statelv.
Utrecht prelately!

It was about this time that an event occurred at Delftshaven which has linked the locality endearingly ever since to American hearts. In 1617 the Pilgrims in Leyden resolved to found a new colony, and preparations were made to sail for America. There were many difficulties in the way, and three years went by before the exiles were ready. In the mean time their agents in England had secured the *Mayflower*, and they had fitted out in Holland a smaller vessel called the *Speedwell*, which they anchored in Delftshaven. On July 21, 1620, the Pilgrims held their memorable day of



IN DELFT STREETS.

the Pilgrims went on board the *Speedwell*. The bystanders, says Winslow, accompanied them to the ship, "but were not able to speak one to another for the abundance of sorrow to part." Heads were uncovered; Robinson, with tremulous voice, commended the Pilgrims to the Ruler of the ocean; and the *Speedwell* hastened away before a strong wind to join the *Mayflower* at Southampton. This stirring chapter in the world's history, which binds Holland, England and America so indissolubly to-



ALONG THE CANAL.

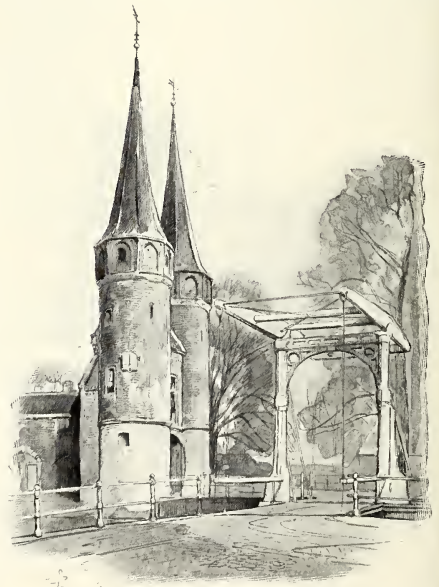
Delft has been second to no city in Holland. In 1299 her citizens threw a royal emissary from a window because they believed him to be plotting against their liberties; and in 1573, Delft supplied the most volunteers to relieve Haarlem,—seventy-six, with their commander, losing their lives. During the siege of Leyden, Delft paid for much of the expedition, and lost severely in flooding her rich meadow lands, over which she sent out the *Ark of Delft* and other ships to the famished sufferers. Only once Delft seems to have succumbed to tyranny

gether, recalls the work of Thomas Hooker, the English clergyman, who was three years an exile in Delft, and then crossed the stormy sea to Boston, later preaching with a voice of thunder on the banks of the Connecticut. Hooker's influence for good is felt in New England to-day; and in the development of his life and the lives of the other Pilgrims, Delft enlarged its boundaries and touched the New World.

Half a century after the revival of Delft, referred to, another disaster set back her progress. In 1654 the great magazine, containing 85,000 pounds of gunpowder, exploded, causing a terrible holocaust, and scattering about widespread destruction to property. How many were killed has never been known; the sound, it is said, was heard even at The Helder; more than two hundred houses were entirely demolished, and there was not a building in the town that was not damaged.

Delft could boast of as great a record of usefulness to the world at large and to the country of which she is a part as any of her proud and flourishing sister cities. For patriotic ardor

without heroic resistance; that was when Napoleon—who claimed Holland as an alluvium of French rivers!—reduced Amsterdam from 220,000 to 190,000 souls, and destroyed five hundred buildings in Haarlem. Then many citizens of Delft, unable to pay

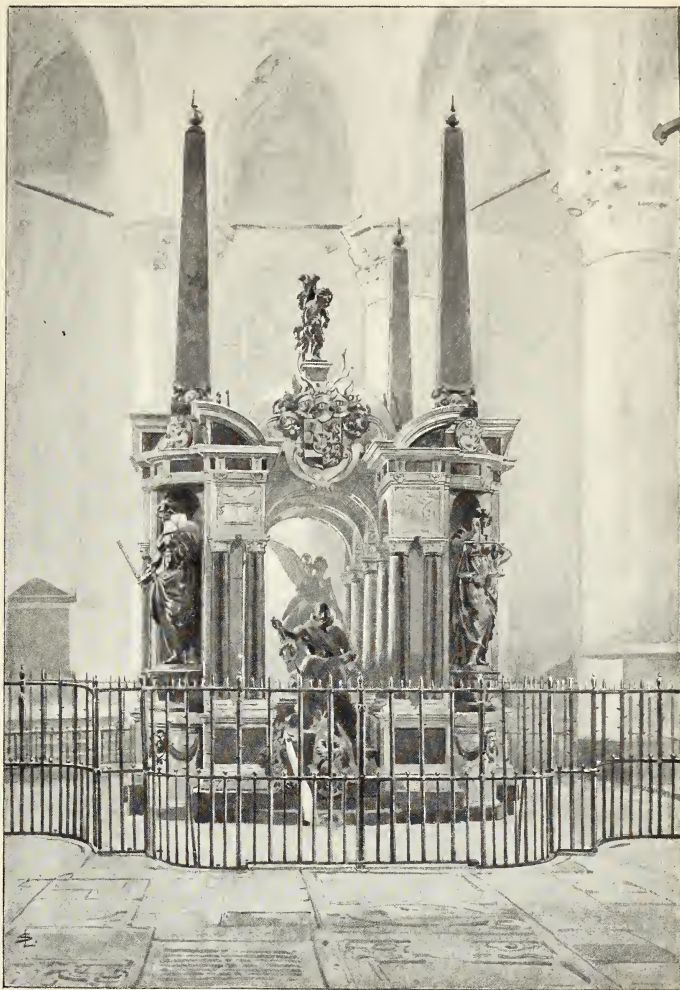


THE CITY GATE.

their taxes or keep their houses in repair, pulled them down to the ground.

Nor has Delft been wanting in her contributions to the world's intellectual progress. We see this, to mention one interesting matter, in the old town's identification with printing. At least as early as 1477, nine years after Gutenberg's death, the first Low German Bible, translated from the Vulgate, was finished at Delft, and became a not unimportant lever for the Reformation, being known as the "Delft Bible."

There are many monuments of the historic past in Delft, for the town seems to have altered little in the course of centuries; and the most conspicuous of these are her churches, which have long been famous. Elder of these is the Oude Kerk, or Old Church, a Gothic pile of heavy proportions, whose dial-faced leaning tower may be seen for miles away. The origin of the piece-made structure is unknown. The tower was built in 1070, and in time a church of brick was added and dedicated to St. Bartholomew. For a century or two the parishioners trustingly paid their tribute to this patron; but the citizens, having on St. Hypolitus's Day in 1396 recovered the liberties they had



TOMB OF WILLIAM THE SILENT.

lost in the fierce struggles between the Hook and the Codfish parties, traded the holy St. Bartholomew for St. Hypolitus, and the latter became the patron saint of both church and town. As Bleyswyck, an old-time historian of Delft, remarks, the church is "a great Colossus," and reminds us sadly of the limitations of Gothic expression in brick. It is only when taken as a whole that the architecture is creditable, although a certain charm is given by the finely proportioned tower.

Once within the Oude Kerk, disap-

pointment and vexation of spirit assail the lover of art who has enjoyed the splendor of developed Gothic. Ceiled over with rough, unsightly boards, rude reminders of the sixteenth century, daubed and spattered with hideous whitewash, the interior of the great edifice is bare and cheerless. Not a trace remains of the decoration made in the days of clean stone or tinted stucco, when the Oude Kerk was in charge of the Romanists. That state of warmth and cheer passed away with the righteous but misdirected outburst of Protestant wrath. The septic abuses of the Roman Church brought its own destruction throughout the downtrodden Netherlands; and while the insurgent populace elsewhere in Holland was hurling from their pedestals gilded shrines

and painted altars, the recusant citizens of Delft, threatened by the bloody Inquisition, were violently removing from the Oude Kerk every vestige of inspiring art adornment. Since 1566 the church's interior has never beamed kindly on the stranger; and yet it is in the highest degree interesting. Its furnishings are novel, and within its homely walls the pious Dutchman worships his God with a sincerity scarcely equalled the world over.

Especially interesting are the tombs in the Oude Kerk. Most of them are elaborate in design, and, like nearly all memorials of that period to heroes and distinguished persons, they are burdened with bombastic phraseology in lachrymose Latin. There is the tomb of Maarten Harpertzoon

Tromp, the famous lieutenant admiral of Holland, which has the exquisite sculpture by De Keyser, representing Tromp's last battle off the coast of Holland, July 31, 1653. The effigy of the hero is of white marble, with the head resting on draped cannon and the body stretched upon the rudder of a ship; and among the Latin sentences which tell us that Tromp was "the glory of the Dutch people, the thunderbolt of war," "who never lay down in his life and who showed that a commander should die standing," there is the following inscription:

URBS PHŒBE CINERES JACTAT, SED
CURRUS HONORES, INGREDITUR
QUOTIES EGREDITURQUE MARI,

which may be translated, "The town of Phœbus* boasts of his ashes, but his car spreads his praise, as often as it enters and leaves the sea."

A few paces from Tromp's tomb is the monument to Elisabeth van Marnix, the daughter of the poet-

* A Latin pun. Delphi, celebrated for the oracle of Phœbus (Apollo), was called the town of Phœbus, and in the Middle Ages Delft was known in Latin as *Delphi Batavorum*. For a revision of my translation of the Latin texts I am indebted to my friend, Dr. Nelson G. McCrea, of Columbia University, New York.



TOMB OF ADMIRAL VAN TROMP.

patriot and friend of the Prince of Orange, "a most generous lady, the best and purest of wives, the most loving and dearest of mothers;" and near by is the memorial to Piet Hein, whose name is said to have silenced children crying in their cradles! The form of the plucky seaman lies at full length on a well-finished mattress, the whole carved from one piece of white marble; and above, in brilliant letters of gold, on a slab of black marble, is a Latin and Greek inscription which has a special interest perhaps for Americans since their recent "misunderstanding" with Spain. Translated, the legend runs thus:



THE POTTERY—THE RECEPTION ROOM.

In honor of God Almighty and for an eternal memorial. Mourn, United Netherlands, for the loss of the deceased, whose glorious services to the republic will not allow him to be mortal. Here lie the remains of Admiral Piet Hein, a name fatal to the Brazils, the Mexican Sea, the Portuguese and the Flemings, whose valor

brought him death, whose death gained for him life. Born at Delitshaven in the North, he spread the fame of his native country in both parts of the world by bringing home rich booty from the harbor of Matanzas in the West. Raised above his humble origin by his nobleness of mind and the fame of his exploits, he showed

that heroes are not always born, but also made by bold adventures. By God's help he surmounted insurmountable trials on land and on sea, and India, Spain and Flanders, once witnesses of his captivity, were soon witnesses of his liberty and his victories. Intrepid without temerity, magnanimous without arrogance, tenacious of moral discipline even to the point of severity, he proved himself as well fitted to command as he had previously shown himself prompt to obey. In the year 1624, when



THE GREAT OVEN.

he was vice-admiral, he conquered St. Salvador in the Brazils, taking it from the Portuguese, and was among the first who ascended the walls. In the year 1627, being then in command of the fleet, he captured twenty-six ships of the enemy under the walls of the same town, in a brilliant engagement. These he plundered and burnt, while three others, which with almost incredible daring he had attacked near the island of Marea, he carried off as prizes before the very eyes of the enemy.

poverty, for his country strength, and for himself immortal glory. At last, after gaining at home the rank of commander-in-chief, earned in foreign seas, in a naval battle against the Flemings, when already victorious over the ships of the enemy after a bloody fight, he was struck by a bullet, and so ended his life without fear in the most glorious manner. The Board of Admiralty, in accordance with the decree of the high and mighty states, has erected this memorial of his fame and

valor. He lived fifty-one years, six months and twenty-three days. It is not shameful to die, but to die shamefully!

One more monument should be mentioned—that to Leeuwenhoek, the famous naturalist, who invented the microscope. Under a wreathed skull is a bust profile of the scientist, in white marble, with a somewhat excruciating countenance, as if the illustrious *uitvinder* had squinted too long and too hard through his lens-loaded tube. But Leeuwenhoek did great things for himself and for Delft; and following the appreciative Latin epitaph is one in Middle Dutch, including the verse:

Tot Den Leeser
 Heeft Elk O Wandelaer Alom
 Ont Zagh Voor Hoogen Ouderdom
 En Wonder Bare Gaven
 Soo Set Eerbiedigh Hier Uw
 Stap
 Hier Legt De gryse Weeten-
 schap
 In Leeuwenhoek Begraven;

which may be translated, rather regardless of the metre, as follows:

To the Reader:
 Respect each one, Pilgrim, everywhere
 Respect for old age has, with care
 On wondrous gifts doth look,
 So here your step respectful stay:
 Here lies the Sage of Science gray
 Entombed in Leeuwenhoek.

I have said that the tower of the

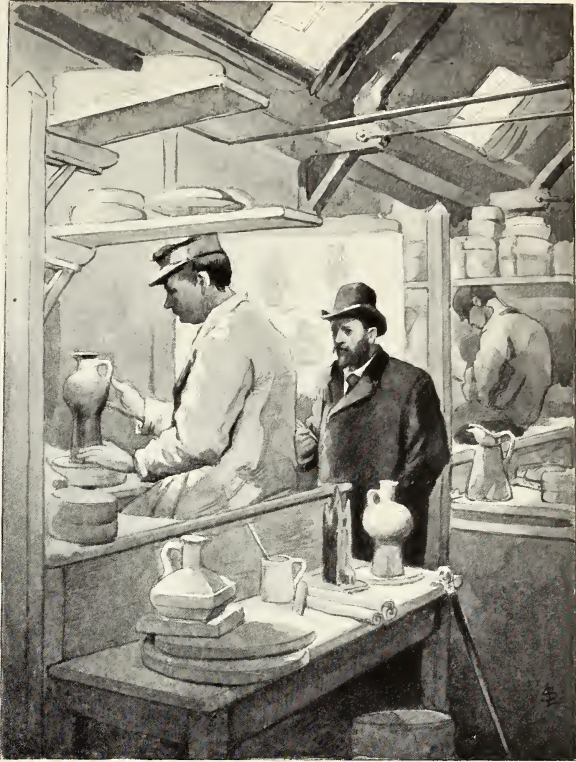


DESIGNERS AT WORK.

In the year 1628 he met off the coast of Cuba a fleet* of twenty ships laden with gold, silver and the richest wares. This fortunate encounter resulted in a yet more fortunate victory, and like a modern Argonaut, he achieved the unique distinction of bringing home from the new Colchis of the New World, not for Greece but for the United Netherlands, the Golden Fleece of the King of the Spains, object of dread to the princes of Europe. Thus did he procure for the West India Company immense riches, for the Spaniard

*The Spanish "silver fleet."

Oude Kerk was built centuries before the main part of the church; and this is seen in its leaning over the canal. Though the accident is probably due to the sinking of the ground beneath, the cause of the leaning was unknown even in the sixteenth century, and architects of that time were convinced that it had been built so purposely, to make it curious—like the tower of Pisa! Historically there is much of interest associated with this huge old tower. Perhaps the most important single event was the imprisonment here and the torture for several days of Balthazar Gerard, the assassin of the Prince of Orange. When Gerard was captured he was taken to a little cell still preserved far up in the tower, but not shown to the public; and from there, three days after the murder, he was led out to the market place, in front of the City Hall, which looks to-day much as it did in



THE MOULDERS.

those troublous times, and there executed. The sentence has scarcely been equalled for severity in the

annals of history; its details are too horrible to describe. Yet until consciousness deserted him, the religious maniac braved the ordeal with ribaldry and laughter.

Just across the street from the Oude Kerk, on the Oude Delft, or Old Canal, is the Prinsenhof, the home of the Prince of Orange, which had been given him in 1583, as an ex-



GLAZING.



DECORATORS AT WORK.

pression of confidence, by the States General. Although Orange removed to Delft in that year, it was not his first identification with the old town. The siege of Leyden presented a crisis for the patriots, which the prince met by cutting the dikes between Rotterdam and Delft; and he himself stood out in the rain and fog until stricken down by a dangerous fever. He recovered, however, and proposed to the States the adoption of a sovereign protector; but curiously enough, Delft doubted the wisdom of the venture, and Orange, becoming discouraged, is said to have planned to emigrate to America and found a new republic there,—as the Pilgrims did half a century later. The Union of Delft, however, was signed April 25, 1576, becoming the foundation instrument of

the United Netherlands; and William the Silent came to Delft to live and—die. Every one knows the story of his tragic end—how the king of Spain put a price on his head, and a fanatic, lured by the king's gold and the priest's promises of pardon and reward, came to Delft, ingratiated himself with the prince, and shot him as he was coming out of his dining hall. For a long time the Prinsenhof was strangely neglected, being used only as a barrack for soldiers; but in 1883 a movement of thirty years for the rescue of the building was crowned with success, and the government set the building aside as a permanent museum. Now the place is as spick and span as a Dutch kitchen, and a little tablet on the wall says: "Here under are the marks of the bullets with which Prince William of Orange was fatally shot on July 10, 1584."

Not far from the Prinsenhof, and beyond the Fishmarket,—which looks to-day as it is pictured in engravings of 1567,—is the great, brick paved Market Place, generally kept scrubbed and clean, but once a year taken possession of by the merry-go-rounds, the pancake restaurants, the venders of American popcorn, the hurdy-gurdies and the fat women of the wandering *kermis*.

In the centre of the square is a mod-

ern statue to Grotius, reminding us that the theologian, jurist and philosopher was born here. In its long and eventful history, Delft has been associated with many illustrious lives, but none, perhaps, should it honor more than that of Hugo de Groot. At nine years of age he wrote verses in Latin, and at eleven he indited odes in ancient Greek. In the same year he entered the University of Leyden, at fifteen he accompanied Olden Barneveld to Paris, and at sixteen he was a

philosopher's plucky little wife managed to stuff him into a chest supposed to be filled with old theological texts, and he escaped from the fortress and made his way to Paris. When he died he was buried in the Nieuwe Kerk, in Delft, almost besides Prince Maurice, his persecutor. Hugo de Groot was not only great—he was great and good; his nature was lofty and noble, his learning more than bookish, and his sympathies for humanity flowed to every clime. No

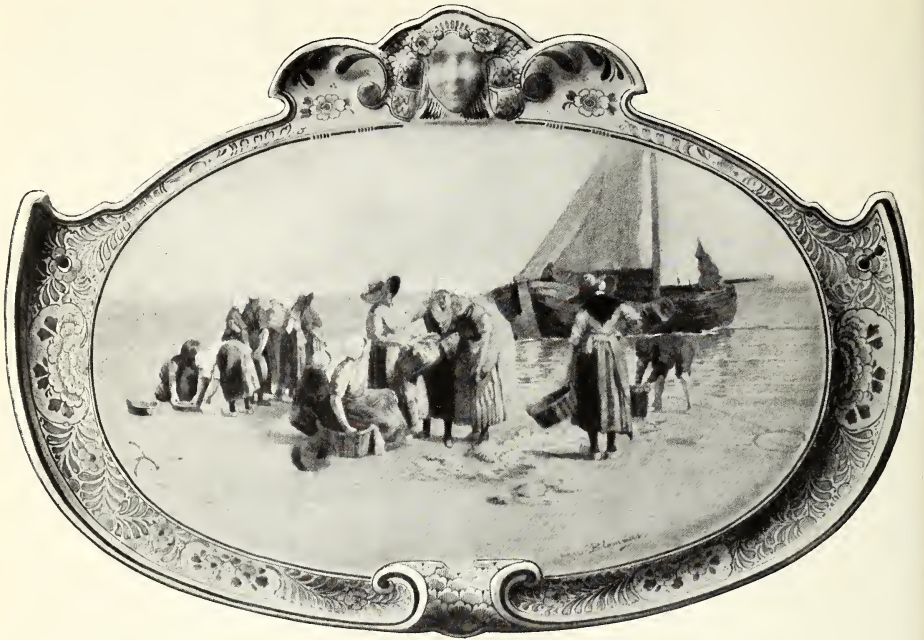


A DECORATING ROOM.

Doctor of Laws, practising before the Supreme Court of Holland. Hitherto the star of Grotius had been continually rising; but theology came upon the scene to change his fortune. He became a victim of the controversy between the Arminians and the Synod of Dort; and when Barneveld was put to death, Grotius was sentenced to imprisonment for life in Loevestein Castle. Prince Maurice, the son of William the Silent, was largely instrumental in securing Grotius's conviction, and had him confined behind thirteen ponderous locks; but the

better witness of this should be needed than his defence of the North American Indian, whom he describes as a descendant of the Northmen, the discoverers of America.

The sky-scraping Nieuwe Kerk, or New Church, built in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and several times partly destroyed by fire, may be regarded as the finest church in Delft, though architecturally as much of a monstrosity perhaps as the Oude Kerk, its predecessor. Two features, however, have long made it famous and are likely to continue to draw the



traveller to its portals. Its steeple contains a chime made in 1663 by Jan Cal, the supposed inventor of automatic brass chimes; and to-day, as through hundreds of years of sadness and joy, this exquisite chime, second only to those of Bruges in the Netherlands, plays automatically each quarter of an hour, and is played upon by order of the town fathers during the busy hours of market days, when the square below is black with people and wares.

A greater attraction in the church is the tomb of William the Silent and the royal family of Holland. When the Prince of Orange was assassinated an imposing state funeral was held, and he was interred in the Nieuwe Kerk, of which he was a member. The States General soon after commissioned De Keyser to design a national monument; and this, the most elaborate sculpturing in Holland, was finished in 1619. Renaissance in style, it is too magnificent and pretentious for the plain church. It includes the figure of the beloved prince, carved of white

Italian marble, lying at full length on a royal robe. At the patriot's feet is his dog,—almost as famous a companion as the dog of Scott,—which saved his master from assassination at Hermigny, and which after William the Silent's death refused to take any food. There are surrounding figures representing Justice, Religion, Liberty and Valor; at



DELFT WARE.

the head of the recumbent marble figure is another effigy of the prince, in metal, full length and bareheaded, in full armor, in a sitting posture; and at the foot of the recumbent figure is the chief object of artistic excellence in the whole monument. This is the metal statue of Fame, with outstretched wings and trumpets, which rests on the toes of the left foot; and which, because of its singular posture and great weight—about two and a half tons—has repeatedly fallen down, causing great expense to the state. Above these figures is a short but eulogistic Latin epigraph. After the burial of the Prince of Orange in the Nieuwe Kerk, the church became the last resting place for nearly all the subsequent members of the royal family of Holland. Queen Sophia, the patron of Motley, was buried there in 1877, and her husband, King William III, the father of the present young queen, in 1890. Queen Wilhelmina, however, did not visit the royal tomb until October, 1898, after she was enthroned.

One other monument of the greatness of Delft remains to be described—the plain, two-story old building by the side of the Oost Einde Canal, which, though altogether unpretentious, is famed throughout the civilized world. This is the Pottery of the Porcelain Bottle, the only manufac-

tory to-day for the making of genuine Delft ware, whose half faded sign, "In de Porceleyn Flees—1672," idly swinging in the breeze and recalling the most brilliant of all chapters in the annals of Delft, may have linked Longfellow to the living past when he wrote:

"What land is this? You pretty town
Is Delft, with all its wares displayed;
The pride, the market place, the crown
And centre of the potter's trade.
See! every house and room is bright
With glimmers of reflected light
From plates that on the dresser shine;
Flagons to foam with Flemish beer,
Or sparkle with the Rhenish wine,
And pilgrim flasks with *fleurs-de-lis*
And ships upon a rolling sea,
And tankards pewter-topped, and queer
With comic mask and musketeer!
Each hospitable chimney smiles
A welcome from its painted tiles;
The parlor walls, the chamber floors,
The stairways and the corridors,
The borders of the garden walks,
Are beautiful with fadeless flowers,
That never droop in winds or showers,
And never wither on their stalks."

Exactly when the art of making faïence was introduced into Delft can-

not be stated. By many it is supposed to have been established here as early as the advent of the Prince of Orange; and not a few careless writers on ceramics have declared that it found its way into Delft in the first quarter of the fourteenth century! I think that I shall be able to show, however,





DELFT TILES.

in my forthcoming book on the subject, that from official documents it is impossible to believe that the trade was carried on there earlier than 1596, and unlikely that any potters had set up their trade in Delft earlier than 1600. I think I shall show also that Delft ware most closely resembles the majolica known to have been made in various Italian towns for the preceding two centuries, and that it is highly probable that the process was transferred from Italy to Delft, and not from Japan to Holland. This occurred, too, at a time when the Dutch were laying the foundations of their trade with the Orient, and when Japanese porcelains were becoming known to them; and the clever Dutchmen, discovering in Italy the means of making a ware like that of the Mongolians, began copying the models and designs of their Eastern customers. In this way the Dutchmen, with their East India Company, were among the first to introduce Japanese and Chinese art to the civilized world.

From almost the beginning of its manufacture Delft ware was popular; and by the middle of the seventeenth century the demand for it was enormous. Then six-

teen or eighteen potteries had been established; the masters, Pynacker, Fictoor, Van Eenhorn and others, made Delft on a large scale; and it was reaching its highest degree of perfection. William III of Orange, king of England, strove to obtain the latest and most elaborate



specimens of the potter's skill, and through the example of his love for it Delft ware became one of the objects of art most treasured at the leading courts of Europe. New factories arose, until in all about thirty were established within the walls of Delft. All competitors in other towns were quickly suppressed by the local guilds; and for over two hundred and fifty years the making of hand-painted earthen ware became the one special industry of the town.

But though the potters' guild of Delft invoked the mighty arm of the law to the destruction of all who set up their kilns in Holland, they were powerless at last to stem the tides of trade reaction. During the reign of King William in England a number of Delft potters crossed the channel to Staffordshire and founded competing potteries there. The very successes of the Delft potters, too, became their ruin; the market was glutted with their products, and there ceased to be the same demand for it as formerly. A commercial period and artistic decay ensued; and English ware, made of better clay and more cheaply, gradually supplanted the Dutch ware, even in Holland. As early as 1760 the struggle for existence was keenly felt among the Delft potteries; and of the thirty which existed in the beginning of the century but eight were working in 1808, and most of these soon after stopped.

One pottery alone continued unbroken its traditions of centuries—the Pottery of the Porcelain Bottle. This began to make white and printed ware after the English style, at the same time turning out a small quantity of blue painted ware after the Dutch fashion; and so it struggled on till the year 1876. Then, one day—eventful indeed in its history—it was visited by a man whose mission was to wake it from its slumbers, to open its long barricaded doors and windows, and to bring back something of its old time bustling activity. That man was Joost Thooft, a Dutch civil engineer

of highly cultivated and artistic tastes, who made the discovery that there was still in the employ of the pottery an old man named Tulk, who had entered the manufactory as a boy, and who alone of all those who worked at the potter's bench had brought with him from the silent past the knowledge of the technique of faïence painting, some understanding of that art which had been generally considered lost. Mijnheer Thooft set to work at once to restore the Delft ware art on the lines laid down by the old masters; and having purchased the pottery, and being encouraged by the king of Holland, he so far and so rapidly succeeded that he obtained a *mention honorable* at the Paris Exposition of 1878. In a few years he had raised one-third of the output of his pottery to such an art standard that Delft ware was sold again in all the chief studios of the world. But, alas! just as he began to see his hopes realized, he died,—a patron of the arts in the noblest sense of the word.

In 1889 Delft ware was honored with a gold medal at the Paris Exposition; and at the Chicago Exhibition the highest award was given to the faïence of Delft. Since then Delft ware has attained to its fullest development, and the famous old pottery has recently begun to turn out a radically different product, *Jacoba* ware, a new form of art, highly decorative in its character, and of unlimited possibilities. Americans, partly because of their traditional associations with Holland, and partly because of their interest in the country as it is to-day, have long been among the best patrons of Delft ware, and some of the choicest specimens of the art have found their way directly from the pottery to American homes. The vast quantities of German and Dutch imitation wares have for a couple of years turned the tide of its popularity with the masses in America; but among patrons of high art, genuine Delft ware has always held its own. The well-to-do English particularly

have been fond of building special houses or parts of mansions in which mantels, panels or whole walls and ceilings, designed to order in Delft, have become permanent fixtures; and this example has been followed this last summer by Mr. and Mrs. George Gould of New York, who visited the Delft pottery repeatedly while cruising along the coast of Holland, and gave extensive orders for elaborate original panels to decorate their yacht and homes.

The first apartment one enters in visiting the pottery is the reception room which is still shown to the besieging Americans. Nearly all the cabinets of this room are filled with the large collection of old Delft presented to Messrs. Joost Thooft and Labouchere by King William III in 1887, as a token of his interest in their endeavors to revive the national art. Adjoining this reception room is the show room of the pottery, a well equipped museum on a small scale. This is a pleasing introduction to the technical study. Quaintly shaped plaques, exquisitely outlined vases and pitchers, delicately painted tiles and oddly formed clocks, all the creations of the gifted Le Comte—perhaps the greatest authority on Dutch decorative art—stand or hang about in endless profusion; and at a glance one sees that now, as in days gone, genuine Delft ware is remarkable for the immense variety of its *recherché* patterns. These, however, are quite different in their character from the designs which captivated the world two centuries ago. Then in Delft ware there was no kind of decoration, either upon Oriental and European porcelain or any other class of ware, that was not copied or developed; but to-day, in the Pottery of the Porcelain Bottle, not an article is turned out that is not as original in all its treatment as the conditions of the subject will permit. Chinese and Japanese models no longer have sway; old Delft is imitated, but not servilely copied; useful and orna-

mental objects are introduced regardless of any tradition save that they are purely Dutch; and Dutch pictorial art, old and modern, finds here a worthy representation. Nearly all the ornamental and useful articles which I saw, such as vases, pitchers, clocks, *jardinières* and butter dishes, were decorated in part with some familiar landscape of Holland; while the plaques and tiles generally—some of very large and prepossessing proportions—carried very faithful copies of Dutch masterpieces of the various schools, Rembrandt, Wouwerman, Hals, Ruijsdael and Ver Meer appearing side by side with Israels, Mesdag, Artz, Blommers and Springer. As I stood admiring these treasures, painted for the most part in dark, rich blue, but often produced in sympathetic browns and harmonizing polychromes, all asserting themselves proudly in comparison with their indescribable rivals, the new Jacoba ware, I turned over one of the tiles to observe the pottery's trade-mark. This is too little known in America, and to my personal knowledge many Americans each year buy more or less expensive articles of imitation ware because they are unable to tell the genuine Delft ware. The mark is a bottle, illustrating the old time name of the famous works, and underneath this is a monogram of the letters J. T.—for Joost Thooft—and the name Delft, in a curious script, beginning with a *D* almost like the small Greek letter *d* enlarged, the whole appearing as follows:



It seemed strange that this emblem should be found so seldom on the ware offered as Delft in America and England; but genuine Delft, as a work of real art, can never be made

with speed in quantities sufficient both to meet the demands of tourists in Holland and to find a proper representation abroad.

Although there are a thousand and one special devices used only in the Pottery of the Porcelain Bottle—where they make even their own paint brushes, partly from the bristles from pigs' ears!—and guarded with the greatest care from the public, the processes generally are the same as seen in such famous potteries as those at Limoges and the Rookwood, and mention need be made of only two or three departments. After the clays have been thoroughly worked together, to refine them and to exclude all air, the composite clay is brought to be turned. I stopped for a moment by the side of a master turner, who seemed proud of his craft, though perhaps it showed no appreciable advance in technique over that exercised by the potters of Egypt before the Pyramids were built. He caught up a handful of soft clay, and threw it carelessly upon the centre of a disc, which he called his potter's wheel. This disc was attached to the upper end of an axle, which was turned by the foot on a tread below. With a few sudden thrusts of his foot, he put the disc in rapid motion, causing the lump of clay to whirl dizzily around; and as it spun about, the potter laid his finger at the base and moved it carelessly upwards along the side. Behold the changes! The flaccid clay seemed to have taken to itself a buttressed base and to have swollen a little with pride. The potter laid his thumb on the top, and passed his forefinger toward the centre; the clay vawned and assumed the form of a thick-walled cylinder. Once again the potter tapped the side gently, and stroked it with the palm of his hand. The walls rose higher and became thinner; and only the re-application of the thumb was required

to cause them to curl and overlap in graceful lines at the top. The miracle was wrought; the masterpiece was ready. What before was a meaningless mass of earth and water became in a twinkling a thing of beauty. The Delft ware vase was finished!

When the "biscuit" is properly dried, the artists, who are trained only in the pottery and from youth, paint directly upon it,—but not in blue. The pigment is really of a sepia tone, which changes in the baking. Once painted, the beautiful plaque is removed to the glazing room, where it is thrust into a milky bath, and, presto! the picture has disappeared altogether; nor is it seen again until the plaque is removed from the baking ovens.

Although the building of the Pottery of the Porcelain Bottle is so old that needed extensions are impossible, each artist has ample room and time for his work, and some of the studios are equal to the best of those used by masters in similar fields elsewhere. The most interesting, perhaps, are those of A. Le Comte, who designs the new patterns for the pottery, and whose latest triumph is the curious *Jacoba* ware, named after the Dutch Joan of Arc, *Jacoba van Bayern*, who is reputed to have made pottery near Delft, while in retirement in a convent. This *Jacoba* ware was introduced for the first time into America last year. Another studio of great interest is that of Louis Senf, who painted Van der Helst's *Schuttersmaaltijd* on four hundred tiles as a gift from the government of Holland to the German emperor, to commemorate his visit to Holland in 1891. Senf's monogram already has its art value; and Americans in particular have vied with the Dutch government in keeping him busy on special orders. Several of the illustrations for this article are from Senf.

AMERICAN HISTORY AND ENGLISH HISTORIANS.

By Edward Mortimer Chapman.



FEW places are richer in interest to the historically intelligent American than the gallery of the House of Commons. The floor upon which he looks down is the arena whereon some of the greatest questions that concern civil and religious liberty have been debated and settled. His history, as well as that of England, has been made there. Of course he does not forget the vicissitudes through which the chamber itself has passed; but despite the great fire of 1834 and the creative genius of Sir Charles Barry, the chair he sees before him still seems to be that in which Onslow sat, and the benches of the Opposition those from which Burke declaimed. Little that has taken place here can ever seem entirely foreign to him; and in the events of the thirty years from 1754 to 1784 he has a peculiar and almost a prescriptive interest. It was then that Pitt and his colleagues freed the American colonies from the fear of French domination; and it was then too that the stubbornness of Grenville, the irresponsible folly of Townshend, the utterly selfish prejudice of the Bedford henchmen and the fatuous good nature of Lord North made American independence not merely possible, but—Englishmen being what they were on both sides of the sea—practically inevitable.

A year or two ago the spectator in the gallery might have seen in any moderately full house three notable commentators upon the history of these years. Two of them were to be found upon the Opposition benches where the avowed friends of the colonies so often sat. The third claimed a place on the ministerial side of the

House but below the gangway, as became one whose allegiance to the party in power was qualified and conditioned upon its good behavior.

As an historian in the purely academic sense it is to this third member of Parliament that we must accord first place among the three. The House holds no man to-day who is worthier to sit in the seat that Gibbon occupied a century and a quarter ago than Mr. W. E. H. Lecky. It is only as historians, however, that the two can be compared. No contrast could be greater than that between the chronicler of the "Decline and Fall" and the author of "England in the Eighteenth Century," as respects the outward man. It is the contrast between the Epicurean and the Stoic, between the England of Horace Walpole and the England of Herbert Spencer. The two seem somehow to be incommensurable with the incommensurability of the Indulgent Uncle and the Maiden Aunt. Eminent respectability and a considerable consciousness of it is writ large on every feature of Mr. Lecky's rugged face. As he sits in his place, softly stroking his silk hat while the debate drags its slow length along, the onlooker feels a comfortable assurance that the British Matron can never withhold her taxes as America was fain to do on the ground of lack of representation. There is something almost lugubrious in the regard which Mr. Lecky seems to cast on men and events. He instinctively reminds us of one of his own infrequent verses, which sums up life's tragedy in the apostrophe:

"How hard to die, how blessed to be dead!"

It is not to be inferred, however, that Mr. Lecky is a confirmed pessi-

mist, or that generous sentiments and brave deeds fail to appeal to him. But his attitude toward history and politics is of a sort to put him out of sympathy with the modern trend of things, especially as that is illustrated by the growth of democracy during the last century. He has told us that his object in writing "The History of England in the Eighteenth Century" was to "disengage from the great mass of facts those which relate to the permanent forces of the nation, or which indicate some of the more enduring features of national life." Hence he has occupied himself with "the growth or decline of the monarchy, the aristocracy and the democracy, of the Church and of Dissent, of the agricultural, the manufacturing and the commercial interests; the increasing power of Parliament and of the press; . . . the influences that have modified national character; the relations of the mother country to its dependencies . . . etc."

It is a task which he has accomplished with conspicuous ability. He has brought to it an erudition that renews the surprise which the world of scholars felt when, as a young man of seven and twenty, he published his "History of the Rise and Influence of the Spirit of Rationalism in Europe." Any one who has investigated the wealth of his footnotes and followed some of them into the by-paths of curious literature, must bear glad witness to the keenness of his historic sense. His manifest purpose to be fair is worthy of all praise. Between the lines of his work we can seem to read something of his desire to cultivate an attitude of detachment and to regard his material as objectively as Maupassant or Henry James regards the material of fiction. It would probably be unjust to say that he has formed himself upon German models; but his kinship with the academic German is manifest enough, and it was a part of the eternal fitness of things that Dr. Jolowicz should translate all his principal works and that the "History of

European Morals" should become a text-book in German universities.

By conviction Mr. Lecky appears to be a Liberal driven by a reasonably strenuous conscience to devise liberal things; but it is scarcely less evident that by inclination he is conservative, not to say reactionary. When inclination and conviction clash in the experience of a man of his type, conviction generally has to have its way. But as the natural conservatism of age superadds its influence to the voice of inclination, conviction is tempered and accommodated to what appear to be new conditions. It would be very unfair to say that such accommodation has taken place in the case of Mr. Lecky as an historian, whatever we may be forced to think of his career as a politician. But no one can read the chapters of "England in the Eighteenth Century" which deal with American affairs without a sense of Mr. Lecky's satisfaction that his obligation to be just carries with it no corresponding obligation to be generous. He will do the colonists justice—rigid, exact, unimpassioned justice; but it is a pity that it has to be done. Let it be admitted that it is by far the most enlightened and intelligent justice ever done by an English historian of Mr. Lecky's general temper. The reader need look no further than between the covers of Massey's bulky volumes to discover that. But none the less, when this justice involves America's acquittal it is done with a grim determination that contrasts somewhat painfully with the complaisant fashion in which condemnation is dealt out. No doubt this is for the good of our souls, and we do not murmur. Indeed in view of the miserable exaggeration that has until lately characterized most American text-books dealing with the Revolutionary period, and from which even Bancroft's pages are by no means free, we need not wonder at it. Until American writers can exchange the Bancroft for the Hildreth manner, we can scarce expect Englishmen to

be sympathetic, and should be duly thankful when they make conscientious effort to be just. Had statesmen as eminent as Mr. Gladstone and Sir George Cornwall Lewis, or economists as generally clear-sighted as Walter Bagehot, seen fit to take a tittle of Mr. Lecky's pains to understand American affairs, the history of Anglo-American relations during the past generation might well be far pleasanter reading than it is.

He would be a very captious American, therefore, who would quarrel with Mr. Lecky merely for his references to "the contagion of New England republicanism" and his gratitude that it was not permitted to infect Canada; or for his attempt on rather flimsy evidence to show that the New England missionaries to the Indians were active in stirring up the savages to attack the British; or even for the emphasis which he lays upon what he deems to have been a lack of heroism among the Americans and the self-seeking which made it difficult for Washington to keep a really effective body of men under arms before Boston during the autumn and winter of 1775-76. He honestly tries to be generous in his appreciation of the fairness and humanity which marked the trial of Preston and his men after the "Boston Massacre"; but he fails, in so far as he wonders at the magnanimity of Adams in consenting to serve as counsel for the defence, and seems quite unable to understand how it came about that, after such an act on his part, he should ever have been intrusted with public office again. At the same time he brings forward irreproachable testimony to show that the acquittal of Preston and his soldiers was generally approved by the people. The day in which Mr. Lecky wrote, though but day before yesterday as it were, was still too early for even the most intelligent and best informed of Englishmen to observe the distinction between the noisy and irresponsible politicians, with their rabble of henchmen, and the mass of sober and con-

servative citizens, men who made up their minds slowly and who spoke only after mature deliberation, but whom the world was bound to heed. The former might make their tea in Boston Harbor and mob the officers of the Crown; but it was the latter at whose bidding the revolt became a revolution and the scattered colonies with their divergent interests a nation.

Until the resignation of the latter, in 1897, the second and third of this trio of British legislators who have dealt with American institutions and their history might have been found seated side by side on the front Opposition bench. No Englishman has perhaps ever deserved better of America than Mr. James Bryce; and none has ever accorded to an episode in American history a more brilliant or sympathetic treatment than Sir George Otto Trevelyan, in his recently published "American Revolution." Although admirably fitted in respect of training and temper to deal with American history, Mr. Bryce has chosen to occupy himself with a description and exposition of American institutions. Thus, instead of undertaking to chronicle the events of the fateful years to which Mr. Lecky and Sir George Trevelyan have devoted themselves, he has supplied the most luminous of commentaries upon them in his treatise upon the government and people which they made possible.

When Mr. Bryce published his "Holy Roman Empire," more than five and thirty years ago, he found a considerable public perfectly familiar with his title, but almost totally ignorant of the title's meaning. The Holy Roman Empire was a great name to the world at large, and little more. Mr. Bryce defined its character as an institution, sketched the vicissitudes of its history, and indicated its significance to the progress of civilization, all within the compass of a very moderate volume. Admirable as the book was in respect of style, and competent as its author's learning

proved, its chief charm to many of its readers lay in its perfect intelligibility. These characteristics of "The Holy Roman Empire" distinguish in even higher degree "The American Commonwealth." Mr. Bryce has himself noted what he calls the "inaptness" of the questions which Englishmen who are highly intelligent and well informed in respect of a multitude of other matters are prone to ask of a fellow-countryman who has travelled in America. The American in England is almost bewildered by this experience. He finds himself wondering whether there can be any other subject upon which Englishmen are at once so widely and profoundly ignorant as upon the character of American life, the quality of American ideals, and the practical working of American institutions. This misinformation is often so grotesque as to defy correction. Many an American has struggled to keep a sober countenance in face of the dreadful jargon so often addressed to him by English acquaintances with the qualification, "as you say in America." It must be admitted that a considerable class may be found in America who regard every claimant to English birth and breeding as an impostor unless he misplaces his aspirates; but they are not the class whom the English traveller is likely to encounter, nor do they in any way correspond in general intelligence or experience of the world to the Englishmen of whom I speak. Indeed in out of the way corners of Devon I have overheard scraps of conversation upon American matters among the occupants of the back seats upon a coach-top, couched too in good Devon vernacular, that seemed to be quite as intelligent as the corresponding talk in first-class railway carriages, the best hotels, or even in private drawing rooms. Americans used to ask whether it were possible that this incubus of misapprehension could ever be lifted from the intercourse of the two peoples. The men of faith among them agreed that

"'Twas a credible feat
With the right man and way."

The man and the way met when "The American Commonwealth" was projected and written. Its author has reminded us of Aristotle's remark that the first step in investigation is to ask the right questions. The truth of that dictum never received more cogent illustration than in Mr. Bryce's own case. His ability to ask intelligent and discriminating questions is likely to become proverbial in America. No man who has ever visited her shores has seemed to be more highly gifted in the art of seeing things as they are, or has manifested a truer sense of perspective. In his search for the essential Mr. Bryce rarely permits himself to be baffled by the accidental. Hence it is possible for him to be at once judicial and sympathetic in his temper. Americans had grown so accustomed to a very different kind of treatment of themselves and their country from their English cousins that it was with a shock of surprise that they greeted Mr. Bryce's advent as a critic of American institutions and affairs. Here was a man at last who refused to trust to first impressions. He had that capacity for taking infinite pains that is close akin to genius. Instead of a hurried visit to our principal towns and a glimpse at our rural districts from the window of a railway car, Mr. Bryce set about what may be called the deliberate experience of America. His first visit antedated by nearly a score of years the publication of his conclusions. Subsequent travels carried him into all the states and territories. He saw the people at home, not merely in the larger centres of population and industry, but in out of the way communities, in country villages and lonely farmsteads. No American can be indifferent to the sense of verisimilitude that comes with the reading of those chapters in the second volume which deal with the life of the people. Nor is this the result of a judicious array of scattered

experiences for the sake of effect. Mr. Bryce's conclusions are too sane and just to make such suspicion possible. The woman who chanced to enter the news shop of a little Oregon village in search of the latest fashion plates, while he was waiting there, does not fail to impress him with the significance of her errand. And the "college professor" denounced by the politician as unpractical, visionary, pharisaical, "kid-gloved" and "un-American" is just as discriminately and unerringly interpreted. The former suggests the caution that every observer of men and things in America must practise, when tempted to measure the social status and influence of those whom he meets by their general appearance and manner of dress; and the bitterness of the politician's denunciation appears to him in its true light as "affected scorn trying to disguise real fear."

No previous commentator upon American life and affairs has approached Mr. Bryce in his competent acquaintance with those facts upon which generalization must be based, nor in the caution with which his inferences have been drawn. It is this combination of qualities and acquirements that makes his authority unique; and it is to be desired that the process of mingled addition and elimination whereby his final conclusions have been reached should be better known.

"When I first visited America eighteen years ago," he says, "I brought home a swarm of broad generalizations. Half of them were thrown overboard after a second visit, in 1881. Of the half that remained some were dropped into the Atlantic when I returned across it after a third visit, in 1883-84; and although the two later journeys gave birth to some new views, these views are fewer and more discreetly cautious than their departed sisters of 1870."—*Am. Com.*, I, p. 4.

How Captain Basil Hall and Mrs. Trollope would have scoffed at such scrupulosity! But Mr. Bryce might have toiled never so carefully after the

facts, he might have generalized upon his fund of honest knowledge with the most heroic determination to be fair, and still have missed the position of genuine authority upon things American which he now holds, had it not been for the quickness of sympathy which has led him to understand America as no other Englishman of his generation has seemed able to do. He has developed a genius for what I may venture to call the application of the personal equation to his conclusions. In a very extraordinary degree he succeeds in attaining the standpoint of those concerning whom he writes. Nowhere is this more happily evident than when he deals with those "texts whereon friendly critics burst to preach," the exuberance of American energy, the almost brutal frankness with which opinion is uttered, and the grotesque, not to say bizarre, fashion in which popular enthusiasm sometimes finds expression. Nothing, for instance, could be conceived in better style and temper than his chapter upon a Presidential Nominating Convention at work, with its "stampedes," its "dark horses," and its "favorite sons." He is impressed, as every onlooker must be, by the apparent excitability of the great assemblage of delegates, "the thunder of the captains and the shouting"; but he discerns at the same time, with a clearness of vision that Americans themselves cannot always command, the underlying sense of order that prevents such a meeting from degenerating into a mob.

"The Convention," he says, "presents in sharp contrast and frequent alternation, the two most striking features of Americans in public—their orderliness and their excitability. Everything is done according to strict rule, with a scrupulous observance of small formalities which European meetings would ignore or despise. Points of order almost too fine for a parliament are taken, argued, decided on by the Chair, to whom every one bows."—*Am. Com.*, II, p. 187.

Mr. Bryce's sense of humor is of

course keenly alive to the pomposity of diction in newspaper editorials and upon public platforms when political questions are to the front. The "proclivities" of the workmen in the Wilimantic mills during a political campaign are duly cited among the "throbs of Connecticut's pulse." But where he differs from many another friendly critic is in his discernment of the fact that the very editors and speakers who utter such stuff are themselves often entirely conscious of its absurdity and perpetuate it with a kind of whimsical perversity that is one of the most characteristic of the minor American traits.

National institutions are usually considered to be an embodiment of national character. If this be true at all, it should be true in the highest degree in a republic; and the man who undertakes to criticise and expound the institutions of a republic must approach his task with a clear sense of its magnitude as well as its delicacy. One of the gravest duties to which any one can be called is that of the formation and utterance of a wise, discriminating, sympathetic and explicit estimate of the character of an individual. Multiply the individual by the million, and the task of rightly estimating the composite result becomes great enough to daunt all but fools and men of exceptional wisdom and humility. In the latter category two names will ever stand preëminent before American eyes—Alexis de Toqueville and James Bryce.

In the opening chapter of the "Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay," his nephew and biographer has afforded us a glimpse of the Clapham Sect just clear and definite enough to prove in the highest degree tantalizing. Thornton, Babington, Stephen, Wilberforce and the Macaulays are introduced in their Clapham surroundings and relations only to be dismissed again. The glimpse is invaluable, however, as supplementing in ever so fragmentary a fashion Sir James Stephen's memo-

orable essay on the Sect. But neither Sir James Stephen nor Sir George Trevelyan explains as the reader would gladly see explained the development of English style as it evidently took place upon the borders of Clapham Common—a development of which each writer in his own generation is almost as worthy an exemplar as was Lord Macaulay himself. "The more I think," wrote Jeffrey, when he acknowledged the receipt of the essay on Milton, "the less I can conceive where you picked up that style." The wonder is perhaps not quite so great in the case of Sir George Trevelyan; yet his style is almost as distinctive as was his uncle's. The reader may conceivably deny that Macaulay's style was a good one; but he will be rash indeed if he attempt to gainsay its charm. If, on austere critical grounds, however, he dislike or claim to dislike the uncle, he will be reasonably sure to disapprove of the nephew; for the relationship is clearly marked. There is the same love of antithesis, the same wonderful fertility in allusion, the same felicity in the application of epithet, the same abundant play of humor, the same unforced and natural recognition of great moral distinctions, the same undeniable and inevitable fascination. Yet Sir George Trevelyan's manner is as far as possible from suggesting any attempt at imitation. Indeed the reader sometimes suspects him of fighting against a natural tendency toward antithetic expression lest he should seem to have formed himself upon family models; now and then some quip is to be met so unconventional that it must have been studied, and occasionally there is a suggestion of political prejudice—with which Americans will generally find themselves in sympathy. But these are minor blemishes, if blemishes at all, upon the most lucid, picturesque and altogether engaging style that has been brought to the service of the historical essay since Macaulay died. For Sir George Trevelyan is essentially an essayist.

He does not drag us into his workshop and force us to examine the raw material of which his fabric is to be woven. He shows us enough to prove himself an honest workman, and we trust him none the less because he does not, after the manner of those hard-handed sons of toil, the annalists, stop us at each literary or political allusion, that we may examine an affidavit to its validity. If, like his uncle, he occasionally presumes a little upon the knowledge of his readers, it is a form of flattery to which they rarely fail to respond, and by which we may even venture to hope they sometimes profit.

The charm of Sir George Trevelyan's style and the large measure of his literary competence were proven by "The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay." "The Early History of Charles James Fox" enhanced the reputation already won by revealing rare acquaintance with eighteenth century politics and literature, joined to a keen historic sense and an ability to discriminate with almost unprecedented precision between the incidental and the essential in the life of a highly artificial society. The work is really an elaborate and brilliant essay upon public life in general, and the training of a supremely able parliamentarian in particular, during the third quarter of the last century. Its candor is in no sense corrupted by the author's refusal to disguise his personal convictions or even his predilections. He believes in the Rockingham Whigs; but his faith by no means blinds him to the admirable personal qualities of Lord North. He honors Chatham, as every generous man must honor him; but he does not deny his utter political impracticability. He is perhaps a little partial to General Conway; but what gentleman ever knew him and was not? He does not spare the Bedford Crew; but the Bedford Crew, who might have asked quarter of a modern historian, had they been merely prejudiced and narrow, added such utter and shameless corruption to the tale of their other

sins that they bade fair to infect the whole body politic with the seeds of death.

The stage on which these characters of Sir George Trevelyan's played their parts in "The Early History of Charles James Fox" was thus crowded with life and color. No one since Sir Nathaniel Wraxall went to jail for libel had made the worthies of the earlier half of George III's reign live and move before us with such verisimilitude. And now that we have the first volume of "The American Revolution," we realize that the curtain is up again upon another scene of the same great drama, and that the change of name denotes no violence done to the dramatic unities. New characters are introduced; but they do not crowd the old ones off the stage. Tidings come from afar; but they are not permitted to divert us from the progress of events at Westminster.

Indeed one of the great services which this first volume of Sir George Trevelyan's work promises to do, especially for Americans, consists in the clear view that it affords of the community of interest between the more sober and substantial of the revolutionists in the colonies and the splendid but almost helpless minority in Parliament. In a very characteristic passage Wraxall has testified to his sense of the intellectual brilliance and moral weight of the Opposition during his first years in Parliament, which were the last years of the American Revolution. But with the exception of a few outstanding names, this Opposition is almost unknown to the average American reader. When he thinks of the Parliament and Parliament-men of this period, the vision of North, Townshend and Germaine rises before him. He knows something of Grenville's stubbornness and pride, but little of his real constitutional learning and genuine independence. Chatham and Burke he reverences, but rarely thinks of them as exponents of a policy and leaders of a minority, which, though ill organized

and factious, yet represented better than North's corrupt majority could hope to do the real temper and spirit of free Englishmen. Richmond, Rockingham, Shelburne and Camden in the Upper House, Cavendish, Savile, Conway, Barré and even Fox in the Lower are little more than names to him, although merely as names some of them were writ large upon the geography of his country by an earlier and more grateful generation.*

If they remember Dartmouth, it is more than likely to be for his mistakes rather than for those substantial excellencies of mind and character which Sir George Trevelyan has done well to emphasize; while Lord North's reputation suffers, as one must reluctantly admit it deserves to suffer, from close alliance with such

"Poor old bits of battered brass,
Beaten out of all shape by the world's
sins,"

as Rigby, Sandwich and Jerry Dyson. As regards the Revolution itself, Sir George Trevelyan's point of view may be indicated by the stanza of Tennyson with which he prefaces his work:

"O thou that sendest out the man
To rule by land and sea,
Strong mother of a Lion-line,
Be proud of these strong sons of thine
Who wrenched their rights from thee!"

His generosity is throughout in perfect accord with this fine suggestion of his purpose. Nowhere need the most ardent partisan of the extreme Revolutionary wing feel that the least injustice is done to him or his friends. Indeed the question sometimes arises whether full and complete justice is done to the other side; as, for instance, when Gibbon is represented as preparing for the debate on American affairs by a four-hour conversation, in which, to use his own phrase, he "sucked Governor Hutch-

inson very dry,"—"with as much probability," adds our author, "of arriving at a just conclusion as a Roman senator who took his idea of the Sicilian character from a private conversation with Verres." This is probably literally true, and yet, Hutchinson was no Verres. In general, Sir George Trevelyan estimates Whig and Tory alike with extraordinary clearness of insight, frankness of speech and wealth of allusion. The allusion never fails to be clever, even though it is sometimes a little too carefully studied; and often it proves vastly illuminating. What, for instance, could better illustrate the earlier character and manner of Fox than to say that "he would as soon have thought of writing down what he was going to say as of meeting a bill before it fell due!" And when, without turning the page, we read of George III condoling with his minister after a successful division on having been kept out of bed till three in the morning,— "which" interjects the author, "in the case of Lord North was a very different thing from being kept awake,"—we begin to see with what good humor and discrimination these portraits have been drawn. How perfectly the virile but coarse and tyrannical nature of Dundas, who was one day to have all Scotland for a pocket borough, is suggested in these two sentences:

"Tall and manly,—with a marked national accent, of which, unlike Wedderburne, he had the good sense not to be ashamed—his look and bearing betokened indefatigable powers and a dominant nature. His face showed evident marks of his having been a hearty fellow, for which a convivial generation liked him none the less, especially when they came to find that his speeches had other things about them which were broad besides their Scotch."

It is impossible in the brief space at my command to give any adequate notion of Sir George Trevelyan's treatment of the war. In no sense is this first volume a military history. Its narrative is clear and easy, and its mil-

* There are, for instance, Conways upon the maps of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, South Carolina and Arkansas; Massachusetts and New Hampshire honor Barré in similar fashion; while Pennsylvania boasts a combination in Wilkesbarre that might well have drawn "iron tears" from the latter worthy.

itary criticism appears to a layman to be eminently discriminating and luminous. Every American and Englishman who cares anything for an understanding between the two branches of the race, that shall be permanently founded upon mutual respect rather than on hysterical sentiment and temporary political expediency, will do well to read this record of the opening campaigns of a great struggle. But he will do even better to mark and to ponder the author's estimate of the men who identified themselves with the cause of freedom on both sides of the sea, and his lucid exposition of the principles that animated them. Sir George Trevelyan seems to be almost the first Englishman to understand John Adams as a man and to indicate the significance of his leadership. It was to be expected that an historian of his type would rejoice to do justice to Franklin and Washington. But Adams has too often been regarded as a representative of New England in a narrow and provincial sense. Sir George Trevelyan discerns in him the depth and breadth of character, the high sense of honor, the keenness of ethical perception and the substantial conservatism that are quite as typically American as the careless facility of nature and manner with which Americans are usually credited; and his treatment of Adams is illustrative of his work as a whole.

Toward the close of his volume he thus sums up the work of the Ministers during the first year and a half of the war:

"They had alienated all the neutral opinion in America, and had lighted a flame of resentment against Great Britain which they continued to feed with fresh fuel until

it grew so hot that it did not burn itself out for a couple of lifetimes."

Nothing could be better calculated to quench the embers of that baleful fire, if any still remain, than the work which Sir George Trevelyan has inaugurated with such conspicuous success. The American who reads this first volume finds those whom he has been taught from infancy to reverence treated with a sympathetic justice that in the case of Washington and Adams becomes itself reverent. He finds the life and aspirations of the colonists understood as their descendants understand them. He is reminded of what he is too prone to forget, that under constitutional forms the government of Great Britain during the Revolutionary epoch was little better than absolutism, and that the war was almost as real a struggle for English as for American freedom. He is made better acquainted—in many cases, even among intelligent Americans, he will find himself introduced to them for the first time—with a distinguished company of public men who were consistent friends of the colonists because they were in the truest sense patriotic Englishmen.

To say in cant phrase that there are no dull pages in Sir George Trevelyan's volume is to say little; no one expected to find them. To say that he has undertaken a work which bids fair to enhance his already brilliant repute as an historian and man of letters is to state a truth to which no kinsman of Lord Macaulay can well be indifferent. But it is safe to affirm that to Sir George Trevelyan himself no reward could be dearer than that his work should go far to extirpate a root of bitterness from the hearts of two great and kindred nations.



HIS ONE GOOD DEED.

By Emily Binney Smith.



HE second meeting-house built in Amesbury some time in the latter part of the seventeenth or the early part of the eighteenth century

was, so tradition tells us, a Quaker meeting-house. A log structure, with planks for seats, it was built on the bank of the Powow just above its falls, in the shadow of the great forest-covered hill, where even then the Indian lurked, and which had seen many a powow or council called to its woods by beacon fires on its top. From the foot of the hill a rude plank bridge spanned the narrow but swift, wild, lovely river. To-day we call this all part of Whittier land, and as one looks from the hill top, the highest in Essex county, upon the beautiful view of hill and valley, river and sea, stretching from New Hampshire's mountains, past the busy town to the shining seashore, bounded far to the eastward by Maine's lofty peak, one feels with added interest that it is permeated everywhere by the poet's personality.

Before the building of the rude meeting-house, Joseph Peaslee, despite fines and warnings, had held forth the Quaker doctrine to a sufficient number of Amesbury or "Salisbury New-Town" people to cause the magistrates finally to forbid his preaching, "as very weak, and unfit for so great a work." That there were many Quakers in Salisbury and Amesbury and the surrounding towns of northeastern Massachusetts, whom only fear, or rather policy—for when did a Quaker know fear?—kept silent, was quickly shown when persecution ceased. The old Friends' Society in Amesbury, in whose meeting-house Whittier worshipped for so many

years, had its continuous existence from that early time; and when to-day the Amesbury townspeople see here and there among them the gray dress and quiet Quaker bonnet framing the peaceful face, they say among themselves, "It is Quarterly Meeting again"; and some, perhaps, go up past the poet's old home, under the trees he loved, to join the silent worshippers in the plain Friends' Meeting-House on the Friend Street.

The house of Thomas Macy, first town clerk of Amesbury and founder of Nantucket, built in 1654, stands to-day on the Main Street of the town apparently in as good condition as when the hero of Whittier's poem of "The Exiles" sold it to a member of the family in whose possession it has ever since remained. If history and poetry do not always coincide in the story of Macy, it is of little moment. The "small, light wherry" that swung with every wave at its mooring on the Powow must have been strong and elastic indeed to take Goodman Macy, his wife, five children and the household goods that he bore with him in his flight; and the route from Amesbury past Pentucket to Nantucket must indeed have been a winding one. This outline of the route was a curious slip of the poet's pen, for no one knew better the locality and its stories than he, who was born in Haverhill, the Pentucket of olden time, and lived most of his long life in the quiet Amesbury home.* But though the poet's pen is a fairy wand, which often changes dross to gold, and the kitchen wench to the princess, and the poet for the reason that he was poet and not historian has varied the picture as he chose, the colors are none too strong for the stanch old

* When he wrote the poem Mr. Whittier thought that Thomas Macy lived in Andover, not Amesbury—so he once told a friend.—E. B. S.

Independent, Macy, probably even then an unacknowledged Quaker; as he and his family proved to be Quakers after they had landed from their venturesome voyage to Nantucket's safe shore, bought before this time by that old-time syndicate, in which Thomas Macy and Tristram Coffin were among the chief members, for just such a refuge.

From 1656 on through 1661 came fierce persecution of the Quakers; they were fined, mutilated, whipped at the cart's tail, and hanged. Still they multiplied. What an object lesson in respect for authority that whipping at the cart's tail—a punishment of the sinner and a warning to the weak of faith! Never too submissive to their rulers were the early settlers of these northeastern Massachusetts towns; and they resisted bitterly every curtailment of their individual rights, so that when Captain Richard Waldron of Dover—an intrepid and upright man, one of the founders of Dover, for years member and speaker of the Assembly, and again and again by his vigilance savior of the little settlements about him from Indian outrage—on December 22, 1662, pronounced his sentence on the three Quaker women, it carried its own menace to the towns on the border. This was the order:

“To the constables of Dover, Hampton, Salisbury, Newbury, Rowley, Ipswich, Windham, Linn, Boston, Roxbury, Dedham, and until these vagabond Quakers are out of this jurisdiction: You and every of you are required in the King's Majesty's name to take these vagabond Quakers, Anna Colman, Mary Tompkins and Alice Ambrose, and make them fast to the cart's tail, and drawing the cart through your several towns, to whip them upon their bare backs not exceeding ten stripes apiece on each of them in each town.”

The Indians crossed out more than their own account perhaps when they crossed out their scores with their tomahawks upon the defenceless body of Waldron—an old, old man; as Whittier makes the Quaker women

prophesy when they hear their sentence:

“And thou, O Richard Waldron, for whom
We hear the feet of a coming doom,
On thy cruel heart and thy hand of wrong
Vengeance is sure, though it tarry long.”

So in Dover and in Hampton they were whipped, making their hapless way in the cruel weather, as the poet tells us:

“So into the forest they held their way,
By winding river and frost-rimmed bay,
Over wind-swept hills, that felt the beat
Of the winter sea at their icy feet.”

This until they came to Salisbury; there too they suffered, but it is written in the history of the province: “In Salisbury, Walter Barefoote performed almost the only praiseworthy act that stands to his credit in history, by taking these persecuted females from the constable, under pretence of delivering them to the constables of Newbury, and securing them from further cruelty by sending them out of the Province.”

For years the credit of this act has been given to Robert Pike of Salisbury; but though it might be a crowning act in a life fearless in behalf of right, he can better spare this deed of clemency in his record than the man who had so little to his credit, and who was so hated in his time.

In Whittier's dramatic poem, “How the Women Went from Dover,” he says finely of Justice Pike:

“He scoffed at witchcraft; the priest he met
As man meets man; his feet he set
Beyond his dark age, standing upright.
Soul-free, with his face to the morning
light;”

and he makes him say further:

“Cut loose these poor ones and let them
go.
Come what will of it, all men shall know
No warrant is good though backed by the
crown,
For whipping women in Salisbury town.”

That Robert Pike and the people of Salisbury may have favored the re-

lease of the wretched women is doubtless true; but on the page of history Walter Barefoote has the credit of their escape.

From 1662, when he first comes into notice as he frees the Quaker women, to 1685, when we last see him, he and Waldron are, when thrown in contact, always bitterly opposed; and while there may have been some motive of opposition to Waldron to influence him in his good act, the old chronicle says further of him that "so far as recollected, he was the only physician of education in the province of New Hampshire," and one would like rather to think that it was the pity and helpfulness towards human suffering that go with the physician's calling (he knew well that the sentence was equivalent to death), and that mercy directed him. Let us give him the benefit of the doubt; for it is the "one deed," and its ray is a feeble one in the darkness that for two centuries has clung to him. Only this once he comes into Salisbury history. His name is on none of the land grants of Salisbury, Newbury or Hampton, but living in Dover or Portsmouth, he was probably known in the locality; for two years later he is engaged with Dr. Henry Greenland in an assault on some Newbury men, and fined therefore, although one of the witnesses testified of Greenland—a man of Captain Underhill's sort: "He was a gentleman, and such must have their liberties." There he is called Captain Barefoote; and that is his usual title, as he is nowhere called Doctor.

In 1680 Edward Randolph brought to New England the commission for the province of New Hampshire, which was to include "Portsmouth, Dover, Exeter, Hampton and all other lands extending for three miles north of the river Merrimack, and of any and every part thereof to the province of Maine." All this land between the Merrimack and Piscataqua rivers had been the old Norfolk county of Massachusetts, which included the towns of Salis-

bury, Haverhill, Hampton, Exeter, Portsmouth and Dover, with most uncertain boundaries. A president was appointed, a council of nine, and an assembly composed of deputies from the towns. Randolph brought also his appointment by the king, under the acts of trade, as collector, surveyor and searcher of the customs throughout New England. He appointed Captain Walter Barefoote his deputy at Portsmouth, and an advertisement was published that all vessels must be entered and cleared with him. The Council, always keeping a jealous watch over its rights, feeling that no authority of the crown should be exercised but through it, in accordance with the terms of the commission, and finding the duties and restrictions of the acts of trade especially hateful, denied Randolph's authority and indicted Barefoote for "having in an high and presumptuous manner set up his Majesty's office of customs without leave from the President and Council, for disturbing and obstructing his Majesty's subjects in passing from harbor to harbor and town to town, and for his insolence in making no other answer to any question propounded to him but 'My name is Walter.'" For this he was fined £10; and again when, later, Waldron is president of the Council, "for seizing a vessel without the knowledge or the authority of the Province" he is fined £20, to be respected during good behavior; and he appeals to the king from the sentence.

In 1682 Edward Cranfield is appointed lieutenant governor and commander-in-chief of New Hampshire by the king in behalf of Mason, the claimant of its lands, and Mason has mortgaged the whole province to him for twenty-one years, as security for the payment of £150 per annum for seven years; and Walter Barefoote, with Waldron and others, is a member of the governor's Council. A strong man evidently though an unscrupulous one, he has always worked in the interests of

Mason against the people, as Waldron, who is soon suspended from the Council by the governor, has always worked for the people—who, having bought their lands from the Indians, are contending all this time for their possession. In 1683 Barefoote is made captain of the fort, and the Assembly, refusing to be intimidated, is dissolved by the governor, who with his Council assumes the whole legislative power, prohibiting vessels from Massachusetts from entering Portsmouth, altering the value of silver money, changing the bounds of townships, and Barefoote, his willing aid, is made deputy governor, and judge of the Court of Sessions.

When godly Parson Moodey of Portsmouth, a friend of the people in their troubles, refuses to administer the sacrament of the Lord's Supper to the governor, according to the liturgy, "it is Barefoote who imposes the sentence of six months' imprisonment without bail." "Walter Barefoote, Esq., was of opinion that the said Joshua Moodey had broken the said laws and is liable to the penalty thereof."

All this time there are riots and resistance to the levying of taxes in Mason's name; and Edward Gove, the Hampton farmer, is sent to the Tower of London, and hears the awful sentence for treason imposed upon him for his "rebellion." Finally, in 1685, Edward Cranfield left New Hampshire disgusted at the resistance of the people to Mason's claims, and Walter Barefoote, the deputy governor, took the governor's chair and held it until in May of the next year Joseph Dudley was appointed by the king president of New England. In that short time of authority two events of note took place, for it was at Dover, during his governership, that in an attempt to levy one of his executions in favor of Mason, during divine service, one of the officers was

knocked down by a Bible in the hands of a woman, and "all were glad to escape with their lives." It was at this time too that an assault was made on Barefoote and Mason, of which the original deposition on oath of the two men tells the story. Thomas Wiggin of Exeter and Anthony Nutter of Dover had been members of the Assembly, and their hatred and grievances against both were great. They came to Barefoote's house, where Mason lodged, the account goes on, and disputed with Mason, denying his claims, until Mason took hold of Wiggin to thrust him from the door; but Wiggin, seizing him, threw him into the fire, "where his clothes and one of his legs were burned." Barefoote, attempting to help him, met with the same fate at the hands of the doughty Wiggin, and had "two of his ribs broken and one of his teeth beaten out." Then the servants brought Mason's sword, which Wiggin took away, "making sport of their misery."

Such injuries were evidently insufficient to kill a man of Barefoote's calibre; but we can imagine how the farmers of Dover and Exeter and the men of Hampton and Portsmouth must have told over and over the stories of that fierce fight and magnified the glory of the valorous Wiggin around their log fires through the winter evenings.

With this last exhibition of the hatred of the people whom he governed, we leave the subject of our sketch. Cast on the shore of New England in those times was much flotsam of a curious nature—adventurers like Underhill and Barefoote, sanctimonious sinners and senseless saints. Here and there one with ability made himself a name for good or ill; and among these was Doctor, Captain, Judge and Governor Walter Barefoote.



THE OLD BARN STUDIO.

THE ROBIN'S NEST.

By Sarah J. Eddy.

Illustrated from photographs by the author.

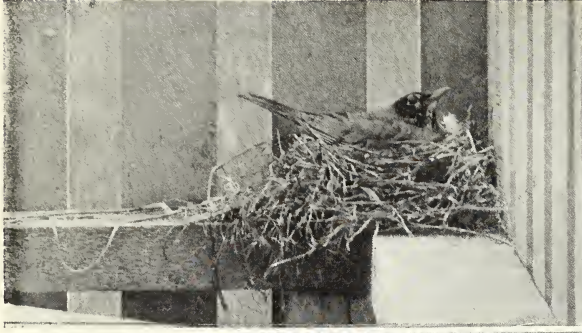
"When the willows gleam along the
brooks,
And the grass grows green in sunny nooks,
In the sunshine and the rain
I hear the robin in the lane
Singing 'Cheerily,
Cheer up, cheer up;
Cheerily, cheerily,
Cheer up.'"

New England homes. No doubt traditions of kindly interest were handed down in the robin families until they finally felt quite confident of a welcome wherever they might go.

One year in the early spring, when the new house was being built on the pleasant land overlooking the blue waters of the bay, a pair of robins evidently thought that, since the country belonged to them, this new structure

WHEN the early Pilgrims, remembering the Robin Red-Breast of their native land and all the songs and stories which helped to make him dear, saw this bird with his red breast, they gave him the same name and encouraged him to live near them. All creatures are so willing to be our friends if we will let them, that we can imagine that the robins felt the friendly atmosphere and gladly found places for their nests near the



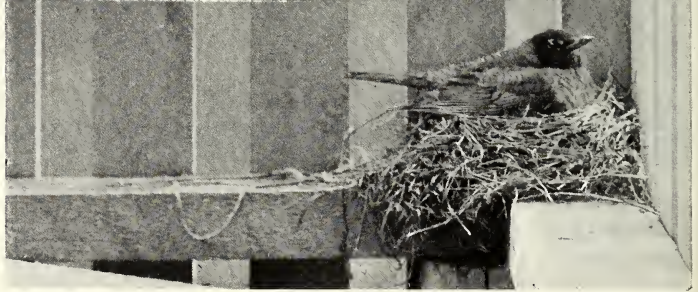


SITTING ON
THE EGGS.

was a sort of foundation being prepared for their nest. They tried again and again to build in the unfinished piazza and of course

the workmen were obliged to drive them away. The next best place, they concluded, was the wild cherry tree with branches almost touching the piazza roof and so there the nest was placed, and the little mother calmly sat, apparently quite undisturbed by the hammering and noises going on while the house was being built.

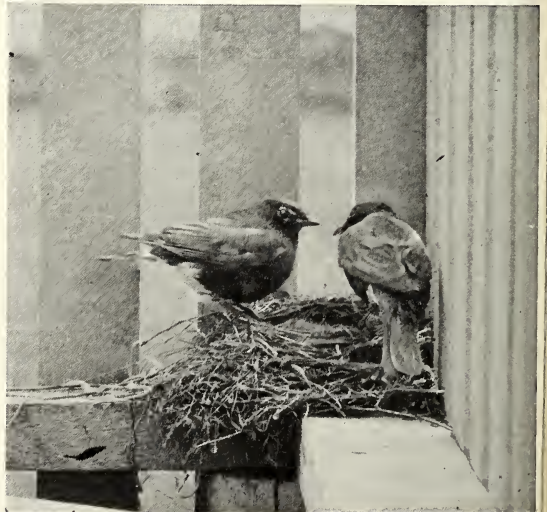
Possibly she thought that it was a specially safe place because the owner of it belonged to several societies for the protection of birds and distributed a variety of leaflets containing sentiments of which she highly approved. She did not know that two honored members of the family, two beautiful cats, had not yet joined these societies nor learned to discriminate between birds and other living, moving things which they had been praised for catching. However, her confidence was not misplaced, for a wire protection was arranged around



SITTING ON THE LITTLE BIRDS.

the trunk of the tree and no cat could climb beyond it.

Another summer, when we found a robin's nest with three blue eggs in it on the corner of the fence by the old barn studio, we were sorry. We thought that it was so near the ground the cat would find it and there would



ADMIRING THE LITTLE ONES.

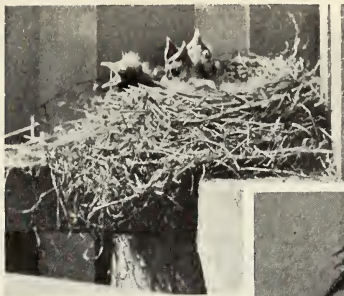
be trouble for the poor birds. But the Wise Man said: "Put wire netting around, so that the cat cannot reach it." We asked the carpenter to do this, and, although he thought it might disturb the birds so that they would forsake the nest, he said he would try it.

"If the mother-bird leaves her nest, then I will take it," said the artist, "and paint a picture of it, with the three blue eggs. If she stays there, she will be anxious and scold if the cats come near, and perhaps it will be just as well if she gives it up now."

But the mother-bird allowed the carpenter to put up the wire protection and to cut a little window in the side of the studio so that the artist could set up her camera to photograph the nest.

At first it was impossible to obtain a picture of the bird on her nest; for when the little board slide which covered the window was pushed back, she would fly away before the picture could be taken. So the Wise Man was consulted again, and he advised having a piece of glass placed back of an opening just large enough for the camera lens, so that the birds would become accustomed to the glass eye; then after a while the glass could be withdrawn and they would not be afraid of the lens.

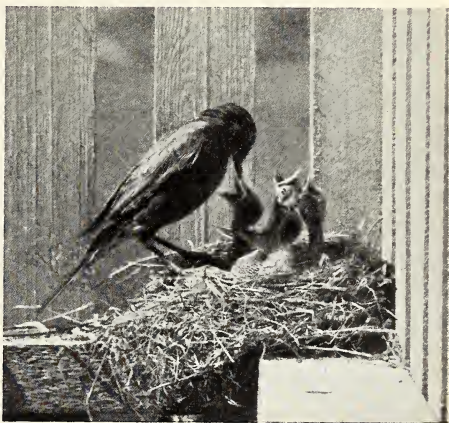
This being done, two small peep-holes were bored in the side of the barn, and it was easy to watch all the housekeeping operations without in the least disturbing the birds. When a picture was to be taken, some one would sit near one hole and the artist near the other, and they would take turns in watching. The camera was all ready for an instantaneous exposure, and when the bird appeared it



READY FOR BREAKFAST.



BEGGING.



MOTHER-ROBIN FEEDING THE LITTLE ONES.



POKING DOWN THE WORM.

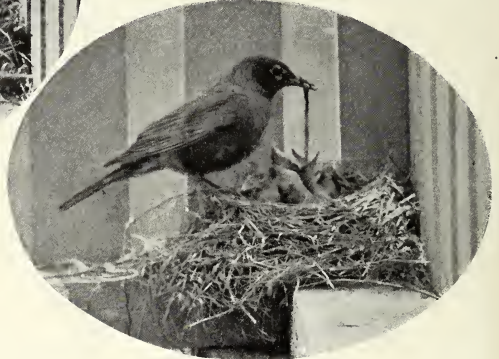


ALL FED BUT ONE.

was only necessary to squeeze the bulb. At first the mother robin was disturbed by the clicking of the shutter; she would turn and look intently at the little opening in the side of the barn where the camera was placed, and was sometimes so startled that she flew away. After a while, finding that no harm came from it, she became more quiet, but always showed that she was aware of the noise. We noticed that the father-bird was more easily disturbed and more ready to fly away at the slightest noise. The little birds paid no attention whatever to it, even after they had become old enough to walk out of the nest.

While the mother-robin was sitting on the nest, before the little ones were hatched and for some time after that, the father-bird failed to appear, and we feared that some accident had happened to him, or that he was neglecting his family. After watching a long time, he was heard singing in a neighboring tree, and we concluded he was not helping his

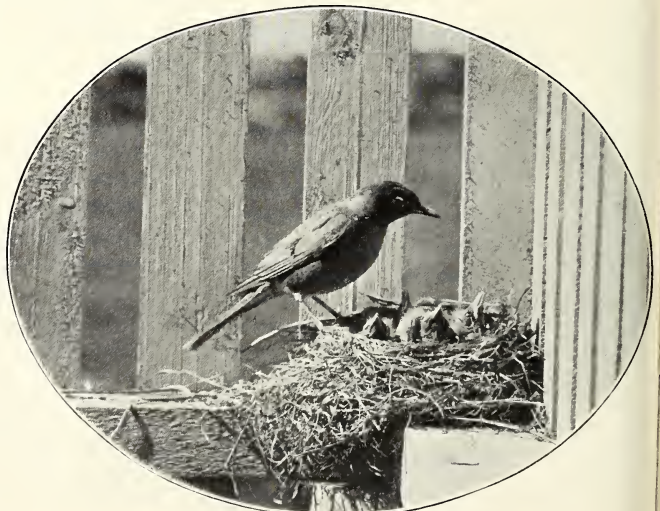
mate as he ought. Possibly he thought that while the birds were very young the mother could take the whole care of them; or it may be that he came when no one was looking. After a while, however, the mother-bird left the



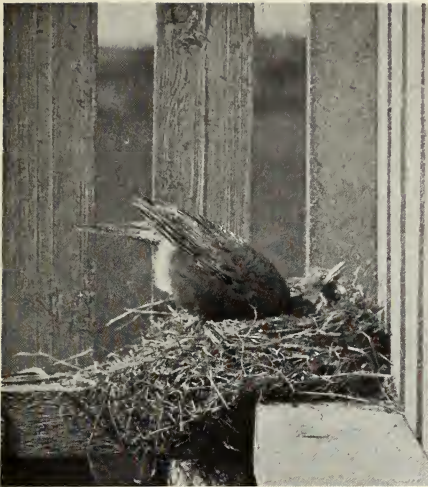
A LONG WORM.

nest more frequently, and then the father-robin brought worms to the little ones. Only once during the whole watching did the two birds appear together on the nest.

The mother usually sat in one position on the nest, looking towards the house to see if any one was coming. Later on, after the little birds were hatched, she almost always ap-



SATISFIED FOR ONCE.



CLEANING HOUSE.

proached the nest from the same direction, and alighted in the same spot to feed the birds. The father-bird usually alighted on another part of the nest. They could be easily distinguished from each other, the father being a longer, slimmer bird.

Soon the yellow beaks appeared above the edge of the nest, and looked like little flowers growing, especially when they were stretched up in readiness for the possible worm. They would open wide every now and then, and sometimes a little bird would keep its beak open for a long time and apparently go to sleep in that position.

In the morning, for an hour or two, when the sun was shining on the nest, the mother improved the opportunity to stay away, as she was not needed for warmth, and then the father-bird came oftener to feed the little ones.

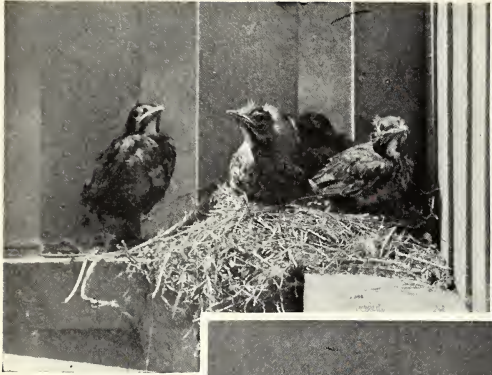
One morning we saw the mother-bird cleaning house. She stood on the edge of the nest and very rapidly and with a great deal of force darted her beak into the bottom of the nest, her head com-

pletely disappearing. The young ones usually had their beaks wide open when the parents were near; but this time they were closed, and the little things seemed to try to get out of the way, as if they quite realized what was going on. The mother-robin, we were surprised to see, swallowed the refuse that she brought up from the bottom of the nest.

As the robins grew older, they became more clamorous and anxious for food, and both parent birds were kept busy providing for them. The mother-bird seemed to take more pains than



A CORNER IN THE STUDIO.

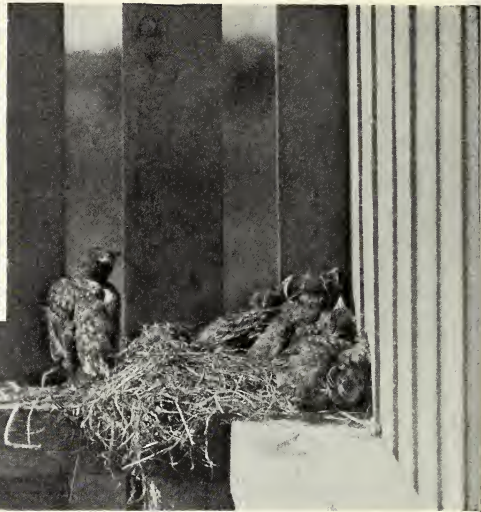


TOO LARGE FOR
THE NEST.

the father to poke the long worms carefully and thoroughly down the little throats. It seemed sometimes as if the little birds must choke, but evidently they knew how to dispose of all they could get. We were reminded of what a very small boy once said: "I shouldn't think the birds would like to eat worms. I shoo think it would make 'em shick."

Sometimes the mother-bird would sit on the nest awhile and then rise and feed the little ones. She had evidently been preparing the food for them; but usually she gave the whole long worm just as soon as she reached the nest.

The little robins grew so fast that soon the nest was too small for them; and then we found that the parent



ALL QUIET.

birds had been wise in their selection of a building place. The little birds were much better off than if the nest had been in a tree, as they could walk out of the nest on to the fence and stretch themselves, preen their feathers and learn how to use their legs and wings, without danger of falling.

After a while it hardly seemed possible that the birds could all stay in the nest, they were so crowded. At one time, when we were watching, two of the little birds were in the nest and the others standing on the fence when the mother-bird in some tree near by uttered a cry of warning, and the young birds that were outside walked back to the nest.



RESTING.

When the birds were larger it was even more evident than it had been before that they were much of the time anxiously waiting and longing to be fed; they would look first in one direction and then in another for the mother-bird, and every once in a while all open their beaks wide and beg. Sometimes apparently a sound would make them think the mother was near, and there would be a great fluttering and twittering and stretching and opening of beaks; then they would become quiet again.

The artist watched and waited and sympa-

when they are regularly cared for by the parent birds, how they must suffer when any accident happens! How is it when the mother never comes again? How long do the hungry little mouths keep open in vain, and the



A SUN BATH.



A CONFERENCE.

cries continue, before the little ones starve, when made orphans by some cruel shot or stone thrown by a thoughtless boy?"

The artist wished that those who enjoy shooting could watch these robins feed their young, so faithfully and untiringly, for she felt that they must sympathize with them and with the longing and delight of the little ones, and that they never again would find pleasure in killing or wounding any bird.

Before long there was an empty nest, and four happy young birds had flown away and were busily seeking their own food and in their turn helping those who had tried so hard to protect them, by devouring large numbers of the very destructive cutworms, cankerworms, beetles, grasshoppers and caterpillars. Ornithologists say that a young robin in the nest requires a daily supply of animal food equivalent to considerably more than its own weight; and so we can form some idea of how much good these four robins must have done in the fields and garden before the summer was over.

thized with the intense longing of the little birds, and joined in the wild excitement when the mother-bird appeared with a worm. So deeply was she interested, that once or twice, when the excitement was very great, she forgot to draw the cover from the plate-holder and so lost the pictures.

"If they get hungry so quickly," thought the artist, and show such anxious longing for their food, even



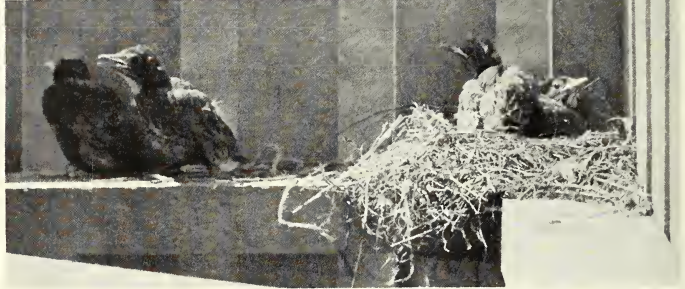
WATCHING.

Besides all this, their human friends were made happier by their beauty and their song and perhaps when the lane grows green again with bursting buds and all the beauty of springtime, these four robins, fledglings no longer, will build their nests on the fence or among the trees that shade the old barn studio, and again will be heard their glad refrain.

WHAT THE MOTHER-ROBIN THOUGHT.

"Yes, I know," said the little mother-robin, as she laid the first twig in the corner of the fence for the new nest; "yes, I remember that last year

our beautiful large nest with four precious eggs in it was torn down from this same corner and thrown to the ground.



WAITING.

All you say is true, my dear,—the same cat may come here again, and the same woman may come. You know last year she picked up the nest, and I could see that, although she was sorry for me, she was a little glad too, for she carried off the nest with joy and placed it in her studio. I heard her say that of course we could not use it any longer and it was of no use to put it back. How troubled we were, do you remember? But we flew



STILL WATCHING AND WAITING.



A QUARTET.

away to the old apple orchard and made another nest high up among the boughs. Our little ones grew to be fine birds and we were happy once more. Before they were old enough to fly, you know that one of them fell, crowded out of the nest, and was hurt. The little boy from the farmhouse found him and carried him off, although we fluttered near and begged him to leave our little one to us to care for.

"The people did not know how to feed him, although I think they meant to be kind, and I have always felt very sad when I thought of his fate. If I could only have had this nice ledge for the little birds to walk on when they grew too large to stay together in the nest, I am sure no accident would have happened. I *must* try this place again. I have a feeling that all will be right this time. Let us build the nest and see. This year the vine covers the corner of the fence as it did not last year, and we cannot so readily be seen, and I will always watch so carefully,—yes, here the nest must be!

"Oh dear, the cat has not come yet, but the woman has, and I heard her talking about us. What will she do? Shall we stay and take care of our three beautiful eggs or shall we fly away?

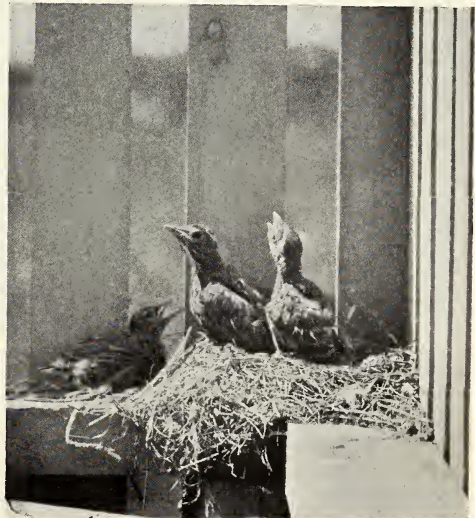
"A man has been here and nailed

wire netting all around my nest. I wonder why. Surely I must fly away; it looks very dangerous; but how can I leave my eggs? They need the warmth that I must give them.

"Oh, still worse, they have made a hole in the old barn and I know they are watching us. Oh, what shall we do? Surely, we must give up this nest; but how can we leave the eggs,—they are so beautiful,—and now there are four of them. No, let us wait and see!

"Still worse has happened; they watch and wait for me, and when I settle down on the nest they move a little shutter quickly,—but I fly away still more quickly. Surely we cannot stay in this dangerous place. But how can we go and leave the four warm eggs? I can almost feel the little ones inside begging me not to let them get cold.

"The glass eye is always there, but nothing has hurt us yet; and now one little egg is broken, and such a soft, wee, helpless little thing has come out! I never can leave it now. My mate is afraid and does not often come



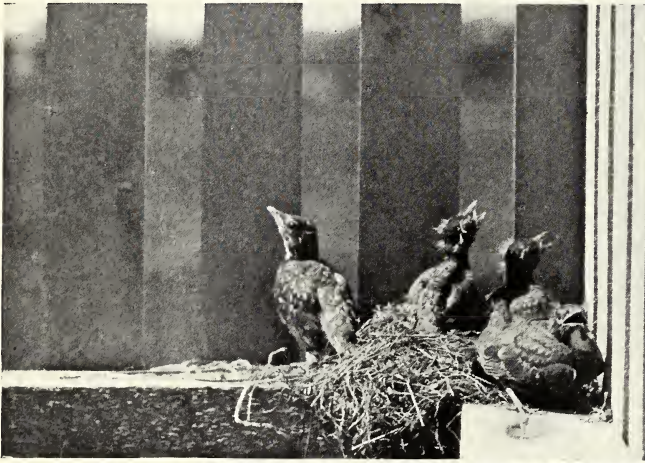
COME AND FEED US!

near; but he must soon, for other little ones are coming and they must be fed.

"Oh, such beautiful little birds never came out of robins' eggs before! And they are already hungry. I watch very sharply when I sit here in the sunshine, and sometimes a sudden noise will make my heart beat so fast that the little ones stir gently beneath me; but nothing has hurt us yet, and

"Such hungry little birds! We are both just as busy as we can be. They are such strong birds; they could eat all the time. I hardly have time for a mouthful myself. Fortunately there are plenty of worms near here.

"I am beginning to see why the wire



WHY DOESN'T
SHE COME?

the woman seems to try to be careful not to frighten us. I have a feeling that there is good will towards us behind that wall, although those people do such strange things and make such queer noises.



THERE SHE IS!

"The little soft bodies are beginning to have feathers. My mate and I look at them and admire them, and talk to them; and we would be quite happy if the glass eye were not there.

net was nailed around the fence. Today the same cat that upset my nest last year came here and looked up at me; but she could not get near me, and, although I was terribly frightened, I sat very still and very quiet,—and with a disappointed 'meow' she



FEED ME! FEED ME!

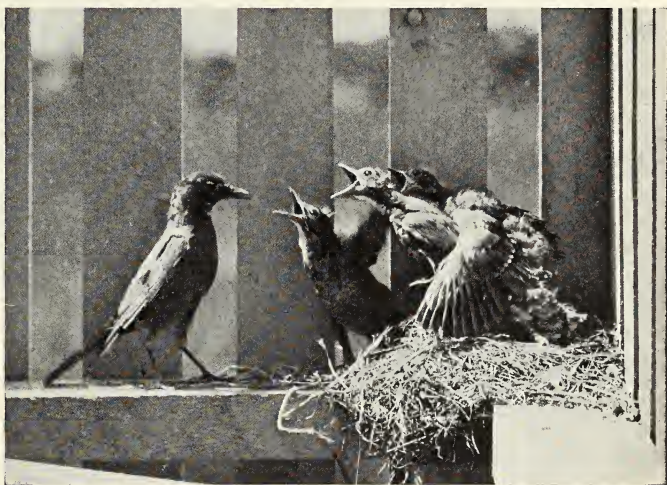
walked away. We don't mind the glass eye now nor the queer little noises. Our four babies are getting so big and are always so hungry that we have no time to be afraid.

"They are walking on the fence now, and I am so glad I built my nest just here. They all come back at night, but soon, very soon, they will fly away.

Sometimes we are almost dismayed, they are so voracious. How many worms we must find to satisfy them! Indeed, they are *never* satisfied, and even in their sleep they murmur, 'More! more!'

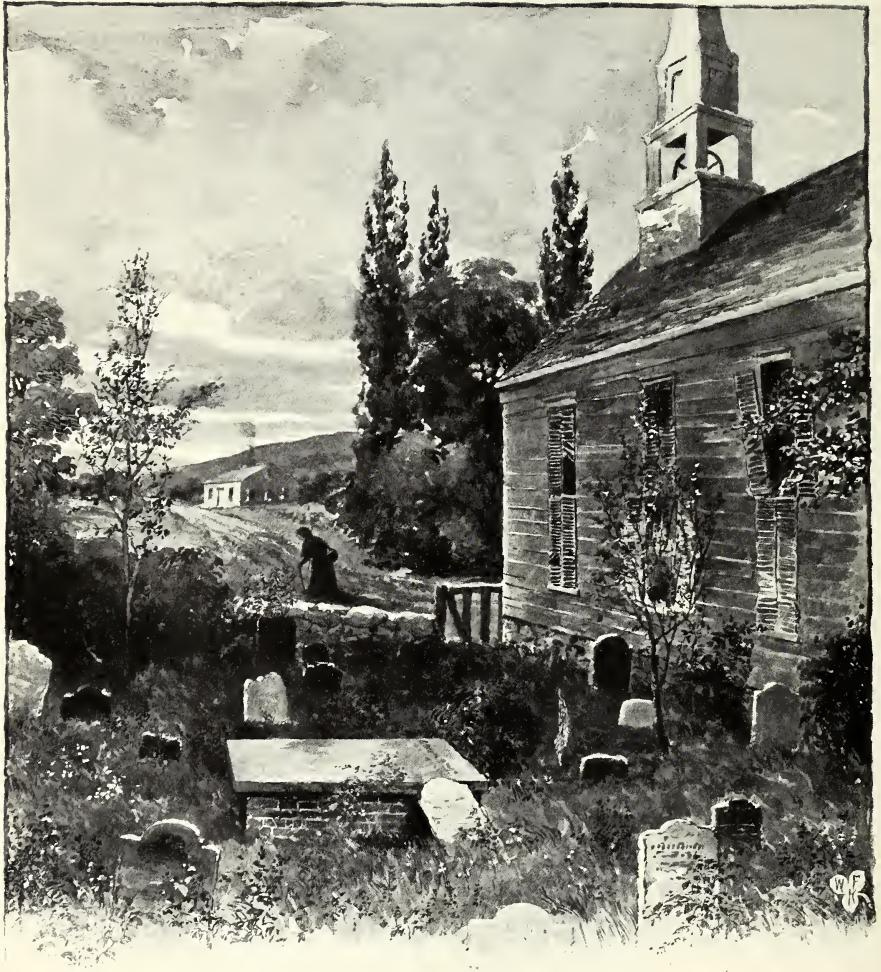
"They are all out of the nest, and one of them flew off from the fence for the first time to-day! Such beautiful birds, so strong, such glossy feathers, such red breasts, such bright eyes! I could see the woman looking at them to-day as they walked up and down on the fence and stretched their wings. I know she admires them; of course she does. I am not afraid of her now, although it is well to be cautious and not make too many advances.

"We have told our little ones that a fence is a



MORE! MORE!

very good place for a nest; for some day that information may be useful to them. Next spring when the apple blossoms come and the sunshine calls to the buttercups and the green grass, I think we will again build our nest by the Old Barn Studio."



Drawn by W. F. Kingman.

THE OLD NEW ENGLAND MEETING-HOUSE.

By Christopher G. Hazard.

LIKE an old mother by a roadside left,
Age and neglect attendant on her heart,
Ingratitude her staff, suggestive graves
Her comfort, with far sounds of joyous youth
Pursuing butterflies with strength she gave,
Her voice unheeded in a pleasant world
That she created, and her lessons lost,
She waits for those who come not and is sad.
Time, reverent, gently covers her with dust,
And Time, indignant, furrows up the earth
For a new harvest of more worthy sons.

THE ALCOTTS IN HARVARD.

By *Annie M. L. Clark.*

Illustrated from photographs by J. C. L. Clark and F. T. Harvey.

EARLY in the summer of 1843, curiosity and interest were aroused in the minds of the inhabitants of the quiet town of Harvard, Massachusetts, by the advent among them of a small colony of that class of high thinkers who had received the name of Transcendentalists. The little company, sixteen in all, comprised Amos Bronson Alcott and nine other men, Mrs. Alcott, Miss Anna Raga, and the four Alcott children. This somewhat incongruous family located itself on a picturesquely situated sidehill farm in the section of Harvard known as North Still River, but often spoken of by the less euphonious name of "Hog Street."

That the founders of this little community were actuated by high and noble motives we can well believe; and the story of their plans and failures cannot but be of interest to thoughtful minds. It would be pertinent to trace the mental and moral training and the early home and neighborhood environments of the various members of the community at Fruitlands; but, as that is not possible, it may be well to turn a backward glance at the parentage and youthful life of those who might fittingly be called the soul and centre of the enterprise.

Amos Bronson Alcott was born in Wolcott, Connecticut, November 29, 1799, at the foot of Spindle Hill. The family name was originally Alcocke, and is often found in English history. Mention is made that about 1616 a coat of arms was granted to Thomas Alcocke, the device being three cocks, emblematic of watchfulness, with the motto, "Semper vigilans." One

writer says: "Mr. Alcott's ancestors on both sides had been substantial people of respectable position in England, and were connected with the founders and governors of the chief New England colonies."

Brought up on a farm, Alcott has given the story of his quaint, rustic life in the simple verse of his "New Connecticut," while Louisa has reproduced it in "Eli's Education," one of her "Spinning-Wheel Stories," which is said to give a very true picture of her father's early days. His mother was a gentle, refined woman, who had strong faith in her boy, and lived to see him the accomplished scholar he had vowed in boyhood to become. In Louisa's journal occurs this mention of her grandmother:

"Grandma Alcott came to visit us. A sweet old lady. I am glad to know her and see where Father got his nature. As we sat talking over Father's boyhood, I never realized so plainly before how much he has done for himself. His early life sounded like a pretty, old romance, and Mother added the love passages."

From her grandmother's conversa-



OLD HOUSE AT FRUITLANDS.



THE BRICK ENDS.

tion Miss Alcott got, as she says, "a hint for a story;" and this story was to be called "The Cost of an Idea." It was to contain "the trials and triumphs of the Pathetic Family," with chapters entitled, "Spindle Hill," "Temple School," "Fruitlands," "Boston," and "Concord." I have heard that a lingering fear of seeming to present some of her father's characteristics to ridicule kept her from fulfilling this purpose.

Mrs. Alcott—Abba May—was the twelfth and youngest child of Colonel Joseph May of Boston, her mother's name being Dorothy Sewall. Miss May was visiting her brother, the Rev. Samuel J. May, minister over a Unitarian church in Brooklyn, Connecticut, when she met her future husband. They were married by her brother, May 23, 1830, in King's Chapel, where the bride had been baptized in infancy. It is said that Mrs. May was a woman of rare and charming character, and any one who ever saw Mrs. Alcott can readily believe what the daughter herself wrote of her mother: "She never said great things, but did ten thousand generous ones."

Mr. Alcott was farmer boy, peddler and teacher by turn. In 1832 he was living and teaching in Germantown, Pennsylvania, where on his thirty-third birthday was born his daughter Louisa, whose feet were to mount the ladder of fame higher than his own.

From Germantown to Boston and the famous Temple School; and here Mr. Alcott was gradually formulating the plan which led to the settlement of Fruitlands, and also strenuously carrying out his conviction that the simplest food was alone conducive

to high and lofty thinking and living. We are told that the children grew very tired of rice without sugar, and Graham meal without either butter or molasses.

He was, this high priest of high ideas, very critical in religious matters, writing thus: "I am dissatisfied with the general preaching of every sect and with the individuals of any sect." Some one has said that he seemed to have adopted what Sir William Davenant called an "ingenuous Quakerism." Soon the title of phi-



ORCHARD AT FRUITLANDS.

losopher was added to that of peddler and teacher; and he became known as a bright and shining light among the visionary but earnest company of Transcendentalists.

Going to England, he found there congenial spirits; and in October, 1842, he came home, accompanied by three of these new friends, Charles Lane and his son, William, and Henry C. Wright.

Miss Alcott, in a story entitled "Transcendental Wild Oats," which she further calls a chapter from an unwritten romance, writes as follows: "On the first day of June, 1843, a large wagon, drawn by a small horse and containing a motley load, went lumbering over certain New England hills, with the pleasing accompaniments of wind, rain and hail. A serene man with a serene child upon his knee was driving, or rather being driven, for the small horse had it all his own way. Behind a small boy, embracing a bust of Socrates, was an energetic looking woman, with a benevolent brow, satirical mouth and eyes full of hope and courage. A baby reposed upon her lap, a mirror leaned against her knee, a basket of provisions danced about her feet, and she struggled with a large, unruly umbrella, with which she tried to cover every one but herself. Twilight began to fall, and the rain came down in a despondent drizzle, but the calm man gazed as tranquilly into the fog as if he beheld a radiant bow of promise spanning the gray sky." Thus came this new Adam and Eve into their hoped for Eden.

One of the band who were here to make "the wilderness blossom like the rose" wrote thus of Fruitlands, which was the name they decided to give their new home: "It is very remotely situated, without a road, but surrounded by a beautiful green land-

scape of fields and woods." Nothing could have been more romantic than the site chosen,—a field of about a hundred acres on a hillside, sloping to the river, with the most lovely views of Wachusett and Monadnock to the west, the intervening stretches dotted with towns and villages, while in the background rose the tree-crowned summit of Makamachukamucks or Prospect Hill.

Here gathered the little band, and



THE ROAD TO PROSPECT HILL.

began the work of forming "a family in harmony with the primitive instincts of man." Mrs. Alcott and Anna Page were the only women. No animal food was to be eaten, nor were butter, cheese, eggs or milk allowed—nothing that in the taking would cause pain or seem like robbing any animal; besides, animal food, if only approximately animal, as in the case of milk and butter, would corrupt the body and through that the soul. Tea, coffee, molasses and rice were for-



Photograph by F. T. Harvey.

THE NASHUA VALLEY FROM PROSPECT HILL—FRUITLANDS AT THE RIGHT.

bidden for two reasons—because they were in part foreign luxuries, and in part the product of slave labor. Water alone for drink, fruit in plenty and some vegetables were allowed; but in these last a distinction was made between those which grow in the air and those which grow downward, like potatoes and others which form underground. The latter were less suited for what these visionaries termed a “chaste supply” for their bodily needs. Miss Alcott says that ten ancient apple trees were all the “chaste supply” the place afforded. Salt was another article forbidden, it is hard to see why. Maple syrup and sugar were to be abundant in time, and bayberry tallow was to furnish light, when anything but the inner light was required. All this was to elevate and purify the body and bring about a state of perfection in body, mind and soul.

The following are some of the principles upon which their habits of life were to rest: “We must ignore laws which ignore holiness; our trust

is in purity; with pure beings will come pure habits; a better being shall be built up from the orchard and the garden; the outward form shall beam with soul.” “From the fountain we will slake our thirst, and our appetite shall find supply in the delicious abundance which Pomona offers. Flesh and blood we will reject as the accursed thing. A pure mind has no faith in them.”

Certain ideas called “No Government Theories” held sway in Mr. Alcott’s breast, which just before his going to Harvard led to his arrest by the deputy sheriff, Sam Staples, for refusing to pay his taxes, on the ground that he would “not support a government so false to the law of love.” And here I must digress to tell what Thoreau calls a good anecdote. Miss Helen Thoreau asked Sheriff Staples what he thought Mr. Alcott’s idea was; and he answered, with hearty if inelegant emphasis, “I yum, I believe it was nothing but principle, for I never heard a man talk honest.” Even those who most

thoroughly disbelieved in the practicability of the reformer's views were ready to concede his heartfelt honesty of purpose. Emerson calls Mr. Alcott "a nineteenth century Simon Stylites."

With these high, unpractical qualities, as Mr. Sanborn tells us, Mr. Alcott set out for Fruitlands—the name, like everything else fine about these plans, but a prophecy. The projects of these people were, as Mr. Emerson was fond of describing them, "without feet or hands." Ordinary farming was not part of their plan of life. No ploughs were to be used, because they would require the aid of cattle, but the spade and the pruning-knife were to be all sufficient. None of the company were used to the labor required, so of course intense weariness and blistered hands were common; but the All-soul disciples struggled bravely on for a few months, yielding so far to the inevitable need of more strength than their own weak hands could supply as to purchase a pair of oxen to perform the hardest tasks. Miss Alcott asserts, in the half droll, half pathetic pages of "Transcendental Wild Oats," that one of the supposed oxen was a cow, and that the purchaser used surreptitiously to take long draughts at the milking pail in the privacy of the barn. However that may be, it is said that one and another of the family were glad to share the less frugal meals of kindly neighbors, though I doubt whether this was ever true of Mr. Alcott himself.

Their dress was another matter held of great importance. Cotton was largely the product of slave labor, and wool came from robbing the sheep, so linen was as far as possible to form the material of their garments. One cannot help but wonder how men with the least fragment of common sense could dream of living in our New England climate clothed in linen. While summer and summer warmth lasted, many deprivations could be overlooked, though even

then Mrs. Alcott's shoulders must have found heavy burdens for their upholding. The rest might be seeking the All-soul; but to her fell the task, and it must often have been almost beyond her powers, of providing for their physical needs, which even with their high philosophy could not be entirely overlooked.

The education of the children was not neglected. Miss Page gave them music lessons; and Louisa frankly declares she hated the lady, she was "so fussy." From their father and Mr. Lane they had instruction in various branches. Louisa in her diary tells of things pleasant and the reverse; how she tried to be good, and how she failed; of a visit from Parker Pillsbury, and his talk about the poor slaves; of their dinners of bread and fruit; how they played in the woods and were fairies, and how she "fled" the highest of all; of a corn-husking in the barn, with the somewhat unusual incident, if one may judge by its being mentioned, that they had lamps. A visit from Professor Russell is mentioned, and a Sunday's tramp in the woods for moss to adorn a bower their father was making, in which Mr. Emerson was to be honored. Louisa wrote little poems and read and listened to various books. Mrs. Child's "Philothea" was a great favorite with the little girls, so much so that they made a dramatic version of it, which they acted under the trees. That the father encouraged his children in their innocent gayety is shown in the family habit of celebrating birthdays in a peculiarly pleasant manner. Thus when May was three years old, on July 28 of the summer spent at Fruitlands, Mr. Alcott wrote an ode, the whole family met under the trees of a neighboring grove, and, crowning the little girl with flowers, he read his poem, celebrating the day in the child's honor, and as the dawn of their opening paradise.

Mr. Emerson's ideas had been an incentive in the establishment of the community, but much as he held faith

in the pure ideals of these plans, he never seemed to believe in their practical value, and once called Alcott "a tedious archangel," and said that Alcott and Lane were "always feeling of their shoulders to see if their wings were sprouting." Hawthorne wrote of Alcott: "One might readily conceive his Orphic sayings to well up from a fountain in his breast which communicated with the infinite Abyss of thought." His English friend, Mr. Wright, soon pronounced him impractical. Thoreau, with many kindred beliefs, was sometimes vexed with him; and Lowell, as if in prophecy, wrote:

"Our nipping climate hardly suits
The ripening of ideal fruits,
His theories vanquish us all summer,
But winter makes him dumb and dumber."

Some of the members of the family went visiting at Brook Farm, and came home shocked at the luxury and epicureanism they found there. Hecker, the baker at Brook Farm, visited Fruitlands, as he wished to lead a more self-denying life, but after a stay of two weeks departed, still unsatisfied, to enter at last the monastic life. People of strange dress and stranger ideas came and went, largely drones in the world's workaday hive; and the Newness, the All-soul, must have been written in other words for overworked, tired Mrs. Alcott. Alcott and Lane went to New York to hold a discussion with W. H. Channing. Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, who was a dear personal friend of the Alcotts, gives a somewhat amusing account of the matter. Mr. Child and John Hopper had been to hear the discussion, and Mrs. Child asked what had been talked about. Mr. Child said: "Mr. Lane divided man into three states, the disconscious, the conscious and the unconscious; the disconscious is the state of a pig, the conscious is the baptism by water, and the unconscious is the baptism by fire. And as for myself," he added, "when I had heard them talk for a few moments, I didn't know whether I

had any mind or not." Mr. Hopper declared that while Channing thought there was some connection between mind and body, Alcott and Lane seemed to think the body a sham.

In Louisa's diary we find what she calls a "sample of the vegetable wafers we used at Fruitlands":

"Vegetable diet and sweet repose;
animal food and nightmare."

"Apollo eats no flesh and has no beard; his voice is melody itself."

"Pluck your body from the orchard, do not snatch it from the shambles."

These are a few of the oracular instructions the children received from the philosophers. As cool weather came on, times grew harder. We find in Louisa's diary, under one date: "More people coming to live with us; I wish we could be together, and no one else. I don't see who is to feed and clothe us all, when we are so poor now. I was very dismal, and then went out to walk, and made a poem." This poem is entitled "Despondency;" and it is interesting as denoting the loving trust which showed itself in the young heart thus early learning of life's burdens, a trust which is again shown in the record of a little later date, when she tells of going under the forest trees and coming out into the sunshine, and of the strange and solemn feeling that came over her—that she, as she expresses it, "felt God as never before, and prayed that she might keep that happy sense of nearness all her life." This is the poem. Surely these lines are good for a girl not quite eleven years old:

"Silent and sad
When all is glad
And the earth is dressed in flowers;
When the gay birds sing
Till the forests ring
As they rest in woodland bowers.

"Oh, why these tears
And these idle fears
For what may come to-morrow?
The birds find food
From God so good,
And the flowers know no sorrow.

"If He clothes these,
 And the leafy trees,
 Will He not cherish thee?
 Why doubt His care?
 It is everywhere,
 Though the way we may not see.

"Then why be sad
 When all is glad
 And the world is full of flowers?
 With the gay birds sing.
 Make life all spring,
 And smile through the darkest hours."

One after another those who had composed the family departed, Mr. Lane and his son going to the Shakers for a while, and afterwards returning to England. Mr. Alcott also, I have been told, was inclined to join the followers of Ann Lee; but to this Mrs. Alcott utterly refused to agree. An old neighbor once told me that Mrs. Alcott said her hope for her daughters was that they would become wives and mothers; and life among the Shakers was certainly not likely to bring about that happy result. Mr. Alcott grew more and more discouraged. As his daughter says, he lay down upon his bed and turned his face to the wall, refusing food and drink, and there waited for death to end the struggle. For a while tears and pleading from the faithful wife were of no avail, and she could only cling to the words which expressed the belief of her devout but very incapable husband, "The Lord will provide." It would seem that at last some kind angel brought the stricken man to see the selfishness of yielding to despair, when his wife and children were alike suffering and it was his duty to care for them. So arrangements were made; and one cold December day the little family left Fruitlands—which the mother suggested might more appropriately have been called "Apple Slump"—for a home in the village of Still River, in a part of the house known as the "Brick Ends," then owned and partly occupied by J. W. Lovejoy, now the home of Mr. Keyes.

To the villagers queer stories had come of the unusual doings of the

Transcendentalists. Once, I remember, a strange, long haired man, calling himself, I believe, the Angel Gabriel, came into the Still River church and interrupted the service. This, however, may have been later, after Fruitlands had passed into the hands of Joseph Palmer, one of the community, long known from his immense beard as "the old Jew," who lived in the Fruitlands farmhouse many years and died some twenty-five years ago. Even after the chill days of autumn and early winter came, Mr. Alcott wore his linen leggings; but the broad brimmed hats and linen tunics of the little girls were, fortunately for them, supplemented by warmer garments sent by kind friends and relatives.

With the spring the Still River little people found their new neighbors a great accession. A May party, with a queen and a Maypole, inaugurated the summer's gladnesses. A recent writer has called them "sad-faced children." That is a great mistake. Whatever they may have lacked in everyday comforts, they never could have been truly described by such a term. As sure as the sun shone and skies were blue, just so sure was the afternoon gathering on the grass plot in front of the "Brick Ends," and jumping rope, tossing ball and rolling hoop were enjoyed as never before. Mrs. Alcott was like the guardian angel of the merry company, often taking her seat in our midst and smiling benignly upon our gay pranks.

In the bright days of summer came the birthday of Lizzie, the "Beth" of "Little Women;" and never shall I forget the proud gladness which filled my childish heart as I went to the party given in honor of the day. Mrs. Lovejoy's kitchen was set about with evergreens, and otherwise rendered a fitting stage for the evening's entertainment. Her sitting room was the dress circle, while the Alcott sitting room was ornamented by a small tree, from the boughs of which hung

gifts, not only for our small hostess, but for each little friend present. In the adjoining kitchen a table was laden with numerous small cakes and an abundance of luscious cherries, with a big birthday cake in the centre.

I cannot recall all the dramatic scenes enacted on the evening, to me so memorable. There was part of an old English play given by the older of the happy party, members of the Alcott and the neighboring Gardner families. Then there were songs; and Anna Alcott appeared as a Scotch laddie, in bonnet and plaid. What she recited I have forgotten, though I remember how pretty she looked. But Louisa was the star of the evening. Her mother had stained her face, arms, neck and ankles to the ruddy hue of an Indian girl; her dress seemed made all of feathers; feathers too crowned her head. Three times, if memories have not proved false, she made her appearance. Once, according to her own recollection, she sang the then popular song, "Wild roved an Indian girl, bright Alfarata." Then erect, solemn as her merry face could become, she strode forward, bearing a large shield, and in almost blood curdling accents—as an old schoolmate describes them—repeated the passage from Ossian beginning, "O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers;" and again, in softer accents, a poem from one of the school readers,

"The blackbird was singing on Michigan's shore,
As sweetly and gayly as ever before."

It was all so wonderful to us little ones; and I well remember how the next day we looked to see if any remnant of the paint was left on Louisa's pretty neck and arms.

It was a bright, happy summer, and we were all very sorry to have our beloved playmates go back to Concord. Once, not many years later, Louisa was so anxious to see Still River

again that she walked from Concord to visit her friends, the Gardners. She often thought of the summer spent in Still River, as is shown by the use in her stories of the names of people she had known there, and in letters. In one received some thirty years ago, she spoke of what she called the "old Still River days" as "jolly times," and described a mock wedding in the wood shed, in which she took the part of bride, with a white apron for a veil, and how she and her newly made husband found their tempers did not agree, and so parted. "I rather think," she added, "my prejudices in favor of spinsterhood are founded upon that short but tragical experience." Much later, in another letter in which she expressed kindly approbation of a short story I had written for *Wide Awake*, founded on the little party above described, she again wrote of the happy days spent in Still River.

In the chapter of "Little Men" where Dan tells the story of "Marm Webber," Miss Alcott was portraying a real Still River character. On the slope of Prospect Hill there actually lived a Mrs. Webber, whose house was a veritable hospital for homeless and unfortunate cats. Whatever were the old dame's faults of temper, she was a true friend to her feline pets, although her putting the hopeless invalids out of their misery with ether is a touch of Miss Alcott's fancy, since, I believe, that anæsthetic had not then been invented.

I well remember how great was the interest felt by old Still River schoolmates when, in the *Saturday Evening Gazette*, articles began to appear written by the merry girl who had left so strong an impression on our minds. Right proud were we when "Little Women" followed the pathetic pages of "Hospital Sketches"; and loyal hearts rejoiced in each later success, and mourned when the life lived so faithfully for others ended so early.



THE YALE HABIT.

A SPEEDY INTERCOLLEGIATE AFFAIR.

By Roger Clapp.

I.

IT was the day after Class Day; and as Harry Matthews settled himself comfortably in the sleeper and stowed his goods and chattels around him, he hoped that it wasn't going to be too hot. "I wonder how it will seem to be a senior," he reflected, as the train drew out of the Boston and Albany station. "Heigho, only one more year at Cambridge,—and then I suppose I shall be chasing the festive dinner-pail in the governor's office! It's mighty good of Jack Norton to ask me to come out and visit him. Still, a man who has a couple of sisters like Norton's ought to be good to fellows who haven't one. I wish it wasn't such a beastly long trip to Chicago."

The boy came through with the morning papers. Matthews bought one and read all there was about the coming Yale race, which was only two days off; he spent an hour in the smoking car; and then he decided to wander through the train to see if there were any one on board whom he knew. He walked for some distance without finding anybody, and on entering the fourth car from his own concluded not to go any further, but to glance in and then go back. As he looked through the car he noticed that the conductor was standing in front of a young lady, who

was talking to him in an anxious and troubled tone; the conductor seemed to be replying in an extremely surly manner, and Matthews caught the words:

"Well, I can't do anything but send you back on the next train from Albany."

"Hum," muttered Harry, "I wonder what the row is. She is a mighty pretty girl." He took a step down the passage, and started back so suddenly that he almost precipitated himself into an old lady's lap. "Great Scott! it can't be Miss Davis of Philadelphia, who was at Bar Harbor last summer—yes, it is, by Jove!"—and Harry had traversed the length of the car and was standing at the girl's side in a shorter space of time than it takes to say so. "Can I do anything for you, Miss Davis?"

On hearing her name the girl looked up, and at sight of the young man her face brightened. She gave him a quick smile, though her eyes were filled with tears. "Oh, Mr. Matthews, I am so glad to see you! I am in such a scrape! I have lost my pocketbook,—and it had my ticket in it and all my money and everything. I am on my way to Chicago—and the conductor says I shall have to go back to Boston; but I can't do that, for I don't know any one in Boston, and the people I was visiting have gone away and,—oh dear! I am sure I don't know

what to do." In her distress and excitement she caught hold of Harry's arm and looked up at him appealingly.

"Oh, that will be all right," said he, "I will look after all that for you;" and, turning to the conductor, he said in as stern a tone as he was able to command: "I am in the third car forward; I will attend to you later." Then he turned to Miss Davis and, sitting down beside her, said lightly: "I am sorry you had any trouble with him, Miss Davis;—and I am awfully glad to see you. It is *such* a long time since last summer! But you were really about the last person I expected to see on this train."

"It is very fortunate for me, Mr. Matthews, that you came to the rescue just when you did; for I don't think the conductor believed one word I said, and he was going to send me back to Boston in the next train from Albany."

"I didn't know you had been in Boston, Miss Davis. You might have let me know, I think," said Matthews reproachfully.

"I haven't really been there, after all. You see, I have been on a trip through the Provinces with the Winthrop's of Boston,—you know them, don't you? I thought you did—and instead of going back to Philadelphia I went to Boston with them and started from there for Chicago, where I am trying to go now."

"Well, you are all right; I will settle with the conductor, and when we get to Albany I will telegraph back to the station in Boston and see if anything has been found of your pocketbook. Was there much in it?"

"Yes," said Miss Davis, "my ticket, and a check, and thirty or forty dollars. I haven't a single cent with me." The funny side of it struck her now, and she burst into a clearing laugh, in which Matthews joined.

"At all events," said he when they had sobered down, "you must let me be your banker for a while. Now I will leave you in peace and go and interview the conductor. May I have

the pleasure of having you dine with me? Suppose we say about one; it is now half-past eleven. Would that suit you? All right." He left the car, followed by the curious and interested glances of about sixteen pairs of eyes.

II.

After Matthews had left a crisp dollar bill in the porter's dusky palm, with instructions to look after Miss Davis, he waylaid the conductor, made the first payment for the lady's passage, and added a few pointed remarks, which left that gorgeous official in a rather unpleasant frame of mind. Then he sought out the sleeping-car conductor, engaged a lower berth for Miss Davis, and paid for it. "Well," said he to himself as he went back to his seat, "that, with the railroad fares to come, makes about thirty-two dollars. It is the funniest thing I ever heard of. The girl is absolutely dependent on me for her daily bread; she can't get a bite without me. It must be rather an embarrassing situation for her, though. I wonder if she has forgotten all about last summer. Why, I was in love with her then, and she knew it too; and I believe I haven't gotten over it yet. Still, I mustn't let her know it now. The affair is bad enough for her any way, and I shall have to make it pass off as easily as I can. Come, brace up, and go and make yourself look pretty, to take her into dinner."

Ten minutes later, Harry was sitting opposite Miss Davis at one of the small tables in the dining car. The advent of the couple had excited a good deal of curiosity among the other diners. One bit of their neighbors' dialogue came to them in scraps, which Harry could not help piecing out.

"Oh, they must be a bridal couple. Just see how radiant the girl is; and no man could look as beaming and happy as he does unless he were on his honeymoon."

"Yes, aunty," said a girl's voice,

"they certainly do have an atmosphere of rice and orange blossoms about them. Don't you think so, Dick?"

"Yes, oh, yes, I haven't a doubt of it, if you are both agreed; you know so much more about it than I do!"

Meantime the couple who were exciting all this comment were eating their dinner, in apparent unconsciousness. Their composure was perhaps not quite so genuine as it appeared,—there were fluctuating pink streaks on Miss Davis's fair cheeks; but they conversed on the events of the previous summer as if it were the most commonplace, everyday affair for them to be dining together on a Chicago express.

At last the dinner was over and paid for. Harry escorted Miss Davis back to her seat, where he remained until he found that his supply of cheerful conversation was giving out; then he rose and said that he knew that she wanted to rest, and that he would go back to his own seat. He suggested that, as there was no dining car on the train after three o'clock, six might be a good hour for a buffet tea. Miss Davis thought so too; and as Harry handed her her berth check, she gave him a curious, half quizzical, half serious glance, which he didn't at all understand, but which gave him something to think about in the smoker that afternoon. They appeared like a newly married pair, he mused. And Miss Davis was charming,—had such a way with her. Did that last look mean that she was interested in him? It seemed something like that; but wasn't it too piquant and deliberate? At all events, he could keep on taking care of her. He would do it right royally; and who knew—who knew—

So, soon after Albany—where he had rushed into the station from the train, returning with every magazine and half the new novels he could lay his hands on, for Miss Davis—he sought his dependent lady, and made her join him in a sumptuous tea, on which he contrived to expend four dollars and a quarter. Then they

chatted for a while, until Harry thought it time to go. He said good night, and arranged that they should breakfast at eight o'clock the next morning; whereupon he withdrew to the smoker for a short smoke and a long reverie; and an hour later climbed into his berth and fell asleep and dreamt of pocketbooks, conductors, pretty Philadelphians and huge lunch bills. He awoke at Toledo, dressed himself, and on the platform of the station purchased a stack of sweet peas and roses, with some of which he made the waiter decorate the breakfast table, three large bunches being put down at Miss Davis's place for her use and refreshment. After breakfast he kept himself out of the way until they were within a couple of hours of Chicago. Before he appeared, however, he had jotted down some items and had said to himself:

"This adventure is going to cost me about twenty dollars; but I don't care—it is worth it. This all looks rather commonplace; but it isn't—it is most romantic. Twenty dollars! I have got to win this time; I can't lose again, the way I did last summer. Nevertheless, I am glad I haven't any money up on the race. I am sick and tired of losing to those Elis, and I'll never bet a cent against Yale again."

With these cheerful reflections he packed up his belongings and rejoined Miss Davis. They had a light buffet lunch, after which Miss Davis said: "Now, Mr. Matthews, if you will tell me how much I owe you, and let me have your address in Chicago, I will 'remit at the earliest opportunity,' as they say on bills."

"All right, I'll jot it down for you. Let me see. I won't count tea and lunch, for I don't know how much they were,—and, besides, I must have you for my guest at least once or twice. There, thirty-two for the fares and berth, and two for the meals. I am getting to feel quite like a hotel keeper. That makes thirty-four; and there is my address at the bottom. I

am afraid we had better be getting ready; we are almost in."

In a few minutes the train reached the station. Harry and Miss Davis hurried out with the crowd; and, a few seconds later, Miss Davis flew into the arms of a lady who was waiting to welcome her. In the midst of the shrill sound of escaping steam and the hurry and scurry of the crowd, Harry was presented and escorted the ladies to their carriage. The good byes were said, and the carriage moved swiftly away. Harry picked up his valise, beckoned to a cabman, and was soon rattling off in the opposite direction, toward Jack Norton's. \$20! The figures, preceded by the dollar mark, seemed to dance before his eyes. \$20! Was there ever a better investment?

That evening, when they had returned from the theatre and were standing around watching Jack compound a rabbit, Miss Norton said, turning to her sister:

"Dorothy, Mrs. Lakeside is to give a reception to-morrow for Miss Davis of Philadelphia. Oh, do you know her, Mr. Matthews? She is visiting here now. By the way, it is out; she has just become engaged to Mr. Courtney, a Yale man. Why, what is the matter, Mr. Matthews?" For Harry, with a smothered exclamation, had sat down, rather suddenly, in the nearest chair.

"Oh, nothing," he answered with a feeble smile, "only I was just thinking I had lost about twenty dollars to Yale."

III.

When Harry Matthews woke the next morning, he was very much surprised. That is, he was much surprised to find that he had slept at all. He had expected to pass a tossing and most unhappy night; and here he had been sleeping soundly ever since his head had touched the pillow. Surely that wasn't right for a man who had just had the cup of happiness dashed from his lips for the second time. He

dressed in a melancholy frame of mind, and as he went downstairs he felt absolutely certain that he was the most miserable man in Chicago, and that it would be a long, long time before he would ever laugh again. But at the bottom of the stairs he met Dorothy Norton, looking so happy and so pretty that he smiled in spite of himself. She came towards him, holding out the morning paper.

"Beaten again! Poor Harvard! By six lengths, too! You don't seem to feel very badly about it. I suppose you get used to that sort of thing after a while."

"I see you are as bitter a foe to Harvard as ever, Miss Norton," he said, taking the paper. "Oh, yes, 'rowed a splendid race.' We always do. Unfortunately, however, we lack the Yale habit."

"The Yale habit?"

"Yes, the habit of winning."

"There is a great deal in that. But I am not a foe to Harvard; I am simply a supporter of Yale; there is a great difference. Please remember also that I am not Miss Norton to my friends; I am Dorothy. We used to be great friends two years ago, when I was very small and you were only a freshman; but now you are so old that I am almost afraid of you," said Dorothy with a coquettish glance.

"I don't believe," said Harry, as they went out to the breakfast room, "that you were ever afraid of anything."

At breakfast Harry learned that they were all to leave Chicago that afternoon for the Michigan Country Club, which is on the lake some forty miles from Chicago, where the Nortons had a country house. Before he departed on the trip, he sent a large bunch of flowers to Miss Davis, with a short note saying how sorry he was not to have the chance to call, and hoping that she was none the worse for her journey. It took him so long to compose this apparently simple note that he almost lost the train. As

it was, he arrived just at the last moment, with a number of excuses, which Miss Norton graciously accepted because they were very good ones. Harry had the seat next to Dorothy in the train and as soon as he was comfortably settled she leaned over and said:

"Those were beautifully invented excuses; but would you mind gratifying my feminine curiosity by telling me what you really were doing the last three hours?"

"From you, your Imperious Highness, I have no secrets," replied Harry, "I was sending some flowers to my own funeral." At which innocent remark Miss Dorothy got angry, and refused to say another word for some fifteen minutes.

The life they led at the Country Club was very pleasant. The company of young people was large—there were both Harvard and Yale boys in it; and their intimacy was tinged with that western informality which, mixed with good breeding, makes the most agreeable atmosphere in the world. As the Nortons' guest, Harry was received with cordial hospitality. He saw a good deal of Dorothy; but one day it dawned on him that he didn't see as much of her as he would like to, for the obvious reason that a certain Phil Rogers monopolized an atrociously great deal of her time. Harry was particularly struck by this idea one sunny morning, some ten days after his arrival, and he wondered why it had never occurred to him before. He was sitting on the piazza, smoking a cigarette, and saw Dorothy drive off in her dogcart with Phil Rogers. She turned, smiled and waved her hand to him; and it suddenly occurred to Harry that he would like to be in a dogcart himself. He didn't see any reason why Rogers, who was a typical Yale man, big, easy mannered, yellow haired, should go with her so much. Then he wondered why he had never before noticed how pretty she was. He had

noticed, to be sure, that she was pretty,—but not *how* pretty, how extremely, awfully, irresistibly, incomparably pretty. The cigarette and his lassitude were pitched away together and in a moment. An hour later he had demanded and secured the seat beside her for the next day's drive, which goes to show that Harry Matthews was being rapidly cured of one light disorder and was ready to be the victim of another of perhaps a more serious type.

Harry and Dorothy got on famously together; and at the end of a week Phil Rogers found himself a very poor second. He had some consolation, however, for he met Matthews in the finals of the tennis tournament and much enjoyed beating the Harvard men three straight sets, the match having assumed somewhat of an intercollegiate air. Dorothy took this occasion to give Harry a long lecture on the loss of the Harvard spirit and the consequent superiority of Yale. In spite of himself he was irritated and a little hurt, with the result of a slight refrigeration of his manner towards her, which lasted about fifteen minutes, at the end of which time he meekly said: "Dorothy, you are mistaken. I tell you again the Harvard spirit is splendid; but the Yale habit is too much for it."

It was in the early part of August that the great baseball game was played, the Country Club meeting their old antagonists, the Lakeshore Club. Harry had been on his class team at Harvard, and was asked to play at shortstop for the Country Club. Phil Rogers played first base, and Jack Norton caught. It was one of the chief incidents of the season. The papers called it "the social event of the summer." Harry drove Dorothy out to the ball field in the dogcart; indeed, no one else would have thought of doing that now.

Matthews was the only Harvard man on the nine and his crimson jersey and stockings were conspicuous. He played a good, steady game,

made a couple of base hits and no errors. Once he and Rogers effected a very neat double play, which brought them a round of applause. The game was interesting until the last half of the ninth inning was reached, and then the interest became intense and the situation dramatic. The score was nine to seven in favor of the Lakeshorers, and the Country Club came in to bat for the last time. They had two of their men put out almost immediately. Then they batted vigorously and filled the bases. Finally Harry Matthews came to the bat. He had never been so nervous in his life, not even when he played against the Yale Freshmen. The crowd was absolutely still; one could hear the horses champing at their bits. There were three men on bases, and it would take only two runs to tie the score, three to win; but one more failure would be defeat. Harry struck at the first ball and missed it. Then he had two balls given him. The next ball pitched was a slow drop curve. He hit at it fiercely, viciously, furiously. The ball rose feebly into the air and was easily caught by the short-stop.

Harry climbed into the dogcart beside Dorothy, and they started for home. For a while neither of them spoke. Harry was trying to find out why it was that he felt so badly. There was nothing so terrible about losing a game, and he had done his best. Suddenly it flashed over him, and he turned to the girl at his side.

"Dorothy," he said quietly, "I know why it is that I hate so to lose to-day. It is because I love you."

The girl glanced up at him with a mischievous smile. "Have you just found that out?" said she. "I knew it some time ago."

It had begun to drizzle. Harry helped Dorothy to put on his huge red sweater with '9— on the front.

"I hope you don't object to wearing a Harvard sweater now?" said he.

"Not when its owner has the Yale habit," she replied.

"The Yale habit?" he asked absent-mindedly; he was taking a long time adjusting the sweater.

"Why, yes, 'the habit of winning.' You taught me that, dear."

IV.

On the night of the ball game there was a dance at the Club Casino, and every one was there. Harry Matthews stood near the door smiling happily; for Phil Rogers had just taken Dorothy away from him and was waltzing with her.

"Poor devil!" thought Harry, "I suppose he will be terribly cut up about it. Well, it will do him heaps of good. But I mustn't stand grinning like this. I wish I could go somewhere and shout at the top of my lungs. I have just got to tell somebody all about it. But we haven't told the family yet, so of course I can't tell any of these people around here. I am going outside. Dorothy won't give me another dance till the last one; I have had five already."

He walked through the hall out on the piazza; then he lighted a cigarette, strolled around the corner and sat down on the railing. There was a charming view of the lake in the moonlight, the shower having passed. Harry wondered why nobody had taken advantage of this secluded spot, for there were two chairs there and it was certainly a most inviting place. He wished Dorothy were with him. Suddenly a young man came around the corner of the piazza and exclaimed:

"Oh, here you are, Matthews. I have been looking for you everywhere. Won't you go in and dance with Miss Davis? She's a mighty nice girl,—here with Mrs. Lakeside."

"Why, certainly," said Harry. "I know Miss Davis, but I didn't know she was here."

"She came with the Lakesides; they arrived this afternoon. But, if you know her I won't wait; you just go and dance with her;" and he disappeared.

"The whirligig of time brings in its revenges," quoted Harry thoughtfully, as he threw away his cigarette and went in. He found Miss Davis talking with Jack Norton, but she didn't see him till he came up and said: "May I have this dance, Miss Davis?"

"Why, Mr. Matthews!" she exclaimed; and then, for no apparent reason, she blushed. Neither of the men noticed it, however, and in a moment she and Harry were whirling down the room. Subsequently she found herself seated in a chair beside Harry, looking at the moonlight on the lake. Then, suddenly, she was sorry she had come, for Harry was gazing out at the water with a determined look on his face. He had evidently decided on something very important.

"Oh! I have got to stop him," she thought, "or he will be doing something foolish. I must tell him of my engagement. Oh, dear! I ought to have known better than to come out here." Then she began: "Mr. Matthews, I—" But Harry turned around suddenly and interrupted her.

"Look here," said he, "I have got to tell you something; I can't keep it to myself any longer. I know you will understand how I feel,—and I can't tell any of these people here. You see,—I am engaged to Dorothy Norton."

Miss Davis sat absolutely still. Her hands were pressed tightly together.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," Harry went on, "I should have congratulated Mr. Courtney first, I suppose; but I knew you would sympathize with me now."

Then Miss Davis burst into a laugh. "I do, I do," she cried, "I congratulate you. But, Mr. Matthews, would you mind telling me

how long you have known of my engagement?"

"Oh, about two months. You know you mustn't say anything about ours; it's not out yet."

Just then, strangely enough, Dorothy Norton and Mr. Courtney came around the corner of the piazza together.

"I am so glad to see you, Miss Davis," said Dorothy, coming forward.

"I was extremely sorry to miss you in town, Miss Norton. Arthur, do you know Mr. Matthews?"

"How do you do, Mr. Courtney?" said Harry, holding out his hand. "I have been waiting for about two months for a chance to congratulate you. I suppose it is always proper to congratulate a Yale man on his luck."

"Thank you. But I am afraid we never wholly deserve our luck; like reading and writing, it comes by nature."

The music for the last dance began, and as the two couples separated at the door Miss Davis glanced back with a smile and said: "I am afraid I shall never quite forgive you, Mr. Matthews."

"Why, what for, Miss Davis?"

"For my own stupidity. A woman can never forgive that, you know."

"I wonder what she meant by that," said Harry.

"Oh, I don't know," replied Dorothy. "I suppose you don't mind dancing this, even if it is the 'Yale Two-Step'?"

"It seems to me," said Harry, "that I have been dancing a Yale two-step for the past three months. But I have no desire to stop now, for, at last, I have the Yale habit, I think. Dorothy, sweetest,—quick, while nobody is looking! Yes, I have acquired the Yale habit—perfectly, I am sure."

THE SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS.

By Edward P. Pressey.



THE old New England system of managing schools was in this wise: A prudential or business committee was appointed by each district in which a school was kept. An average township was five or six miles square and maintained from six to fourteen large and small schools. A general or superintending committee of three persons, and in later years of one, was appointed by the town. The ministers and other well read and "posted" citizens naturally served on this committee sometimes year after year for a generation. Later still the district system was abolished in one state after another, and with it the old system of superintendency. All has been put into the hands of a school board of three, who may be men or women. The school board is now practically a business committee for the town, as the prudential committee was formerly for the district, and nothing more. And now I have arrived at my tale.

An economical system of professional superintendency has been worked out throughout much of the land. In many of the western states they have a uniform system of county superintendents. In New England, among old shifting institutions, there is less uniformity. We have an optional system of town superintendency. Several small towns may club together to employ a professional superintendent of schools. Beacon Hills had clubbed together with Dell, Mountain and Florida for such a circuit rider.

The new superintendent was a man with a history such as a true born Yankee loves to bear. He was bred

on a farm in a quiet hill town of New Hampshire. That did two things for him; it made his wits as lithe as a cat—let the social philosophers tell why; and it trained him to work, without haste, without rest, so that, if to work is to pray, he literally fulfilled the apostle's injunction, "Pray without ceasing," and must have been a very pious man in the good sense of the word. He had taught school at seventeen and entered college at twenty, after various book canvassing and peddling escapades that had sometimes netted him cash and sometimes experience. The college was one of those excellent and accommodating old New England ones that let him out ten weeks every winter to teach school; and so, by more schemes than can be written in a book, he paid his way through college. Then he gathered an impromptu Latin school in a remote Maine village, and for two dollars a month each taught twenty or more boys and girls, in the dull season of the winter, the rudiments of everything, from algebra and physics to Greek. After a winter or two of this work, he paid his *alma mater* five dollars, and added A. M. to the first proud A. B. after his name. Then he got a call to higher things. An old established academy absorbed his masterful services, to develop a new chemical laboratory and to instruct youth in six or seven miscellaneous subjects, as a departmental teacher. After a year of this he was elected principal of a high school in a lovely village of central Massachusetts. Here he got the benefit of conventions and institutes, pedagogical conferences and educational literature, and came out after a number of years a sober theorist with the whole-

some light of the future in his eye and by training a thoroughly practical educator of New England youth.

The town of Dell was at the centre of the district. Here the superintendent had his home and office, where he could look upon the everlasting hills that stood about like the mountains round about Jerusalem and dream of the little district schools up there, where everlasting springs of sound nerves and sense and courage abide. This territory was cut into four mountain regions, sundered by precipitous river gorges a thousand feet deep. This man's head might have been said to be in the clouds; for the week long he was riding after his little black mare one thousand to nineteen hundred feet above sea level.

I knew one who had often accompanied him, summer and winter, over these mountains, visiting the remote district schools; and even a humdrum day on the rounds was a matter of interest to one who believes in the honest efforts of one's fellow mortals.

Mr. Ward was just hitching the little black mare to the United States flagstaff at the corner of the yard of the old gray schoolhouse, when a dozen boys and girls, of all sizes and ages from two years old up to seventeen, burst out for a fifteen minutes' recess.

"Good afternoon, children," he said in a cheerful, strong voice, as he gathered the last hitch in the halter.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Ward," returned every child, in tones and manner of the utmost good will and pleasure at seeing him. One or two quite small children and one older boy rushed ahead of him into the school-room out of breath, to say: "Teacher, Mr. Ward has come." The teacher was glad to tell him how John had improved in the perpendicular hand, and had the samples out in a minute to show him. Kate had taken wonderfully to drawing of late, and she had some wonderfully natural sketches to exhibit. Herman had at last mastered every one of the Miscel-

laneous Problems in arithmetic. Little Thomas had overcome an impediment in reading, according to Mr. Ward's suggestion of a method some months before. Isabelle was thinking more before making her answers to questions. The system of grading and ranking was making the pupils in general more ambitious as well as more tidy and accurate in their work.

Just then the teacher rang the little hand bell, which sounded out cheerfully from the door across the flowery runs and upland pastures. The children in a few moments came trooping in steadily to the few measures of a song struck by the teacher upon the organ. Then, without turning to music books nor any moving about from their seats, they sang a happy song they had committed to memory; and in five minutes every child was working hard at his lessons.

When the classes came out sometimes the superintendent at his discretion taught the class as he thought it should be done. Gently he corrected the serious habitual faults only, sometimes calling the smaller children to him, putting his arm around them, quickly drawing out their confidence and the root of their difficulty, while the teacher went on with the class. From the older pupils he drew out logical thinking and held them firmly to it; and when he saw a boy or girl squirming and cramped in the narrow confines of a text-book, when their minds could hungrily grasp a world of ideas, he dropped larger suggestions, and even the next time brought them larger books to read.

School was over in no time. After school many of the children gathered round Mr. Ward for a personal word of encouragement, advice or friendship, which was all given in the simplest, frankest, most fatherly manner. Then a warm-hearted good by was said by everybody who had lingered; and Mr. Ward set the little black mare's head homeward, twelve miles distant, down mountain and gorge

threaded by streams and spouting torrents.

Once a term, at least, the superintendent of schools held a meeting of all his teachers at Dell. On these occasions, besides the addresses on particular educational topics by experts from outside of the district, the best samples of work by teachers and pupils in the district were represented, often by those teachers appearing with their pupils in person. The little mountain school of eight or ten pupils never after occasions like these seemed small or unimportant to any of its members; for they were members of the great school of twenty-five districts, as many teachers and four hundred pupils in Dell, Mountain, Florida and Beacon Hills.

Then Mr. Ward started a little high school at Dell. Every pupil could manage in some way to board himself or earn his board, and get home Friday nights, so as to help mother with the Saturday baking or father at the wood pile; and all could appear as a family in their accustomed places at church the year round. This enabled many a farmer's son and daughter to get the sound rudiments of a higher education, who would otherwise have struggled hard to attain it or have been discouraged. But, best of all, it did not associate inevitably grasp and knowledge with city ways and feelings. It did not break with many so ruthlessly and everlastingly the traditions of the old farm house and the loyal country life.

The third of February the thermometer stood fourteen degrees below zero at eight o'clock. Mr. Ward appeared before the parsonage door in Beacon Hills with an ulster and a buffalo on, and icicles pending from the corners of his mustache. The little black mare was sheathed in a crystallized film of hoar frost and the frozen vapor of her nostrils.

It was eight miles to Dell. The superintendent was on his way to the Mountain schools, seven miles farther, for a day's work. The minister's fam-

ily was just finishing breakfast. The minister was going with Mr. Ward to inspect the Mountain system of schools, to compare with those of Beacon Hills. The superintendent was a prompt man; but it would hurt Mrs. Barber's feelings for a man to drive on in that frost after sniffing the parsonage fire without a cup of smoking coffee. Then in five minutes they were off.

Twenty minutes more, and they were climbing out of the settlement up the northward slopes of the town through the unbroken drifts of last evening's tempest. The little black mare struggled bravely till the cutter slumped down on the soft side of a drift and overturned the minister and the superintendent of schools in a shallow ravine or roadside water course. After that, for a half-mile stretch to the height of land, the minister preferred to wade ahead in his hip boots and break a path for the horse, while the superintendent hung to the bridle and piloted sleigh and horse through drifts of unfathomed depth.

From the height of the road, eight-hundred feet above the sea, they could see the morning sun lighting up with a dazzling purity the southerly domes and walls of the Green Mountains. Over there less than ten leagues lay, or rather floated in the crystal air, upon crystal blue and green foundations, the enchanted land. Just a moment the three paused in the keen, quiet, sunlit air, to breathe,—the animal sensing the glory of the mountain-top vision with a vague, alert stare and sniffing. Then they took a long plunge deep into a river valley a mile and a half below. The road at this season was little more than a deeply rutted timber slide, sheeted at intervals with ice from the unruly mountain springs and torrents that broke from their ice-cloaked beds. Every second rod of progress was a plunge down over an ambitious water bar of last summer's construction. After a mile of this they sighted below, perched a hundred

feet above the river bed upon a mountain shelf, the mining village of Mountain. Farther in among the trees to the west they could see the red-shaft building of the emery mines and could distinctly hear the booming of the great pump. A little later they had crossed the iron trestle over the narrow gorge twenty feet above the stream and were entering the village. It was a model village of some thirty houses, a mansion or two for the proprietors, a wayside inn, an electric railroad station, and a handsome public building with a high native limestone basement. This contained the town hall, public offices and a roughly graded school. This was Mr. Ward's first station.

Here the minister found a model primary school of fresh looking children of a number of nationalities. There was a teacher who could hardly have been excelled anywhere. She had studied in the best schools and understood the little ones "like a book." There was little apparent work here for the time being, for the superintendent of schools, except to rake after with some important overlooked odds and ends of education. For example, there were five pupils who had learned reading by the word method, who had slipped by the alphabet and could not say it in order, so as to use a dictionary intelligently. This was put in the way of correction, along with one or two other small matters. In the grammar department of the same school, the alphabet test was also applied, and a number of pupils more found who fingered the dictionary wildly to find words. Some drawing and composition works were exchanged with other schools of the district, which led to a wholesome emulation. One boy had to confer with the teacher and superintendent about his Latin, anticipating a year of high school work; and he received some sensible and inspiring advice from one of wider experience with life and education than the teacher could possibly have had.

Dinner was had at the wayside inn. Before one o'clock they were climbing into the heart of the Hoosacs, up, up, up, as if the grade might go on at that rate till sunset. At last they found themselves on the piercingly cold windy eastern rim of a crater-like valley in the very heart and on the very summit of Mountain. They passed a deserted dark schoolhouse at a desolate crossroads, forlornly buried to its chin in a drift, since the great forest opposite was cleared away and presented only its lonely acres of black stump land.

A few miles farther was a sawmill settlement beside a small, mad stream. There was a post office in a private house, where also resided the justice of the peace and chairman of the school board, who also furnished four of the seven pupils of the school hard by under the beech woods.

Here was an interesting state of things, in the Mill district school. The teacher was a graduate of Smith College, I believe. She was paid ten dollars a week to teach this most remote of Massachusetts winter schools. The daughter of the justice of the peace was turned fifteen, and had finished "Beginners' Latin" and was contemplating the beginning of Greek, had mastered Civil Government from a variety of text-books, could sketch the mountains and brooks round about from nature like an accomplished amateur, and had taken some discursive flights into logarithms and plane trigonometry. She had read through all the family bookcases in the neighborhood, which happened to contain Milton's "Paradise Lost," Thomson's "Seasons," the Life of Mrs. Judson, the missionary to Burmah, the "Autobiography of Charlotte Elizabeth," "Bringing in the Sheaves" (a book of evangelists' sermons and anecdotes), "Jerusalem Delivered," Shakespeare (printed in one volume, two columns, diamond type), the English Bible (ditto), a dozen ponderous "subscription" books of travel, biography, history and literary "hash," the poems of

Thomas Hood, Whittier and Longfellow, besides a medical work called "The Family Physician," a book on bees, and the "National Gazetteer"—out of date fifty years ago.

In this school was also a much overgrown boy (of indefinite age so far as one could tell) who was working out the Latin language by painfully sure steps. A little girl of seven, not at all troubled with the nerves or any queerness of a precocious child, was reading with expression in the third reader. There was a bashful girl of twelve, who the teacher said was a good scholar in her written exercises, but it was always impossible for her to recite well. These with two or three other ordinary appearing children made up the school.

After four o'clock the winter twilight swept down suddenly among the mountains. The little black mare was headed for home. The keen frost of the morning had disappeared in the noonday sunshine. With the evening shades an icy north wind came down in its stead. When the moon came up, as they climbed the long mountain, south again, all was dreary with the sweeping cold. The blood chilled rapidly in one's feet; the fingers and ears began to freeze. One did not care any longer to talk philosophy. Between banging one's toes and fingers and rubbing one's muffled ears, one settled into a dumb, stoical mood and dreamed of a seat behind the kitchen range and of hot beef soup. So it went for blank miles, without a word, till the summit was reached and the village lights of Beacon Hills came into view.

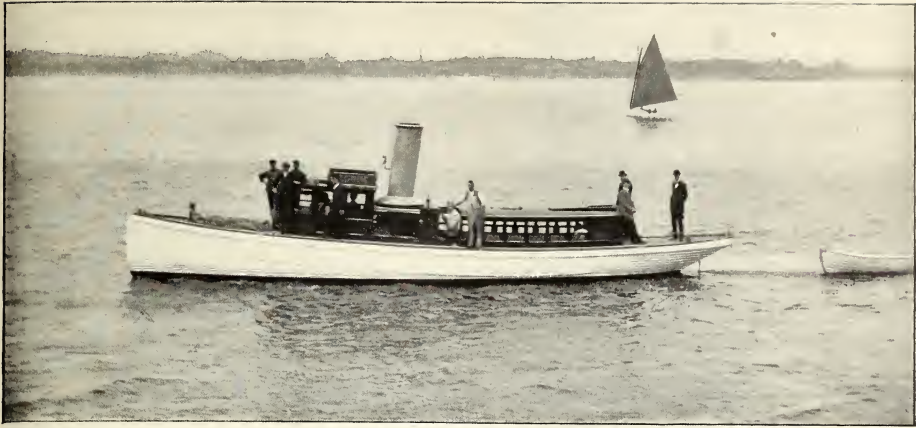
At the parsonage elm, Mr. Ward discovered that his windward cheek was frozen stiff; but he only washed

it in cold snow water to take out the sting and pushed on for his own fire-side in Dell, where he probably arrived by eight o'clock if he was not stuck before that in a drift.

In the spring and fall seasons every school in all the hills was in full session. Each school in turn had to be visited regularly at least once a month. Then it was that every boy and girl who was able was urged by persuasive means, of which the superintendent was "past master," to do his best and reach that term some landmark in his or her education. The little black mare was scudding from school to school, day in and day out. The mornings were long and the evenings were often late. Like an active general, the superintendent was straightening up the waving lines in every direction. The rolls of attendance and punctuality were to be compared between different schools. Soldier-like pride in regularity and precision was to be idealized and instilled. And so twenty-five schools in rapid succession caught the step, were fired with the same enthusiasm,—and there were no more little lifeless, uninteresting schools, for they were all one.

But the superintendent of schools met his Waterloo at last. There were those who did not appreciate "modern education"; so after his three years of trial, with such results as I have faithfully indicated, he was voted down by a narrow majority in two of the towns. The other two could not maintain the superintendency alone; and the schools of those regions for a time lapsed into their old-time deadness and hit-or-miss existence, with no stimulating connection with the great outside world.





THE PILGRIM.

A GOVERNMENT OF BOYS, FOR BOYS, BY BOYS.

COTTAGE ROW AT THOMPSON'S ISLAND.

By Max Bennett Thrasher.

Illustrated chiefly from photographs taken by the Farm School boys.

CONSPICUOUS on the high ground of Thompson's Island, the passenger on one of the steamers or sailing craft which thread the more shallow channels of Boston Harbor may see a row of neatly painted, diminutive cottages, which almost invariably attract attention. If the observer takes the trouble to make inquiry of almost any one connected with the navigation of the harbor, he is told that the little settlement is "that 'ere boys' village which the Farm School boys have built and govern." If his informant is a man who has been long at his work, he usually adds: "The first houses of the village were built more than ten year ago, an' it has been kep' up ever sence. Folks say it's mighty interestin' to visit. I've always meant to stop there some day an' see it, but I've never got 'round to it."

For the benefit of those who, like this man, have always meant to visit "Cottage Row," as the settlement is named, but have not "got 'round to it," and of others who may be interested in the problems of child study

and development, this sketch of the Thompson's Island boys' government—perhaps the pioneer experiment of the kind, and certainly one of the most unique and successful—has been prepared. A brief account of the early history of the school is prefaced, and a general description of its work is introduced as explanatory and interesting. The writer was for nearly two years connected with the school, and has therefore had a better opportunity to study the life there than that which any temporary examination would give.

Nearly every one who sees the buildings of the Farm School rising from among the beautiful trees which surround them on Thompson's Island thinks of the school as one of the city's departments. In fact visitors to the school itself sometimes come with the same impression. This is entirely incorrect. The Farm School is wholly a private charity, incorporated and managed as such, and going back for its beginning to as early a date as 1814.



THE WHARF AT THOMPSON'S ISLAND.

The "Boston Asylum for Indigent Boys" was incorporated in 1814, among the persons named in the act of incorporation being William Phillips, James Lloyd, William Sullivan, Benjamin Green and Samuel H. Wally. Not long after the incorporation the trustees purchased the large estate on the corner of Salem and Charter streets, in Boston, formerly the home of the colonial governor, Sir William Phipps. The house was a large brick structure and its spacious apartments, which in olden times had witnessed the pomp of royalty, furnished ample accommodations as a home for a charity which had for its object "relieving, instructing and employing indigent boys."

In 1832, John Tappan, John D. Williams, Samuel T. Armstrong and others associated with them organized what was to be known as the "Boston Farm School Society." One year later this society was incorporated and purchased Thompson's Island, in Boston Harbor, for \$6,000. A building to accommodate the school was at once erected, under the immediate supervision of John D. Williams, who from the first took great interest in the undertaking. The purpose of the school, as set forth at that time, was "the education of boys belonging to the city of Boston, who, from extraordinary exposure to moral evil, require peculiar provision for the forming of their character and for promoting and securing the usefulness and happiness of their lives, and who have not yet fallen into those crimes which require the interposition of the law to punish or restrain them." Two years later, these two corporations, feeling that each possessed advantages which the other did not enjoy and that their interests were practically the same, were united by an act of the Legislature and became the "Boston Asylum and Farm School for Indigent Boys."

Such is briefly the history of the home-training school for boys, popularly known as the "Farm School," and

which now has been established for over sixty years in its present location. During this time the management of the school has been in the hands of men who have been among the most distinguished citizens of Boston, men remarkable not only for their interest in philanthropic work but for their ability in business and professional life. The former presidents of the corporation have been Samuel T. Armstrong, Jonathan Phillips, Theodore Lyman, Henry B. Rogers, J. Ingersoll Bowditch, Theodore Lyman, Jr., and Charles P. Bowditch. Among the men who have served upon the successive Boards of Management, many of them for a great many years, have been Francis Parkman, John D. Williams, Thomas B. Curtis, S. E. Green, George Darracott, Moses Grant, William Gray, John Tappan, Joseph Tuckerman, Samuel Torrey, Charles Wells, Charles C. Paine, Thomas G. Cary, Benjamin A. Gould, William H. Prescott, Henry B. Rogers, Henry Upham, Edward S. Rand, George H. Kuhn, Jonathan Chapman, Elijah Cobb, Abbott Lawrence, James C. Wild, Francis O. Watts, Frederick T. Gray, Henry Edwards, Lewis G. Pray, Joseph F. Bumstead, Cyrus A. Bartol, John J. Dixwell, Samuel Hooper, George Bemis, Richard W. Bayley, Robert C. Waterston, Jr., Samuel E. Brackett, Jesse Bird, Francis Bacon, Charles H. Mills, G. Howland Shaw, Charles Amory, William Appleton, Jr., Francis C. Manning, Robert B. Storer, William Perkins, James H. Beal, Aaron D. Weld, Martin Brimmer, Theodore Lyman, Russell Sturgis, Jr., John L. Emmons, Samuel Eliot, Stephen H. Bullard, Charles E. Guild, William L. Richardson, Charles L. Young, Henry L. Higginson, John A. Blanchard, Alanson Bigelow, John Homans, Stephen G. Deblois, William Brandt Storer, Howard Stockton, Charles P. Bowditch, Arthur Dexter, George A. Gardner, E. Francis Parker, Robert H. Gardiner, James S. Russell, Otis K. Newell, Alexander S. Wheeler and William F. Wharton.

The management of the school as at present constituted is as follows: President, Richard M. Saltonstall; Vice-President, Eben Bacon; Treasurer, Alfred Bowditch; Secretary, Tucker Daland; Managers, I. Tucker Burr, Jr., Caleb A. Curtis, Charles P. Curtis, Jr., J. D. Williams French, Henry S. Grew, John Homans, 2d, M. D., Walter Hunnewell, Francis Shaw, John E. Thayer, Thomas F. Temple; Superintendent, Charles H. Bradley.

Thompson's Island is about three miles from the foot of State Street, and a little more than one mile from City Point, South Boston. It is divided from Squantum, a part of Quincy, by a channel twelve hundred feet in width, through which a swift current runs with the tide. It is next to the largest island in the harbor, containing one hundred and fifty-seven acres, and, on account of the height to which the surface rises and the number of trees, is very generally acknowledged to be the most beautiful island. At the point where the main buildings are located, the land is sixty-five feet above mean high water. In Nathaniel Bradstreet Shurtleff's "Topographical and Historical Description of Boston" is this quaint description of the island:

"On the southwest side is (was) a salt water pond of several acres, into which once flowed a creek that in ancient times was dignified by the name of river. Thompson's Island Bar, which projects towards Squantum, has long been a noted locality for its delicious clams. The form of the island as shown on the charts is very much like that of a young unfledged chicken, looking towards the east, the northeast part representing the head and bill of the bird and the bar, which extends towards Squantum, the legs and feet; the portion of the island where the wharf is situated forms the back. By keeping this fanciful form in mind the figure of the island will be remembered. Deep water lies to the north and west, shoal water to the east and south."



INDIAN RELICS FOUND BY THE BOYS ON THOMPSON'S ISLAND.

The "pond" to which the historian refers has now been reclaimed from the sea by means of a dike, along with some other low parts of the island, drained, and converted into grass land. Shurtleff goes on to say that the first mention of this island is found in the Colonial Records of Massachusetts of 1634-5, in these words: "Tompson's Island is graunted to the inhabitants of Dorchester^r to enjoy to them, their heires & successors w^{ch} shall inhabite there, foreuer, payeing the yearely rent of xij d to the tresurer for the time being." "Dorchester," says Shurtleff, "voted, May 20, 1639, that a rent of twenty pounds a year should be charged for the island, to be paid by the tenants towards the maintenance of a school, in Dorchester, this rent to be pajy to such a schoolemaster as shall vndertake to teach English, Latine and other tongues, and also writing.' The schoolmaster was to be chosen from time to time by the freemen, but it was left to the discretion of the Elders and the Sevenmen for the time being to decide whether maydes shalbe taught wth the boyes or not.' So early," comments the his-

torian, "had the community an eye to the propriety of mixed schools."

Afterwards the town had difficulty in collecting the rent, and in 1641-2 provided that there should be but ten tenants on the island at any one time. In 1648, John Thomp-son, son and heir of David Thomp-son, laid claim to the island, and the town lost it. In the Colonial Records, under date of May 10, 1648,

is this record: "It appears that David Thomson in or about the yeare 1625 did take actual possession of an iland in the Massachusetts Bay & did erect there the form of a habitation." Dorchester made claim to the island again in 1650. John Thomson brought as proof the affidavits of William Trevore, William Blaxton, Miles Standish and the Sagamore of Agawam. These show that, soon after the settlement of Plymouth, Captain Standish and others, among whom was the sailor William Trevore, who came over in the *Mayflower*, visited Boston Harbor. Trevore took possession of this island under the name of the Island of Trevor, for Mr. David Thomson, then of London. Mr. Thomson obtained a grant of the land by patent, before he arrived, of the Massachusetts Company. Mr. Blaxton, who is well known as the reputed first European resident upon the peninsular part of Boston, knew Mr. David Thomson personally, and was acquainted with the island and its use. He says that hogs were pastured upon it. Shurtleff says that at that time there was no evidence that Indians

had ever dwelt there or claimed the island; but for many years now the boys at work upon the tillage land have been in the habit of finding a great many Indian relics in the shape of stone arrowheads, hammers and similar utensils. Many of these are in excellent condition. Mr. Bradley, the present superintendent of the school, has a considerable collection of these relics which the boys have found and brought to him.

The Sagamore, in the affidavit which has been mentioned, refers to the river on the island, and says that Mr. Thomson, who had lived for a time on the Piscataqua River, left Maine and came here because he "liked the island." An Indian named Winnuequassam laid claim to the island in 1654, and was allowed a trial, but his claim was denied. Shurtleff says that Mr. Thomson probably settled on the island in 1626, as the Colonial Records mention him as a resident there that year. This island

always remained private property. By an act of the Legislature of March 25, 1834, after it had been purchased for the school, it was set off from Dorchester and annexed to Boston.

The Farm School is limited to one hundred pupils. Boys are taken between the ages of ten and fourteen years, and retained until they graduate from the school department, the training there being equivalent to that of the best grammar schools. At the same time they are taught to work, the aim being to fit them so that when they are old enough to go out into the world they will be fitted to meet and grapple with the problems which life will present. As soon as is practicable after graduation, places are found for them in offices, stores, shops or on farms, according as their training or natural ability seem to make most desirable. Boys who have committed crime or are what may be termed bad boys are not received. The Farm School is in no sense a reform school,



BOYS' GARDENS AND INDUSTRIAL BUILDINGS.



STREET IN COTTAGE ROW.

but rather a home training school for the boys who are under its care. These are usually orphans, or the sons of widows who from force of circumstances are unable to provide a home for some or all of their children.

In addition to the regular course of study there is a manual training course, which includes mechanical drawing, carpentry, wood turning and carving, blacksmithing and printing. All the boys are in turn employed upon the farm for a considerable portion of the time they are at the school, obtaining from this and from the use of the boats, which they are constantly taught to use and manage, the very best physical exercise. In addition, all in turn perform some part of the household duties, including cooking, baking, making and mending clothes, and laundry work. The boys have the freedom of a campus several acres in extent and a large and thoroughly equipped gymnasium.

There is no instinct stronger in the minds of children than that of imitation, and no amusement more universal and enduring than that of "playing house." My observations at Thompson's Island led me to believe that, while baseball and football, King Philip, tag, quoits, bows and marbles

and a dozen other games came and went, the one interest which never flagged was that in "Cottage Row," the city of play-houses which the boys have built, care for, own and govern. Each election for mayor, aldermen, chief of police and other officers is just as warmly contested as the last, and when a boy leaves the school, he never has any trouble in finding some younger boy to buy his shares in his cottage, while political aspirants for such official positions as he may have held spring up as suddenly as they do in larger municipalities.

The settlement originated in this way. During the summer of 1888 the boys were given some pieces of cast-off bedticking to play with. A chance suggestion was made that these would make good tents. The suggestion was adopted, and several tents were set up, each being owned and occupied usually by a number of boys. Scattered at first irregularly over the campus, the tents were eventually arranged in a row at the north end, and all through the summer this was the favorite part of the playground. As the cold weather of autumn came on, the boys were so reluctant to abandon their little homes that they utilized pieces of boards to make them habitable as long as possible. This gave some of the boys an idea to be acted on another season, and when the spring of 1889 opened some of the most enterprising planned to erect a wooden cottage. With the assistance of the superintendent, material was obtained and the house was built. Others followed, and from this beginning the present city has developed. The fact that all of the boys who are old enough take the school's course in manual training makes it possible for them to do all of the work themselves. In 1891 it was decided to

be best to limit the number of cottages to twelve, the possession of each cottage being divided into twelve shares. Certificates of ownership were given for these shares, transferable through the Farm School Bank. This bank has been a regular feature of the school for some time. The boys deposit in it whatever money they may earn or have given them, and are paid interest on deposits above a certain amount. Each boy has his own bank book and is furnished deposit slips and

"The government organized by the property owners shall be for the general protection, advancement of good order, adjustment of individual rights, and to assist in teaching the duties of citizenship. All matters pertaining to Cottage Row and its government shall be entitled to and given the same respect as is due other branches of the school work.

"The officers of the cottage government consisting of board of aldermen (3), clerk (1), police (3), street commissioner (1), and jury (5), shall perform their duties with the dignity becoming officers in such positions.

"The board of aldermen may elect a



OFFICERS OF COTTAGE ROW GOVERNMENT IN FRONT OF CITY HALL, JANUARY, 1899.

checks. If he wishes to buy anything or to pay out money for any purpose, he draws his check as any other business man would do. Mock deeds of the cottage lots are given to the proprietors. The plan seemed to work so favorably that in 1893 the superintendent of the school issued the following proclamation:

"PROCLAMATION.

"To the inhabitants of Thompson's Island:
"The playground settlement shall be known as Cottage Row.

janitor for the Cottage Row Hall and Club House, and a director for the Natural History room.

"The property owners shall respect and obey their superiors in said government, but when circumstances warrant may appeal to the officer in charge, or to the Superintendent as in other matters.

CHARLES H. BRADLEY,
Superintendent."

An election of officers followed the issuing of the proclamation, and not long afterwards a City Hall, six feet by ten, was built, to accommodate the



COTTAGE ROW.

newly organized government. Another building, somewhat larger, was erected, and called Audubon Hall. This is for a home for the numerous pets which the school possesses, including a monkey, an Angora goat, pigeons, rabbits and guinea pigs. Three curators are appointed to take care of the animals, under the direction of the Board of Aldermen. Since the organization of the government the official force has been increased by the addition of a mayor, an assessor, a judge and a librarian. All of the officers except the judge are elected, the elections being held once in three months, on the first Tuesdays of January, April, July and October. A caucus is held one week previous to the election. The ballots used are printed in the school's printing office, by the boys, and resemble as nearly as possible those prescribed by the Australian system. The judge holds office during good behavior, or as long as he is at the school. There has never yet been an instance of a judge having been removed from office.

One of the features of the Farm School which has been found very helpful is a small monthly paper, called the *Thompson's Island Beacon*, written, edited and printed by the boys. As they naturally choose subjects to write about in which they are interested, there have been a number of articles in this paper at various times pertaining to Cottage Row. I do not think any description which I could write could be more interesting or more accurate than the descriptions in these articles, and I therefore quote from some of them. The first article gives a very complete account of the machinery of the city government. It is from the issue for March, 1898.

"COTTAGE ROW GOVERNMENT.

"Our principal officers are elected quarterly by the citizens. The Mayor is the supreme officer, and it is his duty to preside at the meetings of the citizens, to enforce due observance of the constitution, and to look after the government in general.

"The Board of Aldermen are the Mayor's advisers. They assist him in performing his duties, and their chairman takes the Mayor's place when absent.

"The Judge, who holds his office during good behavior, tries all cases, instructs the Jury, and passes sentence.

"The Police Department of our government is a very interesting feature. The citizens elect the Chief of Police, who chooses his two patrolmen and two detectives. They have a general supervision over all the boys in Cottage Row and on the playgrounds, whether citizens or not. All complaints



are made to the Chief of Police, and after looking into the case he applies to the Judge for a warrant and if this is issued makes the arrest. The Judge has charge of the case afterwards. At the proper time, within two weeks after the complaint is made, the Judge calls the court to order, and the trial begins. Our trials are very interesting, both sides having their lawyers and witnesses.

"The Street Commissioner, who is elected by the citizens, has charge of the appearance of the Row. The cottages are divided into three wards, and a waste barrel is placed in each of the wards. It is the duty of the citizens of each ward to take turns in emptying the barrels, and if a citizen fails to empty it in his turn he is tried and punished. All the citizens are on the same level in this line.

"It is the duty of the Assessor to set a value on all the cottages and raise it on all improvements.

"The City Clerk, who is appointed by the Mayor, has to make note of all that takes place in the government, such as keeping a strict account of all the transactions of shares in the cottages, issuing all certificates and deeds, and making out the minutes of all meetings of the citizens and of the court. His desk, which is in the City Hall, contains note-heads, envelopes, certificates and deeds, all of which are printed in our printing office. The Clerk also acts as Treasurer and has care of the government funds which are deposited in the Farm School Bank.

"The citizens meet every three months for a caucus and for election. The Board of Aldermen meet about every two weeks,

so the affairs of the government are well looked after.

"As our City Hall is not large enough to accommodate all the citizens, our meetings and trials are held in our large school-room, visitors always being welcome. The presiding officer uses a gavel which Mr. Bradley presented to Cottage Row, made of wood which he got at Mt. Vernon, Va.

"Another interesting feature of our government is Audubon Hall, the headquarters of the Natural History Society. It contains rabbits, squirrels, white rats, guinea pigs, a white Angora goat, and an African monkey, 'Mr. Stubbs.' The hall is very carefully looked after by three Curators, who are under the supervision of the Board of Aldermen.

HOWARD B. ELLIS, Clerk."

Another boy, in the issue for May, 1898, writes of his duties as chief of police:

"POLICE DEPARTMENT OF COTTAGE ROW.

"I am Chief of Police of Cottage Row. I have two patrolmen, Chester O. Sanborn and Samuel W. Webber. Our duty is to keep order on the play grounds and on the grounds of Cottage Row, and to see that no one breaks windows or does anything which would disturb others or prevent them from having a good time. Any one who offends in this way is arrested and tried before the Court. If found guilty he is punished by being compelled to stay away from the cottages for a certain length of time, or is deprived of the privi-

lege of holding office, or punished in some similar way. WILLIAM C. CARR."

In the June number for 1899, a boy who has succeeded the one whose article I quoted first, as clerk, describes a Cottage Row election:

"ELECTION OF OFFICERS FOR COTTAGE ROW.

"Cottage Row officers are elected once in three months. A week before the election the voters hold a caucus in which are chosen the nominating committees. The Mayor chooses three boys who are to serve on the Mayor's nominating committee, and the citizens choose three boys who are to serve on the citizens' committee. These committees each nominate enough candidates to fill the offices. Both committees send in their reports to the clerk, who has the ballots printed. On the ballot, under each name, is a letter, "C" or "M," which tells by which committee that boy is nominated. Sometimes one boy is nominated by both committees. The election takes place a week after the caucus. It is held in the first schoolroom. Each citizen takes a separate seat, so that no two will be together. The ballots are then passed out. After the citizens are through voting the ballots are collected. Then the Mayor, aldermen and clerk count them. This takes quite a while. During the time the ballots are being counted, the citizens take a recess. When the ballots have all been counted, the meeting is called to order and the clerk reads the result of the election. First he reads the names of all the boys who were nominated, and the number of votes each received, then the names of the

boys who were elected. Last of all the officers are sworn into office. The Judge swears the Mayor in, and the Mayor swears the other officers into office.

WILLIAM AUSTIN, Clerk."

The caucuses, elections and courts are held in one of the schoolrooms, in order that all who wish may be present. Of course only boys who are property holders vote. Ownership of one share admits a boy to all privileges. Usually from three to five boys own a cottage together. All the meetings are managed wholly by the boys. Quite often some of the instructors go in, attracted by an interest in what is going on, but they attend only as spectators. The trials are often very interesting, and there are sometimes so many witnesses to be examined that a case cannot be completed in one evening. Some of the boys develop ability as lawyers which would foreshadow legal talent, and these are always in demand for counsel. When the evidence is all in, the lawyers make their pleas, the Judge charges the jury, and the latter retires. The jury usually agrees on a verdict, oftener I think than in real courts. Their verdicts are brought in sealed. Sentences are apt to be very practical, as the article of the chief of police which I have quoted intimates. I re-



THE FARM CLASS STARTING TO WORK.



THE DINING ROOM.

member that once a boy who was convicted of breaking a window in one of the cottages was sentenced to mend all the broken glass in the entire city, while another found annoying "Nannie," the goat, who is tethered on the campus, was condemned to feed and water her for a month.

The cottages vary greatly in size and appearance. The smallest are about four by six feet square. Others are considerably larger, and some of the more ambitious have a bay window or an L. They are furnished according to the taste and means of the owners. A favorite way of finishing the interior is to line the walls with cheap cretonne of bright pattern, which is bought by the superintendent in a quantity which allows of it being sold to the boys at a price within their means. Pictures and ornaments adorn the walls, and nearly all of the boys have collections of books, which are moved into the cottages early in the spring and kept there until the coming on of winter makes it advisable to bring them back to the main building. The municipality itself also has a library of some three hundred volumes, given it by various friends. These books are kept in the

City Hall. The librarian is appointed by the mayor; he has certain regular hours when he is at the hall to give out books and receive those returned, and the library, like that of the school itself, is very freely used. Furniture in the cottages depends largely on circumstances. Every chair and table which is discarded from the main building is quickly snapped up. Some articles the boys can make for themselves, and their eyes are always open for others. I remember that once the frame of a couch came ashore on the beach with other driftwood. The boy who saw it first obtained permission to go and get it, and covered it with excelsior and cretonne. Its possession, in his cottage, made him for a time the aristocrat of the town.

The first days of spring always see repairs begun all along the street, and requisitions for boards, paint, shingles and materials of all kinds flood the superintendent's desk. Each cottage is surrounded by a plot of ground, and much taste is displayed in laying out these lawns with grass and flowers. The City Hall has a lofty flagstaff and a good flag, and several of the cottages have shorter staffs and smaller flags. One winter, while I was there, when

property was low, two boys, both of whom were good carpenters, bought a small run-down cottage as a speculation. When it came spring, they repaired it thoroughly and painted it. Then they advertised it to be sold at auction, held the sale, although neither of them had ever been to an auction in his life, and cleared \$2.50 by the deal.

As I remember now, I should say that the value of the shares in the different cottages varies from about sixty cents each to a dollar and ten cents. Of course a boy who has no money

than I have yet done in this article, since that branch of the industrial work may be looked upon as the foundation of the system. In the one hundred and fifty-seven acres comprised in the area of the island there is practically no land that is not available for tillage or for grazing, and used for one or the other of these purposes. It is the rule that the work of each boy for the first six months he is at the school shall be on the farm. In many cases the pupil remains longer on the farm or is detailed to that work again. Visitors to the school almost always



THE FARM SCHOOL BAND.

cannot buy stock, but if he has money he can make any trade which seems to him desirable. The shares bought, he draws his check for the amount, and the seller deposits this check to the credit of his account. In this practice in banking, in the management of real estate and the learning to adjust prices to values, and in the conduct of the city government, I think these young voters of Cottage Row become better versed in the duties of citizenship than many adults ever do.

No account of the Farm School would be complete which did not give a fuller description of the farm itself

comment upon the rugged, healthy appearance of the pupils. There is no doubt that the good health which they enjoy and the sound constitutions which most of them seem to possess are in no small measure due to the healthy outdoor work. While there is no intention of making farmers of the boys, unless they develop a special fitness for it, many have been influenced by their early training at the school to follow farming as a means of earning a living. There is a large orchard of apple and pear trees upon the island, and a garden of generous proportions furnishes an ample supply of fresh



DINNER IN CAMP.

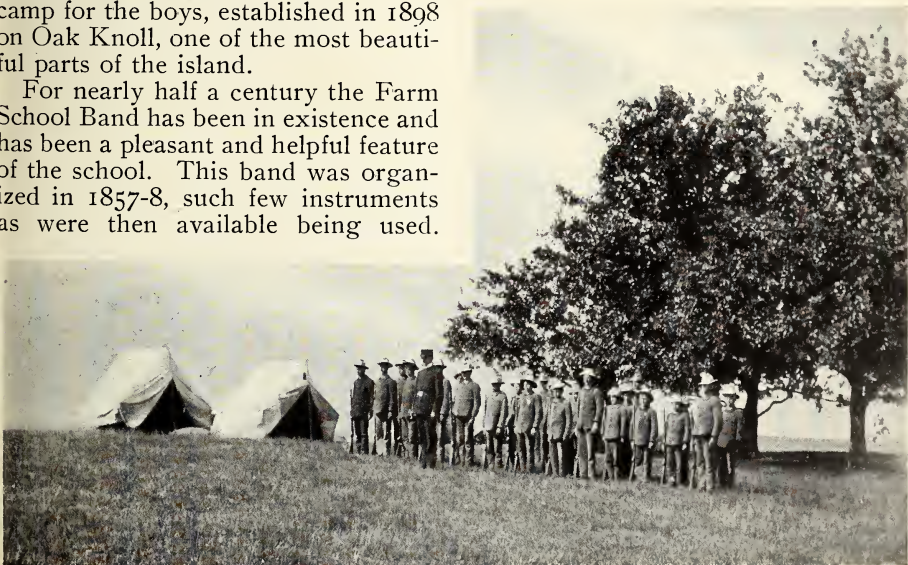
vegetables in their season and to store for winter. The farm produces all of the potatoes and vegetables required for the entire establishment. A herd of twenty-five good cows supplies all the milk needed. The yearly crop of hay is about one hundred tons.

At least a bare mention must also be made of three other important features of the school:—the excellent library, now numbering over a thousand volumes, all standard books, many of them given by friends of the school, and all very freely used by the boys; the great flower garden, in which each boy has his own individual garden to care for; and the military vacation camp for the boys, established in 1898 on Oak Knoll, one of the most beautiful parts of the island.

For nearly half a century the Farm School Band has been in existence and has been a pleasant and helpful feature of the school. This band was organized in 1857-8, such few instruments as were then available being used.

The next year a set of second-hand instruments was hired. Later a set of first-class instruments was bought, and these have been replaced as occasion required and added to at times by gifts, until the organization is now very well equipped. The band numbers from twenty-five to thirty pieces, and a supplementary organization of the same number of younger boys is maintained, from which players are promoted to fill the vacancy in

the band proper made by one of the older boys leaving the school. The boys practise only in their play time, except when they are sometimes drilled in the evening by one of their number, or when, once a week, except in the winter months, a competent instructor from the city comes down to drill them. They take a great deal of pleasure in the work, and it is seldom during the daylight hours that the tooting of one or more horns in practice is not to be heard coming from the gymnasium. Some of the boys develop decided musical talent. Many continue to play in bands after



COMPANY DRILL.



they leave the school, as a means of adding to their income, while several have followed music as a profession and achieved success. The band has frequently been to Boston to give its assistance to various undertakings. It has played in Tremont Temple, and at the time of the Peace Jubilee, in 1869, was invited to join the orchestra there, playing beside noted bands from all over the world. The band has occasionally been to the Soldiers' Home at Chelsea to play for the veterans there, and for the last two years has played on Decoration Day for Thomas G. Stevenson Post 26, G. A. R., of Roxbury.

The question is sometimes asked, "How can Thompson's Island be reached from the main land?" There is no regular public means of communication. Once a month, from May to October,

one of the boats of the Nantasket Line stops at the school wharf on its way down the harbor, and stops again, later in the day, on one of its return trips. This enables the relatives and friends of the boys to come and see them. These days are known as "Visiting Days,"

and the date and hours are announced by cards which are printed at the school and which the boys send to whomever they wish. For all other visits to the island, it is necessary to arrange with the superintendent. The school has its own steam launch, knockabout, and several rowboats ranging in size from a stout ten-oared boat down to one which one boy can row. A capacious scow, towed by the steamer, is used for handling freight. Whenever it is necessary, the steamer is used for crossing, but in pleasant weather one or more boys frequently cross in rowboats to carry passengers and light freight, or to do errands. The older boys are thoroughly trained in the handling of boats of all kinds.

In the terrible storm of November, 1898, the island and school suffered



HARVESTING BEETS.



GRADUATING CLASS OF '99.

dikes which protect the low land of the island from the salt water. By the generosity of friends of the school, the steamer and rowboats have been replaced. It has been a pleasant fancy, suggested perhaps by a knowledge of the early visit of the Pil-

grims to this island, to give the boats names suggestive of that event. The steamer, the largest boat, is named the *Pilgrim*. The rowboats are respectively *Mary Chilton*, *Priscilla*, *Brewster*, *Standish* and *Bradford*, while the freight barge bears the name of sturdy *John Alden*.

The value of an undertaking is measured by its results. Since the Farm School has been in existence, it has cared for eighteen hundred boys. Most of these have grown to make good and useful citizens. Some have achieved well earned

distinction. If the parent who raises up one good son is said to have done his country a service worthy of commendation, surely credit is due an organization which has sustained a parental relation to so many sons.

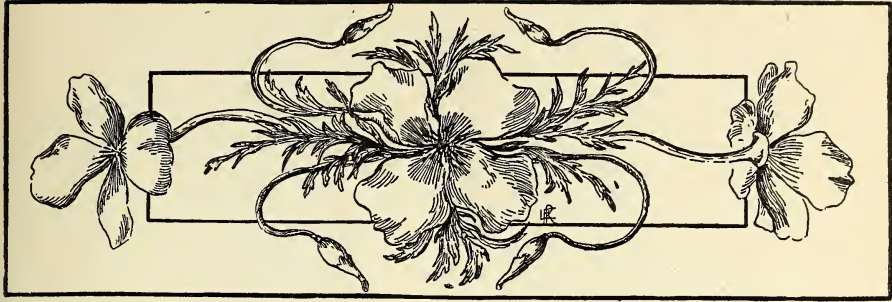
FRIENDS.

By Thcodosia Pickering Garrison.

THIS love demands too much, methinks,—
 Too much of striving and unrest,
 Too many blows for scanty bliss,
 Too much dependent on a kiss,
 Too much concealed, too much confessed.

One wearies of a ceaseless glare;—
 Give me your friendship's shadowing,
 The knowledge of a sympathy
 And confidence that may not be
 Distorted by a little thing.

Yea, let ours be the gentler way,
 The level eyes, the steady hand;
 Not love that bloweth hot or cold—
 One craveth peace as one grows old;—
 Let us be wise and understand.



THE PASSING OF THORNDALE.

By Caroline Ticknor.

THORNDALE MANOR stood lonely and desolate beside the glaring, dusty road which cut its once secluded grounds asunder. The fine old elms which formerly had screened the noble dwelling had one by one fallen beneath some cruel, progressive axe. The splendid pines which had like sentinels stood guard for generations over the long, imposing driveway lay prostrate and dismembered in various scattered wood piles. The velvet lawns were covered with rocks and stubby weeds; the trampled terraces were pitiful reminders of former symmetry and cultivation. Smoothly trimmed hedges, neat pencilled paths, beautiful flower beds, were all things of the past, mere idle memories, of which scarcely a trace remained, save in the consciousness of some aged inhabitant, who sighed over the old prosperity of Thorndale while he ate berries from its tangled bushes, or spoke respectfully of dignified Judge Thorne while chopping down the best of the great trees which once had been his pride and his delight.

Indeed Dame Progress had made but sorry work of Thorndale park; its trees and lawns and flowers were gone, and in their places were work-

men's shanties, cheap shops and a huge and ungainly car shed, a shelter for the many electric cars which now ran through the fine old grounds. Ah, but Dame Progress, though enterprising, is strangely inartistic; else she could never have chosen to transform Thorndale into a noisy, dusty electric railway terminus.

And if she made sad work of Thorndale park, her conduct towards the Manor was even more deplorable. Dismantled and reproachful it loomed up mournfully close to the noisy thoroughfare, majestic in its mutilations, dignified despite decadence and dust. One gnarled and aged cherry tree still remained standing near the western porch, like some faithful dependant, unwilling to desert though solitary and forlorn amid the ruins of departed splendor; while a red rambler rose clung fondly to a twisted broken trellis and spread its foliage as if it fain would screen from the bright, scornful glances of the sunset, the dismal ash barrels now ranged on the veranda.

The upper half of the Dutch door which used to swing so lightly back to frame the dainty living pictures that gazed with pleasure at the sunset glow creaked pitifully when it was

opened wide by a stout red-armed washerwoman, who deemed the lower half of it a kind of patent clothes-horse. This desecrated portion of the door, on which had lightly rested the dimpled elbows and silken draperies of many dainty dames, shrank from the vulgar pressure of Mrs. Mike MacDonald's massive arms, and ceased to call itself the "better half," as it had done in those proud days of old, when lovely Mrs. Thorne had leaned upon it, a privilege which had outweighed in value even the heavy antique knocker which then adorned the other part of the old door.

The upper windows of the Manor seemed ever gazing out across the hills, as if they watched for the return of the old-time inhabitants and would not for an instant lower their eyes to view the hopeless devastation near at hand. When the wind blew, the rickety old shutters and loosened panes rattled and moaned and murmured their sad complaints to one another; and in the chimneys gloomy æolian harps wailed fitful melodies.

In the clear, searching sunlight, the old house stood forth in pitiful relief, flaunting its manifold defects, shorn of its great protecting elms, its graceful terraces, robbed of its small accessories and many minor details. Even in the unsparring, pitiless sunlight the Manor still retained its innate respectability, although its dignity suffered perceptibly; but when the storms raged fiercely and driving sleet or drenching rain obscured the ravages of time, neglect and progress, the indomitable spirit of the place asserted its supremacy from porch to turret. In the wide upper halls an echo might be heard of modulated voices, the rustle of silken skirts, the tread of satin slippers; and down the long forsaken corridors would come a snatch of silvery laughter, to mingle with the voices of the storm.

At such a time the numerous Mac-

strangely silent, as if oppressed by some pervading influence they could not have described. The various occupants who tenanted the eastern wing of the old house also gave evidence of general discontent in times of wind and storm. They spoke of curious noises which they could not account for, murmurings and stealthy footsteps fleeing from one deserted chamber to another.

The dwellers at the Manor were well content, when the sun shone, to lounge about the wide verandas, to hang their bedding from the lower windows and spread their washing on the balustrade which skirted the long western terrace. At such a time they fancied themselves "in correspondence with their environment," although they could not have so expressed the thought; but they were merely temporarily deceived, for when a stormy day closed in upon them and the bold spirit of the house made itself felt throughout the entire structure, they were depressed by a strange loneliness and discontent, and vowed to leave their rooms in the old Manor at the first chance that offered.

One sultry afternoon a very aged traveller made his appearance in the village. He was so old and bent that he attracted some notice from the people on the streets, at whom he stared as if he sought to recognize in each an old acquaintance, but failing to do so passed slowly on. It being noontime, he stopped for refreshment at a meagre wooden structure which bore the sign "Lunch Room" in letters large enough to dwarf everything else connected with the place. Here, while he ate a plate of beans and drank a cup of coffee, he drifted into conversation with a brisk young man who ordered every kind of pie upon the bill of fare. Between the several pieces the young man had inquired: "Stranger in these parts?"

"Well, yes, I shouldn't wonder if I

"Oh, then you lived here once!" he other casually remarked.

"I guess I did. I was born in that old white farmhouse close by the turnpike. It's one of the few places that's pretty much the same to-day."

"There have been a lot of changes up here of late," the brisk young man went on. "It's getting to be quite a place these last few years; two shoe factories and a new woollen mill,—and this electric road put through a year ago's just going to boom the town. It runs clear up above the corners and ends over at Thorndale."

The old man suddenly pricked up his ears. "You don't say that they run so far as that. I s'pose they stop right by the old stone gateway, or just this side of it?"

"I guess not; they run clear up beyond the house into the car sheds," the other answered, spooning up the liquid portion of his blueberry pie with satisfaction.

"What," the old man exclaimed excitedly, "they don't dare run their car line into the Judge's grounds!"

"The Judge's grounds!" the other said derisively; "I should suppose he owned about six feet of ground up in the cemetery, which no one's trespassed on these thirty years, except to read his epitaph."

"But, then, the family, they wouldn't let the old place be destroyed!"

"All dead or moved away, and the state has passed out of their hands."

"Oh, you're mistaken, sir, you're very much mistaken. What, Thorndale pass out of the hands of the Horne family? Impossible! You're misinformed, indeed you are;" and the old man, his pale face flushed with anger, hobbled away indignantly, leaving the brisk young man to tap his head and exchange knowing glances with the proprietor of the establishment.

"He don't know much about this ace, you can depend on that," the old man muttered as he plodded along in the hot sun until he reached the electric car tracks. "I might as

well ride out to Thorndale if this line goes anywhere near there," he mused as he hailed an approaching car.

As they dashed through what had been formerly the outskirts of the town, he looked with interest at the tall, compact blocks which reared their heads on either side of the main street, and counted wonderingly the many shops and rows of modern houses which stood where he recalled wide sweeps of pasture land and verdant hay fields. At last the buildings became more and more scattered, until they left behind the thickly settled district; and as they passed a small grove and a tumbled-down white barn, the old man's face assumed a look of satisfaction. Some landmarks at least remained unchanged. He eyed a fine old clump of maples affectionately as they swept past, and as the car swerved suddenly off to the right he jumped up hastily and waved to the conductor, who jerked the bell rope.

"I want to get off somewhere near the gateway. You see, I'm going up to Thorndale," he explained, as he reached the platform.

"Then stay just where you are and we'll take you right up," the monarch of the strap responded, ringing the bell.

"Hold on, young man; there's some mistake. This car don't run in through the grounds. I tell you I want to get off near the gate, so I can walk up to the house."

"All right, sir; just wait a bit and we will take you clear to the door."

The bent old man drew himself up with fierce determination, his eyes flashed dangerously, and he seemed for the moment to have grown young and active again. "Stop this car instantly and let me off," he thundered. "Do you think I will ride through the old park on an electric car? Let me off here, I say!"

A minute later the old man sat alone upon the stump of a freshly felled tree and wiped the perspiration from his brow while he gazed help-

lessly about him. Was this the entrance to the fine old grounds? Were these stumps all that remained of its tall, splendid trees? Was that stubbly land the sole reminder of the smooth velvet lawn that sloped down to the gateway? The visitor rose feebly, and his step seemed to have lost its last vestige of firmness. Turning indignantly from the intrusive car track he made his way up through a maze of tangled shrubbery towards Thorndale Manor. As he progressed nothing escaped his searching gaze, which found at every turn new evidences of ruin and destruction. When he at last emerged upon the upper terrace, which had of old commanded the finest view of Thorndale, he turned one horror stricken glance upon the long array of dusty car sheds, and dropped upon a pile of boards near by, burying his face in both his hands. He remained thus for several minutes, until a hand was laid upon his shoulder and a voice questioned:

"What ails ye, old man? I calc'late the sun's a bit too hot. Hadn't ye better get over in the shed, whar it's some shadier?"

"I guess you're right," the visitor said feebly. "I'm lookin' the wrong way; my back had ought to be turned to the Manor, and then I'd feel more comfortable."

The other led the way to a long bench, which ran in front of the main shed, and upon which one or two motormen were stretched, awaiting a signal for departure.

"Here ye ken get some shade without turnin' yer back around," he said, dropping contentedly upon the bench with the deliberate air of a true gentleman of leisure. "Ain't ye ben up this way afore?" he amiably concluded, taking a large plug of tobacco from his pocket and offering the same with friendly hospitality.

"It's nigh on fifty years since I was up here," the old man answered gloomily. "No, thank you, I don't chew."

"Some changes, hey!" the other

went on volubly. "They've done a big sight of improvin' up here the last few years. Look at them 'lectric cars and all them sheds—an' more sheds goin' up beside. This road's extended clear through to the city, an' cars run every fifteen minutes right through the day. Didn't ye find the town consid'erable improved?"

The old man shook his head. "I don't care much about the town," he said despondently. "I came on here just to see Thorndale once more before I died. I came a three days' journey to get a view of the old place loomin' up through the shrubs and trees with its green terraces and runnin' fountains and the finest approach that ever was laid out. Good Heavens, man, if it weren't for the old house lookin' at me so grim and sorrowful across that car track I never 'd have known I was at Thorndale." The tears stood in his eyes as he looked at the dignified old dwelling, which seemed to answer his pathetic glance with pitiful appeal. "What are those barrels out on the piazza?" he questioned miserably.

"Them's Mike MacDonald's ash barrels."

"I see a lot of old tomato cans on the piazza roof, and a wash boiler, and there's a row of milk pans and lard pails in the bay window of the library."

"I guess it ain't a library no longer," the other commented. "Mike an' his wife ain't much on books and sich, for they can't either of um read or write."

"Why did I live to see the old place come to this!" groaned the old man.

"Ye ain't owned any of it, that ye sot so much by it?"

"I used to think that all the folks in these parts shared in the ownership of Thorndale. They were all proud of it and loved it; it gave a tone to the whole county, as well as to the town here. There wasn't a place could match it anywhere. Folks would come thirty miles to get a look at it

And the old Judge was glad to have a string of visitors a-drivin' through the grounds. I can remember the little sign down by the gate which said, 'Strangers are welcome—that's what it said.'

"I guess the pride in the old place must have wore out," the other remarked thoughtfully. "Ye must have hed an extry big supply ter start with, ter last yer fifty years."

"I was right in the family," the old man said with increased dignity.

"Yer don't say?"

"I was the Judge's own particular inside man for seven years; and there was never a finer gentleman trod on an inlaid floor. I've seen a good bit of the world since then, but never any happier days than what I spent at Thorndale. Many's the time I've wished myself back there; many's the homesick days I've spent sighin' for the old house,—with lovely Mrs. Thorne a-sittin' behind the silver urn or pickin' roses in the garden, with Master Tom racin' ahead, and dear little Miss Mary teasin' to take the guinea pigs into the drawin' room."

"Yer didn't hurry back ter the old place," the other put in dryly.

"No," the old man said mournfully; "I didn't know as I should ever come back here, but somehow I felt I couldn't die without another look at Thorndale. The more I thought about it, the more I just made up my mind I would come back and see it once again; then I could die in peace feelin' I'd had the best thing last. But now—"

"I guess yer wish yer'd stayed away?"

The old man bowed his head in both his hands again and made no answer. After some time he rose dejectedly. "I'm goin' over to the house," he said.

"I'm sure as Mrs. Mike MacDonald 'll show yer over it; jest say as Larry Simpkins sint ye along."

"What name is that? I used to know big Larry Simpkins; your father, hey?"

"Me grandfather," the younger Larry responded carelessly.

"You don't say. Well, your grandpa wasn't much of a worker; he never put in any more hours than he could help."

"No more do I," the grandson rejoined proudly, stretching himself at full length on the bench; "we've got a kind of dislike fer active exercise."

"You're just a-livin' out the principles of your forefathers," the old man responded. "You're no worse than your grandfather if you should loaf from now on, all your days."

"I guess that's so," Larry rejoined philosophically. "He died out at the poor farm of doubled-up pneumonia from settin' in an ice-cold room ruther'n chop up wood ter keep him warm. But let me tell yer,"—here Larry's eloquence caused him to rise impressively,—"let me jest tell yer about a man as drowned hisself up in the river last October." Here Larry came close to the old man and laid his hand upon his arm. "I seen him the very day he done it, an' it has sort er haunted me a-thinkin' I might 'a' stopped him. He sot out on the wall by the post office an' told me how he had run through everythin' and throwed away his chances and jest disgraced his family. 'An' now,' says he, 'the sooner I get out the better. I'm a degenerated member of my family,'—that's what he says,—'an' I jest guess the world'll get along a little speck better without me. I'm jest an idle loafer,' he says, 'an' the thought makes me desperate.' 'I don't know why it should,' says I; 'I'm that meself, an' it ain't throublin' me at all.' He looked at me strange like and says, 'Don't yer feel bad ter think yer father and yer grandfather 'ud be ashamed of yer?' 'Not thim,' says I; 'they was no better than meself.' 'That's jest the p'int,' he says ter me; 'if ye ain't been respectable, the thing don't matter; but if you've been a fust-class specimen once on a time, you'd better die ter once than stay around a disgrace and a sheer

reproach.' An' that poor devil drowned hisself that very afternoon. He was one of them over-conscious uns," Larry concluded, with a superior smile. "I tell ye it don't pay fer any man ter be like that;" and he again resumed his place upon the bench, while the old man walked slowly up the path to Thorndale Manor.

Larry's words rang in his ears: "If ye ain't been respectable, the thing don't matter; but if you've been a first-class specimen,"—ah, yes, like Thorndale, first of its race, noble and beautiful,—better, oh, better not to be at all than to be so disgraced.

As he approached the house, loud voices upraised in altercation greeted his ears. Many minute MacDonalds were running back and forth through the wide doorway. Tables and chairs and washtubs handled by Mike MacDonald and an expressman were being ranged on the veranda before which stood a lumbering express cart. Leaning against a post on the veranda stood the brisk, businesslike young man with whom the visitor had lunched a couple of hours before; and a few feet away, confronting him with arms akimbo, stood Mrs. Mike MacDonald.

"It's a mane trick yer playin' us pore folks, ter turn us out afore our furniture is packed, an' Mike's clothes in the washtub!" she screamed excitedly.

"I gave you notice to get out last Monday," the man said sharply. "I suppose you thought I could wait round a week or so for you to get out a few chairs and washtubs; but let me tell you if you're not out by five o'clock, with every flatiron and kettle, I'll have another week's rent out of you;" and, turning on his heel, the brisk young man strode down the path so rapidly that he almost collided with the old man, who stood watching the scene in silence.

"Those people stick like cold molasses," he explained briefly, his face relaxing as he halted a moment beside the visitor, who stood watching

the house with a grim, bitter smile upon his lips. "The other family cleared out on time without a bit of impudence; but that old woman, she has a tongue. What am I going to do with the old house? I'll tell you, I'm going to make it pay. It's absurd going on this way, letting a few rooms here and there, and having a lot of waste space that's no use to no one. The old house is going to be fixed up first rate, sir, for future occupancy."

The visitor's face lighted up joyfully. "I'm glad of that," he murmured. "I can see how the Manor needs repairs. It'll cost a pretty penny to get it into shape, but it is worth it."

"You're right there," the other went on cheerfully. "I'm going to have the carpenters up here to-morrow, to put up new partitions in the big rooms and halls. Why, they can make more than half a dozen good tenements out of the waste space there. I'm going to have the thing done up in style,—a double row of bells there by the big front door, first-class kitchen accommodations in every tenement,—no trouble about that, with all those open fireplaces, and—why, friend, you look as though you'd got a shock; is anything the matter?"

The old man's face was ghastly pale. His whole frame shook with pent-up anger as he broke forth. "You're goin' to do that,—you're goin' to fix up Thorndale Manor for a cheap tenement house,—you're goin' to fill it with folks like these MacDonalds,—you're goin' to put partitions in the great hallways and cookin' stoves in the fine parlor rooms! A house like that! A noble splendid house! Oh, you're a scoundrel—a cruel, wicked, mercenary—they're no words to describe you. I know your kind; they sell their friends, their families, yes, and their souls for a few stingy dollars!"

With a wrathful wave of his thin shaking hand, the old man toere

off. His indignation seemed to choke him, and when he reached the bench where Larry slumbered fitfully, he cleared his throat repeatedly before his voice returned; then he poured forth a torrent of angry words, while his companion eyed him in amazement, unable for some time to comprehend the purport of the old man's wrathful utterances. At last, when he had spent his anger and had sunk half exhausted on the bench, Larry vouchsafed a few remarks intended to soothe his indignation.

"I guess if I was you I wouldn't worry no more about the place," he urged. "They'll paint her up an' get in a neat set of tenants who'll put around geraniums in starch boxes and start a nice, trim vegetable garden right there in front of the piazza; an' some un 'll chop down them vines as hangs all over them second-story winders, an' set out rows of clothes poles there at the side, where there's a big flat place 'u'd make a fust-rate clothes yard." The old man groaned. "An' I say," Larry went on more thoughtfully, "you'd ought to hev heard a man as was up street the other night go on about big houses. Says he, 'The time for palaces an' castles and sich like is passed away.' He says, a small neat dwellin' house is good enough fer any one, an' if there warn't no folks in great big houses, there'd be enough of money to give every poor man a comfortable home. He says 'twas time as things was equalled up an' evenly divided; an' I fer one 'u'd like ter see the thing done right away."

"If it is right for things to be all equalled up, why don't God equal um," the old man answered; "why don't he start us all as handsome as some folks are, and just as smart and handy; and why aren't all the trees and flowers made on one pattern? This world would be a sightly place, with nothin' in it that everybody couldn't have, and everything all equalled up, and each man served with just the same amount; no pri-

vates in the army, but every man a general; and all the folks a wearin' crowns 'cause Queen Victoria's got one. When that time comes there won't be any more places like Thorndale—and no more real ladies and gentlemen fit to live in them."

Muttering to himself, the old man turned away from his drowsy companion who stretched himself again upon the bench and quietly prepared to take possession in dreamland of those estates he might not hope to own elsewhere.

Deep in a hollow far below the house the old man found a little rustic seat close by a clump of spruce trees which the rude axe had spared; and as he rested in the shade he could catch glimpses between the swaying branches of Thorndale Manor, which through the veil of waving green appeared once more clothed in its former dignity. Queen of the countryside, it loomed up proudly, with all its old-time grandeur, crowning the loveliest knoll, and banked by its fine lawns and stately trees. The old man gazed peacefully at the old house, and the sun dropped behind the ridge; the gray twilight deepened into darkness, but still he gazed at the dim silhouette of Thorndale Manor now outlined against a spangled background of evening stars. At last a big, red August moon jumped into place among the scattered stars, whose twinkling lights paled into insignificance before its brilliant rays. Then the old man rose slowly and retraced his steps towards Thorndale.

The wide Dutch door stood open, and the veranda was cleared of furniture and ash barrels. The last of the MacDonaldis' household gods had been removed. The visitor wandered across the big, square hall, now dimly lighted by the moon, which peered through a long window set in the landing of the stairway, and crept between the beautiful carved banisters. The aged servitor again saw lovely Mrs. Thorne pausing upon the

landing in trailing satin gown and dainty white kid slippers. He spied the Judge standing before the immense open fireplace, his back to the bright, blazing logs, watching his wife's approach with a keen glance of pleasure. The old man pushed open the door which led into the Judge's library. Only the high carved wainscoting remained to testify to its identity; but in the semi-darkness the many bookcases, the tall clock and antique desk assumed their old-time places.

"A little fire in the library; the place is chilly," the Judge's voice seemed sounding in the ears of his old servant, who answered: "Yes, yes, your honor."

Stealthily through the halls the old man moved. Each turn and passageway were as familiar to him as if he had left them but yesterday. He paused now at the nursery door to murmur a message to the children, now at the Judge's dressing room, and finally at Mrs. Thorne's boudoir. Again he saw her standing before the long French window dressed for a journey, while several trunks stood near by ready for departure. Her tone was low and sweet.

"We shall be gone some time, so take good care of Thorndale. The Judge and I are not afraid to leave it in your charge. You know our wishes regarding everything; keep the old house in good condition to do us credit while we are gone."

A light breeze whispered through the halls and passageways: "Better not be at all than to exist disgraced, and fallen so low." The vines tapped mockingly upon the windows and waved their beckoning fingers in the moonlight.

The old man hurried down the path from Thorndale Manor. His breath came rapidly and his eye flashed defiantly as he strode swiftly on. He stepped with old-time firmness, as if he had forgotten that he was old, and

had with that forgetfulness regained the elasticity of youth.

"I will take care of Thorndale, my lady," he murmured; "you may depend on me; the house shall not disgrace you. I have the honor of the place at heart. It is as dear to me as to yourself."

"A little fire in the library?"

"Yes, yes, your honor; the room is surely chilly."

Across the fields for half a mile and out on to the high road, and the old man has paused near a stone wall upon the brow of the hill opposite; for suddenly a light gleams forth from the deserted library of Thorndale Manor!

"The room is chilly! A fire, your honor."

The halls and upper chambers are now illuminated. It is long since so many lights shone in the fine old house. Is there a ball, a musicale, or a big dinner, up at the Judge's? Surely my lady's boudoir is decked with many candles for the arriving guests. In all its years of pomp and glory the house was never once transformed like this. It is undoubtedly a most expensive entertainment, for there are lights in every window of the big house.

A wagonette drove rapidly to the hill's brow; the driver drew rein, and eager voices were wafted to the old man, who stood immovable by the stone wall. The voice of a small boy was raised in eager questioning.

"Is it on fire?" he cried. "Thorndale on fire! Then I shall never see the old place after all." He jumped over the wall and stood beside the motionless old man. "Will they be able to put the fire out?" he questioned.

The old man drew his hand across his brow and shook his head.

"I'm glad I came in time to see it burn," the boy broke forth. "Father has always promised to let me see the place some day, when we came East.

You see I'm named after his grand-father, who used to own it. Oh, what a splendid house! I wish we could go nearer; but Mr. Kent's afraid his horse will run if he goes down there. When I'm a man I'll have a house like that, and I shall call it Thorndale Manor junior. I do wish I could have seen the house near to."

The old man clasped the boy's hand with nervous energy. "Look at it now," he cried. "You won't forget it. See the flames light it up, all the big windows, the turret and the long piazzas! Those tongues of fire that dart out of the roof and through the windows are hungry to eat up the beautiful wistaria that climbs over the walls. Think of the place with lawns and trees and fountains and flower gardens; everything splendid; a big boar's head and antlers in the hall, and swords and guns over the fireplace; high carving on the walls, pictures and books and statues."

"I shall remember it," the boy

cried breathlessly, retaining his hold of the other's stiff, bony hand. "I sha'n't forget old Thorndale; and some day I'll build a new and finer one. Oh, see, the walls are falling in!"

A brilliant, terrible illumination! Loud shouts and confused sounds of many voices wafted across the valley. Great leaping tongues of flame, and then,—only the charred and smouldering remains of Thorndale!

"The fire is nearly out," the boy exclaimed. "Why don't you look at it?"

He drew his fingers from the stiffening clasp of the old man, who tottered back against the stone wall, murmuring:

"A little fire in the library, your honor. I will take care of the old house."

"Thorndale is burned down to the ground," the boy cried, running back to his friends in the wagonette; "and that queer, bent old man is fast asleep by the stone wall!"



TWO SPRINGS.

By John Dahl White.

WIND and cloud were held in tether,
 Far and far away;
 Love and song and flower together
 Made the peerless day.
 Ah, the time held naught of sadness,
 Ev'n a memory;
 And my heart was joyed to madness,—
 All knew why!

Once again the weather urges
 Love and song and flower;
 All the withered season verges
 To the blossom-hour;
 And the rath south-wind is shaking
 Song across the sky;
 But my heart is grieved to breaking;—
 God knows why!



NEW ENGLAND IN BALTIMORE.

By William T. Brigham.

A NEW ENGLAND ancestry had scarcely been created when the earliest migration from Massachusetts to Maryland is recorded. Persecution inflicted by those who themselves had suffered punishment, privation and exile for conscience' sake upon those to whom in turn they denied the rights of a religious liberty caused a loss to the Massachusetts colony of most valuable material. Wenlock Christison was of that band of martyrs, which included Peter Pierson, Mary Dyer, Mary Tompkins, Alice Gary and Judith Brown. Abused, reviled and tortured, his near friend, William Leddra, having suffered death by hanging, this devout Quaker was driven out of Boston in 1661 by the edict of Governor Endicott, with the penalty of death upon his head if again found in the Puritan city. He sought refuge in the domain of a Catholic proprietary, where the expressions of his own religious belief were tolerated and respected and where he and his followers were encouraged to reside.

Catholic Maryland proved Wenlock Christison's haven of rest. Here he married, prospered and died. His home was located on Betty's Cove, an inlet of the beautiful Tread-Avon, a tributary of Chesapeake Bay, in the county of Talbot, a suitable place for the calm ending of a life once so ex-

citing and turbulent. Here still reside many of the Society of Friends who observe the same customs that were introduced by that little band of refugees.

Wenlock Christison originally came from England, but with a residence of several years in and around Boston he may, by claim of recognized citizenship, well be termed a New Englander, the first so far as known to settle in that state, whose foreign commercial city, not then in existence, was in after years to receive from New England substantial contributions to its wealth and prosperity and a lasting impression upon the habits and customs of the people.

The commercial history of Baltimore is almost sensationally interesting. Sixty lots of an acre each comprised the area of the town of Baltimore, as laid out by enterprising landowners in the year 1734. With the customary egotism of speculators, they estimated the big demand sure to come for the property and guarded their rights by a decree that no person would be permitted to take more than one lot during the first four months. They also dictated the size of the house to be erected by the purchaser. Quite like many speculative towns of modern times well designed with avenues, squares

electric lights and rapid transit, not a house nor a hut was yet upon the grounds. The projectors of the new town, after drawing upon all resources, found no sale for the valuable lots, and ill fortune followed with good cause when the first settler, David Jones, who had purchased property just outside their borders, established a rival enterprise. Jonestown even eclipsed Baltimore, for it began the fulfilment of its destiny with at least one inhabitant, while Baltimore had none; but the interests of Jonestown and Baltimore were too nearly identical for a prolonged competition; and in 1743 they consolidated, the former consenting to take the more euphonious name of the two. This union, however, did not attract settlers, nor bring the looked for reward of prosperity, and after twenty years' existence the growth of Baltimore was embraced in twenty-five houses, including a schoolhouse, with little promise of the place being in the future a commercial centre of importance.

In 1730, William Fell, a ship carpenter, located on the shore of the bay about a mile south of the limits of Baltimore, and established a shipyard. Fell's Point soon became a busy seat of industry, in time surpassing the combined glory of Jonestown and Baltimore. It was added to the consolidated town in 1773, and while the population then was small, the limit of territory was great enough to accommodate uncounted numbers. Thus the date of this last acquisition may be taken as the true beginning of the commercial growth of Baltimore.

A touch of sympathy, if not of identical interest, seems constantly to have existed between Maryland and Massachusetts; and there exist records of public affairs which brought the two colonies into close intimate relations during that period in which all were in a state of unrest and political persecution. The demonstrations against arbitrary acts were in

their nature similar in Massachusetts and Maryland. Boston and Annapolis both boasted their "tea parties;" but to Maryland belongs the especial honor of having the owner of the precious cargo himself touch the match that destroyed both vessel and "the disreputable weed."

Quickly espousing the cause of liberty, Maryland at once rejected articles of foreign make, giving choice to those of home production. Actuated by a feeling of sympathy for their fellow citizens of Boston, whom the British Parliament in 1774 attempted to shut out from commercial intercourse with every part of the world, the citizens of Baltimore called a town meeting and unanimously recommended a general congress of delegates, to meet at Annapolis, to take action against this indignity upon American liberties. The congress met June 22, 1774, offering their heartiest support, not only in resolutions, but in the more substantial way of money and food to aid their Boston friends in resistance to British tyranny and oppression, supplementing these patriotic resolutions by one making the importation of English goods an act disloyal to the sentiment of American hearts. This demonstration of Maryland's generous interest in Massachusetts created a bond of union between the two states which has proved to be lasting.

Although previous to the Revolutionary War Baltimore had acquired a foreign commerce of considerable importance, it had not yet begun that rapid march which afterwards so quickly brought it forward in importance. New York, Boston and Philadelphia were well on in existence before Baltimore was born. At the close of the war, when the population of the city was but five thousand, the famous General Greene of Rhode Island, on his way homeward from the South, in 1783, stopped there and gave his impressions as follows:

"Baltimore is a most thriving place; trade flourishes and the spirit

of building is beyond belief. Not less than three hundred houses are put up in a year. Ground rents are a little short of what they are in London. The inhabitants are all men of business."

Baltimore kept advancing in population and wealth; compared with her rivals she was precocious. In 1800 the population was 26,714; and in 1830 the place had grown to be a prosperous commercial city of 80,625 inhabitants, having in the race for position outstripped both Boston and Philadelphia, taking her place next to New York as the second city of the United States.

It was mainly the industrial interests of the North, in their development and expansion following the close of the Revolutionary War, when seeking new markets for their increasing products, that gave the stimulus to a large migration from New England to Baltimore. Both westward and southward was the "Star of the Empire" wending its way, and Baltimore was the "open sesame" to its doors of trade. The Chesapeake provided navigation to an inland point farther towards the West than any other similar body of water on the Atlantic coast, while the city at its head was the most accessible starting point for crossing the Alleghanies, at that time considered such a barrier to the progress of the country's development.

Passing a full century of events from the appearance of Wenlock Christison in Maryland, great and important changes mark the period. But it is not alone in outward and material things that we are called to note the changes wrought by a century. That vigorous form of piety which made its impress upon the first Puritan government on this continent was dying out, and while narrow-mindedness was by no means extinct, generations had modified the ideas and character of men. A tenderer thought of God, with a more humane feeling for mankind, now softened the

hard lines of Puritan rule. New England had become the centre of a liberal religious thought which was fast spreading its gentleness and sweetness. The early New Englander in Baltimore, inspired with a deep love and veneration for the traditions of his ancestors, maintained in his new home many of the domestic habits of his own people. Precise methods of housekeeping, the careful oversight of all family interests, the strict observance of Fast and Thanksgiving days, were among the hereditary duties which he considered it an obligation to recognize.

For a full generation Baltimore possessed in its population two distinct types, noticeably marked as Northern and Southern. Even in the building of their homes a manifest difference was perceptible, with the result of giving a variety to the appearance of the residence streets, which has been frequently commented upon as an especial charm.

The proverbial conservatism of the early Baltimore merchant sprang from conditions existing in the earlier days of the city's commercial development,—conditions which undoubtedly arose from the commingling of various nationalities. Thrifty, ambitious, well trained and intelligent Scotch and Irish merchants settled in Baltimore before the Revolution and secured the valuable foreign trade which the products of the South produced. Cotton and tobacco were articles of vital interest in the prosperity of the Southern colonies, and Baltimore was made the port through which the extensive commerce created by them passed. As the result of good mercantile management by the foreign merchants established here, the Southern planter soon found that he could be served to better advantage by consigning the products of his plantation to Baltimore than by sending them direct as heretofore to England and France. The constant restrictions placed by England upon the manufactures of her colonies in-

creased the export of the chief staples of the South. The Southern planter, securing large profits from his easily acquired crops, was extravagant, receiving most of his luxurious articles for personal and household use from England and France through the channels of Baltimore trade.

This close business contact of the courtly, proud and refined Southerner with the intelligent, well bred money-making Scotch and Irish merchants left its mark on both sides, developing in the course of a generation a pleasing originality in habits and customs, which created for Baltimore a world-wide renown for courteous hospitality and charming people, still its prerogative at the present day.

It was not until after the Revolutionary War, however, that the New Englander appeared in Baltimore in his strength. Entering at once into the channels of trade, with his sagacious business ways he soon gained prominence in the city's financial departments. Devoting himself earnestly and faithfully to the object of his labors, success was frequently attained by him, insomuch that eventually the wealth of the city came to be largely in his hands.

While the pragmatic Northerner in his new home occasionally surrendered his native habits to the influence of an ascendant power, he clung with hereditary tenacity to his early training in trade and traffic, contributing in return for the ornamental and polished elements of the change that came to him such personal qualities as were recognized as valuable in promoting the commercial advancement of the city of his adoption. The hard nasal or broad pronunciation was the telltale mark of distinction. In spite of assiduous labor to acquire the soft intonations and the gentleness of speech of the native, he retained in a measure his own peculiar dialect; and it has always been said that a New Englander in the South could be easily distinguished by his "brogue." "How de do?"

"Glad to see you;" "Please walk in," would be the greeting in the home of the Northerner, while the Southern welcome would be: "Delighted to see you;" "It's so lovely in you to call;" "How's all the family?" The New Englander's "good" was the Southerner's "nice," "glad" was "happy," "calculate" was "reckon," and "pleasant" was "lovely." The home of the New Englander was "To Let," while that of his Southern neighbor was "For Rent." Gradually, however, the New Englander allowed his resistant nature to be influenced in a degree, and the plain, blunt trimmings of his inheritance became somewhat smoothed by constant contact with other natures. Yielding to a force which he met with in his daily life, he was occasionally found adopting the ways and customs of the South. His gastronomic tastes were frequently affected. He gave up beans, brown bread and doughnuts, substituting in his transition hominy, pone and crullers. He soon found luxury in canvasback and terrapin, and in the abundance of surrounding delicacies he sometimes developed into an epicure of alarming fertility, vying with his Southern friends in the extent and profusion of his hospitality.

Not a few New Englanders drifted to Baltimore at the close of the Revolution; but it was after the opening of the new century that the full tide of emigration set in. From that time until the year 1835 the influx continued, colonizing Baltimore with a New England population sufficient in number to emphasize strongly its habits and customs. Religious denominations holding the orthodox faith were augmented. The churches prevalent in Baltimore were Catholic, Episcopalian, Methodist and Baptist, and these received additions from northern migration. The Presbyterians of Maryland had a church organization as early as the year 1715, and in 1751 Dr. Joseph Bellamy, a celebrated Presbyterian divine of the

day, from Bethlehem, Connecticut, preached in Baltimore. The first Presbyterian church was erected in 1766. Unitarians and Universalists had no place of worship until the New England contingent became important.

In the year 1816 the wealthy and cultivated New England residents of the city invited the Rev. Dr. James Freeman, minister of King's Chapel, Boston, to preach. Few of the Baltimoreans were then ready to receive the liberal views of Dr. Freeman, and every pulpit in the city was barred against this famous divine. A dancing hall was said to be good enough for the promulgation of his heretical doctrine. The reception of Dr. Freeman by the clergy of Baltimore was resented by his admirers, who gathered at the home of Mr. Henry Payson to consider the forming of a religious society "for the accommodation of Christians who are Unitarians." The sum of fifty thousand dollars was at once guaranteed, to build the handsomest church in the city. On June 5, 1817, the corner stone was laid. "The First Independent Church" of Baltimore now stands at the corner of Charles and Hamilton streets. The architect of the edifice was Maxamillian Godfrey, a Catholic, who also designed the cathedral in Baltimore, and, being inclined towards Roman architecture, patterned this church after the Pantheon. Within the last few years, owing to acoustic defects, the interior of the church has been remodelled in modern style, hiding the beautiful dome, which was once its chief feature.

The first minister installed in this church was the Rev. Jared Sparks, a promising young graduate just from Harvard. He entered upon his duties in 1819, remaining until the year 1823, when, forced by failing health to resign, he returned to Boston, becoming in 1849 president of Harvard College. Mr. Sparks's culture and intellectual attainments brought converts to the Unitarian view of re-

ligion from the ranks of the intellectual and cultivated, and a flourishing congregation was the immediate result.

Among the noted ministers participating in the installation services of Mr. Sparks was the Rev. William Ellery Channing of Boston, whose memorable sermon on that occasion, defining a liberal faith, electrified the whole religious world by the clearness of its doctrine, and has continued in its contribution to the progress of modern religious thought.

One of the earliest to establish a Northern enterprise in Baltimore was William Goddard, who came from Rhode Island in 1773 and published the first newspaper in Baltimore, the *Maryland Journal and Baltimore Advertiser*, issued once a week, which, continued up to the present time, is now the *Baltimore American*, ably conducted by General Felix Agnus. Mr. Goddard evidently did not inherit the sentimental love of liberty at that time prevailing in his native state, or else, as was more likely the case, he felt impelled by a desire to cause a sensation by irritating the public mind, which he did successfully by inopportune expressions through the columns of his paper, thus bringing censure from his patrons. His publication of matter inimical to the cause of liberty brought instant indignant protests from the patriotic citizens of Baltimore, who compelled him to retract. The seditious Goddard evidently perceived the error of his way, for the paper was thereafter a firm supporter of the cause of freedom, and has been at all times since devotedly loyal. After the Revolutionary War Mr. Goddard assisted in the establishment of post office routes throughout the country. He then resigned the editorial chair to his sister, Miss Mary Goddard, who was probably the first American woman to assume the arduous duties of journalism, and who, it is said, ably filled the position. This lady afterwards took charge of the Baltimore post

office, discharging the many duties with credit to herself, satisfaction to the Baltimore public and honor to the department.

It will be interesting to recall the fact that George Washington advertised in the *Maryland Journal*. He must have been not only an honored but a profitable patron, since his was the largest advertisement in the first issue, under date of August 20, 1773. The paper was a double sheet of four pages, each ten by sixteen inches, divided into three columns of printed matter. Washington's advertisement occupied about two-thirds of a column, and is dated "Mt. Vernon in Virginia, July 15th, 1773." He calls attention to his "Having obtained Patents for upwards of Twenty Thousand Acres of Land on the Ohio and Great Kanhawa," or New River, which he offers to lease upon moderate terms, "allowing a reasonable number of years rent free, provided within the space of two years from next October, three Acres for every fifty contained in each lot and proportionately for a lesser quantity shall be cleared, fenced and tilled, and that by or before the time limited for the first rent five acres for every hundred, and proportionately as above, shall be enclosed and laid down in good grass for meadows, and moreover, that at least Fifty good fruit trees for every like quantity of land shall be planted on the premises." The advertisement then relates that "these lands are among the first surveyed in the part of the country they lie in," calling attention to "the easy communication via Potowmack, Monongabela and Cheat Rivers to Fort Pitt on the Ohio," suggesting "that it is thought the portage between the Potowmack and the Monongabela may, and will be, reduced within the compass of a few miles to the great ease and convenience of the settlers in transporting the produce of their land to market." Referring to the "moderate terms," the advertisement continues: "As no right money is to be paid for

these lands, and quit-rent of two shillings sterling, a hundred demandable some years hence only, it is highly presumable they will always be held upon a more desirable footing than where both these are laid on with a very heavy hand." In addition to other inducements to buy these wild lands of the uninhabited West, the advertisement continues: "It may not be amiss further to observe that if the scheme for establishing a new government on the Ohio in the manner talked of should ever be effected, these must be among the most valuable lands in it, not only on account of the goodness of the soil, and the other advantages above numerated, but from their contiguity to the seat of the government, which more than probable will be fixed at the mouth of the Great Kanhawa." Signed, GEORGE WASHINGTON.

In the same paper appears the advertisement of one Thomas Brereton, commission and insurance broker, shrewdly combining the policy of supply and demand, for he states: "I have now for sale a Pocket of good Hops, a 10 inch new Cable, and want to buy a Negro girl about 12 years old."

A large number of those who came to Baltimore from the New England states were young men without capital or money, but gifted with brains and the faculty to use them. Among this class were many who in the substantial attainments of wealth and wisdom are now accounted among Baltimore's best citizens, bountifully using their means for the good of the city or benefiting it by wise counsel. The trades and professions were largely ornamented by the successful career of New Englanders, developing bright examples in the fields of literature, philanthropy, patriotism and science. Some of them attained more than local distinction, rising to a position of national fame, embracing such distinguished names as George Peabody, Dr. Nathan R. Smith, Almira Lincoln Phelps and Daniel C. Gilman.

In her institutions of learning, Baltimore is much indebted to New England, and private schools of renown were kept during the present century by John Prentice, Sebastian Streeter, Snamah and Asher Clark, Nathaniel and Horace Morison, who had much to do with forming the character and shaping the career of the young men and maidens of the South. Their names are held in reverence and cherished with happy memories by many whose thoughts revert to their interesting school days.

It is a noteworthy fact that Joseph Cushing, who instituted the Baltimore public school system, and James Dall, whose contribution of four thousand dollars so largely aided in its establishment, were both New Englanders. Enoch Pratt supplemented the success of these schools by his gift of a public library; while a New England man, Daniel C. Gilman, universally known as a leader in educational work, is today the first president of the Johns Hopkins University, the pride of Baltimore, ranking with the foremost institutions of this country and of Europe.

The philanthropist and renowned American, George Peabody, to whose memory nations paid tribute, virtually began his business career in Baltimore. Here was laid the foundation for the immense fortune that brought to him so great a pleasure in its distribution during his own lifetime for the good of his fellow man. After an early apprenticeship of four years with a grocer in his native town of South Danvers, followed by two years as a clerk in his brother's store at Newbury, Massachusetts, young Peabody in 1813, at the age of seventeen, went to Georgetown, District of Columbia, entering the service of his uncle in the dry goods business. The following year he established the firm of Peabody and Riggs. Ambitious for a wider field, at the end of a twelvemonth the firm removed to Baltimore, entering into a wholesale general merchandise business, which was continued twenty-

one years. During this period Mr. Peabody made several trips to England, and in 1836 established himself in London. He was appointed financial agent for the state of Maryland, and personally upheld the credit of the state by staying a popular and suicidal policy of repudiation and securing a loan of eight millions, an act upon which he risked his whole fortune, and one for which all Marylanders should be forever grateful. Mr. Peabody cherished the fondest recollections for the business and social ties made in Baltimore, and the sincerity and depth of his love, as well as the evidence of his high opinion of the intellectual culture and refinement of its people, were shown in his special gift to the city. The Peabody Institute, across whose portals the statue of Washington, capping a superb shaft, throws its shadow, is a splendid marble structure in Italian Renaissance style. This temple of literature and art is situated on the summit of the most central elevation in the city, exposed to the handsome open parks of Washington and Mount Vernon places, which are ornamented by the works of Barye, Rinehart and Story, and surrounded by homes of architectural beauty and richness.

The success of the Peabody Institute is largely due to the wise management of its first provost, Dr. Nathaniel Holmes Morison, who came to Baltimore from Peterborough, New Hampshire, in 1839. His work, in conjunction with the spirit of its founder, placed the munificent gift of George Peabody to the city of Baltimore among the celebrated institutions of the world. The selection of Dr. Morison as chief executive of the Peabody Institute was not made on account of his experience in such work, but it was proven that no better choice could have been made. A personal acquaintance on the part of most if not all of the board of trustees of the Institute allowed them to estimate his fitness for the place, and they unanimously invited him to it. With a

natural modesty Dr. Morison hesitated to accept the proffered honor, believing the undertaking required a special training. He yielded, however, to the urgent requests of his many friends. Giving up a remunerative private enterprise in the full tide of success, and for which he had a special fondness, he entered in 1867 upon his new work. At the period

to make the catalogue a model of perfection he had spent many years of mental and physical strength. It received the highest praise from scholars in this country, as well as from those in foreign lands. He left it a valuable legacy to posterity. Dr. Morison, with his scholarly attainments, contributed bountifully to the educational improvement of Baltimore. The

result of his work was manifest in the cultured homes of the city presided over by the well educated women who had graduated from



BETTY'S COVE.



when Dr. Morison assumed his duties at the Peabody Institute, he had acquired, by a long life of patient, devoted and methodical work, a competency that would allow freedom from the real drudgeries of life, giving him relief from work he had constantly followed, which at that time of his life he had justly earned. He chose, however, to give his services for the public good, and his work, faithfully done, as he himself says, "with years of the severest labor I have ever performed," is a valuable tribute to his memory. The growth of the library through the painstaking labor of Dr. Morison would alone entitle him to great credit; but the library catalogue, nearing completion at the time of his death in 1890, was really the culminating success of his life. In his desire

his successful school. His work, continued so unselfishly and so undemonstratively through life, did not receive real public appreciation until it was stopped; then was it realized how valuable was his labor and how great a loss had come to the community.

Among those bringing from New England a ripe intelligence and a brilliant mind to mingle with the labor and zeal of the busy men from the same place was the Rev. George W. Burnap. He came as pastor of the Unitarian Church in 1828, succeeding the Rev. Jared Sparks, who, on ac-



FIRST INDEPENDENT (UNITARIAN) CHURCH.

count of ill health, had been forced to resign. This was Dr. Burnap's first and only pastorate. A Harvard University graduate, coming to Baltimore at the age of twenty-six, he continued in devoted service for thirty-two years among those by whom he was greatly loved and venerated. With a stern conviction of his own form of religious faith, Dr. Burnap devoted himself with unyielding power during his long ministry to its development and advancement. In addition to recognized scholarly attainments, Dr. Burnap showed a deep interest in the general welfare and progress of the city; he placed himself in sympathetic touch with its active daily life, and was always an earnest advocate and a firm supporter of any public movement that promised to advance the interest of Baltimore. He was a member of the original board of trustees of the Peabody Institute, the only clergyman chosen by Mr. Peabody for that purpose. His death in 1859 was lamented as that of a public benefactor.

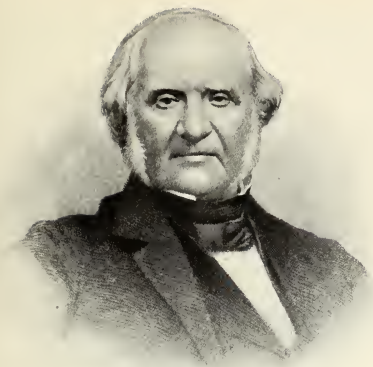
Many of the present important industries contributing to the prosperity of the state were organized and developed by the individual efforts of New England men. Mr. J. Henry Stick-

ney, who came to Baltimore from Massachusetts in 1834, by his comprehensive enterprise aided in giving a wide celebrity to the iron products of the Maryland. At the early period when Mr. Stickney came to Baltimore, English hardware greatly superseded that of American make. His first venture was to establish himself as the distributing agent of exclu-

sively American hardware manufacturers. With his excellent business qualifications, he built up a large business, which started him well on a successful career. By his promptness in recognizing and cultivating opportunities, Mr. Stickney was soon found giving his attention to the coal and iron products of the state. Later on he became interested as part owner and business manager of several companies, where his wise counsel and good judgment secured successful results, bringing distinction to himself



JARED SPARKS.



GEORGE PEABODY.

and credit to the community in which he lived. Mr. Stickney, through a long residence, became closely identified with Baltimore and its institutions. Still he continued to his death strongly attached to his early New England associations. He was a collector of literature and relics pertaining to New England colonial history, and took a great personal interest, assisting financially in improving Pil-

grim Hall, at Plymouth, the repository of relics of the *Mayflower* time. He was one of the vice-presidents of the Pilgrim Society. Mr. Stickney was a generous contributor to the agencies of the Congregational church, and helped largely in providing for the establishment of a handsome church structure in Baltimore.

Chauncey Brooks, who came to Baltimore in 1822 from Connecticut, performed good service in the advancement of Baltimore's mercantile interests. At that time the Alleghanies presented an almost insurmountable barrier to the movements of trade, and indicated positive restriction to growth in population. Mr. Brooks, with keen, foreseeing eye, entered into the development of a western trade. His close identity with the mercantile interests of the new country naturally led him to promote methods of reaching and penetrating it. A railroad over the mountains, with steam for the propelling power, was looked upon by many as the idle dream of an enthusiast. Mr. Brooks



PEABODY INSTITUTE.



A SOUTHERN HOME.

contributed both energy and money towards the enterprise of building the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. He was for several years upon the board of directors, becoming in 1856 its fifth president. It was during his term in 1857 that the celebrated railroad riot occurred, which his personal courage and influence contributed greatly to suppress. Mr. Brooks was the intimate friend of George Peabody, being one of the twenty-five gentlemen constituting the original board of trustees selected by Mr. Peabody for the Institute.

The growth and improvement in cotton manufactures throughout the state have been materially extended by the enterprise of Northerners. James S. Gary, with a practical knowledge of cotton manufacturing learned in the Northern mills, came to Baltimore as a young man in 1838. Intelligent ideas and good business qualifications brought success to his undertakings. He died leaving a large fortune and an extensive business, inherited by his only

son, Hon. James A. Gary, the late Postmaster General. During the civil war both father and son maintained a determined attitude in support of the government, contributing liberally in money, and also in helping to care for the multitude of Northern soldiers who passed through Baltimore. Inheriting the stanch Whig and Union propensities of his father, Mr. James A. Gary became the recognized leader and generous supporter of the Republican party in Maryland. The reward for long and faithful service came to him with his appointment to the cabinet of President McKinley.

In the list of eminent scholars who have served in adding lustre to the educational history of Baltimore will be found a New England woman whose fame spread over the entire country. Almira Lincoln Hart Phelps, who was born in Berlin, Connecticut, came of a renowned family. In 1841, Mrs. Phelps, after several years



A TYPICAL NEW ENGLAND HOME.



ENOCH PRATT FREE LIBRARY.

of successful teaching in the North, assumed charge of the Patapsco Institute near Baltimore, where she accomplished the great work of her life as an educator, attaining a national reputation shared only by her cultivated and noted sister, Mrs. Emma Willard. Her scientific and literary labors were remarkable. Many of her works upon different subjects have become standard school text-books. She published several novels of merit, besides many lectures upon chemistry, botany and physics, and essays upon scientific and national subjects that brought her distinction as a woman of rare intellectual capacity.

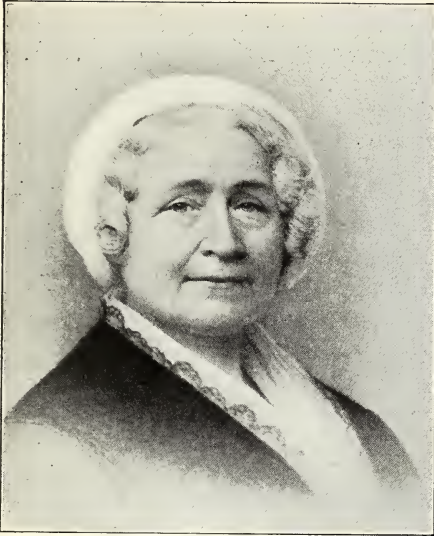
One New Englander living in Baltimore the larger part of a long life of four score and ten years made a large contribution to the city's general advance in finance and philanthropy.

The accomplishments of Enoch Pratt marked him as a man of sagacity and wisdom. Born in North Middleborough, Massachusetts, in 1808, coming to Baltimore in 1831, he at once entered upon a business career scarcely interrupted in the long period ending with his death in September, 1896, at the age of eighty-eight. Transferred at a susceptible age from a country town to a brilliant and social city, he never lost or surrendered his inherited characteristics, but, while becoming a thorough Baltimorean in interest and sympathy, he continued to the end what he styled "the plain New England way of doing things." At the time of his death he was the active president of the Farmers and Planters Bank, the soundest institution of its kind in the city, with which he had been connected for forty-seven years; and as officer or director he was closely identified with many moneyed and philanthropic institutions

which he either promoted or materially assisted financially. His many and varied inter-



ENOCH PRATT.



ALMIRA LINCOLN HART PHELPS.

ests received his personal attention up to the last. A frail body carried a clear and vigorous mind, permitting its possessor to complete to a finish all his worldly affairs with that same precision that characterized a business deal of his halcyon days. Though his habits were not miserly or penurious, they were frugal, while many of his economical methods bordered upon the eccentric,—for example, the practice of reversing envelopes received in correspondence. His personal economy enabled him to give liberally to many public enterprises; in fact, he distributed during his lifetime a large part of his great wealth, thus becoming his own executor. To the church of his faith in Baltimore—the Unitarian—he was for a period of more than fifty years a generous giver. He presented the Maryland Academy of Sciences with the commodious and convenient building it now occupies. He always manifested a warm interest in the welfare of the negroes. When the state of Maryland was induced to make an appropriation for the maintenance of a reformatory for colored boys, Mr. Pratt gave “Chellenham,” a fine farm of 752 acres in Prince

George’s county, for the purpose. He was made president of its board of managers, retaining the office until his death. In the conduct of its affairs he was as careful and exacting as if it had been a private enterprise of his own. This institution, which has been in existence twenty-five years, is the only one in the United States caring exclusively for colored boys.

Mr. Pratt’s most munificent gift was the public library which he built and presented to the city of Baltimore in 1882, supplementing this generous act by adding his own checks aggregating one million three hundred thousand dollars. The Enoch Pratt Free Library of Baltimore has now 150,000 volumes. It has many branches throughout the city, each an independent building of handsome design, furnishing a convenience for the public not surpassed in any other American city.

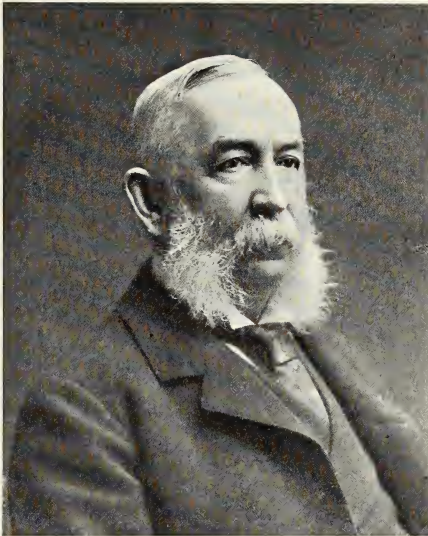
The final act of considerate generosity by Mr. Pratt was contained in his will, by which the Shephard Asylum of Baltimore received as a legacy the sum of one million dollars. But Mr. Pratt’s gifts were not alone confined to his adopted city. He remembered his native town and state by endowing the academy of the former with the sum of thirty thousand dollars, and presenting Meadville Theo-



N. H. MORISON.

logical Seminary with a hundred thousand dollars. Besides all this, he left gifts to churches in need and to many other worthy objects. A personal friend of Mr. Peabody, Mr. Pratt was selected as a trustee of the Peabody Institute, and was for many years its treasurer, continuing those duties while directing and managing, as president of the board of trustees, the affairs of that institution which was his own generous creation.

Unmistakable New England names appear all through the present century's history of Baltimore closely identified with its development. Nathaniel Williams, a successful member of the bar, was sent to the State Assembly in 1811, becoming afterwards assistant attorney general of the state. Henry Payson, a prosperous merchant, with others, organized the Merchants' Exchange, and was one of the incorporators of the first savings bank in Baltimore, instituted in 1818; Mr.



DANIEL COIT GILMAN.

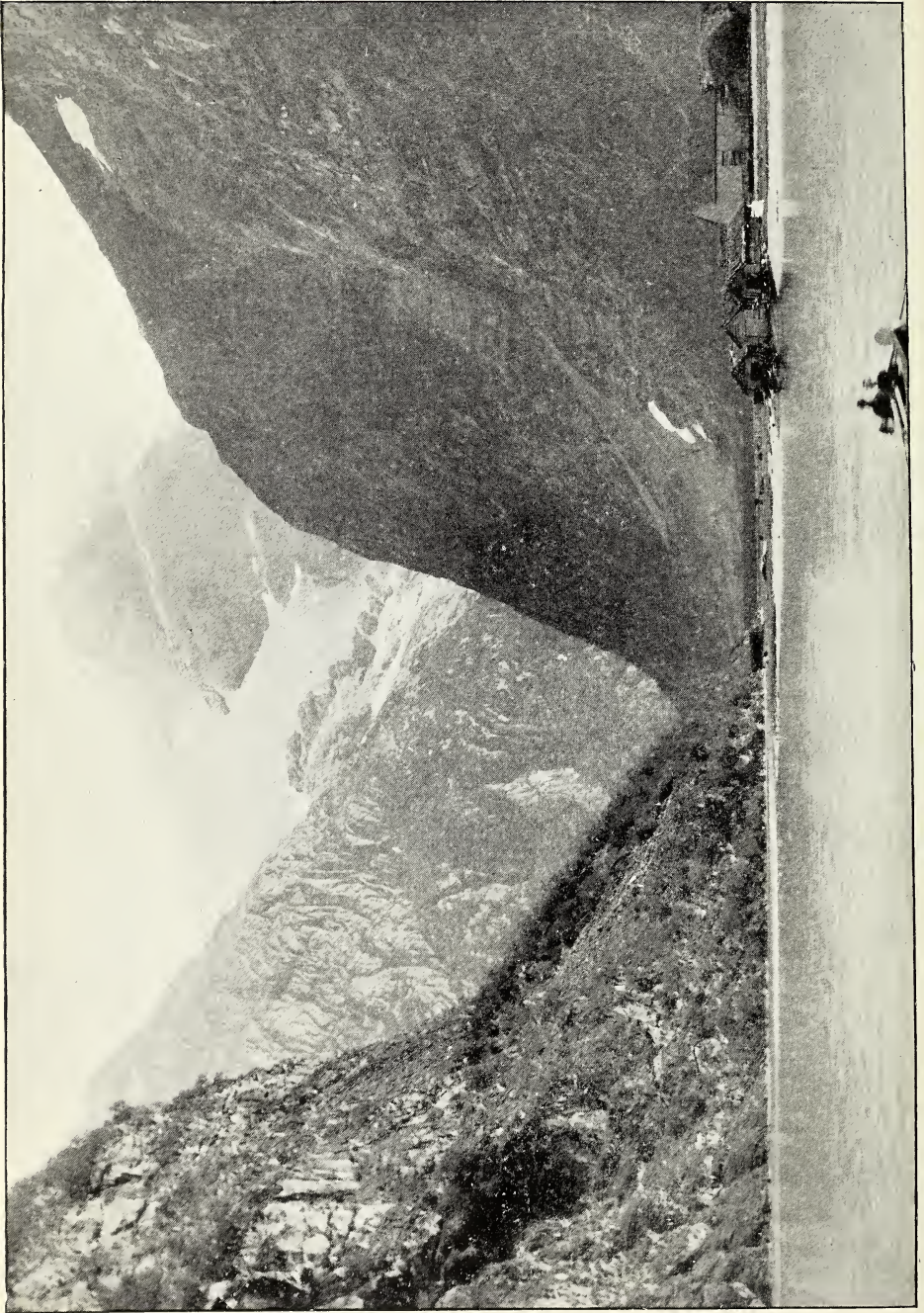
Payson was also one of the committee in charge of the monument erected in memory of those who fell in defence of the city, September 12, 1814. Amos A. Williams, Captain Isaac Phillips, Charles Appleton, William C. Shaw, Leonard Jarvis, William E. Mayhew, Osmond C. Tiffany, Thomas Whitridge and J. Henry Stickney, New Englanders, each of whom occupied positions of honor and trust, were generous contributors to the private and public institutions of religion and charity that so numerously abound in Baltimore. Scarcely a banking institution, savings bank, insurance company or any organization requiring

capital, formed in Baltimore during this century, but may be found among its directors or managers more or less the names of men from New England.

New Englanders were conspicuous in their participation in the onward march of the growing city, at a period which promised for it a brilliant destiny. The tributaries of trade and traffic secured by its geographical position were the prospering South, where riches easily secured were freely dispensed, and the broad develop-

ing West, where pioneers were already pushing the way for armies of settlers. Baltimore at that time seemed the El Dorado of the western continent. Sagacious North-ers entered the field as workers and helpers, doing their share in stimulating its advance to a point of prosperous existence whereby it is classed in the group of interesting American cities. Thus did a past generation of

sturdy men from a northern clime contribute to an enterprising town of the South a powerful influence in shaping its destiny, whereby it became a leading commercial city, whose conservative business methods and sound financial theories are avouched by the fact that it has not had a bank failure for upwards of sixty years. New Englanders strengthened the sinews and increased the commercial substance of the city of their adoption, and, with an almost universal acquirement of wealth, created a unique social community, refined and cultured, distinctly recognized as New England Baltimore.



GREAT WHITE DOMES AGAINST THE BLUE.

A CHAPTER ON NORWAY.

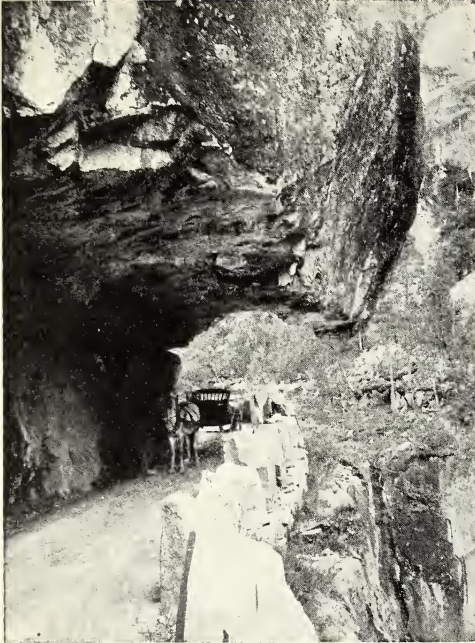
THE peninsula of Scandinavia is a unique "geographical expression" on the face of the globe. About a third, roughly speaking, or, to be accurate, 112,711 square miles of it—equal to twice the area of England—is separated from Sweden by a noble range of mountains, 1,600 feet high by 1,000 miles long, and is called Norway. Three hundred miles of its northern portion lie well within the Arctic Circle, marking the highest point of inhabited Europe, while it extends southward into the North Sea, its western coast washed by the Arctic and Atlantic oceans. Statistics furnish the information that Norway is from 70 to 280 miles broad by 1,100 long; that it has a population of 2,000,000; that its greatest elevation is 8,161 feet, more than 5,000 of that being above the perpetual ice line; that the sea extends enormously long arms into the land, and that these arms are supplemented by appendages which might be called fingers, and make a map of the country look like groups of cuttlefish. Notwithstanding the wide territorial range of the country, the climate is not unlike that of Quebec; indeed the temperature marks thirty degrees higher and is more equable than that of other European countries lying in corresponding latitudes. This is owing to a beneficent sweep landward of the Gulf Stream, which is an unqualified boon, as the sun begins to drop out of sight by the first of August and is never seen at all at the North Cape from November 18 to January 24.

For centuries Norway's history was closely identified with that of Denmark; but in 1814, as one of the results of the overturning of thrones and kingdoms by Napoleon I, Russia laid violent hands upon her neighbor,

and in some jugglery of trade handed her over to Sweden. It is not within the scope of this article to detail Norway's resistance to this lawless proceeding, but it was sufficiently cogent to warn Sweden that compromise was wiser than continued force, and a modified union was effected between the two countries. General Bernadotte of the French army had become King Carl XIV, and he subscribed to a constitution drawn up by his new subjects themselves, declaring Norway "free, inalienable and indivisible." They were very punctilious too about minor matters, insisting that, in signing papers relating exclusively to their affairs, the sovereign should reverse his titles and appear as "King of Norway and Sweden." They had their own national banner, but a mark of union, consisting of a dash of yellow color, was for prudential reasons introduced in the flags floating above their merchant marine. This mark has always been a source of irritation to the Norwegians, as also has the fact that the foreign minister must be chosen from the Swedes. The poet Björnstjerne Björnson is a leader of the democracy, and it is, in part at least, owing to his steady agitation of the subject that at last a flag purged of the union sign and called by them "a clean flag" has been agreed upon and hoisted at their mainmasts. The other matter is still in abeyance and causes more and more friction.

The present king, Oscar II, a grandson of Bernadotte, is an elderly man, both beloved and esteemed by his people and regarded with respect by all the world as a just, moderate and unusually cultivated man.

In 1536 the Roman Catholic Church was superseded by the Lutheran. There is more ceremony and

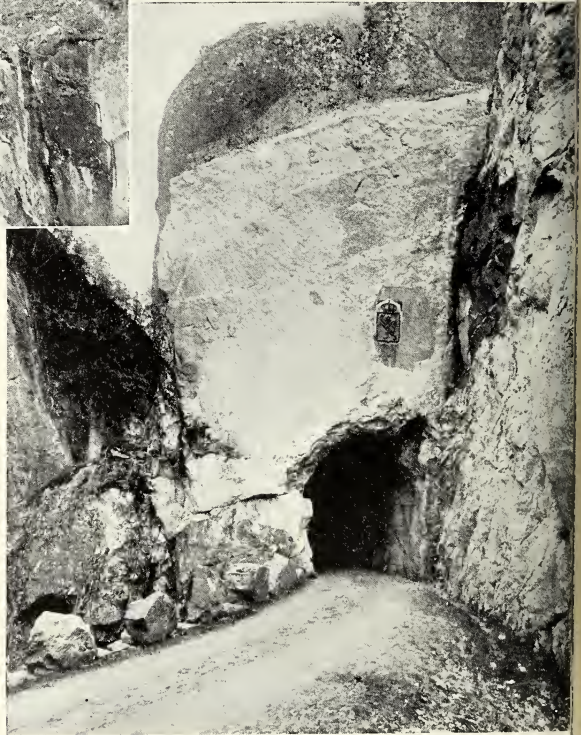


SOME OF THE DIFFICULTIES

pageantry connected with the worship than is usual in Protestant churches of that faith elsewhere. Upon occasions the priests wear the scarlet surplice with gold lace and symbolic embroideries. The communion is administered with a consecrated wafer. Seats in the churches are specially provided for the aged, that, being well in front, no word need be lost by those hard of hearing.

These bald statistics probably enter not at all into the account of the 50,000 annual tourists in Norway. Over and above such facts are the grandeur and ineffable beauty of the scenery, due to the marvellous configuration of land and water. The length of the peninsula is stated as 1,100 miles, but the vast indenting fjords multiply the coast line by two. The water of these fjords is much deeper than that on the opposite coast

of England, while the precipitous shores of the long aisles tower into the sky,—great white domes against the blue. When the sun appears, the surface of the snow begins to melt and the rugged face of the cliffs is veiled by gossamer falls in myriad numbers. These channel the rock and thread the ruts with silver, and like a million tinkling chisels cut fantastic architecture or noble or grotesque shapes from the solid stone. Until about ten years ago the principal travel came from England and America *via* the



OVERCOME BY THE ENGINEER CORPS.

North Sea, the small boats then in use—so-called “yachts”—being specially well adapted to the narrow water ways or fjords fringing the scarf-like peninsula. Now great ships like the *Augusta Victoria* sail from New York to Hamburg, thence to Spitzbergen, taking Norway *en route*. If Norway is approached from

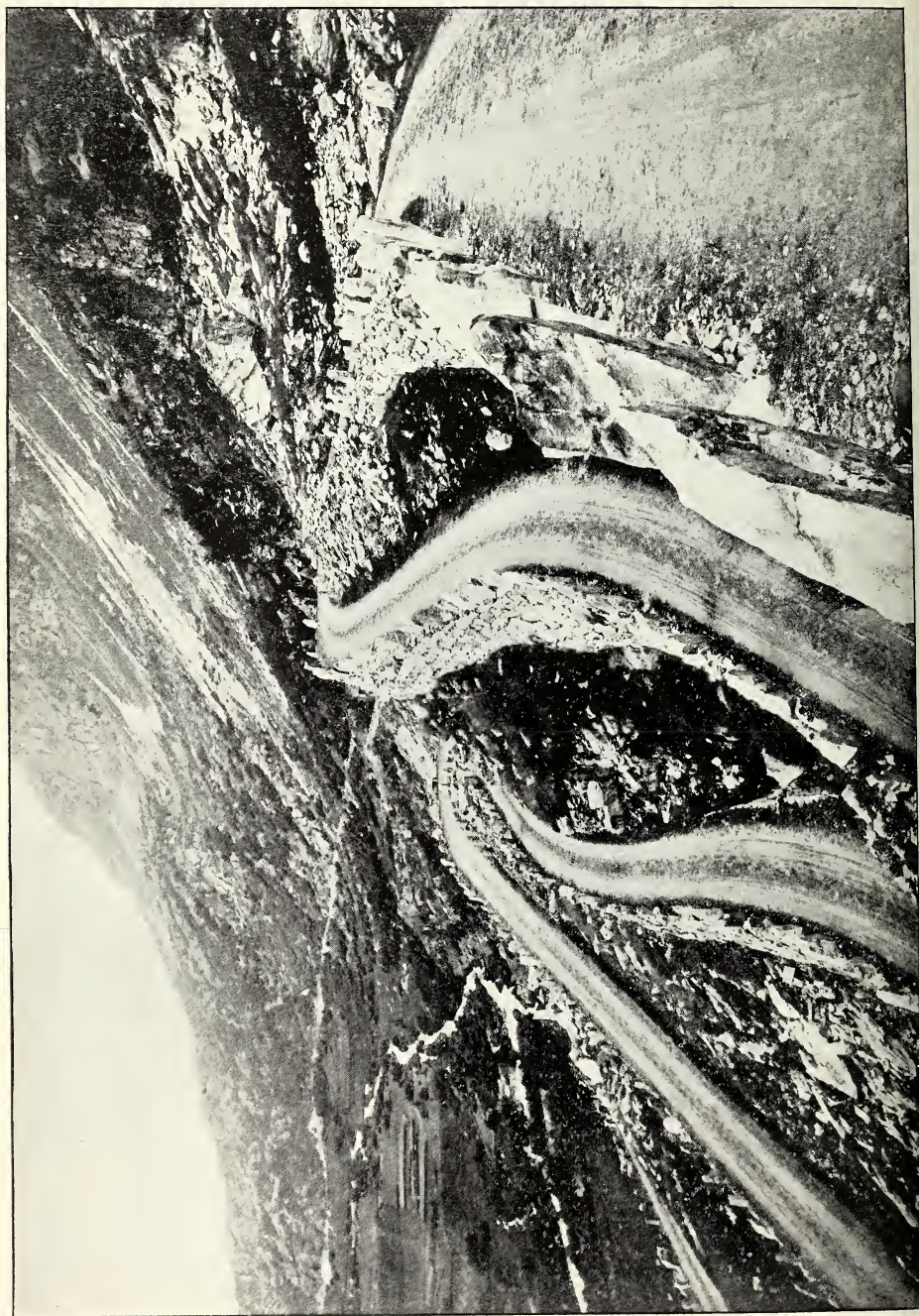


BRIDGES BOTH STRAIGHT AND CURVED.

either of these directions, the scenic beauty begins to unfold at once, and the proper moment be chosen—from the middle of May to the last of July—the effects are greatly heightened by the prolongation of daylight as one travels northward. It is safe to say that the delights of this journey are among the greatest in human experience. Norway's situation is, astronomically considered, most interesting. The unending twilights of the

summer in the south, the full light of day at midnight in the north, furnish variety and peculiarities exceeding any of the kind known to travellers elsewhere.

The Norwegians have been quick to avail themselves of the advantages accruing to their country by foreign travel, and with marvellous engineering skill have constructed highways that are models for far older conditions. The foundations are laid with





THE ROADS OFTEN CROSS THEMSELVES.

great care, several layers of stone of different sizes being compactly put into an excavation, with a top dressing of very hard and sifted stone and over all a deposit of screened gravel. The centre surface is raised and rounded, while paved ditches and culverts afford ample drainage. The steepest regular grade is four hundred feet to the mile, but eight hundred feet is reached on the remarkable road from Narodal to Stallheim, where sixteen zigzags or switchbacks are required. Tunnels, projections on the face of the precipice, supported by gigantic walls of masonry running down for solid foundations to unguessed depths, bridges straight and curved over ravines of incredible depth,—these are some of the difficulties overcome by the engineer corps. It goes without saying that the expense of this road building must fall largely upon the state, but the taxation is cheerfully met for the ultimate

general good. The roads often cross themselves, and as the summit is neared one can look back upon tier after tier of his upward path. Especially is this the case at Stallheim. The Nærodal lies shut in by lofty mountains and cliffs 2,000 feet high, over which fall the most exquisitely lacy effects of water. To the left rises the magnificent gray feldspar cone of Jordalsnut 3,600 feet, and to the right Kaldafyeld 4,265 feet.

Quite unlike this "tacking" drive is that through Romsdal, the dale of the river Rauma, inasmuch as this latter is on the floor of the valley,—more like that along the Merced in the Yosemite, for instance. The great thumb of the Romsdalshorn pierces the sky 5,000 feet above the road. Its sheer sides show marks of grinding ice, and the seams and scars of thousands of years of snow and frost; but it is most beautifully softened by numberless waterfalls, weeping their fleecy films



HAY MUST BE DRIED ON FENCES.

from ledge to ledge, from crag to crag. Patches of vivid green lurk in sunny corners, sheets of bluest harebells nod on the shrinking edges of snowdrifts, white, purple and yellow pansies lift pencilled eyebrows from crowds of droll little *Stiefmütterchen* faces. A specially lustrous foliage quivers on birchen stems, the whole picture being bathed in the clearest of translucent atmospheres. It is delightful thus to bowl along seated in the quaint cariole or *stollkyarre*, drawn by stout little ponies.

At the end of the drive there is usually clean and comfortable provision for the inner man. Some of the hostelries have waitresses dressed in the costume of the district. The colors are bright, and waists and chemisettes spangled with gay beads. The silver chains and ear ornaments are also very dressy and picturesque. The cottages are small and rude but invariably clean. They are mostly thatched with sods on which grass is growing and upon which again goats are feeding. There is always a cat, and usually a little girl with blonde braids down her back, who smilelessly offers strawberries or a posy. All the people look well and hearty, but rather melancholy, as they well may, shut out from sunlight for weeks and months together. Their lives too are full of venturesome toil. Their *tilting* farms are small in those moun-

tainous districts, the summer is brief, and altogether agriculture must be a slow paymaster. The hay must be dried on fences in default of fields big enough to spread it in; the bundles of it and the milk and other *socter*, or hill-farm products, are sent down to market by means of wires stretched for the purpose. The

young shepherds and shepherdesses live lonely lives, unaccompanied save "by their flocks at night." The *habitans* are much attached to their homes, as all hill people are well known to be.

It would seem as if the Norwegians, hemmed in by mountains and oceans, might have been content to consider themselves a peculiar people, and, as if Nature had a purpose in thus isolating them, she had provided that remarkable outlying rampart of rocky islands from end to end of the fjord-cut coast. But in spite of, perhaps because of, these natural defences the mariners early learned to dash out upon their neighbors, plunder their coasts, and sail quickly home again. This sport they named *Straandhug*, and the players Vikings. It seemed to the surrounding nations, and particularly to the French, that these troublesome visitors emerged from the waves to ravage their country, despoil the churches, sack towns and then disappeared as mysteriously as they had come. Their warfare was carried on by surprises. Following the Loire they arrived at Tours; ascending the Garonne, they pillaged Bordeaux and Toulouse; entering the Seine, they pushed to the gates of Paris. A compromise was effected by giving the invaders the province of Neustria, which they renamed Normandy. They made it rich and populous.



PROJECTIONS ON THE FACE OF THE PRECIPICE.



RUGGED FACE OF THE CLIFF VEILED BY GOSSAMER.

Generations came and went; then Robert, called the Devil, became Duke of Normandy, and father of William the Conqueror.

Among the successful mariners was Eric Rufus, the discoverer of Greenland. His son, Lief, emulous of his father's fame, and very likely inheriting his fondness for adventure as well, decided to explore some islands of which he had heard from an Icelandic. In the year 1000 this young fellow's craft had become separated from the fleet, and while endeavoring to rejoin his companions, he had seen numerous islands which he could not then investigate. This story fired the zeal of Lief, and he fitted out a vessel, manned by thirty-five men, and sailed southwesterly from Greenland. In due time he found the coast, as Björn had described it, jutting out in three peninsulas,—Newfoundland, Nova Scotia and Cape Cod. This last he called Vineland. There is little doubt now that Lief Ericson was the first European to land on our shores, or that he made the first civilized footprints upon the sands of Massachusetts Bay.

Emigration from Norway began early, hundreds going to Iceland in a single year. Naturally in this direction and at this distance it developed very slowly at first. In 1825 a party of fifty-three left Stavanger in the loop, the *Restauration*; but seventy years later there were half as many Norwegians in the United States as in Norway itself. Wherever they have settled in this country their record has been that of brave, honest and industrious citizens. They assimilate with us very readily, and have held good positions in state and national affairs.

They have brought from their native land the most excellent traditions in regard to education. The church ably seconds the state in that matter, as no candidate for confirmation is received until he has acquired an elementary schooling, and religious instruction is given in the common

schools. Schools for training the sexes together are already established; the University at Christiania—founded in 1811—admits women to full privileges. There are agricultural, military, technological, mining and drawing schools; there are learned societies and charitable institutions for the blind, deaf and dumb, deformed and lepers. Ambulatory schools are arranged in sparsely settled regions, the teacher going from hamlet to hamlet, almost from house to house.

Minneapolis, Minn., now numbers among its inhabitants more Scandinavians than Christiania itself. A theological seminary of the United Norwegian Church is soon to be established in that city, and on the campus is to be reërected the first Norwegian Lutheran church building built in North America, which will be used as a chapel.

The literary and artistic elements in Norway have always been in the van of freedom. Ole Bull would never float any but the pure Norwegian colors. Björnstjerne Björnson was a strong opponent of the Union bill. He said: "I will live in Norway, I will thrash and be thrashed in Norway, I will sing and die in Norway, of that you may be certain." Henrik Wergeland arranged for a celebration, not of the Union of Sweden and Norway, November 4, but of the adoption of Norway's constitution, May 17. Henrik Ibsen said: "An element of nobility must be introduced into our national life, into our parliament and into our press. Of course it is not nobility of birth that I am thinking of, nor of money, nor yet of knowledge, nor even of ability and talent, but of nobility of character, of will, of soul."

Bergen, Stavanger and Trondhjem are, for that region, flourishing cities. They have liquor laws that many wise men among us think we should do well to copy. Only the state makes a profit on liquor, and that profit goes directly to works of public utility.

Bergen has a fine road girdling the hills. It is called the Dramvei, and was built literally by the sales of drams.

Of course Trondhjem is *the* city of the north. Its situation is on a line with the southern coast of Iceland. Its streets, broad and well paved with round cobbles, are drained by a longitudinal gutter running through the middle. An avenue shaded by quadruple rows of fragrant balsam willows leads to the noble cathedral, which from the time of its erection in the twelfth century to the Reformation remained the metropolitan church of Norway. Thither then and now all her kings must come to be crowned. It has a peculiar deflection, which is explained by some writers as making the form of the cross in which the church is built suggest the crucifix. It is bent towards the east—as it is in the other similar examples known to exist, of which St. Denis near Paris is notable—as if the head of the sufferer fell to the left. This cathedral is dedicated to St. Olaf, whose memory is similarly preserved in two churches in England. This one at Trondhjem is built of fine-grained, micaceous stone of a bluish green color. Notwithstanding the ravages of time, repeated earthquakes and lightning strokes, it still presents a lovely and dignified appearance. Its restoration, under the care of a Norwegian architect, has been conducted in a masterly manner. The statue of the Christ, by Thorwaldsen, is given an artistic position.

For years, centuries even, snow has been accumulating on the mountain tops of Norway. When the sun melts the surface, the water percolates through the mass, and when finally a portion of it is dislodged it plunges down, tears up the foundations of mountains, roots up forests, fills in lakes, picks up as its toys huge boulders here, deposits tremendous blocks of earth there. Nothing can withstand its power. It cannot be checked nor avoided. These grandly

slow moving masses, grinding, cracking, stretching, converging always toward the sea, are glaciers. They constitute the most visible creative act which we can ever witness. They literally bring down the hills and raise the valleys. Some, like the terrible one of Svartisen, start from the icefeld and continue their independent way till they break off with loud and dreadful detonations into a lashed and boiling sea. To establish an equilibrium their bulk invisible beneath the water must be eight times what it is above. The action of the sun causes constant melting and therefore constant change in the centre of gravity. So they sail away majestically to meet extinction in warmer climes. Others, like the Buer-Bræ (the largest in Europe), have not yet attained the sea, but send an advance messenger in the shape of an exquisite foaming river of a beautiful light green, rollicking through the dark green meadow grass of the longitudinal farms. To follow these tiny, ribbon-like rivers to their glacier sources is unalloyed joy. The summer, short as it is, glows and throbs with beauty. The quality of the atmosphere is of a clearness that brings distant objects deceitfully near. Each particle of the glacier is more beautiful than anything that man, with all his tools, has ever achieved. Even under a microscope the elegance of every crystalline form is perfection. The ice facets show brilliant and opaline colors, paling and flushing with every change in the long, slow sunset.

With all this to delight the eye, the journey to the North Cape is not a gloomy one, neither, as might be supposed, is it a silent one. There are millions of gulls, the Bird Mountain (Svaerholtklubben) having been seemingly chosen for the breeding place of all the tribe. The vast precipice is literally alive with their white wings, and the myriad host look like snowflakes when they rise at any alarm. There is an occasional whale, dead or alive, the former being much in evi-

dence in the neighborhood of an island sacred to the rites of the whale fishery. There are islands covered with the nests of the tender, motherly eider-duck, who helplessly denudes her soft breast for the rapacious hunter of eider-down.

Then there are the Lapp encampments, which are obligingly laid open for the traveller's inspection. True, their Lares and Penates are little more than sun-dried fish and hides of reindeer. They are an inexpressive, stolid looking race. Nor is the reindeer in their care an inviting object; but he is a necessity, for the Laplander eats his flesh, drinks his milk, wears his skin, lives under his hide and eats from spoons made of his horns. They are strong and fleet, and can travel nineteen miles per hour for three or four consecutive hours; but they have weak spines and are terribly obstinate. Then there are gay bridal parties skimming about the fjords; and the bride's crown is a thing to see, far outshining the trumpery thing so jealously guarded in London Tower. There are shoals of jellyfish wavering up and down in the greenish water,

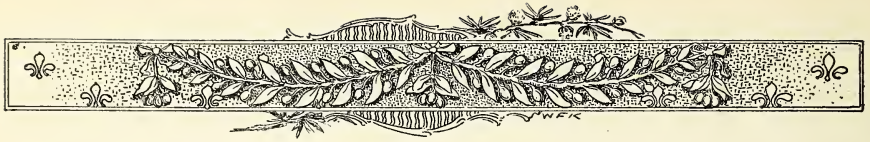
there is always a hope of a sea serpent,—every rock has its legend, every cliff its story. Trolls and fairies dwell in the mountains, and departed spirits revisit the waterfalls. The natural stone statue of Hestmando is said to bridle his steed with the Arctic Circle, and the mysterious perforated rock of Torghatten perpetuates a romantic story of love and adventure. Sometimes a mirage adds to the uncanny effects of such very novel scenes, and a splendid pier rises and dissolves, dissolves and rises, before the astonished beholder, all the more as there is not a single real pier on that coast. Meantime the days lengthen and lengthen—it is always light, there is no darkness. At last, in latitude $71^{\circ} 10'$ on the island Mégarö, the North Cape rises majestic and alone from the sea. At midnight the sun touches the horizon, drops his fiery rim upon the water line, poises, like a hummingbird for one breathless instant, then begins his daily ascent again. If the traveller stay here twenty-four hours he can see the sun circling like a bird; and farther north would be in his grand spiral movement on the horizon.

DOUBT IN HEAVEN.

By George Batchelor.

FROM heaven's windows looked I forth, and saw
 In outer darkness scenes of grief and woe.
 The victims of God's righteous, broken law
 In pain were wandering there, lamenting so
 And cursing those who chose the better part
 That, even in the light and joy of heaven,
 An awful weight of care fell on my heart,
 And veiled the glories of the circles seven.

In doubt, I wondered how such things could be.
 Then, looking at the saints whom love had blessed,
 I asked if they were worthy, who could see
 Such shame and hopeless misery and rest,
 Or safe in heaven stay, and count the cost
 To light that awful gulf and save the lost.



REQUIESCAT.

By Madison Cawein.


THE roses dream of her who sleeps
 Within the tomb,
 Of her for whom each flower weeps
 Dew and perfume.
At morn the blossoms droop their heads
Above neglected flower-beds,
Around whose paths no more she treads
 In gleam and gloom.

The breezes seem to grieve for her
 Whose life was brief ;
For her each tree is sorrower,
 Each tree and leaf.
At noon the bowered silence sighs,
And rocks itself in mournful wise,
Within whose shade no more she lies
 In joy or grief.

At dusk the sun is pale with care
 And sick with woe ;
The memory haunts it of her hair,
 Her hair's soft glow.
No more within the bramble brake
The sleepy rose is kissed awake ;
The sun is sad for her dear sake,
 Whose head lies low.

The bird, that sang so oft, is still
 At dusk and dawn ;
No more it makes the woodland shrill,
 The wood and lawn.
In vain the buds, when it is near,
Open their rosy ears to hear
The song it warbled for her ear
 Who now is gone.

Ah, well she sleeps who loved them well,
 The birds and bowers ;
The fair, the sweet, the lovable,
 Who once was ours.
Alas, that loveliness must pass,
Must come to lie beneath the grass,—
That youth and joy must fade, alas,
 And die like flowers!



EDITOR'S TABLE.

WE discussed in these pages a year or more ago the question of tenement house reform and better homes for the people. We spoke of the crusade upon which the Twentieth Century Club of Boston had entered in behalf of this great cause in Boston. The earnest effort of these Boston men and women has just culminated in a Tenement House exhibition, in connection with which there has been held a series of conferences and public discussions of the various phases of the housing problem. This exhibition has been prepared in coöperation with the Tenement House Committee of the Charity Organization Society of New York; and the exhibition was held for a fortnight in New York before its week in Boston. The exhibition included models, plans, photographs, maps, charts and tables of statistics, showing existing conditions in Boston and New York tenement houses; model tenements all over the world; health conditions, poverty conditions and agencies for betterment; competitive plans for model tenements, parks and play grounds. The exhibition was prepared for the purpose of stimulating interest in the question of tenement house reform and better homes for the poor, by placing before the public in concrete form a clear and comprehensive statement and exhibit of existing conditions, so that intelligent action may be taken to remedy them and to prevent their recurrence. It is the duty of every citizen interested in the welfare of the community to familiarize himself with the conditions under which decent and respectable workingmen and their families are forced to live; and this exhibition

made it easy for the people of New York and Boston to gain such knowledge.

By far the greater portion of the exhibition consisted of photographs showing the conditions in various European and American cities. Germany and France were but slightly represented; but a great number of pictures illustrated the important work which is being done in the cities of Great Britain, in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Manchester, Birmingham and especially London. The work of great private companies in providing model tenements in and about London, giving the working classes quarters that are comfortable and attractive in place of the wretched dens for which they have been paying equal rent, has been extensive; but in London as well as in other British cities the municipal government itself has taken hold of the matter in a way yet undreamed of in our American cities. Many of these municipal enterprises, as well as buildings like the Peabody tenements in London, were well represented in this exhibition.

Of American cities, aside from New York and Boston, only Philadelphia, Baltimore and Chicago were represented, and these not in an important way. The conditions in New York and Boston were brought before the visitor very thoroughly. A mass of East Side pictures showed the tragical character of the problem proposed to the New York reformer; but the illustrations of the admirable model tenements built by Mr. White in Brooklyn, some of them more than twenty years ago, the Cutting buildings, and, best of all, the tenements of the City and Suburban Homes Company, show

that New York is attacking this problem of the better housing of the working people in a positive and constructive manner.

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* *

In Boston, although the work of the Coöperative Building Company and other parties has been excellent and its success for the most part encouraging, but little has been done in the way of building model tenements and lodgings compared with what has been done in New York. The problem in Boston is indeed a smaller one. The very extent of the tenement house area in New York and the multitude and complexity of the population involved are so appalling that one is filled with admiration at the hopefulness and confidence of Mr. Riis and his brave associates after their long years of battle with the slum.

With the best public sentiment for which the New York reformers have any right to hope, with building laws framed after their own hearts, with officials in the Board of Health and elsewhere who are thoroughly alive to their duty, anxious to coöperate instead of ingenious to invent excuses for inertia and delay, and with ten times the present capital placed in the hands of Dr. Gould and his friends for building model tenements, it will be long indeed before the housing problem in New York can be solved in any thorough or satisfactory way. In Boston the case is very different. There is no reason why the slum in Boston should not be extirpated altogether at an early day. There is no other great city in America where the conditions for bringing about this desirable result are so simple and easy; and Boston should make herself an example to America and the world of a great city whose people are all housed under decent conditions. The slum areas are small in extent, and every citizen may grasp intelligently the details of the problem. The laws for the abolition of unsanitary tenements are drastic and adequate, and

nothing but the support of an energetic public sentiment is necessary to secure their thorough enforcement by the Board of Health, which during the last two years, in the face of much opposition on the part of landlords, has done most praiseworthy work. Interest in the matter of model tenements has been well awakened, especially by the recent exhibition and conferences, and there is no reason why large Boston capital should not soon be enlisted in work such as the City and Suburban Homes Company is doing so extensively in New York, and as the Coöperative Building Company has done so well in Boston itself.

* * *

The work of the City and Suburban Homes Company marks a radical advance in the construction of improved dwellings for the working people in America. This company was organized in 1896, with a capital of one million dollars. It was by no means the first organization of its kind in New York. The Improved Dwellings Association and the Tenement House Building Company are of considerably older date; and we have referred to the extensive work of Mr. White in Brooklyn. The business of the new company was defined as being "to offer to capital a safe and permanent five per cent investment, and at the same time to supply to wage earners improved, wholesome homes at current rates." The president of the company is Dr. E. R. L. Gould. It was to his initiative that the company owed its existence, and is to his wisdom that its splendid management and its success are chiefly due. There is no man in America who has given more earnest attention to the whole matter of better homes for the people, or who has larger knowledge of what has been done in this direction the world over, than Dr. Gould. It was he who was chosen by the United States Commissioner of Labor to prepare the report upon "The Housing of the Working People," which, with

its wealth of pictures, plans and statistics of every sort, is the best general survey of tenement house conditions and the various enterprises for their improvement, in both American and European cities. As president of the New York company, Dr. Gould has had opportunity to put his expert knowledge and good theories into practice. The company stands for "investment philanthropy." "The idea of charity, in the common acceptance of the term, has never entered into the calculations of officers or directors. On the other hand, the largest possible economic outcome has been equally ignored." Dividends are limited to five per cent, and five per cent and a surplus have been earned. The effort has been made to enlist the interest and investment of people of small means, as well as those of large capital. The company "desires to place within the reach of all who prefer, other things being equal, to invest their means for useful ends, a sound security; particularly the savings of the masses ought to be utilized more than they are at present for their direct benefit. Accordingly the company's shares are fixed at the low denomination of ten dollars each, in order to attract people of modest means." The company has undertaken the building up of a village in the suburbs of Brooklyn, to which it has given the name of Homewood, where a large number of attractive cottages have already been built, which the tenants are purchasing on easy monthly payments. Several blocks of model tenements, containing nearly four hundred apartments of two, three and four rooms, have been built in New York City itself; and there are probably no better model tenements in the world. With reference to the financial side of enterprises of this character, Dr. Gould spoke as follows at one of the conferences in connection with the recent Tenement House exhibition in New York:

"Will improved housing pay? It will.

How do we know it? It has paid and is paying to-day and right here in New York. Upwards of one hundred millions of dollars have been invested in improved housing in the largest European and American cities, and eighty-eight per cent, that is, eighty-eight millions of dollars, is now earning and always has earned a commercial profit. Six per cent, that is, six millions of dollars, has returned a savings bank rate of interest, and only six millions out of the whole one hundred millions has been invested less profitably.

"The splendid efforts of Mr. Alfred T. White and his associates in Brooklyn, begun about twenty years ago, have uniformly been rewarded to the extent of between five and six per cent per annum. The Improved Dwellings Association, founded by such gentlemen as the Messrs. Fulton and Bayard Cutting, Samuel D. Babcock and the late Cornelius Vanderbilt, has distributed to its shareholders five per cent, and accumulated a fair-sized surplus during the seventeen years of its activity. The splendid beneficence of Mr. D. O. Mills in his model lodging houses, dealing with a somewhat different problem although closely connected with improved housing, demonstrates how closely philanthropy and sound business can be united. The City and Suburban Homes Company, the newest and largest of New York's improved housing enterprises, has been able to earn fully five per cent upon its improved tenements. One of the great English companies, a company with investments aggregating upwards of thirteen millions of dollars, pays steadily four and one-half per cent upon its preferred shares and five per cent upon its common. Another London company, with an immense capital, pays uniformly five per cent, and has done so for many years. Improving the homes of the people should not be regarded as a question of philanthropy. It is a matter of business; and sound organization and proper management are as certain to yield satisfactory commercial results as in any other line of enterprise where the investment is as safe."

*
* *

We ask special attention to this word, because, in the lack of disposition here to take up the work of tenement house reform and the provision of dwellings by municipalities themselves, as is now being done so extensively in English cities, we believe that the encouragement of enterprises in Boston and elsewhere such as that which Dr. Gould is conducting so successfully in New York is the thing of

fundamental importance. That these model tenements are popular with those for whom they are designed is proved by the waiting list of eager applicants; and that the investment is a safe and good one, viewed strictly from the business standpoint, seems beyond doubt. We believe that this needs only to be brought home to some of our rich men with sufficient frequency and force, to secure the organization in Boston of strong companies to take up the work. If the recent exhibit and conferences at the Twentieth Century Club give impetus to a movement in this direction, they will have served their best possible end. We think that it was Mr. Sanborn who once said that the highest happiness of the New Englander consists in "doing good and getting paid for it." We do not undertake to pass an estimate upon this saying, nor to consider how far the New Englander is in this respect a peculiar being; but if there is truth in the saying, the opportunity of very high happiness now waits at the doors of Boston investors and philanthropists.

* * *

We confess that we do not share the common American feeling that our municipalities should not in any case take into their own hands the matter of providing proper homes for the people. The arguments against the general principle of such municipal action in America seem to us quite inconclusive. We are told that the conditions here are essentially different from those in English cities—which is not the truth; and we are told that our municipal governments are too dishonest to be entrusted with such added functions and responsibilities—which we do not believe. We cannot afford, in any department of our public life, to be scared from doing anything that is in itself sensible and wise and best by the fear of the danger that our servants cannot be trusted to do their duty. To sink to that position is the most pusillanimous thing

possible for a democracy; it is a position which we should refuse to take at any cost or any risk. The evils and corruptions in many of our municipalities to-day are indeed sad enough; but they are to be resolutely faced every day, with every corrupt *régime* always kept on the defensive. It is a question whether we have not gone much too far in taking responsibility and power from the legislative department of our city governments and whether the real cure for some of our most serious evils does not lie in the opposite course. With whatever reservations and exceptions it is to be said, we believe that the low-water mark of American municipal life lies several years behind the present. A genuine municipal spirit has been developing in America during this whole decade. It may have received a temporary set-back during the last two years, like other good movements, while the attention and interest of the people have been so heavily mortgaged by wars and rumors of wars; but this is only temporary, and the hour of its revival is at hand. A work, moreover, like that of the construction and management of great masses of homes for the people is a public work of precisely the character to demand such organization and enlist such forces as give the best guarantee of honesty and efficiency. What work in private hands was ever managed more honestly or efficiently than the work which has been done and is being done under the direction of the Boston Transit Commission? Who doubts that this very commission would manage just as efficiently as it is managed to-day the street railway service of Boston? What reasonable doubt can there be that a Tenement House Commission made up of just such men would be as honest and efficient as the Transit Commission? There can be no reasonable doubt; and we confess that we should be glad to see Boston try the experiment. We should like to see the city appropriate and clear all areas which can properly

be called slum areas, all quarters occupied by houses which are not fit for men and women to live in and for children to grow up in, and cover them with tenements of the most approved sort, to be furnished to tenants at the lowest rental consistent with good public financiering. If the experience of Glasgow and Birmingham counts for anything, the enterprise would be a perfectly safe and a profitable one; and it would do more than anything else that we can think of to elevate the whole character and standard of tenement house life, compelling the owners of all private tenements to just rents, to good service, and to every effort in their power to make their tenements wholesome, convenient and attractive.

* * *

Whether municipalities in their municipal capacity should undertake this work seems to us purely a question of expediency at a given time. If the tenement conditions in a city are bad, and if private parties do not undertake the building of good tenements in a way that promises to bring about better conditions, then the city government itself should take the matter in hand. If there be a people who more than any other may be called, in the popular sense of the term, practical, it is the English people; no one would ever accuse them of being theoretical socialists. Yet, precisely because they are practical people, because the common sense of the situation prescribed it, their municipalities have taken up the work of clearing away the slums and providing decent homes for the people more extensively than any other municipalities in the world.

Professor F. Spencer Baldwin, the professor of political economy in Boston University, and a member of the Tenement House Committee of the Twentieth Century Club, has just written an admirable historical survey of the whole movement for tenement house reform in this country and in

Europe; and this survey, first published as articles in the *Boston Transcript*, has been reprinted in pamphlet form by the Twentieth Century Club, under the title of "The Housing Problem." We do not know of any other brief survey of the subject which is so good; and no section of it to our thinking offers so many valuable lessons as the section devoted to tenement reform in Great Britain. Much more might be said of the great work which has been done in London and its suburbs by private companies; but in laying the emphasis upon distinctly municipal activities, Professor Baldwin has laid it in the right place. The extent of these activities is something that few of us in America realize.

As far back as 1866, an Act of Parliament was passed constituting the town council of Glasgow an improvement trust for the purchase and improvement of property; and under this Act the council has renovated large slum areas. The first area dealt with consisted of ninety acres, and the cost was over seven million dollars. At first the council confined its work to the demolition of insanitary houses, leaving to private enterprises the task of reconstruction; but during the last dozen years the council has itself pushed the construction of tenement houses on a larger scale, also building numerous municipal lodging houses, all admirably managed, and an actual source of revenue to the city. Birmingham some years ago inaugurated a comprehensive improvement scheme involving the purchase of ninety acres of congested territory in the heart of the city, upon which there stood nearly 2,700 buildings. Half of these have been demolished, and the remainder put into sanitary condition. New streets were laid out, and new dwellings have been built, all at an expenditure of over eight million dollars; but the matter has been so well managed that it will in the end prove profitable, while the general benefit conferred upon the city is something

incalculable. The corporation of Liverpool has demolished over 5,000 old houses and erected 10,000 new ones. Edinburgh has expended nearly three million dollars in the purchase of insanitary property. The "improvement trust" has pursued the policy of demolishing the worst houses in order to make breathing spaces in the crowded quarters, these spaces being turned into play grounds for children, usefully and attractively furnished.

In London itself the municipal movement for improvement of tenement house conditions began with the very formation of the London County Council, in 1889. A standing committee on "the housing of the working classes" was formed; and its activities have been most vigorous and beneficent. In Bethnal Green, in East London, the council purchased fifteen acres of land, inhabited by 6,000 people, living in 700 squalid cottages. These were destroyed, and the area was laid out in seven broad streets, radiating from a central garden, model five-story tenements being built for the population. The Shoreditch vestry has recently opened a block of model dwellings on the site of a slum that Sir Charles Dilke called the worst in London. The West Ham town council has just entered upon the largest housing enterprise yet planned, involving the purchase of 100 acres of land and the erection of tenement houses, at a total cost of five million dollars. Alongside its work of providing good tenement houses in London itself, the County Council has sought to relieve the congestion in the centre of the city by securing improved transport facilities to the suburbs. The committee "takes the broad view that the best service it can render to the workingmen of London is to make it possible for them to live in the outskirts. Rapid, cheap and convenient transit is therefore the watchword of the County Council. To this end it has made exhaustive statistical reports upon the existing

supply of workingmen's morning and evening suburban trains on the London railways; has communicated with the railway companies, urging more favorable terms for workingmen; and has shown great energy in promoting bills in Parliament regarding the insertion of clauses providing for workingmen's trains in all bills that in any wise confer privileges upon railway companies."

* * *

The two lessons taught so well by England, the lesson of dealing with the housing problem by the municipality itself, and the lesson of making it cheap, easy and attractive for workingmen to get out of the city into the country for their homes, were both strongly emphasized in the recent conferences of the Twentieth Century Club,—the first by Mr. Horace G. Wadlin, the chief of the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor, whose "Tenement House Census of Boston," prepared in 1892, is such an invaluable magazine of facts touching the homes, the health conditions and the occupation of the Boston poor; and the second by Mr. Henry D. Lloyd, who has been so careful a student of English social and industrial conditions. Dr. Edward M. Hartwell, the head of the Boston Department of Municipal Statistics, submitted important lessons from Germany, the principal lesson being that of scientific method. The German municipalities have not undertaken constructive work to the extent which is true of English municipalities; but their studies and statistics of their own conditions are exemplary; and the important practical results of this clear and detailed knowledge were impressively pointed out by Dr. Hartwell. Our own statistics of disease and death are most inadequate; we lump these things in the crudest manner. If the people of our cities were as well informed as the inhabitants of German cities as to the exact statistics of disease and death in the several sec-

tions of the city, they would be more alive than they are to the gravity of tenement house evils and to the danger of these evils to the whole city as well as to those immediately concerned.

* * *

Science, clear knowledge, is what is chiefly needed in this whole field. The chief trouble in Boston to-day—and it is no truer of Boston than of other cities—is that few of her people, intelligent and influential people, have exact knowledge of the slums in her own borders. A year ago Jacob Riis came over from New York to speak before the Twentieth Century Club on the battle with the slum in that city. A leading Boston newspaper, in commenting upon the lecture, felicitated its readers that the harrowing pictures brought before the audience by Mr. Riis's stereopticon were New York pictures and not Boston ones; yet a hundred Boston pictures, matching Mr. Riis's worst, could have been thrown that evening upon the same screen. An earnest Boston woman, knowing this, placed money in the hands of the Twentieth Century Club, to have such pictures made; and in connection with the recent conferences and exhibit they were used to illustrate addresses upon "The Battle with the Slum in Boston" by Mr. Haynes and Mr. Estabrook, the agents of the Club in this reform. One newspaper comment was that these pictures related mostly to past conditions which had been transformed—the pictures as matter of fact having all been taken during the last summer and autumn; and it would have been easy to double the number of similar pictures. So hard is it for comfortable folk to realize or credit the squalor and hardship in which the "other half" lives, within pistol shot, or often just around the corner! It is the duty of every citizen in every great city to understand this situation, and to help in its reform. We have no right to be complacent while such

conditions exist; and we have no reason to be discouraged because the problem is complex and difficult.

* * *

"To the faint-hearted and those of little faith, this volume is reproachfully inscribed:"—such is the dedication of Jacob Riis's "A Ten Years' War," the account of his battle with the slum in New York, which comes to us from the press of Houghton, Mifflin and Company, just as these important conferences upon tenement house reform are taking place in Boston. When we discussed in these pages a year ago the subject of better homes for the Boston poor, we concluded that discussion by a review of the noteworthy volume entitled "The City Wilderness," prepared by the residents and associates of the South End House in Boston, which came from the press at that very time. We should like to review similarly in the present connection this stirring book by Mr. Riis upon "A Ten Years' War." We may return to it at another time; but now we ask the men and women of Boston, or of any other city, who have enlisted in the battle with the slum, or who have simply been roused to a consciousness that there ought to be a battle, to read this book. The faint-hearted and those of little faith should indeed feel its reproach, for the confidence and courage and buoyant zeal of this splendid warrior, after his ten years' war, are magnificent; but the hard-hearted and complacent should feel its reproach more deeply, because the terrible conditions painted in its pages are those whose continued toleration in any city is a crime, to which every careless citizen is a party. Boston is not New York; the extent and character of her problem are simple compared with those of the problem in New York. But Boston has much in her borders which is a menace and a wrong; and she has no right to rest until the slum is absolutely extirpated from her midst.

Among the dozen pictures in Mr. Riis's book are two portraits—of Colonel Waring and Theodore Roosevelt, men who in this decade have rendered such conspicuous service in behalf of better municipal conditions in New York. Governor Roosevelt came from Albany to take part in the opening conference in connection with the recent Tenement House exhibit in New York; and in his speech he said:

"It seems to me that on the whole no movement is so vital to the well-being of our people as that into a part of which you are looking now. If we succeed in up-building the material and, therefore, moral side of what is the foundation of the real life of the Greater New York, we shall have taken a longer stride than is possible in any other way toward a solution of the great civic problems with which we are confronted. Go and look through the charts downstairs, which show the centres of disease and poverty, and remember that it is there that the greatest number of votes are cast. We hear complaints of corruption in the city government of New York; but how can we expect the stream to rise so very far when the source is polluted? We have got to strive for the elementary

physical benefit of the people first. No other reform is more desirable than this which you aim at, and none is more practicable."

"We must have intelligent legislation. We rely on men of means and broad charity to do much of the work of building the best type of tenements; but we have a right to evoke the aid of the state to forbid the erection of buildings that are nurseries of crime and degradation. Every wretched tenement that a city allows to exist revenges itself on the city by being a hotbed of disease and pauperism. It tends steadily to lower the tone of our city life and of our social life. The present movement for better tenement houses is an effort to cut at the root of the diseases which eat at the body social and the body politic."

If such exhibits and conferences as those recently held in New York and Boston tend to make this plain, if they compel far stricter and higher sanitary standards, if they promote more intelligent and exacting building laws, and, above all, if they prompt the constructive work of providing decent and attractive homes for the people in place of the existing slums, they will indeed prove salutary and beneficent.



NOT AT HOME.

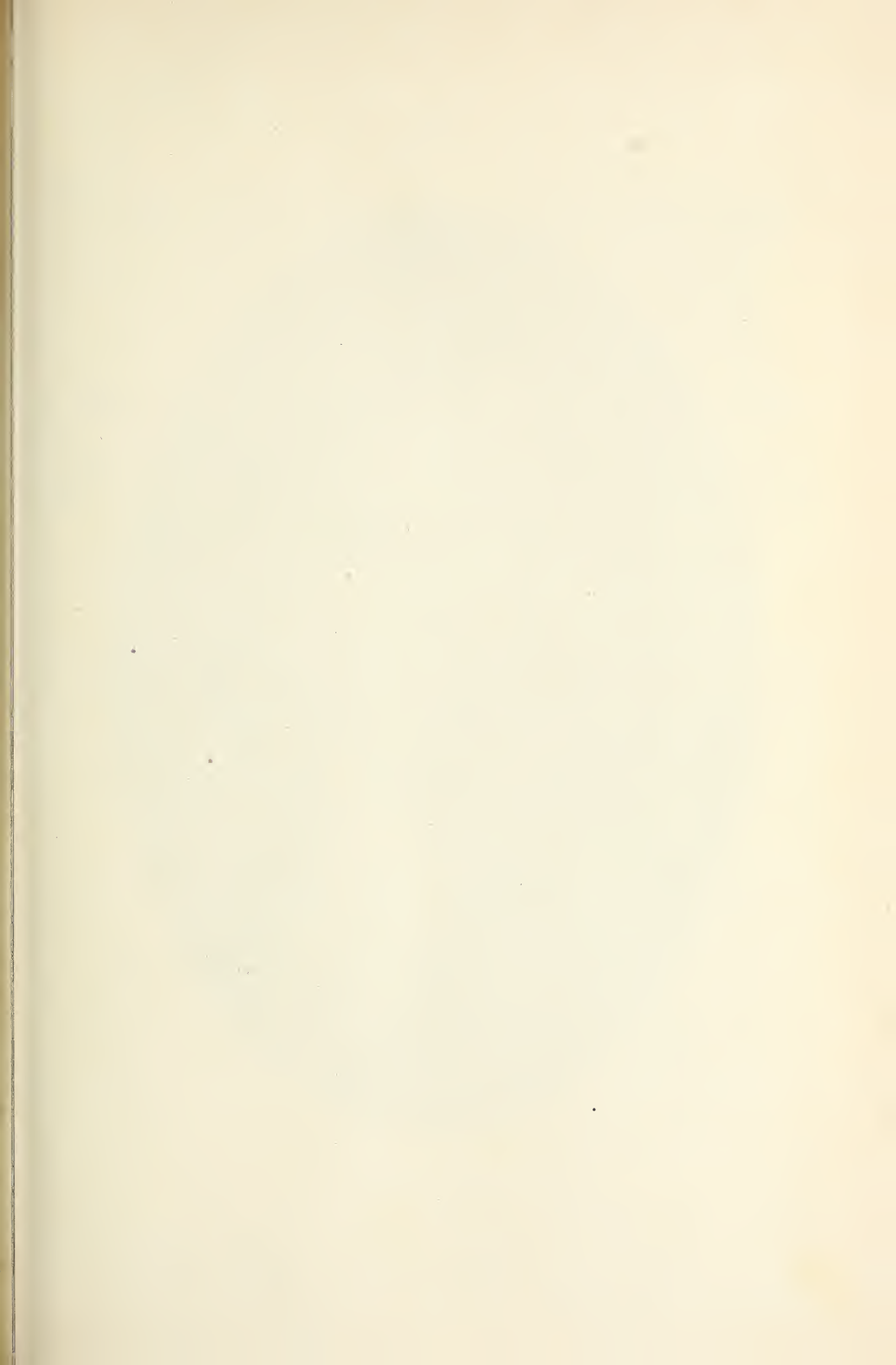
Love cometh to the front door in gentlemanly guise,
And asketh for My Lady; but heareth in surprise
Her calm voice answer coldly from somewhere up above,—
"I'm not at home, I tell thee: I'm not at home to Love."
Love goeth away sighing and drooping in despair,
But soon himself bethinketh that all for Love is fair;
If he can but win entrance he hopeth to win more,
And every lady's dwelling hath eke a lower door.
And Love is skilled in guises, and doeth on the gear
Of blue-coat City Watchman, the burly man of beer:

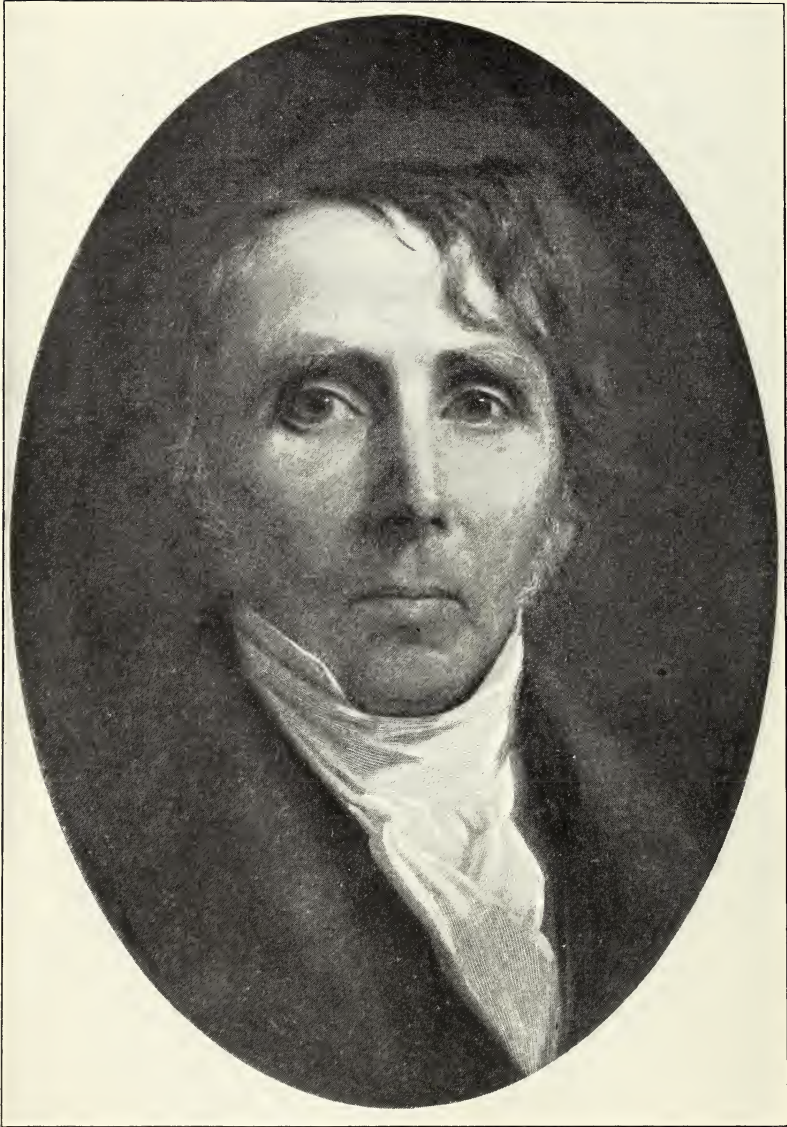
And cometh to the rear door and tirlteth at the pin,—
"Faith, be there here a lassie will let a brave boy in?"

Oh, maids be there below stairs and mistresses above,—
Kind maids with smiling faces who scorn no guise of Love;
And tho' the lady falter the lass may beckon sweet;
And warm the fire's greeting, and warm the lips that greet.

So Love disguised who entered to win My Lady's heart
Doth linger by the ingle forgetting all his part;
For comely is the lassie nor of his glance afraid;
And Love forgetteth mistress, and Love he woeth maid.

—*Abbie Farwell Brown.*





WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

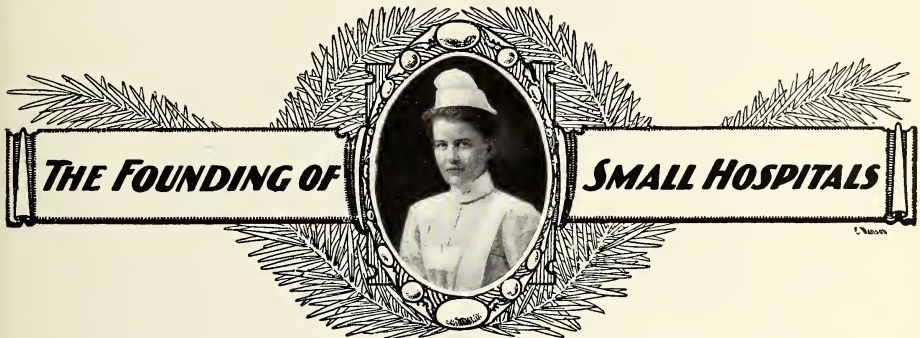
See article on Unitarianism.

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BY GEORGE W. SHINN.

ONCE it was not considered possible to maintain a hospital except in a large city. Now it is seen that any community of ten thousand people can have its own hospital. The past twenty years have witnessed the opening of a large number of these institutions, especially in New England.

Sometimes one appears to have been started rather in advance of the demand for it, as was the case at Portsmouth, N. H. An old sea captain gave his house and its quaint furniture to the vestry of St. John's parish to be used as a hospital. The rector and the congregation, with the help of friends outside, fitted up the house, adopted a constitution, engaged a matron and appointed committees. Then they waited for patients; they waited,—but strange to say, for quite a time there seemed to be no one in all the place who needed hospital treatment. Nobody was knocked over by a furious bicycle rider; no homeless tramp came along with a rheumatic limp; no one needed any surgical operation; all the

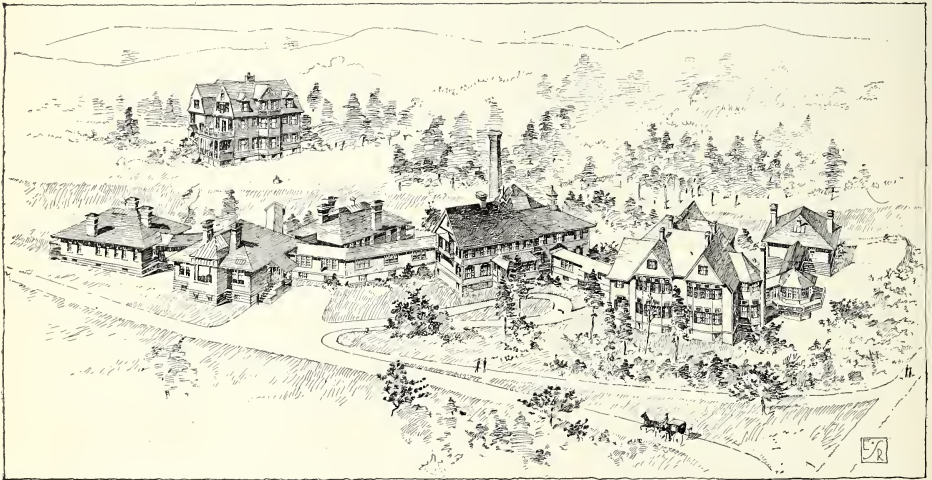
appendicitis cases seemed to disappear; they could not find even a sick child to occupy one of the nice white beds. The good people began to ask themselves whether a hospital were really needed there and whether they did right in accepting the old sea captain's gift.

But after waiting for some months, the long expected first patient appeared. One night a somewhat befuddled brother, who had been visiting various bar-rooms, came into collision with a train on the railroad. He does not know how he did it. Either he or the train was out of place,—and the result was a broken leg. The railroad employees picked him up, a crowd gathered, and a voice called out, "Take him to the hospital!" Sure enough, they had a hospital all ready for patients. A stretcher was extemporized, and towards midnight a procession approached the hospital. The matron was aroused, a doctor was sent for, the sobered man with the broken leg was cared for and put to bed. It was thus they opened their hospital; and

since then they have had all the patients they wanted. Occasionally when the rector meets patient No. 1 the latter says to him with considerable exultation, "I'm the man who opened your hospital."

There is another neighborhood where the generosity of people went far in advance of local needs. They got their hospital ready, but have found thus far very small demand for its accommodations. The probability is that when they overcome the prejudices of uneducated people against hospital treatment, they will

impossible to have a hospital in a small place, unless perchance some wealthy person provided a good round sum of money to erect the buildings and to endow the work. The first departure was the Cottage Hospital system in England, which speedily became quite popular there, and was imitated to some extent in this country. This new system, under the general name of the Cottage Hospital, varied from fitting up a small building accommodating five or ten to larger structures with as many as twenty-five beds. Some of these ex-



Kendall, Taylor & Stevens, Architects

THE NEWTON HOSPITAL.

have all they can do to care for those who want to come in. In many places this battle with prejudice has to be waged; then too some otherwise well educated people are not aware of the progress of modern hospital work, and consequently need instruction before they can take hold of any movement looking to the establishment of a hospital in their neighborhood. Especially is information needed by them and by others as to the plans of small hospitals.

The dominant idea as to hospitals, until within the last thirty years, was that large and costly buildings were needed, and that there must be a staff of resident physicians. It was deemed

periments were crude, but they led the way to the adoption of the Small Hospital system, which is now successfully worked in a number of places in this country.

One of the pioneers in this movement for small hospitals was the Newton hospital in the city of Newton, Massachusetts, adjoining Boston. Nearly twenty years ago efforts began there to establish a cottage hospital. There were many obstacles to be overcome. One was the objection of the rich. They said they did not need it, because they could be taken care of in sickness in their own homes. The poor objected to it, because most of them regarded a hospital as a place

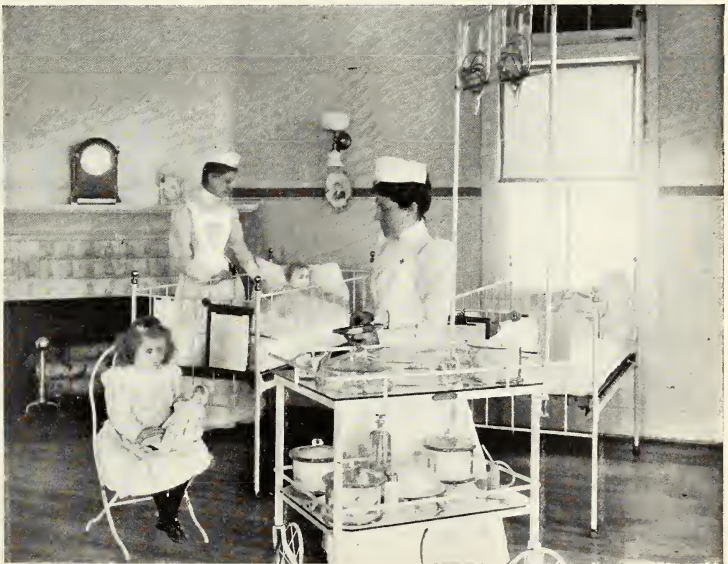


OPERATING ROOM IN THE NEWTON HOSPITAL.

where people were sent to die. The supposed expense was also a great obstacle, for the notion of large buildings with a staff of resident doctors was the only one that many could entertain. It was regarded generally as a hopeless experiment when those interested in the movement in Newton declared their purpose to put up small and inexpensive buildings, to place the institution in charge of a matron without a resident physician, and to secure the cooperation of

the two leading schools of physicians.

A process of education went on in the community; objections were overcome; money was raised; and at length a start was made in building. It was a very humble beginning, but the most sanguine friends of the hospital did not then dream that there would be the need of expending more than a few thousand dollars each year, or that more than a hundred patients in the course of any year would be treated. In 1899 the cost of maintenance was over \$25,000, and the number of cases treated reached seven hundred. The first buildings erected soon proved too small for the needs, and additions had to be made from time to time, so that to-day the property of the corporation includes nine acres of land, two wards for men and two wards for women, a ward for private patients, a children's ward, a maternity ward, a nurses' home, three contagious wards, a morgue, a laundry and a boiler house. The institution provides accommodation for over one hundred and fifty patients, and requires a



A CORNER OF THE CHILDREN'S ROOM, NEWTON HOSPITAL.



CHILDREN AT PLAY, NEWTON HOSPITAL.

force of some thirty helpers, nurses and other employees. The annual support of the hospital is derived from the payments of paying patients, the earnings of pupil nurses outside, a Hospital Sunday offering in the Newton churches, an appropriation from the city for the care of the sick poor, the income of some invested funds and individual gifts, in all amounting in 1899 to about \$25,000.

The bird's-eye view accompanying this article shows the buildings, except the contagious wards. The older buildings are of wood, but the newer ones are of brick, with slate roofs. All are connected by means of corridors. The physicians of the city give their services and constitute a staff, taking duty in turn, according to a pre-arranged plan. They also, with the assistance of the matron, conduct a training school for nurses, giving pupils a full course of three years' teaching and training. The plant and equipment of the Newton hospital and the intelligent, enthusiastic coöperation of physicians and citizens, put this institution into the front rank of small hospitals. It is quite probable that if the institution were starting now the trustees would plan some of their buildings differently. In other respects they have

made only a few blunders. They have simply followed along the line of development as it was indicated by the thoughtful consideration of needs as those needs sprang up. It is much easier to start and to maintain a small hospital now than it was when this began, for experience shows pretty clearly what the ordinary needs are and how they can be met.

It will be interesting to see how other communities have provided themselves with hospitals, and what kind of hospitals they have. Out of the many that might be cited, it may be most helpful to take some that will serve as types. There are four types of small hospitals: (1) where there has been some previous experience in hospital management, and where there is a fund in hand to construct



A MEMORIAL WINDOW IN THE CHILDREN'S ROOM, NEWTON HOSPITAL.

and equip fairly good buildings; (2) where individual generosity gives the complete plant outright; (3) where the hospital begins in a small way in an old building; (4) where the institution feels its way along slowly, building by degrees, enlarging its work as it sees the way open, and growing from a feeble start to considerable size and strength.

One of the most important of the first kind is the Springfield hospital. It had some advantages to begin with, for it started out with money in hand and it absorbed a previously existing hospital. The pres-

and are surrounded by a plot of over thirty acres.

Occasionally we have instances of most open generosity amounting to lavishness. Something is done in the very best manner possible without any regard to the cost. The determination is to have it just as complete as it can possibly be. The Mary Hitchcock Memorial Hospital at Hanover, New Hampshire, is an illustration. It is acknowledged to be the finest of its class in existence. In their entire completeness the buildings are a memorial gift. After the wise suggestions of medical and sur-



THE SPRINGFIELD HOSPITAL.

ent organization was incorporated in December, 1883. Three years later it received a bequest of \$25,000, and later on other gifts. The present buildings were built and dedicated in 1889. The value of the plant now is over \$135,000, with an endowment fund besides of \$107,000. During 1897, four hundred and forty-six patients were treated, and the receipts from those who were able to pay came to \$15,000. One hundred and nineteen were paid for out of an appropriation made by the city for the care of the poor. The whole expense for the year was \$26,500, or an average of about \$60 per patient. The buildings are of graceful proportions

gical experts, and under the skilled hands of accomplished architects, the material fabric grew. The best thought was also devoted to plans of administration. Gifted men gave intelligent and devoted attention to its affairs, and brought wide experience and sincere devotion to the development of a model hospital. However complete it is as a building, it is none the less complete in its appointments and organization and in the work done in its medical, surgical and nursing departments.

What has been done at Hanover can be done elsewhere. There are other persons of means and other persons of ability and earnestness. If

the wealth can be consecrated to this use, and the zeal and intelligence of medical men and leading citizens enlisted, other institutions like this memorial hospital will come into being to perpetuate the memory of the dead and to bring relief and comfort to those who in this transitory life know something of its ills.

Another of these hospitals built through individual generosity and with lavish expenditure is the one at

constant lesson of kindness to the suffering, is a reminder of the wisdom of being one's own administrator, and also of the tender and lasting affection between husband and wife which enabled an old man to say: "She has shared my trials and anxieties as well as my pleasures, for fifty years, and this is my token of love and esteem for her."

The building is of brick, with granite basement. It is one hundred and



THE MARY HITCHCOCK MEMORIAL HOSPITAL.*

Concord, New Hampshire, the Margaret Pillsbury hospital. At the time of its dedication, in 1891, Mr. George A. Pillsbury, the donor, said that he wanted to do something to be of lasting benefit to the people of Concord and serve as his token of love and esteem for the wife who for more than fifty years had been his true and faithful companion. He also said that he had resolved to secure this hospital now rather than provide for it by will. So this beautiful building, in addition to being a

twenty-five feet long and seventy-five feet wide. There are two stories and a basement. In the latter are the heating apparatus and storage rooms. On the first floor are waiting rooms, dispensary, offices, private rooms and two general wards. On the second floor are rooms for matron and nurses, and an isolated ward. The servants occupy the attic.

The hospital corporation began its existence in 1884, and struggled

* We are indebted to the architects, Messrs. Kendall, Taylor and Stevens, for the several views of the Mary Hitchcock Memorial Hospital.

along in a very inconvenient building until the reception of this fine gift. There is a small endowment, but the larger part of the support is derived from paying patients and from contributions.

Among the generous bequests provided in the will of Addison Gilbert for the benefit of his native city of Gloucester, Massachusetts, was one of \$100,000 for establishing "a free hospital, with grounds properly embellished." It was to provide for the gratuitous treatment of those who were unable to pay, and to accept such compensation as others were able to give. A corporation was formed under the laws of the state, and trustees were elected. A plot of thirteen acres of ground was secured, and on it, after consultation with physicians, a fine brick building was built. This building contains accommodation for present needs, but eventually must be enlarged by the addition of other wards. This Addison Gilbert hospital at Gloucester is an illustration of how a bequest can



ENTRANCE TO THE MARY HITCHCOCK HOSPITAL.

be wisely administered. The trustees did not spend it all in buildings, but put aside about half of it as a permanent investment, from which some income was to be derived. They located the institution in a good place, with plenty of ground around it, and called in the advice of good physicians and good architects.

There are many who are able to establish hospitals, either by gifts while living or by bequests. Some can readily provide \$100,000 or more; but in case so large a sum is not available, it may be said that for many a community \$25,000 spent in buildings and their equipment and \$50,000 invested for income will make a good hospital possible. The balance of income will come from paying patients and the gifts of friends.

Another of these small hospitals is St. Luke's,



THE SUN CORRIDOR, MARY HITCHCOCK HOSPITAL.



THE CONSERVATORY, MARY HITCHCOCK HOSPITAL.

at New Bedford. During the year 1898 it treated five hundred and sixty-eight patients and expended over \$17,000. Part of the money for the expenses came from the dues of patients, voluntary contributions and annual subscriptions, but about one-third of it was the income derived from the permanent fund, which is now over \$100,000. The buildings are constructed after the plan which is growing more into favor, that is, a central administration building, with wards to the right and left connected by means of corridors. The illustration given is of special value as showing the enlargement and additions. Nearly every hospital has to provide for more accommodation as time goes on, and it is well to study how to enlarge when the first building is constructed.

The story of the Morton hospital at Taunton, Mas-

sachusetts, brings to view some chapters which, with a change of names and dates, would describe the hospital movement in many another place. For many years the need of a hospital in that city had been felt. The Board of Health in 1874 said: "Prudence would dictate that a city increasing in population and connecting so freely with other manufacturing places should be provided with a convenient and properly constructed hospital." Other

officials from time to time reported in favor of a hospital. At one time a committee reported that the city should rent a building fit it up and carry on the work but nothing was done. Finally some physicians gave the topic consideration, and one of them went so far as to start subscription papers which brought in a good sum. An earnest clergyman joined in the movement and did good service by his persuasive eloquence and whole hearted zeal. In 1888 those interested concluded to organize a hospital corporation. When they me



THE MARGARET PILLSBURY HOSPITAL.



THE ADDISON GILBERT HOSPITAL.

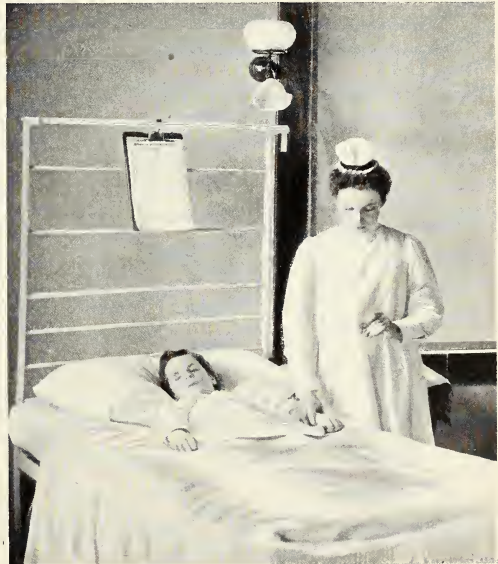
they were greeted by the welcome news that Mrs. Susan T. Kimball of Boston had offered to transfer to the corporation the homestead estate of the late Marcus Morton, her father. This fine old building was erected in 1828. It had to be repaired and altered to adapt it to its new use; but this work was done, and accommodation was provided for ten patients, the nurses and helpers.

When the hospital became an established fact, public interest in it grew, and many gifts of material and money were offered. Congregations and societies were eager to assist in furnishing the rooms, and many persons pledged annual contributions. The largest gift after that of the real estate was \$1,000 towards an endowment fund. The institution opened January 8, 1888, and during its first year treated twenty persons. Like other hospitals, it found its work growing and people's interest in it growing. Before many years there will be the demand for larger accommodations, and the demand will be cheerfully met.

The establishment of the Morton hospital at Taunton should

encourage other communities where hospitals are needed, but where, from lack of any widespread interest, it is difficult to secure means for a completely new plant and equipment. If it is possible to select a site and build new buildings, it should be done. Where the institution,

if it is to be begun at all, must start in a small way, an old dwelling-house with plenty of ground around it may be adapted to the present needs. Fine old mansions like the Morton mansion are rare; but there are good buildings in some suburbs which will do fairly well, and there ought to be people ready to



A CORNER OF THE CHILDREN'S ROOM.

give these old estates for the relief of the suffering. Whether it is ever best to *buy* an old house to be refitted for a hospital is very doubtful, especially as the expense of erecting entirely new buildings of brick, with all the up-to-date hospital appliances, is so small.

Accompanying this article is a drawing by Mr. S. D. Hayden, an architect of Newtonville, Massachusetts, after suggestions from physicians and others, for a hospital for twenty-five patients, with administration building, operating room, quarters for

and four beds in rooms. A similar corridor on the left connects the main building with the men's ward, which also has three open beds and four beds in rooms. The ordinary capacity of this hospital for patients is therefore seven men, seven women, four maternity cases and two specials. In an emergency there may be one in the recovery room and two in each alcove in the wards, making twenty-five in all. For many neighborhoods this is as large a hospital as will ever be needed, and about all that

can be supported. These buildings are so constructed that parts can be shut off when not needed. Thus there may be seasons when there are only two or three men or two or three women under treatment. The rooms in the second story may be used at such times, and the wards closed until needed.



THE OPERATING ROOM, ADDISON GILBERT HOSPITAL.

matron and nurses, and private rooms for patients. The estimated cost, according to the prevailing prices in New England, is from \$20,000 to \$25,000, finished and furnished. The plan contemplates a central building, in which on the first floor are a reception room, office, dining room and kitchen, operating and recovery rooms; on the second floor are the maternity rooms and rooms for matron and nurses; in the attic are servants' quarters; the laundry and hot water heating apparatus are in the basement. A sun corridor to the right connects with the women's ward. This ward has three open beds

There is one special merit which these plans have, and that is the provision they make for rooms, instead of huddling all sorts of sick and injured people together in a ward. The wonder is that so many patients ever get well when put into a ward with others; but, strange as it may seem, some kinds of sick people get lonely when they are in separate rooms and prefer the discomforts of the ward to the quiet and seclusion of the separate room. They really ask the privilege of being ill in the company of others. For many other people it is well-nigh intolerable even to think of occupying a bed in a ward. It is no



SAINT LUKE'S HOSPITAL.

good for any one, and the system, however defended upon the ground of economy of administration and for the reason above given, will probably be given up in time.

Mr. Hayden's plans provide for rooms in each ward, which are so arranged that it is just as easy for the nurse to attend to patients in them as to attend to those on the open beds in the wards. Some open beds are retained, ward fashion. They are not, however, in such numbers as to be so objectionable as in the old ward plan.

Here, then, is a hospital that will suit the requirements of many neighborhoods for the present. If more room is needed after a while, it is easily provided by extending an existing ward or building another with its connecting corridor. An institution

beginning thus with a plant of \$20,000, not counting the ground, can go on adding, say \$5,000 at a time, until it increases its accommodation to a hundred beds.

Provision for contagious diseases must be separate from the regular hospital. Perhaps the most suitable buildings, in an ordinary small community, are simple wooden barracks or huts in some secluded part of the grounds. There may not be a case of smallpox for years; but there will probably be a few cases of diphtheria and scarlet fever each year. The ten-



THE MORTON HOSPITAL.



THE CAMBRIDGE HOSPITAL.

dency in many places now is towards the removal of all contagious cases to hospitals for treatment; so that every hospital should provide for their reception. While some, such as that at Newton, have fine accommodations, plastered and steam-heated rooms, with baths and all the needed appliances, there may be contagious "huts" of a much simpler and cheaper sort that will answer their purposes quite well.

I venture a few practical suggestions as to making a start in this matter of a small hospital.

First. Some one interested should call a meeting for conference. The persons to be invited are the physicians, the ministers and some representative members of the different churches and benevolent societies. At this meeting there should be several addresses explaining the purposes of local hospitals and giving an



SKETCH BY MR. S. D. HAYDEN FOR A SMALL COUNTRY HOSPITAL.

account of a few already established. The testimony of the local physicians and clergymen should be asked as to the need of the proposed hospital. A committee should be appointed to prepare the outline of a constitution of a hospital corporation, to be considered at an adjourned meeting. It is easy to prepare such an outline from the reports annually published by the different hospitals. When a constitution is adopted, submit a duplicate of it with an application for incorporation to the proper officer of

for the good of others! Happy any one who is able to establish a hospital as a memorial of some dear one called away! Happy one who can make it a thank offering for his own recovery from illness, or for the preservation of wife or child in a time of danger! If people of means could only realize what good would follow a gift of this moderate amount, there would be a friendly struggle as to which offer out of several in the same neighborhood should be accepted.



THE PROPOSED FITCHBURG HOSPITAL.

By courtesy of the architects, Messrs. Kendall, Taylor and Stevens.

the state. When this is granted, the time has come to call the first regular meeting of the corporators, to elect others to membership, to choose officers, and to take steps for securing the necessary funds.

Second. The proposed institution must have buildings and an income for meeting the current expenses. How can the buildings be secured? There is some one in nearly every neighborhood where a hospital is needed who can well afford to give from \$15,000 to \$25,000 to erect and equip the necessary buildings. Happy owner of means to be able to do this

If the buildings are provided by some one, there is not much trouble in securing funds for the current expenses. Canvass the city for annual subscriptions of different sums; arrange for a Hospital Sunday collection in all the churches; petition the city authorities for a grant of money for caring for the city poor; urge persons to establish free beds; and ask for funds towards an endowment. Half the amount needed for current expenses will probably come from paying patients, the other half can be secured in the ways suggested. The nurses' training school, which will

probably be established in connection with the new hospital, will help bring in an income.

Any place of ten thousand people can support its own hospital; and every place of that size needs one and should not delay establishing it. If there is no one who is able or willing to give the buildings, the hospital corporation should proceed to collect a building fund. If means

are scarce, the central building alone of the group can be erected; then, as money comes in, one ward, and, later on, the other. If the land is owned the small sum of \$8,000 might be sufficient to start in this way. The balance will come when the people understand what a blessing a hospital may be for the relief of suffering and for uniting all kinds of people in benevolent work.



THE COST OF A SONG.

By James Riley.

OVER and over and over, the songs of our life are sung,
 The same to-day as in ages gray when first the lute was strung.
 The same to-day as in ages gray, the singer's highest art
 Is to sing of man and the soul of man from the depths of the human heart.

To sing the song that lingers in his heart from that far day,
 When men were brave and women fair and life was in its May,
 Is the singer's part of gladness when he gives his soul to man,
 In a song that lives because sweet Pain has changed his earlier plan.

The husk, the harvest and the bin and all Life's spreading plain
 To the singer must be singing if he man's soul would gain.
 Man in his soul unsatisfied strives for what cannot be;—
 He grasps at a star, and holds in his hand a drop from the sounding sea.

Over and over and over, since the towers of Time were old,
 Over and over and over, since the cloud gave the sun its gold,
 Over and over and over, since the lines of our lives began,
 Has man gone out from the marching host to sing of the soul of man.

The singer who sang of the pyramid's prime has gone the ways of men;
 But the sun and moon and human heart are just the same as then.
 The heart of man is a restless sea of varied star and clime,
 And only when its depths are stirred comes Song on the shores of Time.

Over and over and over, since Wrong had realm and state,
 Over and over and over, since the Shades on the Living wait,
 Over and over and over, singing of sun in the rain,—
 The chosen of God are bringing the voice of song from pain.

THE FOUNDER OF ARBOR DAY.

By Ellen Brainerd Peck.



HERE are men whose success in life is achieved by some one deed or by a brilliant series of deeds; and there are men whose success is attained by the constant pursuit of an object to the accomplishment of which the thought, the enthusiasm and the work of a lifetime are devoted. The growth of this latter class, in the public mind, is so gradual that the value of their efforts is taken for granted, and without much demonstration of appreciation their work passes into the panorama of deeds which make up civilization.

Birdsey Grant Northrop, the originator of Arbor Day, and the founder of the organized movement for Village Improvement Societies, belonged to the class of constant workers, and what he accomplished is but little known to the masses of our people. He was fully appreciated only by those educators and philanthropists with whom he came into intimate working contact. It has been said that genius is an ability for hard work. Dr. Northrop possessed this ability. In his work he made no endeavor to impress his own personality upon the attention of the public; the thought of self was lost in his zeal for the movements in which he was engaged.

Birdsey Northrop was born in Kent, Connecticut, in the year 1817. Like many another New England boy he lived on a farm, where he helped his father in the homely round of duties. He attended the village school and enjoyed the simple pleasures of old-time country life, while he drank in, with the invigorating Puritan atmosphere, the stimulus which animated him through life for good works, and endowed him with a stout heart against discouragement, and a

strong sense of duty toward his country and mankind. When he was fourteen years old he conceived the idea of going to Yale College, where his grandfather, Amos Northrop, was graduated in 1762; and so the following quaint and formal boyish letter was written by young Northrop to Jeremiah Day, then president of Yale:

*"Respected Sir:—*Situated in the midst of rural scenes, I have but few means to secure knowledge concerning our best high schools. Therefore I now write you, sensible of the great opportunities you enjoy of knowledge on this subject, and ask that you would write me what school or schools are the best and most celebrated, particularly the New Haven school and the Fairfield school, Herkimer county, New York. I wish to attend a good school in a preparatory course for college (Yale). In doing the above you will oblige your humble servant,

"BIRDSEY NORTHROP."

Many years afterwards, President Day returned this letter to Dr. Northrop, having for some reason preserved it. The result of the letter was that President Day advised the boy to attend school at Ellington, and there prepare for college. His father was strongly opposed to letting the boy go away to school or college, as he feared that he might be led astray; but the mother sympathized with her son in his aspirations, and through her influence, and that of the village clergyman, the lad's hopes were realized, and when he was seventeen years old he was allowed to go to the school at Ellington.

After he finished his course at this school, Northrop went through Yale College, and then he completed the course at the Yale Theological Seminary, where in his senior year he received the prize for the best theological essay. Ill health somewhat interfered with his college course, and he was obliged to give up study for a

year; but this interval he employed in teaching a small school at Elizabethtown, New Jersey. The following extracts from a letter written by him from Elizabethtown to his father show to what rural simplicity the young teacher was used in Kent:

"The people generally being in or near a city, live in more fashionable style than in Kent. In almost every house two fires are kept, and the family never sit in the kitchen. Every farmer owns a good carriage mounted on steel springs. I don't remember that I have seen a single house, great or small, in this vicinity, excepting only brick buildings, that was not painted. They are mostly painted white, some few red, and surrounded by a neat, plain picket fence, usually painted white."

"A railroad also passes through Newark, where I went the other day. The cars run sometimes at the wonderful velocity of thirty miles by the hour,—and they are frightful things for horses, I assure you. Do you think, Henry [his brother], you would like to be riding on 'Sharon' when one of these automatons should come roaring and thundering by you like a whirlwind? The noise they make can be heard to the distance of three or four miles."

This letter intimates in a rudimentary way the interest in the beauty of the home which influenced Dr. Northrop's career, and anticipates the sentiment to which later in life he gave utterance:—"that it had long been his desire to help in bettering the homes and home life of the American people, for the chief privilege and duty of life is the creation of tasteful, happy Christian homes; when such is one's ideal and his home becomes his pride, life has higher significance, value and sacredness."

Dr. Northrop was graduated from the theological school in 1845; and in 1846 he was married to Miss Harriet Chichester. He began, in 1847, his work as pastor of the Congregational church at Saxonville, Massachusetts; and here he remained for ten years, years that were filled not only with ministerial labors, but with educational work—for Dr. Northrop interested himself in the welfare of the town and succeeded in having a high school established there. By his

efforts in behalf of educational affairs, while in Saxonville, he attracted to himself the attention of Hon. George S. Boutwell, and in 1856, at Mr. Boutwell's suggestion, he was sent to Maine to lecture. In 1857 Dr. Northrop resigned the pastorate of the Saxonville church, and was appointed agent of the Massachusetts State Board of Education; and he continued in this position for ten years. He filled this post most ably and, co-operating with the efficient educational board of that period, he was one of the chief factors that operated to place the Massachusetts schools on their high grade of excellence. The following particularly happy notice of his work appeared in the *Springfield Republican* when Dr. Northrop withdrew from the service of the Massachusetts Board of Education to undertake the secretaryship of the Connecticut board: "Mr. B. G. Northrop, who has just left the agency of our board of education, for the secretaryship of that of the state of Connecticut, has been doing a work in that agency, very little observed, but of surpassing interest and ultimate usefulness in the Commonwealth. Thoroughly imbued with the spirit which has animated that board, he has been for many years one of the chief, if not the most efficient instrumentality, in infusing life-blood into our common school education."

This ten years of work in Massachusetts Dr. Northrop followed up by sixteen years of educational labors in Connecticut, and he was one of the principal forces in the movement which resulted in the inauguration of the free school system and compulsory education in Connecticut.

Even in these busy years he found time to devote to the subjects of tree planting and village improvement. As early as 1870 he offered to lecture on these subjects free of charge in any town in Connecticut, although at that time the idea was pronounced "chimerical, sentimental and unrelated to schools."

In the year 1872 Japan invited Dr. Northrop to come there and formulate a system of education; but he did not accept this flattering proposition, as he felt that his services were needed in his own land. Although he did not go to Japan, he labored in her behalf and received under his guardianship some Japanese girls brought by the "great embassy" to this country to be educated. There were three who completed a college course here and who returned to Japan to work for the advancement of Japanese women. His interest in these young women drew Dr. Northrop into close relationship with the Japanese government. One of these women students, on her return to her country, was married to the minister of war, Count Oyama, and in her high official position has been able to do much toward the elevation of her sex in Japan. In many ways Dr. Northrop manifested an interest in Japan, and he received many letters of acknowledgment for his courtesies. Tanaka, the minister of public education in Tokio, wrote, "to express my warmest thanks for your kind attention and careful information to my inquiries during my sojourn in your country in the last year, as a commissioner of public education from his Majesty, the Emperor of Japan." Dr. Northrop's greatest work for Japan was the effort which he put forth to induce the government of the United States to return to the Japanese government the Shimonoseki indemnity fund; and by the success of this endeavor he won for himself a lasting place in the regard of the Japanese nation. The United States had received this indemnity, but the government had never spent the money, as it was thought that the indemnity was more than commensurate for the offence given to our nation by the Japanese. Dr. Northrop devoted his energies to having these accumulated moneys sent back to Japan. Already, our government had passed a bill to release the Japanese from paying the

remaining indemnity; but by far the greater portion had at the time already been received by the United States. With all the energy and zeal of which he was capable, Dr. Northrop originated and circulated a petition that the United States government should return this indemnity fund in full. The petition was signed by the faculties of nearly all the colleges in this country, and by many prominent men; it was one of the longest petitions ever presented to Congress, being forty feet long. The petition was presented by Senator Hawley of Connecticut, and the passage of the bill was effected. The Japanese government's recognition of Dr. Northrop's instrumentality in this affair is expressed in the following letter written from the Japanese Legation, London, April 5, 1883:

"My dear Mr. Northrop:— . . . I am sure that Japan will long remember your many noble acts of assistance in the cause of her modern progress. The final passage of the Shimonoseki indemnity bill, which has been effected mainly through your powerful and untiring effort, is one of the most generous conducts a nation ever displayed toward another. By this great example, all my countrymen, inclusive even of those in the remotest corner of Japan, will be enabled to appreciate the widely and strongly established sentiments of the people of the United States for justice and equality. . . .

*"Very sincerely yours,
"MORI."*

Among the few who realized the importance of this Japanese friendliness toward our country, and who sympathized with Dr. Northrop when he first began to interest himself in Japan, was James A. Garfield, then in Congress. Among the signers of the indemnity fund petition was Henry Ward Beecher, who on being asked to sign wrote the following characteristic reply: "It is almost a joke to ask me to sign. Yes, you can sign twice for me if it will do any good."

In 1895, when Dr. Northrop was nearly eighty years old, he made a visit to Japan and to the Hawaiian Islands. He was treated with all

honor while in both countries. Especially was he welcomed in Japan. The *Sun*, published at Tokio, said in a lengthy notice of his visit:

"Two thoughts strike us on the recent visit of this octogenarian educator from America. One is the wonderful energy, if not boldness, of a man of his age planning a trip around the world. . . . Dr. Northrop has delivered thirty-eight lectures in the short space of two months, and was as fresh and ready after the lecture as before, to talk on another hour or so. . . . His one motive seems to have been that which actuated him twenty-five years ago to take up the Shimonoseki indemnity cause: namely, to benefit Japan. . . . In Kyoto where he visited the schools and other institutions in company with the Vice-Minister of Education, he addressed a meeting of three thousand people."

Among the educational lectures which Dr. Northrop gave during this trip were Arbor Day lectures; and he succeeded in having Arbor Day established in Japan; the date which was chosen for observing it was November third, the Emperor's birthday, when every child is supposed to plant a tree in honor of his Majesty.

The Tokio Club entertained Dr. Northrop at a banquet, where many noblemen were present, and a welcoming speech was made by Professor Kanda, the representative of the former Japanese students in America. The year before Dr. Northrop's visit to Japan he received this letter from Inocye Kowashi, the Minister of State for Education:

"Allow me to express to you my cordial thanks for your continued and earnest efforts in promoting the interests of this country. I have no doubt that it is the result of your recommendation for many years past that the Arbor Day is now universally observed in the schools in your country. There is no celebration of the kind in Japan, but it may probably be observed in our schools in future."

The Japanese Emperor recognized Dr. Northrop's services for Japan, and gracefully remembered him. The government sent to Dr. Northrop a magnificent set of china, made and designed especially for him, each piece bearing his initials.

Mr. Northrop realized most clearly the possibilities of Japan, and it was

significant that so near the end of his life he should have visited the land that had so long enlisted his sympathies.

Dr. Northrop also lectured in Hawaii in the interests of Arbor Day which is now observed there; and he also exerted himself in behalf of educational interest in China. In



BIRDSEY GRANT NORTHROP.

1872 China had sent thirty boys to this country to be educated, and they were placed under Dr. Northrop's supervision; but before their educational courses were finished they were recalled to China on account of some suspicious idea on the part of the Chinese government. During Dr. Northrop's visit to Japan, in 1895, he discovered that Yung Choy, one of the Chinese boys whom he had

charge of in the seventies, was a prisoner of war, held captive by the Japanese until an exchange of prisoners should be made. A return to China meant torture and death for Captain Choy, as he had been misrepresented there by enemies. Dr. Northrop pleaded with Japanese officials for the release of Captain Choy, that he might depart whither he would; and he was allowed to escape secretly in the night. When last heard from, he was living in Hong Kong, under British protection and, as may well be imagined, his gratitude to his benefactor was unbounded.

It was in 1876 that Dr. Northrop began his real organized work toward establishing Arbor Day, when he started the movement of centennial tree planting, a movement in which he was ably seconded by the press, and which spread widely through the country, everywhere meeting with enthusiasm. The object and motto of this centennial tree planting was: "Honor the heroes of 1776 by some good deeds, whose fruits may survive 1976." Dr. Northrop offered prizes to any teachers or pupils in Connecticut, who would plant five trees of specified height and kind,—as this movement took place during his term of office on the School Board of Connecticut.

In 1877 Dr. Northrop visited Europe, and while he was there he made a study of forestry in Europe; he also studied the subject of the drainage of waste lands, and the school systems of Europe, to see wherein the schools abroad were in advance of or behind those of the United States. In Switzerland alone he visited the schools in one hundred cantons. As a result of this visit he wrote "Education Abroad," "Forestry in Europe," and "Lessons from European Schools."

When Dr. Northrop went abroad Dr. William T. Harris, now our commissioner of education, wrote of him in a letter of introduction: "Dr. Northrop has interested himself very

much of late years in the subject of forestry, and has created by his lectures a widespread activity in the several states of this country, in the planting of trees and the care for their preservation." Timothy Dwight, late president of Yale College, wrote: "Mr. Northrop has been for many years prominent in educational work in our country, and also in the work of beautifying our towns and villages."

In the year 1883 Dr. Northrop gave up active educational work and devoted his time altogether to the interests of Arbor Day and Village Improvement; and he has been truly called "the great apostle of Arbor Day." It was in 1883 that the American Forestry Association made him chairman of a committee to push the movement for Arbor Day, and this position he held as long as he lived.

Throughout his educational work he had urged the beautifying of villages and tree planting, and, as he himself said, his interest grew with years and results. His devotion to this work was not a "fad"; it was a mission which was inspired by benevolence and philanthropy.

The method which Dr. Northrop pursued in extending this movement of improving the towns and planting trees was that of lecturing in the various states, writing for papers on these subjects, and issuing pamphlets; and to this work he constantly devoted himself. When he arrived at a place to lecture in the evening, before evening came he had ridden all about the town and noted with keen observation what the town lacked; and in his lecture he would point out to his audience these faults in their town, and tell them how things could be avoided and remedied. He frequently aroused so great an interest in his subject among the audience that then and there a subscription would be started for bettering the condition of the town.

J. Sterling Morton, some years ago, when governor of Nebraska, es-

established tree planting in that state in order to redeem the waste tracts of land there; from this germ the thought of establishing Arbor Day for educational and memorial purposes sprang into life in Dr. Northrop's mind, and side by side with it grew the thought of village improvement societies.

He emphasized the fact that the home is the nucleus of the real life of the nation, and in his lectures and writings he pleaded the necessity of making the home attractive and beautifying the outdoor surroundings by trees. Many men can point to their mothers as their first inspiration in their lives, and it was so with Dr. Northrop; he said that when he was a small boy his mother one day showed him how to plant a tree, and this act held a significance for him ever after.

Several lecturing tours were made by him through the South, when he exerted himself to the utmost to aid in bettering the condition of the negroes, whose miserable ill lighted, ill ventilated hovels he deplored. It was largely through his efforts that Daniel Hand gave his great gift of a million and a quarter dollars for the education of the southern freedmen. Many men who wished to endow some beneficent institution for their native places or elsewhere came to Dr. Northrop for advice. Such was the case with Mr. Charles Pratt of Brooklyn, who frequently consulted with Dr. Northrop about the plans for the Pratt Institute. The Hotchkiss School at Lakeville, Connecticut, was given by Mrs. Hotchkiss through Dr. Northrop's endeavors. Mr. Barney consulted with him in regard to giving Springfield, Massachusetts, its park. In many such ways Dr. Northrop exerted his influence.

Through his efforts Arbor Day is now recognized in nearly every state in the Union. It is even observed in Australia, and European countries have followed the example of Japan

and Hawaii in its observance. Canada recognizes it.

In 1853 there existed in Stockbridge, Massachusetts, a society for beautifying that town. Mr. Hillhouse of New Haven, about one hundred years ago, started a "Public Green Association." But no one before Dr. Northrop had taken up the founding of such societies and organized it into a distinct movement. As he said, the movement plainly met a public want; "for the pleasure grounds of our fathers were small, and their sentiments were formed upon models of utility rather than beauty." The objects of these societies were many; they were to do away with everything that in any way marred the beauty of the town, its healthfulness or moral tone.

Dr. Northrop was the great advocate of removing fences from the front of houses, urging the people of the towns to trust the boys, and the boys have proved trustworthy. In 1888 Dr. Northrop visited California, a state which had already adopted Village Improvement Societies and had advanced in beauty far ahead of some of her less active eastern sisters; and Pasadena, whose "only paths were sheep paths" before the founding of her Village Improvement Society, grew into a veritable Eden. There are hundreds of towns all over the United States that can point to the "father of Village Improvement Societies" as a benefactor. Many towns in the East, already lovely by nature, have been greatly benefited, and their beauty enhanced, by following the suggestions offered by Dr. Northrop,—such towns as Litchfield, New Milford and Norfolk, in Connecticut, and Barre, Great Barrington, Lenox and others in Massachusetts. A New York paper not many years ago said: "The suburbs of New York, which nature made beautiful, but which man is doing his best by corruption and jobbery to make mean and unlovely, offer abundant opportunities to put Mr. Northrop's instruction

into practice." Dr. Northrop did do much for New York state; even lovely Geneseo in western New York, seemingly too attractive to need improvement, welcomed Dr. Northrop, and benefited by the organizing there of an Improvement Society. As this great organizer and worker understood so perfectly the principles of forestry, he was eminently fitted for his mission. His love of nature was intense; he felt a real affection for growing things, and he most truly appreciated the effect which beautiful and noble trees have on mankind. He recognized the moral influence that the study and care of a growing thing like a tree have on the nature of a child, and the philanthropic trend it would give a youthful character to observe a day in which trees should be planted, that they might add to the comfort and happiness of a coming generation.

Shortly before Dr. Northrop's death Dr. John Greene of Lowell, Massachusetts, wrote to him: "I want to express my hope that you will give the world an autobiography. The

facts which you stated to me, on our journey to Andover in 1896, have often come to me, and I have wished the world could have the benefit of the struggles and the victory of your life as you could tell them."

Dr. Northrop retained full vigor of mind until he died. In the winter of 1897 he took an extended trip through the Southern States, lecturing sometimes twice a day. On this trip he visited and lectured at many negro schools, where his talks were listened to eagerly. A great deal of Dr. Northrop's work was done without asking or expecting remuneration, and all of his work in the negro schools was done in this way. This southern work in 1897 was almost his last work. He died at Clinton, Connecticut, April 28, 1898.

This is a slight glimpse of the life work of a good man, one who was blessed in living to see the successful accomplishment of many of his useful and noble endeavors. The best of all things can be said of him: the world is better because he has lived.

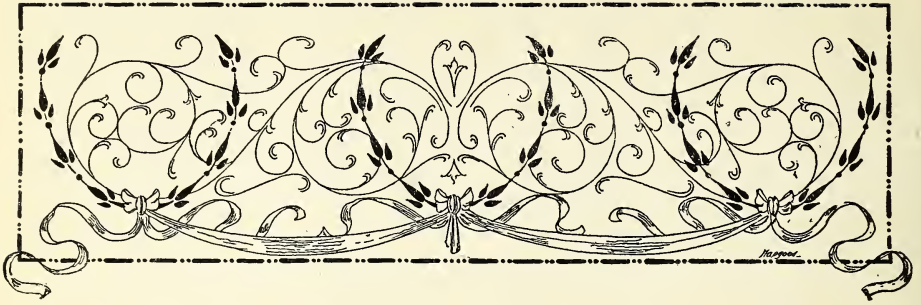


AURORAL.

By Henry L. Mencken.

ANOTHER day comes journeying with the sun;
 The east grows ghastly with the dawning's gleam,
 And e'er the dark has flown and night is done
 The city's pavements with their many teem.

Another day of toil and grief and pain;
 Life surely seems not sweet to such as these;
 Yet they live toiling that they may but gain
 The right to life and all life's miseries.



THE PATTERN OF RAINDROPS.

By Josephine Mason Leslie.

THE patter of the raindrops overhead
Sometimes, at night, commingles with my dreams.
It sounds, through those soft shadows round me spread,
Like the low murmuring of distant streams,—
A sweet, a soothing, far-off melody,
Before whose charm all earthly sorrows flee.
It is the song we heard in days gone by;
The song we knew and loved from early birth,
Full of the primal love that cannot die—
The tender mother-song of all the earth,
So low, so sweet, so full of peace unsaid,—
This patter of the raindrops overhead.

The patter of the raindrops overhead
Sometimes, at night, is full of fierce unrest.
It falls upon one's spirit like the tread
Of some vast, conquering army, wrath-possessed,—
A strong, stern host, which no weak mercy knows,
But seeks a just revenge on guilty foes.
It is the footfall of the vanished years,
The rising of the old, forgotten sins
With their swift retinue of shame and fears.
Then, as the wind with its long sob begins,
It is the echo of the tears long shed,
This patter of the raindrops overhead.

The patter of the raindrops overhead
Arouses thoughts which I would fain forget:
Of days to come, when I shall find a bed
With the green grass alone for coverlet.
Then, when the rain falls, will it be that I
Shall sleep the sweeter for its lullaby?
Or shall I wake, and with wide, sleepless eyes
Still vainly strive to pierce the encircling gloom,
Feeling the sudden throb of pained surprise,
The same bewildering fear of pending doom;
Hearing with that strange sense of nameless dread,
The patter of the raindrops overhead?

A SYLVAN EPISODE.

By *Harriet A. Nash.*



"SPARE me, my dear fellow!" Dr. Robert Parkhurst stretched his seventy inches of length at the foot of a birch tree, settling his head upon a convenient root, with the bored air of one who listens to unwelcome confidences.

The spot was one to lure even the most practical brain to day-dreams:—behind, the rustic camp; before, at a little distance, the gleaming water, which bore the graceful appellation "Cow Pond;" all around, the silent forest bore witness to miles of solitude intervening between a popular M. D. on his triennial vacation and the dull grind of hospital work. The wind among the rustling tree tops whispered the contrast between this sylvan retreat and sun-baked city streets, while the gentle lapping of waves against a boat's side offered pleasant suggestions of the only "cases" likely to be encountered in this locality. Altogether the voices of nature were quite sufficient for Dr. Parkhurst on this July afternoon, and he would fain have dispensed with all other conversation, save perchance an occasional inquiry as to how soon the trout would develop an appetite for flies and some conversation regarding the supper hour.

He had chosen his companion for this trip with the utmost care; for Dr. Parkhurst, having had some experience with vacations in his college days, was not unfamiliar with that type of camper-out who can crowd even the Maine woods with his loquacity. But Blakesley—old Blakesley—the man of all others, to whom every member of the club turned for advice, depositing perplexities, as it

were, in the curiosity-proof vault of his sympathy, the man who thought deeply on many subjects, but spoke little on any, least of all of self—was an ideal companion for a fishing trip. Moreover Blakesley was an expert angler and quite at home in the woods. The conditions at the outset, therefore, were all favorable. The first symptom of complication came when, as might have been expected, a serious case arose to detain Dr. Parkhurst in town for quite two weeks later than the date first fixed upon. Still, with full confidence in Blakesley's judgment, the doctor had sent him ahead to spy out the most desirable fishing ground; and Blakesley, establishing his headquarters in the little hotel at the last far-off point of communication with the outer world, had faithfully trapped from one fishing camp to another, sampling the attractions of each in turn, until he fixed upon the most desirable—which regardless of expense he promptly secured a monopoly of. The occasional bulletins sent back breathed praises of pine woods, clear air and speckled beauties from the ponds, in an extravagant vein, which the doctor without suspicion noted was quite unlike Blakesley; but no hint had been given of any other matter occupying Blakesley's thoughts until today.

It was fate, Dr. Parkhurst decided, as he lay under the birch tree, listening with most unwilling ears to Blakesley's story, a non-committal expression and the visor of his cap combining to conceal the sentiments aroused thereby. He reflected that when this sort of thing overtook fellows of Blakesley's stamp, it took them hard, like measles late in life,—

begging his own pardon for even thinking shop on a holiday. But how unfortunate for the fellow to be seized with it on this trip,—or, being Blakesley, to have it at all! The old fallacy that it comes once upon every man had been long ago exploded with the mistaken idea which led mothers to expose their children to scarlet fever, “because they must have it some time,”—with a second apology and a half contempt for a mind that refused to be jostled out of professional grooves. An irritable expression from his companion aroused him.

“For goodness’ sake,” Blakesley urged, “put off that professional expression and assume a human one, if you can. This isn’t a case for the dissecting table, nor even a dose of quinine, and there’s no reason why you should wear that very serious air with which you medical fellows greet everything, from a cut finger up to a broken neck. Maybe you are bored; I’ve been bored myself before now; but I always tried to keep up a show of interest.”

A feeling of reproach so foreign to Dr. Parkhurst’s complacent nature that he hardly recognized it stirred him into something like regret for his protest. It did seem a little hard, he reflected, that Blakesley, who had listened to dozens of such confidences in his time, should find no sympathy when his own turn came. He turned on his side that he might face his companion. “Go ahead, old man. You said she was president of a girls’ college somewhere, didn’t you, and off here on a vacation?”

“I said nothing of the sort,” returned Blakesley, a little defiantly. “I said she was teaching—out here a piece.”

Dr. Parkhurst sat upright. “My dear Blakesley, do you mean to tell me they have schools in this wilderness? I am sure the few natives I have met were never brought into contact with one.”

“Oh, they don’t have Boston ad-

vantages, perhaps. But remember you’re on Maine soil now; and Maine is above all others the state of the ‘little red schoolhouse,’—and the red schoolhouse is noted for the quality of men it turns out. It’s an institution fast dying out in the thickly settled portions of the state; but here it’s still in its glory.” Blakesley was waxing eloquent.

“I see. And this young—er—person—”

“Don’t ape English snobbishness, Parkhurst. Canada’s some twenty miles farther north.”

Parkhurst laughed. “This trainer of future presidents, then,—which should be sufficiently American,—is she native, or imported from the Kennebec—or Bangor way?” Blakesley rose to his feet with an offended air. “It’s clouding over, as Jake says. I think they’ll bite now. Get out your lines while I untie the boat.” No words of apology could bring him back to the former topic.

“I fear it’s serious,” reflected Dr. Parkhurst, as he sat in the boat’s stern, glancing furtively from his lines to Blakesley’s moody face. There was surely something wrong when a man could pull in a two-pound trout without enthusiasm. Yet it was amusing to think of Blakesley, the fastidious, who had never failed to find some flaw in the most attractive of his lady acquaintances, brought down at last by a country school-teacher, “most likely with frizzled hair and a nasal twang,” decided Dr. Parkhurst. “It’s too bad. Blakesley mustn’t throw himself away in that manner. I must help him out some way, even against his will.”

There was plenty of time for reflection during the evening, for Blakesley relapsed into a silence so depressing that his friend was finally driven to seek refuge with Jake, the guide. After twenty-four hours’ close acquaintance with Jake, Parkhurst knew better than to attempt inquiries on any subject, but allowed

Jake to choose his own topic, which led him into an account of big catches in former years. "Feesh," declared Jake contemptuously, handling the afternoon's trophies with scanty respect, "feesh ain't nothings now. Must been two—tree—year ago seence we find some big catch. Two—tree—fife poun', efery one."

"Come, come, Jake!"

"Hope to die! Tree—fife—some seex, efery one—yaas."

It was the next afternoon that Dr. Parkhurst, following the intricate windings of a little brook through the wilderness, came suddenly out of the dense forest upon a smooth, well-travelled road—a discovery anything but welcome as he suddenly remembered that the nearest highway was fully five miles from camp, and a long tramp in his present wearied state was not an alluring prospect. Unwilling to retrace his steps over the rough path by which he had come, and denouncing himself for leaving camp without Jake, he looked about for human habitation where he might make inquiries. As far as he could see, the road stretched white and silent between huge tree trunks. The oppressive stillness was broken only by a chattering squirrel and the faint splashing of the brook which had led him thither. He wandered uncertainly along the road, until suddenly from behind a cluster of birches he came upon a little clearing, in which stood a solitary building.

"Fate again!" he murmured with a smile; for before him unmistakably stood the little red schoolhouse. He considered for a moment. He was lost. Clearly there could be no treason to Blakesley in inquiring his way back to camp. Two minutes later he was standing, cap in hand, in the low doorway, while a tall young woman greeted him politely and a dozen children left their books to stare at him. He quite forgot his errand for a moment, and stood gazing at the object of his friend's interest, stammering like a schoolboy when

her look of calm inquiry brought him back to his senses. The young woman showed no sign of embarrassment. Lost sportsmen were evidently no novelty to her; but a look of perplexity crossed her features as she listened.

"I could easily show you where to find the path, if school were out," she said. "I doubt if I can tell you so you can find it."

Parkhurst, nothing loath to rest his wearied limbs, protested that he didn't mind waiting an hour, and settled himself in the visitors' chair—which differed from the teacher's in that it possessed a surviving arm—while the young woman went on with her work. Not so her pupils, who betrayed a deep interest in every movement of the newcomer, until their teacher turned to Parkhurst, announcing in a tone of regret that she might be detained after school, as there was every prospect that Amos Jones and several others would miss in spelling. This, said in a tone loud enough to reach all ears, had the gratifying effect of fixing the pupils' attention on their books.

After ten minutes' close observation, the one adjective Dr. Parkhurst felt sure of as applicable to this young woman was "superior," and as the ten minutes lengthened to twenty and thirty, he altered his opinion only by advancing the adjective to the superlative degree. Handsome she was not; fine looking—well, yes, with a glow of health on her smooth cheek that caught the instant attention of this man, to whom women were principally "cases." "Blakesley was guying me," he decided at the end of the spelling lesson, in which Amos Jones and his classmates fortunately acquitted themselves with some degree of credit. "This girl is out of her sphere some way."

In the half mile walk up the road to the point where he must enter the woods, Dr. Parkhurst exerted himself to draw out his companion, who conversed readily on such subjects as

trout, lumber and hotels, but left him in complete ignorance as to herself. The few carefully worded questions which he ventured to put elicited only the information that she was fond of children and liked teaching, that this was not her first school, and that it was generally thought to be very cold here in winter.

"I begin to understand Blakesley's interest," mused Dr. Parkhurst, as he stood in the edge of the forest, watching the slender figure down the road. "But it's really worse than I feared. There's an air of mystery about her, that would readily entangle an unsophisticated fellow like Blakesley. For Blakesley, in spite of his city training, is unsophisticated. It's well I came just as I did, for it needs a clear head to straighten out the matter. I don't quite see how it's going to be done."

Halfway in his walk Parkhurst stopped suddenly and began seriously to take account of his personal appearance. "Hmm," he soliloquized. "Not so good looking as Blakesley, by far; but she don't strike me as the kind of woman who cares for looks. Blakesley's solid; but when it comes to talking, he's out of it. I used to get on in such matters fairly well, in my university days. I believe I'll try. No possible danger of complication,—for no woman ever took me seriously."

How to carry out his purpose without arousing Blakesley's suspicion troubled him. He felt quite sure the young woman would not encourage further visits to the schoolhouse; and in his heart he detested anything clandestine. Indeed the whole undertaking was most distasteful—only entered into for Blakesley's salvation.

Fate assisted him once more, this time at the expense of the young teacher's troublesome pupil. Coming in from fishing one afternoon, he was confronted by a messenger who demanded his professional services. Amos Jones had broken his arm at school.

"How under the sun did they know I was a surgeon?" inquired Dr. Parkhurst irritably; for he had no desire to mix professional work with his pleasure trip. Blakesley looked apologetic.

"I'm afraid I may have mentioned it last time I was out. I never thought of it getting you into trouble."

"You see," explained the messenger, "they's a man at the settlement who sets bones; but since he left Jim Newman with a stiff leg last winter, and Jim had to go down to Bangor and have it broke and done over, folks don't want to take no chances with him. And it ain't a very quick job gettin' Dr. Nason from the Forks. But teacher, she happened to know about you bein' a doctor,—" Blakesley looked conscious,— "and Mis' Jones decided to chance it, though some folks thought 'twas risky trustin' a stranger." Blakesley laughed; but Parkhurst, avoiding his eye, announced curtly that he was ready.

The Jones domicile stood at the extreme end of the settlement,—a huge weather-beaten house, giving an impression that the builders having spent too much for lumber, there was nothing left for paint. Dr. Parkhurst picked his way carefully through a tangle of lumbermen's sleds and tools, which the tall grass struggled to conceal.

"This way," said his guide. "The front door you see ain't got no step,—and the front entry ain't floored over. Dave's layin' out to finish, as he gets to it. Trouble is, up here, they most all build big with the expectation of gettin' rich; and then when they keep on stayin' poor, things is out of proportion. But Dave ain't one of that kind; he's gettin' forehanded."

Mrs. Jones, a thin woman in a pink calico dress, greeted the doctor civilly and looked him over with critical eye.

"You ain't so young as I was afraid of," she acknowledged candidly. "Oh, no, I ain't scared. A broken bone

ain't much novelty here; I've had five in ten years with him and the children. His side is an uncommonly brittle boned family. Most that worries me is that he's off on the drive now, and whatever goes wrong'll be laid to me; so I hope you'll do the best you can."

Among the half dozen women who sat about, Dr. Parkhurst quickly recognized the school-teacher. Amos, looking rather pale, sat by the window, stoically declaring that the arm "didn't hurt none, and he wasn't afraid to have it set," and scornfully declining the anæsthetic the doctor offered.

The fracture was a simple one and easily disposed of, the teacher giving most efficient help, while the others looked on with interest, and Mrs. Jones in the background constantly scolded Amos for his carelessness.

"You done it quick and so far as I can see done it well," was her verdict to the doctor; but a cloud of disapproval crossed her face as he commenced measuring out drops from his medicine case. "I hope you ain't homœopath?" she said anxiously. Dr. Parkhurst guiltily acknowledged that he was.

"I don't know what he'll say," began the mother. But the teacher interposed, drawing her one side. A half-whispered argument followed, the tenor of which Dr. Parkhurst could only guess as he continued dropping the medicine.

"Well, if you'll be responsible; he thinks a lot of your judgment," he heard Mrs. Jones say at last. Several of the neighbors shook their heads, and two left the room. Amos looked contemptuously at the glass.

"Taint only cold water," he said. "I could drink it all down at one swallow."

"I'll see that he takes it properly," the teacher assured Dr. Parkhurst. "I'm boarding here this week." He mentally decided to make his future calls after school hours, and, with

parting directions, turned to go. But he had not learned the hospitable spirit of the Maine woods.

"You ain't goin' out of this house without your supper," declared Mrs. Jones. "I baked seven blueberry pies to-day, so it ain't a mite of put out. Teacher'll set down and visit with you while I set the table."

Unable to frame any excuse which was not overruled, Parkhurst yielded. "Teacher" proved an entertaining companion, though on reflection Parkhurst found her part had been chiefly that of listener; and he recalled with wonder that he had told her much about himself, without learning anything of her, save that one woman had called her Miss Davis. To the others she was "Teacher." Throughout the supper, which included several other edibles besides blueberry pie, Mrs. Jones conducted the conversation, her remarks being principally a secondhand edition of "his" opinions.

"He' must be a remarkable man, Miss Davis," ventured the guest, as his hostess left the room to refill her cup from the tin teapot boiling on the stove in the open room.

Miss Davis did not even smile. "He is a good man and a sensible one," she replied. "The women in this region have not got beyond the old idea of honoring their husbands."

Parkhurst, whose attempts at a joke were wont to find a cordial reception, changed the subject with a sensation of reproof such as he had not felt since his boyhood. "Shows the schoolma'am, after all," he reflected. "Wonder if she calls Blakesley down in that manner."

Half piqued he exerted himself a little. Parkhurst, when he chose, was a rare conversationalist. The regret among his friends was that he did not oftener choose. Many a city hostess would have rejoiced to enliven her dinner table with the sparkling flow of words that to-night brought a glow of gratification to Miss Davis's

gray eyes, over Mrs. Jones's tea table. He found that this country school-teacher was a thinker, and followed him easily through a forest of ideas, where he had thought to leave her hopelessly entangled. It was he who was left bewildered at the last—puzzling over this character which in Blakesley's behalf he was striving to sound.

Dr. Parkhurst continued his visits daily. Amos's arm healed rapidly; but he made little progress with the other case, which occupied far more of his attention. The same sense of restraint that held him from mentioning Blakesley's name prevented his making inquiries about Miss Davis, either from herself or others, though the curiosity from which his sex should have exempted him increased daily. On the third day he began to grow suspicious.

"I don't like these women who keep you so utterly in the dark," he soliloquized. "They're as bad in their way as the chattering ones—and far more dangerous."

Yet after his fourth visit he resolved that he had no right to stand longer in Blakesley's way—finding somewhat to his alarm that he was strangely reluctant to evacuate the field. "I don't believe Blakesley half appreciates her," he reflected. "She would grace any man's home,"—this with a fleeting vision of a certain house on a city street—closed since his mother's death. The thought brought him to a sudden standstill and promptly settled the question of summer vacations for future years. "They're utterly demoralizing for a sensible man," he concluded, deciding to settle the matter by confiding in Blakesley without delay. But Blakesley was off on a long tramp, and came into camp at last weary and not in a mood to invite personalities; so nothing was said.

It was on Saturday that Dr. Parkhurst made his last call, regretting that his patient was so far recovered that he could invent no excuse for

coming again. Miss Davis was preparing to go away—for school was over. A curious mixture of sensations possessed Parkhurst, as with his most professional air he questioned Mrs. Jones concerning the patient's condition, the relief he felt for Blakesley's sake mingling with something that savored of regret for his own, yet with an underlying current of belief that fate was managing still and doing her best—both for him and Blakesley. He was silent for a moment, hesitating like one who, roused from pleasing dreams, would fain have slumbered on.

"Do you have a long journey?" he inquired presently.

"Only a mile," she answered, looking up from the game of checkers she was playing with Amos.

"But you are not a native of this place!" Dr. Parkhurst exclaimed in surprise.

"No, I came from the Forks, twenty miles below here. But my husband belongs here. There, Amos, I have your king."

"I see."

Despite chagrin at his own lack of perspicacity, Parkhurst felt a strong desire to laugh at the manner in which Blakesley had been taken in and his own needless anxiety, until there floated across his brain the uncomfortable suspicion that Blakesley must have discovered the error days ago. Mrs. Jones was telling a long story of her early home on Moosehead Lake; her talk rippled in and out of his thoughts.

"Bother the fellow!" ejaculated Parkhurst mentally, as he counted the bright disks on the button rug at his feet. "What a fool I was to check him at the start!" However, it was of no use opening the subject again. Blakesley was a man whose confidence could not be forced. There were forty of the buttons, counting lengthwise. He had begun counting across, when the sound of wheels aroused him. The teacher, with more animation than he had seen her dis-

play in any cause, dropped the checker-board and slipped out through the side door. A moment later there came into sight through the window a fine black horse and open wagon. The teacher was walking beside the team, looking delightedly up into the face of a huge young man who was driving.

"He's been superintendin' the drive," volunteered Mrs. Jones; "and she's worried a good deal about him. Time he's been on the drive sixteen summers, like my man, she'll be used to it, perhaps; though there's always worry, more or less. Lumberin' in winter and drivin' in summer—that's how we live. It gets into the blood, like any other trade; and when the logs begin to run in the spring, they hear the river callin' till they can't keep away. Sometimes I think it's well the Lord made us to take to the kind of work that's ours to do, and sometimes again I wish we didn't take most to the kinds that's dangerous. Oh, yes, as I say, there's always worryin'. I've had two brothers drowned, drivin' the Kennebec. My family and his has always been at it. But we're plannin' on makin' a scholar of Amos."

"Not much you ain't," interposed that young gentleman. "I'm goin' on the drive when I'm sixteen."

His mother gave him a reproving glance. "Well, time'll tell," she said resignedly. "I ain't one that crosses no bridges till they get to 'em. But as I was sayin', doctor, Mis' Davis is finer educated than most of us, and it does seem as if that kind worries more. She graduated down to North Amherst, besides taking lessons in Bangor several winters. Then again she's a great reader."

At that moment the teacher returned, a bright color on her smooth cheek. "We can take you quite a piece on your way, doctor," she said cordially. "And Henry's anxious you should stop and take supper with us. He has a brother sick down river, who is being treated by a doctor of

your school, and he wants to ask you about it."

Dr. Parkhurst accepted the invitation, glad to set Henry's doubts at rest by cordially endorsing the treatment,—and guilty moreover of a strong curiosity to meet the husband of this woman. He made an effort to adjust his mental equilibrium as they drove along the smooth road, and tried to identify Mrs. Davis with the woman he had been studying. There was no air of mystery about this one, nothing at all extraordinary, he began to be conscious after a little; she was simply a bright, well educated girl, attractive in many ways, and showing to the best possible advantage in the rustic setting. "What a difference the point of view makes with most people!" mused Dr. Parkhurst.

It was a pleasant little home. He noted with interest that the sleds and implements, invariable adjuncts of a lumberman's dwelling place, were piled under an open shed at one side. The small house stood with its end towards the road, and the smooth space before it was carefully staked out.

The host's eyes followed Parkhurst's. "That's only the L," he explained in a voice trained to be heard above the sound of rushing waters. "I calculate on gettin' the house part up another year. Little at a time and pay as you go, I say."

Dr. Parkhurst felt himself half consciously transferring his interest from Mrs. Davis to her husband, as acquaintance became closer, and he recognized that, behind the strong, simple character, lay a keen business ability and a shrewd knowledge of men and things.

"Though she's got most of the learning," Henry explained in a slightly regretful tone, "I don't know but what it looks funny to strangers to see her off teaching. But it's pretty lonesome when I'm gone; and since we lost the baby last year—" The deep voice shook a little.

Parkhurst returned to camp fully determined to ignore all feeling of restraint between himself and Blakesley. But Blakesley in his turn warded off all advances, and the old cordial relation was hard to re-establish. So it happened that neither regretted it when a specially urgent case called Dr. Parkhurst back to the city, three days later.

"I think I'll hang around here a while longer," Blakesley said, coloring a little. "I'm not due in town till September."

It was January before they met again. Then Blakesley came into the doctor's office quite in the old way, with a touch of neuralgia for a pretext.

"By the way, Blakesley," remarked Parkhurst, after they had discussed the club, the latest new book, politics and the newest engagement, "what became of the little school-teacher we so nearly quarrelled over last summer?"

Blakesley laughed and looked a little foolish. "Well, you see," he explained slowly, "I got rather taken in there. She seemed such a fresh, natural sort of a girl that I thought her a rare specimen of the backwoods. I

never doubted she was native to the place."

Parkhurst smiled. "I see," he said. "Well, I didn't," retorted Blakesley; "for she turned out to be a hot-house production after all—a Wellesley girl with a mission—to carry culture to the backwoods. But I must say she did it well and mixed with the people as if she'd been born among them. But, of course, after one found her out, she was just like a hundred other girls who haven't been out of college long."

"So it fell through?" said the doctor.

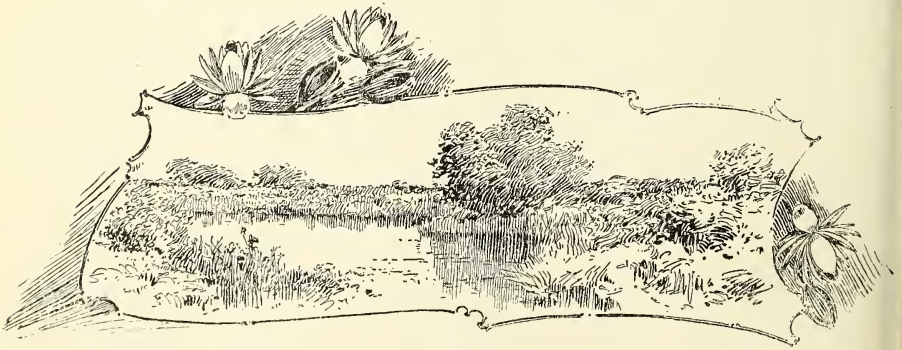
"No—not exactly. We're engaged. But it's not to be announced just yet. She's taking a post graduate course at Yale and getting cured of some of her illusions, she says."

Dr. Parkhurst wrote a prescription and carefully measured out a dozen powders before he spoke again.

"Blakesley," he said at last, "were there two school districts down there?"

"Two? Why, yes, I suppose so. North and South Forestville come together right there, and I believe there is a schoolhouse at each extremity. Yes, there were two."

"I understand," said Dr. Parkhurst.



THE NATIONAL SOLDIERS' HOME.

By Emerson O. Stevens.

AN army of 26,705 men, an army larger than the combined infantry, cavalry and artillery forces of the regular standing army before the outbreak of the Spanish war, is an army which the United States Government is maintaining—is clothing, feeding and sheltering—not for the purpose of invasion nor for defence nor for military display, but because of former service faithfully performed. This army of over twenty-six thousand men is simply the number of old soldiers cared for during the last year by the United States Government in the various branches of the National Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers.

A city of more than six thousand inhabitants, with miles of shady streets, with post office, theatre, club, hotel, a court of justice, a bank, libraries and reading rooms, a cemetery, stores, waterworks, a fire department, churches, hospitals—a city where each citizen receives free of charge his board, clothes and lodging, together with care when sick, where more than five-sixths of the citizens receive in addition allowances of from six to seventy-two dollars a month paid in gold, and where no citizen need do a stroke of work except to make his own bed and to pare potatoes once in nine weeks—such a city represents a single branch of the National Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers.

Hawthorne, writing in 1862, used these words: "It is very seldom that we can be sensible of anything like kindness in the acts or relations of such an artificial thing as a national government. Our own government, should conceive, is too much an abstraction ever to feel any sympathy for its maimed sailors and soldiers,

though it will doubtless do them a severe kind of justice as chilling as the touch of steel." Never perhaps was there a more striking example of pessimistic false prophecy. The National Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers, to say nothing of the colossal pension roll, is a refutation of the charge of the ingratitude of republics, of this republic at least. From its establishment in 1865 up to June, 1897, it had cared for 88,000 disabled volunteer soldiers. At the present time, when nearly two hundred thousand more volunteers have become possible future inmates, some account of the history, organization and work of the Home should be especially interesting.

By poets, curiously enough, and not by warriors, the idea of the Soldiers' Home was conceived. William Cullen Bryant, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, with Horace Greeley and others, were among the first movers in the matter of a National Home for Volunteer Soldiers. They embodied their ideas in a memorial, which was presented to the Senate on the eighth of December, 1864, in which they asked Congress "to make suitable appropriation, or to take such other action in reference to the subject as the representatives and the states shall deem proper, to promote an object of such vast national importance and so pregnant with the interests of thousands of citizens of the Union who have given all their best energies to their country and who have been rendered helpless by such devoted service."

To this petition were subjoined the names of many of the most distinguished people in the country, both men and women. Congress, with admirable promptness, granted the pe-



A GLIMPSE OF THE SOLDIERS' HOME, DAYTON, OHIO.

Soldiers consists of seven branches all under the direction of the board of managers and each under the immediate supervision of a governor, who is appointed by and is responsible to the board. These branches are, in the order of their establishment, the Eastern, at

tition by passing a law, in March, 1863, for the establishment of the Home. By this act a corporate body was created, and in this corporation were enrolled the names of a vast proportion of the eminent men of the country. The business of this corporation was intrusted to a board of managers; and in March, 1866, the statute was so amended as to include in the board of managers, *ex officio*, during their term of office, the President of the United States, the Secretary of War, and the Chief Justice of the United States. The first meeting of the board of managers was held in Washington, May 16, 1866. At this meeting there were present Chief Justice Chase, Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, Major-General Benjamin F. Butler, Governor Frederick Smythe, Major-General P. J. Osterhaus, Hon. George H. Walker, Jay Cooke, and Hon. Lewis B. Guncel. They elected as officers Major-General B. F. Butler, president; Major-General P. J. Osterhaus, first vice-president; Hon. George H. Walker, second vice-president; Hon. Lewis B. Guncel, secretary. The officers of the present board of managers are General William B. Franklin, president; General William J. Sewell, first vice-president; General John L. Mitchell, second vice-president; General Martin T. McMahon, secretary.

The National Home for Volunteer

Togus, Maine; the Central, at Dayton, Ohio; the Northwestern, near Milwaukee, Wisconsin; the Southern, near Hampton, Virginia; the Western, at Leavenworth, Kansas; the Pacific at Santa Monica, California; and the Marion, at Marion, Indiana.

The National Home, in these seven branches, occupies between four and five thousand acres of ground; and its land and buildings together have cost over five million dollars. It is maintained at a cost to the government of over three million dollars annually. Previously to 1875 the branches were established and supported by all stoppages or fines adjudged by court martial or military commission against volunteer officers, soldiers or seamen, by forfeiture on account of desertion from the volunteer service, by money due deceased volunteers which remained unclaimed for three years, and by Treasury drafts. Since 1875 the Home has been maintained by direct and specific appropriations by Congress. The nation has thus far, for buildings, land and maintenance of the Home, devoted between forty-five and fifty million dollars to the support of its disabled soldiers,—surely a not entirely ungrateful and unsympathetic republic!

What does this vast amount of money represent? What do the veterans get for it? Is it a stern kind of justice as chilling as the touch of

steel? Some account of the work of a single branch will give a better idea of the scope and extent of the whole than an attempt merely to describe all in general terms. For this purpose the Central Branch, as being the largest and most important branch of the Home, may be selected for description, although any description in the space at command must be inadequate.

Doubtless most people who have heard the words "Soldiers' Home" have not given them sufficient atten-

85,000 inhabitants, and there are few more lovely spots, both in point of natural advantage and tasteful improvement. Situated on a high plateau which overlooks for miles the beautiful valley of the Miami, the grounds have been laid out so as to preserve and increase their park-like character, and the visitor is constantly under the impression that he is wandering through some beautiful public park. Miles of smooth, wide macadam road wind about, now through shady hollows, now up on a sunny



INSPECTION, DAYTON.

tion to form a conception of their meaning. If asked to give their idea of a "Soldiers' Home" probably nine out of ten would find their amorphous impressions slowly crystallizing into a notion not widely different from that of the writer before a visit to the Dayton Home,—which was of a long brick building, with trees and garden seats, and an iron fence in front. Nothing could be more remote from the reality. The Dayton Home is literally a city, complete in itself. It occupies a square mile of ground three miles west of Dayton, a beautiful city of

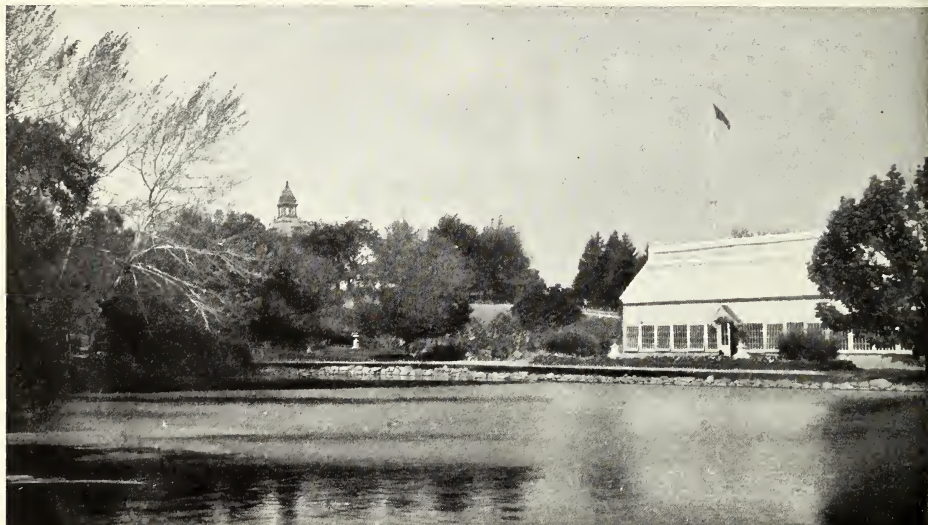
hill, whence the eye sweeps over a wide expanse of peaceful rural beauty, now past conservatories, flower gardens and rare plants and trees, now along the margin of a placid lake or the boundary of a park where browse peacefully a herd of graceful deer.

The Central Branch of the Soldiers' Home is the largest institution of its kind in the world. Its six hundred acres of ground have cost nearly one hundred thousand dollars, and it has nearly a hundred buildings, all of them large, which have been erected at a cost of nearly a million and a half of

dollars. It has at present on its rolls over seven thousand names; and since its opening in 1867 it has cared for over thirty-three thousand disabled veterans. The number in residence at present is over six thousand.

The Soldiers' Home at Dayton is visited by multitudes of people, many from far places. During the year ending in June, 1896, over 315,000 people visited the grounds, including forty-eight special excursions. To see in one day everything to be seen would more than tire out a vigorous walker. In Dayton all roads lead to the Soldiers' Home,—or nearly all

partment of the Home. Here are the governor's office, the adjutant's office and the bank. Colonel J. B. Thomas, the present governor of the Home, is a courteous and cultivated gentleman, in whom are united the tact and firmness necessary to govern successfully more than six thousand men. He has been identified with the Home since its establishment. In the adjutant's office all the records of the Home are kept, and here complete information concerning any one of the seven thousand members of the Home may be obtained at a moment's notice.



UPPER LAKE AND CONSERVATORY, DAYTON.

street car lines. Three different lines run to the grounds. At the principal street car terminus is a neat station and waiting room for visitors, at which an electric car arrives from the city every two minutes.

From the main entrance roads lead in various directions. Proceeding up the centre road, which winds in its ascent over a succession of terraces, we come to Headquarters. Headquarters is a large three-story brick building, facing south, and distinguished from all other buildings on the grounds by the national flag floating above it. This is the executive de-

The bank, which occupies half the lower floor of the Headquarters building, is no trifling institution. It performs most of the functions implied by its name. From the bank is paid out to the pensioners in the Home every three months about \$175,000 in gold, or nearly three-quarters of a million dollars a year. Of the six thousand inmates, over five thousand draw pensions. The pensions range in amount from six to seventy-two dollars a month. In the different State Homes for volunteer soldiers, of which there are twenty-six in the country, half the pension of the



HOSPITAL, DAYTON.

soldier is withheld towards his partial support. In the National Home the soldier receives the full amount of his pension, without any deduction, in addition to his clothes and support.

A considerable proportion of the money received by the pensioners is sent home to their families. A good idea of the magnitude of the National Home may be gained from the amount of money and the number of packages passing through the post office of the Central Branch alone, which occupies a separate building near the main entrance. During the last year \$46,138.12 was sent out of the Home through the post office in money orders and postal notes. During the year there were handled in the post office 691,065 pieces of mail. Letters and postal cards to the number of 216,810 were mailed, and 212,650 letters and postal cards were received; 37,960 newspapers and packages were mailed and 223,745 were received.

With Headquarters as a starting point, a stroll through the grounds of the Home is one long to be remembered. Immediately in front of the Headquarters, looking south, is a large lawn, or campus of several acres. In the centre of this is a gayly painted and picturesque pagoda, where an excellent band of thirty-four pieces plays each afternoon in pleasant

weather. The selections are a judicious mixture of popular airs and classical pieces, and the music is a most interesting feature of the day.

Everywhere, bluecoats!—for in this city of over six thousand inhabitants only one hundred and six are civilians. Bluecoats we see everywhere,—here one asleep by himself under the shade of a friendly tree, there a group in the shade of a building, some busy, others idling. Some

shuffle along with the palsied unsteadiness of decrepitude; others, so far as a casual glance reveals, are in robust health. Passing along one of the drives I heard the sounds of talking



MONUMENT IN CEMETERY, DAYTON.



THE SOLDIERS' HOME AT TOGUS, MAINE.

and laughter. They proceeded from a shady nook beside the road, half hidden by thick shrubbery, where half a dozen bluecoats were seated about a rustic table talking and joking *sub tegmine fagi*; while farther away, breaking in upon these cheerful sounds, I heard with a shudder that horribly hollow, gasping rattle of a cough, the sound of which no one can mistake, and I saw, faltering along in the sunshine, the victim on whose features the dread disease had placed its seal, the letters of which read death. In another place I noticed beside the road, appearing from underground apparently, the black hat, then the blue coat, and finally the entire form of an old soldier. Proceeding I gazed down into a most beautiful grotto, entirely overshadowed by trees and enlivened by the cheerful sound of falling water. Stone steps led down to it from the road, and a number of veterans were below quenching their thirst in the cool water of the spring. They have other sources for quenching their thirst, as we shall see.

"The piping time of peace" may perhaps be nowhere so vividly realized as here. If nine out of ten of the inmates seem to carry canes, it would not be much of an Hibernicism to assert that eleven out of every ten have pipes in their mouths. I am convinced that Little Robin Reed never enrolled his name among the defenders

of his country. To almost every member I saw the words of the song would fittingly apply:

"Now this old soldier
had money in his
socks,
So he always had
tobacco in his old
tobacco box!"

The Home is under military organization, and every-

where we meet with military terms. The lodging houses of the veterans are known as barracks. These barracks are thirty-five in number, two and three stories high, and are grouped upon eleven different avenues named after as many different states. The older buildings are of wood, the newer ones of brick. All are thoroughly lighted, heated and ventilated. They are all tree embowered, and have broad verandas at each story. There is ample space between the buildings, with greensward and walks and beds for the cultivation of flowers and small shrubbery, in which many of the members occupy much of their time in summer. Each barrack is in charge of a captain, who is appointed by the governor from the members of the Home, and is responsible for the care and conduct of the men under him. Within, everything is immaculate. Long rows of iron



THE LAWN AT TOGUS.

beds line each side of the long room. Each man must keep his bed and the space about it neat and clean. Most of the barracks contain each several hundred men. They retire at nine o'clock and rise at five. A pathetic sight is a barrack for the blind. In the Home are 47 members totally blind and 197 partially blind. Four readers for the blind are employed. The colored members have a separate barrack; and there are over 150 of them. New members of the Home, before they are admitted to any barrack, must "go into quarantine." They are taken to a barrack for that purpose, where they



HOSPITAL.

must bathe and are supplied with second-hand clothing until transferred. Godliness in the Home is not imperative, but the next thing to it is insisted upon, for

each member of the institution, will he, nill he, must take a bath once a week. Every week each barrack receives tickets for each inmate, and if within a certain time every ticket has not been presented at the bath house the unfortunate delinquent is caught and made to take his bath.

Conveniently situated within the group of barracks is the mess hall. Here over three thousand men sit down at the first table every day in the year. Two sittings are required, each meal, to accommodate all the members. It is a sight worth seeing, to watch the veterans file in, three

full regiments of them, and seat themselves at the sound of the gong. Another gong, and they "fall to't yarely." The food provided is good and wholesome and of abundant quantity. The bill of fare for Sunday is: Breakfast—ham or sausage, potatoes, bread, butterine, coffee; dinner—roast mutton, potatoes, string beans or Lima beans or dried peas, pickles, bread, butterine, coffee, pies; supper—stewed dried fruit or watermelons or fresh berries, sugar cookies, bread, butterine, tea. Monday: Breakfast—baked beans with pork or beef fricassee with hominy, bread, butterine, coffee; dinner—vegetable or bean soup, roast beef, pickles, bread, potatoes, crackers, butterine, coffee; supper—corn meal or rolled oats, syrup, bread, biscuit, butterine, cheese. And so on through the week. The weekly bill of fare is changed every quarter. The amount of food consumed at

each meal is staggering. For the Sunday breakfast, 2,800 pounds of ham or 2,950 pounds of sausage are consumed. For each meal when potatoes are served, it takes 34 bushels. 800



OPERA HOUSE, TOGUS.

pounds of bread and 175 pounds of oleomargarine are consumed at each meal. If pickles are served it takes 30 gallons. The Home is evidently within the "great pie belt," for 1,250 pies are eaten at dinner. It requires 450 pounds of beans, when they have baked beans. 180 pounds of coffee and 135 pounds of tea are consumed at a meal. 50 gallons of syrup are required for their corn meal. It takes 1,050 quarts of berries to a meal. If soup is served, from 500 to 750 gallons are made, according to the kind. A feeble attempt to satisfy the Teutonic element is made

by serving 282 pounds of sauerkraut at a meal. 2,500 cantaloupes are served at a meal. On two mornings of the week corned beef hash is served for breakfast, and it requires 4,000



IN THE GARDEN AT THE MILWAUKEE HOME.

pounds of it each meal. Two tons of hash is a serious matter. It requires for a meal 4,250 pounds of spinach or 56 bushels of onions. One learns with apprehension that 2,640 green cucumbers are served at a meal. Of fresh lake trout 2,950 pounds are served at a time—and so on. Whatever else the lot of a member of the Home he does not go hungry. To feed and serve this army three times a day requires 126 cooks, 238 waiters, 159 dishwashers, 44 bakers, 18 butchers and 22 bread cutters, to say nothing of 49 farm hands and 54 gardeners. The only compulsory duty of members not otherwise employed is kitchen duty, such as paring potatoes, etc. This duty comes to each man about one week in nine.

The oldest and one of the largest buildings on the grounds is the hospital. The main building is a huge structure of cherry-colored brick, three stories high and 293 feet long.

There have recently been erected a large annex and a number of outlying wards for special cases of a chronic character. The entire bed capacity is over eight hundred. The staff consists of 7 surgeons and 244 nurses, including 26 civilians, of whom 13 are women. The number of cases treated in the hospital during the last year was over two thousand, while the total number of cases treated among members, each case being counted but once during the year, was over six thousand. Perhaps no other feature of the Home appeals so directly to what the infirm soldier needs as the hospital. Here he receives all that the best medical skill and kindest nursing can give. No service in the hospital is performed in a perfunctory manner. Each patient is sure that he has done for him all that can be done; and those who have been in the hospital for treatment speak of it with enthusiasm. One of the members with whom I talked said that he was out on furlough most of the time; "but," said he,

"I am subject to the inflammatory rheumatism, and when I get that, or anything else is the matter with me, I make a break for the Soldiers' Home." Such testimony is a valuable tribute to the skill, kindness and earnestness of the hospital corps. "Chilling as the touch of steel" does not apply to the tender touch of the hospital nurse.

"A club," says Dr. Johnson, "is an assembly of good fellows, meeting under certain conditions." A visit to the veterans' clubhouse would convince any visitor that under the above definition it fully justifies its name. One scarcely expects to find in a home for disabled soldiers a complete modern clubhouse; nevertheless, there it is. The club is a new building in the renaissance style, and is perhaps architecturally the most pleasing on the grounds. It was built to meet most of the requirements of a modern clubhouse. A large central hall divides the building

into two sections. On one side of the lower floor is the billiard room, overlooked by two tiers of galleries, back of which are small rooms for various club purposes. The opposite side of the entrance hall is occupied by two large halls, the upper one of which is used by different organizations of the members, such as the Grand Army of the Republic, the Union Veteran Union, the Union Veteran League, and the Naval Veterans' Association. The lower hall, known as the social hall, is used by the members in common for visiting, reading, writing, card playing, chess, etc. Billiards, bowling, cards, chess and other amusements are provided for. Every member of the Home is thereby a member of the club so long as he conducts himself properly. There are no committees, no blackballing. As we visit this clubhouse and watch these battle scarred warriors in friendly contest over billiards or "seven up," we cannot help contrasting the perfect peace and security of their present life with the horrible scenes of carnage, toil and privation which they have experienced. They might say, with the detestable Gloster:

"Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments,
Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures:
Grim-visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled front."

Nothing seems to have been omitted for the comfort, care and entertainment of the veterans. When I was told that they had a theatre I imagined a kind of hall with a platform. I was surprised to find it to be just what it was said to be, not a lecture hall, but a complete theatre. Through a spacious foyer, panelled in harmonious colors and paved in mosaic, you come into a first-class, electric-lighted, steam-heated, modern theatre, which in size, appointments and tasteful embellishment would compare favorably with more than one metropolitan theatre. The house is carpeted, and the chairs are upholstered theatre chairs. The theatre has a seating capacity of over fifteen hundred. On either side of the stage are boxes, and there are the usual balcony and gallery of the modern theatre. The stage is fully



THE FUNERAL ESCORT, MILWAUKEE.

equipped with scenery, and its appointments in the way of dressing rooms and other conveniences are superior to those of most theatres. The building, one of the most conspicuous on the grounds, was erected in 1880. It faces the east, and in front of it the ground descends rap-

church during the last year, at a cost of over three thousand dollars. This church up to last year presented the anomaly of being a joint place of wor-



MAIN BUILDING AND WATER FRONT AT THE HOME AT HAMPTON, VIRGINIA.



idly, while from its lofty tower there is a view for miles over the Miami valley, including the city of Dayton. The prices for admission are low, and parts of the house are reserved for members under certain conditions free of charge. Visitors are admitted to the theatre. The best talent in the amusement world is engaged each season. Shakespeare's plays, the standard dramas, comic opera, and the best orchestras are engaged every year. Last season thirty different companies appeared at the theatre. The entertainments are paid for out of the post fund, and last year cost over twenty thousand dollars.

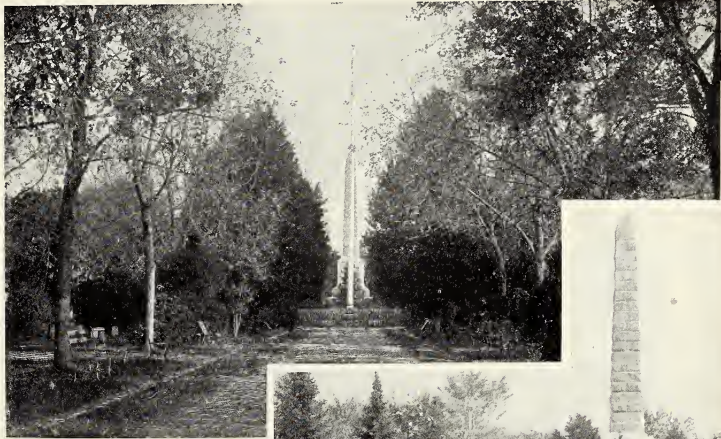
Near the theatre stands the Protestant chapel. It is a beautiful Gothic structure of native freestone, faced with a light red stone, and its walls are nearly covered with a thick growth of American ivy. An excellent pipe organ was placed in the

ship for Protestants and Catholics. The Catholics now have a separate place of worship of their own in a handsome brick chapel erected during the last year. Religious worship is of course purely voluntary. There are two Protestant chaplains. Services are frequently held by the Women's Christian Association of Dayton, and in the summer grove meetings are held from time to time by the Salvation Army and the Christian Alliance.

One of the most interesting spots on the ground is the library, a spacious three-story building, sheltered by trees, on Ohio Avenue, directly in the rear of the theatre. The lower floor is occupied by the reading room, and it was gratifying to find this room completely filled with veterans. Here 200 newspapers are received daily, and 39 different magazines are on file, including the standard English, German and French periodicals. All the better American magazines are here.

The library proper is on the second floor, where are stored, in two tiers of bookcases, the books of the George H. Thomas library and the Putnam library.

"The war," says Lowell, in one of his most charming essays, "was ended. I might walk towardward without the aching dread of bulletins that had darkened the July sunshine and twice made the scarlet leaves of October seem steeped in blood." He refers to the death of his three nephews in the war. One of these ensanguined Octobers brought the death news of Lieutenant William Lowell Putnam, the poet's youngest nephew, a member of the Twentieth Massachusetts Regiment, who fell mortally wounded, October 21, 1861, at the battle of Ball's Bluff, while trying to save a wounded comrade. When taken to the hospital he said to the surgeon: "Go to some one else to whom you can do some good; you cannot save me." To such a spirit, chivalrous in no degree less than the gentle Sir Philip on the field of Zutphen, a worthy memorial was due; and perhaps no more fitting tribute to the memory of the young hero could have



THE CEMETERY, HAMPTON.

been conceived than the library which his mother, Mrs. Mary Lowell Putnam, has founded for the benefit of the veterans of the Central Branch of the Soldiers' Home. The Putnam library was established in 1868, and now numbers over ten thousand volumes. Its founder continues her benefactions yearly, having presented to the library last year 448 volumes. Mrs. Putnam has also presented to

the library a number of pictures and works of art. I noticed particularly a large glass case filled with beautiful specimens of Murádábád enamelled brass. An asylum for old soldiers is scarcely the place where one would look for East India metal work. Beside the entrance door is a life-size portrait of Lieutenant Putnam, in the perfection of youthful beauty and manliness. "For now he haunts his native land as an immortal youth." Above the portrait was a magnificent wreath, and it was explained to me that on each anniversary of the death of Lieutenant Putnam there comes a wreath of flowers, exquisite in beauty and arrangement. This wreath is placed above the young hero's portrait, there to remain until, a year later, another comes to take its place.

In the same building with the Putnam library is the George H. Thomas library. This library contains be-



tween nine and ten thousand volumes, and embraces all the books of the Home not belonging to the Putnam library. The libraries are catalogued

separately, the last catalogue of each library forming a large octavo volume of several hundred pages. In these two libraries are over twenty thousand volumes of standard literature and over two hundred of the best newspapers and magazines in the world. Surely a harsher fate could be imagined for one whose deeds were behind him than to have his "hours, days and years slide soft away" in this place of peace and quiet, with no cares and scarcely even nominal duties, and with the treasure house of the world's wisdom open to his touch at any time.

The reading room is open daily from eight in the morning till eight in the evening. The books are issued for two weeks, and may be renewed, or may be changed as often as desired. That the library is not unappreciated is indicated by the number of books drawn, which last year amounted to 46,592 volumes. The volumes are classified as fiction, history and biography, travels, science and art, poetry and drama, religion and philosophy, and general literature. I was interested to know what class of books was most read, imagining that with a constituency of men only, and one would suppose hard-headed fellows too, his-

tory or biography or travels would lead; but I was told that, as in most public libraries, fiction is in the lead. About seventy per cent of all books drawn are works of fiction. This is partly amusing, but on the whole pathetic. What should these old, broken-down warriors,—stranded hulks, battered and broken by the sea of life,—whose average age, according to Governor Thomas, is sixty-four years, what should they have to do with love and the sweet dreams of tender maidens? Do they thus seek to call back in faint outline the dim ghosts of the lost illusions of their youth, or do they use fiction as an anodyne for their futureless and un- hopeful condition?

Interesting as the library is, not far from it is another building yet more interesting in some ways, from its singular character and the problems which it presents, than even the library. This is the true Valhalla of the veterans, haunted by the shade of many a departed warrior. The building is the Beer Hall, a large building pleasantly surrounded by trees. The hall proper is somewhat over a hundred feet long and proportionally broad. No civilian can for love or money buy a glass of beer in the hall,



THE BARRACKS AT THE KANSAS HOME.

—nor may he even set his foot within it. Through the courtesy of Governor Thomas I was permitted to see everything within the hall that there is to see. Down the centre of the hall extends a double counter. On each side of the building, next to the wall, is a row of tables, extending the

seems a large amount of beer for one institution; but it must be remembered that these six thousand members of the Home represent the voting population of a city of over twenty thousand inhabitants. The number of glasses sold in a year does not amount to one glass a day for each

member. No institution in the Soldiers' Home has received such bitter criticism as the Beer Hall, and probably there is none of which the wisdom is less to



IN THE GROUNDS,
KANSAS.



A FLORAL DISPLAY.

length of the room. As one stands at the door and gazes down the long room, one is reminded of a huge fly-trap filled with blue-bottles. The blue-coats are so thick that there is scarcely room to walk, and the buzz

of voices makes it difficult to converse. Every table is full, and between them and the bar there is a constant progression and retrogression of veterans with empty and freshly filled glasses. White aproned Ganymedes behind the bar dispense the nectar to the war gods. The ambrosia is in the form of black bread and cheese made into sandwiches, which are served free, as a lunch. There are eight bartenders, and they are kept constantly busy. Four guards preserve order. The hall is in charge of a special officer, who is responsible to the governor for its proper administration.

During the last year the receipts from the sales in the Beer Hall amounted to over \$91,000. Nearly two million glasses were sold. This

be questioned. Almost every objection to it has been shown by facts to be groundless. Drunkenness among the members has decreased; there are fewer men arrested by civil authorities; there is a smaller number in the hospital as a result of protracted debauches on bad liquor; more money has been sent by the inmates to their families; and the order and discipline in the Home are much better. The beer sold is the best. No member buys his beer over the bar, but must purchase at the office a ticket, which he exchanges for his beer. In this way a check is kept upon the men. Restrictions are placed upon hundreds of the men, many of them being entirely debarred from the Beer Hall, and others being limited to one or two glasses a day, according to their



BARRACKS, CALIFORNIA HOME.



HOSPITAL.

physical, mental or moral condition. A large number are contented with what they get at the hall and do not drink outside at all. The profits accruing from the sales of beer within the Home go to the post fund, which is used for the expenses of the band, for amusements, for the purchase of books and for other matters not provided for by Congressional legislation. In his annual report for 1887, the year following the opening of the hall, Governor Patrick, himself a lifelong prohibitionist, said: "It is the opinion of every officer of this Home, whether prohibitionist or otherwise, that under existing circumstances the Beer Hall has reduced vice, crime, debauchery, sickness and waste of money that should go to the families of the members, in a marked degree."

Among these six thousand soldiers from nearly every state in the Union there is a great variety of character. Many of the men are enfeebled not only physically, but mentally and morally. There is less self-restraint among them than among younger men; consequently some of

them need careful watching and firm handling. The government of the Home is a pure autocracy. The word of the governor is law. Every morning at eight o'clock a police court is held, at which the governor presides and the offenders receive sentences ranging from a curtailment of their beer to dishonorable discharge from the Home. There is no appeal from the sentence of the judge; but the soldier, even if sentenced to imprisonment, can always escape punishment, for he may at any time obtain his discharge from the Home, either honorably or dishonorably. The dishonorably discharged member can be reinstated only by the unanimous concurrence of the board of managers. The largest number of arrests last year was for drunkenness; the next highest number was for the not very heinous crime of "jumping fence;" other charges were bringing



MEMORIAL DAY, CALIFORNIA HOME.

whiskey into camp, which is punished with the severest penalty, disorderly, drunk and disorderly, disobedience of orders, neglect of duty, quarrelling in quarters, etc. Out of more than two thousand arrests, only one was for theft.

Of the 7,141 members cared for last year 4,362, almost two-thirds, were of foreign birth. Out of the total number, there were 326 who could neither read nor write; and of the illiterates only 3 per cent were Americans, and 97 per cent were foreign born. The occupations of the members are classified under 105 different head-

show passes to leave the grounds, but they may be out for an indefinite time on furlough.

In the laundry over two million and a half pieces are handled annually. There is a store where nearly every conceivable thing used by men is on sale, and the sales amount to \$40,000 annually. There is a hotel on the grounds, which does a thriving business. There are also an express office and an office of the Western Union Telegraph Company. All the uniform clothing for the seven branches of the Home is manufactured here in the huge Property



THE GROUNDS, CALIFORNIA HOME.

ings; the range is from lawyers and ministers to chiropodists and peddlers, including five actors, one editor, eight civil engineers, thirteen lawyers and seven ministers; over two thousand are classed as laborers, and 1,365 are farmers. About one-fifth of the members have wives or minor children. Over two thousand are employed in the Home in various capacities, with pay ranging from a few dollars a month to a respectable salary. Last year over \$98,000 was paid to the members in wages. Members may usually spend as much or as little time in the Home as they please. When in residence they must

Building. This is a massive Romanesque building, over four hundred feet long. In this building are also located the bookbinding and printing establishments.

There is on the grounds a fire department, with steamer, hook and ladder truck, hose cart and all the essentials of a metropolitan fire station. The Home has an independent system of waterworks, with a pumping capacity of 2,500,000 gallons a day. Not the least interesting feature is the system of tunnels under the main streets. These are nearly four miles in length, are constructed of brick, over six feet in the clear and wide



HEADQUARTERS AT INDIANA HOME.

enough for three men to walk abreast. They are lighted by gas and contain over fifteen miles of steam and hot water pipes. A battery of thirty-eight boilers furnishes steam and hot water for the institution. The refrigerating and ice-making machine has a capacity for making twelve tons of ice every day and cooling fifty thousand cubic feet of cold-storage space.

Out past the hospital buildings and past the flag staff, with its battery of cannon, which have long since ceased to volley and thunder,—disabled veterans



HOSPITAL.

like the other members,—at the extreme northern limit of the grounds of this soldier city at Dayton, amid gently undulating slopes and beneath whispering leaves, with a peaceful outlook over the broad valley, is another city, the city of the dead, which contains more inhabitants than the city of the living. The cemetery is laid out in the form of a circle. In the centre, in the middle of a circular drive, stands the monument, a figure of the American soldier, musket in hand, at parade rest, carved in granite and mounted on a Corinthian column that once formed part of the colonnade



BARRACKS.

of the old United States Bank at Philadelphia. It stands on a pedestal having an allegorical figure in Parian marble at each corner, representing the different branches of the service. Sloping in gentle declivity from this monument to a wide circular drive far beneath, the greensward is dotted by nearly seven thousand white marble headstones, which mark the last resting-place of as many soldiers. The members of the Home are carried off at a rate which averages more than one a day. Three members of the Home can sing no more cheerful lay than "A pickaxe and a spade, a spade;" for three grave diggers are kept constantly employed.

There are also eight undertakers. When a member dies the flag is displayed at half mast during his funeral, and he is buried with military honors.

"Soldier, rest, thy warfare o'er;
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of battle fields no more."

This meagre account of the Central Branch of the National Home, if somewhat monotonously statistical, may nevertheless serve to indicate in a measure how completely and with what attention to detail the nation is caring for its disabled defenders. What has been said of the Central Branch may be said in general of the other branches. The Central Home was chosen for description because it is the largest—having over twice as many members as any other branch—and in a sense a kind of administrative centre, because here the clothing of all the other branches is manufactured, and the board of managers has recommended that this branch be made a depot for the storage of supplies for the other branches, to be issued to them on quarterly requisitions. Each of the other branches, however, though none of them so large as the Central Branch, has adequate appointments for the comfort, care and entertainment of its inmates.

The Central, the Northwestern, the Southern and the Eastern branches were all opened under one act of Congress, which was approved in March, 1866. The Eastern Branch, at Togus, Maine, was the first to be ready, and received its first inmates in the same year that the act was passed. The Eastern Branch has never been one of the largest, but it is an important branch of the Home. Its grounds comprise over seventeen hundred acres, or over twice the number possessed by any other branch, while its buildings have cost nearly half a million dollars. It stands fifth in the number of inmates. It has a library of over 8,000 volumes. Since it was opened it has cared for over

13,000 veterans, while it has at present enrolled over 2,400 inmates, with an average number present of over 1,900. The governor of the Eastern Branch is Colonel Luther Stephenson.

The Southern Branch, situated near Hampton, Virginia, which received its first inmates in 1870, is, after the Central Branch, the largest in point of numbers, having at present enrolled over 4,500 inmates, with an average attendance of over 3,000. Territorially it is much the smallest of any of the branches, occupying only twenty-six acres, but its buildings have cost over \$800,000. During the year 1896 two barracks were constructed at a cost of \$25,000. In the Southern Branch, Mason and Dixon's line becomes apparent; for, from the last report of the governor, Colonel P. T. Woodfin, it appears that of the whole number of 5,076 members cared for in this branch during the last year, only 116 enlisted from the state of Virginia.

The Northwestern Branch, which occupies 382 acres near Milwaukee, was the third of the four branches provided for by the original act of Congress. It has always been a very important branch, ranking third in the number of inmates. Its governor is Colonel Cornelius Wheeler. Its buildings have cost over \$600,000, the last being a commodious headquarters buildings recently completed at a cost of \$10,000. This branch, since it was opened in 1867, has cared for over 16,000 soldiers. It has at present on its rolls over 2,600 inmates.

These four branches, the Central, the Eastern, the Southern and the Northwestern, accommodated the disabled veterans of the war for nearly twenty years, when the need of another branch began to be felt. Accordingly an act of Congress was passed and approved July 5, 1884, "to authorize the location of a Branch Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers and Sailors, in either the state of Arkansas, Colorado, Kansas, Iowa,

Minnesota, Missouri or Nebraska." The site chosen for the new branch was at Leavenworth, Kansas. The Western Branch was opened for use September 1, 1885. The land for this branch, 640 acres, was donated, and buildings to the value of over half a million dollars have been erected. The grounds of the Western Branch form a pleasure ground and park for the city of Leavenworth, and are daily visited by hundreds of people. Colonel Andrew J. Smith is the governor of the Western Branch.

Santa Monica in Southern California has been called the Coney Island of the Pacific Coast. Here the Pacific Branch was established, on donated land, under an act of Congress approved March 2, 1887, entitled "An act to provide for the location and erection of a Branch Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers west of the Rocky Mountains." This branch was opened for use on the first day of January, 1888. The buildings of the Pacific Branch have cost nearly \$500,000. The grounds of the Pacific Branch are very beautiful, adorned as they are with plants, shrubs and trees to which the harsher climate of the East is not favorable. The average number of inmates present in the Pacific Branch for 1897 was 1,557. They are under the care and direction of Colonel J. G. Rowland.

The last branch established is the Marion Branch, at Marion, Indiana. This branch was authorized by an act of Congress approved July 23, 1888. It was opened March 18, 1890. Its land and buildings have cost a little over half a million dollars. This branch has a number of handsome modern buildings, including the fine Stinson Memorial Hall and a new mess hall which will accommodate at one sitting 1,072 members, comfortably seated in chairs. Last year the whole number cared for at the Marion Branch was 2,530, with an average attendance of 1,563. The governor of the Marion Branch is Captain Justin H. Chapman.

These seven branches at present constitute the National Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers. The best testimony to the wise and liberal management of the Home is the crowded condition of all the branches. Some of the branches are so full that members are compelled to sleep on the floor, and several branches have been compelled temporarily to refuse admittance to new members. Twenty-six thousand men would not voluntarily remain in residence in these branches if they were not well treated.

As the veterans grow older their infirmities increase faster, and the Home is likely to increase rapidly in membership for an indefinite number of years. Provision has already been made for an eighth branch. The act authorizing this new branch became a law June 4, 1897. \$150,000 was appropriated for the establishment and construction of the new branch. Danville, Illinois, was chosen for its site. The board of managers purchased 222 acres of ground and at once began the erection of four new buildings. This new branch will soon be available for occupation.

Besides the National Home for Volunteer Soldiers, there are twenty-six State Homes, in twenty-five states. To each of these State Homes the board of managers of the National Home pays \$100 per year for each inmate, less one-half the sum retained by each state from the pensions of the men toward their partial support. Last year these twenty-six State Homes had over ten thousand members on their rolls, with an average attendance of over eight thousand. For the year ending June 30, 1897, the sum of \$765,657 was paid to the State Homes by the board of managers of the National Home. The State Homes are under the inspection of the board of managers of the National Home, and their numbers are increasing rapidly.

In the National Home in all the branches there are at present survivors from three wars, there being

besides the veterans of the civil war, 471 veterans of the Mexican war and 15 from the Indian wars. These men have every comfort, and are on the whole much better off than the average workman in civil life. Wise provision is made for their entertainment and amusement. The restraints are few and reasonable, being only such as are necessary for a body of over twenty-six thousand men of every shade of character. Indeed one might almost say that Uncle Sam has, with few limitations, adopted for the inmates of this institution the rule pro-

posed by Gargantua for the Abbey of Theleme: "Do what thou wilt."

Doubtless the ravages of fever and disease in the recent volunteer army will have served to prepare many a future candidate for the Soldiers' Home; and no one of them, should the coming years find him homeless or friendless or disabled, ought to look forward with apprehension to spending there his remaining years. He will find not "a stern kind of justice as chilling as the touch of steel," but rather the loving and tender ministrations of a mother to a dutiful son.



THE ORIGINAL SHAKER COMMUNITIES IN NEW ENGLAND.

(From the Plumer Papers.)

ONE of New Hampshire's remarkable men, in the half century following the Revolution, was William Plumer of Epping. He was born in Newbury, Massachusetts, in 1759, and died at Epping, New Hampshire, December 22, 1850. Being too young to take much part in the active service of the Revolution, and early interested in religion, he became a preacher in his youth; but at the age of twenty-five he began to study law. His father, being averse to that profession for his grave and sagacious son, bought him a farm in Epping and persuaded him for a time to relinquish the law. But in 1785, having been chosen to the New Hampshire legislature from Epping, and being thus brought into contact with the lawyers and other leading men of the new state, his desire to practise law revived and he persuaded his father to consent to his renewal of the study upon which his heart was set. He then entered the office of Mr. Prentice at Londonderry, a few miles from Epping, and in 1787, after several adventures,—one of which was the assisting of General Sullivan in 1786 to put down an insurrection of debtors and returned Revolutionary soldiers, in Rockingham county—he was admitted to the bar in that county. His contemporary, Jeremiah Smith of Peterborough

and Exeter, afterwards the particular friend of Webster and Mason, wrote to Plumer, October 31, 1787, encouraging him to pursue the profession in which both became eminent, and giving him some account of his own experiences. Smith had graduated from Rutgers College in 1780, after serving as a soldier under Stark in the Bennington campaign; in the letter cited he thus relates what next happened:

"I spent a year after I left college undetermined which way to shape my course. At length I resolved on the study of the law; and having the offer of my board and a good library to serve as private instructor in a gentleman's family at Barnstable (that of Brigadier Otis, brother of James Otis), I embraced it, and spent a year there, reading under the direction of Mr. Bourne. I perused the books usually read on the Law of Nature and of Nations, and Montesquieu, Beccaria, and Blackstone's Commentaries, with some degree of attention; constantly attending the courts, and seeing what practice was to be seen. The next year I spent as assistant preceptor in the Academy at Andover. Upon quitting this I entered Mr. W. Pynchon's office at Salem. During a considerable part of the time I remained there, which was more than a year, I attended (taught in) a school for misses and young

ladies, a few hours in the day. The rest of my time I spent in reading, and in the business of the office. I had, when I left Salem, a certificate from Mr. Pyncheon of these facts, and an opinion that I was qualified for the office of an attorney. This, with his letter to Mr. (Joshua) Atherton, of Amherst, N. H., was laid before the *sapient bar* of Hillsborough county. I had the mortification to hear for answer that their Wisdoms were not fully satisfied, and that I must dance attendance awhile longer. This I had to bear,—as if the humiliating circumstance of having been obliged to ask for admission *into such a brotherhood* were not enough in all conscience. 'Tis devilish provoking to be denied admittance into *bad company*. I was sensible that I was not so well qualified as I ought and would have been glad to have been; but my age, circumstances, and especially the *character and pretensions* of those already admitted, determined me to waive all ceremony and apply directly to the Court, which I did at the adjournment, and was admitted by their unanimous vote. This bold stroke gave great umbrage, as you may have heard."

Not many years later, Smith was sent to Congress, and afterwards became governor and chief justice of New Hampshire; while Plumer was four times chosen governor, and went to the United States Senate for six years. But long before this distinction awaited him, he had satisfied his curiosity about the Shakers, then a new sect in America. Times have changed, and Plumer's account of the followers of Anne Lee will appear exaggerated to those who only know the modern Shakers. It is important, however, and all the more so because it represents the sect as organized thoroughly in New England at a time when the customary accounts do not show us communities in full operation at Harvard, the two Enfields, and Canterbury, New Hampshire, till after 1790; yet here we have Plumer's detailed statement as to numbers and the character of the ritual, in 1782-83. Anne Lee died at Watervliet, New York, in 1784; so that even before her death she saw her communities of believers established in three American states and probably four. Plumer's description of the Shakers is found in letters to Miss Lydia Coombs of Newburyport, from June, 1782, to March, 1783.—*F. B. Sanborn.*

THE SHAKERS AT HARVARD, MASSACHUSETTS.

(June 17, 1782.) "Last week I paid the Shakers a visit at Harvard. I was received with civility and treated with

kindness. I did not contradict them, but candidly and moderately inquired of them their origin and progress, their tenets and practice. This information was from their Elders and principal members. They say that in the year 1774 two women and three or four men, living at Manchester, in England, by an immediate and supernatural vision were directed to come to this country. They arrived at New York, but took up their residence in a country town (Watervliet), not far distant from Albany. One of these women, Anne Lee (Plumer calls her 'Lease'), is the famous matron known as 'The Elect Lady.' She is generally attended by a number of her Elders. The select company that attends her are emphatically called 'The Church.' She frequently removes from town to town, and constantly sends forth 'laborers,' as she calls them, to preach and teach her religion to the world. In some towns mobs have abused and insulted them; this they call persecution, and a proof of their being the true followers of that religion which is not of this world.

"Their love and tenderness for each other degenerate into fondness and ridiculous weakness. They are very kind and attentive to strangers, so long as they have any prospect of converting them to their faith; but as soon as a man contradicts, or asks questions hard to answer, they become sullen,—pronounce him 'damned,' and avoid his company. Like the ancient Church, they consist principally of the lower class of people; few wise or learned men belong to their sect. They were formerly of different sects, but chiefly of those called 'New Lights'; many of them were Baptists. They appeared very sober, serious, grave and solemn; honest and sincere in their profession; and in general much acquainted with the Scriptures. Before and after their eating, going to and returning from their beds, each of them falls on his knees, shaking, trembling.

groaning, praying and praising. They affirm that they have the spirit of discerning and gift of prophecy, and have in fact predicted many things, with their contingent circumstances, long before these happened. Their dress is simple, plain and unadorned. The men have their hair short, and the women and children all wear strapped close caps.

"They say that Christ promised to give his Church in all ages the power of working miracles; and that in fact they have healed the sick, cured cripples, and restored speech to the dumb. These mighty works were instantaneously effected by their praying and anointing the diseased with oil in the name of the Lord,—the patients having faith in God. On my expressing a desire to be present on such occasion, one of their Elders very sternly replied, 'An evil and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign; but no sign shall be given unto you.'

"They generally assemble every evening, and frequently continue their exercises till after midnight. I went with them one evening to their meeting, and though they had cautioned me against being surprised at their worship, yet their conduct was so wild and extravagant that it was some time before I could believe my own senses. About thirty of them assembled in a large room in a private house,—the women in one end and the men in the other,—for dancing. Some were past sixty years old. Some had their eyes steadily fixed upward, continually reaching out and drawing in their arms and lifting up first one foot, then the other, about four inches from the floor. Near the centre of the room stood two young women, one of them very handsome, who whirled round and round for the space of fifteen minutes, nearly as fast as the rim of a spinning-wheel in quick motion. The violent whirl produced so much wind as kept her clothes as round and straight as though fastened to a hoop. As soon as she left whirling she entered the dance, and danced grace-

fully. Sometimes one would pronounce with a loud voice, 'Ho, ho,' or 'Love, love,'—and then the whole assembly vehemently clapped hands for a minute or two. At other times some were shaking and trembling, other singing words out of the Psalms in whining, canting tones (but not in rhyme), while others were speaking in what they called 'the unknown tongue,'—to me an unintelligible jargon, mere gibberish and perfect nonsense. At other times the whole assembly would shout as with one voice, with one accord. This exercise continued about an hour; then they all retired to the sides of the room for a few minutes. Then the young lady who was the principal whirler walked into the middle of the room and began to dance. All the men and women soon joined her,—dancing, singing, whirling, shouting, clapping their hands, shaking and trembling, as at first. This continued near an hour.

"After a second intermission, two of the Elders, one after the other, addressed the audience; one of them delivering a very ingenious discourse in defence of their tenets and worship, with an exhortation to persevere in the ways of the Lord. He was a man of strong, clear, distinguishing mind, and an easy, yet impressive speaker. More than half his discourse was in the strong, persuasive language of Scripture, well adapted to his purpose. Then the assembly renewed their former exercises for more than an hour. This done, several of the young people, both men and women, began to shake and tremble in a most terrible manner. The first I perceived was their heads moving slowly from one shoulder to the other,—the longer they moved the quicker and more violently they shook. The motion proceeded from the head to the hands, arms and whole body, with such power as if limb would rend from limb. The house trembled as if there were an earthquake. After this several young women embraced

and saluted each other; two men embraced and saluted each other; a third clasped his arms around both, a fourth around them, and so on, until a dozen men were in that position, embracing and saluting. I did not observe any man salute or embrace a woman, or any woman a man; but as I was going to the meeting I had observed a man and woman meet, when the woman with much eagerness clasped and kissed the man's hand and arm and used the language of a fond lover.

"After meeting was done, I was invited by the Elders to take lodging at their house, which I did. After a good supper they entered into a long scriptural defence of their tenets and practices, resting their religion solely on the authority of Scripture and testimony of the Spirit. They admitted they could not support it by the reason and nature of things. This conversation ended, the young woman who had whirled the most began to shake and tremble astonishingly. She told me this was not a voluntary motion, but that she was acted upon by a supernatural impulse. I asked whether a man could, by his strength, prevent her shaking and whirling. She said it would be blasphemy against God to attempt such a thing. Some time after this, when she was whirling with great velocity, I rose and advanced gradually towards her, clasped her in my arms, and in the course of a moment held her still, though she exclaimed against me as very rude and indecent."

[Young Plumer was indeed open to this charge,—as was a great-uncle of mine who at Canterbury, a few years later, with other young men, undertook to stop the dervish-dance by holding the young women. The Elders came to the rescue, and strove to put Uncle John out of the room; but he, being of great size and strength, caught by the beams of the room and could not be moved either by the Spirit or by bodily efforts. They therefore gave him up as a "big, lustful devil," and returned to their singular worship. The next winter (February, 1783) Plumer visited these Canterbury Shakers, some

twenty miles from Epping, and again gave Miss Coombs his discoveries concerning them.—*F. B. S.*]

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE SHAKERS.

(February 19, 1783.) "I have lately paid a visit to the Shakers who reside in New Hampshire. They declare that the woman whom they call 'the Elect Lady' (Anne Lee) is the same person St. John saw 'clothed with the sun, the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars;' that she has in fact 'fled to the wilderness' and been 'nourished there for a time, and times, and half a time.' This wilderness was a place near Albany (Watervliet), where she tarried with her adherents, then few in number, till the 'times' were accomplished,—which was on that memorable Dark Day, May 19, 1780,—that darkness being to her the signal from heaven to send forth her Elders 'to preach the everlasting Gospel to them who dwell on the earth.' They say their number in America is now near 7,000, and that in three years their religion will universally prevail throughout North America and Great Britain; and then great desolation will overwhelm both nations. Numbers of them are so confident of this that they offered to give absolute deeds of their lands and houses for the same sums as for a three years' lease. In a short time, they assert, preachers will be sent from Britain and America into all parts of the earth, and in ten years their religion will prevail with all nations. Dr. Cooley, one of the Elders, assured me it was revealed to him by the Holy Ghost 'that he must soon travel through France, Spain and Germany, to preach the Gospel to those nations, and that in Spain he should be beheaded for his testimony.' He also told me this sect has been in England for thirty-five years (since 1748), and that, though persecuted by the British government, they are numerous there. From my reading and researches I am convinced that the doctor's relation is not true."

[In fact, Anne Lee, after marrying Abraham Stanley, a blacksmith, much against her conscience, as she says, did first, in 1758, join the Wardleys, heretical Quakers, at Manchester, and, after nine years of spiritual struggles, found herself to be the second appearance of Christ on earth (as she declared), and was for this blasphemy imprisoned at Manchester in 1770. Ten years later, before peace was established between England and America, she sailed for New York in the ship *Maria*. She died at Watervliet, September 8, 1784.—*F. B. S.*]

“These Elders preach up the exploded doctrine of having all things in common, and bringing the money to their feet, as successors of the apostles (Acts v. 2). Several persons who had valuable farms have sold them and given the money to support the common cause. The Elders dispose of the people at the different houses; they are then constantly employed in labor by the heads of houses, who are treated and revered as fathers. The common class receive only their food and clothing; the Elders do no labor, nor take any care to provide for their subsistence; they live freely, travelling from place to place. At Ashfield (?) (perhaps Enfield, Connecticut), where the church now is, they constantly maintain from fifty to three hundred people. Their ‘church’ consists of seven or eight persons only; no person can be a member of it till he is perfectly free from all sin and impurity; that these are more pure than angels, and can never sin; ‘for whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin; for his seed remaineth in him, and he cannot sin because he is born of God’ (I. John iii. 9). Their bodies are thus wholly pure, no seeds of death remain in them, and they will never be subject to death, unless to violent death from the hands of wicked men, as Christ was. If the wicked should not be permitted to destroy them within ten years, the church now militant will then be the church triumphant; and their bodies will then be so changed as that death will have no power over them; nor will they need

food or raiment. They say that those who are of their society, but not of the Church, are under the operation of the divine Spirit, begotten, but not born again. Some of these are free from sin, but have not sufficiently repented of past transgression; in due time, if they continue obedient, they will be made free.

“The society believes the church to be infallible, perfect as God is perfect (Mat. v. 48). Hence they reverence the orders of the church as the commands of God. They believe what they are told, and practise what they are bidden, without murmuring or disputing. They believe that the church knows as God knows, and is perfectly well acquainted with the hearts and thoughts of all men; that their Elders communicate instruction and reproof, though absent from them, and that without the aid of letters. Though absent in body, they are present in spirit. They really worship the ‘Elect Lady.’ Their zeal in making proselytes is great; they address themselves to the spectators with singular assurance, threatening eternal vengeance to those who disbelieve, and promising heaven to the obedient. If the hearer is uneasy on account of past conduct, or troubled with apprehensions of a gloomy futurity, they are almost certain of his conversion. Their confidence silences his doubts, and satisfies him they are of God. But if he still hesitates, they assure him that there is no delusion in confessing and forsaking sin; that they themselves first took the leap in the dark, resigned their reason and understanding to God, and, with St. Paul, ‘became fools that they might become wise.’

“If the hearer is induced to give up his reason, relinquish his own judgment, and implicitly receive their orders, the Elders will then instruct him as far as they think prudent in their mysteries, and enjoin him to lead a holy life,—particularly not to have any commerce with the other sex, which they assure him is the greatest

of all sins. If he is docile and submissive, he will progress in the knowledge of the divine mysteries, and be happy here and forever; but if he is rebellious, they tell him he will forever suffer the vengeance of an incensed God. They studiously avoid reasoning on the subject of religion, calling it 'disputing with corrupt minds that are reprobate concerning the faith.' They will freely answer questions, if they think their answers will convince; but if a difficult question is propounded, they will say, 'We have no gift of God to answer thee,' or 'Thou art full of vain philosophy,' and 'The world by wisdom knows not God.' Their confidence frequently degenerates into audacious impudence; hence, if a man's arguments are unanswerable, they will without ceremony call him a 'liar.'

"These Elders profess to be directed by immediate signs and impressions from God. A principal sign is the having of one hand drawn-out straight, which they affirm is done by God's power, not their own. They follow the hand till they come to some place at which they think they have something to do, and then act according to the impressions they feel. I saw one of them whose arm was stretched out go with his hand shut, without anything in it, to a woman; he opened his hand into hers, which he told her to shut up, saying, 'Receive this gift from God.' He was asked what he had given; he answered, 'The Holy Ghost.'

"They require their people to be industrious. One man who had been very indolent was often admonished, but to little effect. An Elder's arm was stretched, it directed him to a hoe and to a stump; he dug up some ants, put them in a box and carried them to the lazy man, saying, 'Go to the ant, thou sluggard! consider her ways and be wise.' They have little or no connection with their neighbors not of their own sect. Esteeming themselves as the only pure and holy people, they are censorious and un-

social with all others. Thus, though many of them have renounced particular vices, yet they have received other unclean spirits worse than the first, viz., idolatry, unsociableness and eunuchism.

"Like all enthusiasts, they lay great stress on trifles; with them it is of importance that their men's hair is short. Chauncey, an eminent Elder, told me that if I was guilty of no other sin but wearing long hair, it would damn me to endless misery. The commands and authority of the church extend to all their actions, and are received as expressing the laws of God. The women and children are under the most abject submission to the master of the house where they live; the laborers and men to the tutors and Elders; and those to the church. A woman cannot give away a meal's victuals to a friend or relative without the express permission of the governor of the house,—even though he is her husband. Nor can a man or maid, servant or child, go to bed without his license first had. The women are obliged to be neat and cleanly in their houses, dress and food.

"They say the Roman Catholic religion is preferable to the Protestant, and next to their own the best in the world. I have this month visited them at their meetings in Loudon, Canterbury and Enfield. At Loudon I spent the Sunday. An Elder preached twice that day. They all fell on their knees several times and prayed; their groanings and sighings resembled the murmuring of many waters. At last several of them prayed aloud, one by one. Then they spoke in their unknown language, danced, whirled, sung, shouted, clapped hands and stamped on the floor with great vehemence. Several ran with great violence from one room to another, striking against the wall as if they would break it down. One young man so running struck his nose against the side of the room, and caused it to bleed freely; after which the poor fellow scarcely moved.

After meeting, numbers of them went into the fields and ran two or three hundred rods, backward and forward, as fast as they could, for half an hour. Some of them at the same time whirled round and round without cessation. When they first began this exercise several of them became dizzy, fell down and vomited; this, they said, was 'putting off the old man and his deeds.' All these things they say are done in obedience to God, and that it is impossible for them to be deceived. At this meeting there was a man who was opposed to them; but his wife was a great zealot. After meeting he observed that marriage and propagation were both lawful and expedient.' Numbers soon gathered round him; one young woman cried out, 'Oh, that cursed lust! I am ashamed of it.' Their noise was loud, resembling that of geese and bulls, with a violent stamping on the floor; many repeating with a strong voice, 'Damn his devil, damn his devil!' This continued for some minutes.

"At Canterbury I attended one of their meetings, with the same antics as at Loudon. After this, some fell on their knees and the rest on their faces, and for fifteen minutes cried, wept and howled like a man bereft of an only son. This done, they performed their other exercises, and ran from room to room, staving through the doors like madmen. On a sudden they all burst out laughing with great vehemence, and so continued for about five minutes. Dancing succeeded this laughter. Weary of standing, I walked into an adjoining room and sat down. Soon a young, active girl came whirling after me; and I am confident she ran round me more than one hundred times, praying, singing, whining, crying, pointing and hissing,

with her tongue out of her mouth. At this time men were saluting men, and women saluting women; indeed, there was no noise or motion but what you might hear or see. Ludicrous as it was, it was performed in a solemn manner.

"At Enfield the exercises were similar to those at Loudon. These people use every method to stifle the voice of nature and prevent rational inquiry. They hurry their proselytes from one kind of exercise to another, animating their minds, and inflaming their passions to such a degree as to preclude all sober investigation. They labor by day, dance half the night, and frequently sleep on the floor by the side of their beds. They say that these exercises have a powerful tendency to prevent intercourse of the sexes. They declare that they see, hear, converse and are familiar with angels. When one has doubts of the truth of their religion, all unite in a most preemphatic manner to defend their creed, and denounce the wrath of God against him. If this does not reclaim him, the Elder to whom he confessed his sins tells him that he has been guilty of other sins, not confessed,—otherwise his former sins would not rise up in judgment against him. Unless he now confesses them all, and cordially returns to the discipline of the church, he is told that all the sins he has confessed shall be made public."

[It is evident that the practices and enthusiasm of the New Hampshire Shakers have changed much since Plumer visited their colonies,—which also are much reduced in the number of residents. For a time they increased and, like all religions, thrived upon the abhorrence and persecution they aroused. But even in Hawthorne's time the Canterbury Shakers had become much more quiet and reasonable, making few proselytes, and conducting themselves like good citizens.—F. B. S.]

THE EVOLUTION OF A CITIZEN.

By Annie E. P. Searing.



IAXES mounting up every year, the streets in disrepair, the schools behind the times, and three breaks in the new water main inside of two weeks!

Everywhere you look in Wiltwyck you see misrule and extravagance!"

Miss Susan Suydam paused to take breath, and Dominie Van Loo, large and placid and sleek in the armchair he had carefully selected, had an aggrieved air. This was to have been a kindly pastoral call. It began to seem more like a lecture.

"And what are the men doing—the men who pay the taxes and represent the better classes? I spoke to my cousin Bogardus the other day, and he laughed in my face for my pains—said politics was a dirty business for gentlemen to soil their fingers with! So you descendants of the old families sit by and do nothing, while a foreign rabble comes in to waste the savings of our ancestors. It's enough to disgust a woman with modern citizenship!"

"Why don't you take a hand at it yourself, Susan? It's getting to be the fashion." The Dominie spoke with intentional malice, for Miss Susan's stern conservatism was well known. She had not lived a half century in the home of her forefathers without impressing most of her prejudices upon the community.

"Why don't I put on pants and a high hat?" was the scornful rejoinder. "I wish you'd ask less facetious questions, and do some preaching on the subject. But you won't; you'll sit and deplore and do nothing, like the rest."

"Dear me, dear me," protested the Dominie; "I do what I can, what any

clergyman can; I try to influence men to better ideals—better ideals, you know;" and as Miss Susan rose to her majestic height and rung for tea, he felt the tension relaxed by the diversion. He reflected as she walked how much better the despised garment she alluded to would have become her masculine figure than did petticoats. Nature must have originally designed her for a man, strong, dominating, aggressive, but by one of her freaks she had encased an essentially virile heart and mind in a woman's body. Miss Susan seemed to have accumulated in her person all the vigor and manly force of a long line of Dutch ancestors and, as an accompanying inheritance, an intense conservatism, that wrapped itself in the strength of her character as in a cloak. She dominated every one with whom she came into relation; she managed her own affairs and those of her invalid sister; she brought up her little niece and ruled her servants like an autocrat; but she believed as strongly as any Jacobite ever believed in the divine right of kings, that man and man alone was made to govern in Church and State and family. It was the disappointment of her life that her brother's girl was not a boy. Gladly would she have knelt at the shrine of a male relative, gladly have abdicated in time to him,—so she thought.

The Dominie went and sat by Miss Mary's chair, where he breathed more freely. People always felt comfortable in her vicinity. She never made demands. Miss Susan made you feel that she expected great things of you. Miss Mary took you as you were and smiled.

"It is hard for Sister to bear,"—she spoke in a propitiating tone, as she

often did. "The street was torn up three times during the autumn, so that the carriage couldn't get out of our avenue. Of course it did not matter to me, as I never go out; but it naturally annoyed Sister."

Miss Susan rearranged the tray of delicate old china, while the butler stood at "attention company" front to receive the cup when she had done pouring out of the silver pot, grumbled over some observations to herself, and, when she had finished, leaned back in her chair and delivered an ultimatum. The Dominie, stirring in his sugar, and Miss Mary, delicately sipping, thought she had suddenly gone crazy, but "my brother's little girl," on her low seat against the chimney jamb, received the announcement with a glad jump of the heart.

"I have made up my mind," announced Miss Susan firmly, "to bring up a citizen myself. I shall take a boy from somewhere and train him up to represent this household as a voter; and I'll see that he votes for the right things."

"Adopt another child!" exclaimed Miss Mary faintly.

"Well, I didn't say 'adopt;' I said, 'train up,'—which I take to mean educate and provide for."

The Dominie interposed a first difficulty: Where would she propose to find the boy? But that was easily brushed away. Boys were plenty, and free education beyond a certain point not going begging.

"For that matter you can find the boy, Dominie, a boy that would be suited to such a career."

"The career would be to represent you as a citizen?"

Miss Susan was not to be daunted by a little irony. "Precisely,—and I guess he'd find in it a good deal of happiness. Anyway, he'd be useful, and maybe he isn't so very, where he is."

Like many another resolution, this scheme of Miss Susan's had long lain inchoate in her brain, until discussion

and opposition suddenly propelled it full blown into life. Somewhat to her own surprise she found herself armed with answers to every objection and plans for surmounting each difficulty that was presented. She made it all seem so plausible and simple that Miss Mary at last succumbed and joined her side. The boy, who would be a nice boy, and creditable, of course, would live with them and go to school. In the fulness of time they would send him to college and give him a profession—the law. Then he would come home and set up in business as the ideal citizen. He would go to the primaries, for he would have read Fiske and got himself well imbued with the duties of man to the State. He would run for alderman: in short, he would enter active politics from a high plane. If he ultimately got into Congress or the presidential chair they could hardly find fault, though they would hope that he would wish to devote his activities to the regeneration of Wiltwyck.

The child in the chimney corner shut her writing pad into her book and laid it down on the hearth, abandoning herself, as she hugged her knees, to the delights of that dream of future companionship. The shadowy presence might be "a citizen" to her aunt; to her it was a boy. It was to be somebody to company with on equal terms in a household of elderly people. He might go to Congress or sit on juries, if he pleased, when he grew up; but while he wore short trousers he would presumably take a natural interest in such things as kites and bicycles and lawn tennis. Blissful thought—he might be able to help her over the hard spots in the detested Cæsar; and one never knows what heights a boy may reach to explain those mystic examples where daily labor got itself into terms of sheep, and imaginary canals of improbable size went wandering over the face of the globe to make little girls wretched.

It was not long after that, that Dominie Van Loo happened on the

very boy seemingly designed by Providence as a base on which Miss Susan might build her fabric of citizenship. He was the orphaned child of a Methodist minister, and lived with an uncle on a farm about six miles out of town. Nobody wanted him very much where he was, and the Suydams were quite welcome to him. He was fifteen, and well along in his studies at the academy, walking in and out daily.

So Towns came. His quiet entrance made less change in the household than might have been expected. He stepped in in an unnoticed way quite characteristic of him. One day he wasn't there, and the next day he was, and that was about all there was to it. His gentle, studious ways, his good manners and neatness endeared him at once to the aunts; and as Miss Susan looked him over the first few days, taking account of his sturdy health and manly figure, his thoughtful face and general earnestness, she said decidedly that he would do.

Lucy was not at first so certain that he filled her more youthful requirements. He no longer wore short trousers, and the accompanying interest in boyish sports seemed lacking. But there proved to be no knot that Cæsar could tie but what Towns could sever, and the most impossible stints the arithmetic could set he did by divination. This girl had but twelve years' experience of life, and yet in her childish way she estimated the boy more shrewdly than her elders. She conceded his mathematical superiority with an admiring sigh—some people were born that way; but she measured his capacities early in their acquaintance and dominated him accordingly. He had a slow, faithful mind, and he climbed the ladder of learning round after round by laborious mental processes, gaining at each step a sure footing. She made sudden birdlike ascents, now and then skipping a step and again pausing over long. He had firm resistive elements and those qualities that

make men of a negative integrity. She was constructive, aggressive, having that rarer strength that hews out the path and casts up a highway—the quality that makes a leader.

These were the factors in the game of life that Miss Susan in her blind goodness had set herself to play. These were the contributions of mind and heart that nature had collected from various ancestors and dumped into the respective laps of her two children. Miss Susan set herself to moulding a man of affairs, of action, of expedients, an ideal politician; and the clay she took to model with was the product of generations of phlegmatic, unperceptive, farming people, of isolated lives, who were apathetically religious, unreflectively honorable, insensitively faithful. Old mother Nature, looking on, held her sides, for she has a sense of humor. Meanwhile there was always Lucy, overlooked as not being a factor in the great problem, since she was a mere female.

Through the long winter evenings Miss Susan faithfully worked to carry out her programme; and if poor Towns wearied a little, under the constant administration of history and civics in various forms and dilutions, he made no sign, but received his portion in patience, after his other lessons were done. He listened, as he did everything else, faithfully, honestly, but without enthusiasm or comment. The mention of Lexington or Mobile Bay awoke no thrill in him, and the early struggles out of which the Constitution emerged and the nation was born, the persuasive periods of Hamilton and the eloquence of Patrick Henry, left him unmoved by any emotion other than a problem in geometry or the mastery of a Greek verb would have produced.

Not so with Lucy, listening uninvited, but unhindered. Her blue eyes would flash responsive where she sat absorbed. These were great deeds of great men, and she felt herself a part of it all. Had she not made that gallant rush up Bunker Hill with her

fighting ancestor?—the old flintlock in the hall bore silent witness. Had she not a part in Mobile Bay?—there hung the old portrait in officer's uniform to testify. A fine stern old face, indeed! Had she not taken a hand in that early forming of the State? The child's nose and chin held a faithful copy of the lines of contour of the old engraving of her forefather hanging in the old Senate House. In every bone and fibre and brain cell was she made up, as was her Aunt Susan, of those early builders and defenders of the country. Her whole race tendency made lines of impulse on which her intellectual activity would move with least resistance.

"Oh, it's such a splendid country!" she cried once when the reading was finished. "I'd like to do something to help it along—fight for it—wouldn't you, Towns?—or help rule it!"

Miss Susan smiled indulgently. "Women were not made to fight, Lucy, or to rule. God never meant them to behave like men,—and governing and making war are men's work."

"Didn't the women of the Revolution have to tend to town meetings while the men were off fighting?"

"Certainly not," said Miss Susan proudly. "The women of the Revolution knew their sphere and never tried to get out of it. Women belong in the home, Lucy,—never forget that."

"There was our great-great-grandmother," said the child reflecting, "the county clerk's wife, you know, Auntie, and she harnessed her horses and bundled all the public papers and her children into the wagon and let her house burn while she fled to Hurlley. That was when the British burned Wiltwyck, and the men had gone to war. She had to act like a man, you know, because her slaves all ran away."

"Of course there are exceptional times, child," allowed Miss Susan.

"And then women have governed, Auntie. There was Elizabeth and

Mary and Victoria, and Queen Isabella, and—and a lot of others I can't think of now went to war and led armies, you know."

But Miss Susan's dismissal was prompt and final. "Little girls can't understand these things; and it's high time you were in bed."

"Queen Isabella and a lot of others" remained unaccounted for, and in the course of time the child put many a fact or deduction away in the same category. As she grew older she thought for herself more surely,—and for Towns also. He got into a habit of accepting her conclusions half unconsciously. It was by a similar slow and unconscious process that he developed for her a doglike adoration; and this was never plain to him till the wrench came of going away to college.

Miss Susan packed and sent him off to his new duties and prayed and hoped for fresh inspiration and fresh impetus to come to him there. Miss Mary kissed him good by, and cried over him in her sweet, neutral way; but no one missed him perhaps so much as Lucy. She was a tall slip of a girl then, pretty with that beauty of youth and good breeding and intelligent humor of expression that transforms even plain features to attractive grace. It was not long after that that she made her first stand of opposition.

"I've made up my mind to go to college, Aunt Susan."

Miss Susan took her eyeglasses off and looked her niece carefully over, as if to identify her. "That's the most absurd thing you've said yet," she volunteered; "and you'll never be able to talk me round to that notion. I've no patience with these girls going to college; aping men,—that's what it is."

The girl made no reply, and her aunt interpreted her silence as ominous of persistency. She had taken up her book to indicate that the subject was finished. Presently she laid it down again and issued a supplement. "I hope you won't speak of it again, Lucy."

"I'll try not to, if you don't like to hear it, Aunt; but it will naturally be in my mind—while I'm preparing. I suppose I have money enough?"

"It's not a question of money,"—Miss Susan felt the exasperation of one who is beating against a rock,—*"it's a matter of sex difference. The women of my family have never been mannish."* Lucy smiled inwardly. She remembered how some one had once described her Aunt Susan as a *"fine manly woman."*

There were further discussions and differences on the subject; but the girl stood firm in her intention, and her aunt finally yielded to the consideration of Lucy's ultimate responsibility for herself. In the two years before her niece left, Miss Susan got somewhat used to the idea, so that the rough edge of the disappointment was worn off; but she never got over the conviction that the curriculum of a college unsexed a girl. She always felt that Lucy's course had been in some vague way discreditable, though she came in time to feel a great pride in her attainments. Year after year Lucy led her class, while Towns had only held his own by the most faithful industry.

Towns took his degree in due course, and came home to enter a law office, in obedience to the scheme of his education. The two young people met only in the vacations. The boy's love grew and developed with his growth, and his admiration of Lucy's person and attributes was unstinted. This led to an espousal of her course in the next issue between her aunt and herself, when his prejudice would naturally have put him on the other side. It was when Lucy, at the close of her course, won a foreign fellowship of two years. She came home with the great news and announced her choice of international law and sociology.

"Law!" Miss Susan sat down and gave herself up to this last shock in dumb horror. What that new-fangled "ology" might be she did not know—

probably something equally improper for a woman to be engaged in; but law!—it was—yes, it was positively immodest! The girl as she talked in her unconscious enthusiasm was so delicately pretty in her slim youthfulness, her hair curling childishly about her forehead, her pervasive femininity evidenced in each little trick of dress and manner, that poor Miss Susan could not believe this last departure to be genuine. It was like a nightmare. Lucy must waken presently to a sense of her fitting sphere. Meanwhile she must do her duty by her brother's child. So she found voice at last and proceeded to argue, storm, persuade,—but to no purpose. She called in Miss Mary, and finally Towns, to witness and assist; but it was useless. Lucy on her side remained serene and courteous, while her aunt was neither, and finally it developed in the unequal contest that the allies had gone over, horse, foot and dragoons, to the winning side! Miss Mary reminded her sister that Lucy was of age and in possession of her income, and should be in a way free, while Towns averred that so many girls were nowadays entering his profession that the law was becoming an eminently ladylike pursuit. The height of exasperation was reached when in reply to a sally of Miss Susan's, Lucy maintained that she was pursuing a duty to her family no less than herself in persisting in the course she had marked out.

"A likely story!" cried Miss Susan. "Disgrace your family and yourself—then give the performance the fine name of duty!—that's what a man's education does for a woman!"

Of course she went in the end, though with the compromise of an elderly cousin for chaperon. It was during the preparations for departure that Miss Susan's next great blow was dealt her. Towns announced one morning that he felt a call he could no longer disregard, to enter the ministry, and to add to the poignancy of this Lucy stood by him in his resolve. As might have been expected, she at

once took the initiative in his championship and pleaded his cause. She said she was sorry he felt that he must alter his plans and appear to thwart Miss Susan; but a man should be true to himself first,—and after all a clergyman should be of all men the most effective citizen. Miss Susan had not found them to be so, but she felt silenced by the inscrutable sense of being in the wrong. Surely a God-fearing woman could not oppose a young man desiring to enter His service; and yet she felt keenly that thus far in her experience that service had never seemed to embrace the service of the State.

It was after the young people were gone, one abroad and the other to the theological seminary, that she voiced her first misgiving. It was at twilight, when they always missed Lucy the most, and everything seemed changed and lonely, as if something had died out of the old house.

"I guess there isn't much use trying to help the Lord make plans for other folks. We generally interfere with His." Miss Mary kept silence, for she knew the salve for sore hearts.

Time got in its subtle readjustments and distintegrations in the two years before Lucy came home. She found the aunts older and grayer, and Miss Susan talked less of the regeneration of Wiltwyck and the world in general when the Dominie came in to tea. She complained occasionally of the mismanagement of the estate by the lawyers; and when Lucy offered to take a legal hand at getting things to rights, she stiffly disclaimed any intention of letting a woman manage her law business. But there came into the house with the girl's return a rush of light and cheer and gladness. She was so radiantly happy in the home coming, so demonstrative and loving, so full of strength and confidence, that the most obdurate of hearts could not long have resisted her. And in all their differences Miss Susan's heart had never hardened toward her. She felt to her as the hen

must feel when she finds herself the foster parent of ducks. Something is wrong with the established order of the universe. Very dear, very sweet, are these—but not chickens!

Poor Miss Susan was fated to brood only alien eggs. There was Towns. He was as unexpected and disappointing a product as Lucy. In the period of theological study he had finally left the conservative browsing of the old Dutch church and gone into the fold of Episcopalianism, becoming an extreme ritualist, and was now known as "Father Towns." He tried his best to carry out his benefactor's wishes. He attended primaries faithfully, where his shovel hat and long-skirted coat were buffeted and pushed about in the crowd. He tried to vote on the right side, but in the obscurity of party complications, into which he could never become initiated, he rarely found out which side was right. His sitting in the board of aldermen Miss Susan gradually gave up as a dream of the past, for there seemed no way to get him there. For all his help or hindrance, the public funds were still misspent, the streets unclean, and her interests untended; but she remained true to him, swallowing one disappointment after another. He lived at home, but they read no more history or civics in the evenings. Towns had always mission meetings or services to attend. Perhaps in time she apprehended the essential law of difference between the eggs of ducks and chickens, and bowed to it. At any rate, when Lucy came back she found the aunts going along quietly enough in the old ruts of habit, and disapproval at least produced no longer any outward protest or friction.

The girl began at once to enter on the activities she had designed for herself, and Miss Susan, recognizing the dominant spirit of her niece, in spite of its perversions, as twin to her own, resigned herself to whatever enormities of behavior the future might reveal. Lucy was sometimes filled with

compunction and pity for her aunt's outraged sense of convention. Once she tried to suggest an amend.

"It's too bad, Aunty, I have to worry you so! Perhaps I'd better live somewhere else."

"No," said Miss Susan grimly; "you belong to us; you're our child, no matter how you behave. The worse it is, the more you need our protection."

That was the day Lucy was admitted to the bar. Miss Susan felt that if her niece had developed lunacy or leprosy they would have shielded her. How much more that protection was needed since she had acquired the worse disease of being a New Woman. As for Miss Mary, shut away to the life of an invalid's chair, she concerned herself but little with the issues at odds. Lucy had come home like a new breath of life to her, and that was enough. To all the girl had to tell of her goings and comings and doings, she gave hungry attention, and was satisfied.

Lucy opened an office and, defying precedent, became her own first client, taking in hand at once the management of her estate. She did so well with her affairs that in time her Aunt Susan's rock-like prejudice broke down so far as to yield over the family business to her. It came about in time also that municipal suffrage was granted to women in Wiltywyck, and after a great reform campaign three women were seated on the Common Council. Among them was Lucy Suydam. Towns joined a brotherhood and went to live in the slums of New York. That was after he had proposed marriage to Lucy and been refused. She shook her head sadly when she did it, for she loved him, and told the truth after her

habit. She said it was too incongruous—too unnatural! Nature is a humorist, and the fear of her laughter sometimes saves us from mistakes.

Once in the twilight over his teacup, the poor old Dominie thought to sum up her blessings for Miss Susan. "After all," he blundered along, warmed by the soothing beverage to a kind of satisfaction in things as they were,—“after all, Susan, your dreams have been realized. Your schemes of regeneration have been carried out, your family is represented—you have trained up the ideal citizen!” He bowed blandly to Lucy in her old corner on the hearth.

Miss Susan felt it very hard to bear. She shut her thin lips tightly as she watched the fire, and then she said, "You are quite mistaken. Nothing *nothing*, came out as I wished!"

"Poor Aunty!" Lucy spoke with a pathetic little half laugh, "she shot at a pigeon and killed a crow!"

"Ah!" said the Dominie, not quite catching the meaning, and then with vague comprehension and the desire to reconcile consequences to causes "‘Paul may plant,’ you know, ever Paul, and—"

"And I am no Paul!" broke in Miss Susan sharply.

It took sometimes more grace than the poor woman could muster to reconcile that heartbreaking reversal in the lots of her two children. She knew, she believed, that it must somehow be for the best,—but, why,—oh why!

Lucy in the chimney corner, her thoughts half wandering with Town in the byways of a great city, felt thrill of sympathy and perfect understanding. She went over and kissed her aunt on the cheek.

UNITARIANISM IN AMERICA.

By George Willis Cooke.

THE histories and books of reference usually state that Unitarianism in New England began in 1815; but the spirit that found expression in it was brought to America with the Pilgrims and the Puritans. Its origins are not to be sought in the religious indifference and torpidity of the eighteenth century, but in the individualism and the rational temper of the men who settled Plymouth, Salem and Boston. Its development is coextensive with the origin and growth of congregationalism, even with that of Protestantism itself. Not being a creed or a sect, its essential truths and its spirit are at the heart of all modern Christianity and of every attempt to make of it a great world-philanthropy or to bring it into harmony with philosophy and science. So long as New England has been in existence, for so long, at least, has Unitarianism in its motives and its rational temper been at work in the name of toleration, individualism and the spirit of free inquiry.

In the broad and prophetic ideas of John Robinson, in the intense love of liberty of Sir Henry Vane, in the sturdy sense and rational judgments of John Winthrop, in the humanitarian spirit of Sir Richard Salstonstall, in the fidelity of Roger Williams to toleration and his keen insight into

the meaning of soul liberty, what is now called Unitarianism in this country had its beginnings. Even if these men were Calvinists in theology, as was the fashion of thought in their time and place, yet they set going a way of thinking and of regarding human duties that caused their successors to break away almost inevitably from their teachings. In so far as they loved political and religious liberty, fostered the spirit of free inquiry, sought to reduce Christianity to faith in Christ and single-hearted confidence in the Bible, and applied reason to the interpretation of religion, as they did to some extent in all these particulars, were they preparing the way for Unitarianism.

Three tendencies of the founders of New England became in time the

most characteristic features of what is known as liberal Christianity. The Pilgrims, and in lesser degree the Puritans, were democrats, or what we now know as individualists. They held more strongly than was done in Europe in the seventeenth century to the conception of personal loyalty to Christ, and sal-

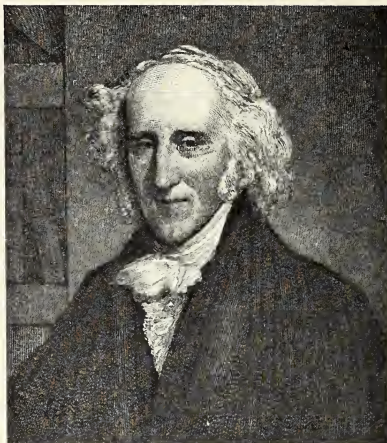


JONATHAN MAYHEW.

vation they made distinctly individual in their theory of conversion. In fact, to them the individual man was in every direction the central force,—in religion, in politics and in morals. This led to those

frequent assertions of individual opinion with which the founders of Massachusetts had to contend, and which, as soon as outward restriction was removed by William and Mary in their demand for toleration, showed itself in a constantly growing and widening expression of individualism in politics and religion. Throughout the eighteenth century was developing that democratic spirit which found manifestation in American independence and the Unitarian movement.

Another tendency was that towards simplification in religion, which in



JAMES FREEMAN.

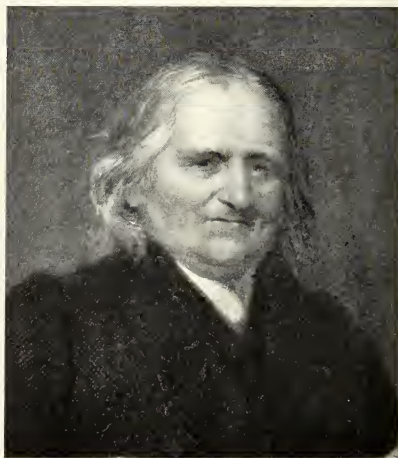
stated and were such as are fundamental in the beliefs of Christians of every sect and party. Such was the nature of the covenants that they permitted of indefinite growth in opinion and belief; and in a number of instances they are still retained by churches that have become Unitarian. The constitution of these churches not being credal, when individuals became liberal they could be retained as members without difficulty; and in time the church itself could as easily join the broader company. This tendency was fostered by that spirit of church independency which became one of the chief characteristics of



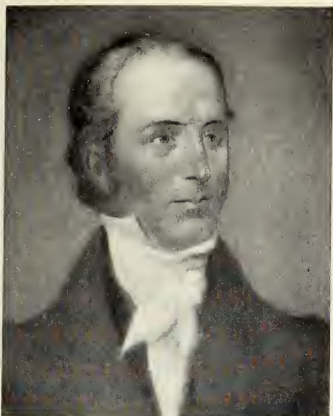
CHARLES CHAUNCY.

From the painting in the Massachusetts Historical Society's Collection.

time became the most distinguishing feature of Unitarianism. In the covenants of all the early churches, including almost without exception those formed in the seventeenth century, there is nothing in the form of a creed or of doctrinal statement. The covenant was an expression of obligation, of personal loyalty to Christ as the head of the church, of individual desire for his guidance and inspiration, and a pledge of those accepting it that they would be loyal to each other in Christian admonition and charity. While the covenants were not free by any means from doctrinal implications, yet these were simply



NOAH WORCESTER.



JOSEPH TUCKERMAN.

New England congregationalism from the end of the seventeenth century.

A third tendency was that towards rationalism in the interpretation of the Bible, which manifested itself from the very beginnings of New England. The eager and inquisitive searching of the Bible on every occasion and in regard to every human concern, instead of keeping men loyal to the Puritan doctrines, silently and irresistibly led them away from those teachings. The people were taught to seek the Bible as the direct and authentic revelation of God, the final court of appeal in religion, morals and politics alike, and that every man and woman had the right to search it for himself. The growing individualism would not rest contented with the old explanations, but every passage was discussed, all the doctrines were every day brought anew to the test of common sense and applicability to human needs. There could be but one result of such demands upon such a people, that there should slowly but surely come new interpretations into acceptance. This is what we see tak-

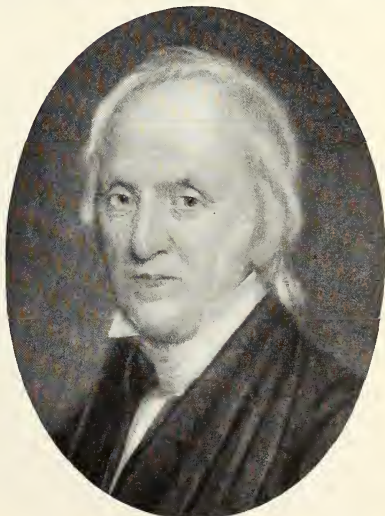
ing place throughout the eighteenth century in regard to all the Bible doctrines, and then the growth of new schools of thought and the swift arising of new sects during the last half of that century.

Turning over the sermons and pamphlets printed in great numbers from 1680 to 1730, we find the word Arminian appearing with growing frequency. It was then a somewhat indefinite word for a very indefinite thing, a mere word with which to condemn vice, general depravity, independency in thinking or spiritual insight into larger truth, on the part of preachers who thought themselves



HENRY WARE, JR.

especially called to the defence of orthodoxy. The great Hollander who in the seventeenth century held that the individual man can do something about his own salvation, that he can and ought to try to live as he thinks God demands, and that he need not and ought not to wait for the sovereignty of God to do everything for him, gave his Latin name to the Armin-



AARON BANCROFT.



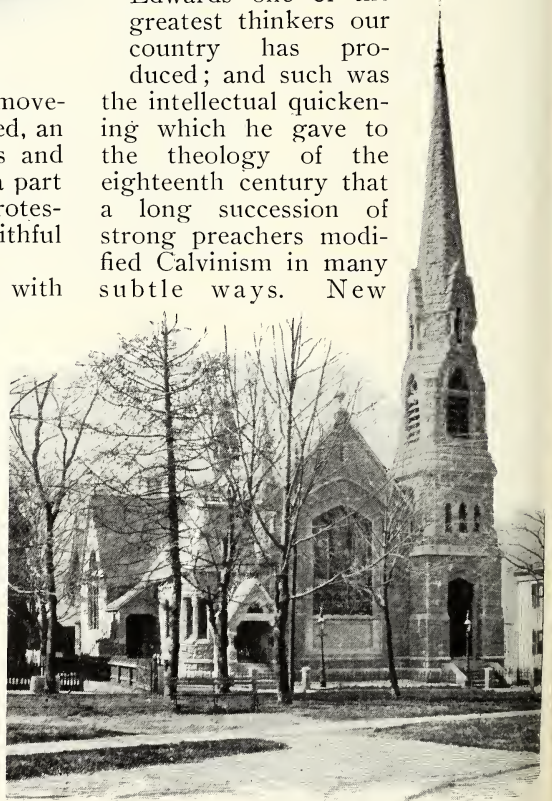
FIRST CHURCH, BOSTON.

ian movement. It was a movement rather than a sect or a creed, an assertion of free will in morals and democracy in religion, and was a part of that growing tendency of Protestantism to find and to remain faithful to its own spirit.

From the study of the Bible with assiduous purpose, and from the reading of English books as opportunity offered, albeit not with too great frequency, came Arminianism. In the sermons of the time it was said that, while grace is the way of God's method, men ought of themselves to live good lives, and this would help to the coming of the supernatural grace to its own work. Then the preachers dared to say that faith is not all, and that good works authenticate it and give it meaning. These seem very commonplace things to say now, and nobody thinks of denying them; but they were great new truths at the begin-

ning of the eighteenth century, and truths that were called heresy with a great deal of anger and sharp criticism. Such Arminianism as there was, however, can be best described as a part of the growing democratic impulse of the time, the searching for freedom of the individual and his right to utter his own mind, rather than any definitely formulated departure from Calvinism. So far as culture was advancing or coming to have any meaning for a man here and there, it was a part of the same tendency.

Then came the Great Awakening, one of the most remarkable and far-reaching religious manifestations in its effects that this continent has ever witnessed. It revived Calvinism into new life and power. It found in Jonathan Edwards one of the greatest thinkers our country has produced; and such was the intellectual quickening which he gave to the theology of the eighteenth century that a long succession of strong preachers modified Calvinism in many subtle ways. New



CHANNING MEMORIAL, NEWPORT.

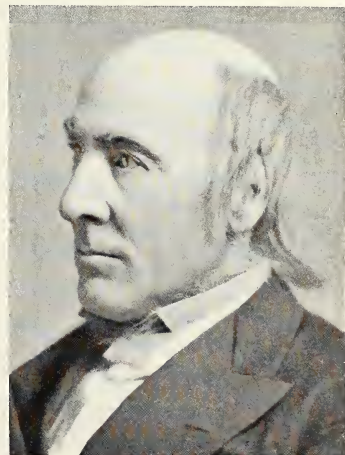


FIRST CHURCH, PLYMOUTH.

churches were organized as the result of the revival, the congregations were largely increased, and religion became a more vital and practical interest; but there was also strong reaction, many rebelled against the excesses and follies of the revival, and Arminianism spoke out clearly and strongly. To the revival is due what has been called the New England theology; and to it is also due the Unitarian movement. To understand this it must be kept clearly in mind that the Calvinism of the eighteenth century was on the one hand tritheism and on the other fatalism. A trinity of manifestations was not then taught, but that there are three distinct divine beings—working to one end, it is true, but three persons none the less. The sovereignty of God was so taught as practically to mean fatalism of the grimmest and most pitiless kind, man being held absolutely subject to the tyrannical will of a merciless deity. Such being that which was taught as Calvinism, albeit far enough from what Calvin himself gave to the world in his system, it is not surprising that a people aspiring to the spirit of democracy and to the full intent of indi-

vidualism should rebel, in the name of the Bible and because Christ said nothing of like purport.

Before the revival had come to an end a new problem presented itself to inquiring minds, that of the relations of Christ to God. Rebelling against the tritheism that was taught in the name of Calvin, and having no philosophy by means of which to work out a larger conception of their relations to deity, they fell back on a purely practical interpretation, and said that as the son is subordinate in the house of his father, so is Christ in his position with reference to God. The technical name for this view is Arianism, from the name of a famous theologian of the third century. To some extent this doctrine came over from England, but much more largely it was worked out from the pages of the Bible itself, by men who loved its every word and held it their highest duty to find just what it means, as God gave it to man for his instruction. Many were the pamphlets printed in affirmation or denial of these opinions, and men came to be known as Arians who did not love the name nor wish to be so condemned



HENRY W. BELLOWS.



KING'S CHAPEL.

as heretical. This may be affirmed of them, however, that they believed in the Bible even more zealously than those of the other party, and that their loyalty to Christ was in no degree weakened. What came about was that the liberals demanded a return to the simplicity of the gospel teachings, and that they rejected all creeds as obstructions between the soul and Christ.

The chief opponent of the excesses of the revival was Charles Chauncy of the First Church in Boston, who was a strong preacher, a ready writer, and a man of sound judgment and wisdom. He printed many sermons and wrote a dozen books, some of them presenting the Arian doctrine and some of them affirming universal salvation; but always he was vigorous, wise and effective. He was one of the leading preachers in New England from a pulpit which he occupied for sixty years, dying in 1787. In the West Church of Boston, from 1747 to 1766, was Jonathan Mayhew, and he was without question the most influential preacher in New England during the eighteenth century, not by reason of the numbers who heard him, but in the character of the men whose opinions were shaped by him. He distinctly rejected the doctrine of the trinity and affirmed the simple unity of God. Almost alone of the preachers of his time his sermons can be read now with interest and satis-



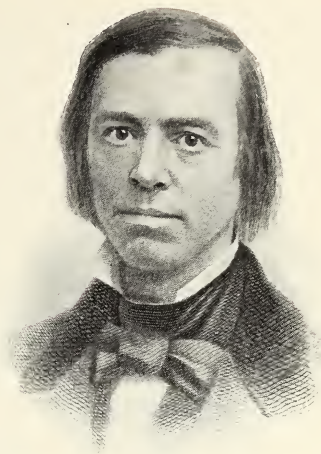
INTERIOR OF KING'S CHAPEL.



FREDERICK H. HEDGE.

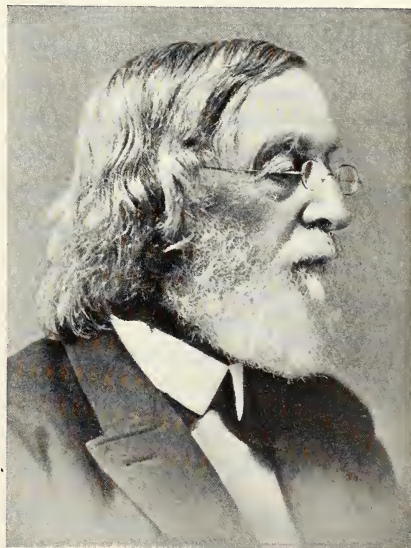
faction, so broad were they and so modern in spirit. With these men should be named Ebenezer Gay of Hingham, Samuel West of New Bedford, Jeremy Belknap of Boston, William Bentley of Salem, Ezra Ripley of Concord, James Freeman of Boston, and many more.

What these men affirmed was a religion adapted to human needs, that would give to men deep pieties and profound spiritual convictions. They had no scheme of theology to defend, and they widely differed from each other. Some went only so far as to believe that man is free to serve God from the motives that are natural to him; others held to the subordinate but supernatural and preëxistent nature of Christ; and others maintained that broadness and liberality should characterize the work of every Christian teacher. This individualistic tendency was showing itself everywhere, in the infidelities that came over from France at the time of the Revolution, in the growth of the Baptist denomination and its noble warfare for separation of Church and State, in the appearance of the Universalists in many parts of the country and the rapid spread of their doctrines, and in the rejection of creeds and metaphysical doctrines on the part of sev-



THOMAS STARR KING.

eral bodies calling themselves Disciples or Christians. These movements and several others of the last years of the eighteenth century were really of kindred nature in their democratic spirit and in their assertion of a strong individualism. They carried Americanism over from the realm of politics into that of religion, and in them the common people spoke for humanitarianism and equality.



JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.



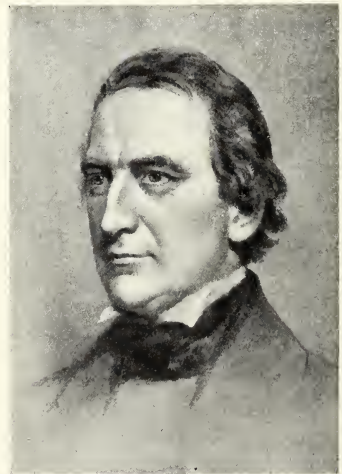
PARKMAN.
SPARKS.

PALFREY.
BANCROFT.

MOTLEY.
PRESCOTT.

With the beginning of the nineteenth century Unitarianism was named with that name, though the substance of its teaching had been heard for more than half a century. It was not a word of preachers only, nor the outgrowth of mere theological speculation in the study, for its aim was practical far more than theoretical. As early as 1777, Timothy Pickering, Secretary of State under Washington, whose home was in Salem, Massachusetts, became a Unitarian. In 1797 Joseph Story worked his way into Unitarianism while a student at Harvard. Several years earlier John Adams had arrived at the same conclusion, as did Thomas Jefferson. With these men might be named many statesmen, merchants, physicians, lawyers and teachers, who went the same way from the same causes.

With the beginning of the nineteenth century there came in several directions definite declarations of Uni-



JAMES WALKER.

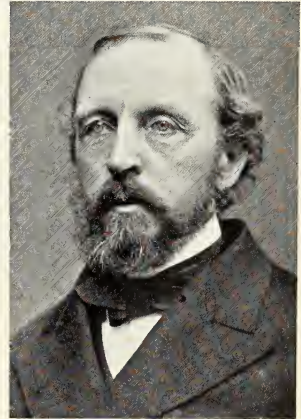
tarian beliefs. In 1805 were published Hosea Ballou's "Treatise on the Atonement," which was unequivocally Unitarian, although written by a Universalist, and John Sherman's "One God in One Person Only." Five years later appeared Noah Worcester's "Bible News of Father, Son and Holy Ghost," which was widely read and caused much discussion. In 1803 *The Monthly Anthology* was begun in Boston, the first genuinely literary magazine published in the country, which was edited by William Emerson and Samuel C. Thacher, pastors of Boston churches that were on the liberal side. They were aided by Dr. Gardiner, the rector of Trinity Church, Joseph Buckminster of the Brattle Street Church, and others of like character and love of learning, who organized themselves into the Anthology Club for the management of the magazine, and who started a reading room that grew into the Boston Athenæum, now the best working library in the country. After a little *The Anthology* spoke out on the liberal side, and its pages became a defence of a broad and tolerant Christianity. But most important of all in causing discussion was the election of Henry Ware, a country minister at Hingham to the Hollis professorship at Harvard, a position that made him the pastor of the college congregation and the moral instructor of the undergraduates. This act was regarded by the conservatives with great concern,

and the Andover Theological School was founded in 1808 as a counteracting influence.

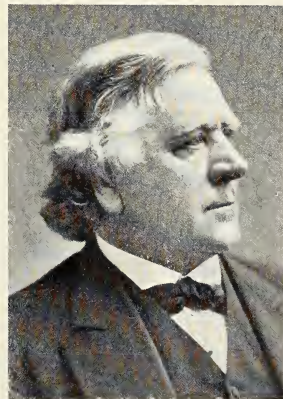
What brought division was the publication of a pamphlet of one hundred pages in 1815, being a chapter from an English book in which were given letters from ministers in Boston and the vicinity reporting that Unitarian doctrines were held by this man and that. In "The Panoplist" this little book was commented on as showing that the liberals were of the same kind with the English Unitarians, and that they were too cowardly to say out plainly what they thought. To these statements William Ellery Channing, the minister of



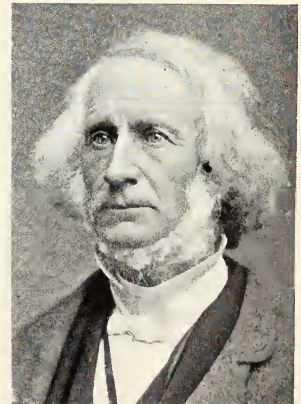
RUFUS P. STEBBINS.



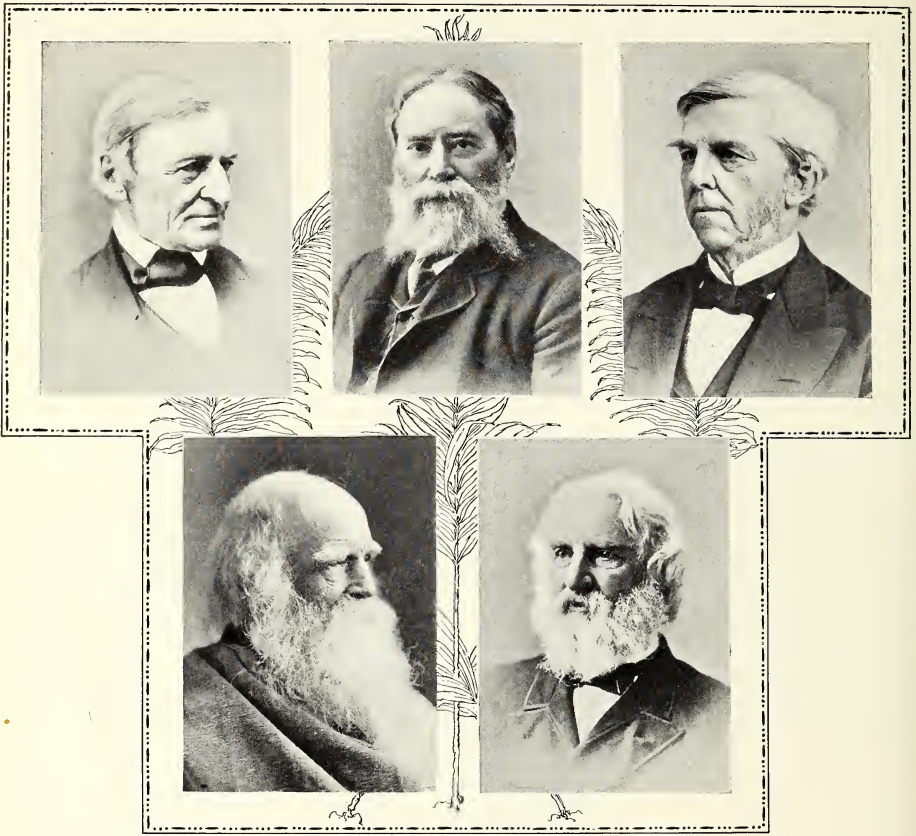
WILLIAM R. ALGER.



ROBERT COLLYER.



CYRUS BARTOL.



EMERSON.

LOWELL.

HOLMES.

BRYANT.

LONGFELLOW.

the Federal Street Church, made reply, saying that he and his friends were not humanitarians, as were the English Unitarians, that they regarded Christ only as of lesser authority and power than God himself, and that they were in no sense cowards in refusing to preach on questions of a controversial character. They had not left their congregations in any doubt, however, as to the positions they held or the motives that actuated them. It is not now necessary to follow this and other discussions. They were not altogether creditable to

either side, and if a little more toleration had been exhibited the separation that followed might have been avoided. There was not one



HARVARD DIVINITY SCHOOL LIBRARY.

of the men on the liberal side in 1815 or 1825 who had gone more widely astray from Calvinism than have scores of the leading preachers in the Orthodox Congregational churches of the present day.

From 1815 onwards for twenty years was the period of division in the "standing order" of New England, in that congregational body of churches that had been the heart of its life from the beginning. This divisive process was complicated with considerations of the ownership of church property, with political questions as to the rule of the leading men



CHARLES W. ELIOT.

or the body of the common people, and with the problem of the relations of Church and State. After the separation there was manifested in the liberal churches a strong tendency to independency, on the part of many of the older and richer societies, and also a spirit of individualism on the part of the men who were the most prominent and influential. These tendencies made it difficult to organize a new denomination; and what most of the liberal men desired was to keep clear of every phase of the sectarian spirit, so hateful had it become to those who had felt its blight upon them. Such men as Channing refused to join in organizing a new religious body, and the Unitarians have



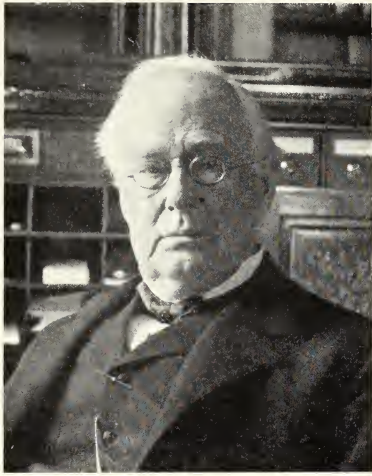
DOROTHEA LYNDE DIX.

generally gone with him in calling theirs a "movement" and not a sect. So strong has been this feeling on the part of this "unsectarian sect" that it has been impossible to create in it those methods of proselyting that have been widely acceptable in other religious bodies.

In 1813 was begun the publication of *The Christian Disciple* by Noah Worcester, which grew in 1824 into *The Christian Examiner*, which continued until 1869 as an able and independent journal of the liberal religion. In 1821 *The Christian Register* began its noble career as a weekly journal devoted to the Unitarian cause. As early as 1815 *The North American Review* entered upon its long career, and deserves mention



JULIA WARD HOWE.



GEORGE F. HOAR.

here, because for fifty years it was edited by such Unitarians as Edward Everett, Jared Sparks, John Gorham Palfrey and Andrew P. Peabody, while during the same period nearly all its contributors were of the same religious party. This was not because other writers were excluded, but because the men and women who were attracted to such a periodical and were best fitted to furnish the contributions suited to its pages were Unitarians. At the same time the Unitarians were furnishing the governors, congressmen, judges and other leaders of political and social life in Massachusetts and the great merchants and manufacturers who were building up her economic interests to a high state of development. The people selected them to govern the State because they did it well and honestly, although they were undoubtedly in the minority of voters.

When the division in congregationalism took place, the Unitarians had only about one hundred churches in Massachusetts and about twenty-five

in other parts of New England, to which should be added less than a dozen west of the Hudson River. These churches were thoroughly imbued with the spirit and methods of independency and little inclined to act with each other. They were devoted to all the philanthropies, giving largely for charitable purposes and for the founding of colleges and other educational institutions. In Boston societies of every kind were organized in behalf of reforms and charities, for helping seamen, for promoting temperance, for the protection of children, for spreading the Bible broadcast, and for a hundred other good causes, in aid of which Unitarians were zealously active; in

fact, they furnished the money and the working force in nearly every one of them.

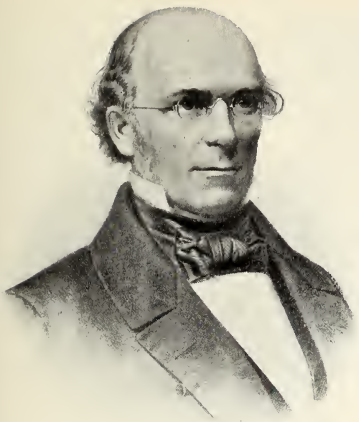
Two of the men who were leaders in this kind of work may be mentioned as especially noteworthy in their charitable activities. The first of these was Noah Worcester, who has been called "the Apostle of Peace," for he organized the first peace society in the world and edited



JOHN D. LONG.



CARROLL D. WRIGHT.



THEODORE PARKER.

for several years the first periodical advocating that cause. He was zealously devoted to the promotion of this

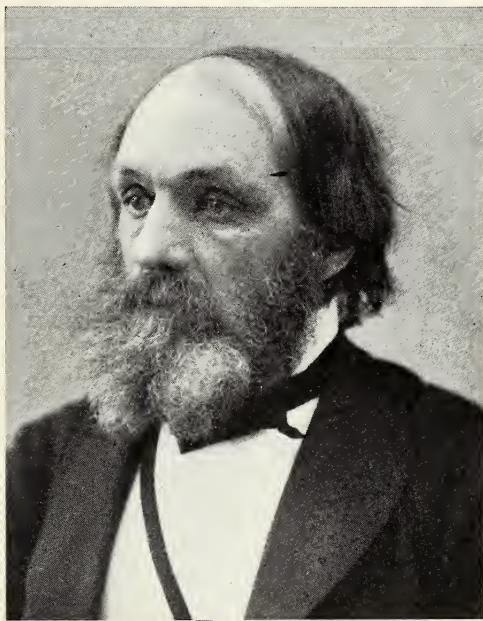
reform and gave to it many of the best years of his life. With him should be named Joseph Tuckerman, who began in 1826 his splendid work as the minister to the poor in Boston. He left a country parish at Chelsea to live with the poor and to devote all his energies to the promotion of their interests. All the modern ideas on the subject of helping the poor, whatever

has been accepted under the name of associated charities, were put into practice in Boston before 1830 and advocated by him in his reports and in his books. His work grew into the ministry-at-large and then into the Benevolent Fraternity of

Churches, with its numerous chapels and faithful ministers. The cause of the poor and the cause of peace had their first organized recognition in this country with the Unitarians, who stood in the same relation to the temperance reform movement of the same period, as well as the formation of the first Bible society in this country.

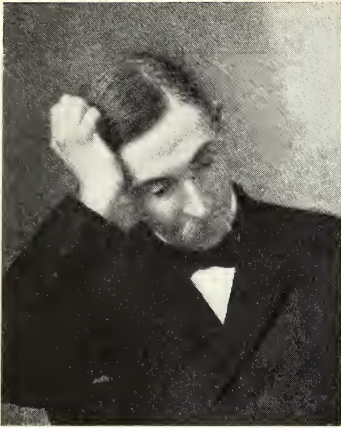
Dr. Tuckerman was at first the domestic missionary of the American Unitarian Association; and to give him his parish amongst the poor was almost the first task it entered upon after its organization in May, 1825. Chief among the men who brought this organization into existence were Ezra Stiles Gannett, then the youthful associate of Dr. Channing, and Henry Ware the younger, then the minister of the Second Church in Bos-

ton. Neither of these men was sectarian in aim or method; but they wished to work with those who thought as they did, and they wished to have an opportunity of doing something to aid the cause which they had at heart, the restoration of the simple religion of Jesus Christ. Associated with them was Aaron Bancroft, the minister of the Second Church in Worcester, who became the



EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

first president of the new organization, with Gannett as the secretary. This society began in a very small way, but with earnest conviction and purpose. It entered at once upon its work of aiding feeble churches, sending missionaries to the West, pub-



CHARLES F. DOLE.



JENKIN LLOYD JONES.



FREDERICK L. HOSMER.



MINOT J. SAVAGE.



CHARLES CARROLL EVERETT.

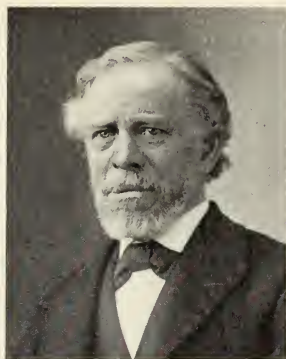
lishing tracts and books, seeking the fellowship of Unitarians in England, Geneva, France and Hungary, and doing what it could to promote the same cause in India.

Compared with the activities of some of the great missionary societies, the work of the Unitarian Association has been very small, and especially have the contributions it has received been at the extreme of beggarliness, compared with the wealth of churches and individuals taking the Unitarian name. This has not been on account of any lack of philanthropic spirit on the part of individuals or churches, nor from any unwillingness to give. The giving has been free in all other directions, and with an almost unstinted generosity; but

it has not been into sectarian channels or for purposes upon which the Unitarian name could be placed. There has been an almost morbid dislike of denominational proselyting and of giving from motives that are sectarian in their nature. In spite of this strong influence always working against it, the American Unitarian Association has accomplished a large amount of useful and important work. Fully one-half the churches now taking the Unitarian name in New England have been aided by it, and very



JOHN WHITE CHADWICK.

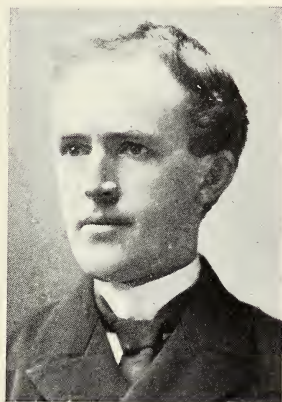


CHARLES G. AMES.

nearly all of those west of the Hudson River, from New York to San Francisco.

Unitarians have never been friendly to missionary enterprises as they have been usually conducted, especially in the earlier days of those great proselyting enterprises. However, they maintained a number of missions in India for many years, under the direction of Rev. C. H.

A. Dall, who largely devoted himself to educational work, and with remarkable success. The interest in India began with the theistic writing and preaching of Rammohun Roy, and has continued with Chunder Sen and Protap Mozoomdar. At a later date a series of missions was established in Japan, which includes a number of native preachers and missionaries, a successful theological school and a monthly journal. Help has been furnished to the Unitarian churches of Transylvania and other European countries. Missions have also been carried on in various In-



SAMUEL M. CROTHERS.

religious body that was aided.

The work of Unitarians for education and for the advancement of culture has been of the highest importance and widely extended. Horace Mann, the greatest educational leader the country has known, was aggressively Unitarian; and his educational activities were thoroughly in harmony with his religious convictions. His labors for the common schools of New England, and his martyrdom in behalf of higher education at Antioch College, have not yet ceased to bear fruit throughout the country. The devoted zeal of Eliza-



HOWARD N. BROWN.



SAMUEL A. ELIOT.

both P. Peabody and Mrs. Horace Mann in their advocacy of the cause of the kindergarten had its strength in their Unitarian conceptions of personal growth and individual culture. At the present time it is fitting that the leading educator of the country, who has done more than any other to advance university training to the position it ought to occupy and to give true direction to educational ideals, should be a Unitarian. The time was when Harvard was severely condemned for its liberal religious position; but it has justified itself to the country, and its methods are now widely accepted. It may be that only one who is the product, to the third or fourth generation, of Unitarian training could take the place that President Eliot now fills as the head of Harvard University and the educational leader of the country.

If Unitarians have been slow in what are called missionary labors, they have been more than generous in their helping of educational interests of all kinds. To the aid of the negroes they sent many teachers after the close of the civil war, and they have continued such work since. They have contributed to the Atlanta

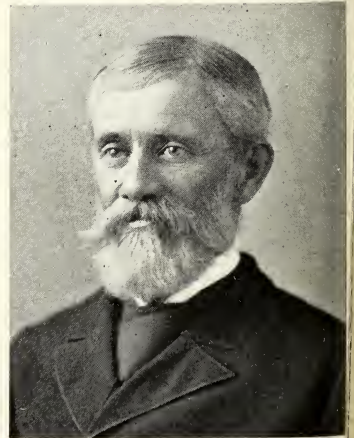
University, the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute and the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, the aid being given by individuals and churches, however, and not through distinctly denominational channels. Another important work has been the ministry of education in the South carried on for nearly twenty years by Rev. A. D. Mayo, aided by the Unitarian Association and by individuals and churches connected with the Unitarian body. Perhaps no work done in the South has been larger in its results or more effective in bringing the educational methods employed into harmony with modern ideals. Mr. Mayo has lectured in every southern state, visited every higher



AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION, BOSTON.

educational institution, brought his influence to bear upon all leaders of opinion, and given broad direction to plans and methods for the future in every part of the wide region he has traversed, from Maryland to Texas and from Kentucky to Florida.

It is characteristic of Unitarians that they have not



GEORGE BATCHELOR.

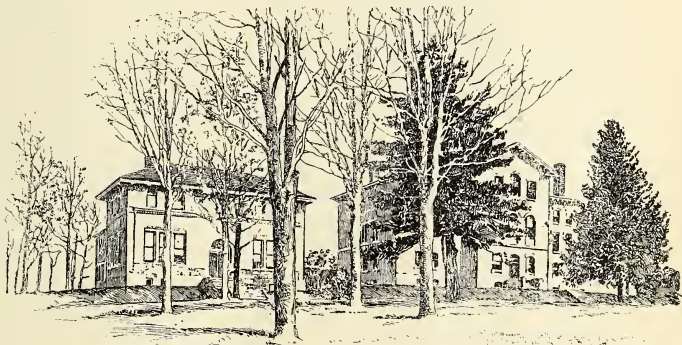
attempted to carry on the kind of educational work that gives to the Orthodox Congregationalists so long a list of denominational colleges and theological schools. They have preferred to work through the institutions that are sanctioned by the State and therefore belong to all the people. What they believe in is far better represented by Cornell, Michigan or Minnesota University than by Antioch or the most successful of denominational colleges. In fact, their work of this kind is too small to deserve even a mention, for they distrust sectarian education as much as sectarian missionary propaganda. The theological school in connection with Harvard University

was the first to begin its work in this country, and it has always been generously helped by Unitarians; but for many years it has been wholly unsectarian, devoted to the scientific study of theology. At Meadville, Pennsylvania, is a Unitarian theological school; but it is of

less importance to Unitarians themselves than is the institution that places religion above sect and party.

No generous cause has ever been without its Unitarian advocates, however unpopular it might be. That the Unitarian denomination did not as a body take the lead in the antislavery movement must be now a cause of sincere regret, but the reason of this failure must be found in its extreme individualism, that rebelled against any attempt to control the opinions and actions of others. In sentiment and in conviction the Unitarians were from the first committed to the cause of freedom and humanity, but their sensitiveness to individual rights made them cowards where they meant to be

generous. As in the case of no other denomination, however, the majority were opposed to slavery; and a list of those who devoted themselves to the antislavery cause would be a long one. If Dr. Channing spoke reluctantly he spoke bravely and with profound earnestness. His book on slavery and his addresses had a wide-reaching and great influence. No one could have spoken with greater courage or more entire devotion than Samuel J. May, Samuel May, William Henry Channing, Theodore Parker, John Pierpont, James Freeman Clarke, William H. Furness, and many others. At an antislavery picnic held August 1, 1843, which was largely attended from Boston and the



MEADVILLE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

surrounding towns, all the speakers were Unitarian ministers, including John Pierpont, Caleb Stetson, Charles Follen and Robert C. Waterston. This is indicative of how individuals responded to a cause so thoroughly in harmony with Unitarian convictions, however faithless denominational action may have been.

The Unitarians have always had in their pulpits a goodly number of preachers of national reputation and leadership. In his time no one commanded a wider moral and spiritual influence than Dr. Channing; and Theodore Parker was a leader who aroused much opposition, but has gradually won many to his way of thinking. For commanding intellectual power few preachers have

equalled Orville Dewey, Frederick H. Hedge, Cyrus A. Bartol and William H. Furness. In the time of the civil war, Henry W. Bellows was everywhere known as a great preacher and as the president of the Sanitary Commission. It is the testimony of all that Starr King saved California to the Union; and when his influence brought \$100,000 to the Sanitary Commission, with equal sums following in rapid succession, it gave that organization an opportunity to do a great and wide-reaching work. No one for the past forty years has been listened to more widely or with greater delight than Edward Everett Hale, even by the multitude who did not know that his Lend-a-Hand movement, King's Daughters and other similar organizations are characteristically Unitarian in their spirit. While Robert Collyer, Minot J. Savage, Thomas R. Slicer, W. W. Fenn, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Charles G. Ames and Samuel M. Crothers are in the pulpit, it cannot be said that the Unitarians have lost anything of their influence as the spiritual leaders of their time and country.

For scholarship the Unitarians have always received much credit, their ranks having included such scientists as Louis Agassiz, Benjamin A. Gould, Jeffries Wyman, Benjamin Pierce, Nathaniel Bowditch and Maria Mitchell; and at the present time Col. Carroll D. Wright of the National Bureau of Labor, and President David Starr Jordan of the Leland Stanford Junior University sustain that record. In the list of historians they have had George Bancroft, George Ticknor, J. L. Motley, W. H. Prescott, Francis Parkman, John G. Palfrey, Jared Sparks, Richard Hildreth and John Fiske. Among the great jurists and lawyers they have included John Marshall, Joseph Story, Theophilus Parsons, Samuel F. Miller, Walbridge A. Field, John Lowell, Joseph H. Choate, George Ticknor Curtis, Fisher Ames and Harrison Gray Otis.

Four of the presidents of the United States have been Unitarians, —Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, John Quincy Adams and Millard Fillmore. Two others, Abraham Lincoln and James A. Garfield, were of a way of thinking that brought them into harmony with Unitarians as to their conceptions of Christianity. Of statesmen and political leaders the number is too great to mention more than here and there a name; but Benjamin Franklin, Edward Everett, Charles Sumner, Daniel Webster, Charles Francis Adams, John C. Calhoun, Josiah Quincy, Justin S. Morrill and George F. Hoar must not be omitted. Such names as those of John A. Andrew, George S. Boutwell, Alphonso Taft, John T. Bagley, Horace Davis, John D. Long, George William Curtis, Dorman B. Eaton and William B. Allison are also to be mentioned.

The Unitarians may also claim a very considerable number of the leaders of business, commerce and industrial progress, including Amos Lawrence, Ezra Cornell, Jonas G. Clark, Abbott Lawrence, Henry P. Kidder, Peter Cooper, Enoch Pratt and John A. Lowell, the founder of the Lowell Institute in Boston. Here also may be placed the names of such philanthropists and leaders of reform as Dorothea Dix, Samuel G. Howe, Henry Bergh, Mary A. Livermore, Mary Hemenway, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony, Lucy Stone, Julia Ward Howe and Josephine Shaw Lowell.

Of the great authors and poets of the country, the Unitarians may claim Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Bryant, Lowell, Holmes, Thoreau, Higginson and Howells. Bayard Taylor also, Louisa M. Alcott, Margaret Fuller, Bret Harte, Lydia Maria Child, Helen Hunt Jackson, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Richard H. Stoddard, Edwin P. Whipple, James T. Fields and George Ripley are to be numbered. Among the artists have been William W.

Story, Harriet Hosmer, Charlotte Cushman, Fanny Kemble and Daniel C. French. Several preachers who have gained a literary reputation may also be mentioned, the list including Sylvester Judd, John Weiss, David A. Wasson, Samuel Johnson, John S. Dwight, William Ware, Charles T. Brooks, William R. Alger, O. B. Frothingham and Joseph H. Allen; and many other names might be added.

Credit has always been given the Unitarians for their intellectual and literary leadership, but their religious and spiritual qualities have never been fully recognized. The devotional works of William H. Furness, Edmund H. Sears, Henry Ware, Jr., and others have been of such quality that they would have given their authors a great reputation had they been of the kind that appeal to the mass of worshippers in their theology. Ware's "Formation of the Christian Character" is a masterpiece of its kind, as is Sears's "Heart of the Fourth Gospel." Especially has the devotional poetry of the Unitarians been of a high quality, both as to its literary excellence and its fineness of spiritual insight. Here may be mentioned the names of Samuel Longfellow, John W. Chadwick, William C. Gannett, Frederick L. Hosmer, Edward R. Sill, Jones Very and Eliza Scudder (all the best of whose poems were written while she was a Unitarian). Including Samuel Johnson, W. H. Furness, F. H. Hedge, O. W. Holmes, J. F. Clarke and E. H. Sears, who have been mentioned in other connections, these poets have given us a body of religious verse that is elsewhere unsurpassed as expressive of the best spiritual aspirations of the present time. Could this body of religious verse be brought together in one volume, it would be seen that the Unitarians have a devotional and spiritual gift that entitles them to the highest consideration as Christian worshippers.

The tradition of Unitarian scholar-

ship cannot pass away while there remain such men as Charles Carroll Everett in philosophy and Crawford H. Toy in Biblical research. Of the younger men, Jabez T. Sunderland, Joseph H. Crooker, William W. Fenn and W. H. Pulsford have given special attention to Biblical studies. In the direction of dealing with social problems, Francis G. Peabody of Harvard University and Nicholas P. Gilman of the Meadville Theological School have done notable work. Several of these men are connected with the *New World*, a journal of modern theology that has no superior. If its editors are Unitarians, its contributors are of every denominational connection, scholarship and not creed being the test.

An interesting and important feature of Unitarian work has been the College Town Mission, which was begun at Ann Arbor, in order to reach the students of Michigan University, in 1865. The first missionary was Charles H. Brigham, a man of broad and deep scholarship, an interesting and inspiring preacher, whose lectures and whose Bible class drew to him hundreds of students. A few years later a similar mission was opened at Ithaca, in connection with Cornell University, which had Ezra Cornell as a regular attendant and supporter and Andrew D. White as a friend and frequent attendant. The first minister here was Dr. Rufus P. Stebbins, a vigorous and commanding preacher, who had been president of the Meadville Theological School and for several years president of the Unitarian Association. At the present time the Ann Arbor mission is in charge of Joseph H. Crooker, that at Ithaca of Ulysses G. B. Pierce, and that at Madison of Frank A. Gilmore. There are similar missions at Lawrence, Kansas, under the charge of Frederick M. Bennett; at Lincoln, Nebraska, of which the minister is John Lewis Marsh; Iowa City, with Elinor E. Gordon as the minister; Minneapolis, with Henry M. Sim-

mons in charge. Similar missions are maintained at Amherst, Exeter, and other places. This work has been one of the most successful ever undertaken by Unitarians, and has had a large result in making known their religious beliefs and intellectual attitude to hundreds of young men and women who become the leaders in the communities in which they reside.

Of the distinctly denominational equipment of the Unitarians may be mentioned the Building of the American Unitarian Association, located at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, directly across the way from the Congregational House,—a fitting proximity. Here are carried on all the general denominational activities, including missionary, publishing and Sunday-school interests. Branch centres are also maintained in New York, Chicago and San Francisco. The Association this year celebrates its seventy-fifth anniversary of its organization. Its president is Carroll D. Wright, the United States Commissioner of Labor; and its secretary is Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, a son of President Eliot of Harvard University. In this building also the National Conference of Unitarian Churches finds its headquarters, with Senator George F. Hoar as president. The Unitarian Sunday-school Society is efficiently managed by its president, Rev. Edward A. Horton, and publishes a notable equipment of helps for its constituency. The Young People's Religious Union also has here its office, as does the National Alliance of Unitarian Women. The work done by the Women's Alliance, including the Post Office Mission, is one of great importance. The Church Building Loan Fund, a branch of the work of the Unitarian Association, has been of much service in the building of new churches, especially in the newer parts of the country. In Chicago are located the headquarters of the Western Unitarian Conference and of the Western Sunday-school Society, both of which are active and

efficient in their respective fields. The denominational press includes the *Christian Register* in Boston, *Unity* in Chicago, and the *Pacific Unitarian* in San Francisco.

As will have been seen, the Unitarian body is more notable for its men and women than for its institutions or its sectarian achievements. Its spirit has been one to foster individuality and to produce intellectual and spiritual independence. Its cohesive power has been small, but its incentives to philanthropic and intellectual activity have been great. As in the case of no other religious body, it has maintained the law of toleration unimpeached, putting into practice the "sympathy of religions" in which it has always loyally believed. It may have sharply criticised Theodore Parker, but it did not cast him out; and his name stands with that of Channing to-day as a leader to whom all owe an unflinching reverence. In the Theological School of Harvard University is exemplified the Unitarian attitude toward all religious problems, that school being no longer sectarian, but open to the widest research and absolute fidelity to truth. No Unitarian fears to question the past or has any limit fixed to his investigations. This method has given much of agitation and discussion in days past, but its outcome is a growing unity and a deepening spiritual insight. No denomination in Christendom can boast to-day of so real a unity or so sincere a harmony as that which exists in the Unitarian body.

To one who has known the Unitarian movement somewhat intimately for a quarter of a century, it does not now suggest what its critics are inclined to point out as its defects and weaknesses. It is not growing rapidly, but never more so than now. Its work is not done, apparently, for it never commanded so much loyalty and enthusiasm as at this time. It is far better equipped for its work than in any previous decade, and it has

more ardent and devoted leaders, who know the situation and meet it with skill and trained leadership. Curiously enough, in view of the criticism often made, the period of intellectual discussion has passed away, and at this moment Unitarianism is steadily returning to the devotional and philanthropic attitude which brought it into existence. It began as a humanitarian movement, a yearning to realize the gospel in daily life, and after a long period of critical discussion it is coming back to that same eagerness for making the world better in practical ways. It is a striking feature of its new life that it is not theological or chiefly intellectual, but philanthropic. In its younger ministers may be seen notably the striving for a higher devotional and spiritual realization of religion, that seeks not to settle the problems of the universe, but to make manifest the soul's access to God. Heretical as Unitarians are accounted with reference to the leadership of Christ, they are to-day coming to a fresh acceptance of it, and in a manner that puts them behind no other denomination in realizing for actual life that which Jesus taught.

It is not by chance of its place of origin that Unitarianism has led the higher life of the country in philanthropy, literature and statesmanship. What others have given to sectarian success it has given to the service of mankind. The mission of Unitarianism has been to make Christianity simple, practical and humanitarian, to take it out of the realm of theology and to put it into that of life. Its creed may be stated in words first used by Rev. Charles G. Ames, which have been made the bond of union or covenant of many Unitarian churches: "In the love of truth, and in the spirit of Jesus Christ, we unite for the worship of God and the service of man." This statement was made substantially the basis of fellowship of the National Conference of Unitarian and other Christian Churches, at its session held at Saratoga, in 1894, as follows: "These churches accept the religion of Jesus, holding in accordance with his teaching, that practical religion is summed up in love to God and love to man; and we invite to our fellowship any who, while differing from us in belief, are in general sympathy with our spirit and our practical aims."



A POEM.

By Edward Payson Jackson.

A POEM is the rhyme of thought
 As well as sound, a mingled stream
 From earth and sky, a fabric wrought
 With woof of fact and warp of dream.

ACCORDING TO HIS LIGHT.

By Caroline Benedict Burrell.



DEACON," said his wife as he came in with the milk pails, "there's a temperance lecturer comin' to the Corners next week."

The deacon scowled as he passed into the pantry, but made no reply. Presently he reappeared, took the tin wash basin from the hook, and filled it at the sink.

"Deacon, I'd like to go," persisted Mrs. Brown. She was a large, mild woman, who knew how to get her own way, in spite of the fact that, as his neighbors said, Elijah was set in his ways.

"Temperance lecturer, indeed!" sneered the deacon, as he wiped his hands on the roller towel. "What's he comin' for, I'd like to know? Ain't we a God-fearin' community? Ain't drunkenness frowned down upon? Sarah Jane, you ain't goin' to no temperance lecture. Flyin' in the face of your husband's business,—that's what I call it."

Mrs. Brown quietly put supper on the table and sat down opposite her husband. "That speckled hen's stole her nest again," she began, as she passed Elijah his tea. "Mrs. Henderson was in this morning, and she says she saw her down in their meadow a week ago. She says the lecturer's goin' to stop with them when he comes. He's a cousin to Hosea's first wife."

"Hosea Henderson might be in better business than takin' in stump speakers that don't know what they're talkin' about," replied Elijah, as he ate his corn bread.

"Now, Deacon, he's a smart fellow. She was tellin' me about him. He's a young man, just out of college, and he took all the prizes when he was there, and Mrs. Henderson says you

just ought to hear him speak. Why, he just makes chills run down your back."

"I don't know as I want no chills," replied her husband grimly, pushing back his chair from the table. "I guess we don't want no young fools comin' here interferin'. Distillin's an honest business. I'm a deacon in this church in good and regular standing, and my father was before me. I don't offer no man liquor; I don't hold with drunkenness. I guess the minister knew what he was about when he put me into office. I go accordin' to my lights. That's Scripture, ain't it?"

The deacon rose, set his chair down with considerable force against the wall, and left the kitchen. Mrs. Brown sighed plaintively and began to gather up the dishes.

"'Lijah is a good man," she reflected, "if he is a distiller. Distillin's an honest business, as he says, and 'tain't that I want him to give it up. I just want to hear that young man somehow, and know what he has to say. I don't know when I've heard a lecture. Not since before the new barn was built—and that's three years ago."

When the dishes were done and the kitchen was in order, the buckwheat cakes set for breakfast, and the fire laid in the stove, she slipped out through the back lot to Mrs. Henderson's.

"He won't hear to my going," she began as her neighbor made room for her on the steps. "He just won't hear to it. 'Lijah's dreadful set."

"Go, anyhow," replied Mrs. Henderson laconically. She was a small, wiry woman, with a voice which set one's teeth on edge and a determination which her husband and family had learned to respect.

"Oh, I couldn't," fluttered Mrs. Brown. "I couldn't cross 'Lijah like that. But I'll keep right on talkin' to him. It's a week yet; I guess in that time I can get him to let me go."

"Deacon Brown is just the man who ought to hear that lecture," said Mrs. Henderson with great severity. "He's doin' devils' work, I say. Distillin' was all very well in his father's time; but we know better now. Makin' poison, that's what I call it. You just get him to go, Mrs. Brown."

"Oh, I couldn't; I never could. But you ain't got no call to say his business is devils' work;"—and Mrs. Brown drew herself up with dignity, while her voice shook with injured feeling. "'Lijah's a good man, and a deacon in the church, and it's his own father's distillery, and there wasn't ever a more respected man than he was, not in *this* town, Mrs. Henderson!"

Mrs. Henderson's father had been the village sexton, and the family had with some difficulty maintained a social equality with their neighbors.

"The deacon does accordin' to his lights, and that's all any of us can do," continued Mrs. Brown. "He don't sell liquor except in barrels or kegs, and if some triflin' farmers will get drunk on it harvest times or barn raisin', why, it's good liquor, and it don't really hurt them."

"There was Josiah Biggs's boy," began Mrs. Henderson with judicial firmness, "and Widow Coon's son. What about them?" She was feeling the exultation of the turning worm.

"Well, I must be goin', Mrs. Henderson," said Mrs. Brown, rising stiffly. "The dews are heavy nights now. You haven't seen that speckled hen again, have you?"

"No," replied her neighbor curtly, annoyed at being balked,—“no, I ain't.”

Mrs. Brown walked home thoughtfully through the damp grass. "There's a katydid," she murmured; "fall's comin' on fast. I do wish 'Lijah would go to that lecture. I

do hope he is doing right, makin' liquor. I can't say I've ever felt quite easy in my mind about it; but he says he ain't no doubt makin' whiskey's perfectly legitimate, so long as he don't sell it by the drink. But when I think of Widow Coon's son, I don't feel sure."

Mrs. Brown sighed deeply as she crossed the threshold. The deacon sat reading his paper by the lamp, but did not speak.

"'Tisn't as if we didn't have enough to live on," she thought as she lifted the cloth from the bowl and began to beat the buckwheat batter vigorously. "If 'twas the only way, I'd feel different. But there's plenty in the bank to keep us always,—and the farm gives us a livin', anyhow. If we'd children to leave it to, I wouldn't feel so; but without a chick or child, and all a-goin' to 'Lijah's relations, who've got plenty now! No, I ain't as sure as I might be that it's all right." Mrs. Brown tucked the batter up snugly once more and began to shut the windows. "'Lijah says he guesses the missionaries would know the difference, if he gave up his business. He is lib'ral, that's a fact. But I guess we could make it up out of the crops if we had to. But I ain't goin' to worry. He's a good man, and he does accordin' to his lights."

Friday evening came clear and starlit. The school bell began to ring at seven o'clock, and the farmers and their wives and children came out of their homes as the harsh tones reached their ears. The women locked the front doors behind them, hiding the key under the door-mat, according to time-honored custom, indifferent to the fact that the windows were all unfastened. The men wore their best clothes, and some few had anticipated their weekly Sunday morning shave, but on the chins and cheeks of most was a bristling stubble. Solemnly, as if the occasion were a funeral, the people walked to the schoolhouse. A temperance lec-

ture was a strange and wonderful thing in their simple lives.

The schoolroom was a small one, lit with unshaded kerosene lamps, which threw weird silhouettes upon the walls. The children's seats were small, and portly frames with difficulty squeezed themselves into their narrow limits. The fathers studied with disapproval the hieroglyphics carved on the desk lids, while the mothers nodded across the aisles to their neighbors. The young people whispered and furtively giggled, but an atmosphere of strangeness and seriousness pervaded the room.

Presently Mrs. Brown came in with Mrs. Henderson, and they took seats near the front. Mrs. Brown's face wore a troubled expression. The deacon had not wished her to come, and she felt guilty to think that she had insisted until she had wrung a reluctant permission from him.

The room was almost filled when at last Hosea Henderson and his guest entered. The lecturer paused to take off his overcoat, and the minister went to shake hands with him. Together they walked to the little platform. The minister was an old man, who had seen little of the world. Temperance lecturers were as strange to him as they were to his people. He hesitated as he rose to introduce the speaker.

"Brethren and sisters, our young brother, William Howe, has come to speak to us of temperance to-night. He will excuse me if I say I think this is a temperance town. But perhaps he has a message for us. Let us receive it if he has;"—and he sat down in agitation. These new-fangled ideas were not to his mind.

The lecturer rose and advanced to the very edge of the platform. He was tall and gaunt. His black hair was tossed from his forehead; his deep-set, sombre eyes burned with an intense light. He had been the orator in his little college among the hills. Whenever he spoke, even the Faculty had listened with respect, al-

most with submission. To-night was one of his first appearances as a public speaker. He must rise to the occasion.

As he began to speak the rear door opened softly, and, unseen by the audience, Deacon Brown slipped quietly into the back seat.

The lecturer knew that there were no saloons at the Corners. He knew he was speaking to a staid, orderly audience. He had been puzzled to know what to say to these simple people, but Hosea Henderson had given him some ideas. There were few young men in the community; they had all gone to the cities. Let the people hear of their trials and temptations there; and then let him give one blow to the distillery on the hill! Deacon Brown would not be there to hear him, but his wife would report the speaker's words.

"Give it to him hot, William," said Hosea, as they reached the school-house.

After a few words of introduction the lecturer began to describe the country boy in the great city. He followed him day by day in his new surroundings; he dwelt on his purity, his earnestness, his faithfulness to his duties. A romantic glamour hung about the young hero. He described him as rising in business, as marrying and establishing his little home; and here and there a mother wiped her eyes as she thought of her boy. Then the scene changed. In deep tragic tones the speaker showed the temptations of the city. With a free touch he painted the saloons with their dazzling lights. What chance had the inexperienced country boy against such temptations as beset him? He yields. Then comes the awaking, with its remorse, its resolutions. But again and again the temptation comes, and again and again the fall. Sorrow invades the little home; the wife weeps over her husband; the furniture is sold piece by piece; the children cry for bread, while the father listens with brutal indifference.

At last starvation comes, and wife and children die. Then, amid intense stillness, the speaker depicted in lurid colors the horrors of delirium tremens and the tragedy and despair of the drunkard's death.

His audience shivered and thrilled and wept. The minister bowed his head in his hands. Mrs. Brown sobbed audibly.

"Who is to blame for all this?" demanded the lecturer. "Some one is responsible for all this awful shame and ruin." Slowly he raised his arm and pointed to the back of the room. "Thou art the man!" he thundered. "You who make the liquor; you who first destroy your neighbor's home and then kill him body and soul. I call you a murderer! I denounce you as accursed!"

Through it all the deacon had sat as if stunned. He now rose slowly, blindly, to his feet, stood a moment looking at the lecturer, and then, softly lifting the latch of the door, he slipped out into the night.

When Mrs. Brown reached home, her husband sat reading his paper in the kitchen. He looked up as she entered. Traces of tears were on her cheeks; her eyes shone with excitement.

"Oh, 'Lijah, I do so wish you'd gone!" she began tremulously. "Oh, 'Lijah!"—and she sank down in the rocking chair and burst into weeping.

The deacon's paper shook a little as he folded it up and laid it on the table. "You go to bed, Sarah Jane," said he mildly. "It's ten o'clock." Mrs. Brown rose and began taking off her bonnet.

"It was wonderful, just wonderful, 'Lijah! an' I do wish you weren't a distiller. I shall always feel wicked about it after this." The deacon made no reply. Mrs. Brown, in spite of her excitement, wondered at his silence, which was almost gentle.

After his wife was asleep, Deacon Brown rose softly, dressed himself, and stole out upon the porch. He

had wrapped a blanket about him and did not feel the chilly autumn air. By and by the moon rose over the orchard. The long shadows crept across the grass. Not a sound broke the intense stillness. Every light had long vanished from the neighbors' windows. On the hill the black mass of the distillery was outlined against the sky. The deacon's eyes were fixed upon it. It stood to him for wealth, for importance, for aristocracy. Men felt his influence because he owned it. He was a kind of king among the simple folk about him. His father had built it. His father had been a deacon, too, and no one was more honored than he. He had helped support every good work. The very pulpit of the church had been paid for out of the proceeds of the whiskey he manufactured.

"Murderer," that man had said. The deacon shivered. It was an ugly word. Yet there was Widow Coon's son dead at thirty of drink; and there was poor Andy Rounds, an idiot because his father had thrown him down stairs in a drunken rage; and Willy Dare was in the penitentiary because he had killed a man at that barn raising. And all the whiskey that wrought this evil he or his father had made. The deacon moved restlessly on his chair as he thought of it. His Puritan conscience was awake at last. All that night he sat on the porch, wrestling with himself; but when the first sunbeams shone over the orchard the deacon rose. His decision was reached.

His wife came out as he turned to go indoors.

"Why, Deacon, what's the matter? You look as if you hadn't slept a wink. Been up long?" she inquired.

"Well, considerable long, Sarah Jane. But that don't matter. I might as well tell you I was at that lecture last night."

"Oh, Deacon!" exclaimed his wife, beginning to cry; but he hastily continued: "I ain't goin' to make no more whiskey. I do things accordin'

to my lights, an' I'm convinced whiskey's a bad thing. Now, Sarah Jane, you get the chores done up early. I'm goin' to have a—a—kind of a party to-night;" and smiling grimly at his wife's bewilderment, he strode into the house.

After breakfast the deacon harnessed his horses and drove up to the door. "Sarah Jane, perhaps I won't get back to dinner," he called. "I'm going to drive around the hill, and I'll get a bite somewheres."

"Now, Deacon, just wait till I put you up one," remonstrated his wife from the window. She hastily pulled the dough from her fingers and washed her hands at the sink. "I won't be a minute. There's corn beef and doughnuts and cheese, I know, and pie, I guess. Anyhow, do wait till I see."

"No, can't stop," called the deacon brusquely as he started his horses. His business was pressin'. He drove along the road in the September morning. The trees were turning a little, though there had been no frost. The leaves were ripening in the strong sunshine; a few had fallen to the ground. The lavender asters grew thickly along the roadside; the pungent smell of sweet fern rose strongly; a golden dust powdered everything; the grasshoppers sprang into the air. The deacon was tired after his long vigil, and he dozed a little as the horses slowly trotted down the level road. At John Howe's he pulled up. The farmer was gathering his potatoes; but he dropped his fork as he heard the deacon's hail and came to the fence.

"Say, John," began the deacon slowly, "I want you to come up to my house to-day 'bout five."

"What's up?" inquired the farmer.

"You'll see," replied his neighbor calmly, but with meaning.

Farmer Howe selected a long spear of grass from the fence corner, and, dropping his arms on the top rail, settled himself for a visit.

"Say, Deacon," he began, "you'd

ought to have gone to the temperance lecture last night."

"Can't stop to talk now," replied the deacon, touching up his horses. "See you to-night;" and he disappeared down the road.

He drove from one house to another, giving to each man the same invitation: "Come up to my house 'bout five to-day," and before he could get away each neighbor said: "Say, Deacon, you'd ought to have been at that lecture last night!"

Deacon Brown hardly knew whether to be amused or annoyed; but he kept his own counsel until he had made the tour of the neighborhood and, returning, stopped at all the doors at the Corners. The last house was the minister's; and here he alighted and tied his horses. They stood long before the door, and when the deacon appeared at last they neighed hungrily.

"Home now, boys!" he said as he untied them and with an almost youthful lightness climbed into the wagon.

At sunset the farmers began to gather at Deacon Brown's. They met on the roadside on their way, and each one asked of the other: "What's up at the deacon's?" But no one knew.

Mrs. Brown received them tremblingly at the doorway and gave them seats on the porch. The deacon was dignified in his Sunday coat, and reserved in his demeanor. A solemn and mysterious atmosphere brooded over him. At last the minister came through the gate. Deacon Brown stepped forward to meet him, and they whispered together for a moment. Then turning to his neighbors he said: "Brethren, let us walk up to the distillery;" and with the minister he headed the little procession.

There was something funereal in its appearance as it wound its way up the little ascent. The sun was just setting as they reached the top. The landscape lay in a golden light; the fields were bare of grain; but the or-

chards bent under the weight of their fruit. The cows were going home and the tinkle of their bells rose on every side.

The huge distillery stood before them, its doors and windows closed, its fires out. The deacon turned and faced his neighbors, who stood in curious silence.

"Brethren," he began, clearing his throat, "you all know me. Man and boy, I've lived here for more'n sixty years. You knew my father before me, and you knew he was a good man. An' I've tried to be a good man, too, 'cording to my lights. I've been a deacon in this church for thirty years, an' if I've wronged any man I ain't never known it. I was brought up to think whiskey-makin' was a good, honest business, an' I've tried to be fair in all my dealings in it." The deacon hesitated and cleared his throat again. Speechmaking was a new experience to him, and the words did not come easily. "But last night," he continued, "I was to the temperance lecture, an' I guess I got a new light. I came home, an' I sat on that porch,"—pointing down to the house at the foot of the hill,—"on that porch, all night, an' I thought an' thought, an' I concluded that whiskey-makin's a bad thing. I'm a God-fearing man, an' I ain't a-goin' to do wrong if I know it. So, brethren, I asked you all to come up here to-day an' hear me. I'm a deacon in the church, an' if I've done wrong I'm goin' to say so right out. An' now if Mr. Cole wants to give out a hymn, he can, an' I'll show you one and all I mean what I say."

The minister's voice rose quaveringly:

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below,"

and the deacon advanced to the distillery and flung open the great front door. The farmers craned their necks. Whispers ran from one to the other. "What's he goin' to do?" they asked excitedly.

In an instant the deacon reappeared from the darkness into which he had vanished, rolling a barrel before him. The doxology came to an end. In a tense silence the deacon raised a heavy hatchet and struck blow after blow upon the head of the barrel as it lay on the grass. The liquor gushed out, its strong odor filling the air. A long-drawn breath burst from the neighbors. The deacon turned and went into the distillery again.

"Blest be the tie that binds,"

sang the minister, and a voice here and there rose with his; but most of the farmers stood in a dazed silence. Mrs. Brown sobbed.

Barrel after barrel rolled through the open door and was emptied upon the hillside. The deacon's face was wet with perspiration and his breath came quickly, but he did not speak. Farmer Howe came forward to help him, but was sternly waved away. Finally the last remaining barrel was broken. The brown stream ceased to flow; the hatchet dropped from the deacon's hand.

Mr. Cole raised his hand. "Let us pray," he said.

The next day was Sunday. The little church was filled to overflowing. Deacon Brown could not resist the glow of exultation which swept over him as he noticed the nudges his neighbors gave one another as he passed down the aisle with the plate. He was a hero, and the knowledge of that fact warmed his heart and uplifted his head.

Mr. Cole preached on the man of principle. "What we need to-day," said he, "are the men who will not sacrifice their convictions for money. There are men, yes, even here in our little village, who regard principle more than wealth; who will give up their income rather than do wrong. Brethren, let us honor such; let us strive to imitate the noble example they set us."

Deacon Brown gazed steadily at Mr. Cole and tried to feel humble, but

only succeeded in feeling self-conscious.

The next few weeks were filled with a like delightful embarrassment. When the deacon went to the grocery or the post office, men spoke respectfully and women gazed at him reverently. Truly in his case the reward of virtue was full and satisfying.

But the presidential election was coming on, and feeling at the Corners waxed high. In a short space the deacon found his affairs had ceased to occupy the public mind. He joined in the talk of politics, but his heart was sore. As time passed, things became still harder. His sacrifice seemed forgotten. Even the minister no longer alluded to his noble conduct when they met. Time hung heavy on his hands. He had led an active life, and now, with the farm work over for the year and the distillery empty and silent, the long gray days seemed endless.

"Ain't the deacon well?" inquired Mrs. Henderson one day, as she came in to borrow a cup of molasses. "He's lookin' kind of peaked. I was sayin' to Hosea this mornin', he makes me think of his father. You know how *he* went. He just dropped down one day and died in his tracks. I'd give him some thoroughwort, if I was you, Mrs. Brown."

"Ain't you well, Deacon?" repeated his wife anxiously at dinner time, as her husband pushed away his plate with half his pie untouched.

"Well? I guess I'm well enough," replied her husband grimly. "Don't you bother, Sarah Jane."

Mrs. Brown sighed. The deacon certainly did look old. She said that afternoon as she wiped the dinner dishes: "Dear me, the days seem so long! Don't you wish another lecturer would come along to sort o' hearten us up, Deacon?"

"Don't you talk of lecturers to me! I can't say's I'm altogether glad that temperance lecturer ever come to the Corners. I d' know but what I was hasty in what I done," he said, gazing

gloomily out of the window. It was beginning to snow and the gray landscape looked cheerless.

His wife dropped the cup she was wiping with a crash on the kitchen floor. "Why, 'Lijah!" she gasped. "Why, what on earth—" But the deacon had left the kitchen and had closed the door after him with a bang.

The winter dragged its weary length and came to an end at last. With the first days of spring, Deacon Brown began like his neighbors to plough and sow his fields, but his heart was not in his work. As he plodded along behind his plough, his eyes were fixed on his distillery.

"I said I wouldn't, and I won't," he repeated doggedly to himself. "But I wish that old temperance lecturer'd been in Guinea 'fore he ever come to the Corners."

As if to deride the deacon, the grain crop was never so heavy as this year. The waving corn flaunted itself in his face as he drove through the countryside. There was small market for it in the vicinity, and the farmers were puzzled to know how to dispose of their crops.

"Now if the deacon's distillery was only runnin'," said John Howe to his wife, "we'd get a fair price for our corn. As it is, I don't see how Hannah's goin' back to school in Bowden nohow."

His wife sighed. "But, John, you wouldn't have the deacon do wrong would you?" she inquired hesitatingly.

"If 'twasn't for that old temperance lecturer," began her husband,—but shocked at his own temerity he subsided into silence.

In spite of the abundance everywhere, everybody felt poor. A church the deacon felt that he was looked at almost with aversion. He seemed surrounded by an atmosphere of blame. He knew no rest. His wife grew more and more uneasy about him. He tossed restlessly at night his appetite failed, yet he sternly refused to take the thoroughwort tea she brewed for him. In the hot sun

mer evenings he sat on the porch wearied with his day's work, and gazed in silence at the distillery on the hill. Why had he been such a fool? he asked himself in silence; but not a word escaped his firm-set lips.

The corn was cut and stacked in the fields; the threshing machines moved from one farmer's to another's, and the grain filled the bursting barns. One night the deacon sat alone on the porch, watching the harvest moon rise over the hill. His heart was heavy. Could he endure another winter like the last? He frowned as if in physical pain as he remembered the wearisome days. The house was very quiet. The deacon's wife had slipped down through the lot to inquire after Mrs. Henderson's rheumatism.

"It was just a year ago that that temperance lecturer was here. I wish I'd never seen the fellow," murmured the deacon between his set teeth. "If 'twasn't for my word, I'd open up that distillery to-morrow. 'Tain't the money, I've got enough, but the farmers 'round here need it. What'll they do with all their grain, I'd like to know? I guess they'd be glad enough to see the smoke go up from that old still to-morrow."

The deacon groaned in actual torment. For a year he had been tossed by conflicting feelings. He had had a Puritan training, and his conscience, once aroused, would not easily sleep again. On the other hand, fighting hard was his inherited belief in the righteousness of his business. His economical life made the waste of the crops and the idleness of his machinery seem sinful, and the need the farmers about him felt for the ready money with which he had so long supplied them appealed to him strongly. The peaceful August night brought him no soothing influence. The fragrant silence, the glorious splendor of the moonlight, appealed to him in vain. His soul was in a ferment. Suddenly he started. A thought had darted across his brain—

the thought of a compromise which would solve the problem. He leaned forward in his chair, a clinched hand on either knee; a frown of intense thought across his forehead. At last he raised his head with a deep sigh of relief.

"I'll do it!" he said as he raised his hand and brought it down again on the arm of his chair with a heavy blow. "I'll do it to-morrow!"

The next morning the deacon passed his cup for a second supply of coffee. "Seems to me these doughnuts are extra good, Sarah Jane," he said cheerfully, as he took a third. "I wish you'd have griddle cakes for supper to-night. I don't know when we've had griddle cakes, and I'd kind o' like some."

"Why, 'Lijah, we had them twice last week, and you said you never did care much for them," replied his astonished wife.

"Well, I ain't had much appetite lately," said the deacon. "I guess the weather's gettin' cooler, and that 'counts for my being sort of hungry now. You do me up a lunch, Sarah Jane; I'm goin' to drive around the hill, an' I'll like as not be late gettin' home."

"What *has* come over the deacon?" thought his wife in perplexity as he drove out of the yard. "I do' know when I've seen him in such spirits. He's been feelin' bad for a whole year past. I'm thankful enough to see him chirk up again. He's got some plan in his mind; I see that plain enough. What ever can it be?"

The deacon drove briskly down the road, glancing at the orchards as he passed.

"Finest crop I ever did see," he chuckled to himself. "Why didn't I think of it before? Apple-jack ain't whiskey, an' I ain't breakin' no promises. Father made apple-jack an' peach brandy an' all those things. I wonder I ain't ever thought of it. The still won't go to waste now. I'll buy all the apples in the county round an' store them in the loft.

They'll keep all winter, an' I'll get new barrels an' kegs, an' have all I can do." He smiled to himself joyfully.

Farmer Howe greeted his neighbor a trifle stiffly. He was paying rather heavily for the deacon's moral superiority.

"Morning, John," began Deacon Brown cheerfully. "How's apples selling this year?"

"Apples? Well, I d' know. I ain't thought much about them. By the time they're picked and packed and sent to the city they cost more'n they come to. I d' know as I'll bother much with them."

The deacon cleared his throat. Would John Howe see things as he saw them?

"Well, John, I'll take your crop if you want to sell. I kalkilate to open up the still again. I ain't a-goin' to make whiskey any more; but apple-jack, now,—why, that's different."

Farmer Howe pushed his hat back on his head with a bewildered air.

"Apple-jack! why, ain't that brandy?" he inquired.

"Well, it's kind o' like brandy," returned the deacon, a trifle embarrassed; "but it's a good thing. For sickness, now, it beats everything. But you settle about your apples, John, an' send them up bright an' early Monday, for I'll get things goin' by then;" and the deacon drove away.

"If that don't beat the Dutch!" exclaimed the farmer as he gazed down the road. "Apple-jack's worse than whiskey any day." But as he walked to the orchard and reckoned up the barrels he should need by Monday, a glow of pleasure filled his mind.

"I guess Hannah can go to Bowden, after all," he said to his wife. "I've sold my apples."

Everywhere the deacon met the same reception. The farmers were glad to sell their apple crops, although they were rather shocked at his lack of consistency.

"I thought 'twouldn't last," sneered Farmer Parson as he glanced approvingly at his heavily laden boughs.

"He was too good all of a sudden. Wonder what the minister will say?"

"Guess he's forgotten how bad he felt a year ago," said Farmer Welling to his wife. "He sticks by his promise, but he's goin' to make liquor all the same. Whiskey or apple-jack's all one in my opinion; but 'tain't for me to decide,—an' it's a good thing there's such a big crop of apples this year."

Rumors began to reach the minister that the distillery was about to start up; but he gave them little credence. Yet on Sunday he glanced rather anxiously at Deacon Brown as he passed the plate. He saw that his face was brighter than for a long time.

"He's a good man. He shows that he has an approving conscience," the minister thought to himself. Yet he noticed that the farmers spoke more cordially to the deacon after church and with greater familiarity than he had ever seen before, and in spite of himself he was a little troubled. Evidently something had happened of which he was ignorant.

On Monday morning loads of apples began to appear from all directions and were driven toward Deacon Brown's. The minister was puzzled as he saw them. He walked out to his gate and looked in that direction. Smoke was coming from the distillery; barrels were being unloaded at the great door; the yard was full of wagons. The minister stood at his gate a long time, unable to believe what he saw. At length he turned and walked sadly into his study and shut the door.

That evening, after his day of hard work, Deacon Brown was tired. He sat on his porch and rocked idly back and forth, while his wife wiped the supper dishes. She was tremulous with excitement and doubt. Was the deacon doing right? What would Mrs. Henderson say?

The deacon looked up as the minister opened the gate. He frowned to himself and then advanced to meet him. "Good evenin', parson," he said

loudly, with a show of great cordiality. "Come right up on the porch. Fine evenin', ain't it?"

"A beautiful evening, a beautiful evening," answered the minister absently, as he sat down. He was facing the distillery, and he sighed as he looked at it.

"Deacon Brown, will you tell me what this means?" he began as sternly as his gentle nature would allow. "A year ago you renounced this business. You vowed never to engage in it again. What am I to think of your principles when I see this distillery at work?"

"Gently, Mr. Cole, gently," replied the deacon testily. "I'm breakin' no vows. I said I'd make no more whiskey, an' I won't. No, sir, I stick by my word, if it costs me all the money I've got. But, parson,"—and he laid his hand on the minister's knee and spoke with great earnestness,—*"I've been watchin' this thing a year, an' I've come to the conclusion I was too hasty. Whiskey ain't a good thing, an' some people's hurt by it. But, parson, see here. Look at all the farmers round about who can't sell their grain this fall. Ain't they hurt too? I tell you, everybody's poor since my still shut down. Every man of 'em would be glad to have me start makin' whiskey to-morrow. But I'm a man of my word, an' I said to myself as I thought about it, 'No, no more whiskey's made in that still!'—and there won't be till doomsday. But, parson, I can't abide waste, an' there's that building, good for nothing else, an' it's just droppin' to pieces. I don't call that right. That ain't using the talents intrusted to us! An' then, there's the apple crops all around. Did you ever see such a yield? No, nor nobody else—there's that all goin' to waste. That ain't right, I say. The fruits of the earth was made to be used. An' then the farmers need the money I give 'em. Why, it means clothes an' schoolin' to the children! They've always looked to my father and to me to take their crops, an' it's*

just defraudin' them of their rights to keep that distillery shut. An' then I feel I ain't honorin' my parents, to say what my father did was wrong. He was a good man, an' he done what he thought was right. I ain't goin' to say he was mistaken." The deacon drew himself up and looked virtuously at the minister's troubled face. "What I always say is, *'Go by your lights!'*—an' I'm doin' it," he continued. "Yes, sir, I'm doin' it. If that temperance lecturer hadn't come here disturbin' everybody, I'd be making whiskey to-day with a clear conscience. But I ain't goin' back on my word. No more whiskey will I ever make. But apple-jack is different, an' I'm goin' into that business;" and the deacon shut his mouth firmly and gazed at the minister.

Mr. Cole was greatly disturbed. "Brother," he began at last, "you know there's such a thing as a perverted conscience. Are you sure you are entitled to say you are being guided by the highest motives in your new undertaking?"

"Sure, parson, perfectly sure," replied the deacon cheerfully. "I go accordin' to my lights, and I think whiskey-makin's wrong for *me*,—you understand, for *me*,—because I gave my word; but apple-jack, now,—apple-jack's all right."

The minister rose and took his cane. "Deacon Brown, I've no more to say," he said sadly. "I interfere with no man's conscience. But I hope you are perfectly sincere in this. Remember the position you hold in the church; the eyes of all are on you."

"Don't you worry, Mr. Cole," replied the deacon as he walked to the gate with his visitor. "My mind's clear on the subject. If we all go accordin' to our lights, it's all that can be expected of us,—an' I'm goin' by mine."

The minister walked slowly down the road. His hero was but a man after all, a man with everyday weaknesses. It was a severe blow.

Deacon Brown looked after the re-

treating figure. "The minister gets old fast," he said. "A younger man might be better for the people. The air feels a little frosty. I hope 'twon't freeze till after all the crop is in. There'll be enough for twenty barrels to-morrow;"—and he went into the house.

THE PHANTOM GUEST.

By William Herbert Carruth.

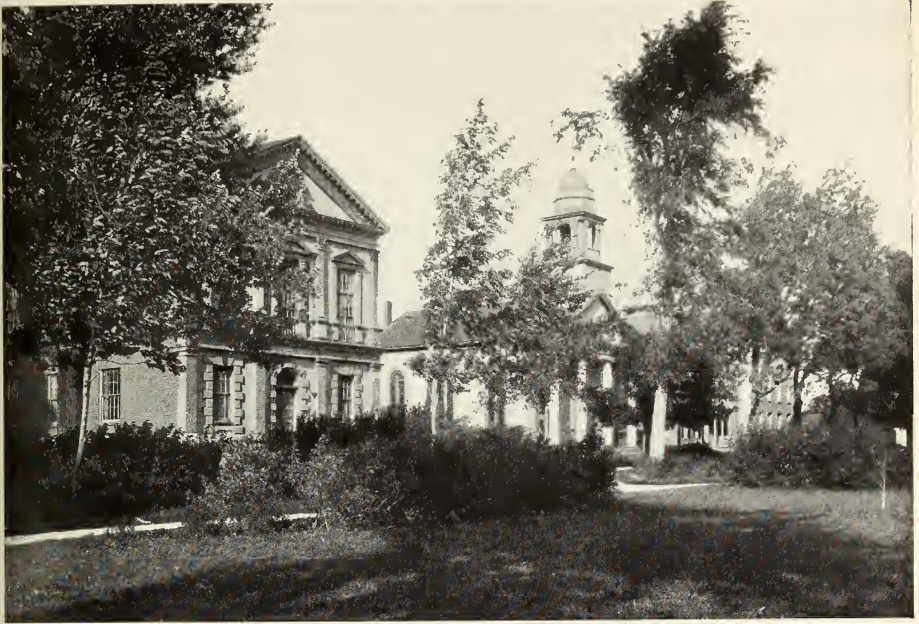
WE pull together in the yoke
 Of duty, neither shirking;
 I long to praise that heart of oak,
 But shrink, and keep on working;
 Yet oft I think what I should feel
 And say, should aught betide him,
 If he were lying cold and still
 And I stood warm beside him.

We two are rivals in the race;
 He wins the prize I covet;
 I hate him frankly, and lack grace
 To keep my heart above it;
 Yet hate would be a tale that's told,
 And gladly I'd abide him,
 If he were lying still and cold
 And I stood warm beside him.

He walks another path from mine;
 I find him soft and callow;
 Whate'er he venture to opine
 I straight condemn as shallow;
 Much more in common I should hold,
 Less readily deride him,
 If he were lying still and cold
 And I stood warm beside him.

'Tis years that we have been estranged,—
 Well-nigh forgot the reason;
 All but our cursed pride has changed,
 Changed with the changing season;
 Yet I could weep for him until
 His numb, dumb heart should chide him,
 If he were lying cold and still
 And I stood warm beside him.

How many hates would be as not,
 How many wrongs be righted,
 Kind words be spoken, now forgot,
 Deeds done that now are slighted,
 If each man had, like them of old,
 This phantom guest to guide him,—
 His fellow lying still and cold,
 Himself all warm beside him!



THE TOWN OF LEICESTER, MASSACHUSETTS.

By John White Chadwick.

TO vary Milton's phrase, he that would not be frustrate of his hope to write well of Leicester should have its free air blowing in his lungs, and in his bones the limestone of its hills, if any such there be. For one not to the manner born to set out upon this venture may well remind him of the fine old English admiral who said, "I have taken that in hand which I know not how to accomplish." But if I may not wholly justify my assumption of this task, I can at least answer the question of the Western spoilsman, "What are we here for?" in such a manner as may perhaps extenuate my fault. I was drawn to Leicester by my interest in Rev. Samuel May, and my first idea was to put my sketch of him in a general Leicester setting. Preparing for this business, I became every day

more interested in the history of the town.

It would be interesting to know how many New England towns have been compared to Jerusalem of old as "beautiful for situation;" and, hill-set as many of them are, the description is perfectly appropriate in many instances, though, if it were not, it would be easy to condone so genial an offence as the exaggeration of the beauty of a much loved spot. But not even Chesterfield, where every year I

"Summer high upon the hills of God,"

deserves better the proverbial praise than Leicester,—understanding by this designation preëminently Leicester Hill, the centre of the town, in early times generally called "Strawberry Hill," and still so called by



CAREY HILL.

many whom old names and pleasant names attract, though by what strawberry mark identified as such I do not know.

Such is the situation of the town, on the ridge from which falls away the water-shed of central Massachusetts, 1,007 feet above the sea, that some of its waters flow into the Connecticut, others into the Blackstone, and still others into the Thames. The Great Road to Spencer (Boston and Albany stage road) and the same road eastward of the hill separates two of these sources from each other by the road's bare width. The town is well supplied with ponds and streams, several of the former made by the damming of the larger streams for mill power and to make reservoirs of water for domestic use. There are no lofty hills, but many pleasant ones from which to look abroad. Moose Hill, in the northwest corner, is one of the highest. Bald Hill, in the Cherry Valley section of the town, gets its name from the fact that it had been cleared and cultivated before the white settlers came. Mount Pleasant, about a mile west from the centre, is celebrated as the location of a once lordly pleasure-house, one of whose owners, James Swan, had a

pathetic history. During his residence in Leicester he was a great nabob; but, meeting with reverses, he went to Paris, where, in 1830, upon the opening of the debtors' prison by the revolutionists, he was released after having occupied the same cell thirty-two years and a day. Carey Hill, a mile north of the meeting-house, has also its tradition, at the other extreme from that of Mount Pleasant. Here, it is said, the first settlers found one of their own blood living a hermit life in a miserable cave, whether fearing the cruel mercies of the red men less than the temptations of a civilized society, or crazed with hopeless love, we are not told.

The present township, which is smaller than the settlers' part of the original grant by two miles sliced from its northern part to help make the town of Paxton, and 2,500 acres taken from its southeast to help make the town of Auburn, is forty-eight miles from Boston and six west of "the new town of the English, called Worcester"—so described in the original grant. From time to time there have developed closer aggregations within the limits of the town, which probably to those who constitute

them are of more importance than the Hill; and they are certainly able to outvote it when they combine their strength. These settlements are known as Cherry Valley, which is some two miles from the Hill; Rochdale, formerly named Clappville for Joshua Clapp, an enterprising manufacturer, by whom its mill privileges were developed; Mannville, of like origin, which has grown up around the first of several mills on Kettle Brook; and above Rochdale on the same water, Greenville, whereby hangs an interesting tale of its founder, Captain Samuel Green, and his family. Lakeside, west of the centre, is another manufacturing village which originated some fifty years ago in

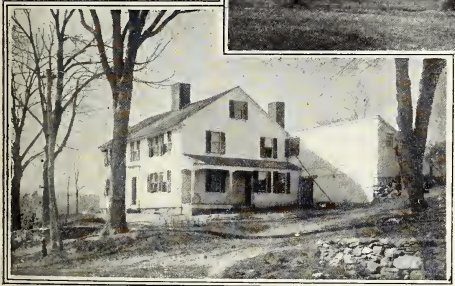
naively, the local annalist, who goes on to state the sum given—fifteen pounds, New England money! Other proprietors were soon associated with the original nine, and the names were generally those well known and much distinguished in colonial affairs. Samuel Ruggles was grandfather of



OLD JOHN KING HOUSE.



THE HENSHAW PLACE.



THE SARGENT HOUSE.

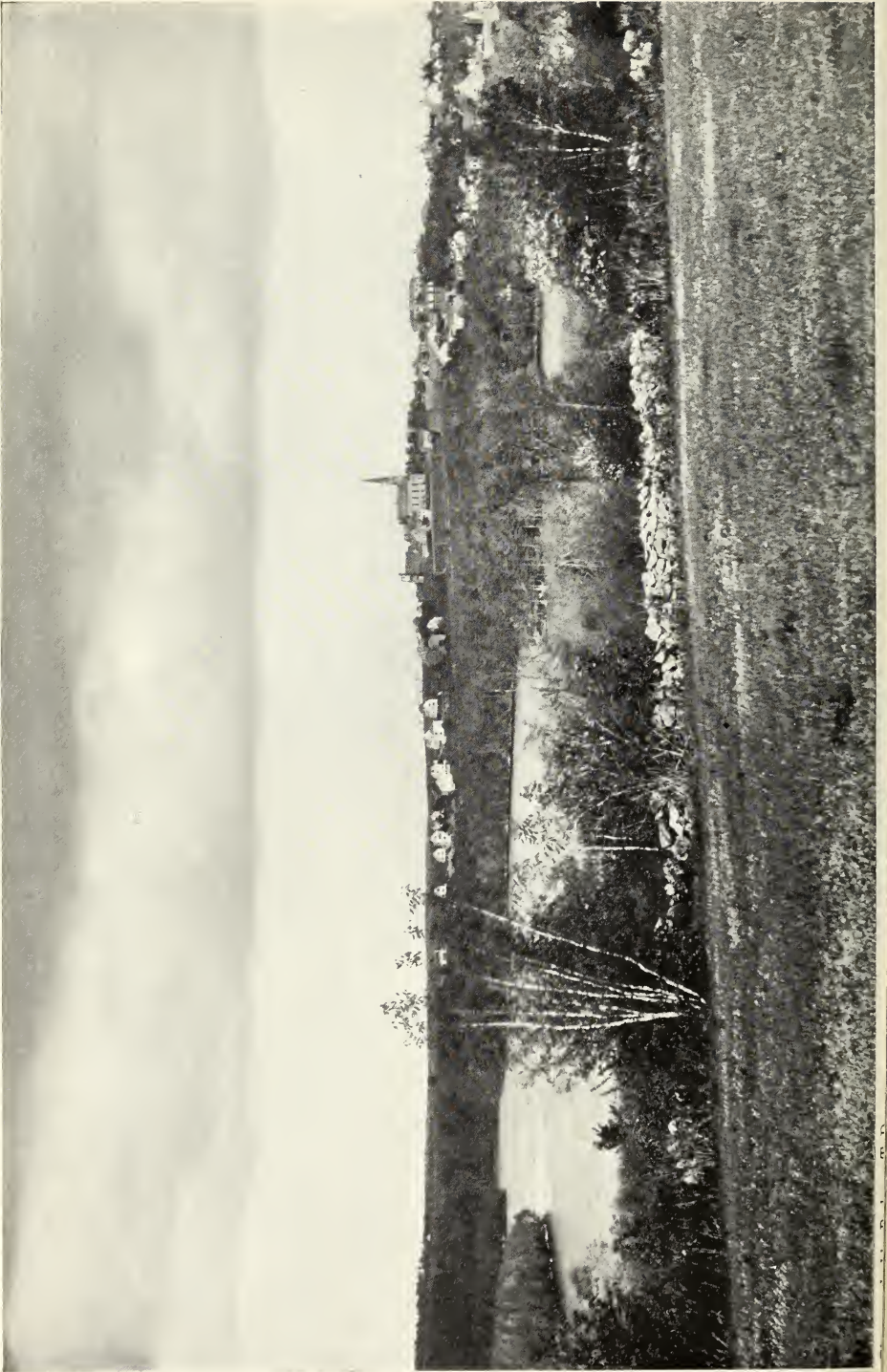
the enterprise of D. Waldo Kent, whose works have prospered in the hands of his posterity. Mulberry Grove, in the north part of the town, got its name in 1827 from the planting in that section of mulberry trees (with a view to growing silkworms) by Pliny Earle, the father of the famous alienist. The craze for this culture was at one time widespread, but it met with no success.

The original township lay in the heart of the region thinly occupied by the Nipmuc Indians, from whom the nine original proprietors in 1786 "secured it by fair purchase." Thus,

the Tory brigadier "Timothy Ruggles" of unhappy fame. Jeremiah Dummer wrote a "Defence of the New England Charters," and did other

memorable things. Paul Dudley was a son of Governor Joseph Dudley, and Dr. DeNormandie has told his interesting story in the pages of this magazine.* His youngest brother, William, was another member of the company, and still another was Samuel Sewall, who married a daughter of Governor Dudley. Thomas Hutchinson was the father of the royalist Governor Hutchinson, and, like him, a worthy gentleman. These and the others constituted a kind of family party by much intermarrying. They undertook in 1713 to settle fifty families in the township within seven years. Reserving to themselves lots of one thousand acres each, the proprietors proceeded to cut the remaining ter-

* See illustrated article on "The Roxbury Latin School," by James DeNormandie in the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE for June, 1895; also article on Paul Dudley by Francis B. Hornbrooke, January, 1896.



ritory up into "house lots" of thirty, forty and fifty acres, with "after rights" of one hundred outlying acres for each ten in the house lots. The most desirable parts were "the Meadows," naturally clear of woods, now the least valuable parts, except as they are flooded to get water power. The settlement was slow, and in 1724 there were only thirty-seven persons to engage in the execution of the deed by which the proprietors conveyed the eastern portions of the town to the actual settlers. By this deed the connection of the eastern and western parts of the town was practically dissolved, the western part, as Spencer, initiating a history of its own, which has been honorable, and never more so than in its latest years. Among the signers of the deed we find the names of families that have since been prominent and distinguished in the annals of the town; these for examples: Denny, Green, Earle, Henshaw, Southgate, Sargent and Livermore. It is not often that a group of names like these stands for so much continuous significance in the life of a community. But there are many others of whom not so much even as "honorable mention" can be made in my allotted space.

The early history of any old New England town is almost exclusively ecclesiastical. That of Leicester is so to a preëminent degree, and in the main its earliest ecclesiastical affairs were full of trouble and anxiety. It is said of happy nations that they have no histories, and it is equally true of happy parishes. There is nothing like a parish quarrel to brighten up the records of town meetings at a time when the town and parish lived an undivided life. The bad blood engendered by these quarrels has been the seed of the church in one respect as the blood of the martyrs has not; it has been more prolific of new church organizations than any other source. Strangely enough in Leicester it did not have

this operation. The minister over whom the battle raged, like that of Greeks and Trojans on the windy plain, was Rev. David Parsons, who was called in 1720, the parish feeling itself "unworthy of so great a blessing" as his acceptance of its call. He came; but so did not his salary when due, after the fading of the first flush of enthusiasm from the parochial sky. In 1726 it was two years in arrears. The next year it was voted "that the town be willing that Mr. Parsons should remove and remain out of the town." That was certainly euphonious; but Mr. Parsons, unlike Barkis in the story, was not willing. He memorialized the Legislature, and the town took measures "for upholding the *orderly* and *peaceable* ministrations of the gospel," and begged the Legislature to relieve it "from Mr. Parsons's bondage." But he had his friends and they were active and ingenious. The intricacies of this miserable business for a dozen years cannot be followed here. In 1735 Mr. Parsons's connection with the parish was dissolved and he went to Belchertown, whence he shot back at his enemies such Parthian arrows as legal actions against the town. He died in 1743, having in the mean time returned to Leicester, and was buried by his express command in his own field, preferring that his dust should not be mingled with that of the saints who had tormented him.

In a room of the town library set apart for an antiquarian and historical collection there is now preserved the gravestone of this unhappy man, of one piece with his wife's, fit symbol of indissoluble love. It has had a checkered history. About 1830 some thrifty proprietor of the original glebe economized it for the covering of an ash-pit in the construction of a chimney. So used, like Mr. Parsons in his lifetime, it must have been often in hot water; and "saved, as by fire," it was luckier than many Leicester folk imagined his post-mortem state. Apparently it was not disturbed in



A CORNER OF THE OLD BURYING GROUND.

1861, when it was discovered in this unique position, fortunately face down, so that the inscription was not effaced. It runs: "In Memory of the Rev^d Mr. David Parsons, who, after many years of hard labor & suffering, was laid here Oct. y^e 12th, A. D. 1743, Aged 63 years." In 1887 the stone found its way into the cellar of the Congregational Church, where it was singularly out of place. On the rough part which was inserted in the ground there are certain mystical characters, which seem to tell what pounds and shillings went for this expensive monument of an impecunious life.

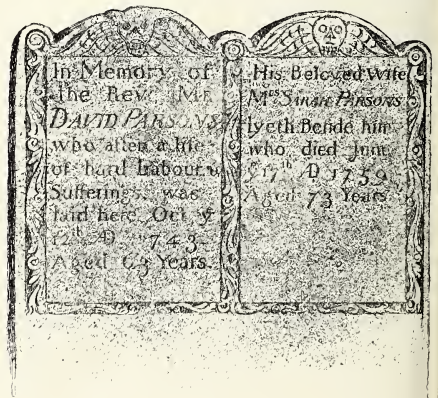
At this point a few words about the original meeting-house ought not to come amiss. It was not by any means "a house of cedar," and if it had been "under curtains" it would have been hardly less protected from the winds that blow on Leicester Hill. It had doors, but no doorsteps, so that to "ascend into His holy place" was difficult. There were no pews, but "pew-grounds" were sold, that those who wished to build pews might do so. The deacon's pew was built at the expense of the parish for twelve shillings, and for that price could not have been so luxurious as to invite to slumber in the blaze of

Mr. Parsons's fulminations. There were no galleries at first, but they were introduced after much difference of opinion and delay. In 1743 it was voted "to have a new ruff upon the Meeting House" and to make an addition of twelve feet the whole length of the back. It was so done, but the original up-

rights were left standing to remind the faithful of the days of smaller things.

Mr. Goddard, who succeeded Mr. Parsons, was not a cheerful saint, but a good man on whom the parish rested gratefully from its labors with the first incumbent. He was ordained in 1736 and died in 1754. January 28, 1743, he wrote to Deacon John Whittemore:

"Sir, These are (in y^e bitterness of my soul) to let you know y^t I have dreadful apprehension of my having deceived myself, & y^t really I am but a hypocrite & have no right in y^e sight of God to minister in holy things,—and, therefore, I desire you not to prepare the Sacrament.



"IN MEMORY OF REV. DAVID PARSONS."

Pray sir, do not be displeas'd with me, for I dare not do otherwise than I do. If you have an interest in y^e throne of grace be earnest in prayer for me, & for the poor Cch & people in this place."

All these things Deacon Whittemore seems to have kept in his heart, and let us hope he comforted and reassured the minister in his sore distress.

The Rev. Joseph Roberts, settled

so rotten with age and neglect that they could not hold the coin. Good fortune followed his departure from the town in the person of Benjamin Conklin, who was minister in Leicester from 1763 to 1794, and lived for sixteen years on the spot now beautiful with the late home of Rev. Samuel May, and in the house which was removed when Mr. May built the present one in 1835. Mr. Conklin was an



MAIN STREET IN WINTER AND SUMMER.

in 1754, was sordid and avaricious. His letter of acceptance was prophetic of his whole career. How nice the social gauge which could discover that "in a class of twenty-five he ranked in dignity of family twenty-second." Dismissed in 1762, he died, as he had lived, like a beggar, leaving bags of money in his house, the bags

ardent patriot in the Revolutionary period, one of the local Committee of Correspondence, enjoying the sympathy of his congregation and especially that of its leading men; but at the time of Shays's Rebellion, which he honestly opposed, he was hardly safe in his own house. He lies in the old burying ground "in expectation



THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

dici supremi," as it is graven on the stone, with the addition, "*Qualis erat, dies iste indicabit.*"

The limits of this article do not permit me to follow up the line of his successors; but I should not be forgiven if I made no mention of Dr. John Nelson, the sixth pastor of the church, who was settled in 1812 and held the fort for nearly sixty years, having, from 1857 until 1871, the Rev. Amos H. Coolidge for his colleague. He exercised a deep and abiding influence on his church and on the community. It is said that there were 1,200 sleighs on and around the Common on the day of his ordination. His colleague and successor, on the contrary, was ordained "in a tumultuous privacy of storm,"—a blizzard, on April 21, 1857, only surpassed by the recent storm of November 29, 1898, which Rev. Samuel May thought the most tremendous in his sixty-four years' experience of Leicester weather. One who knew Dr. Nelson well writes of him as "the best type of the old-time country minister, settled for life and sharing every scene in the life of his

people, from the cradle to the grave; well educated, well read, the associate of public men and interested in public affairs, a good writer, with an eloquent delivery, invariably preaching short sermons,"—"Always," says another, speaking from his personal recollection, "just twenty minutes long." The segregation from his flock of the Leicester Unitarians, in 1833, was the most painful circumstance of his career; but not even that could rouse in him a controversial spirit. His temper was much softer than his creed; and to Baptists, Episcopalians and Roman Catholics he extended the right hand of fellowship in a manner exceptionally cordial for his day.

A new church was built in 1784, with square pews and the seats made with hinges, as was common, so as to give more room when the worshippers stood up. Given five or six separate seats in every pew, when all were dropped at once—slam bang!—the effect must have been prodigious. No wonder that a visitor from Philadelphia thought the house was coming down about his ears and started for the door. When, in 1826, a belfry and steeple were added, the church was moved back so as to cover a part of the burying ground, in which were several graves. Whether the sleepers in them henceforth stirred or slept more soundly has not been divulged. The present church, built in 1867, gave early promise of that success in architecture which the Norcross brothers have since attained. Leicester has in its Public Library a fine example of their later manner. Mr. Coolidge resigned in 1894 and was succeeded by the present minister, Rev. David C. Reid.

September 28, 1888, the Greenville Baptist Church celebrated the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary, and the printed record of the celebration is one of exceptional interest. Its first pastor was Dr. Thomas Green, a son of Captain Samuel Green, the founder of the local settlements. At



LEICESTER COMMON



SAMUEL MAY.

first a doctor, and a preacher only by second intention, many of his descendants have had a predilection for medicine (for giving it), and the present Dr. John Green of St. Louis is one of the most distinguished ophthalmologists in the country. His brother, Samuel S. Green, is one of the best known and most efficient librarians in the country; and the library which he directs (Worcester Free Public Library) originated in the benefaction of his uncle, Dr. John Green of Worcester, third of the name. Dr. Thomas Green seems to have been extremely versatile. Besides being doctor and preacher, he ran the meeting-house; and a record of 1747—what a

genial latitude the spelling of that time enjoyed!—runs thus:

“At a properrieties meeting of the Baptis church it was voted that every man that has a pue shall pay the elder Thomas Green for the building of his pue.”

The story of Thomas Green’s coming to Leicester with his father, and being left alone in the wilderness to tend his father’s cattle, is one of the most pathetic in the history of the town. A church with such forebears is under bonds to have an honorable history, and here it has been as it ought to be.

In 1732 Ralph Earle and his three sons declared themselves to the town clerk to be Friends. In 1739 the first meeting-house was built in the Earle neighborhood,—“a low, one-story building, twenty by twenty-two feet,”—and this served until 1791, when a larger one was built in a secluded and singularly attractive situation,

where great trees of the primeval forest cast their shade. This building no longer exists, and there is not at this writing (1898) known to be a Friend in town. One of the last was Pliny Earle, the distinguished alienist, whose life Mr. Frank B. Sanborn of Concord has recently written with much sympathy and understanding. Dr. Earle, whose best work was done after 1864 as chief of the Northampton Insane



THE MAY HOMESTEAD.

Asylum, was a many-sided man, very genial and playful, a *flaneur* of wide experience, a diarist whose memoirs will prove very serviceable to future students of our social manners. He was a generous benefactor of the Leicester Library, though he did more for one in Northampton.

His family, of which he wrote an elaborate genealogy, was strong in many ways. The Leicester Friends were recruited from it largely. So were the early manufacturers. From 1827 until 1839 there was a "Mulberry Grove School," which disputed with the local Academy the honor of being the



THE ACADEMY.

first vice-presidential candidate of the Liberty party in 1840. The anti-slavery strength of Worcester county was rooted deeply in the soil of Mulberry Grove. When the elder Pliny Earle married Patience Buffum, he made no mistake. She was born to be a mother of men. Like Mary, the mother of Washington, a much inferior woman, she smoked her pipe with calm complacency.

The Episcopal Church in Leicester (Rochdale) is ten years older than the Unitarian, dating from 1823 and illustrating the progress which the Episcopalians have made everywhere among us of late years,—much, perhaps, because the noble character of Phillips Brooks has been "counted unto them for righteousness," but also because religion has been steadily growing more formal and sentimental and less dogmatic. St. Thomas's, in Cherry Valley, is a thrifty offshoot of this church.

The Unitarian Society originated in 1832-33, and its conservative character is indicated by the fact that it was one of the last of the Unitarian churches which was formed by the



THE WINSLOW RESIDENCE.

best institution of learning in that part of the state. It was conducted by the sisters of Dr. Pliny Earle. The mother, Patience Buffum, was a sister of Arnold Buffum, one of Garrison's right-hand men, described by Thoreau as "looking like a pier-head made of the cork tree, with the bark on;" and the family generally were strong abolitionists. Thomas Earle of Pennsylvania, a brother of Pliny, was the



LAKE SARGENT.

breaking away of a large body of influential citizens from the Congregational Church. It is probable that only Dr. Nelson's personality saved the main body of the parish from becoming Unitarian, leaving the Orthodox party to form the Second Church. Of Mr. May, the first settled minister of the Unitarian Society, I have written so fully in a late number of the *NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE** that I need add nothing here. Conservative opposition to his antislavery convictions abridged his ministry, but no successor in his office has served so long as his twelve years. The present incumbent, Rev. Nathaniel Seaver, is likely to do so; and he has my best wishes, not only because he was of old my Cambridge classmate, but because he has helped me in writing this article to the limit of my curiosity. I am only sorry that I can utilize so little of his information. His vocation is mycology, he having made acquaintance with at least one hundred mushrooms in the Leicester woods and fields, of which less than a dozen varieties are poisonous or inedible.

* See illustrated article on "Samuel May of Leicester," in the *NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE* for April, 1899.

The Methodist Church, formerly represented by three different organizations, growing out of differences concerning slavery and church organization, is now one again and without a seam in sentiment, but has two churches,—one in the Cherry Valley section of the town and one upon the Hill.

The Roman Catholic Church edifice stands on a knoll upon the Great Post Road, about half a mile east of



the Hill. In his admirable history of Leicester, Governor Emory Washburn recalls the fact that, within the scope of his own memory, Sandy Wesley, a Scotch tailor, was about the only person of foreign birth in town,—some say the only one. Today the Irish and other Roman Catholic population is a large and influential body, industrious and progressive, and with the same predilection for running the political machine that has created Tammany Hall and other great political organizations.

But the possibilities of religious energy in Leicester have not been exhausted by its Christian elements. The Spanish Jews of Leicester furnish one of the most unique and interesting episodes in the history of the town. In 1777 a colony of Jews were driven out of Newport, Rhode Island, by their anxiety in view of the



JOHN E. RUSSELL.

Mr. Lopez was drowned upon the way in a pond into which he had driven to water his horse. While in Leicester the whole colony was much



MR. RUSSELL'S HOME.

British occupation. They were seventy in all; twelve of them slaves. Aaron Lopez was the leading spirit, and in the central room of his big house on the Common he "carried on a successful trade in Bohea and Gunpowder teas, serges, calamancos," and other articles. His house was the first building occupied by the Leicester Academy. Abraham Mendez and Jacob Rivera were hardly less important members of the colony. Buyers came to them from all the country round. They returned to Newport when the war was over, and

esteemed. Every week they had a holiday and holyday; the latter Saturday, when they kept their own Sabbath; the former Sunday, when they refrained from business or work of any kind in deference to their neighbors' sentiments.

The educational history of Leicester has been more peculiar to itself than its ecclesiastical, and this history centres in its Academy. The first schoolmaster, John Lynde, Jr., was a nephew of Dr. Thomas Green. He was employed to teach children "to read and wright;" whether he also taught them to spell after this manner is not told. After teaching in his second year in Mr. Jonathan Sargent's house for \$3.75 per month, he informed the town that if he was to serve them longer "they was to come to tarms." In 1736 the first schoolhouse was "built in the most



THE LEICESTER PUBLIC LIBRARY.

convenient place," a few rods north of the meeting-house; the second before 1762; the third (at the centre) in 1791. Governor Emory Washburn remembered this as "the perfection of discomfort." The district system began in 1765, when £120 was voted to build five schoolhouses. During the Revolutionary War some miserly economist moved that the schools be suspended, but the motion was promptly voted down. Since 1867 the High School, excepting for a brief period, has been joined with the Academy, with good success, as in other places where an academy has flourished or decayed.

An attempt to compel the Academy organization to commit *hari-kari* has so far failed, and there are good reasons for hoping that it will not be renewed.

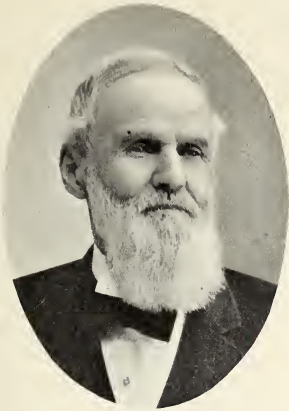
The prime originators of Leicester Academy were Ebenezer Crafts of Sturbridge and Jacob Davis of Charlton. These were men of note, whose personal history might properly detain us long. Crafts was a captain of cavalry in the Revolutionary War, and later a colonel of Worcester

county cavalry. He built the tavern in Sturbridge, which at the time of the Academy centenary in 1884 still hid his fame behind its breezy elms. Later he founded the town of Craftsbury, in Vermont. Jacob Davis also was a colonel of militia who served in the Revolutionary War. He built the first house in

Montpelier, Vermont, and was moderator of its first town meeting. The death of the Jew, Aaron Lopez, and the sale of his estate, suggested to Crafts and Davis the buying of his roomy house for an academy; and they made the glorious Fourth, 1783, more glorious by that day petitioning the General Court for an act of incorporation. The first meeting of the trustees the following April brought together a number of men who were fit mates for Crafts and Davis in an enterprise of great pith and moment; among them, Moses Gill of Princeton; Lincoln, father of



A VIEW IN THE LIBRARY.

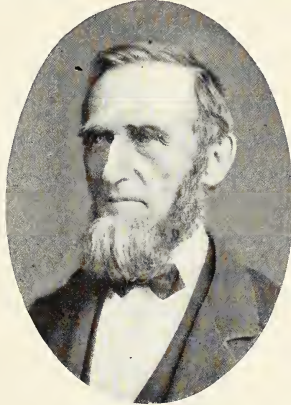


LORY SPRAGUE WATSON.

Governor Lincoln, from Worcester; Seth Washburn and Joseph Allen of Leicester, both active in the Revolution. It was Seth Washburn, grandfather of Governor Emory Washburn, who commanded the Leicester company which marched to Bunker Hill and Cambridge in 1775; it was at Joseph Allen's house upon the Hill that the Committee of Correspondence held their meetings and kept in touch with Samuel Adams, whose nephew Joseph Allen was. But the most significant person on the first board of trustees was General Rufus Putnam of Rutland, of whom fortunately it is necessary to say nothing, because Senator Hoar and Mr. Mead have written of him already with deserved elaboration. Clearly Rufus Putnam was thinking of Leicester Academy (to which he subscribed £100), when on the same lines he helped to found, in 1797, the first academy established in the Northwest, the Muskingum.

Help came in various ways, some of them more creditable than others. A township in Maine given it by the Legislature netted the Academy some \$9,000. In 1789 there was a lottery

for its benefit,—no exceptional morality, seeing that Harvard College and Brown University had their lotteries in 1795 and 1797. The Rev. Benjamin Conklin of Leicester was one of the pious managers of the Leicester lottery, blissfully unconscious that lotteries would come in time to be disapproved by legislatures and survive in church fairs only by various indirection. The first principal and assistant occupied one room over the Latin classroom. This assistant, Mr. Pierce, afterward Dr. John Pierce of Brookline, father-in-law of Dr. F. H. Hedge, was a man so proud of his walking, which the Leicester roads encouraged, that he is reputed to have said on his arrival in the other world, "Just fifteen minutes from earth! Walked all the way!" The list of teachers and students is so rich in personal associations that I must hug the shore, lest venturing on so wide a sea I never come to port. One of the early students was Governor W. L. Marcy, and we find him debating in 1808, "Is a delicate sensibility desirable?" He took the

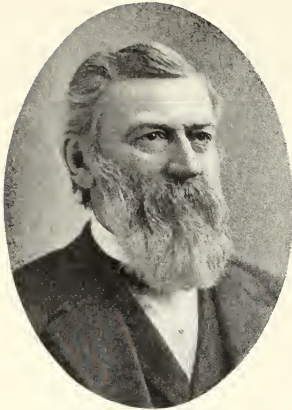


JOSEPH A. DENNY.

negative and lived up to it, for it is to him we owe the damna-



CHRISTOPHER C. DENNY.



JOSEPH MURDOCK.

ble political maxim, "To the victors belong the spoils." Another early pupil was Eli Whitney, whose cotton gin was an even more remarkable contribution to our political history than Governor Marcy's maxim. Other impressive names are those of Senator Upham of Vermont; "Honest John Davis," governor of Massachusetts; Hon. David Henshaw, secretary of the United States navy; Hon. Charles Allen of Worcester, who about 1850 was one of a great free-soil quadrilateral with Sumner and Stephen C. Phillips and Charles Francis Adams; his brother, Rev. George Allen, to whom the Free Soil party owed its name in 1848, when he said in the old City Hall of Worcester, "Massachusetts wears no chains and spurns all bribes; she goes now and will ever go for free soil and free men"; Governor Emory Washburn; Dr. Thomas Hill, president of Harvard University, 1862-68; and Dr. Pliny Earle, a first-rate name with which to end a list that might be indefinitely extended. Many of the

preceptors and assistants laid in Leicester Academy the foundations of a local, if not national, reputation. The oldest of them living a few months since was Mr. Joseph L. Partridge of Brooklyn, New York, —described by the Hon. John E. Russell as "the oldest deacon in the world." Born June 7, 1804, he lived in good condition to the age of ninety-five. He was assistant and principal of the Academy from 1833 to 1845, and under his rule the Academy had more pupils than ever before or since. In the house now John E. Russell's he was married to a niece of Dr. Nelson in 1837, and there in due time he celebrated his golden wedding. For many years he was a trustee of the Academy and his interest in it never flagged. Hon. John E. Russell's house is nearly opposite Mr. May's, and has one of the finest situations in the town. He is another academician, and but for that, and his Leicester marriage and long residence in the town, not a Leicester man. His low-built, much-extended house is full to overflowing with books, pictures and such "articles of bigotry and virtue" as mark the man of cultivated tastes. His many-acred farm affords him ample opportunity to indulge an insatiable and losing appetite for agricultural affairs.

The architectural and the financial history of the Academy abounds in



HOTEL LEICESTER.

many moving accidents. For its financial aid many have done well, but James Smith—born in Rutland, lived in Leicester from 1810 to 1836, when he went to Philadelphia—exceedeth them all, his benefactions amounting to \$25,000 and drawing others in with them. A second academy building was completed in 1806, at a cost of \$9,000, and the local architect received \$9.84 for his services, more it would appear than they were worth. At the dedication Dr. Aaron Bancroft preached the sermon and Dr. Sumner offered prayer. In the preliminary procession Dr. Sumner looked so magnificent that it may have been on this occasion that a little girl ran home with the exclamation, "O mother! I've seen God on horseback!" The second building gave place to the present one in 1833, and the change was a most happy one. For the most part the control of the Academy has been consistently evangelical. The Waters bequest of \$8,000 was given (1823) "for the purpose of supporting instructors of the Congregational Calvinistic order in the town of Leicester forever."

The Leicester Public Library is an institution quite as educational as the Academy, and its roots go down almost as far into the past. The first Social Library was founded in 1793, ten years after the Academy. It survived many changes and competitors, and on March 4, 1861, the day of Lincoln's first inauguration, it was made a Public Library in town meeting, on the motion of Dr. Pliny Earle, who in 1892 gave the library \$6,000, Mr. W. E. Merriam having given \$5,000 in 1888. In 1896 a new library building was completed. It is situated near the west end of the main street. The cost was about \$40,000, and about \$25,000 of this was given by Mr. Lory S. Watson, a rich and generous manufacturer of the town. The remainder was made up from the Merriam and Earle bequests. The building is a very handsome one and well adapted to its purpose. Few libraries

have a collection of books made so conscientiously as this, thanks to the interest and devotion of Rev. Samuel May, for thirty-four years a trustee of the library and for a long time its principal buyer and practically the librarian.

The political and military history of Leicester abounds in striking incidents and in commanding personal traits. During the early years slaves were owned in the town by well-to-do people; but the antislavery sentiment of the town was in advance of that throughout the colony, in 1773 the town instructing its representative to use his utmost influence to put a stop to the slave trade and effect the ultimate freedom of all colored people in the province. In the French and Indian wars Leicester made liberal contribution of her men and means. In the Revolutionary War it supplied 247 on twenty-seven different drafts between 1775 and 1780; these besides the minutemen and standing company sent to Bunker Hill in 1775, though the population of the town hardly exceeded 1,000. The idea, often broached, that the Revolution got its strength from people of no reputation, is not confirmed by Leicester examples. The best educated and most influential men of the town were deep in the Revolutionary business, as were the influential families in Boston with which they were connected by ties of blood and marriage. The resolutions and other proceeding of the town concerning the Stamp Act and other unjust laws are couched in terms to which our modern politicians and even statesmen might well go to school, they are so sober and discreet, so admirable in the dignity and felicity of their expression. In 1770 the town voted to purchase nothing of merchants who imported goods from Great Britain. In 1770 a military company of forty-six men was formed, with William Henshaw for captain and Seth Washburn for lieutenant. In 1771 the town voted to buy one hundred

pounds of powder, with bullets and flints in proportion. Little was said about these things, but much intended. News travelled slowly, even when it was important, and not until December 21 did a Leicester diarist jot down: "Heard of the destruction East India Company's tea in Boston." In October, 1774, Colonel Thomas Denny was taken sick while attending the Provincial Congress at Concord and died soon after. He was a trusted intimate of James Warren, Joseph Hawley and other patriots. Colonel Joseph Henshaw took his place in the convention. The fact that there were eighteen town meetings in 1774 shows that the village blood was up. January 9, 1775, there was another, at which it was voted to raise a company of minutemen, and Seth Washburn was chosen captain. It was not too soon. April 19, a horseman, one of

"The bravely dumb who do their deed
And scorn to blot it with a name,"

came riding hard through Leicester to the towns beyond, and stopped a moment at the blacksmith's with the news that the war had actually begun. The blacksmith was Seth Washburn, who at once fired his musket and brought his men together. "Pray for me and I will fight for you," he said to his mother on the village green, and then gave the order, "March!" It was just before sunset, and as the evening drew on there were lights in every window from Worcester to Marlborough, to give them friendly cheer. Most of the men were soon reënlisted for eight months and made a company in the regiment of Colonel Artemus Ward, who was commander-in-chief at Bunker Hill and until Washington's arrival at Cambridge. In Governor Washburn's History of Leicester there are several pages about their doings at Bunker Hill. It was Peter Salem's shot that killed the gallant Major Pitcairn, just as he was shouting, "The day is ours!" Peter Salem was a Leicester negro

who had been a slave. He came from Framingham to join the Leicester company, and went back there to die in poverty. The cabin which he built in Leicester on the Auburn road went to ruin some time since. Its site, however, is still pointed out with that belated veneration which is as facile now as ever in building the tombs of the prophets. As the war went on, so numerous were the drafts that, in the absence of the men, much of the farming work was done by women. In the great civil war the part played by Leicester was not unworthy of the best traditions of the town, but the energy displayed was on so many lines that it would be absurd for me to make the attempt to trace them here. Her men appeared upon the rolls of eighteen different Massachusetts regiments, and besides there were enlistments in other states and in the regular army. Thirty-three died in the service, seven of these in southern prisons.

Even more intricate is the business history of Leicester, though certain industries have had particular importance. To speak of it casually is not to underrate its significance. It is merely to confess that no sort of justice can be done to it in such an article as this. To declare it fully would be to recite the fortunes of many leading citizens, some of whom have converted their private means into public benefactions. One would sooner "speak disrespectfully of the equator" than of industries that have furnished the sinews of war to all the educative and religious and progressive enterprises of the town. Moreover, these have had their elements of interest and romance to an unusual degree, especially those connected with the manufacture of hand and machine cards, such as are used in the carding of wool and cotton. It began with Edmund Snow in 1785, and Pliny Earle followed the next year. Many who began with this business have branched out into other things, and now the industry is second in im-

portance to the woollen and other industries of Cherry Valley. It is commonly supposed that the first machine cards were made for Samuel Slater, with whom we associate the beginnings of cotton manufacture in this country. But there are letters extant which show that Pliny Earle (father of Dr. Pliny) made such cards before Slater's arrival in this country in 1789. The fact is that the first "twilled" cards made in this country were made *and invented* by Pliny Earle and patented in 1803. The principle was that involved in all subsequent pricking machines,—the same which drew from John Randolph the exclamation that he would "renew the patent" of Whittemore's modification "to all eternity; for it is the only machine that has a soul." While still the processes of manufacture were almost exclusively manual, the annual sales amounted to \$200,000. The business of the town has had its share of ups and downs. The seizure of Kettle Brook by Worcester for its water supply stopped several Leicester mills. But it is now to manufacturers and not, as originally, to farming, that the population (now about 3,000) looks with confidence, not only for its daily bread, but for its cake.

Leicester is, or seems to be, particularly rich in personal histories; and many of these are associated with family histories that have been continuous from the early settlement. Some of these I have already touched upon—Greens, Earles, Washburns, and so on. Others are not less important. The proverb is that "blood will tell," and it has told in the persistency of talent in the families already named, some of whom have "pooled their issues" in an effective manner, the amount of intermarriage having been considerable between all, or nearly all, the leading families. Some of these are still represented in the town, notably the Dennys, who from first to last have contributed to the town's his-

tory some of its best personal elements. Like the Earles, the family has had its genealogist, Christopher C. Denny, who has followed the roots of the family tree as far back as 1450, when land and appurtenances now occupied by the family in Combs, Suffolk county, England, were conveyed by John Denny to William, his son. Deborah Denny, the youngest sister of Daniel, the American founder, married Rev. Thomas Prince of the Old South, Boston, the noted annalist. Thomas Denny, son of Daniel, we have met in the town's Revolutionary history, in the earlier stage of which no one was more active. The traditional qualities appear in Charles A. and Parkman T. Denny, who are now the principal officers of the Leicester National Bank.

With Daniel Denny and from the same locality came Richard Southgate, who was the first treasurer of the town. His great-grandson, Captain Isaac Southgate, was a man of much force and public spirit, extremely conservative in politics, one of the founders of the Unitarian Church, to which he left nearly \$20,000, besides other large bequests. The Leicester Sargents have flourished upon many parallel, or rather interwoven, lines. It was Nathan of this family who made bullets of his clock weights for the men who marched from Leicester April 19, 1775. He married Mary Sargent, and from her brother came in the third generation the brothers Joseph and George, who have made a world-wide reputation in the manufacture of hardware; their brother Edward remaining in Leicester and manufacturing card clothing in Worcester.

The Greens are not the only Leicester family with a strong determination to the medical profession. The Flints have five or six generations of physicians to show already. Dr. Austin Flint came to Leicester in 1783 and died there in 1850, his son Edward succeeding to his practice and his local fame. Another son


was a good physician in Northampton, and his son was Dr. Austin Flint of New York, a man of national reputation.

Few families in Leicester have contributed more lustre to its annals than the Henshaws. Colonel William, born in 1735, was very active in the Revolution. He is credited with the first suggestion to form companies of minutemen, ready to march upon a minute's notice. He saw much service and for a brief period held the office of adjutant-general of the Continental army. The Hon. David Henshaw was the grandson of Daniel Henshaw from whom all the Leicester Henshaws have come, and a nephew of Colonel William. He was a man of mark, for nine years Jackson's collector of the port of Boston, and was appointed Secretary of the Navy by President Tyler but not confirmed by the Senate; whereupon, like Cincinnati, he returned to his farm, but later did the state some service in one way and another.

There are many Leicester houses that seem almost as much alive as the men who have lived in them or still inhabit them. Some of them I have already mentioned incidentally—the Swan house (now Mr. Tarlton's) among them. Built by Joseph Henshaw, it was afterwards owned by Lewis Allen, a Tory, who is endeared to us by the fact that he wished to be buried in his garden, near the road, so that he might hear the stage go by on its way to Spencer with the news from Boston. The old house of Nathan Sargent of clock-weight fame was owned by his descendants until 1884. The old John King house, built about 1720, and traditionally associated with the Greens, has only recently disappeared. It had many bullet holes in the front clapboards, and the wonder was how they got there. The story goes that the house was used as a fort in the French and Indian wars and that the Indians made the bullet holes. The old David Henshaw house, still occupied by his

descendants, was built by Judge Menzies in 1720. Samuel E. Winslow's house, at the east end of the Common, was reputed, when it was built in 1833, the finest village residence in Worcester county. It was built by Joshua Clapp, already named, and is certainly an imposing edifice. The hotel upon the Common, even in the winter time as I saw it, is suggestive of the abounding summer pleasantness for which it has a widespread fame.

The habits of the primitive man have been described as arboreal. So have been those of many Leicester people, men and women. But the trees which they have climbed, the Earles, the Dennys and the Henshaws, have been genealogical trees and they have found on them much fruit. Miss Harriet Henshaw was a patient antiquarian and at her death, three years ago, presented to the Worcester Antiquarian Society the "orderly books" of Colonel William Henshaw, and a musket, mate to one at Mt. Vernon, bought by General Washington of the Leicester mechanic who made it for two hundred dollars when only one hundred dollars was asked. This was not like Washington, and the dollars were probably of that kind which required more than six hundred to pay for the drinks of an ordination council in 1779. The labors of these genealogists and antiquarians have made my own, in one sense, more difficult. They have meant for me an embarrassment of riches, one-tenth of which I have not drawn. But I am persuaded that Leicester offers exceptional opportunities for studying the growth of a New England town and also that Solomon Parsons, lying on the battlefield of Monmouth, his thigh broken and his body pricked with bayonets, made a right answer when, being asked by a British officer from what town he came, he said, "I belong to Leicester, in the county of Worcester, Massachusetts Bay, and I am not ashamed of it."



EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE war in South Africa is the most important matter which at the present moment commands the attention of mankind. In view of its possible consequences to the British Empire and to the world, it is indeed one of the most significant events in the history of the century. Americans as well as Englishmen need to understand aright its causes and its course; because the principles involved are principles upon which America itself must pass judgment and must act. No service therefore could be rendered at this juncture more valuable than that of a searching study and clear statement of the character and causes of this conflict by a man of knowledge, of judgment and of power. It is a profound satisfaction, after all the superficial, partial and inadequate books which we have had upon the subject, from which we have almost invariably turned with a feeling that they in no way accounted for the momentous struggle going on before our eyes, to receive the book by Mr. John A. Hobson upon "The War in South Africa: its Causes and Effects" (Macmillan and Company, London and New York). Here at last is the book which we have waited for, the searching study and clear statement, the thorough book, which scrapes bottom and makes the issue plain. It is to the credit of England that this eminent English scholar and this most prominent English publishing house have given us at this time this book, which, nothing extenuating and nothing setting down in malice, publishes to England so clearly and so firmly the terrible mistake which she has committed and the great wrong which she has done.

Mr. Hobson is one of the leading

political economists of England. He is best known to most of us in America by his book upon "The Evolution of Modern Capitalism," although his works upon the Social Philosophy of Ruskin and other subjects are not of less value. He was one of the founders of the *Progressive Review*; and his contributions to the leading London journals upon the most important social and industrial questions of our time have earned for him the confidence and admiration of thoughtful men. Of all Englishmen who have personally investigated the situation in South Africa, he is by far the most important, save Mr. Bryce alone, with whose conclusions he is in accord. Realizing the serious import of the impending conflict in South Africa, he went there last year and spent several months in the Transvaal and Cape Colony, investigating every aspect of the situation and having personal intercourse with the men of political prominence in the Republics and at the Cape. He was at Pretoria during the most critical period of the negotiations, at Bloemfontein when the Raad of the Free State decided to stand by the Transvaal, and at Cape Town when the war began. A large part of the book now laid before us appeared in the form of articles in leading English journals, written while he was in South Africa or in London after his return. There is no phase of the great question which does not find treatment, and adequate treatment, in these pages. Entering far more closely into the details of the conflict than it fell within Mr. Bryce's province to do, the book is the one work of supreme importance upon the war in South Africa. It is a book, as we have said, to be profoundly grate-

ful for; and it is the duty and great privilege of every one of us, Americans as well as Englishmen, to keep it on his table and to read, mark, learn and inwardly digest it.

The political problems in South Africa, the personages and parties in the Transvaal, the race conflict, the questions concerning the franchise, the Outlanders' grievances, the alleged Dutch conspiracy, the suzerainty issue, the Transvaal armaments, the diplomacy leading up to the war, the real character of the forces which precipitated the collision, the agricultural and industrial considerations involved in the forecast of the future—all these matters are discussed by Mr. Hobson with a thoroughness, a precision and a comprehensive vision which leave nothing to be desired. Mr. Hobson is no thick and thin defender of the Boers; he holds no brief for the Transvaal; he sharply exposes the evils which demand a remedy. But he is a thinker, a scholar and a scientific man, above all a true and courageous Englishman, who knows that England in this business must face tomorrow as well as to-day. He has learned well that "plain truth is all the kindness that will last;" and he exposes with merciless severity the heartless capitalism in South Africa which is the central fact in the whole situation, and the unintelligence, tactlessness and fatal blundering of the British Commissioner and of Downing Street, which precipitated a collision which was most unnecessary and which every real English interest in South Africa so imperatively forbade. "What South Africa needs is rest and not a surgical operation," were the wise words of General Butler, just before his return from the Cape a year ago. How sagacious the words were, how completely a little patience and sympathy would in a few years have accomplished all that ought to be accomplished in adjusting the relations of the English and the Dutch in South Africa, Mr. Hob-

son's pages bring out with convincing force. It is not our purpose here to follow him through these pages; we prefer that our readers shall follow him for themselves,—and during these next weeks no book is likely to be read and discussed so much.

Its special strength and value are in its study and exposure of the economic factors in the problem. The chapters, "For Whom are we Fighting?" and "For What are we Fighting?" show with a wealth of exact statistics who the men are and what the forces are that at last succeeded in making the flag of England their best "asset" and in drawing the British cabinet and army into their service, in their effort for supremacy and a free hand in the Transvaal. The collision in the Transvaal has been almost purely a collision in the one town of Johannesburg; and Johannesburg is essentially a Jewish town. "Most of these Jews figure as British subjects, though many are in fact German and Russian Jews, who have come to Africa after a brief sojourn in England. The rich, vigorous and energetic financial and commercial families are chiefly German Jews. I lay stress upon this fact, because, while every one knows the Jews are strong, their real strength here is underestimated. Though figures are so misleading, it is worth while to mention that the directory of Johannesburg shows sixty-eight Cohens against twenty-four Joneses and fifty-three Browns. The Jews mostly took little active part in the Outlander agitation; they let others do that sort of work. But since half of the land and nine-tenths of the wealth of the Transvaal claimed for the Outlander are chiefly theirs, they will be chief gainers by any settlement advantageous to the Outlander." We emphasize this word of Mr. Hobson's, not certainly because we are enemies of Jews, but for the sake of asking attention to his full discussion of the kind of Jews who control Johannesburg and are so largely responsible

for what has come about there. There is no single sentence in which Mr. Hobson defines the character of the present struggle better than in the following: "We are fighting in order to place a small international oligarchy of mine-owners and speculators in power at Pretoria."

Mr. Hobson shows the systematic exaggeration and most extravagant use of the Outlanders' grievances in working up the state of mind in England which the exigency required. He shows how vastly the question of the suffrage has been overworked. He might have shown that it was only sixteen years ago, in 1884, that England herself became an enfranchised nation and had for the first time a really representative government. Only a generation ago, when, in 1866, Gladstone began his long fight for the extension of the suffrage, only a million of the five million male adults in Great Britain had the ballot; and the successive extensions of the franchise have been effected in the teeth of the party which, so content with millions of "Outlanders" at home, suddenly developed such sensitiveness for the suffrage rights of Outlanders in Johannesburg. Mr. Hobson does bring out clearly the indifference of most Englishmen in the Transvaal to real citizenship there, and the general fluctuating and temporary character of the population, which made the Transvaal government so jealous concerning the franchise. He shows as it has not been shown before the actual progress of the Boers in the last dozen years; he shows conclusively the absurdity of the recent theory of a great Dutch conspiracy in Cape Colony; he shows that the Transvaal military preparations were only such as defence against manifestly impending dangers clearly commanded.

In his whole severe arraignment we confess that no single section has affected us so deeply as that devoted to "The Chartered Press." It is an appalling

revelation of the bad possibilities of the newspaper in the modern world. This is so important with reference to many other places than South Africa, that Mr. Hobson is to be thanked for the searching and detailed study which he has made of the ownership and editorship of the various journals of South Africa and the thoroughness with which by multiplied extracts he has shown their coöperation under commercial control to promote the state of public feeling in South Africa which was most mischievous and most favorable to bad ends. The relation of the controlling forces in this newspaper world to the newspaper world of London is also shown with a precision and conclusiveness which warrant Mr. Hobson's final judgment, that "the powerful English press of South Africa, owned and controlled by a handful of rich men, bound together by closest financial bonds, succeeded first in inflaming the public of South Africa, afterwards in communicating the passion to the mind of the British public, and then in deceiving South Africa as to the state of feeling in Great Britain." If Mr. Hobson's investigation had resulted simply in this chapter, this startling revelation to the world of what an unscrupulous and capitalistic combination can accomplish through the press, he would have made all serious men his debtors. He has here given us something to ponder upon quite regardless of the rights and wrongs of the war in South Africa.

The political discussions with which the book begins and ends reveal the truest English statesmanship. Had the local government in Cape Colony itself been left alone, a government made up of the ablest men in South Africa, really understanding the people and actuated by true sympathy toward all, had the "brand-new High Commissioner from Egypt" been kept away, and had Downing Street ceased its meddling, there were no problems which could not in good time have been well solved. The dis-

astrous results of the whole mistaken course give new emphasis to the wisdom of Sir George Grey, who in his time saw so clearly the folly of the policy by which London cabinets meddle with the details of distant colonial life. As to the future, Mr. Hobson warns England against any course whereby she may have on her hand in South Africa a permanent sore far more desperate and dangerous—since the Dutch element is likely to remain the largest element in the South African population—than that of Ireland; and if indeed English interests be threatened by Germany in South Africa, he shows how the simplest dictate of statesmanship is so to deal with the two Republics as to keep them England's natural allies instead of centres of disaffection and revenge.

"Whether this war be accounted a crime or a blunder"—this is his final word—"matters not: it is a sound and certain rule that any apparent gain which comes to the criminal or the blunderer out of his crime or blunder is no true gain, but an injury. The nation has been told that it is seeking neither gold nor territory by this war: let it be clearly seen that she gets neither, and let us equally make sure, if we can, that those who are responsible as direct causes of this evil business make no personal gain. The wages of sin is death, and, hard as it may seem, it is in the long run best that this should be so. To seek to dodge the Nemesis of misconduct is as idle for a nation as for an individual. If the facts recorded here are substantially true, and the judgments substantially sound, the British people has been led into a crime, and no juggling with territorial boundaries or political institutions will enable her wholly to escape the penalty. Pay in the present she must in reputation, blood and material resources: her best lovers, the truest patriots, will desire that, as she comes to a gradual recognition of her error, she may have the courage to proclaim her fault, and if, as is unhappily the case, full reparation is impossible, she may at least renounce the ill-gotten fruits of such a victory as she may win."

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We will read faithfully the words of this noble English scholar. But it is profitable for us to turn back from

words written now in the midst of the conflict to words written while it was yet in the future, that we may the better understand the forces which at last came to such fateful collision. We have spoken of Sir George Grey. To our thinking he was the greatest colonial administrator England ever had, the man who has done the most in this century for the true expansion of England, the man who best understood what the British Empire might and ought to be. Governor successively of South Australia, New Zealand and Cape Colony, his experience was as great as his powers were brilliant. If there be a book profitable for Americans to read at this juncture in their own politics, it is Rees's *Life of Sir George Grey*, published in 1892, while the illustrious statesman was still living. With reference to the present blunder and crime in South Africa, we wish that Americans and Englishmen to-day would read simply two chapters of this work, the chapters 48 and 49 in the second volume, entitled "South Africa and England: a Chapter of Disasters" and "Indictment of the Colonial Office." Sir George Grey saw instantly the folly which began with the Shepstone chapter. Here we have the political philosophy which would have saved England from the catastrophe into which she was plunged by Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Alfred Milner; and it may be said that one closes Mr. Hobson's book with the conviction that the latter was even more mischievous, more ill suited to the exigency, than the former. Of the Colonial Office Sir George Grey's biographer says:

"The government of the Colonies from Downing Street, especially since the separate existence of the Colonial Department, has been from the beginning to the present time characterized by blunders, mistakes and crimes. The exigencies of party and the interests of political and financial cliques have often outweighed the claims of distant communities which possessed

no voice in Parliament. In the long list of secretaries since Lord Gleneig, who held office in 1835, to Lord Knutsford, who is now (1892) in power, not one had any practical acquaintance with the colonies or colonists."

Here the finger is laid upon one source of all the trouble—the same fatuousness as that of the French *ancien régime* in Canada, the blind old fatuousness of Lord North and George the Third. The other is the imperiousness of the British nature, which has led to so many wrongs in South Africa besides the wrongs to the Boers. It has come out in the dealing with the natives. Read the South African chapter in any life of General Gordon, that by his brother, William Henry Gordon, that by Churchill, or, best of all, that by Boulger (Vol. II, pp. 77-88). Gordon found that the work he was expected to do among the Basutos was a most unprovoked, unjust and wicked work. He wrote that he could not do it without "sinking his conscience," and he resigned. His own thorough summing-up of the situation, reprinted by Boulger, contains wisdom for many situations besides that involving the Basutos. "Government by coercion," he said, "is essentially rotten." "The history of the South African wars," he said again, "is essentially that of wars undertaken in support of unjustifiable acts." It is difficult to read the history of England's wars in South Africa without endorsing Gordon's verdict. Read the history of the Zulu war by that noble English woman, Frances Ellen Colenso, the daughter of the famous bishop of Natal. Why did she write that severe arraignment? Was it because she was an enemy of England? It was because she was a true lover of the true England, because she "hoped to give assistance to that cause of justice, truth and mercy, the maintenance of which alone can insure the true honor of the British name." Read the history of the Metabele war. A noble English-

man has well characterized it as a "stock-jobbers' war," brought on by the original sin of greed. The introduction to Captain Newman's "Metabeleland and How We Got It" is one of the most brutally frank revelations of the motives of mammonism and militarism in the modern world which it has been our lot to read. The busy man needs but to read its first half dozen pages. He needs but to read the first dozen pages of Mr. Sykes's book, "With Plumer in Metabeleland," to learn of the serfdom to which the natives were reduced and the wicked wrongs done to the native women, to see how inevitable was the second Metabele war. Mr. Sykes is not a hostile critic, but quite the contrary; he is a loyal Englishman—but he is an honest and truthful man.

How little has found its way to our American newspapers of the words in this crisis of Dr. G. M. Theal! It is no exaggeration to say—we simply repeat English words in saying it—that the foundations of all that has been well and truly written on South Africa rest on his labors. His great five volume history, the work of a lifetime, is the magazine from which all real students draw. He has long held the office of historiographer under the Cape Colony government, and for years been the chief clerk in the Native Affairs Department. No other man living knows South Africa and its people as Dr. Theal knows them. Yet how little heed has been paid to his recent solemn words, in absolute accord with Mr. Bryce and Mr. Hobson!

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But is there not in the library some book directly out of the midst of the Rhodes-Jameson camp itself, some book which frankly and sympathetically reveals the Rhodesian motive and puts us into the atmosphere of the class of Englishmen responsible for the present collision in South Africa? Fortunately, precisely that book is there; and to the man of insight it

possesses a value even greater than that of Mr. Hobson's masterly critique. The Hakluyt of this period will incorporate it in his series as one of his most luminous "original documents."

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"How We Made Rhodesia," by Major Arthur Glyn Leonard (London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., 1896), is a book peculiarly worthy of attention at the present time, as a frank revelation of the spirit and temper of the body of Englishmen who have brought on the war with the Boers in South Africa. We do not know of any other book so representative, coming from their own midst. Major Leonard, who has been for nearly twenty years in her Majesty's service as a transport officer, engaged in Afghanistan, India and the Soudan, as well as in South Africa, was in the service of the Chartered Company during the period of which his book treats, 1890-93, when Rhodesia was in the first stages of its existence. He is the author also of an important book upon "The Camel" (Longmans, Green & Co.), well known among military men, discussing chiefly the advantages of the camel as a transport animal. The book before us is dedicated "to Cecil Rhodes, who initiated, to the Chartered Company, who aided, and to Jameson and the men who made Rhodesia." It is the story of "how a possession equal in area to France and Germany was added to the Empire" by men who, as the author observes, "were stigmatized by some of their own countrymen as adventurers," but who to him are representatives of "Great Britain's exuberant vitality, ceaseless activity and adventurous energy." Commanding a troop in the Chartered Company's police, Major Leonard has stood in close contact with everybody, "from Sir Henry Loch and Rhodes down to the tramp prospector with his swag on his back," among the men "who made Rho-

desia." The worship of these men seems to be Major Leonard's religion. Rhodes is "the modern Colossus." Major Leonard even compares him to the Taj Mahal, in one of the most amazing bursts of rhetoric by which we have been hit in modern literature.

"When I first saw Rhodes at Macloutsie in 1890, the impression he created on me was very similar to that left on me, some twenty years previous, by the Taj Mahal, when, for the first time, I looked upon that gorgeous monument built by the great Emperor over the ashes of her who once had been the light of his eyes and of the world. For, after all the fulsome and extraordinary praise which I had so often heard lavished upon it, I must confess that I was disappointed. Whether or not it was my own imagination which had conjured up a vision exceeding the original in architectural loveliness of color, design, and grandeur, that was at fault, I cannot quite determine. But during a three years' residence at Agra, I subsequently saw and visited the beautiful mausoleum at least a hundred times, and on each occasion its wondrous beauty grew on me with a power overwhelming as it was irresistible. A beauty of ideal conception, embracing a happy combination of symmetry, design and coloring, which forms an effective unit of human art and artifice which is certainly unique and almost unsurpassable; so that it has always been an enigma to me how it was possible that I could ever have looked upon it in an unfavorable light. And so in a great measure it was with Rhodes. For just as the Taj is so perfect in its unparalleled artificial beauty, that only constant and close association teaches the average individual to realize its grandeur of conception and its perfection of detail, so Cecil Rhodes's great strength lies in those mental characteristics which are hidden beneath the surface of a sphynx-like vacancy of expression; and it is not until you get into contact with him that you begin to find them out, and then not until he speaks and acts. For strength and perception—strength of mind, of will and of purpose, and clearness and range of intellectual perception—are his strong points, and it is in his speeches, but most of all in his actions—large, healthy and vigorous—that you discover the intellectual greatness of his plain and deceptive exterior."

This tribute to Mr. Rhodes' speeches was paid some years before the recent speech at Kimberley; but

no matter about that. Major Leonard's final judgment upon the "Colossus" is that he is "case hardened to influence, and not only deep, but one of the deepest men living; nor is there any getting to the bottom of him by persuasion, cajolery, flattery or even through the seductive wiles of a diplomatic Delilah, for he is impervious to the sex in general, and is above it all, too high, too broad and too deep,—a man who to gain his end would sweep scruple and principle out of his path without hesitation or compunction,—a great man in every sense!"

The comparison of Rhodes to the Taj Mahal comes in the chapter upon "The Modern Colossus," near the end of the book, written we infer in 1896. Turning back to the pages of extracts from the diary, we find the account of the Major's first meeting with the great Taj Mahal, in the camp at Mac-loutsie. It was in October, 1890. "My first impression of him is not at all favorable," he writes in his diary, describing the dinner in camp at which he sat opposite Rhodes;—"a big, heavy looking, carelessly dressed man, not unlike a Dutch farmer, with an awkward, slouching figure and a dull, rather expressionless face, who talks in a curious, dreamy way, as if he was half asleep and was taking no interest in what he was saying, but was thinking of something totally different." After a suitable period of communion with "the effervescing wine of *la belle France*," however, the Colossus warmed up and talked in a way that made the Major feel himself "in the presence of a man who was making history." He concludes already that he is "very deep." "Whether he is an actor or not, and whether he tries to pose as a fool, and in doing so makes himself look a bigger fool than he is, he certainly is not the fool he would wish people to believe him. The fact is that his command over features is simply supreme, and his control of faculties and temper wonderful; and had he only a broader sense of humor, he might eas-

ily pose as the greatest comedian of the age, while as a tragedian he is ready-made." "Weighing up the Colossus from what I have seen of him," the Major writes at the end of the visit, "on the whole I must confess to a feeling of disappointment." He had found him "dogged," "obstinate" and "inclined to petulancy if he cannot have his own way." "He does not strike me in any way as being a man of deep feeling, or particularly humane."

Rhodes was at this time "much enamoured of the Dutch, with an evident purpose in view,—in other words, a political courtship merely; whether his intentions are honorable or not, it would be difficult for me or any one else to say, for the Honorable Cecil, like a wise and politic man, keeps his intentions to himself." The Major's own opinion is that the ordinary Boer is a braggart, a hypocrite and a liar; but he is quick to pay generous tribute to individuals. Of Van Royen, who visited the camp, he writes: "If he is a typical specimen of his race, then all I can say is that the race is one typical of splendid manhood. Had I brought all the powers my imagination is capable of to picture one of Cromwell's heroic Ironsides, I could not have produced a more faithful likeness." Indeed, speaking of the Boers in general, he says in one place:

"Their faith in the Lord is unlimited, and second only to their confidence in themselves. They have no confidence in any one else, while they look on Englishmen with suspicion and even hate. No wonder, too, if we but consider the divergence between our mutual views and pursuits, and also taking into serious consideration the fact that, although from the very beginning all they have ever asked and still ask for is to be left alone in peace and quietness, they have never obtained this, nor does it look as if they ever will, if we can judge correctly by the shadows seemingly cast by coming events. There can be little doubt that the Boers are thorough and sincere in their convictions; while their fanaticism is so overdone that hypocrisy is the result—for who will deny that the Bible of the Boers is a convenient

house of refuge, which covers a multitude of sins, just as our own does? In some respects, the Boers and ourselves are of a very similar temperament, only they are three hundred years behind the times and nearly on a level with the close-cropped, bigoted Roundheads. I have heard them described as stubborn and obstinate, but they do not strike me as any more so than we are. Strong-willed and determined, they like their own way best, and take it, small blame to them—just as we do ourselves; and like us they are a stiff-necked race, very similar to the Jews of old; if we are one of the Lost Tribes, they are another."

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Of the materialism and mammonism of the Rhodesian chapter, we catch glimpses all along. The first page of the diary is devoted fittingly to an account of the Major's initiation at Kimberley "into the mysteries of De Beers Consolidated, both above and below ground." "My eyes were bewildered by the unusual and dazzling spectacle of thousands of sparkling brilliants, that were worth millions." Farther on, in the camp, he writes, "We live by day and night in an atmosphere of gold; our very dreams and hopes, our fears and aspirations, are golden." "Here," he says again, "are types of every variety of humanity under the sun, representatives of all classes and degrees, and it is

'Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,'

that brings them here. And what heartburnings and disappointments, jealousies and bickerings, leading to crime and even bloodshed, is it not responsible for!" He says in one place, "I have had during the past year quite a large experience of this same human nature in the deep mourning garb of bereaved parents mourning for their lost ones. In this way a curious chapter has been opened to me in the form of hard, cold business letters, inquiring not for the poor devil who is dead, his manner of death or the tenor of his last thoughts,

but merely asking me to forward his effects or any money that he has left. Out of the number that I have received only one was from a mother whose love for her erring prodigal was life itself, every word of her letter breathing with a poetry of intense, unselfish purity and a deep and solemn anxiety for his future." He was impressed by "that peculiarly hungry look which is assumed by those who develop a greed for gold." He condemns frankly the courses of various trading monopolies which were chartered for the country, one "fattening on the misfortunes of the Mangwato," and another fattening upon the soldiers themselves. He tells of the visit of Lord Randolph Churchill to the camp, and of the sport of the company in making a target of a big bullock tied to a stake in the bed of the river, enjoying the poor beast's jumps as the bullets hit him, until the seventeenth shot dropped him—a pleasing little diversion, which it is interesting for us pious Anglo-Saxon folk to compare with Spanish bull-fights. "When the experiment was over, speaking on the subject to Lord Randolph, I said that if either Exeter Hall or the truth loving Labby got hold of it, they would raise a terrific howl."

The Major himself is certainly not a bad fellow; on the whole, he is a kind and humane fellow. He is much of a sentimentalist and rhapsodist withal, and given to sandwiching bits of fine writing into his diary, about life and death and the eternities and infinities. But one hardly wonders to find him writing near the end of the diary: "I have come to the conclusion that Bulwer Lytton spoke very much to the point in his sarcastic description of human nature as a most pitiful bunch of rags and scraps thrown out of Olympus as dust and rubbish, notwithstanding from amongst the dirt heap it is quite possible to find a solitary speck of gold." The wonder is that he should come out the panegyrist of the men of whom he has given us such revelations.

Yet his book is a stalwart panegyric upon the men who made Rhodesia; as such it was conceived and written. For the Englishmen at home who try to whitewash Rhodes and the rest and make excuses and apologies for them, he has the supreme contempt. He wishes them to appear just as they are, and—at any rate at the end of the book—he loves them just as they are, without one plea. His chapter upon Jameson is on the whole the richest in the book. With Jameson's failure at Johannesburg he has no sympathy; he blames him for undertaking his task without being certain of success, and calls his attempt madness. But with Jameson himself, as with Rhodes, he has the hottest sympathy. "At heart he is a true filibuster, a fact that should be well known to any one acquainted with him and with the history of Rhodesia." Filibuster, in Major Leonard's mouth, is not a term of reproach, but of admiration. "If we will only consider well our history," he says, "from the time of Elizabeth, at all events, we must admit, if we are honest, that the Englishman at heart is a filibuster, though every respectable citizen of our Empire professes to have a holy and righteous horror at the very name. If with the courage of our convictions we would but admit the 'unpalatable' truth,—'unpalatable' only because of our intense hypocrisy,—we would acknowledge that it is this spirit alone, the spirit of daredevil adventure, excited by the restless activity of an exuberant vitality, which has made us what we are, the only colonizers of the modern world."

The special chapter upon Jameson, from which we quote, must have been written in 1896, five or six years after the period with which the diary from which most of the book is drawn is concerned. In the diary itself we get some pretty strong side lights thrown upon Jameson's character; and the exhibition is certainly not a pleasant one. Jameson was not in camp of-

ten, but Major Leonard encountered him in various connections, of which he writes very frankly. Here is one entry, under the date of June 2, 1891:

"I have had a most unpleasant duty to perform, which Jameson, I consider, should have done himself,—and I must say I do not like the irregular and slipshod system that the leading officials of the Company work on. This morning Jameson sent for me and requested me to inform Harford that he is to leave the Corps, and although he gave me his reasons for getting rid of him, he asked me not to mention them, but to say that it was on reduction. Although in other ways he is behaving liberally towards him, there is something so mean and petty about it all; and, as Harford's C. O., I have had to break the news to him. Poor fellow, I am very sorry for him, as with all his defects he is plucky, willing, and thoroughly keen at heart, and his one idea is soldiering. So you can see how cut up he is. But why couldn't Jameson do his own dirty work, and tell the boy straight that he does not want him any longer because of his unsuitability?"

A little further on we have an account of a piece of crookedness on Jameson's part, greased with some nice palaver, which induces the following comment from Major Leonard:

"The estimate I had previously formed, of his being a man of his word, exists no longer. . . . As my keen-sighted old friend Bulwer Lytton says, there is no policy like politeness, and a good manner is the best thing in the world, either to get one a good name or to supply the want of it. Not that Jameson's manner is good in the sense of a high polish, but in every other way, politeness and suavity especially, it is extremely so, and he never loses a chance of using it if he can help it. And, after all, politeness like civility is cheap,—in fact, it is civility, with a thin and transparent veneer poured over it, and under cover of it a multitude of peccadilloes can be virtuously concealed, while promises, like pie-crust, are flimsy and easily forgotten. . . . The whole thing, but especially the palpable prevarication which he tried so awkwardly to conceal under the shelter of a false diplomacy, has disgusted me tremendously. Another reason for my disgust is the paltriness of the manner in which Jameson conveyed the information. I gave Jameson credit for more manliness. Diplomacy, of course,

is all very well in its way, and it is very necessary at times to prevaricate and lie—without these it would not be diplomacy; but in my case there was no need whatever for it. In matters of this kind, give me the straightforward, plain, blunt truth in preference to the crooked and tortuous course of falsehood; it is the better diplomacy."

The most noteworthy passage, however, is that which records a conversation between Jameson and Major Leonard as to the bearing of morals and religion upon political issues. Major Leonard urged in the simplicity of his heart that there is a palpable and allowable reason why religion in the existing condition of things should affect politics.

"Perhaps so," he answered doubtfully, "but hardly excusable, though it is bound to remain so, I suppose, until we are educated by science up to a more intellectual standard. But morals ought on no account to be considered; for what difference can it make in a man, as a legislator, what his morals are, if he has genius and intellect and can use them? What matter how low and perverse a man's views are, according to accepted notions, like—[mentioning a well known name], for instance,—it is downright folly and absurd idiocy to prevent him from devoting his intellect, which in all other points except vice may be splendid, to the public interests of his country. What after all are morality and vice? The former only what we choose to make it, by an unwritten code that we delineate as moral, backed up by social laws and regulations; while, judged by this highly evanescent and apocryphal moral standard, vice is an infringement of these same codes and laws that we ourselves have made for our convenience and as a purely social safeguard. This in a private sense is right enough as far as it goes; but in a public sense vice is a thing apart and in no way interferes with a man's capacity to improve or benefit others by his intelligence."

Major Leonard urged the question whether Jameson thought that a man of low moral standards, even if he were a man of ability, was capable of improving others.

"Decidedly I do, because I cannot see how in any way morals can affect a man's intellect, and so long as he keeps his immoralities to himself, I do not see how they can affect any one else. The actual

vice is nothing; it is the being found out that makes the crime."

"He went on enlarging on morals in connection with politics," adds Major Leonard, "with a fervor that considerably surprised me, and to an extreme that somewhat opened my eyes. Of course, taken from a purely practical and material starting point, without reference to any side issues, either realistic or sentimental, there is something in his argument; but judged as it ought to be in the full glare of fact and reality, and therefore of principle,—a thing we fortunately cannot dispense with,—it will not hold water for a moment." Fortunately there are many Englishmen who agree with the frank Major on this point. There are also readers who will remember these passages in reading the chapter upon Jameson at the end of the book, in which the Major justifies Jameson as a "true filibuster."

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For the peace people and the critics of the Rhodes-Jameson policy in South Africa, he has only "undisguised contempt." People who do not believe that such folk as the Mashonas and the Metabele "must be crushed once for all and taught an everlasting lesson" are "rabid bigots," "who show an entire absence of common sense, an utter ignorance of the composition and bent of human nature, as also of the ordinary principles of natural and political economy." He proceeds to develop the philosophy upon the basis of which he believes that English folk of the Chartered Company sort should sweep off of the face of the earth the weaker folk who stand in their way. He says:

"Apart from the well worn argument of the improvement of the savage and the advancement of civilization, right through nature, from the very lowest form of vegetable and animal organism up to the highest types of humanity, the one governing law prevails, the law of might and

the survival of the fittest; and it is absolutely puerile on the part of puny humanity,—which is but a vast collective assortment of plastic clay in the hands of the great Evolutor and the cunning Potter,—to attempt even to dispute a law which is as immutable in its course as that of any world or planet which hangs in space."

If this world were a different world, or if human nature were a different thing from what it is, Major Leonard concedes that there might be something "very splendid" about the talk of the peace men and those who condemn the Rhodes-Jameson method of expansion; but "while man remains what he now is, human, in other words nothing but a highly developed and morally educated animal, but still an animal for all that, or at the most a being with strong animal instincts," the only arguments or instruments for Englishmen of common sense are "flexible flying columns," "to sweep through the length and breadth of Rhodesia,"—if Rhodesia is the place under discussion and the place where there is organized resistance to British supremacy,—and by the same token through the Transvaal or any other place where the same supremacy is similarly resisted. Indeed, Major Leonard, whose book was published four years ago, makes more than one explicit reference to the case of the Transvaal. "It is high time," he says, "that the so-called susceptibilities of the crafty Kruger were overlooked, and strong reinforcements sent out to the Cape and Natal." "Let it be distinctly understood that there can be only one dominant Power in South Africa, who will not brook either inside disaffection or outside interference,—and that we are the Power in question."

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And how does it all end? It ends in this extraordinary outburst, the most paradoxical passage in this most paradoxical book:

"It is sometimes said that, as a nation, we are deteriorating; but no one

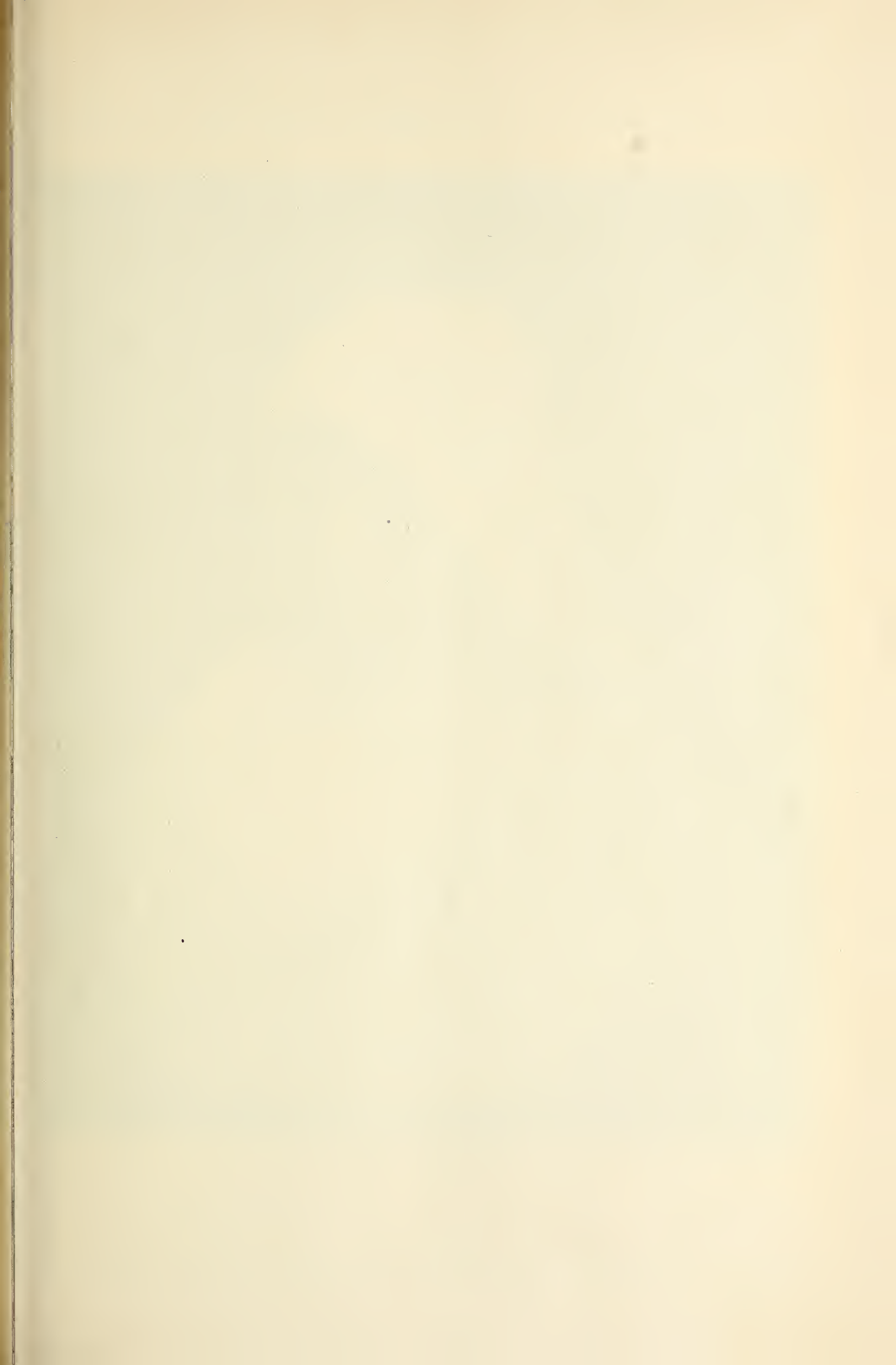
who saw how Rhodesia was constructed can agree with a statement so rash and so untrue. And I think we may rest assured that the vitality of our race is still unimpaired, for there is little or no difference in the stamina or courage of the giants who, under Cromwell, established once for aye the liberty and grandeur of England on a firm and lasting basis, fulfilling to the letter the grand and prophetic words of great and glorious John Milton, 'Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation, rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam,' and those of the men who made Rhodesia. The spread of our island country into a mighty Empire, and the splendid deeds that have left their undying seal and impress on every page not only of European but of the world's history, since these words were spoken, through the invincible and indomitable spirit of her ever-willing sons, such as those of whom I am speaking, are in themselves a tangible realization of the dream of the blind Milton—Poet and Puritan."

Paradoxical we say it is; but it is perfectly sincere and deliberate. The Major on an earlier page speaks of Rhodes as combining with "the daredevil spirit of a Drake or Hawkins the strength and principles of Cromwell." The Drake and Hawkins part of it we can well understand. The whole book seems a reversion to the ethics of the sea-rovers and pirates of the Elizabethan age. Indeed the "true filibuster" seems to be the particular object of Major Leonard's admiration, the thing which to his thinking the true Englishman is or ought to be. Hawkins sailed the sea in ships named "Jesus" or "John the Baptist," stole negroes on the coast of Africa and forced the Spaniards in Hispaniola to buy them at the cannon's mouth; and when the storms

beset his slave ships on the deep, his chaplains prayed that God would "preserve His elect." Our Major from Rhodesia is just such a chaplain. Englishmen are "the elect." Metabele folk, Dutch folk and any other folk hindering the progress and prosperity of their chartered companies are simply Amorites and Jebusites in the way of Israel, and to smite them hip and thigh is to do God service. That which in other folk would be denounced as robbery, treachery and murder becomes in them "true filibustering," "exuberant vitality" and the march of civilization. The law for them is the law of might and the survival of the strongest; the philosophy upon which their course is justified, the philosophy that man is "nothing but a highly developed animal," and that the effort to view him or enlist him under any other category can only result in despicable, pusillanimous and inefficient policies. The man who professes that religion can affect politics only so long as we are superstitious and not "scientific," and that morals "ought on no account to be considered" in the political field, is honored by a dedication; and the man who "to gain his end would sweep scruple and principle out of his path without hesitation or compunction" is a Taj Mahal!

This is all melancholy enough. Most melancholy is its perfect sincerity, frankness and naïveté, its apparent failure even to surmise that any Englishmen worth taking account of, any men of common sense, red blood, ambition and real efficiency, could take exception to its judgments and its doctrines. Yet it is a book to be sincerely grateful for, a book, it seems to us, of true historical value, as a simple, direct, straightforward revelation of a point of view which some of

us had come to believe had been quite transcended in our reputable English world, but which we suddenly find to be the point of view of millions of Americans and Englishmen, a point of view from which great national and international policies are being shaped. The thing of first importance for us all is to know the truth; we do not want to live in a fool's paradise, but to face things as they are and estimate aright the real, present enemies of our democracy and our humanity. If this book is a representative one, the expression of the views of large numbers of men in our English race, we want to know it; and it is because we believe it is thus representative that we have given this prominent place to it. America and England to-day need to reflect upon such books as these; they need to reflect upon them until they realize what they mean and whither their philosophy tends and until they learn to fear and dread and hate the things for which they stand. It is a state of mind much to be dreaded, says Ruskin, for a man not to know the devil when he sees him. It is a state of mind much to be dreaded for a man not to know the difference between Cecil Rhodes and Dr. Jameson and Oliver Cromwell and John Milton; not to know that the one were serving the god of this world and the other the God of high heaven; not to know that all powers are not one power, that strength and stamina and competence and venture are of different kinds, and whether divine or not depends upon what kind; that there are powers in men which make for righteousness and push them upward toward the skies, and powers which lure strong men and "noble and puissant" nations on to wrong and ruin, to decay and death.





MADONNA, BY WILLIAM ORDWAY PARTRIDGE.

THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES.

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WILLIAM ORDWAY PARTRIDGE, SCULPTOR.

By William Chauncy Langdon.

VERY significant of the time is the arch recently erected in New York in honor of Admiral Dewey, so closely and so vitally have the active interests of the country and its art come into sympathy. Fitly might the arch be perpetuated in granite and bronze, for it is distinctly typical of the time. With the current years our nation enters a new period of its history, one which will call upon us either for a magnificent degree of efficient responsibility and generous conscientiousness or for a no less magnificent degree of self-restraint. We boldly trust that it will become a great epoch. If so, it will be a time of high spirit and great endeavor, of tense suffering and strong cheerfulness, illuminated by the halo of forgiveness for its errors and glory for its moral victories.

The New York arch calls to our attention the fact that, as the nation is now entering upon a new period, so also, with it, is our art. Art puts into form the characteristics of the mind and heart of a people and instinctively and necessarily follows the spirit that pervades them. To whom may we look for this service in the coming period? Who will express in granite, in bronze, in color, in tone, in words, our development and our aspirations? Who will give to us that cheer and encouragement which no growing and intelligent man can long gain

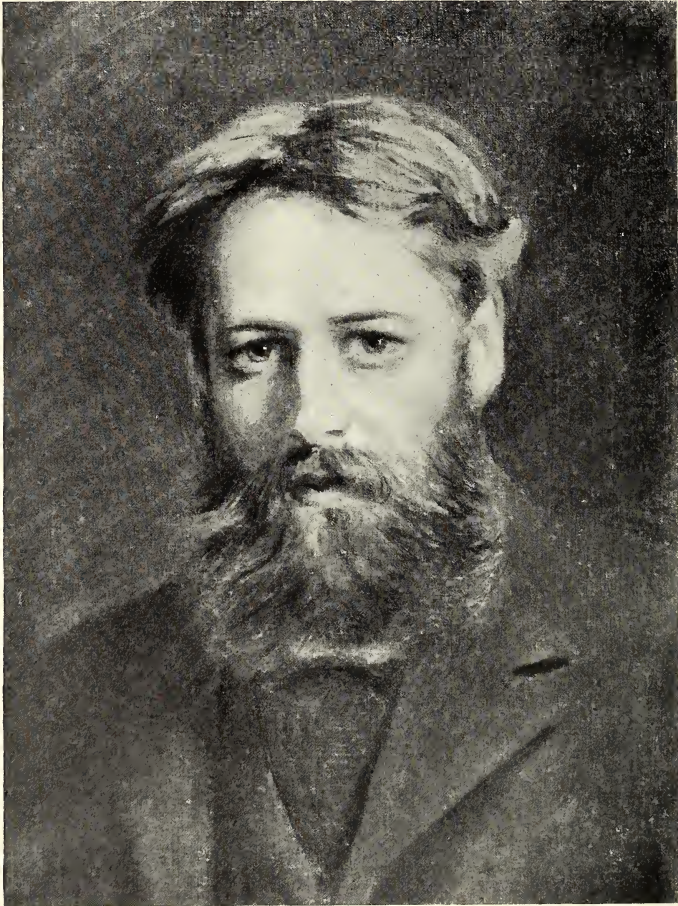
from his own work alone, and leave to after times a faithful record of what we would do and what we would be?

Among those who give clear promise of rising to prominence in the new art emergency, those who know him would claim a place for the sculptor who contributed to the New York arch the statute of Admiral Farragut—William Ordway Partridge. His most widely known works are probably the General Grant and the Alexander Hamilton in Brooklyn, the Shakespeare in Chicago, and the Kauffmann Memorial in Washington.

The first work of Mr. Partridge's to show decided strength and character was the head of an old woman now in the Corcoran Gallery at Washington. It is a wrinkled old face, quaint and individual. Casts of it are widely distributed and it is undoubtedly the best known of Mr. Partridge's smaller modellings. As a bust, though an early work, it is a remarkable head, distinctly a type and also distinctly individual—a quality common in Mr. Partridge's best work and in line with the development of our rising American school of sculpture. The old woman was a *protégé* of his mother's—a poor old woman of singularly simple and good heart, over a hundred and one years of age. As the work on the clay progressed, if at any time there was delay and if the bust did not

approach completion as fast as she thought it might, the old woman would say to the sculptor, "You must hurry, Willie,—you must hurry; you mind I'm nearing home—I'm nearing home." From this the bust received its name, "Nearing Home."

Edward Everett Hale for the Union League Club of Chicago; it was exhibited at the Salon of 1893. It was done at Roxbury in Dr. Hale's study while he was busy writing or dictating to his stenographer. This bust of Dr. Hale again is strong in its appre-



From the painting by Alfred E. Smith.

WILLIAM ORDWAY PARTRIDGE.

While in England, at work on the Shakespeare, Mr. Partridge did an exquisite bas-relief of Sir Henry Irving in his dressing-room during the intervals of his acting. It is striking as a likeness, strong and delicate artistically. It was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1892. About the same time he made the bust of

Edward Everett Hale for the Union League Club of Chicago; it was exhibited at the Salon of 1893. It was done at Roxbury in Dr. Hale's study while he was busy writing or dictating to his stenographer. This bust of Dr. Hale again is strong in its appreciation of the individual character of the noble citizen, while at the same time using its subject to convey the art message. That it is true to Dr. Hale is testified by Phillips Brooks' remark when he first saw it: as he entered the room he said, "That's Hale!" It is true also to art, which perfects and idealizes the material

uses. Mr. Partridge aptly expresses the idea of art in a pet phrase: "Art is the reflection in the river." Art is not nature merely, but nature softened, humanized,—“man added to nature,” as Bacon put it. So in portraiture the sculptor has not to make a mere faithful copy, to make a life mask; in his portrait he must emphasize the spirit of the man's life. Further, the spirit of a single high moment will not suffice; the pervading spirit of the whole life must be modelled forth, thus bringing out the essential character, producing the type, so that a man of Phillips Brooks's insight into character may, in the higher sense also, immediately say, "That's Hale!"

In 1893 Mr. Partridge's first large work, the Alexander Hamilton, was unveiled in front of the Hamilton Club in Brooklyn. The moment chosen is that of Hamilton's memorable speech at the New York Convention when he won that state over to the cause of the constitution. The statue is a strong conception of the great Federalist. His face expresses clear, resolute reasoning; the bearing shows strong feelings and passions controlled by a still stronger intelligent will; the whole figure declares the vehement eloquence that swept two-thirds of the convention and four-sevenths of the people over to his side.

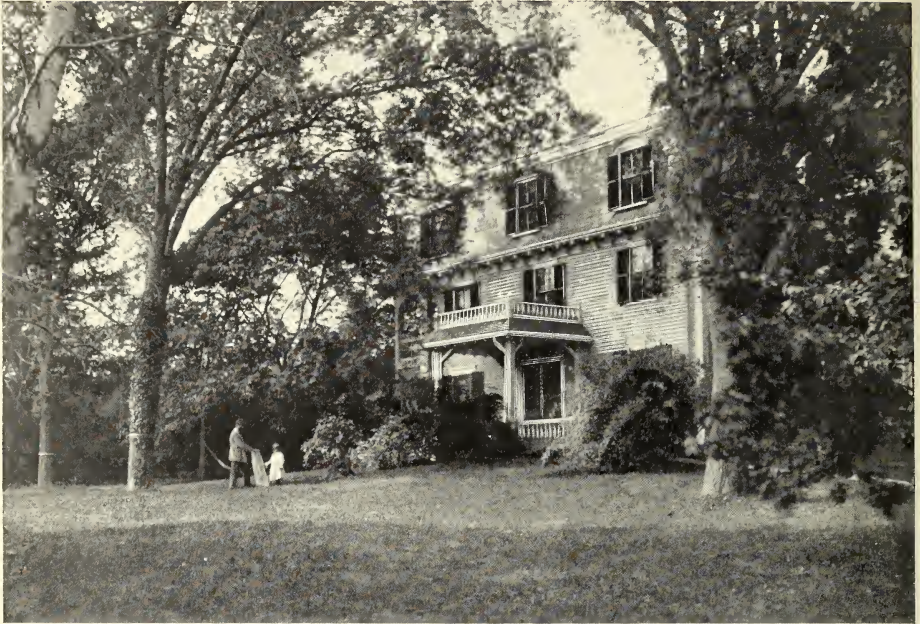
Hamilton's character was one specially adapted to commemoration in sculpture. For unity is the prime essential in a statue, and unity was the passion, the very *raison d'être* of Hamilton's character. Unity was the significance of the man in the history of our country; unity in political structure, unity in responsibility in finance, unity in the national attitude toward foreign affairs. So, too, in sculpture, on the other hand, its fundamental law of unity allows to enter into the statue only elements that perfectly sympathize with and carry out the central idea. Every detail must love the purpose it subserves in the



ALEXANDER HAMILTON, BROOKLYN.

statue and give itself wholly up to it, or the statue is not sculpturesque. Accordingly in sculpture the environment of a man is never represented as is usual in painting. A statue should be absolutely unitary. It will be readily seen then, how fine an opportunity the young sculptor had in his first large work. He was remarkably successful with it; and the Hamilton established his reputation.

As a likeness, Dr. Allen McLane Hamilton said of the statue: "As the representative of the family of Alex-



MR. PARTRIDGE'S HOME AT MILTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

ander Hamilton, I consider it the very best likeness of all the busts and statues that have been made of him." Again, comparing it with the bust of Dr. Hale, the bust of a man of his own time, we find another element in the sculptor's work—appreciation of the epoch. On this point Professor William H. Goodyear has said: "The statue has value also as an epitome and idealization of the colonial age and the colonial spirit. In this sense again it deserves serious consideration as being more than the statue of a man; it might almost be termed the statue of an epoch. Within my observation, Mr. Partridge is the first American sculptor who has treated a colonial subject in a colonial spirit." Yet these two important qualities become as sounding brass and tinkling cymbal, unless the statue be also artistically adequate. Is the statue sculpturesque? This depends on the æsthetic consideration of the harmony of the lines as seen from every point of view and the conception of the idea of the statue. Æsthetically the statue shows re-

markable ability; yet, in the writer's opinion, by standing a little back of the left of the statue one gains much the finest view, this position far exceeding that in front. In this respect the statue can be surpassed; and the sculptor has already surpassed it.

The finest quality in the Hamilton statue is the magnificent self-restraint of its conception—especially as viewed from the direction mentioned



"NEARING HOME."

There are in sculpture as in life two forces: the raw material of force and humanizing power of self-control. In Greek sculpture these meet in the equilibrium of repose; hence the dignity and beauty. In American life and therefore in the now rising American sculpture, the ideal is not repose, but rather the highest activity.

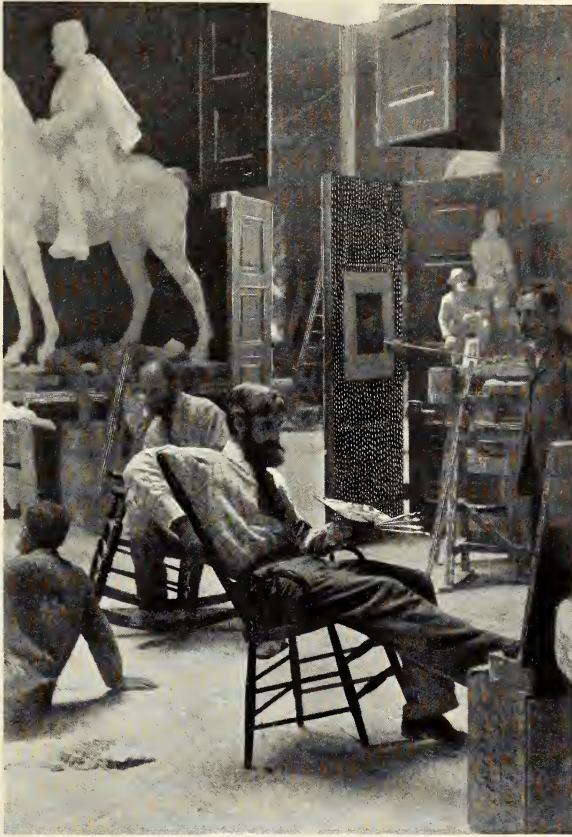
Tremendous power, tremendously controlled, may perhaps be the foundation of the American ideal. Had one never heard of Alexander Hamilton, one would immediately realize, on seeing Mr. Partridge's statue, that here indeed was tremendous passion, held in bound, put to use by magnificent self-control, a self-control that goes out to exercise its

reasonable rule over those who see it, as did the eloquence of the living man over his opposing listeners at the Poughkeepsie convention. It is the exquisite poise of the two forces in the midair of intense action that makes the greatness of this statue, giving it thereby its dignity, its calm, and its inspiration.

The Shakespeare was unveiled in Lincoln Park, Chicago, in 1894. The

writer has not seen this work in the bronze and so hesitates to express an extended opinion. It is certainly, however, as Professor Goodyear says in his "Renaissance and Modern Art," "a refined and dignified work of masterly detail." One sees Shakespeare as a refined gentleman, the author of the sonnets and of all

that is fine and exquisite in the plays; but, judging from photographs and small reproductions (which the sculptor has modified somewhat to advantage), one does not find, at the same time with his refinement, also Shakespeare's robust and massive qualities. Then, too, there is so much of detail and of chair that it has not that simplicity nec-



IN THE MILTON STUDIO.

essary to express the preëminently simple, though opulent character of the master dramatist. That task demands greater years and maturity than Mr. Partridge at that time had to bring to it. The character of Shakespeare might well be to sculptors what the character of Hamlet is to actors, the touchstone of final attainments in art and in life, the measure on which they accept judgment.



GENERAL GRANT, BROOKLYN.

We should therefore rather look forward—and with high expectation—to Mr. Partridge again undertaking this task, fifteen or twenty years from now. As it is, it is a conscientious and good piece of work, well worth while, but not adequate, not a great statue like the Hamilton, not a step in the flight by which its sculptor rises to the realization of his genius.

The General Grant on Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn, unveiled in 1896, is by far the finest thing Mr. Partridge has yet put into bronze. It shows that he has mastered the equestrian statue. As a likeness, the general's son, General Fred Grant, says that this statue is the best in existence. Indeed, with careful accuracy, it is characteristic of the general even in such small details as the slant of

the hat, the grip of the reins, the turning out of the toe in the stirrup. But the element of facial likeness has only a secondary and corroborative importance in an equestrian statue. In a bust the character is expressed entirely by the features; in a standing figure the character is expressed mainly by the features; but in an equestrian statue the character is not even mainly expressed by the features—rather by the work as a whole, man and horse together, and “likeness” is to be judged first and mainly by this and afterwards confirmed by a glance at the face. A head modelled for a bust is not therein a good head for an equestrian statue. This accordingly brings into the sculptor's work a new element; the head for an equestrian statue must be a harmonizing

likeness rather than an independent likeness—claiming only its due proportion of attention in the whole impression conveyed. This entails various technical considerations of position, proportion, light and shade, which concern the sculptor alone in

horse. This equestrian fitness is an essential. If a man has not this equestrian fitness, he is not a suitable subject for an equestrian statue. If a sculptor cannot appreciate and embody this equestrian fitness in his statue, his work cannot have unity



SHAKESPEARE, LINCOLN PARK, CHICAGO.

his task of producing the harmonious whole. In the head for the Grant, Mr. Partridge undertook a different kind of portraiture from that in the bust of Edward Everett Hale, and a more difficult kind. The two show that he understands both independent and contributive portraiture.

Henry Austin has said that when he saw General Grant on horseback, the thing that especially struck him was Grant's "equestrian fitness,"—that he seemed to belong on his

and is not properly a statue. An absolute unity of spirit throughout the whole is essential. The spirit of the man must dominate the whole, horse as well as rider. For this a thorough knowledge of horses is necessary, thorough both anatomically and sympathetically. In his anatomical study of the horse Mr. Partridge has gone so far as to make casts from the living animal, in relief and also in the round, including a cast of the shoulder and leg entire from the withers to the

hoof, one of the hind leg from the croup to the hoof, and, most difficult of all to secure on account of the breathing, one of the breast. The value of these casts is of course purely anatomical; they are live anatomy, not dead anatomy. They are helpful in the preliminary part of the work, in the anatomical preparation, not in the artistic part of the sculptor's work. As Mr. Partridge has said, "From these casts a layman could no

ration and apparatus to work more freely when he came to the artistic part, the result was a genuinely alive horse, full of spirit and energy, capable of receiving and passing on the expression of his master's greatness. The demand for equestrian fitness was obeyed. The horse is part of the statue of General Grant, not a mere super-pedestal. The unity of the statue is perfect; it is marvellous. The man himself is represented in-



THE KAUFFMANN MEMORIAL.

more make a statue than a sculptor could produce a world from falling stars."

In special preparation for the Grant statue, Mr. Partridge also equipped his studio at Milton with a track, an idea which he got from the studios of Thornycroft and of Gilbert in England. By means of this railway he is enabled to roll his statue on its platform and with its scaffolding out into the open air, to study the effects of light and shade in the real conditions to which the statue will be subjected.

Enabled by such scientific prepa-

ration on his work—the civilian soldier, enlisted by the stern necessity of war, for the cause, not for the glory. And the horse—General Grant's own charger, fully aware of the greatness of that master who is himself so unconscious of it; in a word, knowing whom he bears and the prouder that his master is no mere conqueror!

All the high requisites being thus fulfilled, the result is that it is possible for the statue to be endowed with that quality which is the essence and *raison d'être* of sculpture—the monumental quality; for the statue is

emphatically a monumental presentation of the soldier of the war for union.*

Sculpture artistically embodies for posterity in lasting material the significance of a man in the life of his time. Sculpture ignores the perishings of life, the failures, the inadequacies, the weaknesses, the shortcomings. It is the attainings that sculpture commemorates, the physical perfections, the succeeding struggles, the abiding moral heroisms; it is the victories that she celebrates. A monument is a record that will last. The monumental quality in a statue is that impression given of lasting qualities, of solid permanence. What is the abiding significance of General Grant?

Go to history and you will read it; go to Mr. Partridge's statue and you will see it. In both you will find the same thing. Here is the civilian victor of the civil war, monumentally appreciated, monumentally declared: he who said, "Let us have peace," and as well, "I will fight it out on this line if it takes all summer,"—the guide and instrument of a great people in establishing the abiding monumental unity of the Federal state.

In the historical line of sculpture, Mr. Partridge has fully attained his majority. In the more

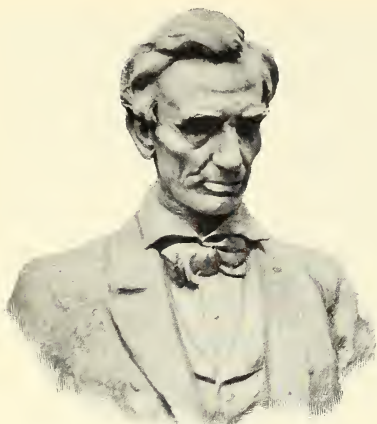


"MEMORY," FIGURE FROM THE KAUFFMANN MEMORIAL.

purely idealistic line he has not as yet achieved results of such exceptional quality. Much of his work here lacks a masculine rigor. As far as his ideal works are concerned, sternness does not seem to be indigenous in his nature. He is, however, making rapid progress and promises an excellence in the ideal line of sculpture similar to that which he has achieved in the historical.

In 1897 there was placed in the Rock Creek cemetery at Washington a memorial which has received the approximate name of "Memory." It is also known as the Kauffmann Memorial. This is the first large work in the ideal line that has come from Mr. Partridge's hands. It is a young female figure,—in spirit, one of the family,—sitting on a circular granite seat, tying a wreath of ivy for the urn

*This monumental quality in the statue was vividly recognized by a veteran who wrote to the sculptor a short time after the unveiling of the statue, telling how he was once riding with despatches through the woods near Spottsylvania, when, coming out upon a little glade, he and his horse were alike startled by suddenly seeing General Grant sitting there, on his horse, silent, alone, absorbed in thought. The officer drew reins, saluted and passed on; Grant did not return the salute nor notice him at all. When the veteran saw the statue it seemed to him that the sculptor must have seen a vision of that moment in the woods of Spottsylvania and sent it to the foundry.



LINCOLN.

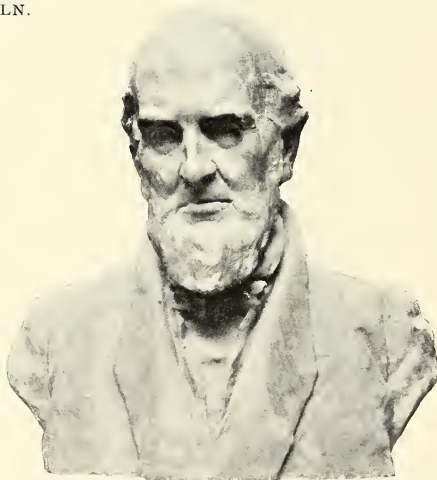
in front of her. The open air, the stretches of green grass, maples and white birches are appropriate surroundings. The atmosphere of the whole work conveys a gentle idea of death. The suggestion is of one who in the sweet confidence of Christian hope unites in her mind loving memories of those who have passed on with quiet thoughts looking forward to the reunion of the family in the home circle that shall not be broken.

In importance and in contrast of conception the writer instinctively compares this figure with St. Gaudens's great work in the same cemetery and Duveneck's in Boston. St. Gaudens has modelled forth the inscrutability of death. It is one of the greatest and one of the most terrible statues we have in the country. It cannot be named. It is calm; no, it is far from calm. It is doubtful; no, it is confident, it knows all there is to know. It is filled with peace; no, it is intense suffering. One might per-

haps venture to say that it is conceived in the spirit of agnosticism—of that agnosticism which is so natural with regard to death and which is so apt to overflow into all of life. It is in spite of all this, simple,—and therein lies its greatness. But it completely ignores all Christian hope. It is lonely. Appropriately, thoroughly in spirit with it, an uneven evergreen hedge surrounds it, leaving no entrance; a scraggy pine reaches out its branches over the monument; a granite seat circles before it, upon whose secluded emptiness the visitor has intruded. At

night, alone, beneath the moon or the lightning,—such is the time to see it; such is its own hour. It is pagan; it is negative; it is of no time, though for all time. It is death inscrutable!

Still a different attitude towards death is that of the sarcophagus carved by Mr. Duveneck in memory of his



WHITTIER.



EDWARD EVERETT HALE.



MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

wife. It is the beautiful agony of the loss. The pure, exquisite figure, lying on the couch in her white robes, a palm branch on her breast, wins one to love death itself for the sake of the one that has gone. There is no looking forward, nor is there any symbolization of an unknown beyond. It is the plain, bare fact of death and a desperate boldness to love even death itself in all its refusing beauty, if so one might perchance overtake the beautiful loved one. Gaze—still naught but the beautiful figure remains, void of soul, void of all but the memory of life.

Stoic calm, and a sob—each of these is great in its way. But contrasted with these we see more clearly the serenity of Mr. Partridge's memorial. We feel that Jesus would admire the one and weep with the other, but gently reprove both. On the other hand, though it lacks something of the strength of the one and of the

real, immediate sense of the other, we feel that the "Memory" is more in the spirit of Christ's attitude toward death, that it sees more clearly the beautiful truth and brings more closely to the lonely heart the comfort of the "sweet and blessed country." Death was not close to the sculptor of the Kauffmann Memorial, as to the sculptor of the sarcophagus. When it does come near him, if he then again take his chisel in hand, Death will not change the spirit nor the burden of his art-formed song, but will give it the real tensivity of Duvneck's outcry and with that the greater strength and virility of St. Gaudens's masterpiece.

The sculpture of ideal subjects is distinctly different from that of historical or other portrait work, and much more difficult since the artist must not only inform his subject with the typical spirit of its character, but must also supply the material, the features, the figure, which that spirit



DREAM.

is to inform; and this material element must be distinctly concrete and individual. Such work calls into requisition in the most severe way all the best qualities and faculties of the

sculptor's character. He must become a creator. The chief difficulty is to make these statues individual; so many are lifeless, without any individuality,—mere characterless personifications. One point of greatness in St. Gaudens's memorial is that he has so concretely created this individual element of the statue. It is a real person. It is wonderful how this gives the idea of the statue all the weight and authority of a personal experience, whose testimony comes from behind the veil and is undeniable. Mr. Partridge's memorial is a little too abstract, too general to have special greatness in the individual element. It is a woman, not a certain woman. Long experience alone can ripen in an artist what God-given powers of individual creation he may have; and up to this work Mr. Partridge had not yet attained sufficient maturity to endow his ideal works with that clear, strong individuality, that virility, that special greatness in which lies St. Gaudens's superiority.

A figure still in studio, upon which Mr. Partridge is at work, shows, however, even in its unfinished state, a marked advance in this respect. It is a Prodigal Son. It is a single figure; the moment is that when the son is kneeling before his father, saying, "Father, I have sinned before Heaven and in thy sight and am no more worthy to be called thy son." Kneeling, his hands clasped, his head bowed, his face hidden by his outstretched arms, the whole figure

speaks the words that bring forgiveness. The face of the boy is not seen and does not bear even an important part in the enunciation of the statue. Of course individuality is most commonly recognized in the face; but in this statue the individuality inheres entirely in the figure itself. Without seeing the face, we feel that this is some particular erring boy, overwhelmed by his own personal grief, kneeling before his own beloved and forgiving father.

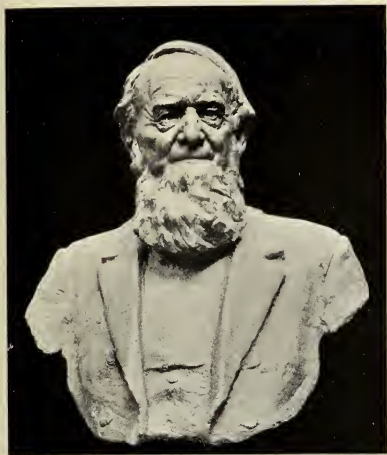
The best ideal work that Mr. Partridge has produced is, in the opinion of the writer, a Madonna, finished in 1897.* It is a bust. Simple drapery falls from the head, partly shading the face of exquisite beauty, that is simply bent downward. It is thoroughly individual, and it is also thoroughly spiritual. Indeed, one instinctively feels it rather to be a blessed spirit than one belonging to this world, for one feels in it the very holiness of beauty. The writer has a cast of this Madonna in the main hallway of his school, where the blessing of its holy beauty may appeal to all who come in and rest upon all who live in the house. The more a type a Madonna is, the



NATHAN HALE.

more closely we feel it to be a portrait. This is truly a Madonna. So individually is the material element conceived, that the typical spirit has free opportunity to express itself. The high humility of the face and of the whole spirit of the work makes us think of one worthy

*This is not the Madonna exhibited at the Paris Salon in 1893, but a great improvement, a new creation of that.



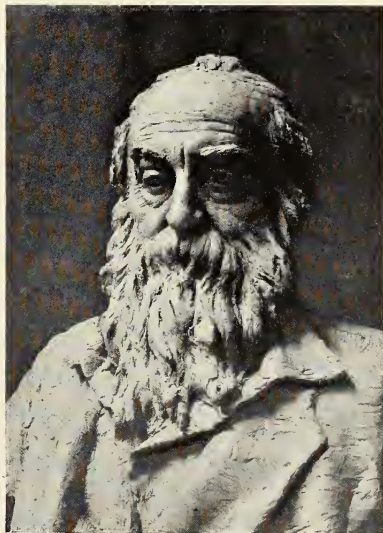
PROFESSOR WILLIAM S. TYLER.

to be the mother of the Christ, and makes us feel that here is a work of art which we should reverence rather than analyze. One who is a true poet, looking at this Madonna, said he wished it were on a higher pedestal. The writer explained that it was correctly placed for the best lighting and for the best point of view. "Yes," he replied, "I understand, but I should like to feel that it was looking down upon me." This is the truest comment that can be made upon it.

Mr. Partridge's work in sculpture echoes itself in his verse. Of this he has given the public a little volume, "The Song Life of a Sculptor." This is exactly what it is. That these sonnets and lyrics are echoes is what gives special interest to them and gives us cordial satisfaction as we turn over their sincere pages. We can follow the sculptor's path almost step by step in these parallel expressions on the modelling stool and in the table drawer. This statement can be taken literally of course with regard to the sonnet, "For a Statue of Shakespeare," which was read at the unveiling. Here is the sculptor's own comment on his attempt to portray the master dramatist showing his appreciation of the inadequacy of his work:

"Who models thee must be thine intimate—
Nor place thee on a grand uplifted base,
Where tired eyes can hardly reach thy face.
For others this might serve; thou art too great.
Who sculptures thee must grasp thy human state,
Thine all embracing love must aim to trace,—
Thy oneness with the lowliest of thy race.
Until this sculptor comes the world must wait;
But when he comes, carving those deep set eyes,
'Neath brow o'erarching, like the heaven's high dome,
The men will turn aside with glad surprise
And say, slow wending from their toil toward home,
'I saw this Shakespeare in the street; he seemed
A man, like you or me, how'er he dreamed.'"

Indeed the sonnet is the result of his toil with the clay, striving to make it keep up day by day with his ever-growing appreciation of his subject. It should be closely associated with the statue; it ought to be carved upon the pedestal, so that all who see the statue may read and through its very inadequacy realize the sculp-



WALT WHITMAN.

tor's attitude and that inexpressible greatness of the subject which the sculptor himself certainly appreciated.

This intelligent conscientiousness which shows itself so evidently before the Shakespeare, is clearly and finely expressed in the octave of the last sonnet in the book, "The Old Masters":

"Ye men who broke the way to that new birth,
 'Tis not for what ye found, but what is sought,
 We love you most; and yet your work is worth,
 Through self-renouncing love, the crown it wrought.
 It is the aim and not the goal we hold
 Most dear,—the thought that lives in tower and stone,
 The patient struggle of the spirit bold,
 To wrest some beauty from that dim unknown."

His verse is truly nourished with his own life. It is both his own comment on his work and it is also often the breath of his inspiration, anticipating in some fleet or passing line the hard-wrought achievement of a later work. Where, for instance, could there be a truer art prediction than there is of the Madonna in the line,

"Teach me, dear Heart, to love the simple things?"

The essence of that beautiful work is in that single line; even more, the animus of all the work—the thought and love and reverence—that lay between the Salon Madonna of 1893 and its later, finer recreation is there in those few words.

One of his best liked poems is the "Sowing to the Spirit," which begins with the fine lines:

"If thou hast struck one blow for liberty,
 Be it of slave or shackled intellect,
 Thou hast not failed. If into some lone life
 The light of nobler days has come through thee
 Flinging the shadowed years with sympathy;

Or if some soul of moral vision dim
 Has, through thy love, been led to clearer things,—
 Thou hast not failed."

Quite similar in spirit and, to the writer, more poetical, is "The Cup of Life," which begins:

"Drink deep of life before thou seek to drain
 The last dull cup of cool and liquid death;"

and ends:

"Drink deep of what endures, then strangely sweet
 Will seem the cup Death brings with lingering feet."

Both reveal the high, purposeful strain of character which he inherited from Puritan ancestry. Very different, but equally characteristic of the sculptor, is the sonnet to Keats, with all its ethereal, sensuous beauty of the pale moonlight. Possibly it may



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have been written about the time that Mr. Partridge was doing more fanciful work, like the "Midsummer Night's Dream." If it be thus related to that relief, it is the finer expression of the two. The sonnet is worth quoting entire:

"Circled by far faint rings of amber light
The moon rides high through drifting
silver sprays

That from her beauty fall as garments
white

From a lone goddess of the Phidian
days.

I dare not sleep for beauty of these skies.
See, through the drifting cloud the
midnight sinks

Deep as the soul of God. My passion
dies

In the pure loveliness my spirit drinks."

"This night was made for Keats. Swoon-
ing in light,

With songs too sweet for earth pent in
his heart,

Beyond the morrow's pain and petty
slight,

His soul and sense at last were borne
apart,

Caught upward to the midnight's bright-
est star:

My spirit panting, follows him afar."

But the finest poem in the book, that in which we best see the artist and the man,—the finest in his appreciation of the technique of a fellow-craftsman, the finest in his own mastery of the poetic technique, and most of all, the finest in the nobly recipient passiveness of the true art spectator to the message of an artist,—is the sonnet, "A Painting by Ségé: Coast of Brittany." This truly has something in it akin to Wordsworth's great sonnet to B. R. Haydon, "High is our calling, Friend!" The sestet reads:

How great is art, how great is man, what
soul

Must burn in that frail form, in one
short hour

To make that cliff to stand, that sea to
roll,

That sky to smile forever by his power,
Those waves that rise to break forever-
more

Across the brave brown rock and trem-
bling shore."

This is not only an echo, but a voice, speaking direct from that very human mother in nature whose name is Art.

"The Song Life of a Sculptor," however, bears the date 1895. The echoes of his chisel in the work of the last five years have not been heard. During these years his sculpture has been steadily growing better and better; and finer verse has been coming from his pen. A stirring lyric, "His Mercy Endureth Forever," rings with the spirit of his military works; a sonnet, "Man," in which he strongly characterizes man as "a blot or smile upon the face of God," evidences a very maturely human realization of man's dual possibilities; another sonnet, "Dear Art, how much we suffer for thy sake," with the lines:

"We know we must create, do what we
will;

We must reveal all love, nor count the
cost!"

shows the true attitude toward art set to the accompaniment of its own music. These come of the time of the Grant and the Hooper model and the Kauffmann Memorial and the Nathan Hale. It is the nature of echoes to be delayed; but let us hope soon to hear of another volume of verse from Mr. Partridge's studio, finding meantime in his first volume promise of more and better to come.

In the main body of his work, then, whether of sculpture or from the side interest of verse, there is everywhere a steadily increasing strength and individuality, while the Grant and the Madonna together constitute the plain words of the promise that Mr. Partridge has given for truly great work still to come, work which with that of his brother artists will illumine and illustrate the new epoch that has come. Rigor and strong individuality are qualities of ripe maturity. These will come more fully. Mr. Partridge is still under forty, and he himself considers that an artist does not enter

upon his best, his really mature work, until after his fortieth year. All before is preparation; not until he has reached the prime of life is he ready to speak clearly and fully his word upon life. For art is to his mind the residuum of all the living

and suffering, hating and loving of the artist's life, spoken forth through the voice of his special calling. What the life is, that the art is; and, as he has it painted upon one of the rafters of his studio at Milton, "Life is greater than Art."



THE SADDEST THOUGHT.

By Charles Hanson Towne.

WHEN you and I clasped hands that day
 Amid the warmth of June,
 How little did I dream, dear one,
 You would forget so soon;

How little did I think your heart
 Would drift from mine away;
 That I would never love again
 The melodies of May;

That nevermore within my soul
 The songs of joy would ring;—
 God! I had never guessed what grief
 A woman's love can bring!

A few brief years upon Life's skein
 Have spun their web of days;
 And you and I are treading now
 Unknown and parting ways.

Your face I nevermore shall see,
 Your love I cannot know;
 The wondrous faith you vowed in me
 Is vanished long ago.

Yet I could suffer all, dear one,
 In silence through the years,
 And I could bear without one word
 My grief, and dry my tears,

Did I not know that you have cast
 My love in Lethe's sea,
 And that to-night within your heart
 There is no thought of me!



DAS MÄDCHEN.

By Ada Elizabeth Herrick.

THE final rehearsal for the first concert of the Music Festival had come to a sudden pause. One musician after another left his chair and crossed the platform for a few minutes' dispute with a fellow over the score; the conductor leaned against his desk, watching with visible impatience the door of the anteroom, fully aware that the audience, admitted as a kind of experiment to the morning rehearsals for the modest fee of fifty cents, was disposed to be fully as intolerant of delay as concert-goers themselves. The prima donna had taken advantage of the privilege accorded vocal favorites and was late.

It was some time before the audience learned the reason of the delay, but when the minute hand of the city hall clock had crept around to a quarter past ten, it began to be whispered on the extreme left nearest to the platform that they were waiting for the soprano, Madame Duprés, who would rehearse with the orchestra,—information which increased the uneasiness that had begun to make itself heard in whispers and bustle. Attention was withdrawn from the gypsy-eyed Hungarian, who sat on the concert-master's left and dandled his violin on his knees as if it were a child, and fifty pairs of eyes were simultaneously diverted from the mural

frescoes, which needed retouching with a painter's brush, to the heavy curtain of faded tapestry that hung before the anteroom door.

Meanwhile a pandemonium of sounds arose on the platform,—the thrumming of strings, the rumbling thunder of the bass viol, the blare of a trumpet, the half stifled shriek of a fife, interspersed with sentences in German and guttural laughs flung across shoulders and kettledrums.

"Late, natürlich!" audibly remarked the leader of the violoncellist section as he threaded his way through the orchestra back to his chair, carefully shielding his bulky instrument from contact with the sharply curved necks of the violins that projected on either side. "Prima donnas are always late,—the last touches, nicht wahr?"—a pleasantry which convulsed the half dozen young misses down in the first row of seats. One of them, a girl of fourteen, blue eyed, bright haired, with a skin as delicate in its tints as a seashell, was so conspicuous in her amusement that the good natured German remarked it and lavished upon her a smile so dazzling that it sent the pink in a flood all over her pretty face. There was a flutter in the row. The proud recipient of this flattering attention felt that she had scored a point of superiority over her companions.

"Isn't Herr Kuntz lovely?" she whispered enthusiastically to a school-fellow. "I know him; that's why he smiled to me. I've met all the most interesting ones through papa, you know."

The susceptible six tittered again, and five of them envied the little daughter of the concert conductor her social opportunities.

A faint hand-clapping in the end of the hall turned heads in that direction, as a young woman gowned in lavender, a violet wreathed hat set jauntily on a head of very fluffy hair, tripped down the side aisle. With a nod and a smile toward the platform, she lifted the tapestry and disappeared behind it. The conductor brightened and, after a brief conference with the first violin, left the platform, followed almost immediately by the harpist and three of the violins.

Leo Kuntz, nevertheless, sat unconcernedly in his place, running his bow lightly over muted strings, apparently intent, soul and mind, on attaining a certain quality of tone. The withdrawal of the first violins left him in full view of the audience, who followed his practice appreciatively. Master of the cello as he undoubtedly was, there was a certain playfulness in his handling of the instrument. The waist inclined toward his knee without touching it; the head barely escaped his shoulder; his fingers quivered on the throat; his bow caught the hidden melody and drew it forth, not harshly or arbitrarily, but with a light insistence, as if they two were one and he demanded of her no more than he was himself giving. His head, rugged with thick brown curls swept back from a broad German forehead, could no more escape the vibration of the notes than the strings themselves. The merry humor of the music was reflected on his face,—the face of an artist, sensitive, intense, lit by the steady fire of deepest eyes. The tuning of other instruments overlaid the sound of his. He played a bar or two, then, holding

up his bow, shook his head at it in condemnation, pushed back his chair, and disappeared down the rear stairway leading from the platform.

Little Miss Ashman sprang to her feet, her fingers on the hand of a friend. "Herr Kuntz has gone to talk with Madame," she said excitedly. "Let's go too, Edith, and listen to them. Papa likes to have me listen to the conversation of famous people. He says it is very instructive."

In the well filled anteroom the girls found a corner near the door, where they established themselves within ear-shot of Madame, around whom a brilliant circle of musicians had gathered. The celebrated vocalist, with heightened color and quickly drawn breath, was graphically recounting how she had hurried from her hotel only to arrive late after all,—a pity, of course, but unavoidable. The hackman was so slow,—and she ran through the corridors to make up for lost time. What more could she do? Monsieur was so kind. Monsieur would excuse?

In truth Mr. Ashman was tingling to his finger-tips with impatience. A musician himself, he partook of the irritability of his class. Consequently, although he had no intention of being discourteous, his acceptance of the soprano's apology was too grudging to please Madame's ears, schooled in French phrases that wrap natural feeling with elaborate subterfuge. To her the ungraciousness was distinctively American. No European could be so callous to her charms, so lacking in chivalry. She appealed to the violoncellist, who stood a little apart, ostensibly examining his bow, yet acutely observant of all that went on.

"Herr Kuntz," she said, crossing to his side and touching his arm lightly with an impulsive gesture, "will you too scold me because I am one little minute late?"

Leo Kuntz lifted his eyes slowly and deliberately, until they rested on

the beautiful face in a long look of admiration. "Madame," he said, with a slight bow, "I thank you. I too was late. You have lightened the burden of my conscience."

"I did not think men were ever late," said Madame, casting a reproachful glance at Mr. Ashman's back. "They find so much fault with us poor women, if we are even a tiny second behind the hour!"

"We have the reputation of selfishness, but we do not all deserve it,—no. To prove it, I will bring you a chair and make you keep the audience and myself waiting a little longer while you rest."

Madame thrust out her red underlip in a charming pout. "Oh, don't let me keep you if you wish to go back there," she said with a petulant twist of her shoulder toward the door.

"I don't," he answered. "It is a tiresome crowd; but you shall rouse it by and by."

She shook her head dubiously. "No, no, not if you have failed. The audience that does not vibrate with the cello strings is impervious to the voice."

"Herr Kuntz depreciates his power, Madame," said Mr. Ashman cordially. "It is wonderful. That *Adagio!* Bargiel himself would have been as near tears as the other listeners. I could imagine him up there in the orchestra striking his bow against the palm of his hand and murmuring, 'Schon! Schon! Das ist mein Gedanke.'"

"It is beautiful. Sometimes I wish I were a man, Herr Kuntz, that I might move men as you do, that I might play your moods, your thoughts; your life. And yet—and yet—does it not make you musicians cruel? The violin, the cello, it is like the heart, is it not? You strike it in the tenderest spot, where it vibrates longest, where it holds the memory of the bow. You make it cry like a hurt child. You make it wail like a woman. I do not know. I do not know—" Madame's voice dropped

to a pensive undertone. "Ah, if I were a man!"

"You would—?" said the Herr inductively. "I see that with you mankind has an unfortunate reputation. We are selfish and we are cruel."

"Not all men," Madame answered hastily, flashing a bewitching upward glance into the handsome face bent over her. "No, not all. There are some, Herr Kuntz, who are all gentleness and sympathy, who seem intuitively to understand women, who are kind to them and protect them."

A certain muscular contraction that shut his mouth tightly and made the thin eyelids quiver passed over the German's face. In a second it had vanished, but the smile that he had flung carelessly over the edge of the platform at the group of merry little girls played on his lips again.

"Come, Madame," he said. "Why I was late you have not asked, doch, if you know!" He half closed his eyes and drew a deep breath through his nostrils, as if inhaling some delicious perfume. "Do you love violets?" he suddenly asked, and without further preamble brought from the window sill a small florist's box, which he opened and held toward her.

The tip of the prima donna's nose disappeared from view. "Ah," she said between little gasps of ecstasy, "perfect! perfect! my favorite flower, Herr Kuntz, the divinest thing that grows!"

Herr's long, slim fingers raised the bunch of English violets from its white bedding. "See!" he said. "they are large ones, are they not? It is not often that I am extravagant, but on my way here this morning I saw these in a window. I went by, came back again, hesitated, and—what would you? We Germans love flowers. For my delay you have a reason. Hein, I was foolish!"

"Oh, no, no," Madame protested. "It is never foolish to buy these delicate things, never. I so love them! I would always wear them if I might.

Ah, the beauties! how they rob my artificial ones of color,—and yet I thought them natural!”

He laughed. “You flatter. You credit me with great foresight. Möglich, if I had known—” He bent nearer. Madame looked up expectantly, her color deepening, her fingers nervously crushing a dragon-headed pin through the straw of her hat. “If I had known,” he went on, very slowly, “that to-day you would wear an imitation of the real, I might, following the masculine desire to wound a woman’s heart in the most vulnerable spot—you just now accused me of having good practice in the art—have bought these flowers to give to you. You would have done—what, Madame? Would you have forgiven me?”

Madame’s lashes drooped over her cheeks as modestly as a novice’s. She leaned back in her chair and considered. “Yes,” she said at last very deliberately, and again the dark southern eyes, pleading, passionate, looked straight into the eyes of the north, colder, clearer, with the blueness of the Rhine water and the peaks of the Böhmer-Wald. “I would have forgiven you and worn your gift.”

There was an instant’s silence. The atmosphere of the room was oppressive, the fragrance of the violets intoxicating; heat waves shimmered before the open window. Madame’s face was very beautiful, her air of coaxing irresistible. What harm? There was nobody to listen. The musicians had gone back to their places. Clarionets, horns and trumpets raised their voices in shrill prophecy of the coming storm, bassoons, basses and drums began to rumble, while above all hoarser sounds the plaintive cadence of the violins swept like a wind, upbearing the dove-note of the flute. A sharp rap of the conductor’s baton quieted the tumult. One instrument after another dropped into silence. There was a breathing space before the tempest broke. But in the whirlwind

of independent practice the violoncellist’s trained ear had distinguished the opening theme of Saint-Saëns’s “Samson and Delilah.” It is remarkable that Herr Kuntz’s cheek should have reddened in the same minute that his eyebrows lifted in humorous appreciation, and he shook his head in whimsical dismay; but the flush was involuntary,—the regret for Madame, and the joke for himself.

“Herr Kuntz”—the voice was close to his elbow, a voice with a distinct tremor in it, that persevered, nevertheless, in spite of shortness of breath and very audible gasps to the end of what it had to say—“I think papa is waiting for you and Madame. He is looking this way.”

With the guilty start of a school-boy detected in some piece of mischief, the violoncellist looked down to meet a pair of blue childish eyes fixed with wistful anxiety upon him. The color throbbled in the round cheeks and flushed the temples over which curled rings of sunny hair. To be sure—it was little Miss Ashman, who, with a young companion as moral support, had interrupted a flirtation and braved Madame’s gathering frown. It was really very funny. Poor Madame! How could he know that those same blue eyes had long been flashing everlasting hatred at Madame, that the small pink ears, hidden under wavy hair like their owner behind the tall palm in her corner of vantage, had lost not a word that fell from his lips, that the foolish little heart had beat very rapidly when he bent over Madame and kept repeating a foolish little prayer: “Don’t let him give them to her—don’t, don’t!” So he nodded cheerfully, feeling a great kindness for the pretty child who had thus unwittingly rescued him from a situation that threatened embarrassment.

“We were just coming, Liebchen. Were we not, Madame?”

The readiness of his response disconcerted the soprano. He had played her own game cleverly for one

of those German boors. She bit her lip in vexation, but as he had crossed the anteroom and now waited for her, holding back the curtain, she had no choice but to rise, however reluctantly. The two girls followed in the wake of her flounced skirt, so close that when she bent toward the violoncellist as she passed and stretched out her hand for the violets the delicate perfume of her laces swept like a breeze across Dorothy's hot face. Only a glance and a gesture, but for a second Herr Kuntz wavered; then, with an inscrutable smile, he leaned across the outstretched hand and dropped the violets into a smaller one.

"My dear Madame," he said, "I cannot permit you to spoil your toilet. It is perfect."

So it happened that a very self-conscious little girl, carrying tenderly a large bunch of violets, emerged from the anteroom and rejoined her companions; whereupon a great whispering and tittering agitated the front row, bringing down upon brown and flaxen braids more than one hostile glance. But what was the sharpness of nobody knew whose disapprobation to the sweetness of triumph over Madame and the exaltation of friendship with the festival's favorite? The prima donna had transferred her attentions to the Hungarian, whose dark eyes blazed a bold admiration into hers, the progress of the flirtation being silently commented on by Herr Kuntz. His merry glance, directed to his small acquaintance, making her, as it were, the partner of his secret, assured her with inimitable drollery: "It doesn't disturb me a bit that the prima donna is vexed; we know why."

Miss Dorothy flushed and smiled and dimpled all over her pretty proud face, and held her programme upside down, studying it with downcast eyes that saw only two other eyes sparkling with amusement and two rows of dazzling teeth. This innocent inter-course of smiles and nods came to an

end with the opening of Massenet's suite, "Les Erranges," in which Kuntz gave himself up to more serious work than registering impressions with an attractive child. He was the artist again, living in his art, swaying with the chorus back and forth across the stones of an ancient temple, marking with his head the rhythm of the strophes, like a Greek priest leading the solemn dance. All at once there came a break in the stately minuet, and the violoncello, supported lightly by violins, passed over the interval, singing the plaintive cadence of the cantilena on its muted strings.

There was a burst of generous applause; heads nodded in the orchestra; the Hungarian's restless eyes dropped from Madame's and sought Herr Kuntz's as the needle of a compass whirls to the pole. He leaned over his chair-back and sent a bravo flying across the broad German shoulders behind him. Even Madame, her discomfiture forgotten, clapped softly. Herr Kuntz bowed, and his glance passed over the audience, even over Madame Duprés's little rival, looking up at him with a yearning for recognition in this moment of his triumph, to the faces of his fellows,—yes, and of Madame, alive with ardent sympathy and lofty ideals that bound them altogether in a circle within which the profane might not set foot. Then the strains of the minuet rose again, passing gradually into the finale, which, quickened to a furious dance-time, lost itself in a dizzy whirl of sound. The rehearsal was at an end.

Dorothy went out on tiptoe. She stopped at a music store on her way home and bought Herr Kuntz's picture, which she placed on her desk, with the violets in a glass vase before it. She tended them carefully and, when they faded, laid them away on scented cotton in a dainty box, and refilled the vase with common violets, which she bought of the German florist on High Street. She bor-

rowed from her father's library weighty treatises on the melodious art, not a page of which she comprehended, and dull biographies of great and little composers. She pounced with avidity on all periodicals devoted to music that came to the house and carried them off to devour at leisure before her shrine, where Mr. Ashman found them one morning after an impatient search. Being as blind as most fathers, he noticed neither the divinity enthroned upon the flower-decked altar nor, as he carried his recovered property back to his sanctum, that the journal which lay uppermost was open at a sketch of Leo Kuntz and a photograph of his Boston home.

Meanwhile Miss Dorothy was living in a haven of bliss, her head in the clouds, her feet hardly touching earth. Ganymede, rapt to heaven by the all-powerful Zeus, could have found the very earthly celestials of his day no more glorious company than our little maiden apotheosized from this poor clay of which the Pans and Apollos of our century partake no less than brother mortals. And Dorothy, with the old Greek craving for a god of like needs and necessities with herself, found her Olympus peopled by delightfully human individuals,—not dull, stuffy, nervous men like her father, with no mundane interests above harmony and counterpoint, but men who lived and loved and lost and grieved ever after or lived and loved and married and were happy all their days. There was dear, melancholy Schumann, and that lovely naughty Liszt,—though, to be sure, he repented and had beautiful white hair; Wagner of the dreamy eyes and the Bridal March; Gounod, who ran away from a cloister to wed the woman he loved and make himself and her famous,—a romance fit for immortals and a deal more interesting than the cloudy courtships of Jupiter; and Beethoven, poor, sad Beethoven, whose great heart hungered for affection but tasted it not. The right

woman, the love that would have supplied all lack, that would have warmed that chill heart and—and—Suppose he saw her once in a crowded hall, suppose he had turned and faced the audience, perhaps after that tremendous burst of applause which greeted the performance of his Ninth Symphony,—applause, alas! that fell on deaf ears,—and seen in that sea of faces one bright with appreciation and tenderest sympathy, a face that haunted him ever after, and which he sought far and wide but never saw again. The pity of it! If he could only have found her!

And most of these great men were Germans,—a fact not surprising, for who but a German has the forehead, the eyes, the wild, rumpled hair, of the musical genius? Their language, too,—what a fascinating combination of guttural sounds, like broken rocks plashing into the Rhine,—the language of legend, of mystery, of sound-dreams. There was no doubt that a knowledge of German was necessary to a clear understanding of music and musicians; so Dorothy set herself to learn it out of a grammar which she resurrected from a dust covered trunk in the attic. From the German tongue to the Fatherland is but a mental step, which she was not long in taking. Some girls whom she knew had married and gone to Germany and written home glowing accounts of the country. They had married well, people said; she herself remembered their weddings. She had been a flower-girl at one of them, and the baron—this one was a baron—had lifted her in his arms—she was eight years old then—and had kissed her. Of course with a noble one marries a castle; but the duchesses and countesses were welcome to their lords. As for her, she preferred a genius, a Goethe or a Romberg, one who could make the music dance over the strings of his cello like the elves in the German woods.

At this point Dorothy became pen-

sive. She sat down in front of Herr Kuntz's picture and, with her cheek on her hand, looked steadfastly at it until the flat outlines seemed to take form and fill in with flesh, the deep eyes to sparkle and return her gaze with pleasant interest, the lips to relax in a good-humored smile. Would she ever see him again?—be able to tell him how he had helped her, broadened her vision, brightened her life?—how under the magic of his abiding influence humdrum things like music lessons had become spiritualized? And he, would he be glad to see her again? How silly she must have appeared to him that morning in the anteroom, frightened and blushing! Nevertheless he had smiled upon her and had given her his violets. She would like him to know that she had kept them.

Suddenly a daring thought assailed her and speedily beat down her defences, opening up her mind to a flood of unreason. Why should she not see him? Why should she not go to Boston. Aunt Alice would be glad to see her; and Newbury Street is not far from Huntington Avenue.

So to Boston she went, and for six days obediently followed her aunt through art galleries and libraries, stores and churches, drove with her in the Fens, and met scores of people who would ordinarily have seemed delightful, and now failed to impress her in the absence of the one individual whom she wanted to see. It was not until the last afternoon of the week which parental authority had imposed as a limit to her visit that her aunt's vigilance was providentially relaxed by a luncheon engagement and she was left free to carry out her plan.

The day was mild, though late in December. Porches and gables dripped steadily, sleigh-runners gritted on the coarsened snow, muddy streams flecked with white islands had begun to run in the gutters. Dorothy tripped daintily along, her attention divided between the rows of imposing houses and the groups of

children brought out by their nurses for the daily walk. On Huntington Avenue the houses were less magnificent, though their fronts bespoke comfort and financial ease. Herr Kuntz's house differed in no wise from its neighbors, was just as broad, just as high. Its front door was carved in exactly the same pattern and was reached by the same number of stone steps as the doors on the right and on the left. To be sure, the sunlight fell more broadly on its front and lit the windows with a red glare between the stiff ruffles of white muslin curtains; but though the house stood thus enveloped in a rosy halo, there was nothing sufficiently uncommon about it to mark it as the abode of genius. Yet Dorothy thought she would have recognized it anywhere, so unmistakably was it stamped with Herr Kuntz's most charming personality. As she went up the steps her heart began to beat with a rapidity far from comfortable. Common sense asked for the first time what he would think of her visit; but it was too late to retreat. A pleasant featured German maid, with an accent strong in Fatherland gutturals, admitted her. Herr Kuntz was at home. Would Fräulein step inside and seat herself?

With a timidity quite at variance with her mission, Fräulein stepped over the threshold and followed the plump Katrina into a room furnished astonishingly like anybody else's parlor, save for a portrait of Boccherini hung between the windows. The tone of the room was blue,—a color Dorothy had associated with Herr Kuntz ever since the violet episode; the walls were covered with Delft paper rendered inexpressibly ugly by the crowding together of windmills and Dutch villages; while the same strong tint prevailed in upholstery, tiles and carpet.

Dorothy sat down in a chair facing the dark browed Luigi and waited in momentary expectation of the approaching footsteps of her hero. He

came not, and the windmill clock on the fireplace mantel ticked out five minutes before she became conscious of the sound of voices in an adjoining room, followed by the twanging of a string toned rapidly to concert pitch. Somebody began to play. At the fifth note Dorothy caught the scent of violets and heard the subdued rustle of a crowd as plainly as if she had been suddenly transported to the concert hall. It was the Elfentanz, of course; she ought to have recognized it sooner. A bar or two, then the dance ceased and, after a pause, another, a less sure hand took it up and went over it.

"No, no, no!" Dorothy thrilled, for it was the Herr's voice, slightly impatient. "That is not it, no! Lighter, man, lighter! You make your elves stamp like peasants on a barn floor; I hear the wooden shoes. Now, listen! So! Again! Yes, yes, you will get it. There, that is better—yes. Oh, lighter, lighter!"—and so on to the end of the lesson. But just as the pupil took his leave, looking by no means so ecstatic as one lately closeted with an immortal should, another man came, letting himself in with the freedom of a privileged guest. There was no more practising, but much loud talk and laughter, interrupted by an occasional clear-cut note or a gay flourish.

Meanwhile the afternoon wore away. The sun passed over behind the high houses across the street and settled slowly down, leaving a few last arrows of gilt quivering among the sails of the Delft windmills. At last there was a shifting of chairs in the music room, a scraping of feet on the bare floor, Herr Kuntz's cheery laugh and pleasant voice approaching the door. It opened and both men came out into the hall.

"Well, to-morrow night, not later," the Herr was saying; "and bring over that concert score. I have mislaid mine."

"Thanks, I will. Oh, by the way,

Kuntz, there was a little girl waiting in the other room as I came in. Fie upon you for a gallant!—to keep the ladies waiting while you waste your time on a crusty old bachelor like myself! Go, redeem your reputation if you can. To-morrow night, then. No, no, don't trouble, I'll let myself out. I know the way, eh?—except when my brain's fuddled with your beer. Good by, Kuntz, good by."

"Lebe wohl," said Kuntz lightly. Ah, the German, rolling from his tongue as the Weser hurries to the sea! Perhaps he would speak to her in German, and she would answer him—a little hesitantly, to be sure, but he would know that she had learned his language. The outer door opened and closed. In the same minute the portières were parted and the violoncellist came into his parlor.

"Ah, how is it with you, my dear?" he began, as Dorothy rose to meet him, the words she had come to say choking in her throat. English—simple and unadorned, but pervaded by ever so slight a German accent, that seemed as in the anteroom of the City Hall to add depth and richness to the familiar words. "An old friend of mine, he will have his joke. Have you been long waiting? I had no thought I had a caller, wahrlich. Did Katrina let you in?"

"I—I don't know. It was the maid," faltered Dorothy, her embarrassment increasing. Somehow, face to face with her divinity, dignity, cleverness, common sense alike seemed to desert her. The windmills on the Delft walls began to whirl, then to swoop lower, like great white wings, till their flapping sails almost brushed the curly hair on the massive head bent attentively toward her. A kind look passed over the musician's face. Leo Kuntz sat down.

"Yes, I see," he said. "It was a long time ago, and you are tired waiting. Servants are very remiss—particularly Katrina. She forgets that she is not still in Bohemia, where

every one looks out for himself. I remember your face. I have seen you somewhere. No, don't tell me. I am pretty good at recalling names, and I shall have yours in a minute. Let me think. Ah, yes, I have it—little Miss Ashman, nicht wahr? I knew I should get it," he concluded triumphantly.

There was an uncomfortably long pause. He fixed his pleasant eyes on her and waited. To give his young visitor a chance to state her errand was an act of charity in a man on whose valuable time there were so many demands; but he was fond of children, from the neglected street waif to this dainty little being, correct from the brown quills on her walking hat to the tips of her soft kid shoes—fond of them and liked making them happy. So he looked encouragingly at her, as if he would say, "Tell me what I can do for you, my dear, and I'll do it." He was more fascinating in his rôle of gracious host than on the stage or in the anteroom. The same intense personality was graced by the same charm of manner, from which had been subtracted the remoteness of the artist. Alive to his restless finger-tips, plucking at the upholstered arms of his chair, with the music that had made his name famous, there was yet an air of easy domesticity about him which made the old black bombazine coat, hanging loosely from his stalwart shoulders, seem the most fitting garment genius could assume. The Olympian god of the concert hall had taken upon himself the attributes of humanity and had gained therefrom an added attractiveness. He looked very approachable, settled comfortably in the big armchair, blue like the rest of the furniture, his rugged head resting against its back, his knees crossed, his friendly eyes overlooking her embarrassment and offering a cordial invitation to confidence. Speech suddenly became easy.

"I shall never forget those rehearsals," she said earnestly. "I was

never so happy in all my life. It was like a glimpse of the Elysian fields; and after it was over life seemed so different, so—so slow." She brought out the commonplace adjective with a petulance that provoked her listener to a burst of laughter, rich, mellow, hearty, making the room ring.

"Forgive me," he said. "It ought to be better, don't you think, kleines Mädchen? Great music is somebody's great thought, you know; and when we hear it, if our inner ears are good, that great thought becomes a part of our lives."

He spoke seriously, though his face was still merry with reflected laughter. Dorothy laughed too, albeit at her own expense. She had pleased her hero, and her vain heart was correspondingly elated.

"I don't think I ever knew what music meant before," she went on, feeling more at ease with him now that they had shared a joke together. "I'm afraid I don't half understand it yet, but I had such a beautiful time! I remember it so well—the Adagio, the Elfentanz, and—and the violets."

There! she had said it. Her abashed gaze dropped to the carpet, and her face burned under a rush of hot blood. Relieved from the scrutiny of those downcast eyes, Herr Kuntz permitted himself an expressive shrug. True, the violets!

"Oh, yes. Did they fade before you got them home?" he inquired interestedly.

The child raised her head proudly. "They lasted a week and two days," she said with scrupulous exactness. "I changed the water twice every day. I have them still," she concluded, a little timidly.

Amusement broadened on Herr Kuntz's sunshiny countenance, while the two mischievous sprites that seemed always to be lurking in its repose, ready any minute to draw the veil away from the brilliant smile the lips compressed between them, twitched the corners of his mouth.

What devotion! he was thinking. The prima donna would have tossed them out of her carriage window. But what was he to do with this small girl on his hands, who neither made any movement to go nor stated her errand,—if, indeed, she had one. He changed the subject.

"Your father?" he asked,—“he is well? He is drilling for the mid-winter concert? That chorus work in ‘Samson’ was really good. It is not easy to handle so large a chorus; yet it responded to his touch with the purity of tone and the accuracy of a stringed instrument. He should be congratulated.”

All this was very unsatisfactory,—though, to be sure, it helped to prolong an interview whose inevitable end Dorothy had already begun to dread. The next question was personal.

"You came to Boston alone?"

"Yes."

"So!" Herr Kuntz drew a long breath of astonishment between his pursed lips, and straightway certain horizontal lines hitherto hardly discernible on his forehead puckered themselves into an anxious frown. The violoncellist had disturbing visions of a runaway daughter, a distracted mother, a father boarding the night express to Boston, and police on the outlook. "But you have friends here? You have a stopping place?"

"Oh, yes. I am visiting my aunt on Newbury Street." What a dreadfully commonplace answer! He would think her stupid.

"Ah!" Herr Leo Kuntz was visibly relieved. "That is not far. And how do you like Boston, Dorothea?"

He called her Dorothea with a German accent that was bewitching. Oh, if the girls were only there to hear and know! She bridled under the name with a naive pride that brought the merry sprites into view again around the musician's mouth.

"Oh, I have been here before. I don't care for it," she answered so

enthusiastically that her judgment sounded strange.

"You think it funny that I came, then? I came"—she hesitated before the fatal plunge, but infatuation was too strong—"I came because I couldn't forget the Festival, and—and I wanted to see you again."

Herr Leo Kuntz's face grew gently grave. "I see," he said, receiving the silly admission with delicate tact. "You liked my playing so well that you wanted to hear me again. That is it, isn't it?"—and without waiting for a reply he brought his instrument from the music room and, seating himself, ran the bow across the strings.

"What shall I play?" he asked indulgently. "The Elfentanz?"

"Oh, do, please," cried Dorothy in a transport of anticipation. Truly this was much. To be the sole audience of this great man, to have the treasures of melody unlocked at her bidding, to share alone with him the high ecstasy of that moment when with two light strokes of the bow on strings yet quivering under the tripping footsteps of the fairy band the dance should come to an end and in that brief instant of return to earth she should look into his soul and he into hers!

For half an hour he played to her with the exquisite modulation and skilful execution that had made him a favorite with cultured audiences, until at last, "I had a thought just now," he said; "shall I tell it you?"—and he began playing a delicate, elusive thing that trembled at its own beauty and fled from sound.

"I shall call it Das Mädchen," he said when he had ended. "Are you satisfied?"

"Oh, it was beautiful—like heaven!" cried the little enthusiast, her eyes shining and hands clasped.

"And so should das Mädchen be," said the composer. He rested his chin on the head of his cello and looked across at her. "We all have our ideals," he went on, throwing a

certain playfulness into his tone,—“I no less than others.” There was an instant’s silence, during which he continued to regard her expectantly as if he were offering her something which it would be a mistake to refuse.

“You are very kind,” she began, almost timidly. “I wish I could do something for you, something that would please you, in return for what you have done for me. You have made me so happy. I never guessed what life could be until you came into it”—dramatic instinct brought Dorothy to her feet; she hurried on; she must say all now, for the words were rushing straight to her lips and she had lost the power to check them—“and played. And then the violets! I put them under your picture and—” The flood came to an end. The insignificant conjunction trembled on her tongue and died away in a quickly drawn breath that was almost a sob. Somehow the words said seemed very different from the thought. There was something bold, forward, indelicate, in their utterance, something that brought the blush to her cheek, confusion to her tongue, and panic to her passionate heart. Her weak knees gave way. She dropped back into her chair and waited through long minutes of shamed suspense. Would he never speak? And when he did would it be to tell her that she was not *Das Mädchen*? Oh, she was not, she knew she was not,—and yet what else could he have meant?

Leo Kuntz had risen and put away his instrument. In a second he was back and sitting very close to her, so close that she could almost feel his breath blowing her hair.

“My dear little girl,” he said, “why wouldn’t you let me save you? I tried very hard, did I not? But you wouldn’t, no,—and so I have got to talk to you as I would wish Bergner to talk to my little Grethel if she came to him as you have come to me. Throw away those violets, tear up, burn my picture, go back home to your mother and tell her not to send

you alone to concert rehearsals any more; live the simple, girlish life you had been leading before, as you say, I came into your life; and last and first take me right out of your life and never—never—never let anybody else into it until you have added full eight years to your fourteen and some honest, kind, true man asks you to share it with him.”

Dorothy sat stunned, her face scarlet, tears rushing to her eyes. She, who had been almost a woman, who had fancied she felt the first stirrings of a great passion, found herself a child again, smarting under the sting of a just rebuke. It was she, not her divinity, that had tumbled from the lofty pedestal set up in her idolatrous soul. He seemed greater, grander than ever in contrast with her own littleness. Shame bowed her almost to the floor. How could she ever look up again? How could she face her aunt, or go back to the ridicule of her schoolmates? What should she do? Oh, if she could only die that minute! But the clock counted off many minutes while her consciousness of life became stronger. Then the tears, escaping all control, overflowed scaldingly on her cheeks. She hunted for her handkerchief,—but because of that blinding mist, the pocket of her trim jacket eluded her fingers. Suddenly she felt something soft thrust into her hand, and in a second she was crying into Herr Kuntz’s own handkerchief.

“Wohlauf, kleines Mädchen!” the pleasant voice said, close to her ear, and a friendly hand stroked her shoulder as if she were a kitten. “It may be that I am not without blame in this matter,—for I ought to have taken into account the folly of children. Ach, wohl, medicine has to be taken, and we are both the better for the dose. Don’t you see, my dear, how absurd a fancy you have got into your head? Why, I am the father of a half dozen young Kuntzes,—one of them larger than you are, too.”

“But the—the violets!”—she was

very childish now—"why, oh, why did you give them to me?"

Herr Kuntz smiled, though not for the world would he have allowed his distressed little friend to see it. It would have seemed to her the most heartless mockery. "Mein Kind," he said very slowly and impressively with the air of taking her quite into his confidence, "couldn't you see that the prima donna wanted them?—so I gave them to you."

"But I don't understand."

"No," he said, soothingly, "you couldn't be expected to. You are only a little girl. But, you see, I had Mrs. Leo. Kuntz to think of; and the thing would not have done at all. And so, you came running in just then, and—well, a man of forty-five may give a little girl flowers and the world will think no ill."

"Why did you buy the violets?" sobbed Dorothy, pursuing him with the relentless logic of childhood "Why did you show them to her at all?"

Herr Leo Kuntz's laugh was embarrassed. "That is another thing you wouldn't understand," he answered. "It is hard to tell. Why does the moth fly for the candle? To singe his wings?—the light is so beautiful,—it cannot burn, no. Er ist ein Narr."

"But I thought when you smiled—" Woe shook Dorothy's shoulders and bowed her head again, while the identical smile she had treasured, waking or sleeping, all these months passed over her head to a Dresden flower-girl staring at the two from the mantel.

"My persistent little maiden, I gave everybody the same smile,—your father, Madame, the audience, the orchestra,—all! It meant nothing, only in the interests of trade. A musician must be popular with his audience if he wants engagements. It is a pity, but true, that concert-goers demand presence as well as art. We don't like it, but it has to be, so we cultivate an openness, a sympathy

with our audience. Is that you, Mutter?"

He had raised his voice at the sound of footsteps in the hall. A woman answered in German, and straightway her ample figure filled the door. Herr Kuntz beckoned her in.

"Mutter, this is Dorothea Ashman, a little friend of mine. She has just had a keen disappointment. I have tried to comfort her, but—you see! There, there, Liebchen, you're to stay to supper,—nicht so, Mutter? for it will please me very much, and you know you wanted to please me."

But Dorothy looked away from his droll twinkle to the motherliness that beamed from the features of his substantial wife. "Won't you make him let me go?" she pleaded. "My aunt doesn't know where I am. She will worry. I can't stay, oh, I can't. You don't know. If you did, you wouldn't want me to."

Herr Kuntz laughed, actually, heartlessly laughed and patted her shrinking shoulder with a touch that burned. "Oh, yes, she would," he corrected. "She would be more anxious about it than even I."

Whether an inkling of the situation glimmered on Frau Kuntz's ordinarily slow and sober mind, or her heart, stretched by the happy brood that filled it, to a greatness that mothered other women's children, was moved by the pitiful appeal, she put her plump arms around the forlorn figure and drew it to her breast, frowning reproof at her lord between the brown, nodding quills.

"Da, da, mein Herz, you not cry. Ve not make you stay if you not want."

The Herr interposed. "Oh, she must stay, of course she must stay. It will do her good,—and besides, what would people think if she left us in tears? A fine reputation our neighbors would give us! My dear, I have not been persecuting you,—no, but they will call me an inquisitor. You see your duty is plain, Dorothea,

—and you could send a note to your aunt.”

Still Dorothy hesitated, sopping her eyes with the borrowed handkerchief and drawing long, shuddering breaths.

“You mind him not, mein Herz,” advised Herr Kuntz’s disloyal spouse. “You do as you haf a mind. He von great tease.” But Herr, in no wise rebuffed, resumed his persuasion. Dorothy thought his voice sounded sorry.

“Yes, it is too bad. I should have known; but I didn’t,—no, and so you must stay. I want you to know Grethel. She is near your age, and you would be friends,—nicht wahr, Mutter?—Dorothea and Grethel would be friends? Yes. Come, it is settled. You will stay. Ah, I thank you. Are we not glad, Mutter?”

So Dorothy stayed and went out to supper with Grethel, a pretty, rosy little maiden with two long braids of flaxen hair, and sat at table under the immediate protection of Mrs. Kuntz. Whether the romance had begun to wane with the advent of the musician’s stout, comfortable, unmistakably German wife, or received its death-blow at the sight of five small Kuntzes, miniatures of their gifted father—brown curls, blue eyes, and dimpled chins—voraciously spooning down porridge from well filled bowls, certain it is that Dorothy watched without a qualm the hand that had swept such exquisite melody from violoncello strings and dispensed violets with such grace untie from the fat little necks the bibs maternal foresight had provided. Before supper was done she had recovered sufficiently to notice that the broad forehead was beginning to be traversed by lines of care and was already encroaching on the dark forest that waved above it; but she was shy of meeting his direct, mirthful glance, which she felt from time to time resting inquiringly upon her, until at last it surprised her own passing from Grethel to little Franz, and so

heartily, kindly, humorous was it, that her face brightened almost unconsciously into a responsive smile.

“It is very droll,” said Herr Kuntz, as he lifted Marguerite, the baby, from her high-chair and set her on her feet. “Father Bear, Mother Bear, and six little Bears,—but we haven’t eaten you. So you must come to see us again, Goldenhair.”

“To be eaten next time?” demanded Grethel merrily. “Fie, Papa! You are not—what do you say—hospitable? That prospect will not be liked by Dorothea.”

But Dorothy thought it very funny, and laughed with the others; and somehow, when they all rose from the table, the sore spot in her heart did not hurt half so much; and by the time she was safe in her room at her aunt’s again, having been conducted home by Herr Kuntz and Grethel, with whom she had vowed eternal friendship and who had promised with a good-bye kiss to visit her the very next time der Vater was called to her city, there was no hurt at all. Herr was so magnanimous and Grethel so quaint and sweet,—and the babies, the little round, jabbering things, how they choked themselves with their porridge!

Dorothy went home the next morning, and, if she did not deliver Herr Kuntz’s message to her mother, demolished her shrine and threw the brown, dried violets into her wastebasket,—not without a pang, be it confessed, though when her ruthless penknife cleft Herr Kuntz’s forehead, the fine eyes seemed to smile approvingly at her and the lips to frame an encouraging, “Das ist wohl, kleines Mädchen.”

Yes, it was well, she told herself, and sighed,—why, she hardly knew; but when the rosy sky grows gray at fourteen, there is an excuse for melancholy.

It was six years before the county Musical Association recalled Leo Kuntz; but the promise sealed with a kiss was not forgotten, for Grethel

came with him,—no longer the quaint little German girl with long, flaxen braids and shy smile and a tongue that had hard work to twist itself around our English phrases, but Grethel grown up, with a coronet of golden hair, with modest, womanly ways and a voice like a linnet's. Dorothy Ashman gave a reception for her German friends, and during the evening Herr Kuntz by a delightful preconcerted surprise repeated his festival solos, adding thereto a composition of his own never before played in public, so it was whispered through the rooms. As the last note died away on the air heavy with the perfume of orchids and roses, Herr Kuntz was observed to lean forward and address Miss Ashman, across whose face flitted a smile and a blush.

The mayor's wife, curiously observant of the pair, adjusted her lorgnette and turned to a friend. "What was that little byplay between Dorothy and Herr Kuntz?"

"I did not understand the allusion," Mrs. Van Alsten answered. "The Herr said, 'Das Mädchen is the same, but you, Fräulein?'—I cannot conceive— Ah, here is Dorothy. Dorothy, my dear, what a charming composition the Herr has just rendered!"

"Das Mädchen? Yes, isn't it beautiful? A simple thing, lacking in the exaggerated individuality that is the gospel of this critical age,—but it touches the heart."

"It reminds me of the parables

stripped of theology," ventured one, the wife of a clergyman.

A young matron joined the group. "I have heard what you are talking about," she said, "I wonder if musical sounds make pictures in the mind of any one here besides myself? I own that I am sentimental and decidedly behind this critical age Dorothy was speaking of; but somehow when Mr. Kuntz was playing I saw such a pretty sight—a little German girl with a face like the morning and two long braids of yellow hair, standing knee-deep in a field of daisies, her arms full of them, and a song on her lips. And what impressed me most in the picture was the freshness, the innocence that breathed from it, a lack of knowledge of the fret, the trouble, the guile of this weary, passionate world."

There was a sudden hush, through which Herr Kuntz's voice came, comparing Torqueray with Boccherini. His fine head, streaked now with gray, was inclined toward his listeners. Its baldness was very noticeable. He spoke English with less fluency than six years ago, and his German accent was more pronounced. Clearly he was growing old; yet Miss Ashman, with eyes dreamily retrospective, looked on the august figure of the Delft room with its whirling windmills.

"Edith," she said, laying her fingers lightly on her friend's hand, "you are either a sorceress or an artist. Do you know, I think that is just what Herr Kuntz saw when he played Das Mädchen for the first time!"





A FAIR DAY'S SPORT.

THE PASSING OF THE BIRDS.

By Eugene Strong Rolfe.

EACH successive generation leaves behind it some forms of life distanced in the race for existence. Species that would alone embrace a very considerable fauna, but now appearing only in fossil remains, speak eloquently of the inexorable advance of man. We mourn the eclipse of the buffalo; we even make some feeble, ineffectual efforts to postpone his utter extinction; but we continue relentlessly to invade and absorb his preserves, driven from which he dies. So, too, we have sounded the knell of such splendid species as the moose, elk, otter, beaver, whale, seal and a long list besides; and beyond a doubt there are children now living who will yet record the latest annals of living specimens of these species taken in a state of nature within their present habitat.

It is with keen regret that the mind contemplates the total extirpation of types that have heretofore ministered to our necessities or pleasures. It is true that our marvellous adaptability to swiftly changing conditions makes the loss of an entire species a matter of trifling moment from the utilitarian

standpoint; yet, after all, we love the creatures that are native to our soil; there is fascination in the wild being that knows no tether and acknowledges no control; and when he, too, standing in the path of man, has been ruthlessly swept aside, we must be permitted our sentimental moan.

As with the beasts of the field, so is it with the fowls of the air. It has not been enough that man should "inherit the earth"; he would stop at nothing short of complete monopoly of even the space that extends above him. Ill fares it, then, with some of the winged creatures that brook no divided dominion in their chosen realms and whose wild nature is utterly incompatible with human association. A high state of civilization and an opulence of wild life are plainly antagonistic; and only those species that possess or acquire something of the spirit of the English sparrow can hope to survive the crush of man's advance.

Of course these observations do not apply to even a majority of species, since many thrive best where population is dense. Such seem to enjoy contact with man and the domestic



PASSENGER PIGEON.

animals, and may be safe from extinction at the hands of man at least. John Burroughs has observed that the British Isles, with their dense population and their thousands of years of race activity, present the spectacle of amazing fertility among the common species of birds abounding there, and no combination of adverse influences avails to stem the tide of exuberant bird life.

In the tremendous struggle for existence, many species have been able to adapt themselves to new conditions and acquire the qualities absolutely essential in the competition. Some of these qualities seem ill to become these bright creatures of the air, the very thought of which suggests only grace, beauty and timidity. Beyond a doubt the time was when the woodpecker, jay, crow, kingbird, English sparrow and many pushing, pugna-

cious species of the present day betrayed only the sweeter, gentler features of other much loved varieties and gave no hint of those latent, aggressive qualities now only too well typified in harsh voices devoid of any approach to music less soft than that of bold challenge. In lieu of extinction, the coarse alternative of selfish aggression has alone been presented, and the species that delays too long to violate its gentler traditions is surely swept from the face of the earth. Boldness, courage, persistence, greed, pugnacity,—these would seem to assort but ill with a character like that of the bluebird, for instance, whose tender, liquid notes in the early spring speak only of a sweet and gentle nature; and yet already is it apparent that its failure to assume these very aggressive qualities has endangered its existence as a species.

If the principal agencies that work havoc among bird life be considered,



CAROLINA PAROQUET.

some wonder may be indulged that so large a proportion of species survives. From the moment of the depositing of the egg containing the mere promise of the individual, on through every hour of actual existence, the "expectancy of life" at all times would have to be rated as low and the "risk" extraordinary. High winds whip many arboreal nests to fragments and destroy their contents.

Sudden freshets or heavy down-pours of rain submerge myriads of nests placed either upon the ground or over the water among reeds and rushes of the marsh; for it is a mistake to suppose that instinct enables birds to anticipate storms and high water and locate their homes accordingly. Frequently nests upon the ground are placed in depressions certain to be flooded in case of copious rains. That of the bobolink has been found in the deep imprint of a cow's foot in the mud; that of the vesper sparrow, in a surveyor's "witness hole" on open prairie; and that of the sharp-tail

grouse, in the centre of a temporarily dry "buffalo wallow." Marsh nests employed by such well known birds as the rail, canvasback, redhead and ruddy duck, bittern, marsh wren and many others are often tied to rushes in such a manner that the lower part rests in or near the water, so that a slight rise of level is sufficient to soak the nest

and render successful incubation impossible. Abandoned nests containing full sets of sodden, addled eggs frequently seem to tell a tale of misplaced confidence in dry weather. Hail is terribly destructive of birds and their nests. Apparently upon the principle that in human warfare it takes a man's weight in lead to kill him, so in case of hail of the most murder-

ous description nothing like the fatality results to bird life that might be expected. However, estimates based on the numbers of dead and wounded birds observed immediately after severe hail have placed the casualties as high as ten per cent over the region devastated. The impossibility of making any accurate computation is apparent; it is sufficient that the slaughter is manifestly enormous.

Such familiar varieties as the bald eagle, great horned owl, hawk, passenger pigeon, horned lark and others frequently make the mistake of nesting so early in the season that

their eggs are rendered infertile by chilling or absolute freezing, their nests being discovered amidst snow and ice, and so giving further proof of the indifferent abilities of birds in the matter of weather forecasts. Forest and prairie fires annually destroy thousands of nests containing eggs or young; and it is even said that the sitting bird when so overtaken has been



IVORY-BILLED WOODPECKER.



NESTS OF THE WHITE PELICAN.

known to suffer death by burning rather than abandon her treasures.

The raptorial family, the crows, jays, shrikes and others, are of cannibalistic tendency, and the aggregate of eggs and of young and adult birds destroyed by them is no small item in estimating the causes of the decline of some species. In some cases this destruction seems to be purely wanton. The shrike or "butcher bird" is a confirmed cannibal, but it does not always consume its victims; it has a fiendish habit of impaling them on thorns in the vicinity of its home and of sitting indifferent in the presence of its writhing victims, a mere spectator of its barbarous work. Recently it has been observed that the redheaded woodpecker is likewise given to murderous habits, a tendency to be especially regretted in the case of a bird so conspicuously beautiful and interesting.

Maurading animals like the fox, badger, skunk, weasel, mink, squirrel and muskrat, to say nothing of the domestic dog and cat, are frequently

concerned in the consumption of eggs or the capture of birds, both old and young. Indeed, every close observer in the field can testify to the popularity of eggs as an article of diet among the smaller mammals; and the untimely visits of these creatures have terminated many an interesting observation of nest-building and its incidents.

The decline in some forms of bird life due to the phenomenal spread of the English sparrow cannot be accurately estimated. This indefatigable little pirate has been on our soil little more than a score of years; yet a significant feature of his operations here is found in the fact that growers of vegetables and small fruits in some sections are already complaining that birds of the worm and insect eating types have been driven out to such an extent that the result is very apparent in the diminished products of the soil.

But of all agencies destructive to bird life man is the chief. He is himself the real "bird of prey." He kills

for food, for sport, for protection, for gain, for scientific purposes both real and fancied, and too often without motive other than the mere barbaric love of killing.

In such sparsely peopled regions as Alaska, Labrador, Greenland, the rocky isles near the coast, and even here and there in our own interior, many species breed in colonies in myriads. Nests are often scattered about in such profusion as to make it possible to gather eggs or young by the bushel. Man is not prone to prodigality in the matter of expending sweat for his bread, and it is not known that the opportunity to gather eggs and meat by the boat or wagon load at slight outlay of labor is often overlooked.

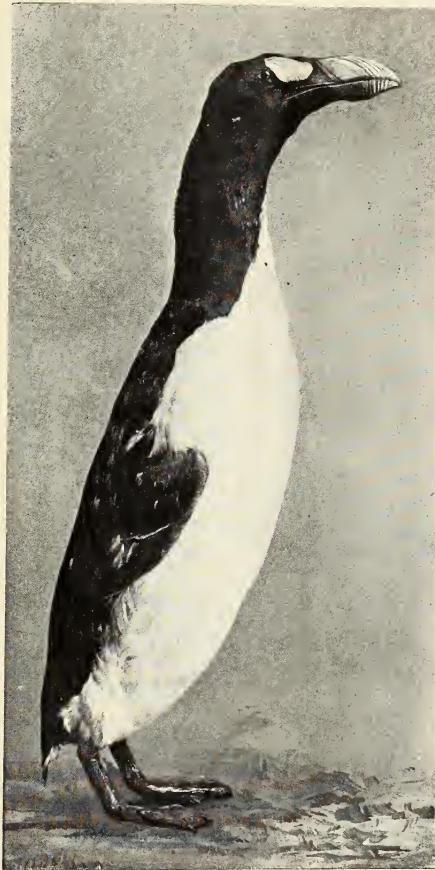
Considering the fact that this abundance is seized upon by peoples to whom animal viscera and even the flesh of the polecat are welcome articles of diet, it will be readily believed that the degree of incubation or any doubtful condition that has come upon an egg is a matter of indifference; the Alaskan among the murres and guillemots, the Esquimaux among the eider ducks and the Sioux Indians among the terns and gulls on Devil's Lake would strip every nesting bare; and inevitably what we call the lower form of life must in time be totally blotted out unless it shall

adopt some style of nesting making wholesale despoiling less simple.

Under the name of *sport* the slaughter of the birds goes merrily on, affording endless gratification to that savage instinct in us which gloats over a killing. The progress already made presages the practical extinction, within periods ranging from a few years to a few decades, of such species of game birds as the wild turkey, woodcock, snipe, plover, grouse and quail, and such a thinning of the ranks of ducks and geese as will make them strangers to any but the fashionable bill of fare. It was a sad day for the game bird when firearms were invented and his power of flight, even, rendered futile for escape; but when

the breech-loader and repeating-shotgun appeared, his stay on earth was indeed made brief. When the voracious clubman tells of the bagging of a string of six Canada geese, winging by in single file and dropping in regular succession to the six shots from his repeater, our credulity may be a trifle strained, but we can see that such a feat might be possible to the cool, experienced sportsman and may be easy to a Bogardus or Carver.

To realize the extent of the slaughter, one needs to look upon the results of a fair day's sport in these cheap latter days of company trips in spe-



GREAT AUK.

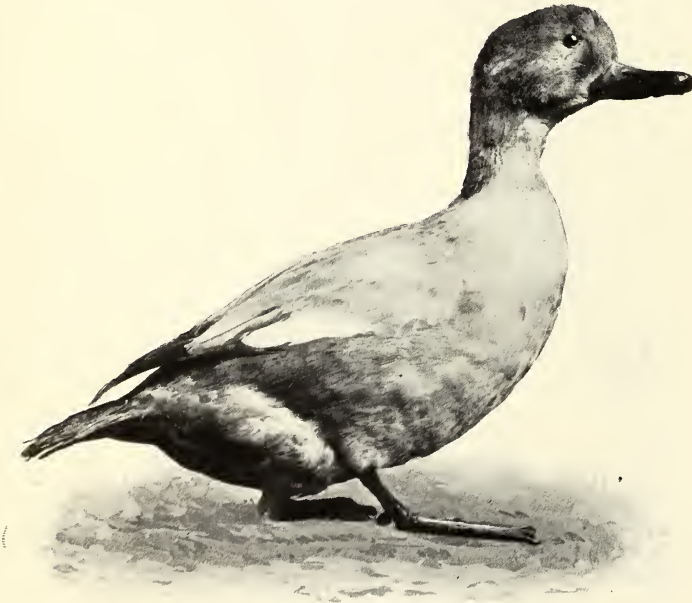
cial cars to great shooting grounds. In the localities yet favored by great flights of geese, ducks, crane and plover during the migrations, it is not a matter for unusual comment when a single individual brings down fifty birds in an afternoon; and for a party of half a dozen to bag five hundred or more in a day is a record that is repeatedly achieved. Indeed, an effective style of advertising now adopted by some western railroads is the publishing of photographs of literal wagon loads of dead game birds taken in a single day's hunt at some of their resorts.

The staid, phlegmatic individual whose heart ne'er stirred at the whir of the partridge or the honk of the wild goose will probably characterize such slaughter as wanton and barbaric; and it must be confessed that even the confirmed sportsman has his moments of compunction in the presence of great piles of his dead, for which the light and joy of life have gone out forever. "Pot-hunting" may be justified as a necessity; but gunning for sport may yet come

under the ban of public opinion. Indeed, many people have not hesitated roundly to denounce the latter already; and it happens that some of the most vehement in their denunciation have, singularly enough, belonged to the sex whose passion for feathers annually occasions the destruction of more birds than perhaps all other causes combined. Here, again, there blossoms in an unexpected quarter the savage instinct, despite the culture and refinement of generations of civilization; and there is presented the incongruity of similarity of taste between your own Arabella in her feathers and the sable, naked Hottentot in his ostrich plumes or the American Indian with his crest of eagle pinions.

It is said that last year a single wholesale millinery firm in New York closed a contract for one hundred thousand bird skins of a single species, to be taken in the breeding season when the plumage is most perfect. It might be instructive for those given to computation to figure on the resultant effect to bird life of

the successful completion of this transaction. Again, we are told that three thousand skins of a single species of humming bird went out from a Brazilian port in one consignment, and that there were disposed of at an auction sale in London four hundred thousand skins of birds of America. It has been very naturally remarked that if this industry does not foreshadow the speedy extermination of many



LABRADOR DUCK.



CALIFORNIA CONDOR.

species, it furnishes a striking commentary on the amazing wealth of bird life in America.

Of course, for the purpose mentioned, those species are principally taken most pleasing to the eye; and when it is considered that this means that such exquisite creatures as the warblers, hummers, orioles, terns and the like are the types chiefly sacrificed, the pity it comes home to the heart. Of late, fashion has demanded the plumes of the stately egrets and herons, thus giving a somewhat wider range to the industry.

However, it is no part of the present purpose definitely to condemn. This sacrifice of the choicest gems of bird life to our selfish love for personal adorning is but another illustration of the spirit in man which demands that everything in nature, animate as well as inanimate, shall minister to his necessities, diversions or tastes. And so, beset by the peril of the elements, hunted by the lower animals and pursued by man, who might be such a friend and protector, there have resulted within the lifetime of many who may read these pages the utter extinction of some few species, the practical extermination of others, and the melancholy decadence of many. Of those North American species whose race is run or nearly so

may be mentioned the great auk, Labrador duck, California vulture, Carolina parakeet, ivory-billed woodpecker and passenger pigeon; and in the case of some of these, notably the last named, their number seemed to be legion within the life of the present generation.

In considering the passing of the species, it is to be said that surely not all appeal equally to the eye or heart, nor in the same manner. The picture of the vulture perched on some inaccessible crag or soaring to the sun has little in common with that of the exquisite hummer that poises before some bell-shaped flower and daintily sips its nectar; yet each is finely characteristic of its environment and satisfying to our affections, pride and sense of fitness, and we are almost equally loath to witness the departure of either.

That which has been denominated Anglomania has not been highly commended here; but when we are assured by American travellers in England that her people from peer to peasant are wont to accord to their birds the fullest measure of love and protection, and that even the *gamin* of London is fain to share his crust with the birds of the park, it is not clear that we cannot find profit in some humble imitation.



DORCHESTER FROM THE MEADOWS.

THE ENGLISH DORCHESTER.

By Samuel J. Barrows.

SOME future ethnologist, about the year 5000, studying the map of New York state, may be puzzled to fix the relation of Troy on the Hudson to Troy on the Scamander; the relation of Rome in Oneida county, to Rome on the Tiber. He may find it equally hard to understand the historic relations of Homer, Virgil, Marathon, Ithaca, Milan, Genoa, Syracuse, Utica, Carthage, and other celebrated names in the state of New York. He might assume that the state was originally peopled by a race from Rome, Greece and Asia Minor; for who would charge the inhabitants or the Legislature of that state with an outburst of classical pedantry! But the map of New England will be for the future historical student a safer guide. The new England points irresistibly to the old; and when the history of New England is

studied in connection with its nomenclature, the tender affection of the early settlers for the homes they left behind blossoms out on every part of the map.

I was impressed more than ever as I went through England a few summers ago with the kinship of English and New English names. It was my privilege to visit Boston, Cambridge, Dorchester, Weymouth, Portland, Manchester, Peterboro' and other cities as familiar in the new England as they are in the old; but in going from one of these places to another and in studying the transit on the map, as many more familiar names would come to light, among them Hartford, St. Albans, Uxbridge, Brighton, Plymouth, Hull, Lynn, Exeter, Tiverton, Newport, Winchester, Andover, Amesbury, Northampton and Wareham. I have not space to finish the catalogue. These all

stood in what to an American seemed curious relations to each other. They were marshalled in a different array from their New England namesakes. I was continually tempted to revise English geography so as to make it conform to American surveys. The little cluster of English named towns around our American Boston are widely scattered in England, and there is no danger that the English Boston will annex Dorchester, Brighton, Cambridge or Chelsea.

If the relation between some of the old towns and the new is in some cases merely nominal, in others it is distinctly filial and historic. This is the case certainly between the old Dorchester and the new. Many of the original settlers of Dorchester came from Dorsetshire, Devonshire, and the south counties of England. But the name given to the new settlement may be even more due to the fact that Dorchester, England, was the home of a man who played an honorable and distinguished part in promoting the settlement of New England,—the Rev. John White.

This man has never received, either in the old world or the new, the honor that belongs to him. The *Encyclopædia Britannica* has not yet learned of his existence. No

monument or memorial has been erected to him. But the historians and chroniclers of the Massachusetts colony have all recognized in him one of the chief promoters of the colonization of New England. John White was styled "the patriarch of Dorchester," but he was also called "father of the Massachusetts Colony" and "patriarch of New England." The late Dr. Samuel Foster Haven, formerly the librarian of the American Antiquarian Society, notes in his chapter on the Massachusetts Company, in "The Memorial



EAST STREET.

to have done the place we first resolved on)."

Thus Boston and Dorchester, widely apart in the old world, were planted within four miles of each other in the new, one of them representing the home associations of east England and the other those of western and southern England. If Governor Dudley's letter, with other facts, throws much doubt upon the supposition formerly held that Boston was named in honor of John Cotton, there is little doubt that very closely and tenderly associated with the town of old Dorchester in the minds of the col-

onists of the *Mary and John* was the personality of John White. "No other man," says Haven, "and no other county was so well entitled to such a memorial of services in the first introduction of permanent settlements here." But piece by piece in the course of two hundred and forty years the territory of Dorchester was gradually absorbed by its principal rival and adjoining counties, until in 1870 the town itself was annexed to Boston; and if its inhabitants had not strenuously contended for the preservation of the old name it would have given place to the prosaic numerical designations of the various wards into which it is politically divided.

THE ENTRANCE TO TRINITY CHURCH RECTORY.

History of Boston," that between the men from Dorset and Devon who are commonly designated "the Dorchester men," with whom the movement for a plantation originated, and the Boston men, who were new associates, "there is an appearance of competition—amicable, doubtless—in the matter of first establishing and naming a settlement in the new country." The *Mary and John*, bringing the Dorchester settlers, was larger than some other vessels of the Winthrop fleet and it arrived here two weeks earlier than the rest. I suspect it was a matter of satisfaction to them that in advance of the other colonists they could name their new settlement Dorchester, though the name was not officially conferred until September 7, 1630, when a court held in Charlestown ordered that Tri-Mountain be called Boston and Mattapan Dorchester, and the town on Charles River, Waterton. Governor Dudley, in his letter to the Countess of Lincoln, says: "Which place we named Boston (as we intended



CAME CHURCH.

If it is easy to tell who were the founders of the new Dorchester and the very day they landed, it is not so easy to name the earlier settlers of the English town. To a citizen of the new Dorchester, the Blake house and the old church record, going back to 1636, seem somewhat ancient. But in the older Dorchester one regards these as late modern history. If one wants to get into ancient history there, he must go back into Roman and Celtic times; and my friend, Mr. H. J. Moule, who is geologist and ethnologist as well as local antiquarian, in his recent book on "Old Dorset," takes a hand in the speculation concerning the Ibers, Celts, Belgs, Romans, Saxons, Danes and Normans who had a part in the formation of England, and assumes that Dorset is most likely to have been held at one period by the mysterious race of Ibers. The terraces and long barrows of Dorset are, by some antiquarians, ascribed to them; while the more numerous round bar-

rows of Dorset are ascribed to the Celts, and there are even traces of Celtic carriage roads. But as the ancient wild inhabitants of the new Dorchester were surprised by the advent of a new race, so the old Ibers and Celts were not free from raids and invasions. The spade in new Dorchester sometimes brings us into close relation to the Massachusetts Indians, when some arrowhead reminds us of Indian occupation; but in old Dorset the spade often reveals the traces of Roman civilization. In some eighty places in Dorset remains of Roman works have been found, and not long since an inhabitant of

Dorchester, while enlarging his house, uncovered the remains of a Roman pavement in such a good state of preservation that he has re-laid a part of it for the floor of his porch. Roman coins are frequently found. Roman settlers were probably scattered all over the county.

But one does not need to go under ground for evidence of Roman occupation. It may be found in the remains of the old Roman walls which once surrounded Durnovaria, as the Romans called it. A portion of the massive wall, twelve feet high and twelve feet thick, may still be seen. Dorchester is bounded by three beau-



CAME RECTORY.

tiful walks forming, with the river Frome on the north, a square, planted with elms, sycamores, and horse-chestnuts, which afford dense shade and make a delightful avenue. These "Walks" are planted on the site of the old Roman walls. "I believe," said Mr. Moule, "these to be the mother of all boulevards in the world. I mean by that strictly of course walks planted on the sites of fortifications." At all events they are very early. Going out of the town by any street, you come to these shady avenues following the old Roman lines. They furnish one of the most distinctive and interesting features of the town.



ST. PETER'S CHURCH.

Dorset was a part of the Roman empire for almost four hundred years. The ancient tribes dwelling in that district were called by the Romans "Durotriges," which, from the British *dwr*, water, and *trigo*, to dwell, Celtic scholars translate, water dwellers. This could not naturally refer to the sea, but rather, as some of the best antiquarians suppose, to the wet fen or lake which must have covered a large portion of the county. The traveller to-day can easily imagine the lake covering the stretches of meadow land before modern drainage was introduced. The Romans established several stations in the county. That on the site of the modern Dorchester was, as already said, called *Durno-varia*. By the Saxons Dorset was called *Dorsaetta*. In an old Saxon charter the name "Dornmereceaster" was found, the camp by the water mere, which later became Dorchester.

About a mile and a half southwest of the town, covering the top of a hill, is the ancient stronghold known as Maiden Castle. The origin of the name is traced by some to the British words "Mai" and "Don," meaning "the Castle of the Great Hill." This remarkable stronghold is believed to have been a product of Celtic engineering,

built with immense labor to resist the advance of the Romans, but taken by them and then used as a Roman camp. It occupies an area of one hundred and twenty acres, and is about a thousand yards long from east to west and about five hundred yards wide. The ramparts are of vast proportions, the ditches deep, and

English military officers have calculated that it must have taken a hundred thousand men to build this huge camp. Still another Roman camp is at Poundbury, about half a mile to the northwest of the town. Public meetings were formerly held in the field by the Dorchester people. It is now used as a place of recreation. Another work which is distinctly Roman is the amphitheatre just on the skirts of the town and not far from the railroad station. It is the largest Roman amphitheatre in England, rivalling in size that at Verona. Those old Romans carried their pleasures as well as their weapons with them, and through them



SOUTH WALK.

found it easier to reconcile to Roman civilization the people whom they had conquered. Ruskin might have had another indictment against the modern railroad if it had cut through this amphitheatre; but the Dorchester historians saved this interesting memorial of early times. For many years the gallows stood in the arena, and there is a record that in 1706 ten thousand people gathered in this ancient enclosure to witness the execution of a woman for the murder of her husband; and this woman was Mrs. Channing. Let us congratulate ourselves that our associations with that name in New England are of a nobler and less tragic order.

The Saxons, too, had their season, gaining a footing about the middle of the sixth century. Then came William the Conqueror, in 1066, and Dorchester with other places suffered not a little desolation thereby. In the Domesday book we read: "In Dorchester in the time of King Edward there were 172 houses; there are now 88."

Even more desolating than the coming of William the Conqueror was the black plague. The ship which brought it to England in 1348, with all the sickness, poverty and death that followed, landed in Dorset. In those days

trade was prostrated. A horse could be bought for six shillings and eightpence, a ewe for threepence; but labor rose accordingly, and Dorset farm laborers at a shilling a day earned three times their usual wages.

In the civil war Dorchester took an active part. The causes which led to it are among the historic forces which founded New England. Among Protestants in this country where democracy won a triumph which the restoration could not destroy, consummated as it was by our own Revolution, there is little or no feeling left about the Puritan revolution. The children of the Puritans recognize the limitations of their fathers, and the loyal children of Episcopacy are generous in acknowledging the advantages which have come from the establishment of Puritanism in this country. But in England the scars of the old conflict are still seen, and they ache a little yet.

Later struggles between Anglicans and Dissenters have kept alive and stirred anew the old issues. And so there is some sensitiveness left in old Dorchester about things that happened in 1630 and later. Perhaps this is one reason why no memorial in the shape of window, tablet or anything



MONUMENT TO REV. WILLIAM BARNES.

else has been erected in Dorchester to the memory of John White. But another and more important reason is that the people of Salem and of Dorchester in this new world have not done their duty. It is not as Puritan or Parliamentarian that we now need to look upon this old patriarch, but as the father of the Massachusetts colony. An appropriate memorial ought promptly to be dedicated by the peo-

as who would willingly contribute his shot of facetiousness on any just occasion; a constant preacher, so that in the course of his ministry he expounded the Scripture all over, and half over again; having an excellent faculty in the clear and solid interpreting thereof. A good governor, by whose wisdom the town of Dorchester (notwithstanding a casual merciless fire) was much enriched; knowledge causing piety, piety breeding industry, and industry procuring plenty unto it. A beggar was not then to be seen in the town, all able poor being set on work, and impotent



DORCHESTER STORES.

ple of New England to the memory of this worthy man who was so closely identified with our early history and whose labor was not in vain.

John White was born at Stanton, St. John, Oxfordshire, in 1574. He studied at Winchester and New College in Oxford, of which he was a fellow. He became rector of Trinity Church, Dorchester, in 1606, where he remained over forty years. Fuller in his "Worthies" describes him as

maintained, by the profit of a public brew-house, and other collections."

A small party grew up in opposition to White. If some thought him a patriarch, others regarded him as an autocrat; and it is curious to look over the records of Dorchester and find that not only were people hauled up before the magistrates for not going to church or for going to the wrong church, but for speaking against John White. On February 8, 1630, about six weeks before the

"A grave man, yet without moroseness,



THOMAS HARDY.

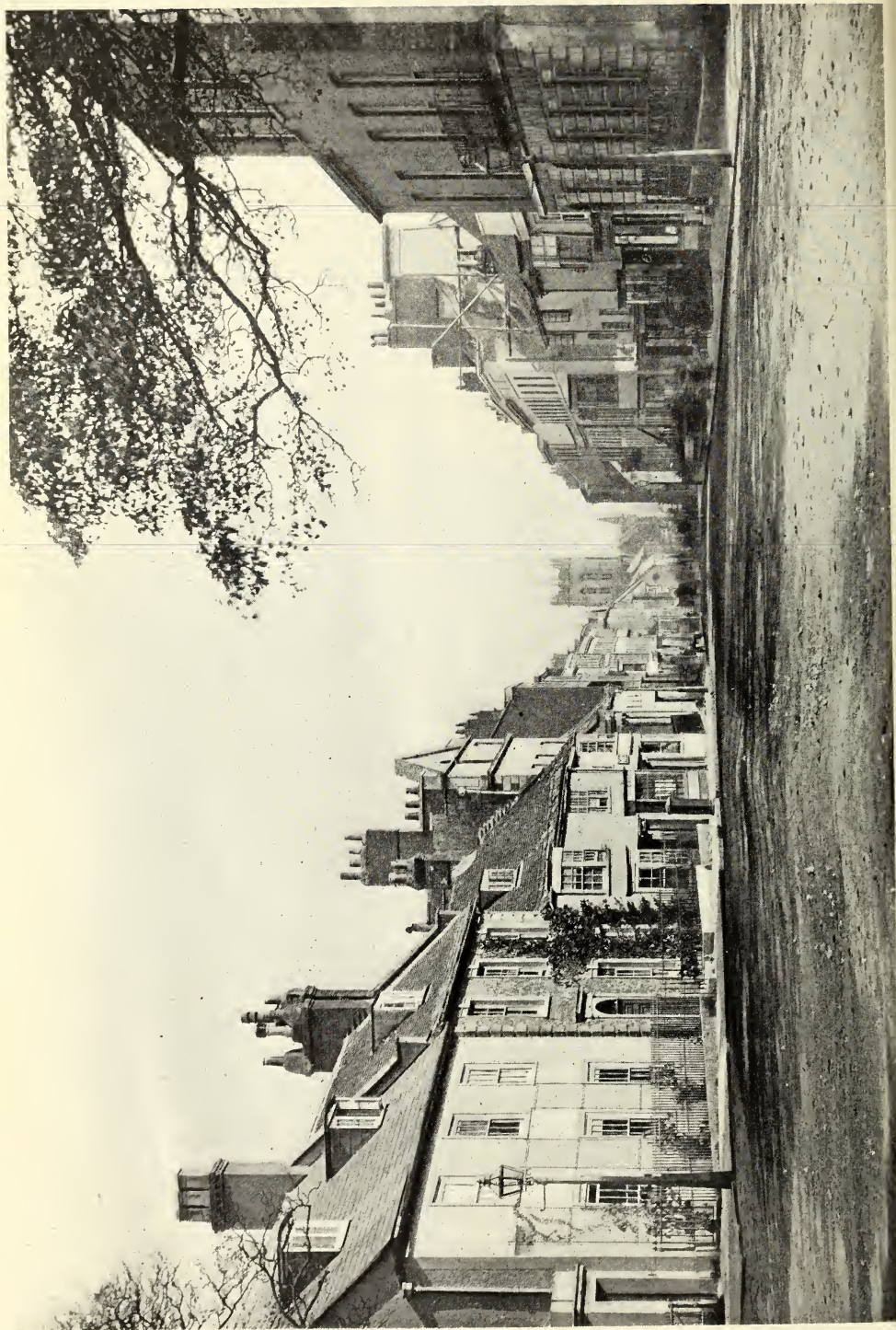
Mary and John sailed, Ip. Nicholas was brought before the mayor for offering "speech concerning Mr. John White's preaching." On March 16, 1631-2, W. Copper was informed before the mayor for saying that "he cared not for Mr. White, he was able to answer 20 such coxcombs as he."

Mr. White was a man of superior education, and he seems to have been gifted with practical wisdom and organizing capacity. These qualities were distinctly shown in his efforts to colonize New England. For several years before the Dorchester settlement, he had been interested in promoting colonization. He had given encouragement and help to the Plymouth colonists. He sought in 1624 to make a settlement at Cape Ann under Roger Conant to establish a depot for

fishermen on the coast. The enterprise failed. A remnant of this colony furnished a nucleus for the settlement at Salem in 1628 under the lead of John Endicott, a Dorchester man; and Mr. White continued his exertions for the establishment of the colony in 1630. An important product of his pen still preserved to us was "The Planters' Plea" printed in 1630, which aims to set forth the grounds for such a plantation and to answer objections against it. He makes an argument for colonization based upon the moral qualities it develops. He shows the evils which come from overcrowding in cities, little suspecting that such evils would so soon appear in this new country. "The settling of new states," says Mr. White, "requires justice and affection to the common good, and the taking in of large countries presents a natural remedy against covetousness, fraud and violence, when every man may enjoy enough without wrong or injury to his neighbor." Another great object presented was the planting of the gospel. He shows that the Eng-



LOWER WEST STREET.



WEST STREET, DORCHESTER.

lish nation is fit to undertake this task. "Men are not ordained to live only, but withal and especially to serve one another through love in some profitable and useful calling." His Plea furnishes some indication of the industrial and economical elements which entered into New England immigration. He shows that many were living without employment, that the labor of others is serving little else than luxury and wantonness, that "useful callings are overcharged; not only those of innholders and shopkeeper., but those of tailors, masons, carpenters and the like, many of whom with their families live in such a low condition as is little better than beggary, by reason of the multitudes that are bred up and exercised in those employments."

It is interesting to see what opinion Mr. White had of New England as a fit country for planting an English colony and for the propagation of religion. He never crossed the ocean himself, but he kept in constant communication with the settlers, and his view of the New England climate is more optimistic than that of Mark Twain. "Many who were weak and sickly at home." he says, "have become strong and healthy there: perhaps by the dryness of the ayre and constant temper of it, which seldome varies suddenly from cold to heat, as it doth with us: So that Rheumes are very rare among our English there; Neither are the Natives at any time troubled with paine of teeth, soreness of eyes, or ache in their limbes. It may bee the nature of the water conduceth somewhat this way; which all affirme to keepe the body alwaies temperately soluble, and consequently helps much to the preventing, and curing of the Gout, and Stone as some have found by experience."

A New England thermometer with any sense of humor would smile at Mr. White's implicit faith in the constancy and uniformity of New England weather, when one Sunday in a

recent summer the mercury mounted to ninety-five degrees and in eighteen hours fell forty degrees. It looks as if somebody in New England had land for sale. Mr. White was dependent upon others for his information. New colonists are apt to be blue pessimists or roseate optimists. But how truthful an account could be written of New England at that time by a resident is shown in "New Englands Plantation: or a short and true description of the comodities and discomodities of that countrey.—Written by a reverend Divine now there resident," which was printed in London in 1630.

Mr. White earnestly and rationally opposed what he called the "Common and gross error that colonies ought to be emunctories or sinks of States to drain away their filth." On the contrary he argues that those who are to be members of the colony "ought to be willing, constant, industrious, obedient, frugal,"—qualities which seem to have been well represented in the majority at least of the colonists who were drawn together under his influence.

It is interesting to observe that among the objections he answered to the spread of the gospel in New England was that "some conceive the inhabitants of New England to be Cham's posterity, and consequently shut out from grace by Noah's curse, till the conversion of the Jewes be passed at least." John White is by no means sure that the natives of New England are Cham's posterity, and at that time the negro had not been imported from Africa. But even then he says: "It is too much boldness then to curse where God has not cursed and shut out those from the means of grace whom God has not excluded." Mr. White, though a Puritan, was not a separatist. He remained in the church of England, and he defends the enterprise against the charge of being made secretly to harbor faction and separation from the church.

It was but a few weeks after this "Planters' Plea" was published that a company assembled in Plymouth in England, where the *Mary and John* was waiting for them. Mr. White was present, and preached in the forenoon, and in the afternoon people made choice of Maverick and Wareham to be their ministers. After a passage of seventy days they reached Nantasket, and a few days later founded Dorchester at a place called by the Indians Mattapan.

As for John White he remained in old Dorchester and in the English church. He was chosen one of the Westminster assembly of divines. He was married and had four sons. He published in 1656 a commentary on the three first chapters of Genesis and other religious publications. Fuller says of him: "He absolutely commanded his own passions, and the purses of his parishioners, whom he could wind up to what height he pleased on important occasions. He was free from covetousness, if not trespassing on the contrary; and had a patriarchal influence both in Old and New England; yet, towards the end of his days, factions and fond opinions crept in his flock; a new generation arose, which either did not know, or would not acknowledge, this good man; disloyal persons, which would not pay the due respect to the crown of his old age, whereof he was sadly and silently sensible."

The date of his death is given by Fuller as 1650. Elsewhere I have seen it stated as 1648. Fuller closes his quaint account with these words:

"I hope that Solomon's observation of the poor wise man, who saved the little city, 'yet no man remembered him,' will not be verified of this town, in relation to this their deceased pastor, whom I hope they will not, I am sure they should not, forget, as a person so much meriting of them in all considerations."

Interesting as are the remains of Roman and Celtic occupation in old Dorchester, I confess that the first

object of my pilgrimage after getting a general view of the old town was to see what memorials it contained of the "patriarch of New England." Trinity Church, of which he was the rector, was rebuilt and enlarged in 1823 and again in 1876. A monument with a quaint inscription is that of Dr. William Cumming, who "practised physic in this town and county during the space of 49 years, and who desired to be buried in the churchyard rather than in the church, lest he, who studied whilst living to promote the health of his fellow citizens, should prove detrimental to it when dead."

But if Trinity is gone, St. Peter's, a fine old parish church, the oldest in Dorchester, is still standing. John White was rector of St. Peter's as well as of Trinity, and preached there himself many times. If it was a pleasure to see the pulpit of John Cotton in the imposing church of St. Botolph in old Boston, it was not less a pleasure to enter the old church of St. Peter's in Dorchester, a monument of simplicity and durability, and to picture the patriarch preaching to John Endicott and some of the men who went to Salem or afterwards to Dorchester. The church is built of stone, in the English perpendicular, not without traces of Norman influence. The massive square tower was restored in 1885. It contains a fine peal of eight bells.

If I had depended upon the local guidebook I should altogether have missed seeing what was to me the most interesting thing in Dorchester. I mean the house of John White. But the courteous curator of the museum, Mr. H. J. Moule, was a more reliable mentor. He knew what a New England Dorchester man would want to see. No one would think of advertising this obscure house as among the curiosities of the town. I was still more surprised to find this ancient building occupied as a tinsmith's shop. The owner, Mr. C. Joseph Foster, is the proprietor of the

largest hardware establishment in the town, and the old house is hidden in the rear of the larger store on the main street. He kindly led us through his store and into the yard, where we had a good view of the old house. The sun was just right for a picture; some men were called to clear away the barrels and old iron around the house, to give the camera a better chance. The house is built of small stone and is a low, two-story building with dormer windows. The brick wall on the right and the shed are modern. Entering through the low door, we found half a dozen tinsmiths busily at work. Apparently they were making history instead of reviewing it. But there were the grand old chimney and the quaint old closets and cupboards. The ground floor is now several inches below the level of the street. The walls of the house are two feet three inches thick. Adjoining we saw what used to be a little farmyard, in the middle of the town, and the place where stood the vicar's barn; for in the old days a vicar used to have a big barn into which to put the tithes that were brought to him.

John White's house is one of two that are left of the old times. I was much surprised to find Dorchester such a live, modern town. Madame D'Arblay, who visited it about a hundred years ago, said: "The city has so antique an air, I long to investigate its old buildings. The houses have the most ancient appearance of any that are inhabited that I happened to see;" and two years later she says: "Dorchester diverted me much by its comic, irregular, odd, old houses." If I was somewhat disappointed not to find these picturesque elements remaining, I was gratified to find that the English Dorchester is not living merely upon its history, long and noble as that has been. Its stone houses give it an element of solidity, as they do to every English town; but there is a briskness, enterprise and modern air about the place which have little suggestion of antiquity. At

eight o'clock at night the curfew bell sounds, but the inhabitants do not go to bed. The town crier still goes about to make announcements—when I was there advertising an auction sale of furniture to be held the next day at one o'clock. I dropped in at the sale, hoping I might pick up some old portable heirlooms, but a good deal of the furniture was pretty modern.

A house whose tragic history is not permitted to be forgotten has a stone with the following inscription: "By tradition: The Judge's Lodgings when Judge Jeffreys held the Bloody Assizes, 3rd to 8th September, 1685."

There are only two chairs which dispute the doubtful honor of having been the seat of this dreadful butcher. He sent word after the Monmouth rebellion to the three hundred prisoners at Dorchester, that if they confessed they would receive clemency. But this was only a part of the grim humor of a man who was a greater criminal than any he ever sentenced. Two hundred and ninety-two of the three hundred were sentenced; of these, eighty were hung, and the rest transported to America. The victims who were hung were afterwards drawn and quartered, the entrails burned, and the heads burned in pitch. At Weymouth, a part of Dorset, eight miles from Dorchester, the records show that sixteen quarters and six heads were set up in different parts of the town. In Dorchester it was equally bad. "Heads," says Mr. Moule, "as an old man has told me, traditionally, were hung up on St. Peter's churchyard railing. But worse than this,—for weeks, months may be, the forerunners of us, St. Peter's parishioners, went into the house of God passing beneath a black, ghastly head from Sedgmoor fight. It was actually stuck on a spike on the gable of the south porch." If one would mark the changes that have taken place in two hundred years in the theory of punishment, he may find the evidence there in the fine new jail in Dorches-

ter which I visited and which was a model of cleanliness, order and wise administration. The keeper, who illustrates the noble personality which in England as elsewhere is coming into the control of prison administration, told me that prisoners from Dorset and Devon were of a much milder type than from northern counties. Most of the prisoners are agricultural laborers, who spend their days in the field. When you go up into Durham among the miners, said the keeper, "you may find fellows who are hardly human. The criminal population of Dorchester," he continued, "is very low. I have only forty-four prisoners here; out of that number, eight are convicts who do not belong to the county, and seven are here from military and naval courts-martial," leaving only twenty-nine Dorset prisoners.

An institution of which the people of Dorchester are justly proud is the Dorset County Museum library and school of art. The museum was founded in 1845; the collection grew rapidly, and after being transferred from one house to another the fine building which now contains it was erected for the purpose in 1883, at a total cost of \$31,000. Mr. Robert Williams gave the site and a large subscription. The museum contains departments of geology and archæology. A large and well preserved piece of Roman mosaic pavement, a collection of coins, a monster plesiosaurus and other saurians, collections of gold and silver rings, Dorchester tokens and Celtic remains, amphoras, ornaments, milestones and implements illustrate the varied history of Dorset from pre-human times. A large room is set apart as a reading room and reference library. The school of art is carried on under the auspices of the South Kensington Science and Art Department.

Originally the affairs of the town were conducted by two bailiffs and burgesses, in the time of Edward II. In 1630 Charles I granted to the town

a new charter constituting it a free borough, with a mayor, bailiff and aldermen. One curious provision in the old deed antedates similar legislation generally restricted to fines in this country. It provides that if any persons "elected to be mayor, bailiffs, aldermen, or any inferior office, shall refuse to take upon himself or themselves such office, it shall be lawful to the mayor, bailiffs, aldermen and the rest of the capital burgesses, or the major part of them, to commit to the prison of the said borough such person or persons so refusing, there to remain until he or they shall take upon himself or themselves such office, and shall pay such a fine or americiament as unto the said mayor, bailiffs, and aldermen, and capital burgesses of the said borough shall seem reasonable."

A new charter was received in 1835, and the borough now covers an area of 635 acres and embraces three parishes of the town and that of Fordington. The population is about 9,000. Within the recent years an impetus has been given to building. The town has been noted many years for its malt and beer and long before the railroad traveller reaches Dorchester he finds "Pope's Dorchester Ale" very freely advertised. The day that I was there, June 19, 1895, there was a notice of a hearing on the application of the town counsel of the borough of Dorchester to the Local Government Board for sanction to borrow £4,500 for purposes of public walks and pleasure grounds, showing that the town is still progressive in its spirit.

Charminster is a pleasing suburb of Dorchester. Weymouth, but eight miles away, on the sea, is a popular watering place. Dorchester boasts one well known writer, in the person of Thomas Hardy.

The Dorset dialect has a rugged picturesqueness and rural character which were admirably reproduced by the late William Barnes, who wrote two volumes of pastoral

poems in that dialect, in which the varied aspects of rural life are beautifully brought out. Neither Virgil nor Burns, though they lived some way apart, produced anything better in the way of bucolic poetry than some of the best works of the Dorset poet.

"We Dorset, though we mid be hwomely,
Ben't asheamed to own our pleâce;

An' we've zome women not uncomely
Nor asheamed to show their feâce;
We've a meäd or two wo'th mowen,
We've an ox or two wo'th showen,
In the village
At the tillage,
Come along an' you shall vind
That Dorset men don't sheäme their kind.
Friend an' wife,
Fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers,
Happy, happy be their life!
Vor Dorset dear,
Then gie woone cheer,
D'ye heer? woone cheer!"

A STREET OF GHOSTS.

By Madison Carwein.

THE drowsy day, with half-closed eyes,
Dreams in this quaint forgotten street,
That, like some old-world wreckage, lies—
Left by the sea's receding beat—
Far from the city's restless feet.

Abandoned pavements, that the trees'
Huge roots have wrecked; whose flagstones feel
No more rich sweep of draperies;
And sunken curbs, whereon no wheel
Grinds nor the gallant's spur-bound heel.

Old houses, walled with rotting brick,
Thick-creepered, dormered, weather-vaned—
Like withered faces sad and sick—
Stare from each side with frontage stained,
All batter-doored and broken-paned.

And though the day be white with heat,
Their ancient yards are dim and cold;
Where chill the toad makes its retreat,
'Mid flower-pots green-caked with mould,
And naught but noisome weeds unfold.

The slow gray slug and snail have-trailed
Their slimy silver up and down
The beds where once the moss-rose veiled
Its beauty; and the mushroom brown
Swells where the lily tossed its crown.

The shadowy scents, that haunt and flit
Around the walks, beneath the boughs,
Seem ghosts of sweethearts here that sit,
Or wander from each empty house,
Wrapped in the silence of dead vows.

And, haply, when the evening droops
 Her golden eyelids in the west,
 Here we might hear the swish of hoops,
 Or catch the glint of hat or vest,
 As two dim lovers past us pressed.

And quick as some star's curve of flame,
 That scores the swarthy cheek of night,
 Perhaps behold colonial dame
 And gentleman in stately white
 Go glimmering down the pale moonlight:

In powder, patch and furbelow,
 Cocked hat and sword; and every one—
 Tory and Whig of long ago—
 As real as in the days long done,
 The courtly days of Washington.

LIFE'S PILGRIMAGE.

By Henry Cleveland Wood.

"**H**OW long a while," they said around his bier,
 "Full threescore years and ten, far past his prime."
 Yet he, when Death came—he, who did not hear—
 Had cried out: "What! so soon? How brief a time!"

HONEY-DEW.

By Clinton Scollard.

RARER than draughts of mortal brew
 For me the fabled honey-dew,
 Distilled in darkling pools and deep,
 As clear as dawn, as cool as sleep!

Not what the vats of Zante fill,
 Not what the Asti flagons spill,
 Within the poet's brain e'er wrought
 Such wondrous tapestries of thought.

'Tis this elixir doth inspire
 The dream-delight, the dream-desire;
 But where to seek the Orphic store?
 One draught—I do not ask for more!

A HOUSEHOLD CRUSADER.

By Florence Tinsley Cox.



AR up on the mountain side, where the cultivated land ended at the outskirts of the overshadowing woods, stood a weather-beaten habitation known as the Boynton homestead. Ninety acres of stony farm land lay in front of it, ninety acres of rocks and brambles, with here and there a patch of scanty vegetation, which struggled on despite the soil and the cold New Hampshire climate and produced crops sufficient to repay the discouraged efforts of Daniel Boynton. He was the eldest of the seven brothers who had been born in the old house, and the only one whom love of the soil, barren though it was, had kept faithful to his traditions. The others were scattered, two to the West and one to the sea and three to the great cities which had swallowed them up without a ripple to tell the story of their fate. In the village of Free-mont their very names had passed from men's memories. Daniel himself lived removed from the life of the valley; and when the setting sun turned the windows of his house to gold, the plain, practical farmers gazed up with startled eyes that missed the splendor.

"I heerd as how Jessie Bingham is aimin' ter settle up ter Boynton's for a spell," Mrs. Sanborn said, as she stood at her side door talking to her nearest neighbor. "I call that a reel visitation. I rec'lect the winter she spent here onct, an' the way she an' mother used ter snap at one 'nuther. Mother wa'n't no ways well, an' Jessie were that cantank'rous, an' all the hull time preechin' 'bout gray heads an' steppin' heavenward. Mother act-

ually sent ter the Crossin' for a bottle o' hair dye; an' I never shall forgit Jessie's face when she come down all black an' smilin'. Mother were allers sensitive 'bout her age, an' she ain't owned ter thirty yit."

The listener's face rippled with fun as she glanced up at the shining windows. "Hev you ever ben up?" she questioned.

"No. I've heerd tales, o' course. Mrs. Squire Matthews told me 'bout ketchin' little Ruth Ann in her five-acre medder. The child were that black it were a scandal, an' Mrs. Matthews, who ain't no ways backward, jes' marched her spang inter the brook. She dug a hole in the ground an' buried them rags she hed on, an' sent her hum dressed in her own calico skirt an' apron. Folks did say Dan'l were turr'ble upspot, an' things were some better for a spell."

The visitor came a step nearer. "Did I ever tell you 'bout what I seen? No! Well, it was the summer I were makin' balsam pillers for one o' our boarders, an' I got dreffle high up lookin' for the reel blue kind. I were standin' jest on the edge of the woods, an' I see Dan'l Boynton doin' the washin'! That biggest boy o' hisn was helpin', an' they were hevin' a turr'ble hard time. They hadn't no tubs nor nuthin', an' were washin' the things in an old cider barrel. I declare, I felt that sorry I 'most cried, an' I couldn't help thinkin' o' my Peter, who never does the least turn 'bout the house."

"I don't hold with spilin' a man," Mrs. Sanborn cried with a tightening of her lips. "He allers fetches my water, an' washes the milk pans, an' churns. If I hed fifty boys, I'd make them useful. I rec'lect Aunt Polly

Sanborn. She'd bring Uncle Josh dry shoes an' socks, an' put 'em on! I don't truckle. None of the Dow tribe ever did. We've held our heads up ever sence the very fust one on us, which were a lord or sech in England, an' come ter the States because he were too high-sperrited ter be bossed by a king. George Third it were,—which were a dreffle mean lot."

The other woman looked up again at the mountain. She was not interested in problematic lords, and had her own opinion of the domestic usefulness of Mr. Sanborn.

"An' you say Jessie Bingham is goin' up there! I didn't know she was a mite of a relation."

"Second or third cousin on the Mussey side. Land sakes, she's used up all the fust ones long ago,—an' I don't reelly think there's ary place left, 'ceptin' Boynton's. I must say it would be a deal more sensible in her ter go ter the town-house ter the Crossin', but when Eli left her a widder, there wa'n't no provision for paupers, so she jest visited 'round,—an' she's gone on visitin' ever sence."

"Poor thing! It's turr'ble hard after hevin' sech a sightly hum. I don't s'pose she'll be jes' comfortable on the mountin, nuther. Dan'l lost a good wife when Mary died; an' he's so constant minded he scasily looks at a woman, for all his sister's sech a poor manager. I think if I seen my Peter livin' so unhappy like, I'd come back ter airth an' tell him ter git another wife,—an' I'm a reel jealous kind, too."

"Not me," Mrs. Sanborn said with an emphatic shake of her head. "I've ben a good wife ter my man, an' when I die I don't want ter hev no other woman turnin' over my bureau drawers. As for Dan'l, he must be nigh fifty, for Mary were full twenty year younger,—an' I should think he might hev grit enuf ter struggle on for the rest of his time."

"If you'd seen him all soap 'n' water, tryin' ter wash them chil'ren's clothes, you wouldn't say that. Well,

I s'pose I must be steppin' 'long. I'm goin' ter send over that pattern the fust chance."

The visitor turned away toward the road, and Mrs. Sanborn stooped to raise a vagrant shoot of the convolvulus which was creeping in misguided energy under the boards of the little piazza. Overhead the glow faded out, and the Boynton house relapsed into the obscurity which was its lot.

Old Mrs. Dow always sat at the shady end of the piazza in the mornings. Sometimes she shelled peas, and sometimes she darned the family stockings, but oftener she sat with her hands folded in her lap and watched the road. Any one passing the Sanborn house could be seen from the quiet spot behind the vines; and Mrs. Sanborn, moving briskly about the kitchen, could hear the news of the outer world through the open window. When things grew very exciting, she would leave her work and join the unseen spectator in the corner.

It was early in the next week that Jessie Bingham started for her new home. She came along the road on a morning, when every spider in the country-side had spread out his washing under the brilliant rays of the hot July sun. She had on a faded old calico dress, and she carried a small bag, so small that it was impossible for it to contain her whole wardrobe.

"Jest a nightgown an' a gingham apron," Mrs. Sanborn declared, coming out, dish-towel in hand. "Like as not Jim Barker will fetch her things up when he goes for the mail."

"She looks turr'ble old," Mrs. Dow said, vindictively. "An' her hair's a-turnin'. You might step out, Liddie, an' say as how I'm reel well an' ain't thinkin' 'bout heaven for quite a spell yit. An' if she'd like some hair dye, she kin hev that bottle which I ain't used sence."

"If she knowed you as well as I do," her daughter retorted, "she'd think that steppin' heavenward wa'n't jest approprit. Why didn't Jim Barker

take her up with the team? That mountain road is dreffle steep."

The two women watched her as she turned away from the Freemont road and started up the mountain; and even after the trees hid her from view, they still gazed silently at the spot where she had disappeared. Old Mrs. Dow was sulking over her daughter's last remark. It would take her at least three days to recover from it, and Lydia, musing over the whim of fate which had sent a once respected neighbor to so unlikely a place, did not guess that by her unguarded speech she had called down wrath upon her own head.

Jessie Bingham stepped along briskly. The warm air and the spicy odor of the firs delighted her, and above all she was pleased to find that she could still walk five miles without weariness. She went up the steep incline with a rapid step at first, and then slower, as the woods shut about her and her accustomed eyes began mechanically to dwell upon the treasures by the wayside. She loved all growing things, from the great brakes standing in rank luxuriance by the side of the road to the waxy Indian pipe, which hid itself away under the quiet shadow of some commoner plant and made a secret of its existence. She plucked a bunch of Solomon's seal and a branch of the wild mulberry, with its rose-like flowers and strange, bitter fruit, growing in unique companionship; and though she decided that she must cast her plunder aside when the end of the wood was reached, the prodigality of nature encouraged her extravagance.

She was, perhaps, more than half-way up the mountain road when she first imagined that some creature was watching her. There were queer noises in the wood, now a rustle of leaves, and now a snapping of dead twigs; and once a small stone bounded from a height above and rolled to her feet. She went on rather nervously, peering cautiously from side to side and striving to gain a glimpse of her

unknown observer; but the trees closed in more thickly and baffled her gaze. At last, at a point where the wood ended and the farm land began, she discovered a head peeping at her over a bush.

"I see you!" she cried excitedly.

"Who be you?" a childish voice challenged.

"I be who I be," she returned gayly, in sudden relief.

The head vanished, and, as she stepped out of the shadow of the last tree, she could see a little form speeding rapidly through the fields.

"Sakes alive!" Jessie Bingham cried, and then with quick fingers she drew out her stronger glasses and placed them astride her nose. "It's a girl in a meal sack—holes for her arms, an' holes for her legs, an' a drawin' string 'round her neck! Now, I s'pose she's ben sent ter bed for bein' naughty, an' her clothes took away. I'd like ter ketch a child o' mine rampagin' 'round like that! Why, this might be Afriky 'stead o' the old Granite State, an' that one o' them God-forsaken little blacks outer the bush! I vow, I'll tell her aunt the very fust thing."

She went on her way, still with the glasses perched on her nose, and the child followed at a safe distance, skilfully threading the rows of corn which grew sparsely on the rocky soil on either side of the road. Here and there an attempt had been made to collect the stones into great heaps, and a few belated scarecrows fluttered in the keen mountain breeze. The woman's eyes were turned onward to the house, which now lay in full view, with the lonely stretches of forest behind it bending and swaying in the wind with a rustling roar that mimicked the sound of the far distant ocean. She noted with keen interest the deserted appearance of the house, its closed door and curtainless windows, and even the half grown chickens which were clustered together on the sunny doorstep.

"Reel slack!" she murmured dis-

contentedly, while in her heart a vague hope began to dawn that the door would remain closed and that no head would appear at the windows, so that she might descend with dignity to the home in Freemont from which she had so angrily withdrawn. Even as the thought darted through her mind, she heard the sound of voices, and turning the corner of the house she came upon a curious scene. A line had been stretched between two trees, and upon it hung an assemblage of half dried garments, while nearer at hand a man and a boy were busily engaged in wringing out others from a barrel of water. Jessie Bingham stood and watched them for one astonished moment; then the instincts of her sex became too strong for her, and she sprang forward and pushed them aside almost angrily.

"Do you call them washed?" she cried with scorn. "Here, git me some more water 'n' some soap, an' I vow I'll make the white come white, an' not all grayish green. If you ain't mixed 'em all up, whites 'n' blues, stockin's, 'n' aprons, 'n' sheets! An' dish-towels, too!" she said with almost a sob in her voice.

The two superseded workers watched her guiltily as she sorted garments in furious haste and scrubbed and rinsed with practised hands. They brought her water meekly, and assisted at the destruction of their own masculine methods, and it was only when the work was fully accomplished that the intruder deigned to explain her presence.

"I ain't hed time ter tell you, Dan'l," she said, drying her hands leisurely on her apron, "but I've come ter visit here for a spell. We're some related on the Mussey side, an' Annie Barker is lookin' for boarders from Boston way, so there ain't jest room for me. From what I see up here, you won't be none sorry ter hev me come. I'm a master hand at cookin', an' I ain't one ter let dirt pile up under my feet."

Daniel gazed at her eagerly.

"Come in, come in," he said, opening the door in hospitable haste and sending the chickens flying in alarm. "Ellen, here's company," he called up the steep stairs. "Walk right in, Jessie. I s'pose you know I hev my sister here. She came up from Connecticut, where she'd ben clerkin' when Mary died. She don't know much 'bout housework, an' things hev gone a mite slack." He gave a sigh as he spoke and looked about the untidy kitchen.

"I should say so!" Jessie cried, her eyes following his. "I rec'lect how Mary kep' house. Dan'l, I'm goin' ter wash up them dishes fust thing. Sakes alive, how glad I be I brought that gingham apron!"

She sprang to work ardently as she spoke, while Daniel stood watching her with admiration. She was a trim little woman, with brown eyes and a pleasant smile, and her plain garb was dainty in its cleanliness. Many years before, they had gone to school together, and since then he had followed the sorrows and pleasures of her life with the personal interest of the country districts. She gave him sudden glances of commiseration as she darted about the kitchen, and new discoveries caused her to estimate the discomfort the man had been suffering.

"Saleratus bread!" she murmured in horror; and the motherly pity in her eyes was sweet to see, when two little children came creeping in and stared at her from behind their father.

"They look like Mary," she said, stooping to lay a soft hand on the flaxen heads. "You're luckier than I be, Dan'l. My only child died before his father did. I hev nothin' left."

Daniel drew the children closer as he looked up at her. "They ain't so well as they were," he returned anxiously, "an' the little one ails considerable. My Ruth Ann's out in the woods somewheres. She's the prettiest an' strongest of the hull lot, an' climbs like a boy. She an' Jared favor the Boyntons."

As he spoke, slow steps sounded on the stairs, and an untidy looking young woman came down, yawning. "Howdy do!" she said, putting out a hand covered with gilt rings. "I ain't lookin' jest cute ter see strangers this mornin'."

"You mustn't call me a stranger," Jessie exclaimed, taking the proffered hand and regarding with some amusement the elaborate curls that surrounded the newcomer's face. "I'm Jessie Bingham,—Jessie Mussey that was. I rec'lect Dan'l bringin' you ter school onct when you were quite small. I've ben doin' up some of the work, for I knowed as soon as I seen the house that you wa'n't noways well—though as for me I never did find anything so good for the health as ter jest git up an' flax 'round."

Ellen colored and drew back stiffly. "I'm ruther late this mornin'," she said glancing out of the window, "with the washin' an' all."

Jessie gave herself a little shake to keep back the sarcastic reply that sprang to her lips. "If you'll show me where I'm goin' ter sleep, I'll put my bag away,—an' then we'll set down an' visit a spell," she said amiably.

Daniel, with a child on each knee, smiled at her over the little heads. "Make yourself ter hum, Jessie," he begged, "an' if there's anything you want partikly bad, I'll take the team ter Freemont bimeby an' git it. Jared, you go upstairs with her."

The boy sprang up hastily. "I'll show you the room," he cried, and with youthful enthusiasm preceded her up the stairs and along the narrow hall. At the farther end he opened a door and drew the visitor forward. As they entered, there was a sudden movement from a dark corner of the room, and something large and soft flew by their heads with a shrill scream.

"Land sakes!" Jessie Bingham cried. "What on airth!"

Jared laughed boyishly. "It's only Pinnie," he explained. "She's settin'."

"Settin'!"

"Yes, Pinnie allers was partiklar 'bout hev'in' her eggs in a safe place, an' this summer she hid her nest in here before we'd found out where she was sneakin' ter. So father bought some turkey eggs an' swapped 'em one day when she went downstairs. He's reel sot on them turkeys hev'in' ev'ry chance. I hope you don't mind, Mrs. Bingham, an' Pinnie's dreffle quiet actin' when she knows you."

"Do you mean ter say, Jared Boynton, that that hen an' I must hev the same room?"

"There ain't no other,—an' wild critters git inter our hen-house the hull time. We can't scasily keep ary settin' hen. Father'd be turr'ble up-sot if I teched one of them eggs,—an' Pinnie's sech a kind hen! We've allers made a pet of her."

Looking back at the door, Mrs. Bingham could see the subject of the discourse peering cautiously into the room while still giving vent to her injured feelings. She was rather a vixenish looking fowl, of the Plymouth Rock family, and as she craned her neck and rolled a red eye upon the intruder, Jessie Bingham felt that it was probably well for herself that she was unable to understand the comments that were being made on her conduct.

"Well, well," she replied, walking over to the corner and gazing down indulgently at the eggs, "I don't know as I've ary place ter talk. I used ter be a master hand at raisin' turkeys myself, though I never did hear tell o' a hen nestin' in a house before." Suddenly her demeanor changed, and she turned indignantly upon the boy. "Child!" she cried with horror and grief in her tones, "do you know what you've done! You've ben an' set this miserable fool fowl on a beautiful tack—one o' them old risin'-sun pattens that our mothers used ter set sech store by! I've one that my Aunt Faith pieced, an' I wouldn't part with it for its heft in gold." She laid her hand on the nest, but Jared drew her

hastily away, while the expectant Pinnie uttered a dismal cackle of disapprobation from the doorway.

"Don't tech it, Mrs. Bingham," he pleaded anxiously. "Look at the room. Will it do?"

Glancing about her for the first time she saw that the room was large and airy, that an old-fashioned four-poster stood in a corner, flanked by a heavy chest of drawers, that cobwebs hung almost to the floor, while the dust lay thick upon everything.

"Ye shall know them by their fruits," Mrs. Bingham murmured grimly, with an excited light in her eyes. "I b'lieve the 'good Lord hes sent me here for a purpose. Jared, my child, git me a broom an' some water."

The weeks that followed Jessie Bingham's arrival at the Boynton homestead were to her weeks of unalloyed pleasure. She was one of that mighty army of New England housewives in whom the sight of dust awakens all the primitive passions. With a grand enthusiasm she swept and scrubbed and scoured, and wherever her steps turned fresh air and cleanliness followed. She delved among the mysteries of the cellar, and climbed to garret heights where probably the sweet mountain air had never before entered freely,—until, at last, the whole house shone under her tireless care with a brilliancy that satisfied even her exacting soul. Nor did the inmates escape her renovating hands. She bathed the little soft bodies with a mother's tenderness, and many a night the lamp burned low as she cut and stitched frocks for that "prettiest an' strongest" one, who still hovered at a distance and surveyed her with all the curiosity and alarm of a wild creature. The day that Ruth Ann came to her side, wiled by the charms of a great rag doll, was a proud one for Jessie Bingham, for she was beginning to love the children as if they were her own.

As for Daniel, he watched with a strange pleasure the comings and go-

ings of that trim little figure, and the hours that had formerly been passed lounging about the village store now slipped by with wondrous rapidity, as he sat by the kitchen window with his paper lying unregarded on his knees. He saw his food prepared in the good old wholesome way, and learned how comfortable a sock can be when the holes have been properly mended. Only one thing disturbed him,—the increased acidity of his sister's behavior. She alone of the whole household failed to respond to the newcomer's kindness, and, although she passively suffered the work to be taken out of her hands, she made sharp remarks that aroused bitter indignation in the usually peaceful Daniel.

Down at the Sanborn house, Mrs. Dow looked up often at the mountain as the days slipped by, and exaggerated reports of the transformation on the height floated to her ears.

"I wish I could walk up," she said wistfully. "Peter Russell says she's used more than five barrels o' lime jest in plain whitewashin'; an' old Mrs. Barker heerd she'd ben scrubbin' the hull outside o' the house with soft soap."

"When he's done his threshin'," her daughter replied, "we'll take the team an' go. Do you know, mother, I kinder think Dan'l will marry Jessie. She's dresse clever actin', an' he hez led a wretched life sence Mary died."

Old Mrs. Dow raised her hands in horror. "It's not four years!" she cried,—“an' Jessie Bingham! There's Grace Salmon, if he hez ter hev a wife."

"You'll see if it ain't so."

"Then it's somebody's bounded duty ter give Ellen Boynton a hint," Mrs. Dow returned savagely.

For Ellen the light in Daniel's eyes was sufficient warning of the coming catastrophe; for a man's nearest and dearest are seldom blind to his unspoken declarations. She watched him aiding in household matters with cheerful alacrity, and she heard him

whistling gayly as he went about his work. Twenty times a day he passed the kitchen window; for never before had he found so many things to do in the neighborhood of the house. Jessie, too, flushed warmly at times when she found his eyes resting upon her, or when, by chance, the strong brown hand accidentally touched her smaller one. Jealous Ellen grew crosser and crosser under the burden of her suspicions, until at last the climax came.

"Ain't you through yit?" Ellen asked, coming into the kitchen one Saturday, and sitting down by the table.

Jessie looked laughingly from the round pillows of dough on the board before her to a great bowl of pumpkin that smoked on a shelf above her head.

"Bread 'n' pies!" she returned sentimentously. "Men folks are dreffle big eaters; but there,—I never did gredge cookin' for people. I likes good things myself."

"Dan'l's gone ter the Crossin'," Ellen said. "He's goin' ter do some tradin', an' he won't be back till dark."

Jessie nodded. "I s'pose he's told you he's calculatin' ter buy some new furn'ture for the front room," she replied, deftly dropping her loaves into a pan. "Climb on a chair, Ruth Ann, an' make a dolly pie outer this piece o' dough. Arabella ain't hed a pie sence she was born,—an' she ain't a Boynton if she don't like tasty things."

"Furn'ture!" Ellen exclaimed, sitting up straight in amazement.

"Yes, he's aimin' ter fix up a mite; an' I must say it's time. Them old things is long past their usefulness. There's some dreffle pretty furn'ture down ter the Crossin', an' I do think a nice oak set would make the room look turr'ble fine. Boston folks don't hold with hev'in' a bed in the parlor, but I allers did say it were right pleasant ter hev one handy in case folks come visitin'. An' with lace on the

pillow cases, an' a reel nice tack, a bed does look kinder stylish."

Ellen glowered in silence. The news seemed to her only another link in the long chain of events that was bringing nearer and nearer the day that she foresaw with impotent rage. It was not like Daniel even to think of household luxuries, much less to spend his hard earned money foolishly. She was leaning forward gazing out of the window, and did not see Ruth Ann straining to reach the shelf above,—for the tiny pie was ready for its filling. Suddenly the chair tilted under the child's weight, she made a spasmodic clutch at the bowl, and a quart of the soft, warm pumpkin descended squarely on her aunt's head.

"Land sakes!" Jessie Bingham exclaimed, rushing, half laughing, to the rescue. "What a sight you do be, Ellen! Here, wipe it off with this towel. Three good pies gone,—an' not a mite of apple sass ter take the place!"

Ellen pushed her away, and turned menacingly upon the culprit, who still stood panic stricken on the chair.

"She didn't mean ter do it," Jessie declared, getting rapidly in between them. "She was tryin' ter fill the pie I was fool enough ter tell her ter make. Let the child alone, Ellen, she's 'most scart ter death now."

Ellen's face turned white with passion. "I've stood all o' this I'm goin' ter stand," she cried, turning two angry eyes on the peaceful mediator. "You come here for a hum which wa'n't gredged you, an' you've come in between me an' Dan'l an' the chil'ren. I said you might stay, an' now I say you can go. Do you hear,—go! It may be too late, but 't ennerate folks sha'n't think that I'm blind."

"You don't say that word twice, Ellen," Jessie exclaimed breathlessly. "I've seen from the fust how you counted ary mouthful I hed; an' as ter turnin' Dan'l an' the chil'ren agin you, it's a lie! I've worked for them

as if they were my own,—an' I leave you a hum that is a hum, an' not a disgrace ter your very name. There wa'n't another woman in the town as would hev teched you or your house with a ten-foot pole, so I don't think I owes you anything for the little I've eat. It were well arned."

She turned away as she spoke and went hurriedly upstairs, striving to keep back the tears that threatened to defeat her righteous wrath. They rolled down her cheeks as she gathered together her few belongings and packed the scanty store into her trunk. When that was locked and corded, she bathed her face and tied on the rusty black bonnet, and tried to assume as commonplace an aspect as usual. It was a hard task, for the room was filled with eloquent memories; and above all she dreaded the parting with the children.

They were standing in a forlorn little group waiting for her when she came out of the door. Ruth Ann was sobbing noisily, and Jared's boyish eyes were red, while the little ones clamored endless questions that added to the misery of the situation.

"You must try an' take care o' your father, Jared," she said. "Ruth Ann can wash dishes, an' you must larn ter cook. There's beans enough for two days, an' doughnuts, an' the bread's all ready ter go in the oven. If things git reel bad, come down ter Annie Barker's an' tell me."

Jared nodded solemnly, while Ruth Ann clung to her skirts and refused to be comforted.

"Good-bye, my lambs," she said, kissing them all passionately. "I ain't never goin' ter forgit you." She gave a half sob and walked rapidly away, leaving them to watch her out of sight.

The road lay white before her, while in the bare field only the pumpkins in their golden splendor gave evidence of the gathered crops. The sight carried her back to the scene in the kitchen,—and she smiled involuntarily. "Ellen did look dreffle funny,"

she murmured to herself. "I think likely 'twill take her some time ter git them curls jest right agin." Then the tears sprang to her eyes, as a sense of the utter loneliness of her situation came upon her. "I ain't got nothin' at all, no folks an' no hum. Annie Barker will take me in, an' call it charity,—an' me slavin' from mornin' ter night. I ain't forgit yit how she told the minister 'twas her gift ter the Lord. If it wa'n't for shamin' Eli in his grave, I'd go ter the town-house ter the Crossin', that folks talk 'bout so. Poor Eli, he'd be turr'blesorry for me. He allers aimed ter leave me well off,—but things went so cross-wise! I've done my best, but I'm like that rollin' stone that gits no moss. I expect Dan'l will think I was ter blame; but I wa'n't goin' ter see her slappin' that child. She's a reel spiteful woman, an' 'most dreffle lazy. I do hope she'll flax 'round an' try ter keep the house straight; but when I think o' the sights I hev seen, it don't seem nowadays likely. Annie Barker will be jest wild ter know all 'bout it; but I ain't goin' ter tell her nothin' for Dan'l's ben good ter me. I expect he'll miss me some."

The woods now lay before her, green as yet, though here and there Nature had hung out a flaming warning of the coming autumn. Jessie Bingham stopped and gazed back at the house from which she had been so rudely expelled, and then passed swiftly beneath the shadow of the trees. Near at hand there was a huge stone by the side of the road, and she sat down upon it, seeking to compose herself before meeting the critical gaze of the village, for she knew how small a thing denotes a chapter to country eyes. Indeed, the ordeal seemed even nearer, for close by she could hear the sound of horses' feet striking sturdily against the stones on the steep incline. She wiped away all signs of tears, and strove to present a careless exterior, as with a final strain and lurch the wagon emerged above the crest of the

hill. Daniel Boynton's eyes met hers smilingly.

"Well, if this ain't lucky!" he cried with a jovial laugh. "I've come back ter ask your advice. Shall it be oak or cherry?"

"You'd better ask your sister," she returned with unexpected shortness.

"Why, what's the matter?" he asked, throwing aside the reins and leaping from the wagon. "You've ben cryin'! Nothin' ain't happened ter the chil'ren?"

"No, no!" she answered almost sourly. "Your folks are all right. This trouble is all my own,—an' it ain't so dreffle bad but what I can stand it nuther."

"That ain't like a friend, Jessie," he said, with a grave shake of the head.

"Well, if you must know, your sister's turned me out. She said I'd come between you 'n' her 'n' the chil'ren; but it ain't so. She was jest mad because I took Ruth Ann's part."

"She allers was cantank'rous," he muttered savagely. "You wa'n't goin' off, Jessie, without sayin' good-bye?"

"If that ain't jest like a man," she cried indignantly, stung by his tone of reproach. "Do you s'pose I'd stay a minnit after she said go? Not though I knowed she'd let the bread I was bakin' burn purposely."

"An' what's ter become o' me, Jessie?"

"Oh, you'll git along all right." She said it with a fierce sob.

He looked at her almost shyly.

"I ask you ter come back agin,—but in your proper place,—as my wife. I don't hev much ter offer you, an old man an' four chil'ren ter take care on,

an' a cold, comfortless hum on top o' a mountin; but the man an' the chil'ren will love you true. When I see you tendin' my little ones, I fust knowed what they'd lost,—an' I saw, too, what a kind, good mother you'd make. Then I larned ter love you for yourself, an' the house was a hum because you was there."

She looked up at him breathlessly. "It ain't so, Dan'l!"

"Only come, Jessie, an' see. Will you?" The grave face stooped nearer.

"I'll take you all,—you 'n' the chil'ren," she cried excitedly, throwing out her arms with a grand maternal gesture; "an' the hum on the top o' the mountin sha'n't be cold, if love can warm it."

An hour later old Mrs. Dow called her daughter hurriedly to the piazza. "I don't know what ails Dan'l Boynton," she exclaimed. "He come drivin' by in fine shape some time ago, an' then he turned the team 'round an' went back, an' now here he is agin with Jessie."

"They both seem dreffle tickled with somethin'," her daughter commented. "Look how close they do be settin'! You mark my words, mother, that'll be a match."

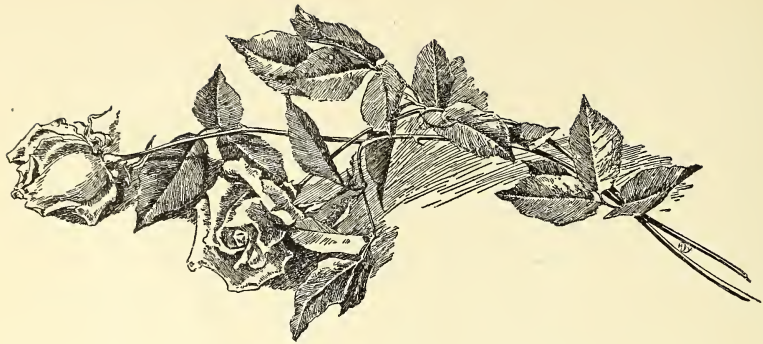
"They're takin' the road ter the Crossin', Liddie. Ain't that strange! He's allers done his tradin' ter Freemont."

"H'm! I heerd yesterday that the new minister is boardin' ter the Crossin' for a spell."

"Why, Liddie!" Mrs. Dow cried, staring at the prophet with amazement.

"You jes' wait an' see, mother."





THE UNBIDDEN GUEST.

By Ethelwyn Wetherald.

I MADE a feast in my banquet hall ;
The guests were choice and few :
There was Success with his splendid eyes,
And Health with his ruddy hue ;

And there was Joy with her radiant smile,
And Love with her lily breast ;
And I said, we five will eat and drink,—
There shall be no other guest.

I set five plates upon the board,
With fairest fruits o'erspread ;
When suddenly a sixth appeared,
Heaped high with bitter bread.

I set five glasses on the board,
And poured in them the wine ;
When suddenly a sixth appeared,
Filled full of tears and brine.

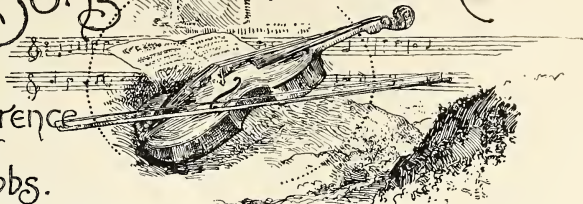
I placed five wreaths upon the board,
Rose-tinted like June morns ;
When suddenly a sixth appeared,
Enwrought with naked thorns.

Then gay we sat in the banquet hall,
With merry laugh and jest ;
While at my side unsmiling stood
The uninvited guest.

Oh, lightly, lightly flowed the talk,
And laughter rang again ;
Yet louder sounded in my heart
The speechlessness of Pain.

The Song of the Violin

By
Florence
Ait
Gibbs.



I GREW in the darkling valley
In a country o'er the sea ;
My tree was the heart of the forest.
And I was the heart of the tree.
That is the reason the songs I sing
Flutter and throb like a living thing !

I learned the fall of the snow-flakes,
The music of mists uprolled,
The tender dusk of the summer,
Thick-threaded with notes of gold.
The warm spring suns the sap updrew
And soaked me in music, through and through.

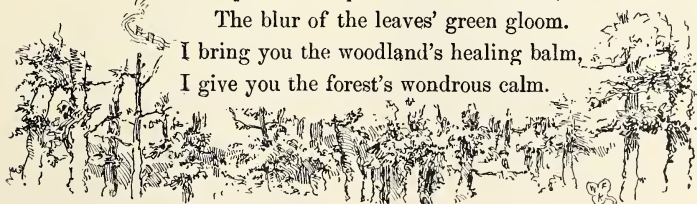


I learned of the busy brooklet
That over the mosses twirls ;
Listen—my notes fall plashing,
Rounded and pure as pearls.
Crackle of hoar-frost or pat of rain,
I wove them all in my silver skein.

I heard the foot of the squirrel
When scarcely the dry leaves stirred ;
The padded tread of the rabbit
On velvets of moss I heard.
And the wild birds taught me, note by note,
The magic hid in each feathered throat.



I bring the love-songs of linnets
To you in this crowded room ;
The spice of the pine and the hemlock,
The blur of the leaves' green gloom.
I bring you the woodland's healing balm,
I give you the forest's wondrous calm.



NEW ENGLAND IN WISCONSIN.

By Ellis Baker Usher.

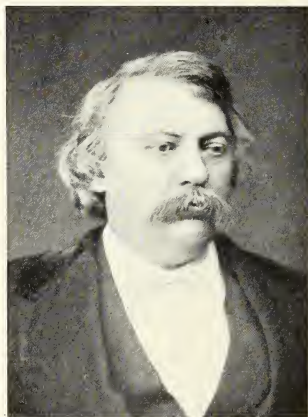
A FEW years ago* the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE published an article entitled "New England in Michigan," which began with the statement that "Michigan is peculiarly interesting as being the farthest western point where New England reappears distinctively. Beyond that state the foreign element began to make itself a balancing if not preponderant factor in society." The writer of these words could not have been familiar with his next western neighbor, Wisconsin, and with Iowa, Nebraska and Kansas,—and for that matter, with the whole country west of Lake Michigan. It is a common error of many New England people to adopt the idea of the West that is expressed by John G. Saxe:

"English and Irish, French and Spanish,
Germans, Italians, Dutch and Danish,
Crossing their veins until they vanish
In one conglomeration!
So subtle a tangle of blood, indeed,
No Heraldry Harvey will ever succeed
In finding the circulation."

Roughly stated, Michigan had, as appears by the United States census of 1890, five per cent more native born population than Wisconsin. The discussion has been going on with especial activity during the past year, as to the consanguinity of the peoples of England and the United States; and the question, Are we Anglo-Saxons? comprehends this subject of New England influence in the entire West, as it comprehends it in New England. The process of amalgamating races that we here see in progress began some centuries ago in England. The broad view of this important subject concerns itself with something beyond individuals. It deals with ideas and morals. Viewed from this standpoint, the United States is more

* December, 1895.

Anglo-Saxon than Great Britain, just as Dr. Stubbs says that "in its political development England is the most Teutonic of all European countries." The inspiration of free government came originally from the old German *freimark*, the idea that developed the Hanseatic League of free cities that, passing through England, developed Magna Charta, and that furnished the mould in which was run the constitution of the Connecticut colony, the first written charter of a free state. It



MATTHEW HALE CARPENTER.

is the ideas and ideals of government to which we must first turn for our evidence of Anglo-Saxon relationship. But taking the more superficial aspect of the case, the Teuton has been our chief immigrant; and he has readily assimilated because he has merely come to claim his own. The ideas of free government which he finds here were Anglo-Saxon before they were American. The Saxon and English tribes, as Fiske and others tell us, came from the remote wilds of northern Germany. The Northmen and Danes, who several times overran England after the first Teutonic in-



GEORGE H. PAUL.

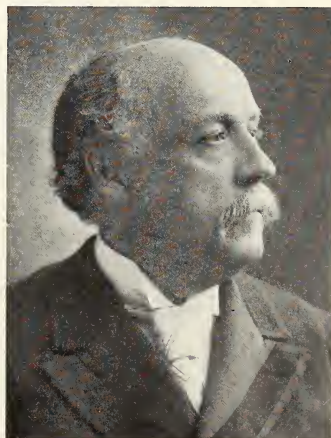
vasion, only added new infusions of Teutonic blood.

No student of the amalgamation of races and the course of emigration has failed to observe that climate is a factor of overshadowing importance. The Latin races have made small mark in northern latitudes, and, however nearsighted ignorance may avoid the fact, it will remain true that the blood of the Picts and Scots and Kelts, such traces of it as may be left, is more "foreign" in the English race than the Teutonic blood of any of the northern peoples of Europe west of Poland. It has frequently been shown that there are spots in provincial New England that speak purer Shakespearean English than can be found in most parts of England to-day. Our "conglomeration" of blood is not so great after all; but grant that it is, for the sake of argument,—where does that help the assertion that we are not an Anglo-Saxon people? The *London Spectator* in discussing this topic a year ago put the truth in the following interesting passage: "The ethos, moral and natural characteristics of the republic are distinctly Anglo-Saxon, quite

as distinctly as those of the United Kingdom. The best way of determining the distinguishing characteristics of a nation is to observe (1) the men who rule it, lead it and represent it; (2) its religious proclivities; (3) the system of law under which it lives; (4) its literature. Now we claim that in all these respects America is overwhelmingly Anglo-Saxon. Take the names of the men who have ruled America in the past and who rule her now. Every one of them has the true English ring. Are not Washington, Lincoln, Garfield, English names? Take the names of the presidents from the foundation of the republic, Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Adams, Jackson. They are quite as English as those of our own premiers. In the whole list the only name which is not English or Scotch or Irish is Van Buren, a Knickerbocker from New York. But no one seriously puts Van Buren among the great men of the republic. This is ancient history? Not a bit of it.



HORACE A. TAYLOR.



EDWARD C. WALL.



GEORGE NELSON DEWEY.

Look at the men who rule America to-day. The president is Mr. McKinley; the vice-president is Mr. Hobart; the secretary of state was Mr. Sherman, and is Mr. Day; the secretary of the treasury is Mr. Gage; the secretaries of war and navy are Mr. Alger and Mr. Long; the secretary of the interior is Mr. Cornelius Bliss. But it is not necessary to go on, not a single member of the cabinet has a foreign name." The common law of England is the law of the land, except in Louisiana, and the *Spectator* says, "The courts of Michigan are more Anglo-Saxon than those of Edinburgh."

In 1876, the late George William Curtis began an address before the New England Society of New York by recalling the remark, attributed by Izaak Walton to Dr. Botelier, "that doubtless God might have made a better berry than the strawberry, but

doubtless he never did," with the application that "doubtless there might have been a better place to be born in than New England, but doubtless no such place exists." Continuing in the same happy vein he said: "The *Mayflower*, sir, brought seed and not a harvest. In a century and a half the religious restrictions of the Puritans had grown into absolute religious liberty; and in two centuries it had burst beyond the limits of New England, and John Carver of the *Mayflower* had ripened into Abraham Lincoln of the Illinois prairie." This is the historical epitome of the settlement of the West. The fact, also alluded to by Mr. Curtis, that every American is a "Yankee" to the European, is the wide testimonial and acknowledgment of the pregnant New England influence upon our national character.

The tendency of emigration to follow latitude in the westward march of empire has been commented upon, as

applying quite as well to emigrants of American birth as to those who come here from the old world. Perhaps there is no more marked illustration of this natural tendency than the westward movement of the New England stock. The northern Yankee from Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont has followed the pine tree from New York to Puget Sound. The Connecticut and Massachusetts Yankees followed the Connecticut



LUCIUS FAIRCCHILD.

grant, scattering through northern Pennsylvania and southern New York to some extent, but making their main lodgment with General Cleveland and his successors in the "Western Reserve" of Ohio. This emigration extended to Iowa

and was to some extent diverted below its normal line by the antislavery troubles of Kansas. In these general statements there is enough of truth to furnish broad suggestion for the lover of investigation.

Wisconsin, two years after its admission to the Union, in 1850, contained but 305,391 people. In 1860 it had grown to 755,881. This increase was largely due to foreign immigration; and of the 91,000 men sent to the field during the war for the Union, probably more than fifty per cent were foreign born. Foreign blood has dominated the population from the beginning of her statehood; and the census of 1890 shows that, of Wisconsin's 1,686,880 people, 74.14 per cent have one or both parents who were born aliens, 25.86 per cent are native born, with native parents; and more than half the voters are still aliens by birth. In this foreign blood the Teutonic predominates. The major part of it is German; and we find that no foreigner makes a more jealous and independent freeman than the German immigrant.

The average New Englander is likely to raise his eyebrows at this statement of the strength of our foreign born element; for he is often oblivious to the fact that Boston has a bigger Irish population than Dublin, and that Massachusetts, according to the census of 1890, had 29.35 per cent of foreigners, while Wisconsin had

but 30.75 per cent. The difference is mainly to be found in the "native born" population. The great majority of the natives of Wisconsin are of the first and second generations in descent from foreign immigrants. Not to exceed 15,000 and probably a much smaller number only of such natives could trace an ancestry in this country reaching to or back of the revolutionary period, without admixture of foreign blood. This is the fact that is most astonishing in this examination; and it is quite remarkable, in this aspect of the growth of the state, to find the great influence this little leaven of New England blood has exerted, from

the very beginning.

There were two constitutional conventions held in Wisconsin territory. The first, whose constitution was rejected, held in 1846, contained 124 delegates. Of these delegates 29 were known to be New England men, and 10 others were of New England parentage; and of the 42 natives of New

York (who were then and have ever since been numerically strong and dominant), there were many names that suggest New England origin. In the second constitutional convention, held in 1847-48, there were 69 delegates; 24 of these were from New England and 5 were known to be of New England parentage. Of the 32 men who were members of these conventions, who afterwards held



CADWALLADER COLDEN
WASHBURN.



CYRUS WOODMAN.



LYMAN C. DRAPER.

positions of prominence, 14 were of New England birth or stock.

The most distinguished of these men was Alexander W. Randall, himself born in New York, but the son of Phineas Randall of Massachusetts. He was twenty-seven, in 1846, when he was elected to the constitutional convention. He distinguished himself there by introducing a resolution requiring the question of colored suffrage to be separately submitted to vote of the people. The resolution was adopted after an exciting debate, by a vote of 53 to 46. Mr. Randall was governor of the state four years, and was most efficient in raising and organizing troops early in the civil war. In 1862 he was appointed minister to Rome. Resigning, he sought a military appointment, but was induced by the president to accept the position of assistant postmaster general, which he filled until 1865, when he was made postmaster general.

Next in prominence was Louis Powell Harvey, born in East Haddam, Connecticut. His family early joined the movement to the Western Reserve, where Louis got part of a college education at the Western Reserve College, at Hudson. In 1841 he located in what is now Kenosha, Wisconsin, and opened a school, then edited a Whig paper, and was postmaster of the place under President

Tyler. He served two terms in the state senate, one term as secretary of state, was a regent of the state university, and in 1861 was elected governor to succeed Governor Randall. He had served only about four months as governor when he was drowned by accidentally falling from a steamboat deck into the Tennessee River at Savannah. He had gone south to look after the welfare of the Wisconsin troops. His untimely end interrupted a most useful and promising career.

Experience Estabrook, a native of Lebanon, New Hampshire, was a prominent man in the second constitutional convention. He was attorney-general of the new state, and later was a pioneer in and delegate to Congress from Nebraska.

William M. Denis of Rhode Island was state bank comptroller. Edward V. Whiton of Revolutionary stock, born in Lee, Massachusetts, served several terms in the territorial legislature, and was a member of the judiciary committee of the first convention. He was elected a circuit judge immediately after the adoption of the constitution, the circuit judges sitting together *en banc*, then constituted the supreme court, over which he for a season presided. When the separate organization of the supreme court was made, in 1852, he was



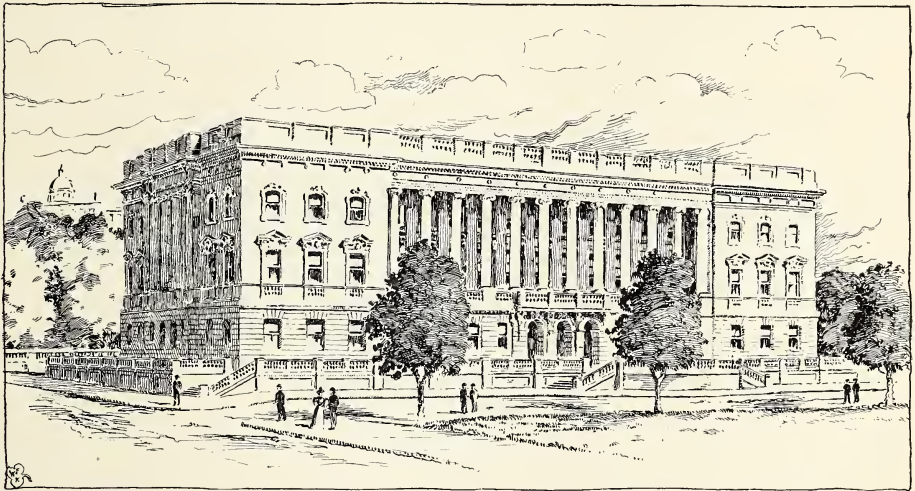
REUBEN G. THWAITES.

elected the first chief justice, which position he filled with great ability and dignity until his death in 1859.

George Gale, a native of Vermont, held minor positions and served nine years as circuit judge. He helped to organize Trempealeau county, founded the village of Galesville and Gale College, for which he left an endowment of ten thousand dollars. J. Allen Barber of Vermont served one term in the territorial legislature and five since the state organization. In 1863 he was speaker. He served two terms in the state senate, and two

men who "lead," "rule" and "represent."

The New England stamp was thus early put upon the institutions of Wisconsin. In the southwestern portion of the state, in the then important lead regions, was a strong settlement of southerners, and the records show that a few negro slaves were brought to this section of Wisconsin. New England ideas and southern ideas of government, both represented by men of ability, met and clashed sharply in the constitutional conventions, and the New Englander won. The terri-



WISCONSIN STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY'S NEW BUILDING.

terms as a representative in Congress. John H. Tweedy, a native of Connecticut, was a delegate in Congress. Frederick S. Lovell of Vermont was a colonel of volunteers.

The natives of New York who were of New England ancestry held positions as follows: Charles H. Larrabee, congressman, circuit judge, colonel of volunteers. A. Hyatt Smith and George B. Smith were attorneys general. Eleazer Root was the state's first superintendent of public instruction; he was of Connecticut ancestry.

These brief biographical references serve to suggest the requirements mentioned in the first of the *Spectator's* specifications,—namely, the

tory and the new state were Democratic in politics, but the southern influence took second place at once. The Wisconsin legislature instructed its first United States senators to vote against a resolution that was supposed to involve the extension of slavery to California; and Isaac P. Walker, born in Royalton, Vermont, was elected to Congress in 1849, when the state was but a year old, as a distinctively Liberty Party, antislavery representative, taking his place in the Senate in 1855, alongside Joshua R. Giddings and John P. Hale, as an abolitionist of the most pronounced type. In 1856 the electoral vote of Wisconsin was cast for John C. Fremont.

In a speech delivered in Milwaukee, in 1884, the late James G. Blaine said, "The Republican party had its birth in the great Northwest." The first suggestion of the name was made in that typical New England forum, the Congregational "meeting-house" in Ripon, Wisconsin, February 29, 1854, by a meeting called to protest against the Nebraska bill, then before Congress.

A field not usually sought for the history of dominating influence is that of political party management; but it is an important field and one that will yield valuable returns to research. No man of foreign birth has ever held the

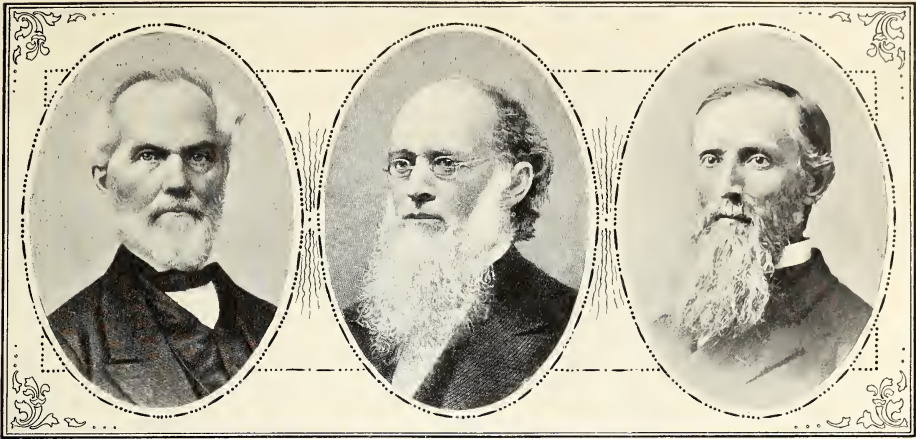
other positions of state and national distinction. The second Republican chairman, L. P. Harvey, was afterward governor. Elisha W. Keyes, a native of Vermont, who settled in the state in 1850, who was the fifth Republican chairman, has been postmaster of Madison twenty years and is now serving a sixth term. He has also been a member of the legislature. In 1879, for one hundred ballots, he led in a contest between himself, Timothy O. Howe and Matthew H. Carpenter, for the United States senatorship, and on his withdrawal Mr. Carpenter was elected by acclamation. Henry C. Payne, who has served in the capacity



UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN FROM THE TOWN.

political office of chairman of either the Democratic or Republican State Central Committee. A list of Democratic chairmen since 1860 shows that, of fifteen men who have held the position, four were of New England birth and six were of New England parentage. Of the thirteen Republican chairmen since 1854, four were New England men and four were of New England ancestry. For example, Beriah Brown, chairman of the Democratic Committee in 1861, was born in New York. His father was a native of Providence, Rhode Island, and his mother of Blandford, Massachusetts. He was an official reporter of the state convention of 1846, an editor, and later became a pioneer journalist in Oregon and Washington. Several of the Committee chairmen have been members of Congress and have held

of Republican chairman and is still the Wisconsin representative on the Republican National Committee, is a native of Ashfield, Massachusetts, where four generations of his progenitors lived before him. Moses Paine or Payne, from whom he is descended, was a "freeman" in Boston in 1628. His mother was an Ames, also of an old Boston family. Mr. Payne became active in politics in the campaign of 1872 in Milwaukee, as a "young Republican" organizer. He was then twenty-nine years of age. He has been for twenty years a National Committeeman, and in 1896 he wrote the original draft of the money plank of the St. Louis platform, and was in immediate charge of the details of the campaign that followed, as the assistant of Chairman Hanna. Horace A. Taylor, now assistant secretary of the



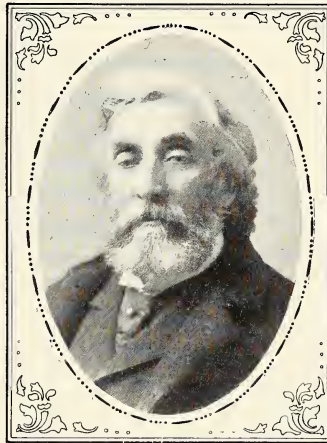
JOHN H. LATHROP.

PAUL A. CHADBOURNE.

JOHN BASCOM.

treasury of the United States, is one of the New Englanders whom the accident of birth made a native of New York. His parents were both natives of Vermont, and he was born just over the border, in St. Lawrence county. He was Republican chairman four years, and has been a prominent figure in Wisconsin politics for forty years. He was appointed United States consul to Marseilles, France, by President Garfield, and was United States commissioner of railroads under President Harrison.

On the Democratic side, the late George H. Paul, who was chairman of the State Committee in 1867-69 and again in 1873-75, was a native of Vermont. He was a newspaper publisher in Kenosha, Wisconsin, as early as 1851, and was prominent in state politics for nearly forty years. Dr. Wendell A. Anderson, who was chairman of the Democratic Committee six years, was consul general to Montreal, Canada, during both administrations of President Cleveland, and is at



CHARLES KENDALL ADAMS.
PRESIDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY
OF WISCONSIN.

present mayor of the city of La Crosse. He is a native of Gray, Maine, and, as his name will suggest, dates back in lineage to the same lines as Dr. Holmes and "Parson" Smith, of "wonderful one-hoss shay" fame. Edward C. Wall of Milwaukee, who is the present member of the Democratic National Committee, and whose campaigns in 1890 and 1892, as state chairman, were marked by signal Democratic successes in this state, was born in Milwaukee, but through both his parents goes directly to Vermont.

Without multiplying these personal sketches, it will be seen that Wisconsin political management has always been strongly influenced by New England men. This statement gains emphasis as we proceed to examine the records to discover who has ruled and represented this commonwealth during the fifty-one years of its statehood. In this connection attention should be called to the extent of territory included in this development, as well as to the small numerical



WASHBURN OBSERVATORY AND UNIVERSITY HALL.

strength of the New England element. The area of land in the state of Wisconsin is 54,450 square miles, within 7,555 square miles of as much land as is comprised in the six New England states; and if from their total area could be subtracted that which in Yankee parlance is "on edge," in the mountains of Massachusetts, Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine, Wisconsin would prove to have more available land than all New England.

To look over the list of our governors, who, including Edward Scofield, the present incumbent, number eighteen, one is first struck with the fact that the only aliens by birth who have ever held the office were Lieutenant-Governor Arthur McArthur, a Scotchman, who served four days in 1856, during a contest between rival claimants for the office; Governor Edward Salomon, a German, who was not elected to the office, but succeeded to it from the lieutenant-governorship upon the death of Governor Harvey, and Governor William E. Smith, a Scotchman, the only foreign born citizen who ever held the office by election.

Beginning with Governor Dewey, who was born in the "Nutmeg State," five of the eighteen were New England men

by birth, while Governor Fairchild, who had a distinguished civil and military career, was born of Massachusetts parents. He was consul to Liverpool, minister to Spain, national commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, and also of the Loyal Legion. Governor Rusk's name also suggests the Yankee filtering through the Western Reserve. Randall and Peck are known to have New England progenitors; and other names suggest the same lineage.

Of all these men probably the ablest and the most distinguished was Cadwallader Colden Washburn, who was one of a remarkable family, three brothers of which simultaneously represented three different states in Congress for several terms during the civil war, and a younger brother has since been United States senator. Cadwallader Washburn settled in Wisconsin in 1842, at Mineral Point, when he formed a partnership with Cyrus Woodman, also a native of Maine, that lasted for eleven years and laid the groundwork for large fortunes for both of them. They practised law to some extent, but the development of the country drew them into the land and banking business and resulted in a large ownership of pine in northern Wisconsin, which later grew to great



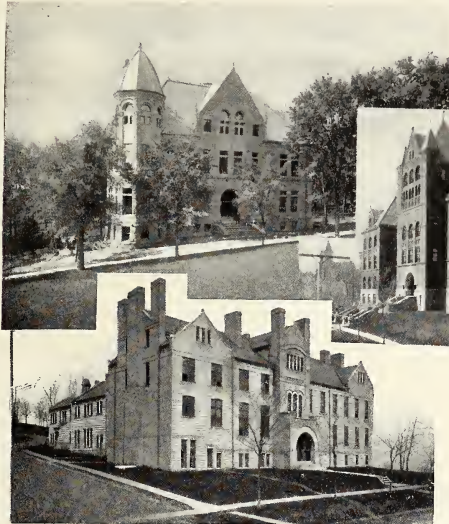
NORTH HALL, UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN.

value. Mr. Washburn was elected to Congress in 1854, and this partnership was dissolved, though the two men were forever after devoted friends and frequently interested in each other's

The supreme court of Wisconsin has always taken high rank among state courts; and it is notable that Edward V. Whiton, already mentioned, was its first chief justice. Luther S. Dixon of Vermont was another distinguished chief justice. These, with Jason Downer, also of Vermont, made up the list of New England men of

that bench until recently, though many of the ten justices who were born in New York would have to go to New England immediately for a pedigree. Two of the five present justices of the supreme court, Jus-

tics Roujet D. Marshall and Joshua E. Dodge, are natives of New England. Justice Marshall, born in Nashua, New Hampshire, is descended from Thomas Marshall, who came to Boston from England in 1635. His ancestors were prominent in the colonial and revolutionary wars. On his mother's side, Justice Marshall claims kinship with the Pitkins, Wolcotts



LAW BUILDING.

CHEMICAL LABORATORY.

enterprises. Mr. Washburn served five terms in Congress, and his civil career was supplemented by three years' service in the army, most of the time with the rank of major-general. His business operations after the war were mainly devoted to the large flouring industry at Minneapolis, though he retained his Wisconsin residence and interest in lumbering to the last. He was a man of large abilities, great force and perfect rectitude.

It is a notable fact that in the supreme court the two justices who were of foreign birth, both of them jurists of great ability, James G. Ryan and Samuel Crawford, were natives of Ireland, and that notwithstanding our large preponderance of German blood, Germans have made few conspicuous successes in the law. The state has never had a German justice of the supreme court, nor until recently a circuit judge of German blood.



SCIENCE HALL.



ARMORY AND GYMNASIUM.

and other prominent Connecticut families. Justice Dodge is descended from Richard Dodge, who settled in Salem, Massachusetts, as early as 1638, and for many generations his ancestors were farmers and millers in Hamilton and Ipswich. His mother was a Herrick, a well known family of Beverly. Though



JOHN C. SPOONER.

born in New York, Justice John Bradley Winslow is quite as much of a New Englander as his associates, who have spent most of their lives in the West.

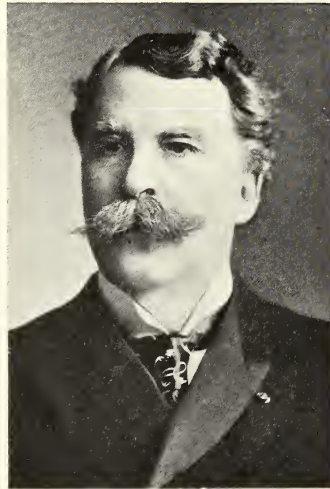
He is a descendant of Kenelm Winslow (brother of Edward and Governor John), who came over in 1629 and settled at Plymouth, removing later to Marshfield. In the lower courts, as in the supreme court, New York has led New England in the number of judges, but most of the New York men were of New England origin, and few men of alien birth or parentage have held important judicial positions until very recent years.

Wisconsin has had, including the present incumbents, twelve United States senators, whose average of ability and influence has been remarkably high. Four of these men, Charles Durkee, Matthew Hale Carpenter, Philetus Sawyer and William Freeman Vilas, were natives of Vermont; Timothy O. Howe was from Maine; Mr. Doolittle's ancestry runs

back to Connecticut; John C. Spooner's father was born in Massachusetts, though he was himself born in the Western Reserve of Ohio; John L. Mitchell's mother is a native of Massachusetts; and Mr. Mitchell's successor, Joseph Very Quarles, is the son of a New Hampshire sire, and his progenitors on both sides were Massachusetts families.

These biographical notes may not be as lively reading as a story with less detail, yet they tell more unerringly than is possible with statements of generalities, however strong, the story of New England's impress upon this empire state of the Northwest.

In the domain of education the New England influence was potent and dominant everywhere, in the establishment of the public school system, the normal schools, the state university, and such colleges as Beloit,



JOSEPH V. QUARLES.

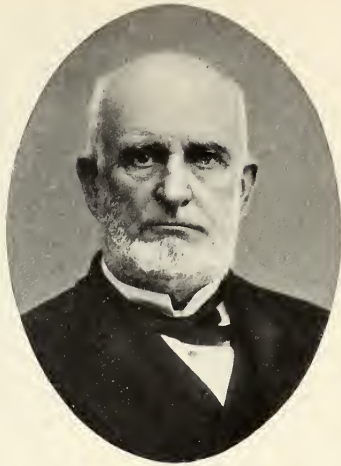
Ripon, Lawrence University at Appleton, Gale College at Galesville, Downer College, and others that were the result of private initiative or endowment. A suggestion as to the inspiration and conduct of these private institutions may be found in the names of the Rev. A. L. Chapin of Beloit College, the Rev. William Harkness Sampson of Lawrence University, Amos A. Lawrence of Boston, who endowed the university that bears his name, Edward Cooke of Boston, its first president, the Rev. J. W. Walcott, president of Ripon College in 1853, and the Rev. W. C. Whitford, president of Milton College.

The broader history of our educational institutions is to be found, however, in the public schools and in the University of Wisconsin. In the con-

stitutional convention of 1847-48, Experience Estabrook was chairman of the committee on education and school funds; and that committee did important work in establishing a comprehensive free school system and in providing for the care and use of the funds accruing to the state through the grants of government lands for school purposes. The normal schools were also provided for. Another

member of this committee, the Rev. Eleazer Root, devoted his work in the convention to the subject of education, and later was the first superintendent of public instruction, in which capacity he organized and put into operation the public school system of the state and helped to found the state university.

The organization of the University of Wisconsin was contemporaneous with that of the state, and Eleazer Root was the first president of the board of regents. Simeon Mills was treasurer, and the man who chose the beautiful site of that now important seat of learning. The first chancellor of the university was John H. Lathrop of Connecticut; the second chancellor, Dr. Henry Barnard, was from the same state. The eighty-sixth birthday of this "Nestor of public education in America" was celebrated in February last, in Hartford. Dr. Barnard was an important factor in shaping the school system of Wisconsin, and while chancellor of the university acted as agent of the normal school regents, inaugurated teachers' institutes, and exerted a lasting influence upon the normal schools. The names of the succeeding presidents of the university, Paul A. Chadbourne, John H. Twombly, John Bascom, Thomas Chrowder Chamberlain and Charles



PHILETUS SAWYER.

Kendall Adams, need only to be spoken to call attention to the New England influence in this chief institution of learning of Wisconsin. To catalogue the names of the leading professors of the institution would give additional emphasis to the point.

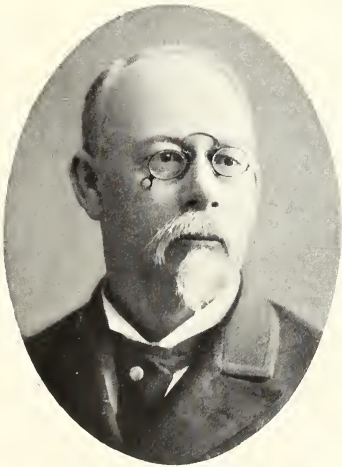
In another educational direction, and one quite unusual in a new territory, New England influence was very responsible. The first suggestion for the organization of a historical society came from the Mineral Point *Democrat*, in October, 1846. That was the home of General Smith (not a New England man), who was made the first president of the society, and also of Mr. Cyrus Woodman, who later became one of the first vice-presidents of the society. He was a graduate of Bowdoin and one of Chancellor Lathrop's friends and advisers. He was undoubtedly an important factor in the society's organi-



WILLIAM FREEMAN VILAS.

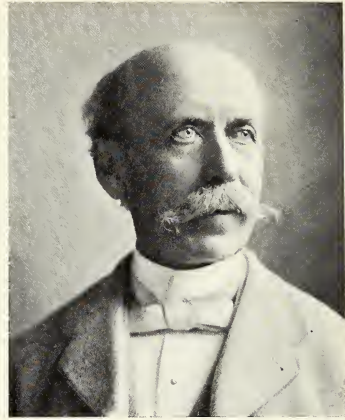
zation, and he retained his interest as long as he lived. He once suggested to General Washburne that they should unite in founding an agricultural college, and at another time that they should together found a historical library in connection with the university. In later years, when Mr. Washburne presented the university with an observatory, Mr. Woodman endowed it with an astronomical library, to perpetuate the association of their names.

The success of the historical society was assured, after a somewhat uncertain existence from 1849 to 1852, by the selection of Lyman C. Draper, whose forbears were of genuine Plymouth stock, for secretary. The result is that to-day the Wiscon-



GOVERNOR GEORGE W. PECK.

sin state historical library ranks as by far the best collection of printed and manuscript material bearing upon the history of the middle West to be found in the country. No library west of the Hudson River compares with it for the size and value of its collections of Americana, in which it ranks immediately after the Harvard College library and the Boston public library. Among state historical societies it is, in the matter of research and collections, one of the most active, its publications ranking with



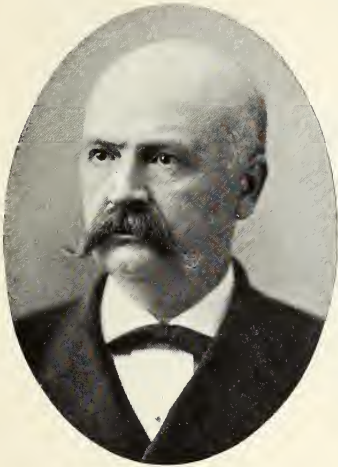
WENDELL A. ANDERSON.

those of Massachusetts and Pennsylvania. Its present very efficient secretary, Mr. Reuben G. Thwaites, was born and reared in Boston.

From the days of 1767, when John Carver of Connecticut first put Yankee foot on Wisconsin soil, the forests have been the temptation to many of the new pilgrims from the East. Every township of pine in the state will bear testimony to their visitations. At Green Bay, the first lumberman, in 1827, was Colonel Ebenezer Childs, a Massachusetts boy. Daniel Whitney was the first man to invade the pine forests of the Wisconsin River in 1827-28; and H. S. Allen, a Maine Yankee, was sawing lumber in Dunn county in 1835. New England men were pioneers on every principal stream of the state; and the names of C. C. Washburn, Philetus Sawyer, William F. Vilas, J. W. Babcock and Daniel Wells, Jr., suggest the prominence attained in other fields by men who have made fortunes in pine lumber.

It is an interesting fact that when the civil war began, in 1861, the roster of every early regiment and the names on every early subscription paper bore testimony to the patriotism of the descendants of the Pilgrims; and among the Wisconsin men who won distinction in the field they bore a noble part. Of the com-

manders of the famous "Iron Brigade," General Lysander Cutler was a native of Massachusetts, while General Edward S. Bragg, who has since served in Congress and made a national reputation, is the grandson of a man who fought under the stern old hero of Bennington who "would win the fight or leave Molly Stark a widow." General Fairchild's ancestry is in Massachusetts, and General John A. Kellogg's in Connecticut.



ELISHA W. KEYES.

This brief statement concerning a most distinguished command is typical of the Wisconsin record in that war.

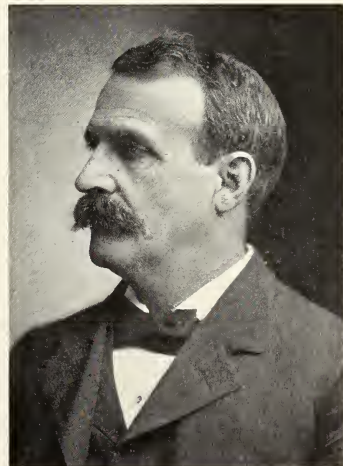
Wisconsin has a brigadier-general returned last year from the Philippines, Charles King, a great-grandson of Rufus King, who signed the national constitution for Massachusetts. He has made a name in letters as well as in war. He is but one of many of the children of New England who have recently represented Wisconsin with credit in the contests with Spain.

In railway projection, railway building and railway operation, New England men have pioneered in Wisconsin. Every great railway system of the state was a creature of their brains and energy. Byron Kilbourne, Sherburne S. Merrill, E. D. Holton, Charles L. Colby, Edwin Abbott,

David M. Kelly, John Catlin and James H. Howe are names that will be recognized as proof of this statement.

In commercial and industrial enterprises no exception is furnished to the prevailing prominence of the Yankee. T. A. Chapman of Maine, a *protégé* of Hovey of Boston, was the dry goods merchant prince of the German city of Milwaukee; while E. P. Allis of Massachusetts built up an iron works in the same city, whose engines, mill machinery and other products are now shipped all over the world. These signal successes typify many lesser ones in all fields and throughout all parts of the state.

What is true of the callings referred to is true of almost all fields of mental, mechanical, commercial and industrial activity. New England preachers were missionaries, not alone in the spread of the gospel, but in education and in the establishment of moral and social standards. The early editors of the state were largely from New England, and the Yankee is still well represented in the pulpits and in the press of Wisconsin. There is no need to multiply names or suggest fields for investigation. The Yankee was a pioneer in every part of the Badger State. He has linked



HENRY C. PAYNE.

EDWARD V. WHITON.



JOHN BRADLEY WINSLOW.

JOSHUA ERIC DODGE.

ROUJET D. MARSHALL.

CHIEF JUSTICES OF THE SUPREME COURT OF WISCONSIN.

his name with every important industry, except that of brewing, and with every section of the commonwealth. Though few in numbers, the New England men have been potent, and, however the foreign blood has or may predominate, theirs is the pattern that has been set and must be followed.

It has sometimes been a matter of wonder that Wisconsin, so overwhelmingly foreign in its population, should be so distinctively American in all its institutions of government, in its educational impulse and in its material progress. The endeavor of this article is to suggest a correct solution of this question. It is explained in the fact that Wisconsin institutions were formed and have been dominated by Americans of New England lineage from the beginning.

There were reasons for this New

England dominance, not far to seek. The early German and Scandinavian immigration was largely from the peasant classes. They came here with small means, and, with their families to rear and their fortunes to make, they had little time or opportunity to take leading parts in politics or in formative action that affected social or political affairs. Generally they were contented to follow those whom they looked upon as familiar with the customs and institutions of the country, to which they were willing and ready to conform. A change is now coming, and rapidly. The sons and grandsons of these immigrants are Americans, and they have inherited or are making for themselves competencies. They have the disposition and the opportunity to assert themselves. The last two Wisconsin legis-

latures mark this change. They have been largely made up of natives of the state. These Wisconsin men are taking their places, and taking them well, in every post of activity.

The first fifty years of Wisconsin's statehood was strongly marked with the force and the ubiquity of the New England Yankee. He blazed the way

for intellectual and material progress, and his descendants and the descendants of his foreign-born neighbors are following and must continue to follow in his broad pathway. Hereafter the destinies of Wisconsin are to be in the hands of her own sons. They are in every way worthy of their heritage.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH SHORE.

By Paschal H. Coggins.

I.

"MR. COBHAM, Alice was either right or wrong."

Miss Walden looked the old minister frankly in the eyes; and although her words were firm, there was the echo of a groan in her slow voice. For nearly half an hour she had heard him without interruption, and the pain of the interview was beginning to show in the nervous pressure of her lips and the deepening of her fingers upon the cushioned arm of her chair. But Mr. Cobham had come upon no holiday visit, and the burden of an unfulfilled purpose was heavy upon him.

"But, Elizabeth, we must not forget that Alice is still very young. Why, it seems but last week that the child was climbing our big apple tree. You remember the fall,—and the bruised arm, and the torn pinafore, and the tears? And now—now it's a husband. My, my, what strange creatures you women are!" He shook his head with an air of despondency in which, after all, there was but little of simulation. For one brief moment Miss Walden seemed about to yield to this sudden polishing of memory's lamp; then with a quick tightening of the lips, she thrust aside the genii of bygone days and stood inexorable in the present.

"Alice is certainly old enough to choose the right path."

"Do any of us ever quite reach that age in this world?" asked the old man with gentle earnestness. "Could either of us, do you think, afford to surrender the blessed privilege of being forgiven, sometimes? I do not doubt the child's rudeness, but—"

"I can never forget it." The speech came abruptly, as if forced from the woman's lips by some sudden and vivid memory.

"You need not forget it. Alice herself will remember it with sorrow until her dying day. But you cannot doubt the reality of her love; and when the excitement of it all has passed away, she will be contrite enough. But, Elizabeth, we older folks must make allowances. Let me bid her return to the Anchorage without waiting for that day of humiliation. It is a sad thought to some of us that, even for her own misconduct, Margaret Walden's grandchild should be driven from the old home on the eve of what should live in her memory as the tenderest of all days."

Miss Walden's dark eyes lighted quickly. "Driven from home? It is not true. Mr. Cobham, you must never say that again. You must never even *think* that again. Did Alice say—"

"No, not exactly," the old gentle-

man interposed, but with no great perturbation of manner. "The words are mine; but are they not substantially correct?"

"Oh, no, no! I am unalterably opposed to her marriage to Walter Gregg, and of course I told her so. I spoke the exact truth. To my mind he is not a gentleman. But it was she, and not I, who suggested her going to Rachel Brewster's."

There was a curious twitching about Mr. Cobham's mouth as he listened to this comprehensive recital.

"In speaking of Walter, I suppose, Elizabeth, that you did not use that exact language?"

"I certainly did. It was a time for the utmost candor." She looked her guest squarely in the face, unmoved by his expression of blank amazement. The minister sank back in his chair and gazed at her in silent perplexity. Until that hour he had believed that he knew Elizabeth Walden perfectly. After a few moments of manifest doubt he leaned forward and laid his hand upon her own, still resting upon the arm of her chair.

"Elizabeth," he said, with more at once of gentleness and firmness than he had yet shown, "I have known you from the day of your christening. I was a young man then, and my hair has grown gray in your sight. You must bear with me if I speak plainly. Years ago some of us thought that you had given your own love to one who, in my humble judgment at least, was wholly worthy of the gift. Exactly how far we were right and how far wrong, I do not now seek to learn; but of this I am very sure,—buried deep in the memory of those bygone days lies some tender experience which ought to help you now to understand Alice, and, if need be, to forgive her."

Miss Walden winced under the sudden directness of this speech, and he felt her hand shrink beneath his own. Then, as if to reassure him, she drew it from its imprisonment and gently

laid its smooth palm across his weather-beaten knuckles.

"Imagine, if you can," he pursued, "that I had believed it my duty to tell you bluntly that he whom you loved was wanting in true manhood. What would have been your reply?"

"What matters my reply?" she said. "Surely it must have been your duty to speak the truth."

"Ah, but I must have been sure, indeed, of his unworthiness, before striking such a blow as that. What act of Walter Gregg has ever justified so harsh a judgment? That inheritance which we call culture is not all of manhood. It is good, but it is not the one best thing in human nature. As for me, I believe in Walter. Think it all over, Elizabeth, and do the young folks justice."

The little air of championship with which these words were uttered stirred Miss Walden yet more deeply. "God knows," she burst forth, "how earnestly I *have* thought it over, and how each time my heart has grown the sorer from the effort. Why should Alice tie herself to a—a boor, to one to whom the common decencies of life mean nothing?"

Again something like amazement shone upon the old gentleman's benignant features, but he did not give way.

"Tut, tut, Elizabeth, that's all too harsh. Many a good man—before his marriage and civilization—has eaten with his knife, or stood in a parlor with his hat on his head and his hands in his pockets, or cracked his jokes a little out of season. Those things aren't half the size they look in the night time. Trust to Alice's influence and the boy's own good sense."

Miss Walden was growing paler with her own increasing earnestness, and as she replied there was a visible effort at self-command.

"I suppose, Mr. Cobham, we may, if we try, pick apart any ugly human character and show how trivial is each of the faults which go to make it up.

But the fact remains that one's daily habits are the true index to one's nature. To me, Walter Gregg is—"Suddenly she was silent, and the next instant she had arisen and was standing beside the great oaken mantelpiece, with her face turned from her visitor. "Why must I speak of all that you know so well? There were but two of us, John and I,—and then Alice was all that was left me. You know what we were to each other, here in this lonely old house. Oh, Mr. Cobham, it is like—like a death, to me."

The final words came with the involuntary emphasis of a thought which, long resisted, had suddenly forced itself full-formed upon the consciousness of the speaker. Her head, buried in her hands, sank upon the mantelpiece. Somehow then the old man understood that all he could say would be in vain, and during the long silence which followed he was striving to adjust himself to the new order of things. Presently he arose and, still without a word, took his hat and cane from the broad window seat where he had laid them upon entering the room. Miss Walden made no pretence of detaining him, but at the door she held out her hand.

"You will try to understand me?" she asked.

"I think I do that already," he replied; "only it all seems to me such a sad, sad mistake. I, of all men, ought to be able to help you,—and I am not." Still he held her hand. "Elizabeth, I have one request to leave with you, and you must not answer it now. If I am right—if I understand you now as never before—what I ask is not so much on Alice's behalf as upon your own. Alice is to be married at the church on Thursday morning. Come to her wedding, and—peace be with you!"

He turned and hurried away. Miss Walden, with a little gasp of surprise, took a few hasty steps out through the trellised porch, and stopped. If she had intended to speak, she must

have changed her mind, for she stood there silently watching the tall, familiar form until it was hidden by a bend in the road that led over the hills to the village. With the faintest of smiles showing through the rising tears, she re-entered the house. There had been a new note in Mr. Cobham's parting words, which again and again during the days that followed brought them back to her troubled mind. Thursday morning!—and this was Monday.

Three days later, in the presence of a company, many of whom had witnessed the marriage of the bride's parents in the selfsame place, Walter Gregg and Alice Walden were made husband and wife. They were a people of simple, helpful lives, who thronged the church that morning, to whom each other's joys and sorrows were very real. None of them understood the thing which had come between Elizabeth Walden and her niece; but all had heard how Alice's days of preparation had been passed at Aaron Brewster's. To many of them, the estrangement, coming at such a time, possessed all the sorrow of a tragedy, and the vacant pew of the Waldens was like an open coffin in their midst.

When the ceremony was over and each awaited a kindly word with the bride and groom, there came the final distress of it. Some, with straightened backs and upturned faces and pitiful pretence of interest, stood perusing and re-perusing the tablets on the wall, whose slightest word they could have given from the first. Others, mostly man to man or woman to woman, spoke of last week's storm, or the creaking of the church door—which all agreed must be remedied without delay; but by no accident did they, speaking, look into each other's eyes nor towards the vacant pew. One, a white haired old lady, whose saintly life among them had somehow seemed to teach the truth of immortality, stood gazing at the Covenant inscribed above the pulpit. It was their only creed, and the people loved

it; and they were thankful for the sound of her sweet, earnest voice.

"In the Freedom of Truth
And the Spirit of Jesus Christ,
We unite for the Worship of God
And the Service of man."

"In the spirit of Jesus Christ." There was something in the gentle reiteration with which she drew the thought anew into her own life, that put courage into all their greetings, when presently they stood before the bridal pair.

If haply that same gracious spirit of faith could have dwelt just then within the lonely house beyond the hills, how great the comfort it might have wrought! There a woman was moving about her light domestic tasks as one still cumbered by the dulness of heavy slumber. In truth she had not slept at all the night before. There were darkened lines beneath her eyes and a dumb uncertainty about all her movements. Now and again her lethargy would be pierced by something from without, as when she paused to listen expectantly to the neighing of a distant horse or the rattle of a wind-shaken slat upon the trellis of the porch. Once, when the tall clock struck off the hour, she started strangely, and its final stroke left an expression almost of physical fear upon her pallid features.

Deep in Elizabeth Walden's heart there had lain a vague, unreasonable assurance—never once crystallized into positive thought—that, somehow or other, her niece's marriage would be deferred. How, why, or to what final end, she did not even dream. The death of this hope, with all that the marriage seemed to mean to her own and her niece's future, were working strange havoc in the woman's soul.

She was in the parlor idly rearranging a bit of mantel drapery when the clock struck the single note that marked the half hour after ten. For a moment she paused. Then, swept by some strong and sudden impulse,

she cast her task away and, ascending the stairs, hastened to the little attic window that looked out towards the old north village. The glass dimmed her outlook, and with unneeded force she pushed the tiny sash back upon its rusty hinges. The village itself was not in sight, but she could see the point, just at the base of a little hill, where three straggling country roads united their fortunes to form the more ambitious highway that passed onward through the village.

For a time her vigil was fruitless, and once or twice, merely, it seemed, to relieve the fixedness of her gaze, she glanced off across the low pine-clad hills to where Cohasset looked gayly out upon the blue Atlantic. Presently, however, a carriage came crawling over the lower slope of the distant hill, and her attention wandered no more. The shadow of the broad window casement fell slanting across her pale features, softening their more rigid lines. Her lips were slightly parted, and about her mouth there yet lingered the living memory of those gentle curves which years ago had made Elizabeth Walden one of the prettiest girls in all Scituate.

With her eyes riveted upon the distant carriage, she stood mute and motionless. Two minutes later it had reached the main highway and turned decorously towards the village. Then, along the middle road of the three there came a low, easy moving vehicle—a doctor's gig—and through all the stress of her misery the woman smiled. Alden Boyd and she had been boy and girl together, and always friends. It was good to think of his bluff, kindly ways, even at such a moment as this. The smile still shone upon her face as a larger carriage drawn by two spirited horses trotted gayly out from the tall grove of pines that clothed the nearer slope of the hill. The curtains of the carriage were rolled to the top and the sunlight fell upon the bright dresses of women. Turning from the window, Miss Walden brought an old

sea-glass from its dusty shelf close by, and, with nervous fingers, focused it upon the object of her interest. This proved to be no easy task, but presently she had steadied the long tube against the window side and adjusted the lenses to her eye. With a groan of simple human pain, her fingers relaxed their hold and the glass fell, first to the window sill, and then clattering upon the floor at her feet. For a moment or two she stood with her hands clasping the rough edge of the window, as if for physical support, but her lips uttered no sound. Slowly she closed the little window, replaced the spyglass upon its shelf, and once more descended to the darkened parlor.

Seated in the great haircloth rocking chair, she looked vaguely about her, and the objects that had been her daily companions for years seemed strangely unreal. Then, but with no appreciable cause, her mind began to clear, and the voice of her brother, John Walden, came back to her across the chasm of fifteen years. He had lain there upon the sofa with one wan hand dropping listlessly to the floor, just as the yellow tip of that scarf now drooped to the carpet. He had told her of his doom which the doctor had pronounced that morning, and then, very solemnly, he had given his little motherless girl into her keeping. The memory of it all must have come with singular vividness to the woman's troubled mind.

A moment later, she was kneeling by the long black sofa, with her face buried in her hands. Presently, too, her lips began to move, and in low, tearless tones she told of her stewardship over the orphaned child. It was a singular spectacle, the living talking quietly to the dead there in the silence of the lonely room. At times there was a faint note of self-justification, and again somewhat of the penitent kneeling at the confessional; but in the main it was a mere recital of a long and earnest effort. Yet in and through it all there ran an ever in-

creasing suggestion of finality, as if something in the woman's life were drawing irrevocably to a close.

II.

"Mary, I wish you'd spend an afternoon at the Anchorage sometime soon. You're always welcome; and some good might come of it."

Mr. Cobham laid aside the *Christian Recorder*, which he thought he had been reading, and looked earnestly at his wife. It was nearly three months since Alice Walden had married and gone with her husband to Boston.

"Why, Henry, is there anything the matter,—that is, anything more than we've noticed ever since the wedding?"

"Yes and no. I don't know that there's any particular change; but somehow of late Elizabeth Walden weighs more and more on my mind. All this new zeal of hers seems to me more like fever than a healthy impulse towards charity, and sometimes I can't help feeling myself responsible for it. I do wish you'd go?" There was an accent of appeal in the minister's voice that hardly seemed justified by so slight a request. Mrs. Cobham, herself, felt it.

"Oh, I'll go, of course," she replied; "but I confess she frightens me a little. I've tried half a dozen times to talk to her about Alice."

"With what success?" Mr. Cobham had arisen and stood gazing out through the open window, at nothing.

"If Elizabeth were my own daughter, her greetings could not be more affectionate; but that only makes it the harder. Last Sunday I went to her after church with the thought especially upon my mind; but before I could mention Alice, she was telling me about that new family over beyond Pyncheon's Hollow. Did you know, Henry, the youngest of those girls is threatened with some sort of hip trouble?"

"The doctor still hopes for some-

thing less serious. Did you talk of Alice at all?"

"Why, no. She was so earnest about the needs of those people, and so very, very far away from all thoughts of herself, that—well, to tell the truth, I hadn't the courage to make the attempt."

"But she *must* come to a turning point before long," said the minister. "The situation is unnatural; it's preposterous. I'll take you over to the Anchorage on Friday afternoon. I can't help feeling that in the depths of her heart the woman must be suffering from the mere need of human sympathy; and if anybody can help her, I'm sure you are the one. She's always been fond of you, Mary,—and you musn't hesitate to force the subject a little, if necessary."

Mrs. Cobham laughed gently, and there was a little touch of nervousness in the sound. "Isn't it queer," she said, "to think of our actually being afraid of Elizabeth Walden! You christened her, and I've washed her face a score of times when she preferred dust to water. We must be growing timid."

"I never could understand a woman," responded the minister,— "always excepting you, my dear. Well, I declare!"

The old gentleman's expression and manner underwent an instantaneous change that can be compared with nothing less vivid than the sudden lighting of a candle in a darkened room. Dr. Boyd was hitching his old roan to the parsonage elm. The next moment, after carelessly tossing his riding gloves back into the gig, the doctor pushed open the little wicket gate and came striding up the path. There was something of boyish exuberance in the man's manner and aspect, that gave a first delusive impression of awkwardness. His shoulders were broad, his face was just now a little flushed, and his head bared to the breeze. With no visible exertion, he breathed air enough for two men, and enjoyed every breath.

His gait suggested that, other things being equal, he would rather have run than walked, and he swung his broad-brimmed Panama hat by his side with the irrepressible freedom of a school-boy just escaped from his lessons. Time had set but slight mark upon his dark hair and beard, save for a solid dash of gray just above the right temple.

The doctor's foot had barely reached the lower step when Mrs. Cobham opened the door, and the next moment he was shaking hands with the old couple as if a year, instead of a week, had elapsed since their last greeting.

"Just dropped in for the good of my soul. Can stay exactly seven minutes. This is the right shop I believe?" as he surrendered his hat and accepted a chair.

"Mary, please make a note of that admission—in case this call should anyhow get mixed with the doctor's next bill," remarked the minister to his wife.

The doctor laughed aloud, not so much at the witticism as because he found everything at the parsonage so much to his liking. There was an atmosphere about the man that seemed to draw this sort of friendly raillery as the steel rod attracts the lightning. To Mr. Cobham this was always as welcome as the sunlight of May, but to the good lady of the parsonage—looking down upon it from a Puritan ancestry of five generations—such levity between full grown men was ever a little confusing. Yet she knew well that beneath it all was a firm foundation of personal respect and affection, and the spell of the doctor's strong and genial nature had long since reached her own heart.

"When and what did you last hear from our runaway couple?" the visitor inquired presently, addressing his hostess.

"Day before yesterday,—and they are getting along nicely. Walter is still with those leather people, Wilkins, somebody and Co., and likes it

better every day; and I knew from the first that Alice would take naturally to housekeeping. But her letters are still full of the same old questions. Do I see her aunt often? Is she as well as formerly? Does she ever mention receiving letters from Boston? In this last letter she even asks whether it would be wise for her to run down here some morning and go over to the Anchorage uninvited."

"It would not." The doctor spoke with an emphasis which caused his hearers to look at him inquiringly. "It would not help matters at all," was his only response.

"Doctor, what is the matter with Elizabeth Walden? Of course we all understand the external facts; but what is the real trouble? Why does she take Alice's marriage so wofully to heart? Why don't she get over it?"

Dr. Boyd whistled gently and gazed at his questioner for a moment without speaking.

"From a man who repudiates his physician's bills in advance that strikes me as a remarkably comprehensive question. Seems to call for a complete diagnosis on its medical side, with anything I may happen to know about psychology thrown in for good measure. However, I suppose there's some sort of new fangled ministerial discount that covers the case and entitles you to the information."

Even while he was speaking the doctor was slowly tilting his chair backward to that state of precarious equilibrium which, in his case, always yielded the best mental results. The minister saw that his question was to be answered, and waited in patience.

"The trouble with Elizabeth Walden—that is, the radical trouble—is that she has no sense of humor." He delivered this opinion with all the professional deliberation with which he might have announced the absence of some important physical organ. There was a momentary silence.

"Why, doctor, what do you mean?"

"It sounds a little queer; but to the

best of my professional knowledge and belief that's exactly what lies at the bottom of all her trouble. Do you know what the sense of humor does for a human being?" He asked the question quite deliberately, but proceeded to answer it himself. "It shows him the bright side of life when he's over head and ears in trouble. I prefer to call it the sense of Eternal Goodness. The two things are only different degrees of faith in that Power which has made laughter so much more natural than tears."

"But, doctor," protested Mrs. Cobham from her rocking chair by the window, "surely there was nothing in Alice's marriage, looked at from Elizabeth's standpoint, which could possibly give her pleasure."

"Perhaps not," responded Dr. Boyd with growing earnestness; "but all the lights in heaven and earth didn't go out when that girl left the Anchorage. It was pretty hard I admit, but there are other human interests that should have filled the woman's life. As it is, she is every day shrinking more and more within herself."

"'Shrinking within herself!'" burst forth Mrs. Cobham again. "Who of all our people is more active on behalf of others than Elizabeth Walden?"

"With her hands, only. As far as her heart is concerned—her affectional nature—her work is an unconscious sham, and like all shams it is worse than nothing at all. And all from the need of a fair share of the sense of humor." He swung back to this point with all the zeal of a man with a hobby. "I tell you, it's the very yeast of life, and does more to keep human nature from becoming sour and sodden than all the ministers and half the doctors combined. My figure of speech," he added hastily, as he caught a twinkle in Mr. Cobham's eye, "was suggested wholly and exclusively, Mrs. Cobham, by the memory of that wonderful bread of yours, and not in the most remote degree by last Sunday's sermon upon 'A Little Leaven.'"

"Which means, my dear," interposed the minister, "that the best way to preach to some people is through their stomachs. But, really, doctor, it was your broad and miscellaneous eloquence, and not merely your simile—which I have heard once or twice before—that was capturing my imagination. Would you mind exchanging pulpits with me at some early date?"

"Not in the least. In fact, I think I'll do it now. You must not be alarmed, Mrs. Cobham, if I give your husband a little shaking up. It'll do him no permanent injury."

There was something in the doctor's manner, quite aside from the aggressive promptness with which he thus cleared the decks for action, which left the worthy couple a trifle bewildered.

"At best," he began, "Elizabeth Walden had far more of seriousness than is usually allotted to girls, even to the girls of New-England. Then she had the misfortune to come to womanhood during the stormy years of the Civil War, and that old Abolition war cry, 'no compromise with wrong,' entered into the very fibre of her nature. I need hardly remind either of you how powerfully the rights of the slave appealed to our earnest young people, and how she was one among the foremost of them all. In a measure, you ministers and editors were responsible for the result."

Involuntarily Mrs. Cobham uttered an exclamation of provisional indignation, and the spare figure of the minister was a trifle more erect as he turned inquiring eyes full upon the doctor. He had stood by Garrison and Parker in the days of the Boston mob, and the memories of those heroic times stirred him easily. But the doctor's heart had been in the same good cause, and he was puzzled.

"I don't forget the other side," the doctor went on. "I know what the world gained; but just now I'm thinking of what Elizabeth Walden, and

many another earnest man and woman, lost. That faculty in them which should have shown the brightness of life even among the gloom died from mere atrophy. To change the figure a little, they came out of the smoke of that long conflict morally color blind. They lost the power to see the browns and grays of human conduct, those common mixtures of right and wrong which make up the bulk of our everyday experience. What they cannot wholly approve, they must wholly condemn. For them there is no adjustment, no receding, no compromise." The doctor paused in contemplation of the memories aroused by his own words.

"And Elizabeth suffered from too great interest in the cause of human freedom?"

There was the suggestion of fleeting impatience in the glance which the doctor cast on the matter-of-fact old lady rocking there by the window; but it did not color his words.

"No, but from too steadily viewing the dark side of life. Those years left their mark upon her character. They crippled her nature."

"But the rest of us were in earnest; why are we not crippled, too?" There was a strenuous note in the minister's voice.

"Because we are not all alike. Some of us escaped. For myself, now, I used to cut your best sermons, go out into the woods and lay down beneath the trees, with the *Tribune* and the *Liberator*—for a piinow—and listen to the birds. It may not have helped the cause of antislavery very much, but it kept up my faith in the general cheerfulness of the universe, even if this world—which, by the way, I didn't create—hadn't quite emerged from the age of barbarism. Thank God," he went on, almost savagely, it seemed to his hearers, "for one great man in those days who could be in earnest and yet see the light that plays behind the darkest cloud. In Abraham Lincoln's nature there was a living sense of humor that kept him

sound and sane under the most tremendous strain that has fallen upon any human being in modern times. I've always thought he must have gone fishing on Sundays." He paused again, and then added slowly: "But Elizabeth Walden saw all of the darkness and none of the light."

Suddenly the doctor seemed to awake to the unusual earnestness of his own manner. Arising hastily, he seized his hat and turned towards his hostess.

"Mrs. Cobham, upon the honor of a doctor with two beautifully framed diplomas, this disturbance was wholly accidental. When I entered your domicile, it was for a peaceful chat, and to fish for an invitation to dinner next Sunday. I suppose I've ruined my chances in that direction; but I didn't know I was loaded. Honest Injun!"

The atmosphere seemed to clear as if swept by a sudden breeze; but he turned, and, with a carelessness which in no wise concealed the affection that was behind it, laid his hand on his friend's shoulder.

"A little blunt, wasn't I, considering what the old days mean to us all? The thing had got more of a grip on me than I quite understood. You'll forgive me this time; and the next time—well, the next time, I suppose I'll do something just as bad."

His cheery voice sounded out through the open window and was answered by a responsive neigh from the old roan, tugging at his strap in the shade of the parsonage elm.

"He's one of God's best works," said Mr. Cobham, as he stood by the window and watched the receding gig; "but he's certainly a little hard on some of the rest of us. It's that taste for psychology that's making him cold blooded. He likes to take us apart, and examine the pieces, and comment on the defects. It's all very queer, and not always very agreeable."

In due time Mrs. Cobham made her promised visit to the Anchorage; but

no one, not even her husband, ever knew exactly what transpired. When, late in the afternoon, the minister drove over from the parsonage to fetch his wife, he encountered the two women coming to meet him on the way. Miss Walden's arm was twined in loving protection about the older woman's waist, and her greeting to himself was but little short of filial; yet through it all, there was that upon the faces of the two which forbade his rising hope.

When the last kindly words were spoken, and the old couple had gone their way, Elizabeth Walden turned wearily back towards the old gray house. The western sun shone across her face, and revealed the fast rising emotion which she had struggled so long to repress. Suddenly, as by the impulse of the instant, she left the sandy road and, regardless of stones and bramble-thorns, forced her way through the wall of tall blueberry bushes and wild briars that guarded it upon the right. Presently she was climbing a small hill upon whose side grew a score of ocean pines. Beneath the largest of these, upon the soft, dry cushion of the fallen needles, she seated herself, with her face to the gentle southern breeze. With conscious desperation she strove to fix her mind upon some one or something foreign to her own distress; upon the Hapgood family, or the lame girl at Pyncheon's Hollow, or the new plans to aid the village library. But the silent struggle of the last two hours had drained her nervous forces to their utmost and, with a sudden sense of panic, she found herself at the mercy of her own wild thoughts. The tumult of her pent up feelings swept in upon her as water, seeking its level, rushes through the opening flood-gate. Burying her face in her hands, she sat writhing in the grasp of her own memory.

With cruel vividness she felt all the pitiable contrast between her life as it was and as it might have been. Where now were heart-hunger and

desolation would have been the strength of a loyal, manly love and the encircling arms of children. With mere physical force—with tearless eyes, and tight closed lips, and hands hard pressed upon her temples—she battled against the cry of bitter regret that was bursting her very heart for utterance. The choice had come to her just after the death of her only brother, when, in the first fervor of her deep sisterly affection, she had dedicated herself to his little motherless girl. It had seemed a sacred duty then, to assume no other burden of love than that which Providence had so tenderly placed in her arms, and no human being, not even he who had the best right of all, had ever known the full depth of her self-denial. When he would have questioned, she forbade the subject forever. The child had grown sturdily into her affections, and during their life together the woman had thrust aside the memory of that one fateful hour, as if it were burdened with some living sin. And all, at last, for this!

For one brief instant her mind groped towards a truth which, had she grasped it, might have brought to her some measure of peace. Had she gone to the root of her own suffering, she would have found there not so much her antipathy to Alice's marriage as this awful sense of her own desolation. By a misadventure which is not uncommon to the perturbed human mind, the weight and consequence of her own voluntary act had fallen into the balance against her niece and had laid upon the girl's hasty conduct the false burden of conscious ingratitude.

Somewhere in the depths of the woman's nature, not often nor easily stirred, was an element of fortitude, which in the more critical moments of her life had contrasted strangely with her gentle outward mien. It must have been this which now, after the first overwhelming sweep of the storm, came to her rescue. With no sound nor gesture of mere emotion,

she sprang to her feet and struggled upward across the slippery carpet of the pines to the bare rock which crowned the summit of the hill. As one fleeing from suffocation to the upper air, she scaled the rock itself and, flushed and panting, stood erect and looked about her. There seemed something little short of witchery in the quick transformation of the cowering from beneath the pines into the figure so boldly pedestaled upon the massive rock.

Her physical senses drank in the landscape, as one athirst might quaff the water of a cooling spring. As she looked, what she saw and heard seemed slowly to fill her utmost consciousness. She gazed long and earnestly, and gradually, as the happier memories thronged her brain, her face and figure gave up something of their stronger lines. Standing there in the full maturity of her womanhood, the warm western sunlight fell about her and revealed every line and feature. She was not beautiful; but the clear dark eyes, the mobile lips and the fine poise and contour of the body seemed the fitting complement and charm of her strong womanly personality. No imagination could have pictured her, even in her girlhood, as the object of a trivial affection. He who loved her must have loved her wholly.

Suddenly she turned and, accepting the grim hospitality of the hoary rock, seated herself upon one of its convenient ledges. Nothing which she now saw had ever been new to her conscious vision, and yet, with the slow return of her inward composure, her outward senses became hungrily acute. The sweet odor of the pines filled her nostrils, and in her ears was the dull, far-away boom of the surf at Scituate beach, breaking sullenly among the mighty Glades. She gazed about her like one long absent from once familiar scenes. Upon one hand a low tree-covered ridge blocked the landscape, but upon the other she looked far down to the little seaport

village within whose tiny harbor, in her girlhood, she had seen a dozen great whalers together awaiting the favor of wind and tide. Away to the east stretched the limitless Atlantic, a dull, lifeless blue, beneath the slanting rays of the setting sun. Out yonder, as far as the eye could reach, a tiny dash of yellow in the misty blue, was the light on Minot's Ledge.

She turned towards the old house, the home of her family for three generations. Its high pitched gambrel roof, the silvery gray tint of its shingle clad sides, the almost human effrontery of its bold dormer windows, the weather-beaten settle stretched beside the trellised porch, and the gaunt old well-sweep, sharp tipped across the southern horizon,—how familiar they all seemed, and yet how strange! Perched high on the roof was a great trapdoor, which, as long ago as she could remember, had possessed a tragic interest in her childish eyes. It had been storm-torn from the deck of a stately Indiaman, wrecked among the Graves within sight of Boston Light. It was while Captain Isaiah, the first of the Scituate Waldens, was building the Anchorage. The old man had foresworn the sea; but he loved it none the less, and he had made the carpenters plant the big hatch up there on his roof, "just for the flavor o' the brine that goes with it." As her eyes rested upon it now, Miss Walden's memory ran back to the days of her childhood, to one never-to-be-forgotten April morning. There had been a terrible storm, and, when it had passed and the sun was shining again, she had taken the big sea-glass and, climbing laboriously to the roof, had looked eagerly out upon the ocean. Time had scarcely marred the recollection of that moment. Where twenty-four hours before had towered the mighty beacon, the sea was rolling in long unbroken billows. The great lighthouse and those who dwelt within it had been swept forever from the sight of men. And somehow in her childish imagination

the big trapdoor had become an inherent part of that long past tragedy.

Yet it had other and tenderer memories, and these, too, came upon her. She saw herself, a woman grown, standing yonder and calling to the child playing here upon old Rocktop. It was time for the home-coming, and the little girl, merrily swinging her tiny sunbonnet in token that she heard, was standing on tiptoe on the big stone, to show her aunt how very tall she was. Was ever a more obedient, loving little maiden? At the inward vision, Miss Walden's eyes grew dim, and surely the warmth of rekindling love was in her heart. Since the days of Alice's childhood the big door had never been lifted.

But presently, when the sun was passing below the western hills and the shadows were rising and deepening about the great rock, there came a change. Outward objects lost their power, and the woman's thoughts came home. She had been dreaming pleasant dreams, and now she was awake. All lives have their changes, and hers was like the rest; but right was right and wrong was wrong, and no hunger of the heart could alter the eternal laws. Silently, as she sat there, she put forth her hand and spread its open palm upon the smooth surface of the rock. The act was slight enough, but it seemed deliberate and significant, as if the woman's soul were drawing somewhat of nature's age-long steadfastness from the cold, hard touch. Could the cold granite, or the setting sun, or the inexorable laws of good and evil, or all combined, ever quite efface the image of the little girl in pinafore and sunbonnet?

III.

Mrs. Cobham's visit to the Anchorage was the last effort of the worthy couple towards the reconciliation of Miss Walden to her niece. Months passed by, and a year, and brought but little outward change to the old

gray house or its lonely occupant. That spirit of helpfulness, which the minister had compared to a fever and Dr. Boyd had pronounced an unconscious sham, had perhaps moderated somewhat of its zeal, but it had certainly become a fixed and normal habit of the woman's life. Miss Walden had purchased a horse and an easy-going buggy, and drove about the country with the freedom of a trained horsewoman. They were seldom matters of great moment that claimed her attention, sometimes only a cheerful word or two at a cottage gate, or the loan of a book where books were scarce; but her coming was always welcome, and out of it all she was making for herself a kind of joyless contentment.

This lonely, unconventional life was bringing its own inevitable results. Miss Walder's old friends saw her less and less frequently, and the hasty interchange of greetings and questions when they chanced to meet upon some shady crossroad was fast superseding the old leisurely visits. They were puzzled, too, that even at these brief meetings and with no conscious lessening in their mutual regard they seemed to have so little in common. Those who called at the Anchorage as of old, and happened to find its mistress at home, were always welcome; yet her conversation was all about her present interests, or it soon came back to them, or there were long periods of heavy silence,—and over it all there hung an oddly mingled atmosphere of weariness and haste.

She usually attended church on Sunday and occasionally was seen at the social gatherings of the congregation. Her presence, however, merely accented the new conditions which all felt but none could well describe. People who had known her from babyhood became acutely conscious of her presence when she entered the room, and there was apt to be a moment of uncertainty, followed by a shower of over-cordial greetings.

Even when she was among them, she was no longer wholly of them.

One October morning, Dr. Boyd met her driving down the old Cohasset road. The wind was sweeping straight in shore, and as the carriages approached the doctor's keen eye noted how sparingly she was clad for such a day. A look of quick determination overspread his face, and the next moment he had turned his own vehicle full across her way. As she saw and understood the thoroughness of his barricade, she smiled submissively and checked her own horse. They had known each other always, and the act was like his old self. Of late years there had been something of distance between them—they were no longer boy and girl—but no unkindness.

"I've stopped you," he said seriously, when their first greetings were over, "to ask whether or not you have any special arrangement with Providence by which you travel this coast in October dressed for May? If not, I advise you to consult the oracles, or wear a knitted jacket."

She protested vigorously that her dress was thick enough and that she was quite comfortable; but the doctor demanded a promise, and was inexorable. Yielding at last, she promised, and he, never smiling, drew aside and allowed her to pass. The next day she took an extra wrap—and left it forgotten upon old Mrs. Morgan's kitchen settle.

Ten days later word was brought to the doctor that Miss Walden was ill; and when he reached the Anchorage he must have found more of fever than he had expected. He demanded why he had not been summoned earlier, and then, without awaiting a reply, began to threaten weeks in bed and drugs by the pound unless his directions were followed to the letter. Later he sent Jennie Hapgood to the Anchorage to look after household affairs and prevent all unnecessary noise. Towards evening he called again, and expressed no great surprise

that his patient's temperature was still far from normal and her respiration becoming painful. It was only a cold, he said, adding grimly that he had known of colds being cured.

The middle of November found Miss Walden still in bed, very patient indeed, and her physician showing signs of irritability. For one of her active habits, and in the full vigor of life—for she was not yet thirty-five—she showed a surprising lack of recuperative power. At first Dr. Boyd had not considered the attack serious, save as a cold upon the lungs is always serious in its possibilities. It had responded readily enough to his remedies; but his patient was discouragingly slow in regaining her lost strength. There were occasional eccentricities of the pulse too, which he did not pretend to like. The doctor himself began to develop a kind of boyish querulousness in the sick room, for which, half whimsically and half seriously, he afterwards took himself severely to task in the presence of the old roan.

Early in Miss Walden's illness Alice Gregg had written directly to the doctor, praying that she might come to her aunt's bedside. He took two days to think it over, but in the end was inexorable. His patient was so erratic, he told Mrs. Cobham, that human foresight could not predict the possible results of an unwelcome intrusion into her sick room. He admitted himself very much at sea in the case, and would assume no unnecessary risks.

It was well on in November that Miss Walden surprised him by a request of her own. In itself it was unimportant; but as a symptom of reviving interest in the world about her it was very welcome. For many years it had been her pleasant privilege to have the minister and his wife, with a few other friends, as her Thanksgiving guests,—and Thanksgiving day was now close at hand. The other guests had varied from year to year,

but the minister and Mrs. Cobham had always come.

"Oh, have them come by all means," the doctor had assented as soon as he had recovered from the little thrill of pleasant surprise with which he had grasped her meaning. "If they're too noisy I'll just roust them out; but like as not they'll behave themselves."

"Confound it," he muttered three minutes later, as he drew the lap robe across his knees, "what ails the woman? She's as well as we are, as far as I can see. I wonder now—" He paused, with the lines slack in his gloved hand, and stared hard at the silent old house. Finding no response there, he completed his wonder to the big roan, jerking the lines a little by way of an interrogation point. "Suppose we *should* bring that niece of hers into the case, after all! How do you suppose she'd do for a tonic?" But the big horse either didn't know or wouldn't tell,—which came to pretty much the same thing.

Notwithstanding his fear from unwelcome intrusions, the doctor himself took a friend to the Anchorage on the Monday preceding Thanksgiving day. A "medicine man from Boston," he said by way of introduction, "who wanted to escape for a few hours from the awful din of the street-cars and catch a whiff or two of the pines!" What he did not explain, however, was that this rural instinct had been aroused by a rather emphatic telegram from himself.

Before Thanksgiving day all thought of formal entertainment at the Anchorage had been abandoned; but Mr. and Mrs. Cobham promised to drive over in the afternoon. While the doctor would not admit that his patient was losing ground, there could be no doubt that each day found her interest in the world about her growing less and less vital. She seemed to be without bodily pain, and without ambition. Somewhere in her nature there had been a breaking down which

was beyond the reach of drug or stimulant.

The "feel" of snow which had been in the air since dawn on Thanksgiving day became the reality by noon, and by the middle of the afternoon had developed into the first hard snow-storm of the season. Home duties and incidents of the holiday greatly delayed the minister in his setting forth, and the parsonage mare was an animal of exceeding great self-possession. So it happened that when the old couple reached the Anchorage the gloom of a stormy night was rapidly settling about it. Already the light of a single lamp shone from the windows of the parlor, now converted into a sick room. They knocked,—but the noise of the storm must have drowned the sound of the knocker. They tried the door, and found it unlocked. The snow was driving in upon them through the naked trellis of the porch, and without further ado they entered the house. Then it was that the dreariness of their journey, the gloom of the old house, and the utter absence of any sign that they were expected came upon them like the premonition of evil. A thin bar of light fell across the hall before them and revealed the door of the sick room ajar. With a gentle rap of warning, they entered.

The first thing they saw was the girl, Jennie Hapgood, rousing herself from a nap upon the lounge. She looked about her, dazed and confounded by their presence; but before they could utter a word of reassurance she had sprung to her feet with an exclamation of alarm.

"Oh! th' Missus, th' Missus!"

She stood staring at Miss Walden's bed. It was vacant, and Miss Walden herself was nowhere to be seen.

"What on earth do you mean? Don't you know where she is?"

Mr. Cobham felt his premonitions suddenly congealing into solid fact, and the hand he laid upon the girl's shoulder may have been none too gentle.

"Oh, no, no! She was there jus' now. Oh, Mr. Cob'am, she's flew away. She *must* ha' flew away."

The girl hardly realized that she had fallen asleep, but there was no time now to enlighten her bewilderment. Seizing the lamp, Mr. Cobham led the way in haste first to the dining room and then out into the kitchen beyond. The invalid was not there. He was just reëntering the parlor, when all three were startled by the sound of a dull ponderous blow somewhere just outside the house. There was a quick interchange of glances and a moment of mere bewilderment, and then Mr. Cobham and the girl were hurrying out into the storm. The minister's thought was that the sound came from the stable. Halfway there, however, the sound itself was repeated, and more loudly than before. There could be no further doubt as to its location. It came from the roof of the Anchorage, and was caused by the opening of the big trapdoor. Looking up, they saw the figure of a woman half risen above the roof, and scarcely more substantial in form and outline than the snow which swirled and eddied about her. She was peering out into the storm almost above their heads. She raised her arm, and they could see that she was waving a bit of dark fluttering cloth. Suddenly she called some one by name, but the wind swept her voice, feeble and impotent, away into the oblivion of the night.

Mr. Cobham had stayed but for the first fearful glance. Hastening back into the house, he made all speed to the foot of the little ladder that led from the attic to the old trapdoor. A single step out upon that snow-covered roof would have meant certain destruction upon the hard ground below; but the step was never taken.

Very gently the fugitive was restored to her bed, and such measures were taken as might avert the worst results of her exposure to the storm. Half an hour later the doctor was at her bedside. Holding his patient's

wrist, he listened to the minister's narrative of the events of the night, asking an occasional question, but venturing no opinion of his own. When he had administered such remedy as his skill suggested, he bade them place the shaded lamp yet nearer to the bed. For a time the sick woman had talked wildly, and, amid what seemed a mere jumble of alternate endearment and reproof, they caught frequent references to her niece. Gradually she fell into a disturbed and heavy slumber, and then there came a slow sinking of the vital forces that caused the two old people to look into the doctor's face for a knowledge they dreaded to find. For two hours the doctor sat clasping the delicate wrist, mute and motionless, save when the medicine was to be given and twice when they saw him bend above the pillow and gaze down into the pale face as if to note some impending change.

It was near midnight when, motioning Mrs. Cobham to take his place by the bed, Dr. Boyd arose, and, putting his arm about the minister, walked with him to the window. The storm was still on, but the wind had gone down. By that, and the sound of the snow on the glass, they knew the weather was growing colder.

"It is not the exposure that I fear most," said the doctor, "but that abnormal increase of physical strength. Even in health that door on the roof must have taxed her powers to the utmost. The capacities of mind and body all have their definite limitations. When these are exceeded, there follows a—penalty." He spoke so calmly that his companion felt something of that vague discomfort which on more than one occasion had made him characterize the doctor as cold blooded.

"That is not so very unusual, is it—that unexpected physical power?"

"Yes, it is unusual. I have known it but three times in twenty-three years' practice."

"There was that man over Hing-

ham way," recalled the minister. "You remember him. He got out of bed and tore the bolt from his chamber door only five or six hours before he—he—"

"Before he died!"

The doctor had been gazing out at the storm; but he turned as he completed his companion's broken sentence, and looked him squarely in the eyes. The light was dim, but Mr. Cobham saw, or thought he saw, something in his friend's face that he had never seen before.

"Don't fall superstitious," he said. "You of all men, and to-night of all times! We need the very best that is in you."

"I superstitious? Great heavens, man, haven't you seen me fighting death to the last ditch, and now—now—"

He turned abruptly and walked to the bed. Mrs. Cobham yielded her place and he resumed his long vigil. Notwithstanding the assurance of his words, there was in them a note of querulousness that struck oddly on the ears of the minister. Indeed, there was an unevenness throughout all the doctor's speech and movements that night which caused Mr. Cobham to realize, as never before, the intense strain of nerve that must come to a physician charged with the responsibility of a human life.

Jennie Hapgood had been sent to bed, and Mrs. Cobham lay down upon the lounge to sleep and yet be near at hand. Her husband fell dozing in his chair. When they awoke, the rising sun was shooting his arrows of light aslant against the dazzling armor of a frozen world. Mr. and Mrs. Cobham approached the bed together. Miss Walden had been sleeping quietly, but their footsteps must have jarred her slumber. As they stood there, the arm which rested upon the coverlet moved, and then the eyes were open. Within their clear brown depths, faint enough at first, but gaining assurance with every glance, was the light of recognition. Instinctively

then, the watchers knew that the parting of the ways had been passed and that she who journeyed had taken the road that leads back to life. The thrill of the moment was upon them, and none could speak. Suddenly Dr. Boyd arose from his chair and turned as if to leave the room. But a few steps, and he turned again, his strong features convulsed with emotion. That masterful will which had stood so much that it seemed invulnerable had given way in the moment of victory. The next instant he was kneeling by the bedside, his bronzed hands clasping the slight fingers of the woman. He had forgotten all other presence.

"Oh, Bessie, Bessie, has this been right—all these years of silent misery for you and me?"

There was an instant of mere surprise, and then over the pale face upon the pillow came the sweet, glad look of love, which all the world might read. The arm was slowly raised from the coverlet and, gently as the snow, it fell about the bowed neck. In its warm, slight touch was the eternal instinct of womanly love; and the strong man felt it, and knew.

A week later there happened a sin-

gular thing—perhaps the most singular of all. Mr. Cobham had called at the Anchorage to learn of the convalescent, and suddenly Miss Walden, propped among her pillows, held out her hand to him.

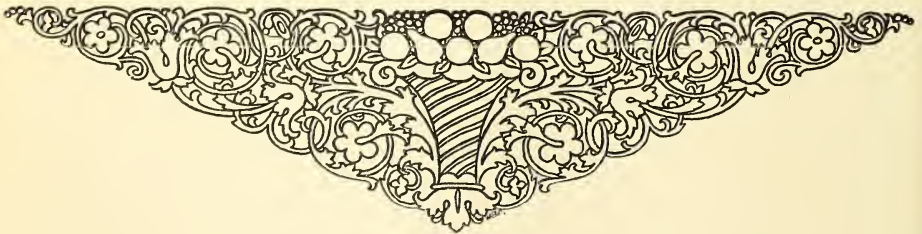
"Mr. Cobham, I have begun to ask favors, and now I want one from you."

"And what may it be?"

"I want Alice,—and you must bring her to me."

In the old man's look of gladness there must have been some measure of perplexity, for she went right on. "It is all very strange. I cannot explain it. I can only try to tell you how it has seemed to me." She paused a minute as if to shape her thoughts for speech, but she still held the old minister's hand.

"Somehow my life had become like one of those hard knots at which we tug, and pull, and worry, until all our strength and patience go, and all the time the snarl grows worse and worse. Then—if it be the will of Providence—there comes one who but touches the snarl with finger-tips, and it dissolves, and all is right. Only," she added earnestly, "it was all very real, and very hard to bear,—but now it is past."





STOCKBRIDGE.

By Edward S. Holden.

BESIDE the western sea, in serried piles
The long Sierras stretch, enthroned in snow:
Outspread 'neath genial suns, the plain below,
Radiant with harvests, decked with vineyards, smiles.
The mighty epic shaped by Milton's hand
Is like that towering range of cloud-capped peaks:
The lyric muse of Spenser, raptured, speaks
In all the valley landscape, fresh and bland.
Thou, verdant Stockbridge, art a sonnet sweet.
No epic fire informs thy woodland song
Soft murmuring from encircling hills that meet
In willowy shades the river winds among.
Thy friendly hours, like measured rhymes, we greet
Assured of staid perfection all day long.

A CASTLE.

By Clinton Scollard.

HER heart is a moated castle—
Battlement, bastion, wall;—
But never yet,—no, never yet,
Has she let the drawbridge fall.
But one shall come with a trumpet,
And hearing the sound thereof
She shall lower the bridge at the tender peal,
And welcome the leaguer—Love!



THE REDWOOD LIBRARY AT NEWPORT.

THE LIBRARIES OF RHODE ISLAND.

By Henry Robinson Palmer.

THE earliest collection of books gathered in America for a circulation wider than that of the family was the Harvard library, which was founded contemporaneously with the college. William and Mary and Yale in due season followed Harvard's example, so that shortly after the opening of the eighteenth century there were three libraries of a semi-public character on this side of the Atlantic. The middle period of the same century witnessed a new development in the establishment of subscription libraries throughout the colonies, among the first being the Redwood at Newport and the Providence. Benjamin Franklin was the originator of the subscription library, as he was of so many other excellent things. He suggested to his fellow-members of the Philadelphia Junto, a literary and social club, in 1731, that they bring together their private volumes for their common pleasure and profit. This they gladly agreed to do. The idea was simple enough, like so many

others of far-reaching value, but it had never occurred to anybody before or if it had it bore no fruit till it took seed and flourished in Franklin's fertile mind. It required his peculiar genius, at a time when books were few and costly, to utilize the materials at hand to the best advantage. The Philadelphia Library Company was formed, and from it have sprung the great company of subscription and public libraries of the United States.

America was in this regard ahead of England; for it was not until 1756 that the first English subscription library was established, at Liverpool. Before that time eight had been put into operation in the colonies, as follows: the Philadelphia library, in 1731; the Carpenters' of Philadelphia, in 1736; the Proprietors' of Pomfret, Conn., in 1737; the Friends' of Philadelphia, in 1742; the Redwood of Newport, in 1747; the Charleston, S. C., in 1748; the Kittery and York, Me., in 1751; and the Providence, in 1753. The first subscription libraries in Massachusetts and New York were

founded afterward, so that Newport and Providence possessed these literary facilities earlier than any other important towns of the North. No better proof is needed of the intellectual life of the principal Rhode Island communities in colonial days.

There is reason to believe that the Redwood library of Newport had its beginnings in the famous Philosophical Society of 1730, an organization of substantial citizens who met at each other's homes once a week to discuss literary and intellectual topics. In colonial times Newport was a head centre of American culture. Its "best" people maintained a delightful society, imported the finest books of the day from London, kept in close touch with English thought, entertained distinguished visitors from the old country, including many courtly and accomplished naval officers, and

their neighbors of New York and Boston, with whom they were engaged in a sharp commercial rivalry. There are few pleasanter pictures of the pre-Revolutionary period than that which shows us Newport, the "garden of America."

The Philosophical Society was established for the promotion of "Knowledge and Virtue, by a free conversation according to several regulations." Its members met every Monday evening, to debate "some useful question in Divinity, Morality, Philosophy, History, &c.," and every one was required to give freely and in order his opinion of the subject under review. The proceedings of the society were secret, and perpetual exclusion awaited the member who should divulge them. The list of subscribers to the rigid rules of the organization included Daniel Updike, attorney-general of the colony; Peter Bours, "a gentleman of distinguished abilities"; Judge Edward Scott, head master of the first classical school in Rhode Island; John Brett, who had studied medicine at Leyden; James Honyman, Jr., an eminent lawyer; the Rev. James Searing of the Congregational church, President Stiles's predecessor in the pastorate; Thomas Ward, who for fourteen years was secretary of the

colony; Josiah Lyndon, afterward governor; the Rev. John Callendar, a graduate of Harvard; Joseph Jacob, well-to-do and intellectual, the first person in Rhode Island to own a thermometer, "the oracle of the atmosphere and of timepieces,—for every one had recourse to him as the prime



THE PROVIDENCE ATHENÆUM.

prided themselves that even the great and good who ventured across the water would not find an intellectual wilderness at the entrance to Narragansett Bay. Their merchant ships brought them tidings from the farthest countries of the south and east, and they were as little provincial as

regulator, and when passing along to meeting with his uniform step, people in his way consulted their clocks and watches without speaking to him"; Judge William Ellery, father of the signer of the Declaration of Independence; John Checkley, Jr., and the Rev. Jeremy Condy, two other graduates of Harvard; Stephen Hopkins, afterward governor, first chancellor of Brown and signer of the Declaration; and Henry Collins, who

and nearly five thousand pounds were collected for the erection of the structure. The Company of the Redwood Library was chartered by the colony "for the propagating virtue, knowledge and useful learning." The General Assembly, in granting the charter, declared that it highly approved "so noble and generous design" and was "willing and desirous to give all the assistance and encouragement which it justly merits." The

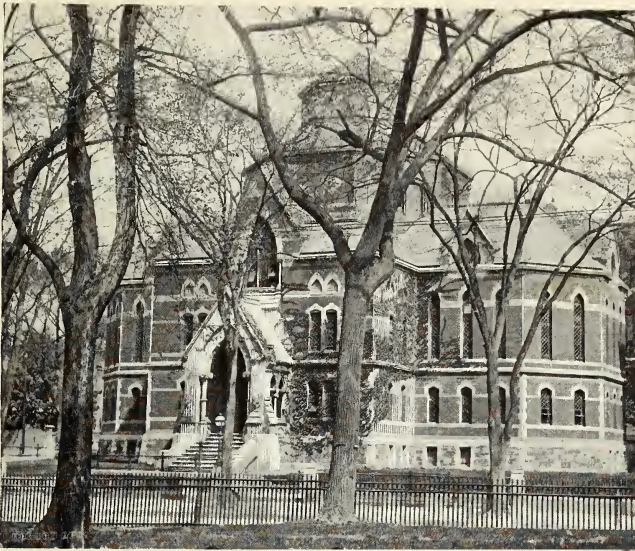


INTERIOR OF THE PROVIDENCE ATHENÆUM.

had been educated in England and has been called the "Lorenzo de Medici of Rhode Island," because of his taste for literature and the arts.

In the year 1747, Abraham Redwood of Newport offered to give five hundred pounds sterling for the purchase of books for a public library, being led to make this benefaction, it is believed, by the inspiring existence of the Philosophical Society in the town. Henry Collins contributed a convenient lot for the library building,

work of designing the library building was put into the hands of Peter Harrison, who is thought to have been a pupil of Sir John Vanbrugh, the English architect, and his assistant in the erection of Blenheim castle. Mr. Harrison designed the library with a careful regard for classical proportions, and the result was a notable building of the Doric order, severely handsome, with undecorated pediment and four plain columns curved in perfect entasis. The basement was

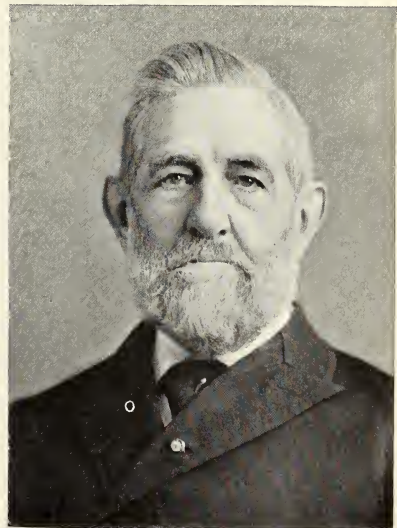


THE BROWN UNIVERSITY LIBRARY.

made of Connecticut brownstone, the rest of wood. In 1858 the building was enlarged from the plans of George Snell of Boston, who added a large room on the east, now used as a reading room, and, carefully removing what had been the east or rear end of the original structure, set it up again as the south end of the addition and provided a similar design for the north. This gave the building at either end of the addition a pediment like the west or front end, with a wall broken by three arched windows, adorned with columns, imposts and transoms in Roman Ionic. Seventeen years later, in 1875, the building was further enlarged from the design and under the care of George Champlin Mason of Newport, who erected a large cruciform addition, a domed room in the centre, with wings north and south, the north front of Berea stone, and the remainder of brick. Subsequently the Alexander Mercer King memorial gallery was added to the building and a valuable collection of works of art placed in it.

The Redwood library had a prosperous career up to the breaking out of the Revolution. For eighteen years it enjoyed the services of Dr. Stiles, afterward president of Yale Col-

lege, as librarian, his call to the Congregational pastorate in Newport having been accepted in part because of the opportunity for study that the library promised to afford. Within its walls he perfected himself in the Hebrew language and pored over Homer, as a copy of the *Iliad*, profusely annotated by his hand in Greek, still bears witness. He solicited new works for the library in Europe and added to its value and usefulness. Nor was this his only task, outside his pastoral work. He helped to establish an ecclesiastical library at the Congregational church, which is still in existence and numbers several hundred volumes, among them a perfect copy of Eliot's *Indian Bible* and rare editions of the old ecclesiastical publications of New England. Dr. Stiles himself has left recorded, on the fly



REUBEN A. GUILD.



THE PROVIDENCE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

leaf of one of these books, an account of the manner in which the library was gathered. He tells us that the seventy or eighty ministers who came to New England at the period of its first settlement were graduates of Oxford and Cambridge Universities, and the most eminent of Emanuel College. They understood Hebrew, Greek and Latin, had good libraries in these languages and read freely in the original. According to tradition, Mr. Eliot brought no less than twenty-three barrels of books out of England. "One of his sons," says Dr. Stiles, "settled in the ministry at Guilford in Connecticut, and became the father of the celebrated Rev. Jared Eliot of Killingworth in Connecticut, with whom I was intimately acquainted. . . . His library consisted chiefly of old books, perhaps four thousand volumes, being a branch of the library of Mr. Eliot of Roxbury. In 1764 I selected about

twenty volumes, which the heirs generously presented me, which gives a specimen of another of these ancient libraries; out of which I selected twelve volumes, which I hereby give to the Ecclesiastical Library in Newport, Rhode Island, founded by Rev. Samuel West of Dartmouth and myself, A. D. 1743."

To the influence of Bishop Berkeley also, the Newport of ante-Revolutionary times owed a large debt, though he lived there only two years and at a period considerably before the establishment of the Redwood library. The literary atmosphere he helped to create made the work of the Philosophical Society and of the library easier, and his scheme for a college, though not directly realized in the founding of Brown University, must have paved the way for the favorable reception of the plan for the establishment of that institution. It was at Newport that the first meet-

ings of its promoters were held, and before it was finally fixed in Providence the people of the town at the entrance to the bay made a determined effort to secure it for themselves.

The Revolution wrought more damage to Newport than to almost any other American town. A legislative investigation after the war put the injury to property at more than six hundred thousand dollars; and whereas the population in 1774 had been 9,209, it had dwindled in 1776 to 5,299, and in 1782 to 5,532. The fine old society of the place was broken up and dispersed. British soldiers occupied the comfortable houses with handsome doorways and tiny-paned windows, and passed the long winter evenings with books from the Redwood library. That institu-

tion was in a sorry plight. It had been ravaged by the elements and by the garrison. Many of the volumes taken from its shelves had not been brought back, and the close of hostilities found it dilapidated and forlorn. Even the key was lost, and it was not until 1790 that its condition was formally brought to the notice of the public.

The history of the library during the next few years is one of gradual recovery from the injury inflicted by the Revolution. The people of Newport were not as prosperous as they had been before the separation from England, and it re-

quired long and persistent effort to

obtain money enough to reorganize the library, replace its lost books, and put the building into good condition. On several occasions a new issue of stock was made, and this device, together with gifts and legacies, has provided, during the century now closing, for the several additions and improvements to the structure already mentioned. The library is now in a prosperous state, with its 1,500 books of Dr. Stiles's time increased to 46,215.



THE CHIMNEY OF THE BOILER HOUSE.



STAIRWAY AND CORRIDOR, PROVIDENCE LIBRARY.



THE TRUSTEES' ROOM, PROVIDENCE LIBRARY.

It is still a subscription library, but has a large patronage and influence. At the present time it has issued 593 original shares, of a par value of \$25, bearing an annual tax of \$5. It has also issued 77 special or preferred shares, with a par value of \$100. These are non-taxable. Under the constitution the limit of original shares is 600; of special shares 100. The circulation last year was 16,557 volumes. The work of the Redwood is supplemented in Newport by the Newport Public Library, an institution having as yet no separate home of its own, but possessing a collection of 31,000 volumes. The librarian of the Redwood is Richard Bliss, and of the Newport Public Library, David Stevens.

The beginnings of the public library movement in

Providence were only a little later than those at Newport. Providence, in the ante-Revolutionary period, if it was a community of less pronounced culture than its sister capital, was still a town where a respectable amount of attention was given to literature and the arts. Roger Williams, its founder, was a graduate of Cambridge, and some of his colleagues and many of his successors were learned men.

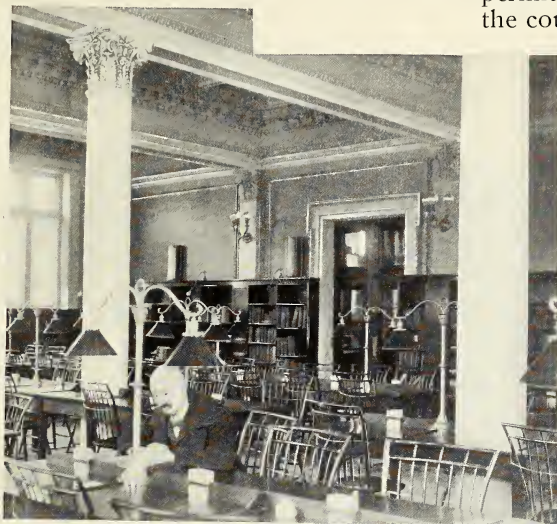
It was much smaller than Newport. This is now difficult to realize, for Providence has grown to be a city of nearly or quite 170,000 people, while Newport has not yet reached the 25,000 mark. If the Revolutionary War had not occurred, Newport might have come to be what it dreamed of becoming—the metropolis of the new world. No American port has a finer harbor. The climate is mild and equable. There are few more beautiful sheets of water in the



THE DELIVERY ROOM.

United States and few more suitable for the purposes of trade and commerce than Narragansett Bay. But Newport has never recovered from the blow she received in 1776. Instead of expanding to metropolitan proportions, she has had to content herself with being the most famous of American watering places. Most

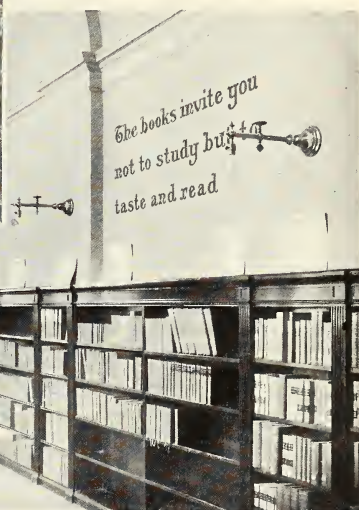
met. On the night before Christmas, 1758, the building was destroyed by fire, and all the library perished, except about seventy volumes, which were in the hands of the proprietors. Four years later, by great exertions, the institution was re-established with new books imported from London. In 1764 the General Assembly permitted the books to be placed in the council chamber in the new courthouse, "when the expense of finishing the east end of that elegant room was paid by the Library Company for the privilege of keeping the books in this place." A charter of incorporation was granted to the company by the Gen-



READING ROOM AND
STANDARD LIBRARY
ROOM, PROVIDENCE
LIBRARY.

towns would be satisfied with that.

But when the census-taker made his rounds in Newport in the year 1748, he found 6,508 people there, while in Providence only 3,452 were counted. In 1774 the figures were: Newport, 9,209; Providence, 4,321; and it was not until 1800 that Providence forged ahead. In the little community of less than 4,000 people, we find the Providence Library Company organized in 1753. It found its first home in the building used as a town house, in which the courts and the General Assembly of the colony



eral Assembly in October, 1798, and in 1816 "a very respectable literary establishment which had been purchased by a number of gentlemen" was added to the library. The books were removed to the quarters of this "literary establishment." As early as 1768 when the library had had only ten years in which to recover from the fire that left it with seventy volumes, it numbered 911 books, of which comparatively few were fiction. The

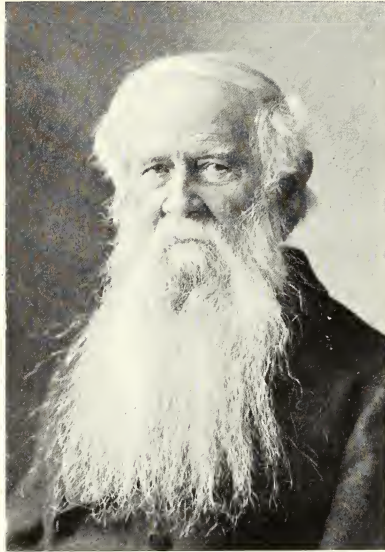
grade of these works was substantial, and it is considered creditable that at a time when the population of the place was only 3,869 it should have had a collection of nearly a thousand well selected volumes available for the use of the community.

In the year 1831 the Providence Athenæum was incorporated, with Tristram Burges, the famous Congressional orator, as its first president. This organization proceeded on separate lines for a time, but on the twenty-fifth of January, 1836, the following notice appeared in the *Providence Journal*, showing that the situation, with two rival libraries in town, was not satisfactory:

"It having been found by experience that two public Library Companies cannot be prosperously sustained in this city, the proprietors of the Providence Library and Providence Athenæum have therefore unanimously voted to dispose of the books of their respective institutions, for the purpose of combining together, and with such others of the citizens of Rhode Island as may be favorably disposed, to concentrate their exertions and form an enlarged Institution, which may be more extensively useful and creditable to our citizens."

The books of the Providence Library, numbering 1,680, were purchased for a thousand dollars. These, added to the Athenæum collection, made a total of 4,080, with which the combined institutions began their new existence. The population of Providence at this time was 20,000, and the number of shareholders of

the new Athenæum—for that name was retained—was 293. The old Athenæum had been housed in rooms 42 and 44 on the west side of the second story of the Arcade, the latter of these apartments being used for the library and the other and smaller as a reading room. In March, 1836, the directors of the new Athenæum received an offer from Nicholas Brown, the benefactor of Brown University, and Moses B. Ives and Robert H. Ives, in behalf of the estate of T. P. Ives, to deed to the institution a lot of land opposite the town house, on



HENRY BARNARD.

the corner of Benefit and College streets, "for the site of an edifice to be erected of stone or brick for the suitable accommodation of the Athenæum, Historical and Franklin Societies, the lot and building to be owned by the Athenæum, and the other societies to be accommodated therein upon terms to be agreed upon." For the erection of the building they offered \$6,000, conditional on the raising of \$10,000 more

for the same purpose, and \$4,000 for the purchase of books, provided an equal sum were secured to that end. The conditions were promptly met, and in 1838 the Athenæum found itself the possessor of a convenient granite building in the best residential portion of the town, the total value of which, together with the land, was about \$20,000. The amount obtained by subscription was \$15,604.50, and was given by 188 individual persons and eight firms.

There are now 735 shareholders of the Athenæum. The number of its books is 61,897; the average daily cir-



From the Architect's Drawing.

THE NEW PAWTUCKET LIBRARY.

circulation for the year ending last September was 172, and the total for the year was 53,327. It may be of interest to note the proportion of fiction and other classes of literature in this circulation. The number of volumes of English prose fiction taken out was 32,856; juveniles, 3,109; history and biography, 4,488; literature, foreign fiction and philology, 3,782; voyages and travels, 2,304; fine arts 1,398; science, law and the useful arts, 1,052; religion, philosophy and social science, 2,374; periodicals, 1,964. The library adds from 1,200 to 1,500 volumes a year to its list and is a regular subscriber to nearly 250 periodicals, among them the best European journals and magazines. Its main

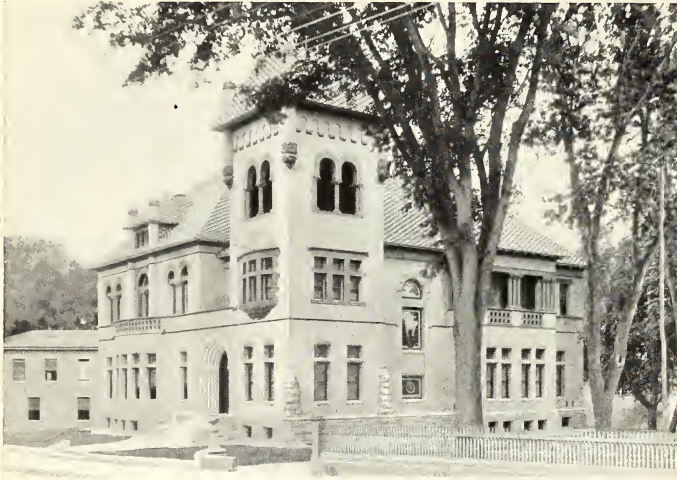
apartment is airy and cheerful, with every book accessible to the subscriber. The basic idea of the Athenæum is to provide all the advantages of a home library at little cost; and any one who has participated in its privileges will testify to its success in realizing this ideal. In a public library book-users must be kept out of the stack-house. Here there are more than 61,000 volumes close within reach of every person who is a subscriber to the institution.

The Athenæum owns many rare and valuable books, and in addition to these a small but important collection of paintings, which are hung in the William Giles Goddard memorial room at the west end of the building.

This room, the gift of Mrs. Thomas P. Shepard, in memory of her father, was made over a few years ago from a storeroom in the attic. Within its attractive walls are now gathered many volumes on art and several valuable paintings, chief among them the celebrated miniature painted by Edward G. Malbone in 1801 in London, entitled "The Hours." Malbone was a native of Newport and has never been excelled as a miniaturist by any American. He painted "The Hours" during a visit made to London for professional study, and it was there



ROGERS FREE LIBRARY, BRISTOL.



WESTERLY LIBRARY.

that Sir Benjamin West saw and praised it. "I have seen a picture painted by a young man by the name of Malbone," wrote the president of the Royal Academy to Mr. Monroe, afterward President of the United States, "which no man in England could excel." "The Hours" was purchased by subscription in Providence for the Athenæum, in 1854, the price being \$1200. It is an exquisite painting on ivory, an oval six inches in length, with representations of three female figures, "Eunomia, Dice, and Irene,—the Past, the Present and the Coming Hour." Its present worth can only be estimated, but has been put at several thousand dollars, and the statement is made that it is the most valuable miniature in the United States. In 1881, together with three portraits, it was stolen from the Athenæum. A reward of \$200 was offered for its

return, and it was finally discovered in New York and sent back to Providence. Other pictures of interest in the Goddard memorial room are Vandyke's "A Cavalier of the Time of Charles I," Sir Joshua Reynolds's "A Girl Reading," and a portrait of Miss Sarah Helen Whitman of Providence, at one time the affianced

bride of Edgar Allan Poe.

The president of the Athenæum is Alfred Stone of the firm of Stone, Carpenter and Willson, architects, and the librarian is Joseph Leroy Harrison, whose skill in his chosen profession is indicated by his appointment as director of the exhibit of the American Library Association at the Paris Exposition. Mr. Harrison has a staff of five assistants and the officers and standing committees of the library comprise some of the best known citizens of Providence. There is no



READING ROOM IN THE WESTERLY LIBRARY.

more cheerful library building in the state than this dignified granite structure erected over sixty years ago, and the literary atmosphere throughout it is most congenial to the lover of books.

The library of Brown University dates back to the earliest years of the college. It was first quartered in University Hall, the oldest building on the campus, and afterward moved to Manning Hall, which was erected by Nicholas Brown in part for its use. The present library building, erected through the munificence of the late John Carter Brown, was completed in 1878, and is an ideal library structure. It is of brick, octagonal, and of Venetian Gothic architecture. It has many attractive alcoves leading from the main rotunda, with tables at which books may be freely consulted. There is no red tape attached to the



NARRAGANSETT LIBRARY, PEACE DALE.

use of the library, and all volumes are accessible to the student. The name of Dr. Reuben A. Guild is most intimately associated with its growth, for he was connected with it as librarian and librarian emeritus for half a century. Under his fostering care it developed from a collection of comparatively few books into one of the largest and best in New England. His successor as librarian is Dr. Harry Lyman Koopman, who has broadened the scope of the library and increased its usefulness. The number of books on its shelves is about 105,000. This large total includes several special collections,

among them the Harris library of American poetry, the finest of its kind in existence. The funds of the institution have been largely increased in recent years, and many important additions have been made to its facilities, though some departments have outstripped others on account of the limitations imposed by benefactors.

It would be impossible in the limits of a brief article to trace the history of the several smaller libraries in Providence. Fifty years ago there were in that city the Brown University library, with 23,000 volumes; the Philermenian and United Brothers' (owned by the literary societies of the

college) with 3,600 each; the Athenæum with 15,204; the Mechanics' Association's, with 3,300; the Historical Society's, with 2,500; the Friends' School's, with 1,500; and the Franklin Society's, with 500. There were also

public libraries with 19,637 volumes scattered throughout the state, largely the result of the exertions of Dr. Henry Barnard, "the enlightened and energetic commissioner of public schools," as Professor Charles C. Jewett, the librarian of the Smithsonian Institution, calls him in a survey of the libraries of the United States printed at Washington in 1851. Most of the libraries in Providence were open only to those who paid for the privilege of using them, being the outgrowth of the several early movements that led to the establishment of subscription, association and mechanics' libraries throughout the

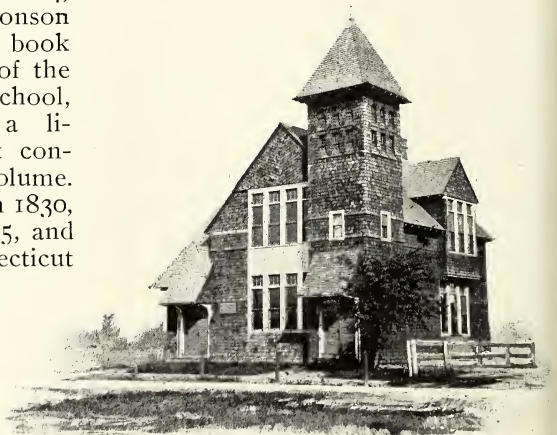


BARRINGTON LIBRARY.

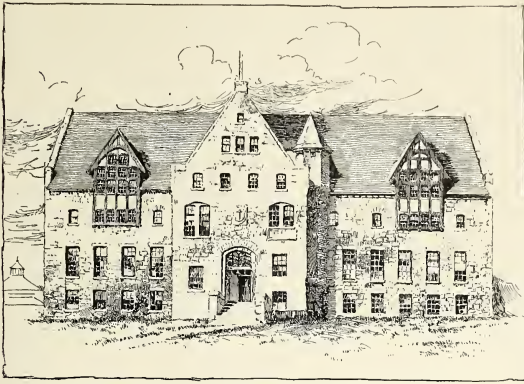
United States. The libraries in the smaller towns, on the contrary, were free to the public. These for the most part were established through the efforts of Dr. Barnard, who was commissioner of public schools in Rhode Island from 1843 to 1846. Dr. Barnard was born on the twenty-fourth of January, 1811, and is therefore now in his ninetieth year. The writer of this article had the pleasure of calling on him at his home in Hartford a few weeks ago, and found him in excellent health, with hearing and sight unimpaired. The photograph accompanying this paper had been taken only a few days previous. Dr. Barnard says that his interest in educational questions began in 1824, when he was a student at Monson Academy. He gave the first book he ever owned to the library of the Linophilian Society of that school, and he has never joined a library since that time without contributing to it at least one volume. He graduated at Yale College in 1830, was admitted to the bar in 1835, and sat as a member of the Connecticut legislature from 1837 to 1840. While a member of that body he evinced an interest in the reform of prisons, insane asylums and the common schools, and, as secretary of the board of school commissioners of Connecticut, school commis-

sioner of Rhode Island and superintendent of the Connecticut schools successively, reformed the public school system, introduced schoolhouses of improved design, established high schools and teachers' institutes, and stimulated popular sentiment to greater interest in educational matters. "In Rhode Island where the right of taxation for school purposes had been denied for two hundred years,"

says one biographer, "he revolutionized public opinion so completely that a system of public instruction as complete as in any of the original New England states was adopted by the vote of two-thirds of the taxpayers in each town." Dr. Barnard was afterward president of the University of Wisconsin at Madison, and St. John's College at Annapolis, and United States Commissioner of Education. In 1886 he published "The American Library of Schools and Education," fifty-two volumes of his writings, containing over eight hundred individual treatises, each of which has also been published separately. This bare outline will suffice to show the extent and



LAKEWOOD LIBRARY.

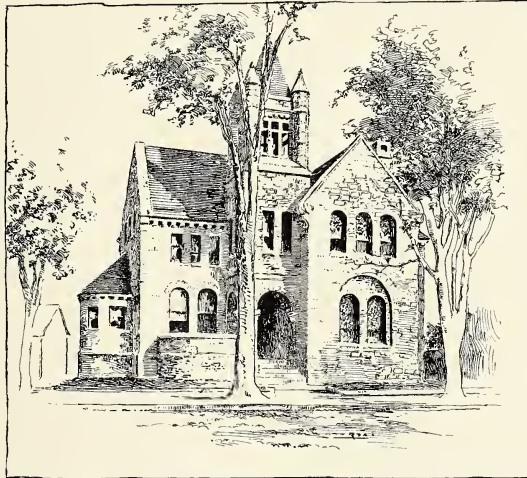


LIPPITT HALL, RHODE ISLAND COLLEGE.

value of the services rendered to the public during his active life by the man who did so much, during the six years of his residence in Rhode Island, to arouse and foster the intellectual life of that state.

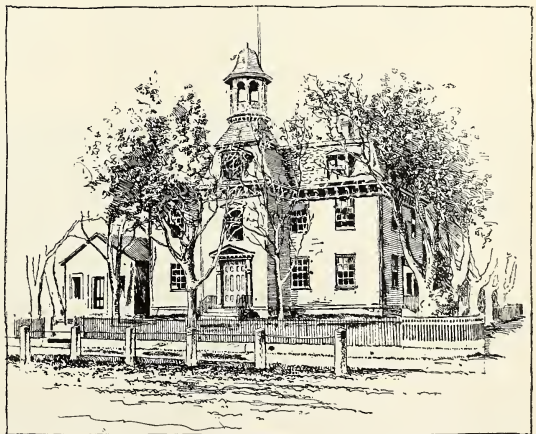
The establishment of a large number of public libraries in Rhode Island and Connecticut will be remembered as one of the most useful achievements of his long career. Dr. Barnard had the faculty of enlisting other men in his work and of utilizing their assistance to the best advantage. The Lonsdale Company provided him with \$550 for a library at Lonsdale; Messrs. Slater, Lockwood and Carter gave \$500 for another at Slatersville; Miss Sarah Gibbs of Portsmouth gave \$100 toward the establishment of a third at that place; and libraries were opened in Pas-

coag, Glocester, Foster, Cranston, Hopkinton, Richmond, Charlestown, Exeter, Little Compton, New Shoreham, Jamestown and Barrington, mainly through the benefaction of Amasa Manton, Esq., of Providence. Mr. Manton contributed \$1,000 and Dr. Barnard raised double that amount in the several towns. Ten libraries were thus established, with five thousand volumes carefully selected by the school commissioner. Fifty years ago there



THE KINGSTON LIBRARY.

were thus between thirty and forty free libraries in Rhode Island, outside of Providence and Newport. Some of them are dead or dormant to-day; others remain as a memorial to the intelligent enthusiasm of Dr. Barnard, and a blessing to the com-



GEORGE HAIL LIBRARY, WARREN.



OLNEYVILLE LIBRARY.

munities in which they were rooted so long ago.

The Providence Public Library was founded in 1871, when an act of incorporation was passed by the legislature, enabling it "to erect and maintain a building suitable for and to provide the same with a free library, art gallery, museum of natural history and collections and apparatus of the various departments of literature, art, agriculture and science." The original design was for several organizations to join in the erection of the building, but this plan was afterward changed. The first large gift for the library came from Joseph A. Barker, who contributed ten thousand dollars provisionally. Alexander Duncan and Mrs. Duncan added a like sum; and twenty thousand dollars more

was given by William S. Slater and Mrs. Anna Richmond in equal amounts. Mr. Slater was elected the first president of the library, and Frank E. Richmond secretary. The Association of Mechanics and Manufacturers added a fourth ten thousand dollars in money and books; and a fifth was received by the will of Joseph R. Brown. There were several smaller gifts of money, but not enough to enable the library association to proceed at once with building plans. A room seventy by forty feet on the second floor of the Butler Exchange was rented, and on the fourth of February, 1878, was opened for the registration of applicants. Five days later 2,658 books had been issued, proof enough of the filling of a "long felt want." The work from the beginning has been in the hands of Mr. William E. Foster, the present librarian. The institution started with 10,307 volumes and funds of about \$70,000, exclusive of the amount required to establish it. At the expiration of its two years' lease in the Butler Exchange, it was moved to first-story quarters on Snow Street, where it remained until March of the present year, excessively cramped during the latter part of its occupancy. As it is not a municipal enterprise, it has had to depend for its maintenance chiefly on private benefactions. Among the larger contributors to its funds have been Moses B. Lockwood, whose will provided \$32,021 in 1882, and Henry L. Kendall, who up to the present



IN THE OLNEYVILLE LIBRARY.

time is its largest benefactor. Under his will \$275,000 was received in 1889, and a recent settlement of property belonging to him has added \$40,000 more. In 1893 \$99,356 was realized from the bequest of John Wilson Smith. In 1899 \$10,000 followed from the estate of Brayton B. Knight, and during the entire history of the library many smaller but welcome gifts have been received. Alfred M. Williams, formerly editor of the *Providence Journal*, bequeathed a valuable folk-lore collection a few years ago, and his residuary estate, the latter to become the property of the library upon the death of a legatee. The city of Providence appropriates \$10,000 annually for the support of the institution, but as the library in its new home will require an annual income of \$40,000, it is hoped that the generosity of the city may be materially increased. Worcester gives its public library \$33,000 a year, Springfield's contribution is \$28,000, Cambridge gives \$20,000, Bridgeport and New Haven expend \$14,000 each, and New Bedford's benefaction is more than that of Providence. None of these cities is as large as Providence; and the friends of the Providence Public Library think the City Council might expand its field and its usefulness.

A site for the new building was finally purchased, at the corner of Washington and Greene streets, for \$58,000. The funds of the library were not sufficient to erect as complete a structure as was desired, and it was determined to build a commodious stack-house of fireproof materials and erect in front of it a temporary wooden building. It was with heartburnings that this decision was reached; but there seemed no escape from so unsatisfactory a solution of the problem. Early in 1897, however, while the stack-house was in process of construction, a letter was received by the trustees from Mr. John Nicholas Brown of Providence, at

that time in Cannes, France. He offered to give \$200,000 to enable the trustees to erect the entire building at once, specifying only that the money should be used for this purpose alone. The various accessories were to be provided for by other means; but by later gifts Mr. Brown himself assisted in obtaining these, his aggregate contribution rising to \$268,595.75. To say that his aid was timely is putting the situation in a mild way. By his munificence the trustees were able to proceed unhampered with their original design for a finished library building, and the result to-day is gratifying to all concerned. The completed structure represents, together with the site, fittings and furnishings, an expenditure of \$475,000 without interest. Mr. Brown, the benefactor of the library, outlived less than two months the opening of the building. He died, in his thirty-ninth year, at New York, May 1, 1900. He was a grandson of Nicholas Brown and entered Brown University in 1881. Ill health compelled him to relinquish his studies before graduation, but the college afterward conferred upon him the degree of Master of Arts. He was a fine type of the cultured man of means, who does not forget the obligations that wealth imposes. The death of no young man of Rhode Island birth or ancestry could occasion greater regret.

The building is of light Roman brick and Bedford limestone, with Westerly granite foundation. The architecture is that of the Italian Renaissance, and the effect from every point of view is pleasing. The front entrance has an imposing stairway and terrace, with elaborate metal lanterns above, and the hallway is rendered handsome with marble and scagliola pillars and walls. A fine effect is gained with a winding staircase to the second floor and another at the top of the stairway, where a long corridor with ornamented pillars and arches stretches before the view. The delivery

room, with desks for registration and information, opens directly from the hallway on the first floor. Here also is the card catalogue, the delivery desk and mahogany seats for applicants for books. The delivery desk is immediately in front of the stack-house, which adjoins the main library building at the rear and forms with it a perfect T. The stack is seven stories high and has accommodations for 165,000 volumes. In the entire building there are accommodations for

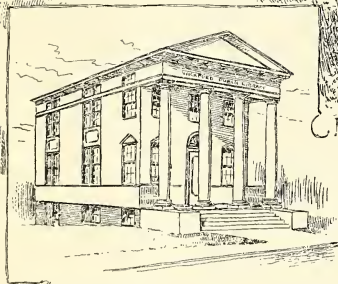
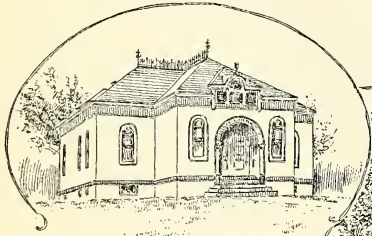
ing are in excellent taste. The wood-work of this room, as largely of the others, is mahogany. The apartment opposite the periodical room is the reference room, occupying the southwest corner of the first floor. Here there is as elsewhere much old ivory ornamentation, with a color scheme of delicate olive green. There are many reference books on the shelves along the walls, access to which is unhampered. At the mahogany tables, each with its shaded electric light, are accommodations for ninety persons. Connected with this room is a geographical room, with cabinets

for the storing of maps and a large table on which they may be spread. Abundant shelf room is provided also for volumes on geographical subjects.

On the second floor, one of the most interesting

apartments is the one directly over the periodical room. It is designed for the use of organizations of a public or semi-public character whose aims are consistent with the purposes for which the library building has been erected. Here women's clubs, literary societies and similar organizations may meet without cost, provided the librarian is notified in advance. The room is not as ornate as some of the others, but is attractive in old rose shades.

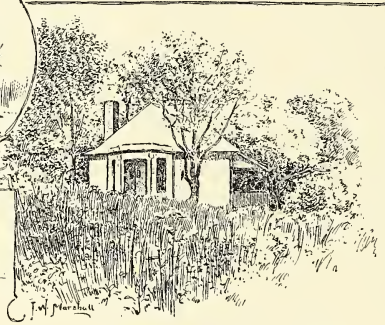
Adjoining the lecture room is the standard library, a place for bookish people. A legend on the wall admonishes the visitor that the books in this room are to be tasted and read rather than studied. Somewhat less than a thousand volumes are on the shelves; but they are the world's best literature. Here may be found the



PORTSMOUTH PUBLIC LIBRARY.
WICKFORD PUBLIC LIBRARY.

215,000 volumes, and as the number now owned by the library is under 90,000 it will be some time before the shelves are overcrowded. When that time comes room will be found on either side of the stack-house for the erection of another.

On the right of the entrance, on the main floor, is a large and well lighted apartment for periodicals. The latest numbers of many magazines are ranged on an ingenious stand near the centre of the room, and on the shelves are hundreds of bound volumes. There are many mahogany tables and chairs scattered about, and the decorations of the walls and ceil-



ROBERT BEVERLY HALE
LIBRARY, MATUNUCK.

masters of Spanish, French, Italian, German and English fiction, the Greek and Roman classics, the great historians and poets. The collection is not complete. Individual taste may quarrel with some of the omissions; but there never was and there never can be a general agreement as to what books ought to be chosen to compose a "standard" library. Mr. Foster has gathered here a fine collection of famous works, and the comfortable seats of leather and mahogany about the room invite the chance visitor to lounge awhile and dip into the literary treasures ranged before him. No red tape is permitted in this department. Every one is free to approach the shelves and select what books he chooses. None can be taken from the room; the idea is to encourage people to come here and read as they would in their own homes. There can be little doubt that this branch of the library will bring forth fine fruit in the cultivation of a better public taste. The man or woman who is uncertain as to the best books for the individual library will here get a hint of the volumes that are indispensable to the cultured person.

No apartment in the building is more interesting than the children's library, where four thousand books appropriate to youth are gathered in a sunny southern room. There are duplicates of every volume, and in some instances as many as twenty books with the same title. Any public school-teacher who wishes to instruct a class in a given subject and to have all the members read simultaneously some work connected with it can here obtain volumes enough to supply the entire class. Connected with the main room is a smaller one, where a teacher may bring a class for special study. Here is a large table for atlases or other books, and when the door into the larger apartment is closed the class is as completely isolated as if it were in its own schoolroom. On the walls of this classroom are photographs of

standard works of art, which the library issues, two at a time for a fortnight, to ill or indigent persons. In this way as in so many others the institution aims to be a people's university. Its handsome rooms are for use as well as for show, and everything possible will be done to encourage the use of them by every class in the community.

Another important room on the second floor is that devoted to the Barnard Club, an organization of school-teachers and others interested in educational matters. It derives its name from Dr. Henry Barnard, the educational pioneer of the forties. On the tables of this room are educational publications and on its shelves books having to do with kindred topics. On the third floor are several special libraries. A large portion of the space is devoted to an industrial library, where the inventor or student will find facilities for copying drawings by hand, photographing them and developing the photographs. The library of art, music and literature occupies a large room, and upon its shelves may be found several special collections like that of Caleb Fiske Harris on slavery. Mr. Harris gathered also the valuable collection of American poetry that was given to Brown University by United States Senator Henry B. Anthony of the class of '29.

The library specialist would find in a study of this building many points of interest that cannot be enumerated here. Not the least complete feature is the boiler house with its ornamental chimney rising high above the main structure, but adding to its appearance instead of detracting from it. The lover of the beautiful will be pleased with the handsome room for the trustees, the most impressive, though one of the smallest, in the building. Everywhere the visitor will find surprising facilities, most of them evolved from the long experience of Mr. Foster, to whose untiring and intelligent labors the Providence

Public Library is an enduring monument. The president of the institution at the present time is the Hon. Thomas Durfee, ex-chief justice of the Rhode Island Supreme Court. The secretary is Edward I. Nickerson, and the treasurer Samuel H. Tingley. The library building was designed by the Providence firm of Stone, Carpenter and Willson.

Among the private libraries of Providence two may be mentioned, the first that collected by Mr. Marsden J. Perry, who has made a specialty of Shakespearian literature. He has gathered a host of valuable sixteenth and seventeenth century books having to do with the works of the great playwright, including many rare editions of the works themselves. Mr. Perry's library is the second greatest of its kind in the world, being excelled, if at all, by that of the British Museum alone.

Within a short distance of this fine private library is that of John Nicholas Brown, whose aim has been to gather only volumes and manuscripts pertaining to American history. Mr. Brown's untimely death a few weeks ago has already been chronicled. In an address delivered before the Massachusetts Library Club at Providence on the fifth of April, Mr. George Parker Winship, the librarian, said: "When the Massachusetts Library Club again visits Providence, I shall hope for the pleasure of entertaining the members in a building, the plans for which are now nearly completed, in which the John Carter Brown library is to be established, for the use of students of American history. For two generations this library has been widely known as a notable collection of Americana, but the spirit which has built it up is older. The earliest auction sale at which purchases were made for Mr. Brown's library was held in the year 1741. It was nearly a hundred years later, however, before Mr. John Carter Brown, the father of the present

owner, began systematically to buy books printed in America or about American history before 1800. This is still the definition of the library. It is primarily a library which, it is hoped, may prove useful to students of the history of the two Americas."

One cannot read the barest record of the libraries of Providence and not be impressed with the important part the name of Brown has had in their history. It is an unusual honor for a family to have given its name to a university and provided more liberally than any other for the libraries of a community.

Outside of Providence there are many public libraries of more than passing interest. Chief among them in the number of its books is the People's Library of Newport, founded by Christopher Townsend in 1868-69. This library was opened on the first of May, 1870, and, having been liberally endowed by the founder, has never received funds from any other source. It is the only free public library in the state that does not avail itself of the statute of 1875 providing assistance from the public treasury. There are 31,000 volumes on its shelves, and its income is about \$4,000 a year. For the last thirteen years, in spite of the existence of the Redwood library, near by, with the prestige of long tradition and usefulness, it has circulated every twelve months, on the average, 36,000 books.

Next on the numerical list comes the Pawtucket Free Library, which is soon to move into a new home of its own. The new building is of the whitest Maine granite and will cost when complete not less than \$150,000. It is the gift of the Hon. Frederick Clark Sayles, the first mayor of Pawtucket, and is designed as a memorial to his wife, Deborah Cooke Sayles. The corner stone was laid on the eighteenth of last November, and the exterior of the structure is now almost complete. It shows an imposing front with a handsome central entrance. The architecture is Hellenic

Greek, the architects being Messrs. Cram, Goodhue and Ferguson of Boston. The length is approximately one hundred and fifty feet, and the distance from the front to the rear of the stack-house is about the same. The Pawtucket Free Library was established in 1876 with 5,000 books. It now has 18,415, a collection that owes its value largely to the intelligent oversight of the librarian, Mrs. Sanders, who has been in her present office since the founding of the institution. This is said to have been the first public library to permit free access to its books. The system was once condemned as a dangerous innovation, but at the last convention of the American Library Association at Atlanta it was unanimously endorsed within certain limitations. "Almost no one, apparently," says the *Library Journal*, "is left in America to oppose free access to shelves, the only question being the limitations within which that is possible." Mr. Frank F. Tingley of Providence has been in charge of the work of constructing the new Pawtucket library.

The largest library in the state, in point of books, is that of Brown University, with approximately 105,000. Next come in order the Providence Public Library, the Athenæum and the other institutions already mentioned. Following them are the Harris Institute at Woonsocket (15,000 volumes), the Rogers Free Library at Bristol (13,127), and the Westerly Public Library (11,948). All three of these enjoy an income of their own, the former two from the families whose names they bear, and the third from the estate of the late Stephen Wilcox, a native of Westerly, who was the chief contributor to the handsome memorial building in which the library is housed, and whose widow has generously carried out the plans he did not live long enough to see completed. The Pawcatuck Library of Westerly was established December 8,

1847, largely through the efforts of Dr. Barnard, who selected its first purchase of books. Eleven hundred dollars was raised by public subscription for these, and two hundred more for incidental expenses. The library was considered at the time the best of its kind in the state. It has become, in process of time, the Westerly Public Library, with Mr. Ethan Wilcox as librarian. Its quarters are among the finest in New England, the building being an imposing structure of light colored pressed brick with granite and terra-cotta trimmings and a tile roof. Within the building are apartments for not only the library and a reading room, but the two local Grand Army posts, with separate headquarters for each and an assembly room. In the basement are a gymnasium, a bowling alley and baths. One of the artistic features of the building is a stained glass window representing Ninigret, sachem of the Niantics, in full regalia. Within a few months a large addition has been made at the rear of the building in the form of an art gallery, and still later an adjoining estate of thirteen acres has been converted into a public park, the whole comprising a benefaction of which any town might well be proud. The people of Westerly contributed \$25,000 to the library building, but the remainder of the benefaction is due to Mr. and Mrs. Wilcox, and the whole represents an outlay of much more than \$100,000.

The Harris Institute of Woonsocket occupies part of a building presented by the late Hon. Edward Harris and is supported chiefly by the rentals from it. The librarian is Miss A. H. Ward, a graduate of the New York State Library School. The library has a yearly circulation of thirty-three thousand. Special attention is given to the children of the public schools, and pictures loaned by the Library Art Club are frequently exhibited on the walls of the large reading room.

The George Hail Free Library of

Warren has a handsome granite home. The first donor to the library was John Davol, and the largest, Mrs. Martha N. Hail, who gave nearly \$14,000 in memory of her husband. The beginnings of the institution may be traced to a "Social Club," which was followed by the Warren Public Reading Rooms Association. From this grew the Warren Public Library and subsequently the present organization. The first annual meeting of the Reading Rooms Association was held January 17, 1872. The number of books in the library is now 7,648, and in the same building are many interesting curiosities belonging to the local Antiquarian Society. The library at Olneyville has 7,584 volumes, standing numerically next to Warren in this respect. It has a handsome building, a portion of which it rents, thereby obtaining considerable revenue, but not enough to support it adequately. It is in the heart of a manufacturing district and should be enabled to continue its work, either by public or by private subscriptions. As it has recently been included within the municipal borders of Providence, the suggestion has been made that it become a branch of the city library, but the local sentiment at Olneyville is in favor of its separate maintenance, with an appropriation from the city. The land on which the building stands was given by Miss Sarah Waterman, but the library association, which was organized in the early seventies, hired the money, \$36,000, to erect the building. The institution is doing an excellent work among a population that takes an unusually large proportion of books, "other than fiction," home to read, and more than one young operative, led by chance or curiosity to its shelves or tables, has received from it an inspiration that has broadened and blessed his career.

The Narragansett Library at Peace Dale is the gift of the Rowland Hazard family. It has 6,871 volumes and materially contributes to the attract-

iveness of an intelligent manufacturing community. The library at Barrington, with 6,485 books, is housed in the town hall, a picturesque structure dedicated in 1890. Other libraries having more than five thousand volumes are those at Kingston (5,887), East Greenwich (5,219), Ashaway (5,201), East Providence (Watchmocket, 5,173), and the Union for Christian Work (Providence, 5,122). The library at Kingston had an unusual origin. It was established by the Kingston Congregational church in 1873, at a church meeting held "to take into consideration the proposition to establish a reading room and library." In 1877 the management was transferred to the corporation in connection with the church, the "Congregational Society of the Pettaquamkutt Purchase," and the late Judge Elisha R. Potter made a trust deed to the society of such books as he had previously loaned to the library. The library and the reading room attached were incorporated in 1891, and in 1893 Judge Potter's books were transferred to it. In 1895, the state having built a new courthouse two miles from Kingston, a petition was presented to the General Assembly for the use of the old building. A perpetual lease was granted to the association by the legislature, and \$1,400 was spent by the people of the village in putting the historic structure into repair. The state appropriation now provides the library with books, and its running expenses are met by a dollar tax and an annual fair, which is held in August. The yearly output, exclusive of the cost of books, is about \$200. The library is well patronized by the people of Kingston and the students at Rhode Island College. At the college there is also a working library of eight thousand volumes. The old courthouse, in which the village library is so comfortably housed, was erected in 1776, and was formerly one of the meeting places of the legislature. The frame is of solid oak, the main timbers

measuring fourteen by fourteen inches. None of the material, it is said, was obtained from a distance greater than a mile from the site. The library at East Greenwich was established in the early seventies through the instrumentality of Professor George W. Greene, Dr. James H. Eldredge and Governor Greene, the latter being the first president. It owes its prosperity chiefly to the bequest of Dr. Thurston of East Greenwich, who left it his entire estate, valued at about \$13,000. It has a home of its own and is especially rich in text-books, the students at East Greenwich Academy finding in them valuable assistance for their work.

New library buildings have recently been erected at Wickford and Portsmouth, and there is at Matunuck, near the shore of the ocean in the "South county" a memorial library in which Boston people should take a peculiar interest. Dr. Edward Everett Hale has his summer home at Matunuck, and the library was erected in 1897 to the memory of the lamented Robert Beverly Hale, his son. The architect was Herbert D. Hale, another son, and more than two thousand dollars was raised by the friends of the deceased young man, to whom, one of them writes, it was "a comfort to make up . . . a little memorial library for the place he loved so much." The building stands facing the old King's Road and the ocean. It is managed by a board of trustees composed partly of Matunuck people and partly of the donors. The interior is finished in oak, and opposite the entrance is a large open fireplace with an oak mantelpiece and an appropriate inscription. Among the libraries with a varied history is that at Lakewood, which was founded in Old Warwick in 1835. At first a temperance society had it in charge. Later the Old Warwick Ladies' Library absorbed it. Richard Greene of Old Warwick resurrected it, after years of disuse and factional difference, and

formed the Old Warwick Library Association. When the Warwick League library was established, it was removed in part to the new and growing village of Lakewood. Finally the remaining volumes were transferred there, and under the painstaking care of Horace G. Belcher it expanded into the present useful institution. John A. Belcher is at present the librarian.

It would be ungracious to close this paper without a passing reference to Thomas B. Stockwell, Esq., of Providence, commissioner of public schools, and his associates on the board of education, under whose oversight the state appropriates several thousand dollars every year for its free libraries. The law under which this appropriation is made was passed in 1875, and reads in part: "The board of education may cause to be paid annually to and for the use of each free public library established and maintained in the state, and to be expended in the purchase of books therefor, a sum not exceeding fifty dollars for the first five hundred volumes included in such library, and twenty-five dollars for every additional five hundred volumes therein; provided, that the annual payment for the benefit of any one such library shall not exceed the sum of five hundred dollars." Libraries receiving state aid must submit lists of the books they wish to purchase with such assistance, and these must be approved by the board before the money is paid. No library at the present time is receiving more than two hundred dollars.

There are thirty-seven towns in Rhode Island and fifty free public libraries. In addition there are libraries at Ashton, Berkeley and Hope, which are maintained by private enterprise but are practically free. To these, in recapitulation, must be added the Providence Athenæum, the Redwood library, the Brown University library, a number of circulating libraries, well selected and

rich especially in fiction, for the use of whose books a small fee is charged, the various libraries belonging to the state, and many fine private collections that cannot be mentioned in this brief survey. There are only two or three towns within whose borders there is not at least one free library, and the people of these towns are fairly well supplied by libraries beyond the borders of the towns adjoining. It would be cause for gratification if every town could boast a public library; but what is more needed is the revivification of some of those now in existence. They should be put into closer touch with modern methods, better endowed and thrown open more frequently to the public. Some of them deserve more commodious homes than they have. How could money be expended more wisely or

with greater promise of results than by building for them tasteful and fire-proof structures? As Judge Tillinghast of the Rhode Island Supreme Court asked at the laying of the corner stone of the Sayles library in Pawtucket: "In what better way can the virtues of our departed friends be illustrated and perpetuated than by some material contribution to the happiness of the living? Monuments and statues are doubtless useful as furnishing expression to the respect and love which we cherish for our departed; but the erection of memorial hospitals, nurseries for poor children, homes for the aged and infirm, churches and public libraries furnishes a far more enduring and useful method of commemorating the virtues of those who are not lost, but only gone before."



FOR LOVE OF HER.

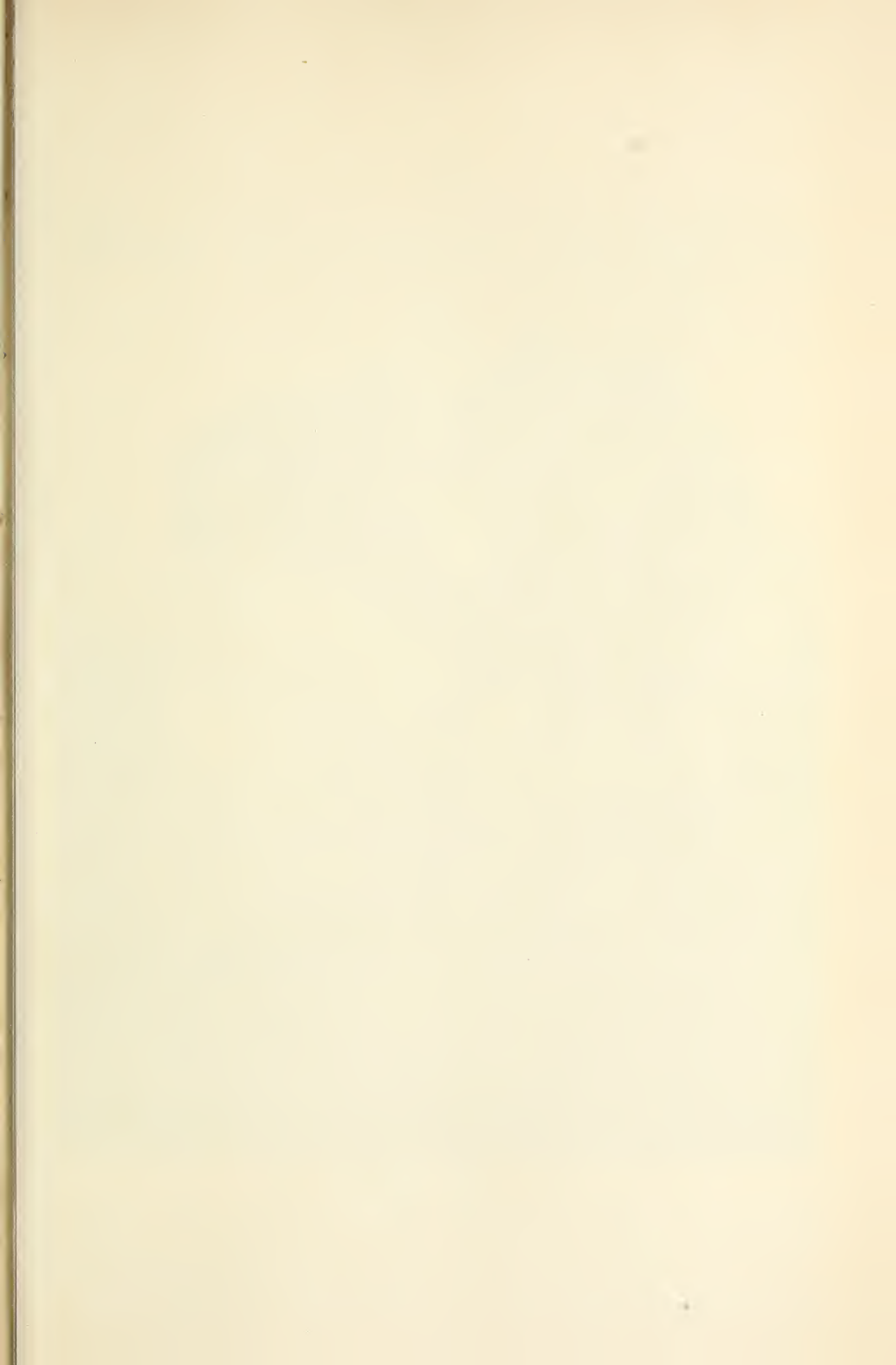
By Martha Gilbert Dickinson.

ONE wore a sword upon his side
 And followed fierce the luck of war,
 O'er desert parched and prairie wide—
 For love of her!

One wore a cross upon his breast
 And prayerful paced a narrow cell,
 While erring souls through him were blest—
 Beneath her spell!

And one,—another made no sign,
 But worked and sung without demur,
 Nor spilled his secret cruse of wine—
 The love of her!

Unconscious Mistress, boon or curse,
 Her lovers love her, feel her spur—
 And I—have made this little verse
 For love of her!





THE OLD ELM ON BOSTON COMMON.
Blown down in 1876.

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NOTABLE TREES ABOUT BOSTON.

By *Abbie Farwell Brown.*

"I . . . am midway to believe
A tree among my fair progenitors;
Such sympathy is mine with all the race,
Such mutual recognition vaguely sweet
There is between us."

Lowell, "Under the Willows."

BOSTON, with its suburbs and the country environing it on all sides, is justly famed for its beautiful trees. For years the graceful elms, which shade so many of the city and suburban streets, have been praised in prose and verse; and now that the Park Commission has acquired so many miles of beautiful forest reservation, woods and wooded meadow all about and through the city itself, we are indeed fortunate almost beyond parallel. For not only may we hope that the treasures we already own are secured to preservation as long as human care can preserve them, but we are assured a continuance and succession of future woods and forest trees to spring up in place of those which must inevitably pass away with time.

Few other cities can boast such tracts of beautiful trees as Boston owns so accessible to the metropolis; fewer still preserve so many fine parks within the city's own borders; and perhaps none at all can point to so many historic trees and ancient landmarks which have escaped the axe to tell us of another time long passed.

The number of our old trees is fast diminishing, owing to the passage of time, decay and the inevitable march of "progress," which requires the sacrifice of everything to present utility and convenience. Indeed, in the 270 years of its rapid growth, it is a wonder that Boston still preserves any of its early trees—a tree has so many enemies and so few real friends. As Lowell, an ardent champion of the trees, once wrote:

"In the blood
Of our New World subduers lingers yet
Hereditary feud with trees, they being
(They and the Red Men most) our father's
foes."

People carelessly admire a tree's beauty and appreciate its shade and, of course, its latent possibilities as timber; but how few of those who have seen the ease with which a great tree is felled, realize the wonder of its growth, the years and change that went into its making, and the years and change required before another like it can tower in its place!

In "The Autocrat" good Dr. Holmes spoke with bitterness of a man who "labored under the delusion that human life is, under all circumstances, to be preferred to vegetable existence," and needlessly had a great tree cut down. "It is so easy to say, 'It is only a poplar!' and so much



TREMONT STREET SHOWING THE PADDOCK ELMS.

From a photograph in the Bostonian Society's Collection.

harder to replace its living cone than to build a granite obelisk."

A tree which has seen one hundred years we call a patriarch; and, indeed, few trees about our great cities live to that time, which in an oak or elm should be a stout and hearty middle age—the very prime of life. But of late people seem to be awakening to the value of these historic witnesses, and are doing what they can to preserve the few scarred relics which we have left.

One reason why we have no more ancient trees within the limits of the city proper is that Boston was not originally a wooded peninsula. The

first settlers on Shawmut sought the place for its springs of clear water. The inevitable question of timber soon arose, to cause them much inconvenience; and, with wise forethought, they began to plant trees for future use, and to take measures to prevent the needless waste of what little wood was available. An early writer of 1634 says, speaking of the Boston settlers:

"Their greatest wants be wood and meadow ground, which never were in that place; being constrained to fetch their building timber and fire wood from the islands in boates, and their hay in loyers: It being a Necke, and

bare of wood; they are not troubled with three great annoyances of wolves, rattle-snakes and musketoes."

In 1635 the town passed an order to prevent the trees *planted* on the Neck from being spoiled. By an ordinance of 1636 those who needed fuel could get it at "Deeare Island." In 1695 there were several attempts "to plant trees at the south end of the town." Soon after this many trees were set out in various parts of the town, which began to be beautiful with famous gardens, orchards, malls and stately trees. Beacon Hill owned some of the finest of these; and only within comparatively recent years the fine orchard trees on the old Hancock, Bowdoin, Bulfinch, Coolidge, Parkman and Gardiner Greene estates have faded into a memory of the past.

The first trees planted in Massachusetts were doubtless those fruit trees in the "fine gardens and orchards" of William Blackstone, the earliest white settler in Boston, or Shawmut, as its first name was. Probably as early as 1623 or 1624 Blackstone set out these apple trees in his solitary Eden, on the west slope of Beacon Hill, near what is now Louisburg Square. His orchard, the first in Boston's history, has long since disappeared, but descendants of

those trees which he planted doubtless still survive. In 1634 Blackstone removed from the rapidly growing town which he had founded—though he has received scant credit for his deed—and went to Rehoboth, in Bristol county, where he set out new orchards, three ancient apple trees of which were still standing in 1836.

Probably the next orchard trees were set out by Governor Winthrop in the famous gardens adjoining his home at the foot of School Street. And on the site of Hovey's great store on Summer Street—once the finest street in the city, full of trees and gardens—as early as 1642 Gamaliel White planted the fruit trees of his renowned orchard. John Hancock's nursery was near the site of the present State



THE "LONG PATH," BOSTON COMMON.



BEACON STREET MALL, BOSTON COMMON.

Holmes's ginkgo tree is the straight tree in the middle of the picture.

House, the most beautiful location in the whole town of Boston. What a pity that the whole estate was not retained for a park worthy of our acropolis! In these gardens, we learn, were "box trees of large size, with a large variety of fruit, among which were several immense mulberry trees."

On Captain Bonner's map of 1722, the earliest made of Boston, there appear but three trees, one very large one on the Common and two others near the middle of what is now Park Street. "The Monarch," as it was named, was no other than that fa-

mous "Old Elm," about which in so great measure our history grew and developed, the very earliest of our historic Boston trees. Tradition says that it was set out in 1670; but it must have been many years older to be spoken of as "the Monarch" in 1722 and as "decrepit" in 1755. Probably it was one of the few trees standing when the town was settled. Of its famous life, so intimately united with the history of Boston, it is unnecessary to speak in detail. It was seventy-two feet high and over twenty-two feet in girth one foot



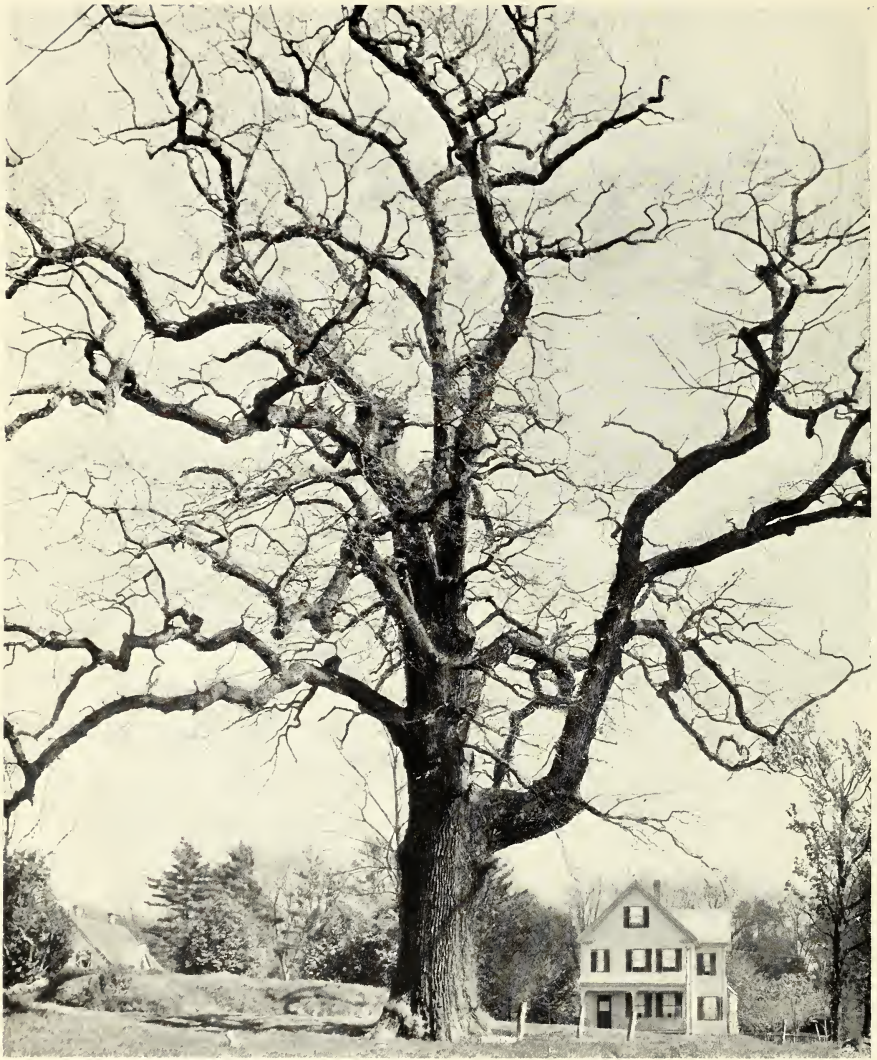
THE YARD AT HARVARD COLLEGE.

above the ground—a veritable monarch among the trees about it. The reputed gallows for pirates, mutineers, insubordinate soldiers, Quakers and witches, the scene of the first fatal duel in Boston, in 1728, the rendezvous for patriots and religious enthusiasts, the witness of martial encampments and revolutionary celebrations—it is a pity that this grand old tree could not have been preserved for all time, to teach history to future generations. It was, however, blown down in the great storm of 1876. A sturdy young elm now stands in its place, guarding the tablet which commemorates the Old Elm's fame. This tree is not, as many believe, a scion of the former monarch, though a fine example of the same species. But a reputed offspring of the Old Elm does exist, though the secret of its royal birth has been known by few. On Arbor Day, 1889, Mayor Hart transplanted such a princeling from Flagstaff Hill to the hill south of the Soldiers' Monument. This tree, from

seed of the Old Elm, was originally planted on Flagstaff Hill, in the sum-



CLASS TREE, HARVARD.



THE AVERY OAK, DEDHAM.

mer of 1873, by James Noble and Thomas S. Adams, then officials in charge of the Common, who desired to perpetuate the memory of the city's historic relic. It is a pity that nothing more accessible than the report of Forester Doogue for 1891 records for the public eye this testimony to a family tree of such significance.

Our dear old Common, itself one of Boston's most precious treasures, is still shaded by some of the most venerable trees in the community.

At a town meeting in 1733 it was voted that a row of trees already planted on the Common (this was the outer row on the Tremont Street mall, set out between 1722 and 1729) should be taken care of by the selectmen, and that another row be planted at a suitable distance,—the present outer row on the mall. A third row was set out in 1784. This became the famous evening promenade and rendezvous of fashion during pre-Revolutionary times. And here the

patched and powdered beaux and belles sauntered to gossip of taxes and tyranny and tea. Many of these trees have since of course disappeared. The British soldiers cut down several of the largest for fuel during their occupation of Boston, and on the morning of the evacuation they spitefully destroyed others; while several which had survived these luckless brethren a hundred years were voted decrepit and cut down in 1880; others succumbed at last to this nineteenth century progress and were sacrificed on the subway altar. The trees of the Charles Street mall were set out in 1823-1824 by the first mayor, Quincy.

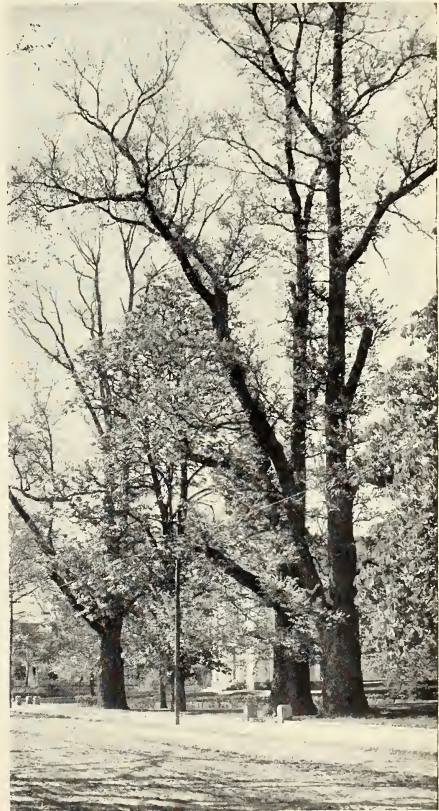
Besides the two very old trees on Park Street—which have since disappeared—appearing in the first map as coeval with the Old Elm, a large native elm stood on the corner of West Street and Tremont until the Revolution in 1776. It was probably beneath this tree that the colonial pillory, stocks and whipping-post were at one time stationed.

Of the other trees on the Common, the oldest are those in the Beacon Street mall, set out in 1815-1816. This was the mall which Dr. Holmes so loved, where the Autocrat and the Schoolmistress were walking that famous morning when they reached the branching path which "runs downward from opposite Joy Street southward across the whole length of the Common to Boylston Street. We called it the long path, and were very fond of it." At this corner and under "the gingko tree" the Autocrat asked the Schoolmistress to "take the long path" with him. And she—what wonder?—answered softly, "I will."

The good Autocrat has gone; but the gingko tree still stands in that spot, sturdy and robust as ever in spite of its seventy odd winters. It is a Japanese foreigner among us, and was originally one of the rare exotics for which the old Gardiner Greene estate was known. When these famous gardens were cut up into

building lots, Dr. Jacob Bigelow had the precious gingko tree transplanted, May 8, 1835, from Pemberton Hill—from what is now Howard Street—to its present location. Here, at the same romantic branching of two malls, for years it guarded beneath its branches the famous "wishing stone," which was much resorted to by the young people of the town. For whoever walked nine times around the stone, and then sat down upon it and wished his heart's desire, was sure not to be disappointed. The wishing stone long since unfortunately disappeared, being blasted out and carted away—probably by sceptics—when one of the malls was widened.

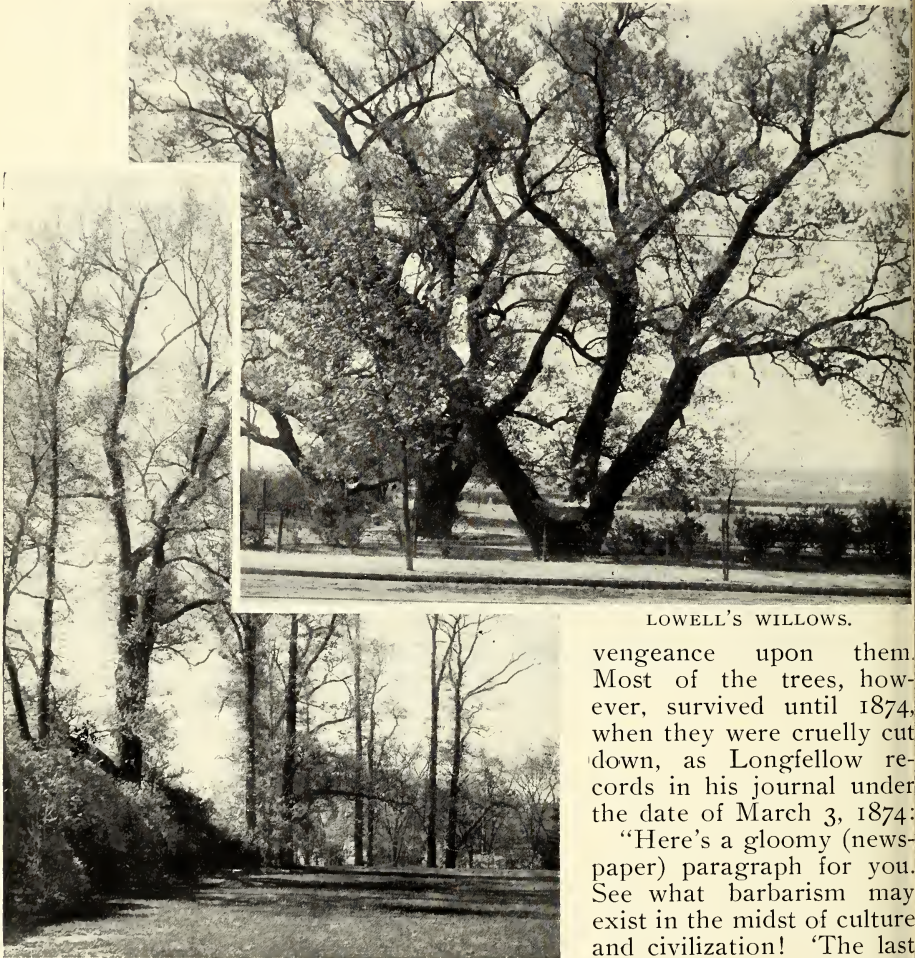
Several old trees once stood close about the Common, planted probably soon after those first ordinances for



THE HAVEN ELMS, DEDHAM.

that purpose. "The finest English elm in town" stood alone in its glory in what was known as the Phillips pasture on Fort Hill, and dated probably from 1700. There was also a very tall English elm on Sudbury Street, on the old Storer estate; and on the edge of High Street, in what was then Quincy Place, stood three handsome large English elms, supposed to have been set out by the Tory Oliver family early in 1700.

ing ground. They originally formed an avenue known as Paddock's Mall in front of the mansion on Bumstead Place of Adino Paddock, coach and chariot builder to the Tory gentry. The elms were planted in May, 1762. When the British cut down so many of the elms on the Common during their occupation of Boston, they spared these Tory trees; but during the rejoicing at the close of the war the patriots, in their turn, wreaked



LOWELL'S WILLOWS.

ENGLISH ELMS AT "ELMWOOD."

The Paddock elms were a row of fine old trees which stood until late years in the Tremont Street sidewalk opposite the old Granary bury-

vengeance upon them. Most of the trees, however, survived until 1874, when they were cruelly cut down, as Longfellow records in his journal under the date of March 3, 1874: "Here's a gloomy (newspaper) paragraph for you. See what barbarism may exist in the midst of culture and civilization! 'The last of the Paddock elms fell at a quarter past nine this morning, and there are now no signs left of the old trees except the smoothly cut stumps which are on a level with the sidewalk.'"



THE WASHINGTON ELM, CAMBRIDGE.

Only the other day, however, witnessed as cruel an act of barbarism. A beautiful English elm, certainly as old as these, and believed indeed to have been one of Paddock's elms transplanted here, stood till within two years in the rear of the building next to the Boston Athenæum on Beacon Street, and just outside the pale of the old Granary burying ground, within which it would have been safe forever—perhaps. It was as sound, green and beautiful when I last saw it as it could ever have been in the palmiest days

of its youth, and when the building in front of it was torn down it was revealed an unexpected sight of grandeur, to many who had never known it even to be there. But its days of inspiration to others was short; for the constructors of the new Congregational Building could not spare it the remaining years of its hale old age, nor the foot or two of free American soil, to which it had surely earned the right of a naturalized citizen—albeit of English birth—and the grand old tree was cut down.

When the Paddock elms were first



ENGLISH ELMS IN MILTON.

planted, John Lovell,—the Tory master of the old Latin School, which then stood close by this new mall,—with a laudable desire to protect the trees, which he knew would be a source of temptation to the schoolboy heart bent on mischief and depredation, informed his charges that if anything happened to one of those elms he would *flog the whole school*.

It remained for the grandchildren of those schoolboys of the Revolution to disobey the old Tory master's command. Would he were here now to "flog the whole school" of those whose cruelty was worse than boyish mischief, and far more foolish.

The roots of the great Paddock elms ran far under the street and into the soil of the Granary burying ground close by, so that when the stone foundations of the present iron fence thereabout were laid, these roots had to be cut away.

But they soon grew again, and penetrated even into the tombs themselves, seeking thus the long unhonored grave of the patriot James Otis. This circumstance is chronicled by Colonel Joseph May, a prominent citizen and historian of Boston, who died in 1841. According to an article in the *Boston Herald* of November 21, in that year, Colonel May once said to his family at breakfast:

"I have seen something wonderfully interesting this morning. As I passed the old Granary burial ground I saw that the tomb was open in which I knew were the remains of James Otis, and with the help of the sexton I opened the lid of Otis's coffin, and, behold! the coffin was full of the fibrous roots of the elm, especially thick and matted about the skull; and going out I looked up at the noble, verdant elm, and there, in transfigured glory, was all that was material of James Otis."

Thus was a double cruelty perpetrated when this noble old elm was cut down, with its brethren. I wonder

if, when the axe struck home, drops of dark blood dripped from the wounded trunk, while the patriot's voice spoke, in sad reproach, as Polydorus did to the pious Æneas:

"Quid miserum, Ænea, laceras? jam parce sepulto;
Parce pias scelerare manus."

Colonel May was a boy of ten in 1770, when, with his father, he witnessed the interment of the victims of the Boston Massacre in a tomb of the old burying ground; and he noted that a few feet from this tomb also stood a large tree. This was probably the "larch tree," of which mention has been made in several histories, but which has since died and been replaced by a young elm.

The Haven elms, on the old Samuel Haven estate, in Dedham, famous for their great age and beauty, are cousins and contemporaries of the Paddock elms, having been brought over from England at the same time, and kept with them in a Milton nursery. These latter are among the few old colonial trees still standing about Boston, and it is to be hoped that they will live to see another century of change and progress leave them unscathed.

Perhaps the most famous of all the Boston trees no longer in existence was the old Liberty Tree, near the tavern of the same name, which latter was still standing

as late as 1833. The junction of Essex and Washington Streets, which was in Revolutionary days known as Hanover Square, was marked by a number of splendid elms, the largest of which was at first called simply "The Great Tree." It was not till 1765 that the name Liberty Tree was given it, at a patriotic celebration in honor of the expected repeal of the Stamp Act. It had already figured in many demonstrations of revolutionary feeling; effigies of Oliver, and a *boot* for Lord Bute, transparencies and placards had adorned its branches. Even at that time it was spoken of as a "large, old elm." On the repeal of the Stamp Act, in 1766, all the trees in Hanover Square were decorated to assist in the jubilant cele-



THE OLD ELM ON EX-GOVERNOR CLAFLIN ESTATE, NEWTON.

bration which followed; and at that time a plate was affixed to the Liberty Tree, for which the patriots had grown to feel a strong affection, identifying it completely with their cause. The plate read: "This tree was planted in 1646, and pruned by order of the Sons of Liberty, Feb. 14, 1766." This would prove the tree one of the very earliest in Boston. The grand old patriarch witnessed and inspired many stirring scenes after that, during Revolutionary times; for the Anti-Tea Party was organized here November 3, 1773, and the Sons of Liberty always met beneath its branches, or in the tavern close by, until it was cut down by a party of roistering British in 1775, when it supplied the Tories with fourteen cords of wood. One of the

Redcoats, however, paid the penalty of his life for the vandalism. A tablet in memory of this famous elm now marks the front of the building on whose site the Liberty Tree once stood.

A second Liberty Tree, at Quincy, is mentioned in the diary of John Adams, who wrote, in 1776, May 4: "Returning from meeting this morning I saw for the first time a likely young buttonwood tree, lately planted in the triangle made by three roads, by the home of Mr. James Bracket" [close to where Christ Church, in Quincy, now stands]. "The tree is well set and has on it an inscription: 'The Tree of Liberty, and cursed be he who cuts this tree.'"

Who is now bearing this curse—and such should follow any one who needlessly fells any noble tree—we do not know; nor, indeed, have I found any other mention of this tree or its fate.

The trees in the old Granary burying ground were planted in 1830; those on Copp's Hill, in 1843.

There are a number of old historic trees outside the metropolis, and many others whose great size or beauty or interesting association commands notice. Foremost among all these is, of course, the Washington Elm, in Cambridge, under whose branches it is said that Washington took command of the American army on July 3, 1775. Dr. Holmes wrote:



THE WHITTEMORE ELM, ARLINGTON.



THE GROOM WILLOW, DORCHESTER.

"Under the brave old tree
Our fathers gathered in arms and
swore
They would follow the sign their ban-
ner bore,
And fight till the land was free."

This is perhaps the best known of all living American trees, and is certainly one of our oldest elms, though it is impossible to say just what its age may be. It doubtless witnessed the opening of Harvard College in 1636, and was probably a large tree even then. Until removed by the city, in 1855, there stood, close by this old elm, another, under which, in 1740, the Rev. George Whitefield several times preached, having been refused the use of the meeting-house. Near by, in the little cemetery, were buried

the Cambridge men who fell at Lexington in 1775.

The old elm, which looks in at the windows of Radcliffe College, on Garden and Mason Streets, opposite the Common, is fourteen feet in circumference, three feet above the ground—a goodly size indeed. But it is fast decaying and, though everything is being done for its preservation, it cannot survive many more of our severe New England winters, and soon there will be another of our most precious landmarks to mourn.

Near this old elm, on the common side of Massachusetts Avenue, stands a young elm, one of its numerous progeny. This younger generation marks the site of a famous oak, under which, in colonial times, the elections of governors and other magistrates were held. In 1637 Sir Harry Vane and our own John Winthrop were rival candidates for office, when the Rev. John Wilson, a Boston preacher, climbed into this same oak and delivered an impassioned address, which turned the tide of election against the ill-starred but picturesque Sir Harry, who returned to England.

Tradition states that a large tree standing years ago in Harvard Square was used by early Cantabrigians as the whipping-post, for punishment of graver sins than the daubing



THE WAVERLEY OAKS.

of John Harvard's statue or the theft of the Louisburg cross.

The group of willows on Holmes Field, originally a marshy lowland, but now a sacred arena for athletic contests, are supposed to be a relic of the first "pallysadoe" built to protect the infant town from Indians and wild beasts.

Near the Washington Elm, but within the sacred enclosure of the Harvard campus, are two younger and more frivolous elms, well known at least to the college men. The "Class Day Tree" stands on the western side of Hollis Hall, and since 1815 has been the scene of the Class Day celebrations. It has witnessed many

scenes of uproar and confusion, and has borne much buffeting and abuse when, year after year, the Harvard seniors met to scramble in friendly contest for the band of flowers which encircled the trunk some fifteen feet from the ground. It used to be called the Liberty Tree; but the name was really transferred from another elm south of Harvard Hall, around which the students of 1760 assembled to hold indignation meetings and organize revolt against several unpopular tutors, whose rules in regard to prayers and recitations were not to be borne.

The Rebellion Tree, now standing at the eastern front of Hollis Hall, was planted in 1792, and was the scene of patriotic meetings of the students, and also served as a rendezvous for the discontented and rebellious fellows who met here to protest against what they considered college injustice and tyranny. The father of Colonel T. W. Higginson, then "steward," or bursar, of Harvard College, set out many of the trees in the yard, about 1818. The others are comparatively juvenile, having been planted through the judicious foresight of President Josiah Quincy, when he came into office in 1829. To his great love for stately rows of beautiful trees we owe both the beauty of the Harvard yard and some of the fine avenues in his own town of Quincy, as well as many of the trees in our Boston streets, which were set out during his mayoralty.

It was of these same elms in the college yard that Dr. Holmes wrote, with his usual enthusiasm for such a subject: "The College plain would be nothing without its elms. As the long hair of a woman is a glory to her, so are these green trees that bank themselves against the sky in thick, clustered masses, the ornament and pride of the classic green."

A love of trees seems inherent in the blood of our New England poets, and the pages of our sweet American singers teem with references to their

favorite elms and oaks, pines, birches or willows.

The famous willows under which Lowell loved to sit and dream still stand near the winding Charles.

"along the bank
Where the steep upland dips into the
marsh,
Their roots like molten metal cooled in
flowing,
Stiffened in coils and runnels down the
bank."

They are grand, giant trees, six in number; "a willow Pleiades, the seventh fallen," growing three on one side, three on the other, of Mt. Auburn Street, at the foot of Hawthorne Street, and near the little park sacred to the memory of Lowell's friend, the poet Longfellow. Three of the willows are included in the new River Front park, which will eventually extend from the Cambridge Hospital, along the bank of the Charles, to West Boston Bridge. One of these, the largest, is the noble tree which Lowell especially describes in "Under the Willows":

"Among them one, an ancient willow,
spread
Eight balanced limbs, springing at once
all round
His deep-ridged trunk with upward slant
diverse,
In outline like enormous beaker fit
For hand of Jotun, where 'mid snow and
mist
He holds unwilling revel. . . .
A friend of all the winds wide armed he
towers."

These willows, doubtless of an older date than the town of Cambridge itself — perhaps by centuries — apart from their romantic association with a poet's nook of inspiration, should certainly be cherished for their own beauty and venerable dignity, which cannot fail to impress one gazing up at their gnarled and time-worn branches. This spot is one of the most sacred in all sacred Cambridge.

Not far from here, on Elmwood Avenue, stands Elmwood, the home of the poet himself, built in 1760, with

its fine gardens and two stately old English elms, brought from England in Tory times before the Revolution. Lowell was especially fond of these elms, which in one of his letters he says, "I think no small beer of." In another place he refers to them thus: "The two old English elms haven't changed. The sturdy Islanders! A trifle thicker in the waist, perhaps, as is the wont of prosperous elders, but looking almost as I first saw them, seventy years ago, and it is a balm for my eyes."

Another epigram of his, showing his real feeling for the "never unsympathetic" trees in general, is too fitting to be omitted. It is from one of his published letters: "I know a tree or two that I would swap with if I had my life to begin over again. Then one might be made into a violin, perhaps, or into a coffin for somebody one hated; for trees have their likes and dislikes: they've told me so."

In front of Longfellow's old home, the famous Craigie house on Brattle Street, stand some noble elms, doubtless contemporary with those of Elmwood. But the most famous tree of all made famous by this beloved poet, "The Spreading Chestnut Tree," is no more. This grand old tree, under which the village smithy actually stood for years, grew at the corner of what is now Story Street and Brattle Street, opposite the Washington School. When the smithy was first built there was only an open lane in front of the little shop, of which the poet wrote:

"The children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming sparks
And hear the bellows roar."

When the street was widened, in 1871, the old tree, much decayed, but still promising years of life, was removed by the city. This was a great sorrow to the poet, who dearly loved the fine old horse-chestnut. But he was much touched and pleased on his seventy-second birthday, February 27,

1879, by the gift of an armchair made from the wood of the martyred old tree, and presented by the school children of Cambridge, to whom the gray-haired poet was very dear. In the poem which he wrote for the children in acknowledgment, he describes much more clearly than in the "Village Blacksmith" the tree which the latter verses made famous:

"Well I remember it in all its prime,
When in the summer time
The affluent foliage of its branches made
A cavern of cool shade.

"There, by the blacksmith's forge, beside
the street,
Its blossoms white and sweet
Enticed the bees, until it seemed alive
And murmured like a hive.

"And when the winds of autumn with a
shout
Tossed its great arms about,
The shining chestnuts bursting from the
sheath
Dropped to the ground beneath.

"And now some fragments of its branches
bare,
Shaped in a stately chair,
Have by my hearthstone found a home
at last,
And whisper of the past."

A splendid elm stands now on this corner, near where the chestnut tree also grew, and their branches must formerly have arched together. This elm must, from its size and aged appearance, be at least 150 years old; but it is still handsome and vigorous, one of the largest about Boston. Its branches reach almost to the windows of the schoolhouse, the descendant of that first "Faire Grammar School" in the town, whose founding this fine old elm probably witnessed.

Many of the ancient estates along Brattle Street contain fine old trees of historic age, planted at the time when their Tory owners used to promenade the stately avenue in gold-laced satin coats, rapiers and red-heeled shoes. The old Foster estate encloses within its walls some famous gardens, and the huge hawthorn trees therein are believed to have been set out by the Vassalls in 1730.

A short distance over the Cambridge line, in Arlington, on Arlington Avenue, stands the great Whittemore elm, described among Mr. Dame's "Typical Trees of Massachusetts." It is fourteen feet three inches in girth, and sixty-five feet high, a splendid old tree, though now past its prime. It is said to have been set out by Samuel Whittemore in 1724, and is therefore older than any tree on Boston Common.

Another old elm, supposed to date from 1763, is known as the Stone elm, at East Watertown, on the corner of Arlington and Grove Streets. This tree measures sixty feet in height, and is nearly thirteen feet about the trunk.

An old tree, now fast decaying, as its race is less sturdy than the tough oaks and long-lived elms, is the Clark ash, in Belmont, on the westerly side of Common Street. It grows at the rear of Thomas Clark's house, built in 1760, and is believed to have been set out in 1769. At all events, it is over one hundred years old, and measures thirteen and one-half feet in circumference.

The first nursery of note in the New England colonies was established by John Kenrick of Newton in 1790, when he set out fine orchards of fruit trees; in 1791 he planted two acres of Lombardy poplars, now little esteemed, but favorite trees with our ancestral gardeners.

The Cushing estate of Watertown contains some famous old oaks and walnuts, and a giant tulip tree, eighty feet high. The Gore estate in Waltham also boasts some fine avenues of trees, set out by the hands of Governor Gore himself and his lady. The Baker and Hunnewell grounds in Wellesley are also famous for beautiful trees, the former having ten miles of shaded avenues.

One hundred years ago there was a remarkable group of old elms on the corner of Elm and Dexter Streets, in Malden. At present, however, but one of these has escaped the axe to bear witness to two hundred years of

age. This is a splendid tree, known as the Dexter elm, ninety feet in height and nineteen feet about the trunk, a veritable father of the forest, left alone in solitary grandeur, having seen the last of his friends and contemporaries fall about him.

In West Medford are a number of notable trees, among them the old Mystic hickory, one of a group of fourteen, near where Mystic River flows from Mystic Lower Pond. It was under this tree, the story runs, that, on April 19, 1775, the boy Peter C. Brooks heard the news of the Lexington fight. The tree is at least 150 years old, and a magnificent specimen of its kind.

Another splendid tree in the same town grows on the fine Peter C. Brooks estate. It is a grand old black walnut, believed to date back 150 years, and is eighty-two feet high and over thirteen and one-half feet in girth.

Brookline has a number of quaint and interesting trees, as well as many fine estates, whose beautiful forest growths are among the finest in the country. On the Weld farm, at the boundary between Brookline and West Roxbury, stand a fine group of oaks, which were in war time purchased by the government for use in shipbuilding, but which for some reason were, fortunately, spared. Near the Newton line, in Brookline, stands the famous "dead oak," which has long been known as a landmark, and is often found mentioned in old deeds as determining a boundary. It is now almost a ruin, but it may continue to exercise its post-mortem mission for many years to come. There are many very fine trees all about this part of Brookline, especially in Professor Sargent's large estate.

The history alone is left us of a famous huge tree in Longwood. This "Great Tree," as it was called, was an enormous elm, twenty-six feet in girth at the roots, whose branches extended 104 feet from northeast to southwest, and shaded the little old house built

in 1660, which yet stands near the Episcopal Church. The stump of the great tree is still shown, but the elm itself fell in September, 1863. It was older than the house itself, which was doubtless built near the elm for shade, the latter having sprung up about 1656.

Until quite recently, Jamaica Plain could boast of some of our finest ancient trees; and, indeed, along Centre Street there still stand some remarkably handsome old elms. Until 1884 a splendid elm, at least 150 years old, stood in front of the ancient Curtis House, on Lamartine Street, near the Boylston Station. It was a perfect specimen of the American elm at its finest, being over three and a half feet in diameter, and should have lived one hundred years longer, but was cut down to make building room.

On Washington Street, just above Cliff Street, in Roxbury, there is a fine old elm, three feet in diameter, in front of a large white mansion. Also in Roxbury, the Seaver estate was once famed for its fine old trees. Where Schuyler Street now is there once stood an iron pear tree of legendary age, so tall that the fruit was never plucked from the top.

The oldest trees in Dorchester are undoubtedly the group of ancient savins, which gave the name to Savin Hill. Some of these trees are certainly over 250 years old, and were standing when the first settlers came to Dorchester. Edward Everett, in his Fourth of July oration of 1855, makes a plea for their preservation as historic witnesses. He says: "Venerable trees, that seemed big to me in my childhood, seem but little bigger now, though I trace the storms of fifty winters on some of their well recollected branches."

Several very ancient apple trees, six and seven feet in circumference, still stand on what is known as the Baker orchard lot. Mr. James H. Stark, who has preserved the largest of these, seven and one-half feet in girth, on his own land, has traced their history

back 250 years, proving them the oldest apple trees in America. They were undoubtedly planted by Edward Bullock, the first dweller on this farm, in a community then promising to rival Boston.

The old Richardson house, at the corner of Boston and Pond Streets, in Dorchester, famous as the birthplace of Edward Everett, has in its gardens some very old trees and shrubs, planted by Lieutenant-Governor Oliver before the Revolution. Among these are some fine old elms and three huge butternuts, the latter, alas! sadly decayed, and destined to imminent destruction.

In front of the old Stoughton house are also some very ancient elms, probably planted by Governor Stoughton himself.

The Tuttle House, the oldest "summer hotel" in New England, occupies the site of the old Wiswell House, which was torn down in 1822. In front of the hotel still stands a huge and splendid American elm, which is, by word of mouth, proven to be at least 150 years old; for Mrs. Leeds, an old lady of eighty-five, has recalled the fact that when a little girl of ten she heard Lois Wiswell, an old lady of eighty years, say that she herself planted the elm from a little sapling which she brought home with her one day from driving the cows as a girl of fifteen. Thus, through only two generations of life, we have proven the age of this monarch tree, which bids fair to outlive several generations yet.

In Dorchester there is also another very large tree, mentioned by Mr. Dame in his "Typical Trees of Massachusetts"—the old Groom willow, on Humphreys Street. It stands on the estate of the late Thomas Groom, and has been known for years as the Great Willow, though its age is uncertain. It is the largest willow in Massachusetts, being sixty feet high and twenty-eight feet two inches in circumference five feet from the ground.

Milton is famous for its beautiful

trees, for its long avenues of arching elms, venerable historic landmarks, and tracts of fine, sturdy young forests on the Blue Hill Reservation. One of the famous older trees is the great English elm, standing near the old Vose house, in which the Suffolk Resolves—the forerunner of the Declaration of Independence—were drawn up in 1774. Doubtless this same fine tree was standing guard there at the time.

In Vose's Grove, a group of very ancient pines near Baker's chocolate factory, Eliot is believed to have preached to the Indians.

There is also a row of the graceful old English elms in front of the First Church of Milton, one of the famous "twin churches," Unitarian and Congregational, which occupy the top of the hill in amiable brotherhood. These trees were set out by the parish in 1788.

Another old Milton elm is on Thacher Street, and springs from the cellar of old Parson Peter Thacher's house—the first minister in Milton—which house was built in 1689 and burned down in 1798. Perhaps the old elm dates immediately from this later time. The Big Oak, on Highland Street, is another old Milton tree, shading the ancient Read house, which dates from 1805.

One of the Milton trees, famous not for its antiquity but for its beauty and rareness, is the large one in front of the old Houghton Farm, on Milton Blue Hill. It is the finest known specimen of a cross between the English walnut and our own native butternut, only a few such trees being known to arboriculture.

There are also among the notable Milton trees the huge chestnut, seventeen feet in circumference, the largest tree in the Reservation, and the Crossman pines, among the largest in this region. Two others are worthy of note chiefly on account of their size—one a huge elm on the corner of Taunton Road and Ather-ton Street, which is fifteen feet five

inches in circumference; the other, a large white ash on Brush Hill which measures fourteen feet around the trunk, seven feet from the ground.

Hancock Hill in Milton was once owned, with much of the surrounding forest, by Governor John Hancock, and the remains of his orchard may still be seen on the south side. In the severe winter of 1780 the poor of Boston suffered greatly from the intense cold and lack of fuel; so the famous patriot had large quantities of wood cut from his Milton estate and sledded down the Neponset and over the icy bay to Boston, where it was distributed as a free gift to the needy.

Besides Governor Hutchinson's fine gardens in Boston, on Hanover and Fleet Streets, stretching back from Garden Court, the Governor had a fine estate on Milton Hill, of which he was very proud. Some of the remains of his garden there, shrubs and fruit trees, have survived until the present time. It was he who planted the old buttonwood trees forming the beautiful avenue up Milton Hill.

The old Quincy estate, in the town to which the family of patriots gave its name, has some of the finest trees about Boston. The ancient family mansion was built for Edmund Quincy, the first of that name, in 1636. His son Edmund, who died in 1697, planted the old orchard of apple trees, some of which still remain. In the second generation thereafter Colonel Josiah Quincy laid out the fine gardens for which the place was famous, and one large and beautiful lime tree of his planting still survives. His son, that Josiah Quincy, president of Harvard College, to whom we largely owe the beauty of the college green, was, like Lowell, "a willing convert of the trees." He set out the present splendid avenue, one-third of a mile long, composed of six rows of elms and two of ash, a deed which should make his name revered if he had been a patriot in no other way.

The "Hemlock Bound" is a curious natural growth marking a corner of the boundary between Quincy and Braintree. Here a large hemlock tree has grown upon the top of a huge square granite boulder, ten feet above the ground, a curious sight to witness.

One of the most famous old trees hereabouts is the pine, now dead, known as "Hangman's Tree," on Merry Mount, a part of the John Quincy Adams place in Quincy. This tree figures on the seal of the town of Quincy, and has several quaint traditions connected with it. One, which has made it a terror to school children, is that "seven Indians were once hung here"; but this legend is not authenticated, though there evidently must be some foundation for the name of Hangman's Tree, which others say was given because witches were hanged here during the witchcraft delusion. It is probable that this lonely old relic stands close by the site of the primeval castle of Thomas Morton and his godless crew, whose Maypole Endicott so sternly cut down. Morton came to Merry Mount in 1625, and very likely this tree was standing by his cottage from the beginning. If so, it is one of our very oldest historical trees and has witnessed some queer sights in the course of its storm-tossed, wind-swept life.

Another interesting old tree which also figures on a town seal is the ancient Avery oak in Dedham. This tree is older even than the old town, and has certainly seen at least 250 years. It is a magnificent white oak, sixteen feet in circumference, bearing the mark of storms and the lightning's tooth, but still good for many years to come. It stands on East Street, half a mile from the village, on land that now belongs to the Dedham Historical Society, which will do everything possible to preserve the famous old relic. When the frigate *Constitution*, *Old Ironsides*, was being built for use in the war of 1812, the

sum of \$70 was offered for this fine timber tree, but fortunately the offer was refused.

Another good old Dedham tree is known as the Farrington elm, on East Street. It is fifteen feet in girth, and family tradition states that it is 175 years old.

A magnificent and historic tree is the old elm on Governor Claflin's estate at Newtonville. Henry Ward Beecher named the Claflin place "The Elms" on account of its many beautiful trees. The place has been the home of three governors. This particular great tree is nearly two hundred years old, and in its lifetime has witnessed most interesting events, many of which are detailed in the histories of Newton.

The greater number of old trees already mentioned have seemed to be elms, the oldest of which has hardly seen more than two centuries and a half. But of the ancient trees around Boston there is one group beside which all others are as children in arms, the most remarkable trees, in some respects, in America. These are the famous Waverley Oaks, in the Beaver Brook Reservation. The dignified Washington Elm is a mere youngster when compared with these mighty brethren, who have outlived three or four generations of such trees, and who were doubtless monarchs of the New England wilderness when Columbus discovered America. There are twenty-five of these noble white oaks growing along the "Kame" or huge earth mound left by the flow of some prehistoric glacier which once swept through this valley when Beaver Brook was a broad river. The largest one stands on the northern slope, and stretches its gnarled trunk up fifty feet into the air, the trunk itself being eighteen and one-half feet in girth five feet above the ground, enlarging to twenty-eight feet over the swell of the roots. The huge branches are themselves larger than ordinary trees, one enormous limb stretching northward

fifty feet from the main trunk, and originally much further. Although the trees bear acorns every year, no young oaks spring up around them to usurp their grandeur. Several of the great trees have fallen, and most of these were found to be hollow, though one, the smallest, numbered at its heart 750 rings, the record of at least as many years of growth. Professor Agassiz stated that there were no trees on this continent older than these, some of which have undoubtedly seen 800 years pass by, and yet promise decades of life. It is to be hoped that they will long continue to ennoble one of the most beautiful parks in the Metropolitan system.

Before quoting two stanzas of Lowell's poem on "The Oak," addressed to the largest of these same Waverley giants, let us hear what the Autocrat, whose notes about trees are always so earnest and to the point, has to say about oaks in general:

"I wonder if you ever thought of the single mark of supremacy which distinguishes this tree from all our other forest trees? All the rest of them shirk the work of resisting gravity; the oak alone defies it. It chooses the horizontal direction for its limbs, so that their whole weight may tell, and stretches them out fifty or sixty feet, so that the strain may be mighty enough to be worth resisting." Dr. Holmes had very likely been looking at the wonderful Waverley oak. Says Lowell:

"What gnarléd stretch, what depth of shade is his!
 There needs no crown to mark the forest's king;
 How in his leaves outshines full summer's bliss!
 Sun, storm, rain, dew to him their tribute bring,

Which he with such benignant royalty
 Accepts, as overpayeth what is lent;
 All nature seems his vassal proud to be
 And cunning only for his ornament.

"How doth his patient strength the rude
 March wind
 Persuade to seem glad breaths of summer breeze,
 And win the soil that fain would be unkind,
 To swell his revenues with proud increase!
 He is the gem, and all the landscape wide
 (So doth his grandeur isolate the sense)
 Seems but the setting, worthless all beside,
 An empty socket, were he fallen thence."

Heaven grant that this last catastrophe may not occur for many, many years to our forest king!

These are a few of the more noted trees within a radius of fifteen miles from Boston. There are doubtless many other single trees in some of the smaller towns and villages marked by local tradition or interesting for their size and beauty; but space forbids them special mention, as well as more than a reference to some of our fine forest lands in the Park System, the Buzzey Woods, the Wayland Chestnuts, Virginia Wood, Owen's Walk, Wright's Pines and Pine Banks in Malden, the beautiful Fells copses, and the Blue Hill Reservation. Farther still from Boston are the tempting landmarks in Concord and Lexington, Andover, Lynn and Haverhill, Lancaster and Beverly, and many others. But these can hardly be included among the trees "about Boston," though sharing our good wishes for the preservation and enjoyment of their old age with those precious neighbors of ours, our Boston trees.





MIDSUMMER.

By Caroline Frances Little.

HOT shone the summer sun with piercing ray,
 Upon the waving fields of ripening wheat;
 Faint blew the perfumed breezes, mild and sweet,
 From distant hills to woodlands far away;
 Beneath the spreading oak the cattle lay,
 So spent with noontide heat they cease to graze,
 And with great dreamy eyes at Nature gaze,
 Unmindful of the world in which they stay;
 From flower to flower swift flew the honey bee,
 Intent on culling sweets ere night should fall;
 The locust's voice was heard from many a tree,
 In tuneful concord with the robin's call;
 And over all a sky of deepest blue
 Hung, flecked with fleecy clouds of whitest hue.

HOMELESS IN HEAVEN.

By Jennie Betts Hartswick.

HOMELESS in Heaven there wandered a soul
 Silent amid the glad throng.
 Questioned an angel: "O wandering one,
 Where are thy crown and thy song?"

"Why like a stranger to Heaven art come
 Over the fathomless sea;
 When wert thou called from thy home on the earth;—
 Who brought the summons to thee?"

"Called I was not," sighed the wandering soul,
 "Out in an instant I went
 Through the wide darkness, unsummoned,—alone;—
 Forth from my home I was—*sent.*"

THE PETRIFIED INDIAN.

By George Kibbe Turner.



LONG the country roads in Vermont you will still see through the long winter time odd old figures of men clad in the faded overcoats of the Union army of the civil war. This section, in fact, abounds in old soldiers. Thousands of men, who before they reached their majority had run through their real lives in a few wild years of war, have ever since dragged out a ghostly after existence, buried in these hills—the forgotten privates of a long disbanded army. How lavish their rewards in this after-world have been is indicated by the simple fact that so many of them have had but one overcoat in thirty-five years.

Plin Norton, the driver of the Jackson "City" stage, was a private of the First Vermont cavalry. Ben Niles, who lives at the forking of the old roads halfway up the mountain, is another. They fought almost within arm's length of each other.

Thirty-five years ago; after Gettysburg, persons in the North who objected to having their houses burned and their families turned loose on the face of the earth by the rebel army spoke warmly to a member of the First Vermont cavalry when they met him, and tried to intimidate him into drinking more than was good for him. Today the memory of this regiment is somewhat nebulous in the minds of its fellow citizens. Yet there is still one crossroad in the world where its deeds are not forgotten. They are recalled each day, at least silently, in the minds of two persons, as the Jackson stage crawls slowly by Ben Niles's.

On the first of July, in 1895, the two veterans were talking horse. It was

the summer Plin Norton first drove his bay colt.

"Takes it kind of hard, don't he?" said Ben from his porch.

"Yes," said Plin; "he don't work in real handy. Ho, there!" he continued, addressing the nervous young animal, "Stan' still!"

"Kind of skittish, ain't he?" said Ben. "I should think you'd be a little ticklish about drivin' him down the mountain."

"Well, when it comes to that," said Plin, "there ain't much to choose between any of 'em. What's a hoss, anyhow? Nothin' but a wild, crazy critter, taught a few ordinary tricks. Get him ketched in a corner, and come to look for your tricks, and where are they? They ain't there. All you've got on your hands is ten hundred weight of wild devil, without sense or reason. But this colt's all right, as far's that goes. He ain't no worse'n half of 'em."

"Maybe that's so," said Ben, "but I don't like the looks of that feller's eye."

"Recollect that bay hoss I had in the army?" said Plin. "Wal, he had an eye just as near like this one as could be. And there wa'n't no dis-putin' he was a good hoss."

"That's so."

"I'd give a hundred dollars to have him now."

"Wal, I guess I'll have to be lettin' this little devil go along," said Plin, starting up the road again. Ben watched him disappear around the curve in the road, in contemplative silence.

Driving the Jackson City stage may reasonably be called a pursuit of peace. Fifty years ago, when the travel of the East and West clamored painfully over the great back-

bone of the state, it probably offered more excitement. But to-day the traffic of the world roars by in the valleys underneath, and the "City" sits alone upon the mountain—a widow of the old stage road, far gone in melancholy decline. The only public vehicle along the turnpike—now an avenue of deserted houses—is the poor old skeleton of a country stage driven by Plin Norton. For thirty-five years sitting on the front seat of the Jackson City stage has been the serious business of Plin Norton's life; and the whole man has conformed to it. He has to-day the squat, immobile figure of a Chinese god, in whom being seated has become an eternal attribute. He rises only under protest; and when he walks, he rolls, like a sailor on land. Besides he is impeded by his wound from Gettysburg. But to-day Plin Norton is not known for any mere physical prowess in war, but for surpassing excellence in intellectual pursuits. He is the town liar. His reputation is not confined by the county lines, and many of his achievements in fiction have become proverbial along the mountain side. He was meditating on another plan for attack when he drove up the slope that summer afternoon. He drew up finally before the dilapidated little wood-colored post office, and halloaed to the postmistress:

"Hi, Mis' Niles." When she appeared at the door, he continued: "Send out Willy, will you, please?"

Willy, aged twelve, appeared on the path leading down from the office. "I'll take it up for you, Mr. Norton," said he, thirsting for responsibility.

"No," said Plin, "I'm goin' up with it myself. Just you hold on to them reins. And look out particular for that little devil there."

He rolled up to the office and opened the door. The usual small crowd was there, waiting for the mail. This afternoon it included three or four of the men and the Galusha sisters.

"How de do!" said Plin comprehen-

sively, as he entered. He trudged solemnly over to the office enclosure, deposited the mail, turned about and stood fixed in the centre of the room.

"Well, sir," he began, "I just come from seein' the most curious sight I ever set eyes on." He addressed himself exclusively to the men, with his face turned away from the women.

"What was it you see?" said one of the men, warily.

"That petrified Indian they're all tellin' about," said Plin, slowly.

"What you talkin' about?"

"Now, hain't you heerd of that petrified Indian they dug up down at the Corners?" said Plin. "It's all over the valley down there. People's comin' miles to see him."

The men laughed derisively. "You're a good one!" said one of them.

"You can laugh," said Plin, solemnly, "but that's God's truth. If you don't believe it, all you've got to do is to ask the first man up from the Corners."

His superb acting was disconcerting even to the men. Petrified Indians formed a part of natural history they were not strong on. They remained incredulous, but a little uncertain of their ground. The women were unquestionably impressed and inclined their ears visibly to hear. The men's chief object being to avoid appearing ridiculous, they continued to ask questions.

"Where'd they find him?" said one.

"You know where they're puttin' up that new bridge down beyond Lem Wilson's. Wal, when them Italians was diggin' there on the 'butments yisterday, one of 'em struck somethin' hard; and come to take it up, it was one of them petrified Indians. It was a likely one, too. I seen it when I went down—just a perfect figger of a man, clean down to his eyebrows and finger nails. The boss of the job said he never heerd of any more perfect one. He hadn't seen one himself, but he had a cousin who did, and, 'cordin'

to his tell, it wa'n't nowheres near so perfect as this one."

"How big was he?" said one.

"Wal, as he set there 'side of the road, when I come along," said Plin, "I should say he was somewheres about seven or eight feet high, and big in proportion."

"How do they account for such big-ness?" said one of his questioners.

"They don't know no more about it than you do. Some think he got sort of water-soaked, and swelled; and others think he growed that way. As far as I'm concerned, I kind of think he growed so. You know what the Good Book says: 'And there was giants in them days.' I don't know why there shouldn't be giants in Jackson Corners as well as anywheres else." All this time Plin Norton, like the consummate artist he was, had never once glanced in the direction of his victims. His last shaft, carelessly discharged, had gone straight to its mark. He saw it. "Beats all what curious things you see," said Plin, summing up his argument. "And as I look at it, it's a sort of duty put upon us to see 'em when you can. I ain't a real religious feller, but seems to me when the Lord gives us a chance to see them kind of things, we really ought to see 'em. Wal, I'll have to be goin', Mis' Niles," said he to the postmistress. "Like as not that crazy critter of a colt's et up your Willy, already." He departed, leaving conviction behind him in the minds of the Galusha sisters, which was not disturbed by the comments of the men. The appeal to religion had clinched the matter.

The Galusha sisters walked home from the mail, with their *Christian Evangelist*, turning over all these things in their hearts. The two women kept their own counsel, and made their own plans. In the eyes of their neighbors they were two stingy and crabbed old maids. They were wealthy beyond normal desire, by the standard of Jackson City; but they were parsimonious to a degree which caused remark, even in this land of frugal hab-

its. They were almost never known to leave the "City." In fact, almost the only indulgence they allowed themselves was attendance on religious gatherings. Religion, according to the opinion of Jackson City, was so cheap that it was the only thing they could afford to have in any quantity. Consequently, that these two should go to the Corners the next morning was an impressive tribute to Plin Norton's ability. Plin was just preparing to leave for the valley when they appeared before him in their black Sabbatical robes.

"Mornin', Miss Galusha," said Plin, with his head down over the harness.

"Good mornin', Pliny," said Mindy, the elder; "we're goin' down to see the petrified Indian."

"Yes," added Zuby, "we kind of felt 'twas our duty to."

"Yes'm," said Plin, with solemn enthusiasm; "and you won't never regret it, neither."

"We thought," said Zuby, "we could stop at Cousin Em Billin's, and walk over from there. 'Twouldn't be too far, would it?"

"No'm," said Plin; "it's only a step over from there."

"'Tain't more'n half fare down there, is it?" asked Mindy, warily.

"No'm," said Plin; "that'll be all right. Jump in."

The old stage was got under way and rattled down the mountain side. At the Corners the sisters were unloaded, and the stage proceeded toward town. At the first turn of the road the sedate figure in the first seat was observed to be hammering his knee with his right hand. "Petrified Indian!" he was exclaiming in a loud voice; "Oh, Lord! Petrified Indian!"

Late in the afternoon the stage drove up again before Em Billing's. "Goin' up?" shouted the driver in the confident, hearty voice of a man who is prepared for a forgiveness which cannot logically be withheld. Em Billing's small boy appeared at the door. "Your aunties ready to go home?" asked Plin.

"They say," remarked the boy, "you can go along; they ain't goin' up with you."

"Oh, come," said Plin; "they hadn't ought to take it to heart like that. Tell 'em it won't cost 'em nothin' to ride up."

The small boy turned about and talked seriously with some one inside the house. Then he turned back and delivered himself, as follows: "They say you needn't worry about their gettin' back; they wouldn't go up with you if you had the only team on earth."

"All right," said Plin; "they ain't no law compellin' 'em to go up with me if they don't want to." He prepared to move on. "Say, how are they goin' up?" he called to the boy.

"I s'pose I've got to drive 'em up to-morrow mornin'," said the child, with feeling.

Plin Norton drove along. When he drew up in front of Ben Niles's, he found Ben resting himself and his rheumatism on the front porch, in company with a fisherman from the city.

"Hello, Plin," said Ben; "we're just talkin' 'bout you."

"So?" said Plin.

"Yes. 'Member how you come to get wounded at Gettysburg?"

"Pretty likely I do," said Plin.

"I was just tellin' this feller," said Ben. "Wait a minute and I'll be through.—Well, as I was sayin'," he continued, "when we heard them orders, Plin Norton here and I was right alongside of one another, as we generally was. We was considerable to each other in them days, young feller, if I do say it before his face. 'Twan't no more'n natural, considerin' we was raised together and had been fightin' side of one another for a couple of years. So we just leaned over and shook hands, and we both says at once, 'If anything happens, you know,' and both on us nodded. We understood from past experience without talkin'. Well, right after that we went round in there. 'Twas just

the same as if you rode down along that pastur' there, over across into them bushes; only 'twas piled cram-jam full of big rocks and bowlders. I tell you, young man, 'twas most dreadful discouragin'. 'Cause, in the first place, you wouldn't think a hoss could stan' on his feet in there, not even a performin' hoss in a circus; and in the second place, you couldn't see much of anything before you but a wood lot. It was about like chargin' a ten-acre lot of brush—only every stump and stone was populated—as we see pretty quick. Well, sir, we rode kerbang, right over the top of 'em, and swung 'round and come back. It was after that we ketched it. Goin' down we'd left considerable many windrows, but comin' back the Rebs had time to come together, and they give it to us red-hot. I tell ye, young feller, 'bout that time it was beginnin' to get pretty devilish tedious. Just then, when we was gettin' started back—what there was left on us—and things was jest a screechin' and a boilin', I looks up, just right over there to my right—and I see Plin Norton fling up his hands, and I says to myself, 'Plin's hit, by God—ain't it too bad—ain't it too bad?' And, somehow, I kept sayin' that over and over beneath my breath, not knowin' exactly what I was doin', I s'pose. Then I looked up again, and I see him give a kind of flop foward onto the pommel of his saddle, and throw his arms round the hoss's neck, and set his teeth right down into his mane and lay there. So there he was, half dead, hangin' onto that hoss's neck—all slippery with sweat and lather—and bangin' along over the rocks and stumps, with the rest on us. I tell ye 'twas nothin' short of a miracle to see. I kept lookin' over at him, and sayin' over and over to myself, 'Poor Plin, ain't it too bad? ain't it too bad?' like a fool, and wonderin' how many more jumps he could hold on. But all the time that hoss follered along like a human bein', and Plin on top of him. And I thought we never

would get there — though really it wa'n't no great way. But, finally, before I knowed it, all of a sudden we hauled up short, and come to a dead stop—and we was there. Yes, sir, we was safe. And then, old Plin, he just fell right off onto the ground—no bettern'n a dead man." The old man stopped to moisten his lips. "If you hadn't been such an almighty good rider, Plin, you wouldn't been sittin' there now, I tell ye," he continued. "He always was the handiest man with a hoss in this section," he explained to the stranger.

"Oh, sho!" said Plin Norton, who had been an uncomfortable listener. "Tain't so."

"Yes, 'tis," said Ben, "and you know it. Anybody knows you was the neatest rider in the regiment."

"Tain't no such thing," said Plin.

"Now, what you want to talk like that for," said Ben, excitedly, "when you know it's so?"

"Oh, well," said Plin, "what's the use of us poor old fellers sittin' here and disputin', anyway? What difference's it make what we did do or what we didn't do? We're nothin' more'n two poor old critters turned out to paster on this mountain."

"Guess you're right," said Ben, reflectively. "Kind of singular, ain't it, after the excitin' times we went through then to be settin' here mould-erin' in this dead and alive place ever since?"

Plin Norton started his horses. "Guess I'll be goin' along," he said.

The two men on the piazza stared at his broad back as he drove away. "That feller's one of the nerviest men ever set a hoss," said Ben Niles; "and one of the devilishest liars," he added.

Plin Norton crawled slowly up the mountain road in the old stage. This Jackson City road is a wild and interesting place. It is what would be called in railroading a narrow gauge, single track, and the turnouts are few and far between. It is built on the principle of a shelf. The mountain side represents the wall, and space is rep-

resented by the valley of the Branch—sometimes a hundred, sometimes twenty-five feet, and sometimes very little below the level of the road. It is not dangerous, because it is generally separated from the valley of the brook by a fringe of trees, or in the exposed places by a stout fence; but its uniform narrowness makes it interesting throughout for the city driver, whose imagination is constantly overstimulated by the thought of what would happen if he met some one. The native, accustomed to driving vehicles tilted at acute angles, gets along one way or another when he meets another claimant of the road. It never occurs to Plin Norton to consider the matter at all, until some problem offers itself.

When Plin reached home, the whole village street was laughing. "Where's Mindy and Zuby?" they asked him, as he stamped into the post office.

"The last I see of 'em," he answered with a solemn face, "they was down there, clippin' off the locks of that there peetrified Indian, for keepsakes. They wouldn't come up with me. I guess prob'ly he asked 'em to stop over night."

The next morning, when Plin Norton was ready to start down the mountain, the Galusha girls had not yet arrived.

"Wonder what's keepin' 'em," said Plin to Mrs. Niles.

"Oh, probably they're makin' out a good long visit with Em Billin's," said Mrs. Niles.

Grandpa Niles recalled to the day of his death what he said at this juncture. "Plin," said the old man, appearing at the door, "I should think you'd be kind of ticklish of drivin' that flutterin' little critter down the mountain."

"Oh, sho!" said Plin, "I ain't like a man who can't drive a colt down hill."

It was the general verdict that an avenging Providence appeared in the episode which followed. Plin Norton's discourses on the bears along the road were among the choicest in his rep-

ertory. As a matter of strict historical accuracy, it was more than doubtful whether he had ever seen one. Therefore it was, according to Jackson City logic, that bears appeared unto him. When he had just about reached the second watering trough, a black object slouched across the clearing up on the mountain side. It was a medium-sized black bear. The horses had sensed it before it appeared. They stopped short, the old horse trembling and the young one fairly palpitating with fear. When the bear came into sight, both horses made a quick semicircular shy to the left, the younger animal crowding his slender body against the older; and then they bolted. The old horse might possibly have been controlled, but the young one was a raving equine maniac.

"Ho, boy!" yelled Plin, stiffening back on the reins. "Ho, you little fool, you! Ho,—ssh,—ho!"

His appeals were useless. The nervous system of the colt was beyond receiving suggestions. At the second "thank you, ma'am," as the stage jerked up into the air, the right rein, rotten by the exposure of a dozen years, snapped short off. For a moment the old vehicle, with the impassive figure rolling in the front seat, pitched helplessly down the slope. The figure raised itself, reached one foot over on to the pole—and Plin Norton had scrambled on to the back of the older horse.

The old cavalryman settled himself on his seat, reached out and grasped the reins of both horses, and tried their mouths. He recognized the situation at once. There was no stopping now. His function was merely that of a guiding intelligence to a blindly moving mass. The race down the mountain side had begun. A runaway with a fair field and every favor is not an enjoyable thing, but when gravity and two mad horses run wild together down three miles of mountain road, the probable result is not agreeable for the most philosophical mind to

contemplate. This was no situation for any mere amateur rider, however accomplished. It required all the best talent of a man trained in the exacting school of the cavalry regiment, where the problem of keeping on the right side of a horse resolves itself promptly into the question of continued personal existence.

From the very first one fear fixed itself in Plin Norton's mind. Would he meet the Galusha girls? They had not come; they probably had started. At what part of the road were they now, crawling up the mountain side?

The runaway flashed by Lyme Child's, the only house before Ben Niles's, like a suspicion, and disappeared into the woods. From there to Niles's there was practically no place where a team going at that speed could pass another. It was wonderful that disaster had held off so long. At every "thank you ma'am" the poor old ghost of a stage rolled and groaned and lurched bodily up into the air, and its dusty old curtains flapped out wildly on either side. The old rider sat, stern-faced and hatless, moulded to the older horse. If he could only hold things together till Ben Niles's was reached, he could turn the corner, take the old branch road and pull them down on the up grade. He was wondering how much longer the horses would stand up. Any other than these mountain-bred animals would have pounded their front legs down to their elbows long before. The old horse, burdened with a rider, was showing unmistakable signs of weariness; the colt was lather to his ears. But there was no stopping. The runaway plunged resistlessly along—a thunderbolt of a ton and a half of horseflesh and lumber, filling the narrow road from side to side.

It was now but half a mile to Ben Niles's. The runaway swept around another curve, and still another vista opened up through the woods. At its farther end, perched on a little eminence in the road, stood the equipage of the Galusha girls.

"Move over!" yelled Plin Norton. "God Almighty, move over! Drive up to one side!"

His loud appeal produced no effect on the little party in the vehicle. Idiot fear possessed them, body, mind and soul. The small boy in the middle dropped the reins and began to cry. One old maid sat motionless; the other began slowly clambering out between the wheels. The old mare stood spread-legged, like a sawhorse, in the centre of the road, snorting at the unusual and terrifying sight.

"Jump!" yelled Plin Norton. "Jump out! Oh, God!—"

At the last moment a faint possibility of escape struck Plin Norton's eye. The indistinct mouth of an old winter wood road appeared in the trees at the left. It was a desperate chance—but he took it.

Only a native of these hills can rightly appreciate the chance Plin Norton took. A winter wood road becomes in summer merely a track through the trees, sown thick with small bowlders and with roots. No vehicle, going at any speed, can live a minute in it; a horse has difficulty to pick his way through at a walk. Three rods or so in the road, as Plin well knew, a winter bridge led across the branch. A bridge of this kind is covered in winter time with green branches of fir trees, on which the snow packs down and makes a continuous surface. At all other times it is a rattletrap arrangement of loose spruce saplings, laid across two supporting trunks—as full of holes as a stove grate.

When Plin Norton plunged the two horses into the mouth of the road it was already too late for the stage to follow. The poor old vehicle slammed violently against a sapling at the lower side of the entrance; the overstrained harness at last snapped away, and the horses were free. Three bounds, and they were on the little eminence, just above the bridge. The front half of the cross-trunks on the long unused structure were nearly all knocked

away, and through the holes twenty feet below, appeared the jagged bed of the Branch. For a fraction of a second the horses gathered their loins together like cats jumping from a garden wall.

"Hi!" yelled Plin Norton, lifting them. They crashed to the centre of the tottering old bridge, bounded clear across, and scrambled up the other slope. The last exertion was too much for the younger horse. He stumbled on the rocky road-bed, and fell, dragging down the old horse with him. Plin Norton pitched over on his shoulder, and lay still.

The two old maids gave vent to their feelings during the catastrophe, in thin, elderly shrieks. After the last crash they both alighted, slowly; one stood by the horse's head, and the other ventured to look down through the wood road.

"He's just lyin' there, not movin' a hair. Probably he's killed," she reported.

"Willy," said the other, "run back to Mr. Niles, and tell him to come up here quick. Plin Norton's killed." The small boy, his cheeks wet with tears, hurried down the road. The venturesome sister came back to the other at the horse's head. "Oh," she said, "it's awful; I can't bear to look at him."

In a few minutes Ben Niles shuffled up behind the boy, trembling with apprehension and rheumatism. The little party proceeded down the wood road.

In the interval Plin Norton had recovered his senses, and appeared holding the horses, who stood quietly before him, stiff and docile with fatigue. He was using only one arm; the other hung helpless by his side.

"How are ye, Plin; hurt much?" Ben Niles piped anxiously across the brook.

"No, nothin' to speak of."

Ben Niles proceeded slowly across the bridge. "What made you do it?" he asked breathlessly, when he had come across.

"What else could I do?" asked Plin.

"It might have killed ye," said Ben.

"S'posin' it did," said Plin. "You wouldn't had me run into 'em, would ye? Them poor old hens sat there plumb in the middle of the road, flutterin' and cryin'—just perfectly helpless. I just had to chance it; that's all there was to it."

Ben Niles still shook his head. "Don't seem to me you was called on to do it," said he. "You wouldn't have got across that bridge alive again once in a thousand times."

"Wal," said Plin, shutting off debate, "I done it—and there ain't no use talkin' about it."

"It's just like ye," said Ben, partly to himself.

The two sisters, waiting anxiously on the other side of the bridge, now made themselves heard. "Is he hurt much?" called the elder.

"No'm, thankye," said Plin; "I'm all right. You goin' up now, Miss Mindy?" called Plin, after a little pause.

"If we can't be of no 'sistance to you here," said Mindy.

"Much obliged," said Plin, "but you can't help at all. Only when you're goin' along by the house, I wisht you'd stop in and tell Sam to send down and kind of take care of things. Tell him the hosses are all right. You can see for yourself how the stage is. Just say I'll take the mail down to the village, if he'll come down and take care of the rest; will you, please?"

The sister started toward their vehicle. Suddenly the elder one turned about again, walked down close to the farther side of the bridge, and stopped.

"Mr. Norton," she called, "we want to tell you we think you done a grand and noble deed, doin' what you did; and we 'preciate it."

"Oh, pshaw," said Plin.

"Yes, we do," reiterated Miss Mindy.

"'Twan't nothin'," said Plin.

"Yes, 'twas, too; you might have been killed."

"I'm much obliged to you for what you say, Miss Mindy," said Plin, get-

ting very uncomfortable, "but I wish you wouldn't speak any more'n you have to 'bout it, please. It's all right, anyhow."

The sisters and the small boy embarked again and started on their interrupted journey up the hill. The two old veterans were left alone with the horses.

"Ben," said Plin, "recollect what day of the month it is?"

"I ain't sure; it's the third of July, ain't it?"

"Yes," said Plin; "just thirty-two years ago to-day since that time at Gettysburg."

"'Tis, ain't it?" said Ben. "Ain't that sing'lar?"

"Yes, 'tis," said Plin, slowly. "It looks like the third of July must be my lucky day." There was a little silence.

"Just tie 'em up to one of them trees, will ye, Ben?" said Plin.

Ben noticed the limp arm for the first time.

"What's the matter with that arm?" he demanded.

"I donno," said Plin, "but I kind o' think the collar bone's broke."

"Pain ye much?" asked Ben, solicitously, taking charge of the horses.

"Not a great deal," said Plin.

Suddenly the humorous side of the affair struck him, and a broad grin dawned across his face. He bent over and slapped his knee with his uninjured hand. "Petrified Indian!" he roared. Then he stopped quickly, with a grimace; the pain of his injury had caught him so violently that he grew a little faint. Ben Niles took in the situation at once.

"You old fool," he said, roughly, "don't you know no better'n that? You leave things where they be, and come along down home with me."

"How about the hosses?" said Plin.

"I'll have Benny come up and take care of them. You come along. Take holt, and lean your weight on me."

The two old veterans plodded slowly over the rough bridge and down the road, arm in arm.

Provincetown The Tip of the Cape.

By Edmund J. Carpenter.



EVERY one in New England knows what is meant when allusion is made to "The Cape." There are various capes along the eastern coast; but there is one point of land to which the thought inevitably turns at this designation. Every one knows that when one is said to have "gone down on the Cape," none other than Cape Cod is meant. When the mariner, or the emigrant, or the returning traveller first descries land, on approaching the port of Boston, it is the long, outstretching arm of Cape Cod which greets his eye. If by day he sees the low-lying stretch of yellow sand and if he is not too far away, the green-tipped, nomadic dunes; if by night, he sees the strong rays of Highland Light, a warning that the land, so soft and beautiful at a distance, might prove no pleasant neighbor.

A vast curling whiplash is the tip of the Cape,—as if some giant had whirled it about his head and dropped it into the sea. The basin formed by the circling of the tip of the lash is the pleasant, landlocked harbor of Provincetown.

As one approaches the town by sea, he first descries a long, yellow, sandy

spit, low-lying, a broad-roofed building its only sign of human life. This narrow strip of yellow, between the blue of sea and the blue of sky, comes suddenly upon the sight, as if a gleam of broad sunlight had shot across the sea at the horizon line; and it is only after the eye has for some time been fixed upon this line of light, that one realizes that it is formed of hard yellow sand and not of evanescent sunlight. The low, broad building which we have seen upon the shore is the Race Point life-saving station, a place deserted and quiet at midsummer, but swarming with life and energy when the winds of winter blow. We draw nearer and skirt along beside the long, low, sandy neck, passing the lighthouse and the life-saving station at Wood End, until the true tip of the Cape comes into view. Long Point Light, with its keeper's house, its white framework in which is hung the fog-bell, its breakwater of granite rocks, and the near-by deserted and crumbling earthworks,—a relic of the civil war period,—this is the tip end of Cape Cod.

Toward the south opens the entrance of Provincetown harbor; at the west lies Long Point; upon the east are the shores of Truro. The



THE SLOPES OF TELEGRAPH HILL.

channel is broad and deep, sufficient for the greatest battle ship. The harbor, completely landlocked save at the entrance, is circular in form, and, save at the western part, it is deep and affords safe anchorage for as great a fleet of vessels as would be likely to seek a harbor here.

A historic harbor is this; for here first dropped anchor in western waters the *Mayflower*, with its Pilgrim band. Here they tarried while they explored the adjacent coast, the women meantime washing the clothing of the company. Here, too, befell them the first of the many tragedies of that fateful year; for in this harbor, while the *Mayflower* swung at anchor, the young wife of William Bradford missed her footing on the deck and lost her life by drowning. And here, too, "it pleased God that Mistress White was brought a bed of a sonne, which was called 'Peregrine.'" Governor Bradford has in these words recorded the arrival at Cape Cod:

"But to omite other things (that I may be breefe) after longe beating at sea they fell with that land which is called Cape Cod; the which being made and certainly knowne to be it, they were not a little joyfull. After some deliberation had amongst them selves & with ye m^r of ye ship, they tacked aboute and resolved to stand for ye southward (ye wind & weather being faire) to finde some place aboute Hudsons river for their habitation. But after they had sailed y^t course aboute halfe ye day, they fell amongst deangerous shoulds and roring breakers and they were so fair intangled ther with as they conceived them selves in great danger; & ye wind shrinking upon them withall, they resolved to bear up againe for the Cape, and thought them selves hapy to gett out of those dangers before night overtooke them, as by Gods providence they did. And ye next day they gott into ye Cape harbor wher they ridd in saftie."

The configuration of the shore of the harbor is little different to-day from what it was in the days of the Pilgrims, although in the lapse of time the woods, which covered the shores even to the water's edge, have

disappeared. We read in Mourt's Relation:

"We came to an anchor in the Bay, which is a good harbour and pleasant Bay, circled round, except at the entrance, which is about foure miles ouer from land to land, compassed about to the very sea with Okes, Pines, Iuniper, Saxsafra and other sweet wood; it is a harbour wherein 1000 saile of ships may safely ride, there we relieued our selues with wood and water, and refreshed our people, while our shoullop was fitted to coast the Bay, to search for a habitation; there was the greatest store of fowle that euer we saw."

The eleventh day of November, 1620, is the date recorded by Governor Bradford as that on which the *Mayflower* dropped anchor in the harbor of Provincetown. This date is identical with that of the immortal Compact, drawn and signed in the cabin of the ship,—the earliest example of a form of civil government made and established by act of the people to be governed. Here, then, was the birthplace of the American republic, the quiet harbor upon whose waters was formed the first true dem-

ocratic government which the world ever saw.

It is believed by some that the Pilgrim Fathers were not the first white men who had visited this region and, indeed, settled upon the tip of the Cape. Forty years ago, when a Provincetown citizen* set him about to build a house upon one of the hills which form the background of the village, he met a strange experience. But let us recall the old Norse legend of voyages from Greenland to the south and west, first by Lief Erikson, and later by Thorwald, his brother. With a company the latter sailed, so say the sagas, in the spring of 1004, and in exploring the coast of this unknown land touched upon the tip of a great cape, which he called Kilai Ness or Keel Cape. Indeed, he was stranded here, as many a mariner has been since his day, and, losing his keel, hauled his vessel ashore for repairs. Hence the name which he gave to the cape. Later, in exploring a neighboring bay, which some have

*Mr. Francis A. Paine.



"GRAVES THAT NEVER HAVE BEEN DIGGED."

believed to be Boston Bay, Thorwald was mortally wounded in an encounter with the Indians. He advised his followers to return home; "but me," he said, "you shall carry to the place where we repaired our ship, which I thought would be such a goodly place to dwell in. Perhaps the words that fell from me there will prove true and I shall, indeed, abide there for a season. There bury me and place a cross at my head and another at my feet, and call the place

houses of Provincetown. At a distance of four feet below the surface, or at a point more than twenty feet below the original crown of the hill, the workmen came upon a remarkable structure of stone. Since no stone larger than a man's fist is found upon this portion of the Cape, and such foundations as the wooden buildings have are invariably of brick, this structure attracted instant attention. It was evidently the lower portion of a building once of considerable size,



COMMERCIAL STREET.

Kross-a-Ness" (Cape of the Crosses). And so here, on the cape's tip, was buried Thorwald, the viking.

Chip Hill, in the year 1805, was cut down a distance of seventeen feet, and its summit levelled for the purpose of erecting salt works thereon. Nearly fifty years later this business was abandoned, the buildings were removed, and the land was divided into house lots. One of these was purchased for a dwelling and an excavation made for the tiny, well-like cellar, such as is common to the

in shape a parallelogram. But two sides remained standing at a right angle to one another. The corner had evidently been employed as a fireplace at some time in the far distant past, for here were found ashes and the bones of sea fowl and of small animals. The stones of the walls had been firmly cemented together, with a cement in which ground shells had been utilized as lime, a mode of structure exactly similar to that of the Old Stone Mill at Newport. No one can say with certainty that these



A SIDE STREET.

walls, thus curiously discovered, were the remains of a building erected by Thorwald, the viking; but it is certain that they were of great antiquity. It is hardly to be imagined that this structure was erected by the Pilgrims in their brief stay in this region; for, had such an undertaking been begun, Bradford, who has recorded so many details more trivial than this, would most likely have mentioned it. The fact that it was found at so great a depth below the surface of the hill must be urged in disproof of any suggestion that it might have been built by the early white settlers of the town; and that it could have been erected by the Indians, who have left no stone remains in this section of the country, is beyond all probability. The Provincetown citizen of to-day is glad to believe that his town contains—for the relics still remain beneath the soil—remains of the

visit of the Northmen.*

The original grant to the Plymouth Colony of land in this region, which grant bore the date of 1629, undoubtedly included the Cape within its limits. From the beginnings of things in the Old Colony, the extremity of Cape Cod was regarded as a fishing station, under the jurisdiction of the co-

lonial government.

From time to time, grants of fishing privileges at this point were made to various persons. Notably, on the second of October, 1650, leave was granted to Thomas Prence, Captain Myles Standish, William Puddy "and such other of the three townes of Plymouth, Duxburrow and Nawsett [Eastham] as shall joyne with them,"

* All questions as to the exact places visited by the Northmen are of course matters of controversy. See critical articles upon the subject in the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE for April, 1891, and October, 1892; also Old South Leaflet, No. 31, "The Voyages to Vinland," with notes.—EDITOR.



THE TOWN HALL.

to "sett upon a constant course of bass-fishing at Cape Cod." At this time Thomas Prence—afterward governor—was appointed by the General Court "to purchase what lands yet remaineth on y^t side Cape Cod unpurchased, from the true proprietors." Four years later these lands were purchased, in behalf of the colony, from Samson, Indian of Pottontumacutt. In January, 1629-30, a new patent was procured, covering this region, by William Bradford, who in March, 1640-41, made an assignment of it to the Plymouth Colony.

In 1661 the price fixed by the colony to be paid by strangers for fish caught and cured at the Cape was sixpence for each quintal. In 1670 this rate for strangers was increased to one shilling sixpence for each barrel of mackerel caught here, while the price for "our people" was fixed at sixpence for each quintal. In 1671 Thomas Prence was made a water bailiff to have charge of the fisheries at the Cape. In 1672 these instructions were given him:

"This court being informed that few or none of ours are like to fish at the Cape by seine, and that divers strangers desire there to fish, these are, therefore, to empower you, in the behalf of the court, to give liberty to such strangers as shall desire there to fish, carrying orderly, and paying such dues as by court order is provided, and this shall be your warrant therein for this present season."

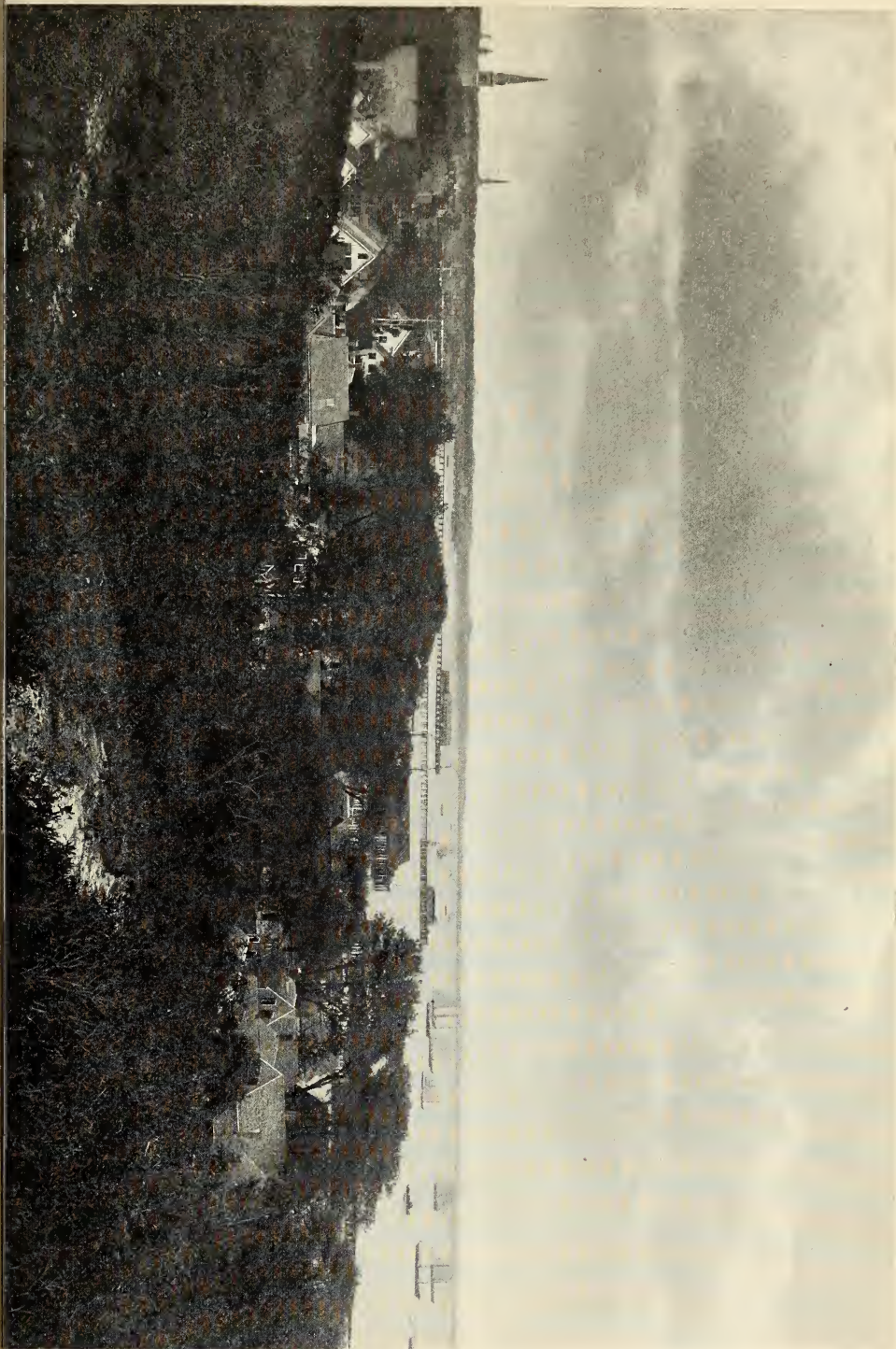
In 1673 the revenue derived from the fisheries at the Cape was set apart for the support of public schools in the colony.

In 1692 occurred the union of the Plymouth and the Massachusetts Bay colonies; and in the year 1714 the region now covered by Provincetown was set off as a precinct of the Province of Massachusetts Bay. In 1727 Provincetown was incorporated as a township. This act of incorporation did not serve to transfer the title to the lands of the town from the province to the township, nor to individual

landholders. The fee remained in the province; and thus, by easy suggestion, the name of Province Town was given to the new township. Those who had erected dwellings and established homes and had built fish houses and wharves within the limits of the former precinct occupied the position of mere squatters or tenants in sufferance. The act of incorporation had the peculiar phraseology which follows:

"Be it enacted: That all the lands on said Cape (being Province Lands) be and hereby are constituted a township by the name of Province Town, and that the inhabitants thereof be invested with the powers, privileges and immunities that any of the inhabitants of any of the towns within the Province by law are, or ought to be, invested with, saving always the right of this Province to said land, which is to be in no wise prejudiced, and provided that no person or persons be hindered and obstructed in building such wharves, stages, work-houses and flakes and other things as shall be necessary for the salting, keeping and packing their fish, or in cutting down and taking such trees and other materials growing on said Province lands as shall be needful for that purpose, or in any sort of fishing, whaling, or getting of bait at the said Cape; but that the same be held as common as heretofore with all the privileges and advantages thereunto in any wise belonging."

This anomalous condition of affairs continued for many years. A populous village grew up, with dwellings, shops, schoolhouses and churches; and yet not a householder held any title to the land upon which his homestead stood. When holdings were sold and conveyed, the conveyance was in the form simply of a quitclaim deed, and not of a warranty. In the year 1854 an act was passed by the General Court of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts confirming the title of the State to these lands, which had passed to it from the province at the Revolution. This act provides that "the title of the Commonwealth as owner, in fee, to all the Province lands within the town of Provincetown is hereby asserted and declared, and no adverse possession or occupa-





tion thereof by any individual, company or corporation, for any period of time shall be sufficient to defeat or divest the title of the Commonwealth thereto."

In the year 1893, by a special statute of the General Court, a division of the lands of the town was made between the township and the Commonwealth, the latter reserving to itself a large section of the unoccupied lands of the town, stretching from the outskirts of the settled limits of the village to the ocean, and conveying to the town its title to the settled portion of these lands the title to which, for two hundred and sixty years, had been vested in colony, province and State. These Province Lands are in large part plains and dunes of sand, picturesque in appearance, in some places wholly bare, in others covered with a sparse herbage.

A valley between two ranges of these dunes is closely grown with wood, thick with undergrowth and, through summer and autumn, bright with woodland flowers.

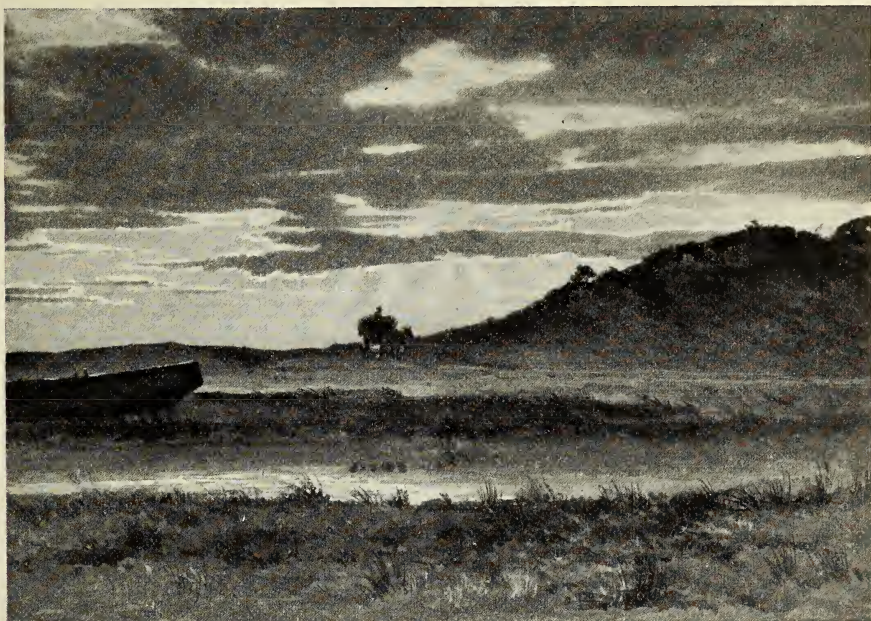
The settlement of Provincetown was gradual, and was wholly induced by the fishing interests. Finding it more convenient to reside at a point not far distant from the fishing grounds, the fishermen, one by one,



THE PICTURESQUE "WEST END."

seized upon plots of ground and erected dwellings. At about the period of its incorporation it had become a thriving settlement; but within a dozen years after the passage of the act, for some unexplained reason, the population began to decline, so that by the year 1748 it had been reduced to two or three families. From this time on, the settlement began slowly to revive, but still as late as 1755 the town contained not more than ten or fifteen dwellings. So insignificant was the settlement that in

vous, from which to sail forth and prey upon American commerce or attack American ports. The royal navy was accustomed to levy upon the people of the town for supplies of fresh vegetables, butter, eggs and fish, making no return save the services of the chaplain, who occasionally came on shore to preach to the people. With the declaration of peace, the interests of the town began to revive; and a period of great prosperity soon followed. The whale fisheries soon began to assume a great importance,



the census of 1764 it was wholly passed by. At the opening of the war of the Revolution the number of families in Provincetown had increased to thirty-six, with twenty dwellings and a total population of about two hundred.

The time covered by the war was a period of great depression for Provincetown. The colonial government was unable to provide for the place any protection, and the harbor was employed by the British naval vessels and privateers as a convenient rendez-

and this, with the shore and bank fisheries, the manufacture of salt and of oil of various kinds, served to build up on the sandy tip of Cape Cod a vigorous, prosperous and wealthy community.

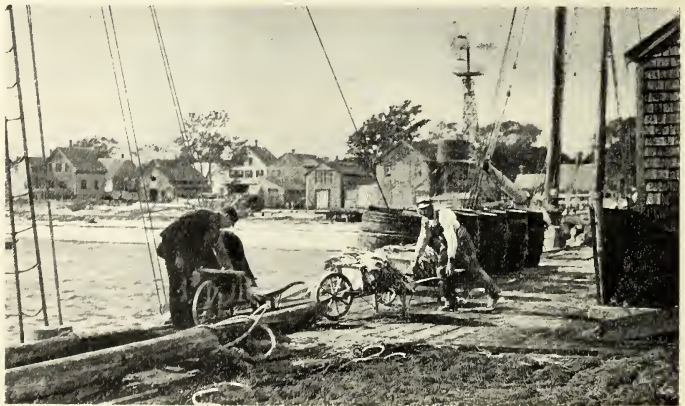
The harbor of Provincetown is well-nigh circular in form, a hard, sandy beach sweeping around in a huge crescent, from east to west. Back a little from the beach is a row of steep sandy hills, following in their line the configuration of the shore and clothed from foot to summit with verdure.



DRYING CODFISH.

In the narrow plain thus formed between shore and hills lies the town, sweeping around on the same great crescent from east to west, and stretching itself out in a long line, fully three miles in extent. This is the length of Provincetown village; and yet so narrow is it, confined in its limits by the hills, that one can almost throw a stone from the beach to the extremity of its width. One long street stretches through the town from end to end, and upon it dwellings and places of business are judiciously intermingled. From off this street run landward through the rifts in the sandy hills narrow cross streets, or rather lanes, upon which face the dwellings of the people. Some of these lanes are so narrow that the hubs of the wagons well-nigh grate upon the palings; and some, indeed, are but by-ways, too strait even for

the passage of any vehicle more ample than a wheelbarrow. It is not at all uncommon in this town to notice a dwelling built closely in the rear of another, with access, apparently only by the tiniest of narrow lanes, confined between tall white palings upon either side. Through the palings often thrust themselves clusters of "old maid's pinks," "bachelor's buttons," or "sweet Williams," which here grow in profusion, in lanes and door-yards, just as they grew a century ago, before such sweet old posies became unfashionable in the outer world.



LOADING THE CODFISH.

The one main street of the town,—which bears the dignified name of Commercial Street,—and Bradford Street, a highway of lesser importance in the rear, follow the configuration of the shore, and are always careful not to expand their limits to too great a width. Two wagons can pass each other at any point, however,—that is, if the driver be skilful; but even with the greatest care upon his part the white fence upon the water side of Commercial Street quite often bears the marks of the hubs. For upon this side is no sidewalk, and the people may, if they choose, step from their dooryards and, in some cases, from their very doorsteps, into the “accommodations” which

plank walk is famous, famous as is the sea wall at St. Augustine; for here in summer time, at dusk and at eventide, come forth the young people and disport themselves in gay attire, and with jest and laughter fill the air of the town with merriment. The plank walk has a history. It is the story of an overflowing public treasury, in the year 1837, which led to an act of Congress ordering a division of the surplus among the



ALONG THE WHARVES.

run their unceasing round, up and down the town, from early morn until the early bedtime of the people. Upon the landward side of Commercial Street runs a plank sidewalk, the whole town through, from “up along,” as colloquial Provincetown calls the west end of the town, to “down along,” as it denominates the east end. This

building of this plank walk, which thus for more than sixty years has been a comfort and a delight to the people of the town. From time to time it has been repaired, and here and there renewed, as occasion has required; yet it is the same plank walk which was built from the proceeds of the great “divide.”

There are no paved streets in Prov-

states. The states in turn divided the funds thus received among the towns; and thus Provincetown received its proportion. It was employed in the

incetown, neither are there sidewalks, —save the famous plank walk,—and no gutters. There is no need of these things. The streets, though narrow, are scrupulously clean, and so porous is the soil, with its stratum of sand, that the water from the heaviest rains seldom remains long upon the surface, but sinks away and disappears. The stringent sanitary rules of the town prevent the accumulation of débris in street, lane or yard, and the only scents in the town are the salt odör which blows strong from the sea, and the smell of the flowers in the dooryards.

ballast. Arriving in port, the earth would be carted away and spread upon dooryards, until thus, little by little, every house was surrounded with a coating of rich soil, wherein to-day grow the green sods and the beds of flowers which make the town so delightful. Many of the lawns thus formed are broad, well kept and beautifully green.

One of the most attractive of these is in front of the Town House, a fine structure of wood, in which are well appointed public offices and a handsome public hall, with deep balconies in carved oak. In the centre of the



FISH WEIR AT LOW TIDE.

These dooryards have an individuality. None of them are native and "to the manner born," but have been imported. There is, beyond doubt, a deep stratum of heavy loam beneath the sands of the Cape; for we know that once trees of all sorts grew thickly even to the water's edge, and even now the streets are well shaded with trees. But so deep is the sand and sandy soil of the surface, that without artificial aid it is difficult for grass and flowers to find a lodgment. Hence, in the past, it was the practice of masters of incoming vessels, which chanced to be without cargoes, to take on a cargo of rich earth as

broad lawn stands a granite tablet, erected, a few years ago, by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, in commemoration of the Pilgrim compact drawn and signed in this harbor. A bronze plate upon one side bears an inscription recording the event; upon the reverse side is another, containing in raised letters the words of the compact and the names of the signers.

Of churches Provincetown has five. Two of these are Methodist; and the Congregationalists, Universalists and Roman Catholics have one each. The first named are imposing structures, each capable of seating a thou-



SAND DUNES AT PEAKED HILL.

sand or twelve hundred people. The other two Protestant churches, while smaller than either of the Methodist churches, have ample sittings, and all have excellent pastoral supervision. It must be said, however, that these ample churches are not crowded to overflowing on Sunday. The decline of the whale fisheries and shore fisheries, the salt and the oil manufactories, which once called together a crowded New England population, has resulted in the decimation of these people. In the place of fully one-third of the original population of the town has come in a foreign element from the Azores. In proportion, then, as the Protestant churches of the town have become deserted, the Roman Catholic church has become more fully attended.

The decline of the fisheries of Provincetown forms the crucial point in the history of the old town. From a small beginning in the colonial days, the fisheries rapidly increased in importance and value. Cod, haddock, bass, bluefish, mackerel and lobsters abounded in these waters, and a large and rapidly increasing people en-

gaged in their capture and shipment to market. To these fisheries was added the pursuit of whales for the sake of their valuable oil and bone. Early in the history of the town the manufacture of salt from the water of the sea became an important industry; and to this was, later, added that of various kinds of fish oil. The failure of the whale supply, which was simultaneous with the discovery of the petroleum deposits of Pennsylvania, caused the downfall of that industry in this town, as well as at other New England whaling ports. The cause of the decline of the shore-fishing interests of Provincetown is variously explained, but in no satisfactory manner. Theories as to the cause of this decline are numerous; the presence of the decaying wharves and piers, and the dismantled "stores," are sufficient to establish the fact of such a decline. These add a pathetic picturesqueness to the aspect of the town, whether viewed from the harbor, or "along shore," and afford material for scores of artists, who make this place their resort through the summer months. Beside the rotting



PEAKED HILL BARS LIFE-SAVING STATION.

wharves are here and there old hulks, which, past their usefulness, are drawn up and left to sink away slowly into decay, silent memorials of a day that is gone.

But it must not be inferred that the fisheries of Provincetown have wholly disappeared. Boat fishing is still pursued, although with greatly diminished profits; and a few seiners still make their port here. There are still many men who "go down to the sea in ships," who are seen about the streets in hip boots and oilskins, picturesque types of a venturesome, hardy life. Men they are of rough exterior, who do not "dress for dinner," nor speak in the language of the books. But they are men of giant hearts, who are courteous to strangers, ready to share with a less fortunate brother and hesitate not an instant to imperil their own lives to save others.

Provincetown is well surrounded with lighthouses and life-saving stations. Upon Long Point, the true tip of the Cape, stands the light which guards the entrance to the harbor, with its granite breakwater and fog-bell. At Wood End, westward two miles or more from Long Point, is the first of a long series of Cape Cod

life-saving stations, with its lighthouse, red flashing by night. Following the mighty sweep of the Cape toward the north and east are Race Point and Peaked Hill Bar, "the graveyard of Cape Cod," each with its life-saving station, and hardy, fearless crew. Highland station and the far famed Highland Light stand upon the lofty bluffs as the Cape sweeps mightily toward the east and south; and so stretch away these landmarks of humanity to Wellfleet, Orleans and Chatham, and thence to the southernmost point of Monomoy. From Wood End to Monomoy stretches a line of copper wire. In each station is a telephone, the whole connected with the world at Provincetown. Save in such storms as that of November 27, 1898, which swept away the steamer *Portland*, with her passengers and crew, to unknown graves, a wreck at any portion of Cape Cod is instantly known from end to end of this wild stretch of sand and wave, and needed help is thus promptly summoned. But a tempest which, in its wild severity, sweeps down and destroys all avenues of communication with the outward world leaves each life-saving station in isolation, and its crew to struggle unaided to

save such poor creatures as may chance to be the prey of the storm. At such times the air is filled with sand, which is driven in clouds before the face of the tempest, scouring to opaqueness the windows of the station, cutting from clapboard and shingle and window frame every vestige of paint, and piling like drifted snow before door and window, until the patrolman, returning from his dreary tramp along the storm-beaten

her people in the past drawn their wealth; from it to-day comes their livelihood. Beautiful and restful in calm and sunshine, torn and smitten in storm and tempest, it stands, holding in its hands at once disaster and death, warning and life. Here are no sirens to lure the seamen to destruction, but instead strong hearts and steady hands, ready and willing to save. Here are homes of plenty, of thrift, and here are many

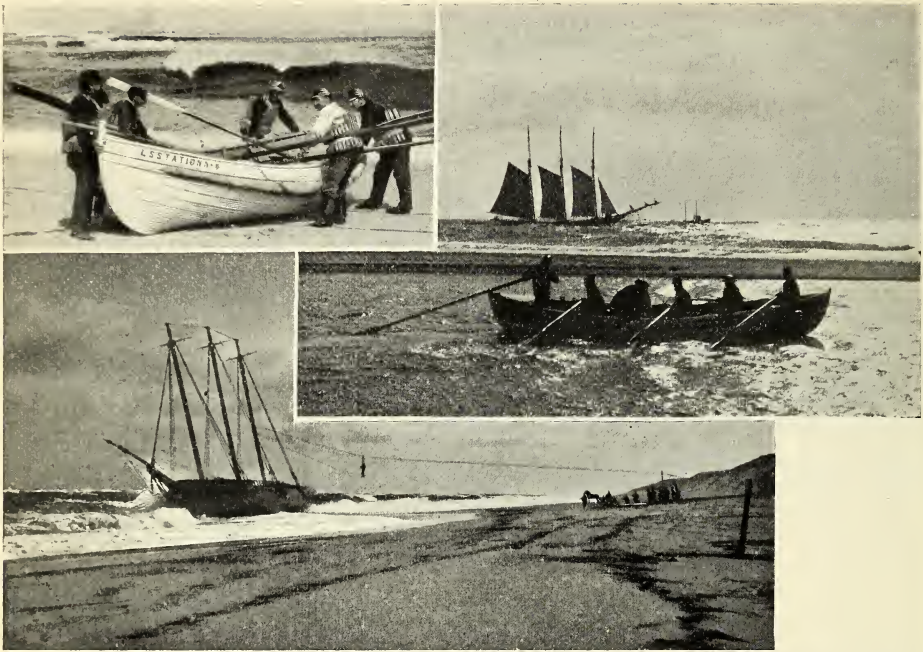


SURF AT PEAKED HILL BARS.

beach, must cut his way with a shovel before he can enter the haven of shelter. These are the days and nights when these hardy men must keep a ceaseless vigil, and when, most frequently, the coston light blazes out its warning, and the wrecks strew the shores.

This, then, is Provincetown, and this the Tip of the Cape. Far out at sea, fifty miles to the eastward of the main coast line, its flavor is only of the sea. From the sea have

homes of widowhood, where cheerfulness and industry alone drive away despair. Here the almshouse has few or no occupants; the homes of the millionaire are absent. Neither poverty nor riches oppress the people. Here, in the graveyard, are graves that never have been digged. Upright and grim stand the headstones, telling of storm, disaster, and death; but the sod beneath is undisturbed, and the grass and flowers strike their roots deep in a virgin soil, while the bones



LIFE SAVERS AT WORK.

of those whose virtues these stones commemorate lie in graves, unknown far beneath the sea.

Here, in the summer days, resort the tired ones from the city seeking rest. The restless ones, wearied with incessant din and strife, find here a quietude, a silence healing to mind and heart, a silence unbroken save by

the soft murmur of the wave upon the shore, the cricket's song as he lies hidden under the long grass beside the palings, or the merry jingle of the bell and the sound of laugh and chatter, as the "accommodation" rolls along the street. Quaint, lovely old town, beside the restless sea!

BETRAYED.

By Jay Lincoln.

THE nightmare melts at last, and London wakes
 To her old habit of victorious ease.
 More men, and more, and more for overseas,
 More guns, until the giant hammer breaks
 That patriot sword which even God forsakes!
 Shall not Great England work her will on these,
 The foolish little nations, and appease
 An angry shame that in her memory aches?

But far beyond the fierce-contested flood,
 The cannon-planted pass, the shell-torn town,
 The last wild carnival of fire and blood,
 Beware, beware that dim and awful Shade,
 Armored with Milton's word and Cromwell's frown,—
 Affronted Freedom, of her own betrayed!

SOME FEATURES OF OLD CONNECTICUT FARMING.

By C. N. Hall.



THE story of Connecticut farming is an important part of the history of New England; for it is the story of a noteworthy body of the

sturdy, industrious men and women who made our republic possible and more than any other class contributed to the success and prosperity of New England. The long and stubborn contest of these early farmers with nature and the elements resulted in the subjugation of field and forest to man. Land so thickly strewn with boulders that the nibbling sheep could hardly get their muzzles to the ground was cleared and became meadow, yielding great crops of nutritious hay; swamps once the home of the muskrat and the snapping turtle were reclaimed and made the most fertile portions of the homestead; and tilled fields yielded their rich harvests of yellow grain where forests had but lately waved their green boughs. Each succeeding year of constant toil increased the productive acreage of the farm, and tasks begun by the fathers were carried on and finished by the sons. In those days there was little laziness or shrinking from the severest toil, and the farmers of Connecticut prospered, as the age counted prosperity, and constituted, with their industry, frugality and church-going, law-abiding habits, the ideal democracy hoped for and prophetically foreseen by the Puritan pioneers.

But during the past fifty years a gradual change has come over the spirit of Connecticut farming; a change almost imperceptible in its ad-

vance, but only too apparent in its cumulative results; for to-day the most unobservant of travellers through the agricultural districts of the Nutmeg State cannot fail to note the brush-grown highways, the down-fallen walls, the decayed fences, dilapidated buildings and neglected fields which mark the decadence of the true agricultural spirit. He will hear frequent complaints too that "farming does not pay;" he will find that most of the hired labor employed on the farm is of foreign birth, transient, ignorant and unreliable; and he will be forced to the conclusion that, notwithstanding the many splendid, well kept farms in the state, Connecticut farming has fallen far below its high standard of a half century ago. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to state accurately the causes which have led to the change, a change which involves not so much the methods pursued as a total alteration in the habits, character and make-up of a large class of our people, the gradual extinction, indeed, of the old prosperous, thoughtful farming caste. But while the fact of the change must be admitted, it may still be a pleasure to recall some features of the old time, when the Connecticut farmer felt himself to be the peer of any man on earth—the days of hand labor, district schools, old-fashioned raisings and general trainings. Sixty years ago the hired laborers on Connecticut farms were nearly all of native birth and parentage; sometimes the super-abundant sons of small farmers in the vicinity, and often men of family, who rented the small houses then plentiful in farming districts and "worked out" by the day or month, earning good

wages for those times, and in every respect proving themselves good citizens. The typical man of this class was fairly entitled to bestyled askilled workman, if the term may be applied at all to farm labor. He could mend a broken cart or implement almost as well as a trained mechanic, took as much interest in the various operations of seed time and harvest as did the owner of the soil, was far-famed for skill in cradling, mowing and pitching, and could drive oxen or handle an axe as cleverly as Bill Kirby, of Cooper's famous tale. His wages ranged from twelve and a half to twenty dollars per month, and he usually kept a cow and pig and raised potatoes enough to supply his family. The cow was pastured in the highway during the summer and often let out to some farmer during the winter for her keeping; the potatoes were raised on land cultivated on shares, most of the work in caring for the crop being done after working hours and frequently after dark and on the heels of a hard day's work. With such industry and the absence of bad habits, it was no cause for wonder that these "hired men" often became thrifty landowners, as was the case.

The cost of living was very slight as compared with the standard of to-day, as almost the entire community consisted of farmers,—the lawyer, the doctor and even the minister owning more or less land, tilling it and living, so far as possible, from its proceeds. Clothes were mostly of home manufacture, the flax being raised on the farm. Shoes were sometimes homemade, and sometimes bought at the store with farm produce, the boys being given a pair of shoes each at about Thanksgiving time and told to make them last for a year. In summer nearly every one went barefoot, the boys especially going to "mill and meeting" impartially, in that condition. Money was but little used in procuring the necessaries of life, nearly everything but taxes being paid in trade. When a farmer killed

veal, mutton, pork or beef, he distributed a considerable portion of the carcass among his neighbors, who returned a like quantity when convenient, all parties securing plenty of fresh meat by this system of exchange. In the spring, after the first hoeing, the farmer would take a load of corn or rye to the nearest large town and bring home flour, molasses and other provisions, and in the fall the pork was carried off in the same manner, from ten to twenty teams sometimes starting from one neighborhood together, all loaded with pork for the city, thirty miles or more distant.

Constant and universal industry was the rule, and laziness was one of the cardinal sins. The "women folks" on the best farms often helped in the hayfield, while it was usual, in busy seasons of the year, for the girls to go to mill, riding astride the old horse with a bag of grain. With such habits it was inevitable that the people should enjoy a large measure of material prosperity. It was also inevitable that ideality should be dwarfed and the poetic side of life be lost sight of in the prevailing plainness, which bordered on austerity. Education was universal, but not extensive, exact, but of narrow range. Theories of teaching and defined methods of instruction were unknown in the district schools, and as a result children left school well versed in some material facts of practical application, but quite ignorant of the higher things which we now think are necessary to right living and the fullest enjoyment of life.

The district school was usually taught in summer by some young woman of the neighborhood, often a relative of the committee-man, and during the winter by a man, it being rightly held that the larger boys who attended during that season needed stricter government and sometimes greater persuasive powers than could be exercised by a woman. School-teaching was a favorite occupation of ambitious young farmers, who thus

sought to add to the year's income during the dull winter season. The wages paid to teachers would be considered low at the present time, usually one dollar per week and board, the board being secured by the not always pleasant process of "boarding round," the teacher staying an allotted time with each family from which children were sent to school. Later it became customary to leave the board out of the calculation and employ a teacher at higher wages, who would board himself; and then came the professional pedagogue, often a resident farmer, who cared for his few acres during the summer and taught in winter, when there was no farming to be done. It was during this season that the larger boys attended school, as before stated, sometimes until eighteen or even twenty years of age, as the only work to be done on the farm at that time of year was the care of stock and the getting up of the year's wood-pile.

The real farm work began early in the spring, as soon as the ground had thawed sufficiently to admit of fence-stakes being driven. The thrifty farmer then went about repairing his fences wherever they had "winter-killed," as the expressive phrase was. Early ploughing came next in order, and planting and hoeing filled the months with labor until haying time arrived.

Haying time was the crucial period of the year, the time when farmer and hired help put forth their best efforts; and to be called "a mighty good man in the hay lot" was praise of the highest for these knights of scythe and pitchfork,—for mowing machines were hardly heard of then and the horse-fork was not yet in use in New England. Haying was a battle of veteran campaigners arrayed against the acres of swaying stems and the inexorable advance of the season. About the first week in July the conflict began; and early in the morning the advance to the meadow was made, while the grass was still wet with dew;

each mower carrying his scythe and whetstone, the latter usually not a stone at all, but a rifle, so called, being a thin wooden lath somewhat like a short blunt dagger, covered in later years with a thick coating of emery, but originally coated with fine sharp sand from Long Island. These implements were home-made, the stick being whittled out and greased with a knife and greased with lard to retain the coating of sand. Accompanying the mowers were the boys of the farm, whose task it was to spread the heavy swaths behind the advancing blades and so expose the green grass to the drying influences of sun and wind.

The best mower, usually the boss himself,—for this term of modern politics was then in common use,—took the first swath, called the "doubler," since in order to make an opening two swaths must be thrown into this one, and the other men followed, keeping step and swing one behind the other. A piece of grass having been gone around or "laid out," the mowers took turns in leading, each as he reached the corner stepping out of the way until the last man in line had finished his swath, when the second man in line took the lead to the next corner, while the former leader brought up the rear; thus at each corner a new leader struck in, and each man had his first swath in regular rotation. This order of mowing and many other points of hayfield etiquette were closely observed on the best farms, and the workman who transgressed any of these unwritten laws distinctly lost caste. When the work was well under way, rivalries came to the surface. Some ambitious mower would, by great exertion, gain on the man ahead of him and mow so close as to throw a portion of cut grass in front of the other's blade; and to allow one's self to be "grassed" in this manner was considered a disgrace. Sometimes the leader, as the line swung down a side of the field, would draw so far ahead of the rest that at the corner, instead of stepping aside

for the next man to mow out, he would cut around the corner, a duty which belonged to the second man in line. This was called "cutting his corners"; and the term still lives as a colloquialism in Connecticut, where it is said of one who has worsted another in a sharp deal, that "he cut his corners for him." At times, when the leader was well ahead and felt secure in his strength and skill, he would, in whetting his scythe, cause the rifle to beat a peculiar tattoo on the blade, always recognized as a challenge. Then a race was on, and broad backs swayed and strong bare arms swung as the line swept around the field. Occasionally the fierce summer sun and excessive toil overcame some worker, who was forced to seek the saving shade of bush or tree to avoid collapse; he was then said to have been "bushed," and was often taunted with the fact as a reflection upon his powers of endurance.

After dinner came the raking up, heaping and carting; and next morning, mowing again. So the battle was waged day after day, always with a fierce hurry and rush, but with system and order none the less. At evening the boys of each little neighborhood would gather beside the highway to run, wrestle and jump, or lie on the grassy bank, talking about haying, the general holiday which was to follow, or the prospects of next winter's school. Each farmer in the district strove with might and main to finish haying before his neighbors; but if a neighbor was sick or from any cause seriously delayed in his work, the whole district turned out with teams and tools to gather his crops.

The farmer's boy, if ambitious, often worked harder than was good for him. He must be up first in the morning, to fetch the cows, and in hoeing time must ride the old horse for weary hours back and forth between the corn rows, for ploughing out; while in haying, besides his other duties of spreading hay and raking

after cart, he must turn grindstone before breakfast to sharpen all the scythes. The thrifty farmer had a reserve supply of work for rainy days, in the shape of bar-posts to mortise and fence-caps to bore. Rarely indeed did the boy get a chance to go fishing until after haying; and then every one took a holiday. In some neighborhoods it was the yearly custom to go to the seashore "a-clamming" for several days; in others to drive to the nearest lake for a day's fishing; but in some parts of the state this annual holiday took the form of a neighborhood excursion to the "huckleberry lots," often many miles away, when vast quantities of the hard, black berries were picked and brought home, some for immediate consumption in the form of "huckleberry and milk," the rest to be canned or dried for winter pies.

As the old district system of public schools prevailed, district lines were to a considerable extent social boundaries, the people of each school district visiting among themselves and developing a clannishness natural enough in view of the fact that as children they had played together around the same red schoolhouse, and had studied together, fought together and been impartially whipped by the same stern pedagogue. Each district then formed a little community, and in each and all were to be found similar types, characteristic of the times and the race. Such types, to be met with in nearly every neighborhood, were the Deacon, the Squire and the Colonel.

The Deacon was a well-to-do farmer, honest, industrious, and an even more strict observer of the Sabbath than his church-going neighbors. He passed the contribution box in meeting, and was the trusted adviser of the minister whenever counsel was needed in church affairs; and his children were taught to regard illustrated magazines, cards and circuses as published, patented and managed by the Evil One himself. This strictness of

the Deacon, however, did not always prevent his boys from being considerably human, as on one occasion when, it being known that a travelling circus was to pass on its way to a distant town, the boys of the neighborhood were set at work in fields remote from sight or sound of the highway,—but the Deacon's elder son, evading the parental watchfulness, hid his hoe and hastened across the intervening fields to see the procession. Arriving too late, he could only feast his eyes upon the evidences of its recent passage, and, considering even this as a feather in his cap, took philosophically the "licking" which ensued, divining full well that, as proved to be the case, he could pose for many months among his fellows as an oracle, on the strength of having "seen the elephant's track in the road."

The Squire, while lacking somewhat of the theological sternness inseparable from the personality and standing of the Deacon, possessed a touch of judicial dignity which the other lacked. Holding his title by virtue of being a justice of the peace, upon him devolved the duty of sitting in judgment on such legal, or illegal, differences as rose in the community, these being fortunately very rare. On such occasions court was held in the Squire's sitting-room at home; and his decision was usually rendered with greater regard for equity and local circumstances than for the fine legal points involved. Neighborhood quarrels however did not often reach the legal stage, the arbitration of some good citizen usually prevailing before matters had gone so far.

The Colonel, truest type of New England's yeomanry, though a law-abiding, exemplary citizen, had in his make-up a greater share of the old Adam than had fallen to the other dignitaries referred to. He was a straight, spare, soldierly figure, quick and imperative of speech, and accustomed to have things pretty much his own way,—the chairman of town meetings, arbiter of neighborhood

disputes, and leader in all enterprises for the public good. His title was indicative of his rank in the state militia, an institution which enjoyed great popular prestige, largely owing to and kept alive by the military glory and display attendant upon the annual parades or "training days." Each town that could do so made up a company of infantry, which must consist of not less than sixty men. Whenever possible, a company of cavalry was also enrolled; but the infantry must have its full complement of at least sixty before any able-bodied men could join the horseguards. As the Colonel of our sketch was usually a cavalryman, he kept a sharp eye on the infantry and, if at any time he found the enrolment to exceed the necessary number, set about reducing the surplus by enticing the best riders to leave the foot soldiers and join his command,—not a difficult thing to accomplish, as young men who could make a good appearance on horseback (and there were few who could not in those days) much preferred that branch of the militia on account of its more showy appearance on training day. Under these conditions it was a matter of course that some rivalry should exist between the respective commanders of horse and foot; but as our Colonel of cavalry was an astute man and had a certain spice of dare-deviltry lacking in the other, he usually carried his point, whatever it might be.

At the May training, usually held on the first Monday in that month, the various companies paraded in their respective towns, horse and foot beginning to arrive early in the morning, and the boys making it a point to be on hand as early as any one. In some families it was the custom to give each boy six cents on this occasion, and some extra liberal parents increased the amount to eleven cents. With this capital in hand, the future citizens waited on the outskirts of the village until the "gingerbread man" drove along—generally some old

colored man, who always came to town on such days with a supply of the popular gingerbread and a goodly stock of cider. Him, driving in at early morning, the boys waylaid, and with four cents each purchased a drink of cider, and gingerbread enough to last all day. Thus supplied, and with a few cents left to be used in "pitching" later in the day, the boys returned to the "Green" and in a sort of ecstasy watched the company form in line and go through sundry evolutions, as the old manual of militia tactics had it, "at the word of command." And then the grand parade up the village street! Prancing horses and dashing riders, with our Colonel at the head of his company; fife and drum next, proclaiming with all their might that "Yankee Doodle come to Town,"—the same fife and drum perchance which in years gone by had inspired the minutemen and cheered the "Old Continentals" on many a battlefield, when the fate not merely of the colonies but of a great nation yet to be depended on the men of New England, the sires and grandsires of these very militiamen who were parading up the village street on this May training day! Following the fife and drum came the rank and file, keeping step, and proud of their uniforms and guns. And when the parade was over, the training-day dinner was eaten, the foot soldiers dining at one place, the cavalry at another, to obviate possible friction. There was unbounded fun and hilarity at these company dinners, and considerable drinking; so that occasionally some warrior went forth from the repast laboring under the impression that duty to his country demanded the loading and firing of his musket as rapidly and as often as possible, with loud shoutings and extravagant gestures. Under such stress of patriotic excitement, muskets were sometimes overloaded, and there were accidents in consequence; but this did not happen often—and whatever occurred on

training day was taken quite as a matter of course.

The September muster was a larger affair, as the companies of several adjacent towns joined forces at that time for a "general training" in some one of the towns represented. Occasionally a brigade muster was held, when a brigade was reviewed or "paraded," as the term was, by a brigadier general,—this of course calling out the militia from a considerable section of country. There was much fun connected with these training day exercises,—as on one occasion at New Milford, when the Colonel, with drawn sword, leading the parade up the village street, passed a boy who with a great cake of gingerbread in his hand stood open mouthed and staring; by a dexterous pass the Colonel impaled the cake upon his sword point and rode on, holding his trophy aloft, while the youngster stood open mouthed and staring still as the parade swept by. It is said that the Colonel, magnanimous as all great warriors should be, returned the cake to its owner when its military career was ended.

Sometimes the members of a company would by preconcerted arrangement meet at the house of their Colonel very early on the morning of training day and, if he was found in bed, drag him out and compel him to treat the entire company to strong drink. The plan did not always succeed, however, for it was about as easy to catch the proverbial weasel asleep as to find the wily Colonel napping on training day morning.

An event of moment in the rural community was the old-fashioned "raising." As men prospered, and both family and herd increased, a new and larger house or barn, or perhaps both, became necessary, and this involved no small amount of labor. There was no putting up of the present "balloon-frame," one stick at a time, and nailing each in place; for the Connecticut farmer of those days built apparently in a manner to defy

the centuries. Great trees were felled and hauled to a convenient place, to be squared for sill and post, cross-girt, plate and ridgepole; even the rafters were hewn instead of sawed, and of a size far beyond all proportion to their necessary strength. All winter the work of preparing the timber went on; and in the latter part of May or early in June all was ready, and invitations were sent throughout the surrounding country, as many as one hundred able-bodied men being asked to the raising if the new building were to be a large one. On the morning of the appointed day the timbers were assembled on the underpinning and put together in sections or "bents," as these sections were termed; all connections were made with mortise and tennon and secured by driving in wooden pins or "treenails," with a heavy maul.

About noon the men began to arrive, across lots, on foot, and along the highway, in lumber wagons and on horseback,—old men, young men and boys and the girls from the nearest neighbors. When a sufficient force had arrived, the "boss carpenter," undisputed monarch of the day, whose commands must not be questioned, took his stand near the first bent, and the sturdy men formed in line along the heavy framework. The old men, whose working days were over, sat on near-by piles of boards, to criticise or commend and recall to each other like occasions in the past; while the ever-present boys stood by with arms full of wooden pins, to be used as soon as the first bent was up.

It was a sight well worth seeing, as the flower of a hardy and stalwart race stood lined up for the word of command, with broad straight backs and strong bare arms and in the unaffected pose of health and manly strength. When all were in place, the master workman, with a voice like that of a sea captain in a storm, shouted: "Men, are you ready?—Then all together!—Up she goes now!

—Up with her!—All together!" Then every man bent his back to the lift, and the massive framework rose a foot or two, hesitated an instant as men took breath for a new effort, rose eight or ten feet, hung swaying for a few seconds as the long pike-poles were thrust against the timbers,—and then rose steadily and swiftly to the perpendicular, and the posts dropped into their mortises, while men on the farther side with long poles "kept the tarve," that is, steadied the frame to prevent a possible overbalancing in that direction. Long boards called stay-laths were quickly nailed to hold the structure in place, and the second bent was raised at once. Then began the climbing, the pride and delight of the young men. There were in every neighborhood a number of athletic, cool headed young men, who were "good hands at a raisin'"; and these now swarmed on the bare timbers, putting cross-girt, plate and rafter in place and pinning all together as each succeeding bent was raised.

When each stick had found its appointed place, and the boss carpenter had walked—as steadily as on firm ground—the dizzy length of the lofty ridgepole, all hands moved to the cool front yard of the old farmhouse, where the housewife, assisted by the neighboring women, passed around unlimited supplies of "raising cake," ten or twelve varieties sometimes, with abundance of cheese, and frequently, though not always, great store of cider. There was no limit to the eating except that of individual capacity, and many a farmer's boy mourned bitterly on such occasions because physical limitations forbade the absorption of any more rich cake. Lunch over, the young men, refreshed after toil, wrestled and jumped, pulled stick and lifted heavy weights in good natured rivalry. This was the recognized tournament, the lists where local championships were won,—to be held until on some later tilting ground new knights car-

ried off the honors. As the shadows creeping eastward gave warning of approaching chore time, the company dispersed, leaving behind the great skeleton of timbers standing out against the evening sky, where but a few hours before had been empty air; and a new home had arisen on the earth.

An occasion of great interest to the farmers' boys was the annual spring swamp burning, a picturesque custom as time-honored as the annual house-cleaning of the women folks, and employing even more heroic methods. On nearly every farm there was a considerable area of swamp land; and although such land was pastured through the summer, but a small portion of its coarse herbage was eaten, and when autumn came there was in every such swamp a luxuriant growth of coarse grass and weeds and tall cat-tails, sometimes so dense as to be almost impenetrable. This mass of vegetation, beaten down by the snow, formed a thick covering on the ground in the following spring and smothered the growth of such tender grasses as might otherwise furnish pasturage. Accordingly, as soon as the sun and winds of spring had dried this matted covering, the thrifty farmer burned the whole surface over, as the surest and easiest method of getting it out of the way,—this method moreover insuring the destruction of many noxious seeds which would otherwise germinate, and bringing in a fine crop of grass which shot up green and tender soon after the burning. This process, continued year after year, eradicated much of the original coarse growth and made the land more valuable for pasturage. This practice of spring burning was gradually abandoned; while the custom lasted, however, it furnished a keen delight to the boys, since a piece of swamp land would often cover many acres and its miniature jungles burned very fiercely with loud cracklings and a vast amount of thick smoke. Here was a realization of the

great forest and prairie fires of which the boys had read or heard; and many were the stirring scenes of adventure enacted as boys spread the fire from bog to bog or plunged into the dense smoke with wild war-whoops.

Thus throughout the year the farmer's toil, while incessant, contained an element of the picturesque, lacking in our latter-day rural life, but serving in those days to relieve the dull monotony of endless tasks. The winter, when long strings of oxen and all the men and boys of the neighborhood were assembled to break out the roads drifted from fence-top to fence-top with snow, when the long evenings were spent around the fire-side with apples, nuts and simple games; the spring, when cattle were let out to the fresh green pastures and the smoke of burning swamps filled the air and added a pungency to that indescribable smell of spring which no farmer's boy can ever forget; the summer, with its free, strong life in the hayfields; and the autumn, when the forests were ablaze with color and the haze of Indian summer filled the land with tranquil peace, where corn husks rustling in the hands of busy workers yielded their golden reward of toil,—throughout the round of seasons the farmer's life was stronger, more full of earnestness, more true to that of the ideal husbandman than it is to-day; and living very close to Nature, he was her favorite child.

The Connecticut farmers of sixty years ago were prosperous because they worked unceasingly and because they practised a stern economy both in money matters and in time, spent but little time in visiting the grocery or saloon, and meddled not with "politics." While their lives appear to us to have been narrow and destitute of ideality, they had a very real and ever-present religious life, and in their religion found relief from care and toil and experienced an uplifting of the soul which we of to-day seek in vain to gain by purely intellectual means. To the keen observer their

lives were not destitute of romance and picturesqueness, and they certainly did not live in vain, as their works testified. The farmer of those days loved work for work's sake. The wood lot to be cleared, the rock covered meadow to be made smooth, the swamp to be drained, awoke in him such zeal for the combat as fired the Crusaders of old at sight of the infidel hosts. He joyed in the conflict of strength and endurance and skill against the inertia of nature; and

the fields of New England bear witness that he was victor in the contest. That Connecticut farming has fallen from its high estate cannot be denied, but the failures of to-day cannot detract from the successes of the past, nor can the lapse of time dim our grateful memories of those men and women whose honesty and simplicity of life, whose industry and singleness of purpose, whose firm faith and strong endeavor made New England what it is.

A GALLANT SILKEN TRADE.

By Alice Morse Earle.



HEN America was colonized, England was in the midst of many agricultural and commercial experiments. Among them one of the most hopeless, and the most extolled, was an effort to raise silk, in order that silk weaving (itself a new industry in England) might be supplied with home material which had not paid tribute to Italy or France. The king became interested financially in silk raising. Therefore the culture of silk was strongly urged upon the Virginia colony, where natural conditions seemed so promising. A poet of the day expressed the universal belief:

"Where wormes and food doe naturally
 abound,
 A gallant Silken Trade must there be
 found."

The king wrote earnestly upon the subject, endeavoring as much to discourage tobacco growing in the colony as to encourage silk, adding to his "Counterblast" against tobacco an offer of an equally alluring staple as a substitute. Thus influenced and commanded did this settlement, without shelter and on the verge of star-

vation, this community that had to be clothed and fed from England (so far away in those days), set serenely to work on a fascinating but very uncertain experiment for the production, not of a necessity, but of a luxury. Before Jamestown was a decade old it had sent silk to England; and who can tell what that silk had cost the colony? In 1620 laws had been passed to compel the planting of mulberry trees, and skilled Frenchmen were sent over to teach silk raising to the settlers; but their instruction was peremptorily ended by a fierce Indian revolt, and silkworms lived and spun and died, and mulberry trees grew unheeded for two score years.

There is a tradition, dear to the heart of Virginians, that Charles I was crowned in 1625 in a robe woven of Virginia silk. This may not be true; but his son, Charles II, certainly could have been thus attired, for there still exists in the college library at Williamsburg, Virginia, a letter signed Charles R., written in 1668 by his most Gracious Majesty's private secretary and sent to Governor Berkeley for all loyal subjects in the colony, which reads thus:

"Trusty and Well-Beloved. We Greet you Well. Wee have received wth much

content ye dutifull respects of Our Colony in ye present lately conveyed us by you and ye Councill there, of ye first product of ye new Manufacture of Silke which as a marke of Our Princely acceptation of yo^r duties and for yo^r particular encouragement, etc., Wee have been commanded to be wrought up for ye use of Our Owne Person."

By this time it might well be said, from all that silk experimenting had cost the colony, that no one but a king could afford to wear Virginia silk. The coronation robe of Charles I had been followed fourteen years later by another silken gift; but again an Indian massacre reduced the enthusiasm of the silk growers. In 1655 there came a fresh enthusiasm. Edward Digges was governor under the Commonwealth; and when he announced that he had produced four hundred pounds of silk in Virginia during his first year of office, a silk fever broke out that far exceeded in violence any previous attack. Digges sent to Turkey for Armenians as instructors in the work, and was loudly praised for his public spirit.

"But noble Diggs carries the Bell away. (Alas! want of eggs made so small the essay),

His two Armenians from Turkey sent
Are now most busy on his brave attempt.
And had he stock sufficient for next year.
Ten thousand pound of Silk would then
appear,
And to the skies his worthy deeds up-
rear."

George, the Armenian, was paid four thousand pounds of tobacco a year to induce him to stay, and was given a thousand pounds more when he actually had raised ten pounds of silk. Sentimentality ran rife over silk culture. No expressions were too extravagant to apply to it. It was called "a reall-royall-solid-rich-staple commodity;" "the rich golden fleece of Worms;" "the Wondour of the world, the glory of the Creatour and the Exaltation of Virginia;" "a stately pretious treasure;" "a noble and gainfull trade." The silkworm was called "a glorious incomparable

creature;" "the wonderfull admirable Worm;" "a curious stout robustious creature;" "a noble mystery of Nature;" "a profitable industrious in-
riching untaught artist;" "all the Volumes of Nature's miracles in a little exact epitome." Pamphlets were written on the noble mystery of silkworms, "in that Mignon of Profit and Glory, the Universally advantageous Virginia."

The sentimentality is shown to a full extent in that curious tract entitled "The Reformed Virginian Silk-Worm." This was avowedly the account of a rare and new discovery by a young lady in England of a "speedie way and easie means" to raise silkworms, also bearing good wishes and hopes of the encouragement of the Virginian Indians in silk culture, and their incidental conversion to Christianity. This rare discovery was nothing more extraordinary than to let the worms loose upon the trees to feed. There were many wild projects also for raising silk from native Virginian caterpillars. It was ordered by law that landowners plant one mulberry tree to every acre of land, and rewards for silk were offered. Silkworm eggs were sent free from England, along with wild advice. It was held that a man and a boy, "if their hands be not sleeping in their pockets," could feed the worms from six ounces of seed till within fourteen days of spinning; then three or four more "helps—women and children being as proper as men," to feed, cleanse, dry, air and perfume them. It is one of the curious items of all the instructions for silkworm raising of that day that their quarters had always to be perfumed with some sweet-scented herbs, such as bunches of rosemary or stalks of lavender, being "always mindfull to store their rooms with herbs and flowers delightfull to the smell." In cool weather a pan of hot coals burning benjamin or some sweet gum must be in the room; and no one smelling of onions, garlic or strong scent could go near them lest

the worms die; this was proved in more modern experiments. Tobacco smoke was also fatal. It was also asserted that the worms were very sensitive to rough sounds, were easily frightened; that they sickened and died if handled roughly. There always had to be fresh air in their chambers (the Chinese fan them), and scrupulous cleanliness; and dirt and dampness would kill them. Even the mulberry leaves, their preferred food, had to be dried of all dew, nor could there be dust on the leaves. The leaves had to be gathered freshly twice a day, and on rainy days the work was great; the air had to be carefully dried in their apartments, but there must be no smoke. They went through four "sicknesses" or skin-sheddings, in each of which they were apt to die, for they ate so greedily and grew so rapidly that their skins would not stretch fast enough for their growth; when a silkworm was but four days old he had grown too big for his skin.

One John Ferrar, moved by the greatness of the theme, burst forth in verse of several pages, which forms part of "The Reformed Virginian Silk-Worm:"

"In March they first begin to live and feed,
 In Aprill they have done the silken deed.
 And ten months' time they leave you
 with great ease,
 To spend it in what profit you shall please.
 Rare worms who feeding five and forty daies
 On leaves of sundry shrubs and plants
 repaies
 Their keepers with fine Silk that wants
 no Strength,
 And yet extends itself some miles in
 Length.
 And for the Labour of a Man and Boy
 They gaine you Sixty pounds which is no
 Toy.

"And for all Toolles that appertain thereto
 A Twelve-penny Reel is all it will cost
 you;
 No wit, no strength, no purse, no stock
 will need,
 But eyes and hands, the worms to guard
 and feed.

Five hundred pounds' worth of rich Silk,
 all know
 Freights less than ten Pounds poor To-
 bacco.
 Silks are no toy, no trash, no Pedlar's
 ware,
 Staple, good, and ready chink every-
 where."

It is nearly two centuries and a half since this "Reformed Virginian Silk-Worm" was written, with confidence and enthusiasm and promise; but silk culture in America is just as tentative now as then, and specimens of American raw silk are as much of a rarity. It should be noted, however, that silk manufacture has been as marked a success in the United States in this century as silk culture has been a failure.

In 1679 the king sent a band of Huguenot refugees to South Carolina to raise oil, wine and silk. They had a store of silkworm eggs on board; but the worms arrived before the ship did and, having no mulberry groves in mid-ocean to gorge upon, promptly perished.

In 1703, the governor, Sir Nathaniel Johnson, again tried to encourage silk raising, calling his own country place by the pretty and significant name of Silk-Hope, while the beautiful home of the Broughtons was called Mulberry. Oldmixon in his "History of Carolina" (1708), says:

"Silk is come to a great importance here, some families making 40 or 50 pound a year and their plantation work not neglected, their little Negro children being serviceable in feeding the worms. Sir Nathaniel Johnson makes yearly £400 in silk only."

The Trustees of Georgia started out with most extravagant hopes for silk. At the lowest estimate, twenty thousand persons were to be employed in that province in the culture, as many more in England in the manufacture; thus at least £500,000 would be saved to England. A Piedmontese named Amatis came before the Board with glowing proposals, and he was at once engaged for the first

Georgia emigration in 1733, with a servant named Camuse, the latter's wife, and their three sons. Amatis was to have free passage to Georgia for them all, a hundred acres of land, materials for his work, all the profits for five years, provisions for his party for a year, a salary of twenty-five pounds a year for five years, and free return for the party to England or Italy if they so desired at the end of the term of five years. This was perhaps the very best contract under which any emigrant has ever come to America. It was too good. Dissatisfaction at once was the result. Treachery was shown by some one, presumably by Amatis; the eggs were destroyed, the machinery broken, the trees killed, and Mr. Amatis vanished. The courageous Trustees turned to Camuse and his wife, who on salaries of £60 per annum the first year, £100 the next four years, and the free use of a house and garden, had a very comfortable berth. In 1734 General Oglethorpe carried back to England eight pounds of Georgia silk; and a small trunkful soon followed. Some malcontents in a complaining book asserted that all this silk was made in Carolina. In 1735 the *Gentleman's Magazine* gives an account of an interesting interview of the Trustees with Queen Caroline to show her the vaunted Georgia silk. She chose a pattern for weaving, and a complete court dress was made of it, which she wore at the king's birthday. Oglethorpe went back to Georgia with renewed enthusiasm, and succeeded in awakening the interest of the Salzburg emigrants. But when the handy German women began to be expert at silk weaving, Mrs. Camuse began to be jealous, and would not rightly teach them. They turned elsewhere for instruction, and soon the Camuses wandered off to Carolina. They had to return, however, to Savannah and go to work at three shillings a day in a filature which had been erected. "Monstrous wage," says Secretary Habersham;

small it must have seemed to the Camuses after their original coddling and spoiling.

When the Trustees of Georgia gave up their charter, they had spent fifteen hundred pounds on silk raising, and had not produced a thousand pounds of raw silk. Thus perished their silk hopes. By the year 1750 nearly all the Georgia and South Carolina settlers had abandoned the experiment of silk raising, except the industrious Salzburgers. Until just before the Civil War the descendants of these Salzburgers continued to raise silk, which they made into fishing-lines for sale in neighboring cities.

Mrs. Eliza Lucas Pinckney, that extraordinarily intelligent woman, whose life was a constant benefit to her family, friends and neighbors, and indeed to the whole country, not only introduced the cultivation of indigo into South Carolina, but she persisted and succeeded in the raising of silk. She intended the occupation chiefly for those in her household who could do no other work, such as the very old and very young negroes; though she and her maids reeled the silk. When she went to England, in 1753, she carried with her enough raw silk for three dresses which were woven and made of it. One of these she presented to the Dowager Princess of Wales, mother of George III; one to Lord Chesterfield, who had befriended the colonies; the third, a lustrous gold colored brocade, she wore herself, and it is still owned by her granddaughter in the fourth degree.

The Middle States had a touch of the silk fever. The Swedes who settled on the Delaware were confidently instructed to raise silk; and William Penn talked a good deal about mulberry trees, and turned to silk culture as a method pointed out by Providence for "employing the Mean and Weak as well as others of both sexes." Benjamin Franklin seemed to have a finger in every project, and

a word of inquiry and assistance for it, whether it were in literature, science or art, in agriculture, mechanics or domestic economy. Naturally silk raising interested him, and, encouraged by the American Philosophical Society, a hundred silk throwsters were dispatched from England, a filature was started up, public gifts were asked, and prizes offered. From the silk of the prize-winner, Mrs. Susannah Wright, a court dress was made for Queen Charlotte, and she promised to wear it on the king's birthday. Franklin was in England, and presented the robe to the queen; and he took charge of cocoons, silk, etc., sent from America to be sold. We find his wife sending her share of reeled silk to him to sell. Franklin in turn writes to her:

"The Silk Committee were so good as to make me a present of four pounds of raw silk. I have had it worked up, with some addition of the same kind of silk, into a French gray ducape, which is a fashionable color, either for old or young woman; I therefore send it as a present to you and Sally, understanding that there is enough to make each of you a negligée. If you should rather incline to sell it, it is valued here at six shillings sixpence a yard, but I hope you will wear it."

Grace Fisher, a Quaker woman preacher, made a considerable quantity of various silk stuffs of some of which a gown was presented to the historian, Mrs. Catherine Macaulay, by Governor Dickinson, and there was a silken suit for Washington. The mother of Francis Hopkinson and many other Philadelphia dames had American silk gowns, some of which are still cherished as heirlooms. The War of the Revolution closed the filature, and ended that episode of silk culture. From 1827 till 1840 there was in Pennsylvania a feverish revival of interest and sinking of capital in silk raising.

In 1876, the Centennial year, the Woman's Silk Culture Association was formed in Philadelphia, and for some years it prospered. During

the recent Pan-American Congress a beautiful set of flags of American silk was presented by it to the delegates, and it had an interesting exhibit at Chicago. About two years ago the society became inoperative.

The story of silk culture in Connecticut began about 1732; and in 1747 Governor Law had the first coat and stockings made of New England silk, and his daughter the first gown. From about the year 1760 it continued steadily in the town of Mansfield, even through the Revolution, until the middle of this century; but until about 1812 this silk was made wholly into sewing silk, which was woven into coach lace and tassels.

The most prominent early adherents of silkworm culture in New England were Dr. Jared Eliot, who indorsed it in a volume called "Essays upon Field Husbandry in New England," Nathan Aspinwall of Mansfield, and President Stiles of Yale College, who experimented on it forty years. A bulky manuscript journal of his experiments is now in Yale College, and may be seen by the curious. He had one tangible result of his years of trials—a gown of Connecticut silk, which he wore at the Yale Commencement in 1789. Another splendid result of the failure of silk culture in Connecticut, as attempted by the Cheney Brothers, has been the establishment of their successful silk manufacture.

There is always a sense of nearness of real knowledge of a process gained by hearing the words of one who has actually done what is being described; so I give an account of silk raising and making into sewing silk as written out for me by an old lady, now eighty years old, who made sewing silk in Mansfield, Connecticut, when she was a girl:

"The worms hatch out of very small eggs that the millers lay on paper; they are then put in a very cold place and kept until spring. When the mulberry trees commence to leave out, the silkworm eggs are brought out in the case they have been

kept in and placed in the living room. In a few days the eggs will begin to turn dark; they are then going to hatch. Soon the worm is about one-fourth of an inch long. They feed upon very tender leaves, and as soon as they crawl on the leaves they are moved on to clean paper, and then moved so every day until they are all hatched out. They shed their skin four times; after they shed the last time, they grow very large, very fast, till they are nearly four inches long. They are then put on shelves made for them, and small bushes put up for them to wind their cocoons on. After they have done winding the balls are picked off the bushes; there is a loose silk on them which is called tow; that must be all picked off. They are then put in hot water. Then take a brush and take up the end of the silk and reel it off. The reel is two yards around. When the silk is dry, it is stiff and gummy, so it has to be put in hot water and soaked some time; it is then spun and reeled into skeins; twenty threads round the reel make a skein of silk. It is then boiled in soap-suds, and then dried for market. Girls picked most of the leaves; it was very hard work and very small pay; they had ten cents a bushel for picking. Some could pick three bushels in a day; the people exchanged the silk for goods at stores the same as we do money at the present time."

Silk culture in all its steps was essentially woman's work—was intended and introduced as such. In all the examples of extraordinary success and profit alluringly recounted in the silk manuals, you will find that the work was all done by women and children. It was not heavy work nor hard work, and required much daintiness of touch and delicacy of care. The worms are repulsive to most women; still they crawl but little, so they would never get on one's dress or person, disliking to move as much as the average woman would dislike to have them move. It was, too, a natural work for women, being perfectly in line with their domestic spinning of wool and flax. In the pamphlet issued in 1609, called "Nova Britannia offering most excellent fruits by planting in Virginia," the writer says:

"There are Silkwormes and plenty of mulberie trees whereby ladies, gentle-

women and little children (being set in the way to do it) may bee all imployed with pleasure."

Its success was attributed to women's work, and its failure also. The president of the colony wrote to Secretary Martyn in 1746:

"The fundamental cause of its stagnation is the unaccountable backwardness of some of our dames and damsels to employ themselves in attending to the worms during the time of feeding, which I have frequently taken notice of and it cannot be imputed to want of leaves."

Prizes were offered to allure women to the work. In 1749 the Trustees gave £2 to every woman who acquired the art of winding silk. The next year a reeling machine was given to each silk spinner, two teachers each received £5 for instructing fourteen young girls, who for their attention and industry were each given a pound.

In succeeding years, in many states, women turned eagerly to silk raising to help out their scant savings in egg and knitting money. One neighbor gave the other a few silkworm eggs; a barn loft, an empty L bedroom, an old outbuilding, was utilized as a cocoonery; a few boards and some mosquito netting finished the outfit. As the worms thrive best when not crowded, and as it is easy to tend a few carefully and constantly, these small essays were generally successful. The cocoons were usually sold without any attempt at reeling the silk. In Connecticut especially, such ventures were constant and profitable,—not as steady employment but as an industrial amusement.

Thus it may be seen that there have been since the early ones, many waves of silk culture, which have swept over this country, leaving, alas! only wasted time, disappointed hopes and stranded fortunes in their wake. There still stands in Narragansett a large cocoonery built over sixty years ago, and stocked by the investment of the slow and difficult savings of

many years of one of the ill paid judges of the Supreme Court of Rhode Island. It was built—as were many others—for the employment of the leisure time of the women of the household; and the judge's daughters still recall that disheartening summer, when the silkworms had hatched with brilliant promise in astonishing numbers, had grown and shed their skins like magic, and were at last about to spin their cocoons and therefore must be constantly fed; and all the mulberry leaves of their newly planted *Morus multicaulis* and of the wild mulberry trees for miles around were exhausted; and the judge's sons drove ten miles in one direction by night, and the judge's daughters in another direction by day, trying to gather fresh supplies of mulberry, linden or lettuce; while every minute by night and day the unceasing sound of the champing of the strong jaws of the greedy worms could be heard like the champing of horses; till at last the tyrants suddenly ceased eating and, half nourished, spun their cocoons but half formed, and the whole venture was a bitter loss.

This was but one overwhelming failure of many,—the disappointment and ruin of New England clergymen, lawyers, doctors and farmers by the hundreds. A trail of books of that year's date has been left by the silkworm enthusiasts and speculators, and pamphlets on mulberry planting, on silkworm rearing, on cocoon preparing, on silk reeling, on silk weaving; newspapers also, called *The Silk Worm*, *The Silk Manual*, *The Silk Culturist*;—all of which by their confident promises and expanded statements of profit recall vividly "The Reformed Virginian Silk-Worm," and must at their appearance have but ill prepared thrifty New Englanders for their sudden and annihilating losses. In every town and village the bright light of speculation and profit had shone; in every town was the accompanying and gloomy shadow of failure.

This special silk craze was so disastrous that silk culture in this country has never recovered from the blow. It was as overwhelming and universal as the tulip craze in Holland. Peter Daponciau, who came to this country with Baron Steuben, introduced the subject to Congress; it was eagerly grasped; and state legislatures followed offering bounties and ordering manuals, especially in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts and in Connecticut.

The speculation was far greater, however, in mulberry trees than in silk. Fancy names were given to the old varieties, each of which was urged upon the public as the best and sold at fancy prices. *Morus multicaulis*, or Chinese mulberry, took the lead among the new experiments. Trees of a year's growth, that could be raised for one or two cents, soon sold for one or two dollars. Cuttings were sprouted in cucumber frames and in hothouses, to supply the astounding demand. Small trees two feet in length sold for five hundred dollars a hundred. Thousands were imported from France and, like the Holland tulips in the days of that speculation, were sold to be delivered in six months or a year. Confident estimates of profit were that one thousand dollars invested in trees in the spring of 1838 would bring fifty thousand dollars in the autumn of 1839. When the latter date arrived, the bubble had already burst; and the trees of the spring "were offered in vain to farmers for a dollar a hundred for pea-brush." The wreck of nursery-men throughout the country was almost universal; and New England farmers were only less injured because their speculation had been necessarily more limited. An old farmer said nearly forty years later: "We don't know many furrin tongues here in this town, but there's one Latin name we ain't a-goin' to forget; you can't say *Morus multicaulis* now in the store or in town meeting 'thout makin' every middle-aged man in the

room madder'n thunder thinkin' what a fool he was."

It is amusing as well as sad to read the arguments given in books of the day for the planting of mulberry trees. One might almost fancy the states were treeless. Silkworm feeding is only one of their many virtues and uses. They make the most dense shade trees; are the most ornamental trees in the world; the fruit is good for man, bird and beast; they provide the best ship timber; are most desirable firewood; and above all the mulberry groves offered good opportunities for retirement, study and meditation.

The mulberry grew rapidly enough to feed anything but a silkworm, and was preferably kept low, like a hedge, so that children could pick the leaves. Whole acres were planted in upper Narragansett, twenty thousand trees by single companies. Stock companies and business firms were formed often with a hundred thousand dollars capital, some for mulberry raising, some for silk culture. All vanished in a few years.

The plausible manuals of the times give much truly useful information, and some that seems to-day fatuous to a degree. The oft reiterated assertion that a child ten years of age could easily gather seventy-five pounds of mulberry leaves a day must have read like keen satire to the distracted Narragansettters, who could not find a pound to gather and in despair were feeding their incubi with elm or oak or any leaves at hand. An indelible stamp of the silk craze, too, is left on

the fields and woods of New England in the occasional growth still seen of the *Morus multicaulis*. I saw them growing in Wethersfield, Connecticut, and in Bolton, Massachusetts, two summers ago. I doubt not the latter were planted by Solomon Wilder, the wealthy and enthusiastic tree lover, patriot and silk experimenter, at his home, which is still as beautiful as any in New England.

One statement of all these manuals and guides, that of the fitness for silk culture of our climate and land, is certainly true. We can raise plentiful silk and good silk. The successive abandonments of the industry have come from another cause. We could not and we will not compete with the ill-paid Chinese and Italian workmen; we will not make silk as cheaply as they do. In colonial days the silk workers were bolstered up by constant premiums and prizes and experimental wages. When these prizes were finally given up, and the wages settled down to a true basis, earnings of a shilling a day did not satisfy American workmen. Father Bolzius of the Salzburgers early discovered this, and said that his people were not willing to work at silk raising for a shilling a day when they could earn two shillings a day at other work. Until America is as closely settled as China, and we are content and can live with Oriental wages, silk culture will not be a national industry. But it is still, as it was a century ago, a pretty and profitable industrial amusement for farmers' wives and daughters.



The Rangeley Lakes

By Arthur L. Golder.



MAINE is fast becoming the most popular outing region east of the Mississippi. It is natural that this should be so. She has more lakes and forests than the rest of New England combined. For lovers of the ocean, beach and cliff, she offers the greatest variety of resorts. Monhegan, beloved of artists for its simple fishermen and their rude, quaint huts, offers one extreme; Bar Harbor, with its costly summer palaces and fashionable society, stands for the other. Is the tourist looking for noble rivers? A trip up the placid Kennebec to Augusta, or up the Penobscot, with its bold headlands to Bangor, will be satisfying. For the more adventurous, desiring to bury themselves in the unbroken wilderness, a trip by the way of Moosehead Lake, through northern Maine, emerging by way of the St. John's or the Aroostook river, or the West Branch of the Penobscot, commends itself as unsurpassed by anything this side of Canada. To the lover of lake scenery, Maine, with her more than fifteen hundred explored lakes and ponds, and numerous others known only to the occasional hunter, offers an endless variety of charm, from the mild beauty of the farm circled lakes of the south, to the mountain walled, forest belted lakes of the north.

As lake resorts, there are two regions which vie with each other for popularity. They are the Moosehead and the Rangeley Lake regions. The

Moosehead region first won for itself recognition as being the great central gateway to vast reaches of lake and river beyond. Moosehead itself, being the largest lake in Maine, is celebrated for its scenery, its Kineo House, and its trout fishing.

The Rangeley region is by no means recent in popular recognition; for sportsmen have been visiting it in increasing numbers for over fifty years. But the opening up of the region by means of railroads and steamboats, making it far more accessible, has resulted in a tide of travel Rangeleyward which is making it a close rival of Moosehead. We certainly have no desire to disparage the Moosehead region, and its lovers will doubtless continue to be blind to the charms of other localities; but it is also true that those who visit the Rangeley waters once come again and keep coming. Instead of coming for a week's fishing as formerly, they are remaining for the whole season, and beautiful and commodious cottages are rapidly multiplying.

The Rangeley or Androscoggin Lakes are six in number, extending over a length of about fifty miles, in Franklin and Oxford counties, in western Maine, and terminate in Coos County, New Hampshire. Their separate names, in order from their source, are Rangeley or Oquossoc, Cupsuptic, Mooselookmeguntic, Molychunkamunk, Welokennebacock and Umbagog. There are in reality only four distinct bodies of water, Cupsup-



RANGELEY CITY.

tic being joined to Mooselookmeguntic and Mollychunkamunk to Welokenebacook by "narrows." The two latter lakes are also called the Richardson Lakes. Oquossoc Lake is separated from Cupsuptic by the Rangeley Stream, a mile and a half in length; and the last two lakes of the series are joined by river and "carry" five miles long. These lakes have an aggregate surface of seventy-seven square miles, and drain an area of about nine hundred square miles.

Dams have been erected at the foot of three of the lakes, thus increasing the immense volume of water which goes through the Androscoggin River, furnishing ample power to the mills of Lewiston and other towns. Scores of smaller ponds and lakes hidden in the forests about the great lakes contribute to the extent and charm of the Rangeley system. The source of these lakes in the eastward is Long Pond, a lake in all but name, which is but a few rods distant from the Sandy River Ponds, a source of the great Kennebec system.

The altitude of these lakes indicates the quality of the atmosphere, Oquossoc being 1,511 feet above the sea level and Umbagog 1,256. It will thus be seen that Rangeley village, situated at the head of the lake by that name, is more elevated than even Bethlehem or Dublin, in New Hamp-

shire. Oquossoc Lake is eight miles in length, Cupsuptic five, and Mooselookmeguntic thirteen, the other three being of about the size of Oquossoc. The lakes are enclosed by high hills, and lofty mountains appear from every standpoint. Guarding the eastern entrance to the region is grand old Saddleback, on the narrow strip of land between Oquossoc and Mooselookmeguntic is Bald Mountain, its base laved by the waters of the two lakes, its summit commanding a view



THE OLDEST INHABITANTS.

of nearly the whole lake region. On the north are the Kennebago Mountains, and the range guarding the Canadian border; on the south of Mooselookmeguntic are the Bemis range and Elephant Hump, with a distant view of the White Mountains; guarding Mollychunkamunk are Mounts Aziscohos and Observatory; while Umbagog has its own mountain setting considered by some as superior to all the others. All of the lakes are enclosed by the great primeval forest, unbroken save by a line of farms extending along the east and north shores of Oquossoc, and the little clearings about the camps and hotels. This forest consists largely of black spruce, broken in places by a hard-wood growth, while on the lake shores a graceful fringe of white birches is often found. Lumbering operations are extensively carried on; but as only the best trees are selected, the forests remain standing in much of their beauty.

Aside from the charm and healthfulness of lake and forest, the most obvious attraction of the region is its fish and game. In no other region in the world are such large, spotted, square-tailed trout to be found. Many years ago George Shepherd Page transported in a tank to his home in New Jersey an eleven and a half pound trout, the mounted skin of which is still in his possession. Senator Frye holds the record for the largest trout caught with a fly, which was exactly a ten-pounder. One has been caught at the Big Pool, Upper Dam, lacking but two or three ounces of that weight. The walls of many sporting camps show a profusion of diagrams of trout, ranging from five to nine pounds, caught by guests. Even a five-pound spotted trout is not to be despised, as such a fish is about twenty-four inches long and five broad, and gamy to desperation. Not only are the trout large but they are plentiful. The lakes are annually kept stocked, and the fishing in certain localities is even improving. Salmon

THE RANGELEY LAKES FROM BALD MOUNTAIN.



were introduced a few years ago and have now reached a large size; the largest of which I have record was one of thirteen and a half pounds, caught last year by Mr. Marble of Worcester. The early trolling near the lake shores, as soon as the ice goes out, is exciting enough for even the most phlegmatic sportsman.

All kinds of game which are to be met with in the Maine woods abound. Many of the guides spend their winters in hunting fur-bearing animals, such as sable, fox, mink, fisher, lynx and occasionally an otter or beaver. Bears are often found near the settlements. Deer and moose are the great attraction to the visiting sportsman.



RANGELEY TROPHIES.

The Rangeley Lakes are reached by several routes. The two most popular are the all-rail routes, leaving the tourist either at Rangeley City, or at Bemis on the south arm of Mooselookmeguntic. What is called the "Lower Route" is by rail to Bethel and by stage, twenty-six miles, to Upton on Lake Umbagog. The "Middle Route" is by rail to Bryant's Pond, thence by stage, twenty-one miles to Andover, and by team, twelve miles, to the south arm of Lake Welokenbacook. Still another route of great scenic beauty is by the Grand Trunk Railroad to North Stratford, New Hampshire, thence by team to Colebrook, and through the famous



THE RANGELEY LAKE HOUSE.

Moose are becoming more scarce, not only in this region, but throughout the state. Deer are abundant and seem to be on the increase. The country to the north of Oquossoc, embracing Kennebago Lake, Seven Ponds and the Dead River region, particularly abound in deer, and the trout, though not as large, are more numerous and rise to the fly all summer long.

Dixville Notch to the foot of Umbagog. Little steamers ply on all of the lakes, making several trips daily, and affording, by aid of "carries," a continuous sail from the head of Oquossoc to the foot of Umbagog. Before the advent of the railroad, the tourist by the "Upper Route" used to take the stage at Farmington for an eighteen-mile ride to Phillips, follow-

ing the course of the beautiful Sandy River, passing the charming village of Strong, and getting glimpses of several mountain peaks, among them Mount Blue and Mount Abraham. I well remember during my boyhood the great coach, its body swaying upon stout leathern straps, and the four horses dashing at full speed into the village to draw up before the country post office. For thirty years "Uncle" John Pickens drove this stage and cracked his jokes and whip to the keen enjoyment of the travelling public. To me something of the charm of this unique region passed away with the old stagecoach. Stopping over night in Phillips at the Barden House, kept by Samuel Farmer, or at the Elmwood, later kept by Mr. T. L. Page, the tourist had yet a twenty-mile ride to enjoy before reaching Rangeley. On this stage one passed Madrid village with its one store, and near by the Sandy River Falls, then the famous Beech Hill, three miles in length, descending to the Sandy River Ponds, seven in number, Long Pond, then Greenville, at the southeast arm of Oquossoc Lake, thence three miles



MOUNTAIN VIEW HOUSE.

along the eastern shore of the lake, enjoying the magnificent scenery, until the village was reached.

There is much of interest in the history of Rangeley. The first settler was Deacon Luther Hoar, who came with his family in April, 1817. He was a distant relative of Senator Hoar, and moved originally from Rowley, Massachusetts, to Phillips, Maine. In 1816 he went alone into the wilderness, cleared a few acres on the north shore of Oquossoc Lake, about two miles and a half west of the present site of Rangeley village, and put up a log house and barn. The next year he journeyed with his wife and children for twenty miles through the forest, following only the spotted trail, and dragging his goods on a hand-sled. Reaching the Greenville arm of the lake, they found a "dugout" in readiness, which he had made from a large pine log, in which they crossed the lake.

Joseph, a son of Deacon Hoar, who was born in 1802, was fifteen years of age when the family moved into Rangeley. Mrs. Lucinda Tibbetts, daughter of the first settler, who was born in 1819,—the first



BUCKBOARD FOR KENNEBAGO.

white child of Rangeley,—is still living, with her husband, Mr. Timothy Tibbetts. Although past four score years of age, her memory is remarkable and her faculties keen, and her life covering as it does nearly the whole history of the town, she is authority for many of the facts here presented.

Two years later than Luther Hoar came John Toothaker and family, originally from Bowdoinham. His

soil. Those farms are to-day some of the best in town.

In 1816 there were five families of Indians living on the shore of the lake on Mr. Hoar's land. They were very friendly. The next spring they left, but appeared from time to time, bringing moose meat and other game. There were Indians living at "Indian Rock" in 1825, and probably much earlier, among them old Metalluk, a great friend of the whites, and An-



HAINES' LANDING.

son Abner, born in 1816, was three years old when they moved to Rangeley. The same year came John Dill and his family from Phillips, and a Mr. Wright with no family. These new settlers took up land adjoining that of Mr. Hoar. There appear to have been no other settlers until 1825. The north shore of the lake, which they chose, slopes toward the sun, is more protected from cold winds, and was covered with a noble, hard-wood growth, indicating fertile

nance, described as "a good sort of a Christian man." A bad Indian nicknamed "Bill Williams," who had a camp on the lake shore to the westward, troubled the early settlers and threatened their lives. He had a squaw and two children. One day in winter they came back from a trip down the lake, with only one child. The squaw, when asked what had become of the other one, replied: "I could carry only one, and Bill wouldn't carry the other, so he took



MOOSELOOKMEGUNTIC LAKE AND BALD MOUNTAIN.

him by the hair of the head and shook him until he died." "Bill" was discovered creeping upon a settler with a knife in his hand, and was punished by being knocked down. Later he was killed for his evil traits by the Indians themselves.

In 1825 Squire James Rangeley came to the township which bears his name. There are conflicting reports as to where he came from and whither he went. According to the authority quoted above he came directly from England. Major Seward Dill of Phillips, who knew Squire Rangeley well, says he went to Portland and thence to Virginia, where he died. A Boston gentleman, who visited Mr. Rangeley several times in his forest home, left on record the statement that after coming from England he was for a time a merchant in Philadelphia, and later a land speculator in Virginia, and that after leaving Rangeley he went to Portland, where he died not later than 1862. Yet there is little doubt that Squire Rangeley was a land speculator in Virginia after leaving Rangeley, and that he died there. He was a typical Englishman, of stout build and florid countenance, with hearty, courtly manners, but eccentric. He was a man of some wealth, and liberal in the use of it. What induced him to leave England or Philadelphia and go to the north woods of Maine can only be

conjectured. He seems to have come into possession of Rangeley township, comprising nearly 70,000 acres, previous to its first settlement, as on his arrival he extracted payment for lands already occupied, at the rate of fifty cents per acre. The squire held advanced ideas concerning the value of his domain, and great plans for its development. His family consisted of his wife, two daughters and two sons,



A RANGELEY GUIDE.

James and John. They lived on the lake shore near the earlier settlers and near the farm now owned by George Ross. In 1833 Mr. Rangeley built a dam, gristmill and sawmill at the foot of the lake, and put in an "up-and-down" saw, shingle and clapboard machines. Before this, meal and

ley, for he sold out his township at first for \$50,000, though, coming back upon his hands, it was purchased later by Daniel Burnham. Thus closed the record of this romantic character,



PLEASANT ISLAND
CAMPS.

whose name is perpetuated by town and lakes.

Rangeley township was sold by Daniel Burnham, about 1860, to Abner Toothaker of Rangeley, David

Pingree and Ebenezer S. Coe of Bangor. By purchase of other townships and transfer of property, Mr. Toothaker took for his share a large part of Rangeley, while Coe and Pingree have come into possession of all the wild lands of Rangeley Plantation, Sandy River Plantation, the western half of Dallas, and the townships embracing the rest of Cusuptic, Mooselookmeguntic and Mollychunkamunk lakes. It has been impossible to buy a foot of the land owned by this latter company, camp owners, sporting associations, and lumber companies having to lease their rights. This has been a drawback to the building of many camps. Land about Oquossoc Lake having been owned by the



BALD MOUNTAIN CAMPS.

flour had to be brought from Strong, which had the nearest gristmill. The old mill has long since disappeared. About the same time that he built the mill, Rangeley erected for himself, on the old site, a large two-story frame house, and near it a blacksmith shop.

His greatest undertaking was the construction of a road from Madrid, through "a grand and savage pass" of the Saddleback Mountains, to Rangeley, at a cost of \$30,000. This road has long since been obliterated, although the writer has seen a trace of it where it left the old stage road near the outlet of the Sandy River Ponds. These great outlays seem to have crippled the finances of Squire Range-

Toothaker heirs and the early settlers is being rapidly developed.

Squire John Haley built the first house on the site of Rangeley village in 1835. As late as 1864 there were in the village but two houses, three barns and a blacksmith's shop. From that time the progress was more rapid. The first hotel on Oquossoc was at Greenvale. In 1847, David, son of Luther Hoar, moved his father's house from the place of the first settlement, over the ice, to the site of what was afterward the Greenvale House. He occasionally accommodated sportsmen until Darwin Prescott enlarged the house and opened it as a

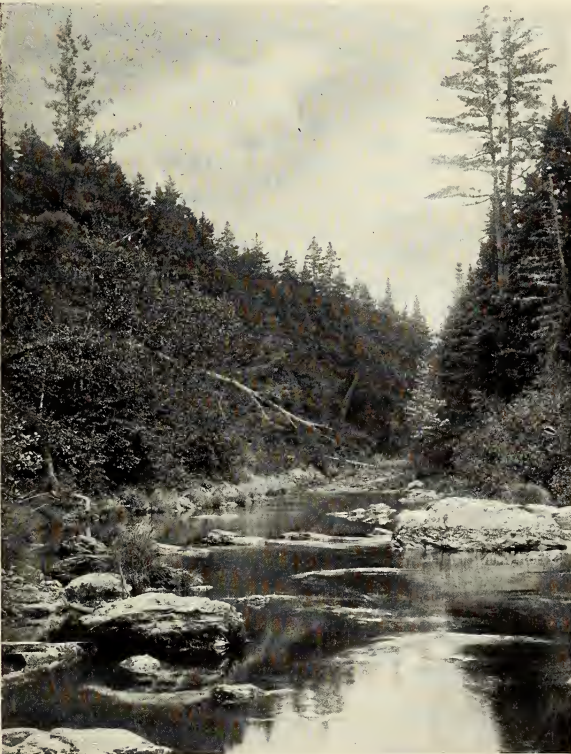


MOOSELOOKMEGUNTIC HOUSE.

hotel. It became the Greenvale House under Henry Kimball, and was the most popular resort of the fishermen of early days. In 1895 it was burned.

The second hotel was kept for five or six years by Samuel Farmer, afterward owner of the Barden House at Phillips, and was situated some distance from the village, near the farm of Luther Nile. Here, part of the time, was the post office. The first hotel in the village, the Rangeley House, also called "Hinckley's," was opened by John A. Burke about 1870. This hotel, with about thirty dwelling houses and stores, was destroyed by fire in the fall of 1876. The next winter Mr. Burke began the erection of a much larger hotel on the old site, called the Rangeley Lake House, and Abner Toothaker built the Oquossoc House, a well arranged hotel on Main Street, now under charge of Mr. and Mrs. John Herrick.

In 1886 John B. Marble assumed control of the Rangeley Lake House,



CUPSUPTIC STREAM AND CARRY.



BOAT LANDING, BALD MOUNTAIN CAMP.

and during the fall of 1895 it was moved from the village to a slightly point on the lake shore, where it was enlarged and has enjoyed the reputation of being the largest and best kept house in the lake region. The grounds have been graded, golf links have been constructed, a fine livery is kept, and a new casino has been erected, whence, summer evenings, the sweet music of a Boston orchestra is wafted over the waters. Two cottages, Rangemere and Outlook, add to the accommodations, which, with the addition just completed, will provide for two or three hundred guests. The past few seasons have taxed to the utmost the capacity of this as well as of nearly every other hotel at the Rangeleys. The village has of late had a rapid growth; it has a dozen flourishing stores, two or three mills, two taxidermist establishments, several other industries, a good church and good schools. It is the seat of a large boat-building industry. Mr. L. H. Tibbetts, previous to the "great fire," es-

tablished the fame of the "Rangeley boat," built of cedar and ash, light, strong and graceful. Baker Tufts and H. W. Loomis have since slightly varied the model, and their rowboats are unrivalled. The graceful canvas canoe is now to be seen on all of these waters.

One factor which has contributed to the growth of Rangeley was of course the railroads. The Sandy River Railroad was built in 1879, and the Phillips and Rangeley in 1891. These are two-foot gauge roads, and the "baby trains" are quite a curiosity to strangers. The roads open up the vast lumber regions of Reddington and Rangeley, and the Dead River station is the departing point of many bolder sportsmen who choose the smaller ponds and lakes in the heart of the wilderness. The scenery along the route is superb. Toothaker Pond, Saddleback Mountain, Reddington Pond with Mount Pisgah to the north, and other abrupt peaks are passed in succession, with here and there a cool, sparkling trout brook, until we arrive at Gull Pond and Rangeley. It may be your good fortune, as it has been mine, to enjoy a magnificent sunset with its



CAMP BEMIS.

great billowy clouds, while passing through this mountainous gateway to the Oquossoc.

At Rangeley wharf the tourist is met by Captain Howard's new steamer, which after a delightful steam of about an hour lands one at the foot of the lake. Captain Howard placed the first little steam launch, *Mollychunkamunk*, on Rangeley Lake in 1875. It was a great undertaking for those days, but rewarded the young captain. At the foot of the lake stands the Mountain View House, next in size to the Lake House, and built in 1876 by Mr. Henry T. Kimball. It was erected on the site of old "Camp Henry," which was united to it. Mr. George Soule was one of the oldest hunters in this region and built several of the early camps for sportsmen. He first lived in one of two houses on the south side of Oquossoc, across the stream from Greenvale, and had a hunters' camp at Indian Rock early in the fifties. On returning from the war, in 1866, he built a log camp at the foot of Oquossoc beside the "carry" to Mooselookmeguntic, which then was only a footpath. About 1873 he built Camp Henry, a small frame structure, across the outlet of the lake from the old camp; when three years later the Mountain View House was completed, Mr. and Mrs. Soule were put in charge of it. The next year Mr. Soule built a log camp at "Haines' Landing," the Mooselookmeguntic end of the carry, to which was added the next season a frame camp. A team for baggage only was put on the carry, making daily connections with the steamers. "Billy" Soule, a son of George Soule, then but a boy, had charge of this team, and the old white horse, as well as the rough corduroy road, is still



JOSHUA G. RICH.

held in memory by sportsmen.

The Mountain View has been greatly enlarged, accommodating eighty-five guests the past season, and is one of the most popular hotels in the region. It has a good livery and is connected by highway with Rangeley and Haines' Landing. Next to the Mountain View House is a cottage by the same name, while on a point of land opposite, and built previously by Theodore L. Page, stands, in a beautiful grove of white birches, Lake Point Cottage. It has more recently been owned by a club of Boston gentlemen, Mr. R. A. Tuttle of Boston now occupying it. Proceeding up the north shore we come successively to Nathaniel Hinkley's cottage, four camps owned by Messrs. E. W. and D. M.



"BILLY" SOULE.



BIG POOL, UPPER DAM.

Bonney of Farmington, Mr. C. E. Belcher's Mingo Spring camps, an attractive resort open to the public, the cottage of Dr. Charles Carrington of Farmington, Connecticut, Mr. D. W. Farquhar's fine residence, stable and boathouse, and then the camps of Messrs. E. L. Barry and Samuel D. Hano, taking us to Rangeley village.

On the east shore, after passing the Rangeley Lake House, we come to the Henwood cottage, bought the past season by Dr. Munyon of homœopathic fame; he is an enthusiast over Rangeley climate, scenery and spring

water, and he has come to stay. An elegant naphtha launch is one of his possessions. A short walk along shore brings us to Marsquamosey Lodge, owned by F. E. Timberlake, then the cottages of Messrs. S. R. Morse and W. A. Font of Jersey City, Messrs. N. P. Noble, J. Z. Everett, Joel Wilbur and John Everett of Phillips, and Moxie Lodge, owned by Harry Dill of Quebec. A new set of camps has just been built by the Pickford brothers at Greenvale Cove, and these are now open to the public. These camps, like those at Mingo Springs, are built so that each party

can have a separate camp. On the south shore is a cottage owned by Francis Shaw of Wayland, Mass. The finest private residence is on Maneskootuk Island near the east shore, about two miles from the village. In 1888, before the Rangeley "boom"



OQUOSSOC ANGLING ASSOCIATION.

began, Mr. Frederick S. Dickson of Philadelphia bought Ram Island, as it was then called, for a mere song. It is a large, high, beautifully wooded island, and Mr. Dickson has probably expended a hundred thousand dollars on the house and grounds, a private steam launch being in constant attendance. He has more recently purchased an island in South Bog Cove and erected a cottage there, also one or two other cottages on the south shore.

The wonderfully clear water of Quossoc enables one to see pebbles and sometimes trout at great depths. This is not true of the other lakes since the building of dams and raising of the water has filled them with much dead material, discoloring the water. Another feature of this lake is its beautiful pebbly shores, often forming shingle beaches, and shaded here and there by clumps of white birches.

In 1844 Joshua Gross Rich, who had sailed before the mast, left his home in Roxbury, Mass., and with his wife and little son, afterwards Dr. J. Bartlett Rich of Worcester, went to Mooslookmeguntic Lake. I have heard Mr. Rich say that the only hunters who, at that time, frequented



EIGHT AND THREE-QUARTERS POUND
TROUT.

this region were George Soule and Captain Kimball. Previous to the coming of Mr. Rich a hermit by the name of Frank Haines had cleared a farm on the north side of the cove east of "Stony Batter," where he kept some stock and led a wretched, drunken life. The location is also

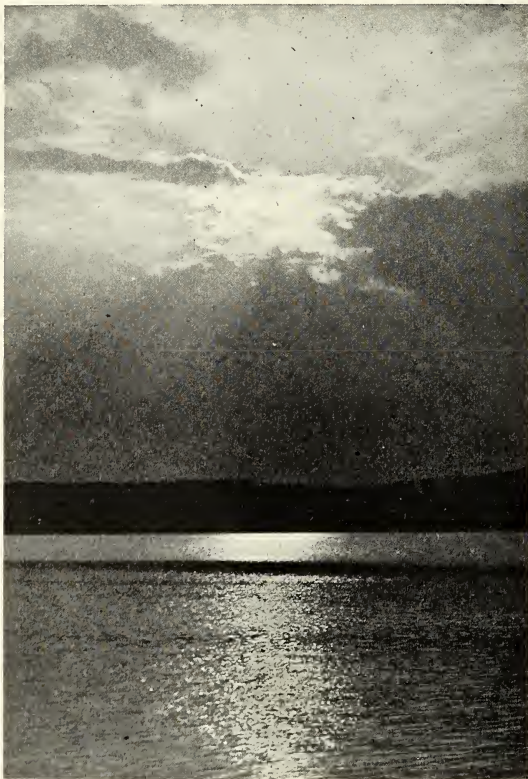
known as the "Adams Farm." The oldest inhabitants have no knowledge of the date of Mr. Haines' coming or of the locality from whence he came. His name is perpetuated in Haines' Landing, where he had made a landing for his boat. On the Haines place Mr. Rich made his camp and remained two years, John Oakes being with him part of the time. From here



LAKE POINT COTTAGE.

he moved to Metalluk Point, Lake Mollychunkamunk, where there were deserted buildings, and a clearing called the "Richardson Farm." Here he was thirty-two miles from the nearest store and post office. After remaining six years he moved to the foot of Umbagog Lake, now Upton, where he kept a store, hunted, and guided sportsmen for seventeen years. While here, about 1860, Mr. Rich opened the first public camp in all the lake region, at the Middle Dam, and named it "Angler's Retreat," a name still perpetuated in the present hotel. This camp was for many years the most popular resort for fishermen. His next move was to Bethel, where he died in 1897. When Mr. Rich went into the woods his capital consisted of thirteen steel traps and eighty cents.

When he moved to Upton he had cleared twenty-five hundred dollars, in addition to supporting a large family. During his career in the woods he killed seventy-three bears, about fifty moose and fifty caribou, hundreds of deer, over two hundred Canada lynxes, and hundreds of beaver, otter, fisher, sable and mink. He procured many live animals for Professor Agassiz and many of the specimens of Maine animals now in the Agassiz Museum at



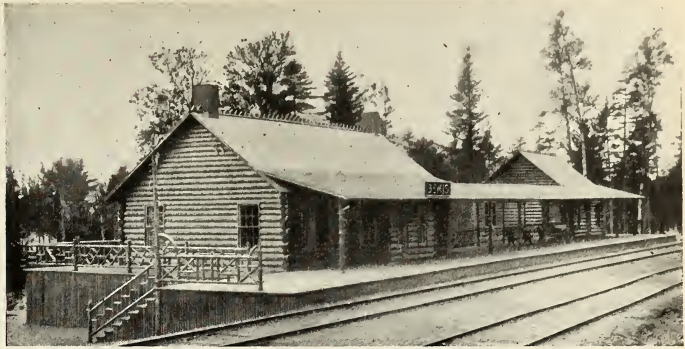
Harvard. The Rangeley lakes were a veritable hunters' paradise in those days, and he had many an exciting adventure and once nearly lost his life when in the clutches of a wounded bear.

Soon after Mr. Rich located on Mooselookmeguntic, Captain Henry T. Kimball built a hunting camp opposite Indian Rock, near the confluence of the Rangeley and Kennebago streams. This seems soon to have been deserted. Early in the fifties, Perley Smith built there a cabin, and led a hermit life, occasionally entertaining a sportsman. About the same time George Soule erected there a small camp for three Massachusetts gentlemen. In 1862 Mr. C. T. Richardson bought the Smith camp and built a larger one, which he soon occupied with his family. Two or three years

later Samuel or "Daddy" Clark moved into the smaller camp. Mr. Clark came to the lake region from North Haverhill, New Hampshire, in 1847, and is now living at the age of over ninety years.

Mr. Richardson in turn sold out his interests to a company of New York and Pennsylvania gentlemen, the leading spirit of whom was Jay Cook, who, becoming charmed with the region, procured extensive hunting and

fishing rights and formed the Oquosoc Angling Association. They became incorporated in the winter of 1868-9, and the next summer built their main camp. It is sixty by one hundred feet, unique in design, having an enormous fireplace in one corner, a row of cot beds along each side, and a spacious table for reading and writing materials in the centre. Numerous other camps and a large boat-house have since been erected, making a fair-sized settlement. Here the post office of Indian Rock is located. Mr. Richardson has been the resident superintendent from the first. Mr. F. A. Farrar of Boston is now the president of the association; Mr. F. W. Carpenter of Providence, vice-president, and Mr. H. H. Haskell of Boston secretary and treasurer. The association has a large membership and has done much good in caring for the preservation of fish and game; it owns a hatchery for trout and salmon a few miles up the Kennebago Stream.



BEMIS STATION.

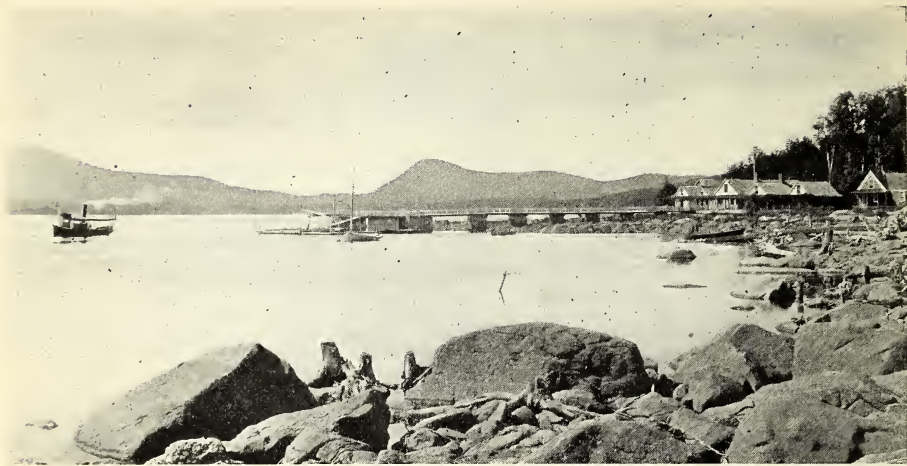
"Indian Rock" itself is a low ledge across the stream from the association grounds, and is so called from having been the assembling place of the dusky tribes for their councils. Spear and arrow heads and gold beads have there been unearthed. No more does the Indian canoe glide between the wooded banks of the Kennebago, or out over the restless waters of Cupsuptic and no more does the Indian spear trout as they lie on the gravel beds of Rangeley Stream. Old Metaluk, the last of his race, long ago disappeared; and his wife Keoka rests beneath the sougning pines of the point which bears his name.

Kennebago Stream is a great resort for canoeing parties, as it can be followed for several miles through ever-changing scenery. At one point a sudden turn in the river brings one into full view of West Kennebago Mountain, grandly looming in the distance. The fishing on Rangeley and Kennebago streams is forbidden for most of the season on account of the trout having here their favorite spawning grounds.

Proceeding up Lake Cupsuptic, we pass a heavily wooded island above Eagle Point, where, the past season, a new set of log camps was erected by Mr. Orton Brown of



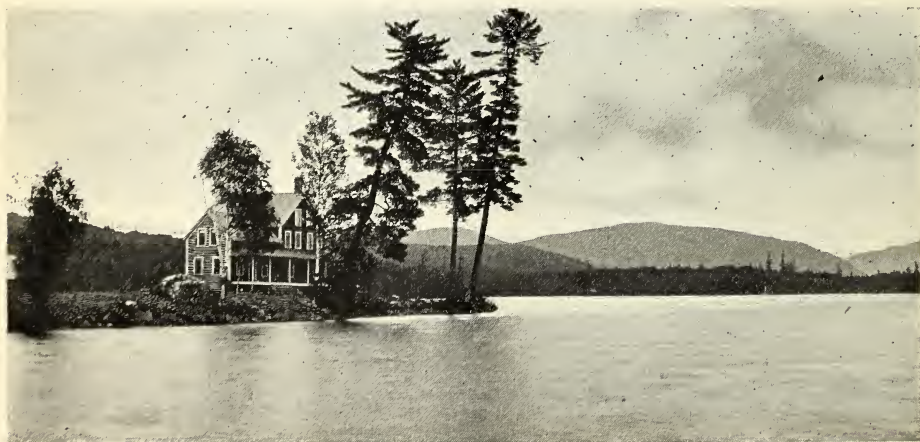
INTERIOR OF A CAMP.



LAKE MOLLYCHUNKAMUNK.

Portland. Farther up, near the head of the lake, is Pleasant Island, with its nine log camps, the headquarters of a famous hunter and guide, "Billy" Soule. Here, since the spring of 1884, Billy has delighted the public with a taste of real wood life. On Birch Island, near by, were erected, in 1892, five camps by Samuel D. Hano, who is now located at Quimby Pond. These camps are now owned by Mr. Soule, as well as other hunting camps up the Cupsuptic River, the whole valley of which he leases for the use of his guests. Two steamers, the *Maysie*

and *Cupsuptic*, are at his command for making two trips a day to Haines' Landing and Bemis for mail and passengers and for private excursions. When the writer was there last season forty-five guests were registered for both islands. Game of all kinds is served in its season. The office of Pleasant Island Camps savors of the backwoods. Its walls are of logs adorned with deer antlers and heads, mounted birds, and one majestic moose head. A large fireplace suggests cheer for cold evenings, and in one corner is a staircase with balusters constructed of deer legs. A fine large



B POND, THE LATE EX-GOVERNOR RUSSELL'S CAMP.

camp on this island was owned by Mr. Harry Dutton of Boston, who for many years has hunted with Mr. Soule; but last year he built a magnificent camp and lighthouse on an island in Lake Umbagog.

A short distance from Pleasant Island, in Toothaker Cove, is Villa St. Prie, an artistic little cottage perched on a high rock, the summer home of Mr. J. Harvey Treat of Lawrence. Mr. Treat cares not for fish or game, but after thirty years of business life has retired to the wilderness from a pure love of its secrets. Here he remains each year, entertaining many visitors from other camps, until about the first of January, when he is off for a trip to Egypt or other foreign lands.

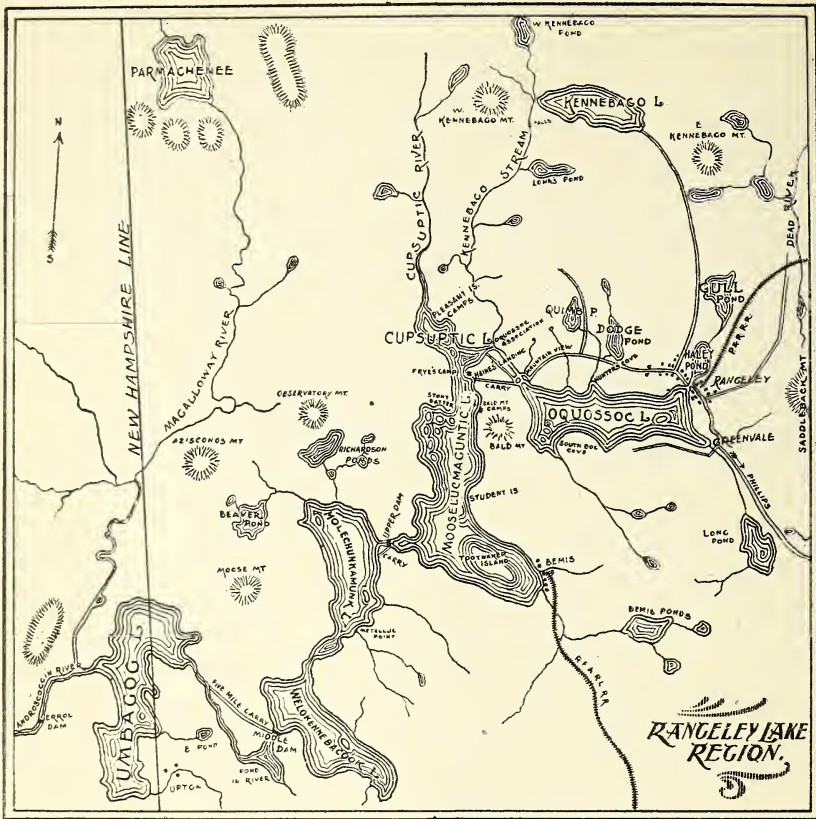
The Cupsuptic Stream, which makes in at the head of this lake, is very devious, and nearly obscured by the deadwood caused by the damming of the waters of Mooselookmeguntic which raised them fourteen feet. But the little steamers can pick their way among fallen tree trunks for three miles up this stream to the foot of the first rapids. Leaving the steamer and walking over a mossy path, under tall dark spruces, for half a mile, smooth water is again reached, where some of Mr. Soule's canoes and rowboats are landed. Eight miles up stream bring one to a camp, and the six-mile carry to Parmachenee, a wild and beautiful sheet of water, visited only by the more adventurous sportsmen. On the head waters of Cupsuptic are Otter Brook, the Big Falls and the Grand Canyon with walls fifty feet high. Still above is Cupsuptic Pond, only half a mile from the Canadian line. The fishing in this locality is unsurpassed, and deer are very plentiful, a sight of several being almost a daily occurrence.

Returning down the Cupsuptic Stream and Lake, and proceeding to the narrows into Mooselookmeguntic, we pass on the right the log camp of Hon. William P. Frye. Perched upon an island ledge it commands the narrows and a fine reach of lake and

mountain scenery. Here, for more than a score of years, the busy senator has found time annually to land a few of the big trout. The story is told that one spring, when the Senate was proceeding in its usual leisurely manner with its appropriation and other bills, he began to get nervous from fear of losing the early fishing. Taking some of his colleagues aside, he explained to them his reason for wishing to hurry matters. The next day the appropriation bills went through with a rush, and by night the senator, with grip and fishing tackle, was aboard a sleeper for Maine.

Opposite "Frye's Camp" on Pine Point, where formerly stood a shanty called the Buckfield Camp, a fine set of camps was erected the past season by John H. Roelofs of Philadelphia. The main camps are on a high ledge commanding an extensive view of both lakes, and are three in number, under one piazza, each camp having a large fireplace. Removed from these is a camp for cooking and a guides' camp.

We are now embarked on Lake Mooselookmeguntic, and for a dozen miles the eye sweeps the grandest view in the lake region. On the left rises Bald Mountain to the height of one thousand feet; on the right is a high wooded ridge; while directly in front are the Bemis and White mountains. Bearing to the left, we soon reach Haines' Landing, and the Mooselookmeguntic House, the largest hotel on the lake. It is a perpetuation of Soule's Camp, a new building having been added. Soon after 1850, a fisherman by the name of James Hewey had here a rude hut. This was patched up and used by occasional sportsmen until about 1874, when Major E. J. Gilkey of Strong and Charles Soule built a small log camp, which after Soule's Camp was erected became the stable. Connected with this hotel as now enlarged and renovated are two or three log cottages. During July and August every room is taken. To say that this



hotel is now owned and personally managed by Theodore L. Page, proprietor of the United States Senate restaurant, is sufficient guarantee of a good table. Here is located the Haines' Landing post office, and at the wharf near by the steamers make their regular landing.

The carry of a mile and a half from Rangeley Lake, which terminates here, is now a fine state road, and teams connect with all steamers. Another road diverges from this carry, leading to Indian Rock. Beyond the wharf is Camp Houghton, on a ledge jutting out into the lake, its red roof visible through a clump of pines. A mile below is Camp Haverhill. These two cottages are old landmarks, having been erected twenty-five years ago. Near Camp Haverhill are the Bald Mountain Camps, erected by Mr.

E. B. Whorff and opened to the public two seasons ago. These camps are six in number, connected by a long piazza, fronting on the lake. Two fine log camps have been added, also a guides' camp. Bald Mountain rises in the rear; and in front, halfway across the lake, are the "Middle Grounds" for trout fishing. During the early fishing large trout and salmon are caught in great numbers by trolling near the camps and even from the wharf. Being in the centre of the best fishing locality and affording a neat separate camp to each party, as well as having a reputation for fine dinners and moderate charges, these camps are deservedly popular. A record of fish caught by the guests during one season shows hundreds of trout ranging from two to six pounds, and salmon of thirteen pounds. During July and

August the big trout retire to the cool depths of the lakes, and may be found in a few well-known localities, the most famous being the "Middle Grounds." The locality is in the line of Bowley Rock and Bald Mountain and can be accurately located only by experience. The water here is about forty feet deep, and the trout lie on a clay bottom which is sought on account of its coolness. The centre of best fishing varies from time to time, but the boat which is fortunate enough to locate it does not lack sport. On fine days a dozen or more boats collect, presenting a gay scene, many ladies usually being in the party; and loud are the exclamations when a six-pounder is brought into the net.

At the southern base of Bald Mountain is Bugle Cove, where there is also good deep-water fishing. Here on a huge rock rising fifty feet above the water is Allerton Lodge, built by R. G. Allerton, formerly treasurer of the Oquossoc Association. It is one of the finest on the lake, and the view from its lofty veranda is magnificent. On the opposite shore and farther south is a point where Dr. F. C. Fowler of Modus, Connecticut, has a pretty cottage among the birches. We soon reach Students' Island, a little below the centre of the lake, on which are situated Captain Fred C. Barker's camps, called "The Birches." There are twenty-two camps at present, the first being built in 1886. Students' Island was so called from parties of Yale students going there to camp out as long ago as the fifties. Soon after 1870 the island was leased by George Shepherd Page, Esq., first president of the Oquossoc Association, who built a good camp upon it. Captain Barker's camps are always well filled, as the island is a charming spot and the camps are very attractive. Many who have travelled extensively, artists among the number, find the scenery here unsurpassed. At Bemis, on the southeast arm of the lake, Captain Barker has another

cluster of camps, ten in number, which are likewise very popular.

Bemis was early settled on account of the trout fishing in and about Bemis Stream. Here is also a splendid sand beach over a mile long. Camp Bema, consisting of nine log camps, was built soon after Camp Kennebago, and by three gentlemen prominent in that association, Messrs. G. S. Page, L. L. Crouse and H. M. Hutchinson. They leased two townships for protection, and constructed a hatching house and breeding ponds for the propagation of trout. In 1875 it was estimated that 250,000 were spawned; and in the years since there have been millions more of trout to replenish the waters of Mooselookme-guntic. The old camps were torn down by Captain Barker before building his new ones in 1880.

There was no road of any kind at Bemis until the Rumford Falls and Rangeley Lakes Railroad was put through the woods in 1896, making a very direct route from Portland, and largely increasing the travel. Here is a beautiful log station, said to be the only one in the world. On leaving the cars, the tourist for points beyond is met by Captain Barker's new steamer, *Florence E. Barker*, which plies between Bemis, Haines' Landing and Upper Dam, stopping for passengers at The Birches and Bald Mountain Camps, and carrying the mail, making two trips daily. The first little steam launch on this lake was the *Oquossoc*, run for the season of 1876 by Captain C. W. Howard, then sold to Captain Barker, at that time hardly more than a boy. The route then was between Indian Rock and Upper Dam. Captain Barker has also three small excursion steamers, the *Metalluk*, *Oozallic* and *Molleocket*.

The next point of interest is Upper Dam, at the foot of this lake. The dam is one of the largest and strongest in the state, being fifteen hundred feet in length, wide enough for a roadway on top, and built of immense timbers bolted together and

ballasted with rock. During high water the pressure on the dam is enormous, and it is carefully watched day and night; for should it "go out," it would sweep Lewiston, Auburn and other towns on the Androscoggin worse than the Johnstown flood. Before the railroad was built to Bemis, immense quantities of logs were run through this dam, and so on down the lakes and river to market. One year two million dollars' worth were thus driven. Those were exciting days, and when the logs were ready to pass the dam many visitors gathered to see the red-shirted lumbermen make the dangerous drive. The dam was built about 1853 by Coe and Pingry, and some fifteen years ago transferred to the Union Water Power Company of Lewiston, who now own all of the dams. Before landing from the steamer the roar of water is heard as it makes its steep plunge down the sluiceways into the pool below.

The "Big Pool," as it is called, is considered the most famous fishing spot in the world. There are fishermen who have whipped the waters of the pool every summer for thirty years, and have never tired of the sport, for here lurk the big trout and salmon. Mr. T. B. Stuart, a New York millionaire, has been here for twenty-six summers. Standing on a pier of the dam last summer a friend of mine saw a salmon "as long as his arm" swim up over the planking into shoal water and sport leisurely about. The pool is fished from the piers of the dam, the shore and from boats, several of which are usually to be seen anchored just above the rips. The Upper Dam Camps, kept by Mr. John Chadwick, on a green stretch of lawn, facing the lake and dam, afford good entertainment.

The Upper Dam is nearly the centre of the lake region. From here a walk of a few minutes over an easy road brings one to the wharf on Lake Mollychunkamunk, where another steamer is in waiting to convey the

tourist to the enchanting regions beyond.

Mollychunkamunk, though not as celebrated as some of her sisters for her trout fishing, is a charming expanse of water enclosed by storm-beaten, rocky shores, showing here and there fine sand beaches. There is no public house on its shores, but it boasts the largest number of fine private camps of any of the lakes. Near the steamer landing at the foot of the carry from Upper Dam is Camp Belle View, with its long, picturesque wharf, owned by Mr. McKean of Philadelphia. On the south side of the steamer landing is the Boston Club Camp. Situated in a charming locality at the mouth of Mosquito Brook is the retreat of Mr. J. Parker Whitney, which is one of the oldest camps. At the head of the lake is the fine lodge of Mr. Bayard Thayer of Boston, and near by, on Beaver Island, is the beautiful Camp Beaver, the property of Dr. H. C. Haven. Camp Leatherstocking is owned by Mr. M. G. Manson of Boston, and Camp Study by Mr. W. K. Moody of the Boston *Herald* staff. Camp Prospect, owned by Senator Waldo Petten-gill and Mr. F. O. Walker of Rumford Falls, is north of Belle View. Mr. Samuel Betton's camp, near the outlet from Mooselookmeguntic, is one of the largest and most picturesque in the lake region, and was built about twenty-five years ago. There are also camps Stevens, Davis, Stuart and Viva Vale and Deer Park Lodge.

On Richardson Pond, north of this lake, "a pearl in the heart of the wilderness," are several camps. Near the southern end of the lake, passing between Ship Island and Half Moon Island, we arrive at a fine sand beach near the mouth of Metalluc Brook. This is Metalluk Point, where once lived the old hunter, J. G. Rich. For many years two old barns remained here as landmarks.

Passing through the rocky and tortuous narrows, two miles in length,

we leave Mollychunkamunk, guarded by its twin mountain sentinels Azischoh and Observatory, and enter Welokennebacock or the second Richardson Lake. Here we find a repetition of the wild grandeur of the other lakes shaken into new forms by the kaleidoscope of creation. New mountain peaks, which guard on all sides the picturesque town of Andover, now occupy the southern horizon. The steamer runs to the South Arm, where there is a hotel and the stage road to Andover, and to the Middle Dam at the outlet. There are but few camps on this lake. The most popular resort is the Middle Dam Camp, or Angler's Retreat. Opened by Mr. Rich, it has ever since enjoyed a large share of patronage. In 1877 a new building was erected, which accommodates seventy-five guests; it is now under the excellent management of the proprietor, Captain E. F. Coburn.

Below the dam is the "Pond in the River," beautiful in scenery. The fishing both here and in the river is famed. At the outlet of the pond is the Oxford Club Camp, built by a club of twenty Portland gentlemen, somewhat of the nature of the Oquossoc Angling Association. They lease B Pond and other territory for fishing and hunting purposes; but these rights do not prevent others from fishing in these waters.

B Pond is in the woods near by, and is reached by a footpath and "swing bridge" over Rapid River. This bridge is a novel arrangement consisting of a cable stretched tightly from shore to shore and a seat suspended therefrom on pulleys in which the sportsman secures himself and by means of a tackle pulls himself to the opposite shore. At this pond was the summer cottage of the late Governor Russell of Massachusetts.

Rapid River or Five Mile Falls, as the loggers term the outlet, is a wild stream sweeping onward in tumultuous force in times of high water. The carry to Umbagog does not follow

the river, but takes a shorter cut of four miles from the Middle Dam to the steamboat landing a mile and a half up the river. It sustains an excellent reputation for being rough, and you will think it twice the actual distance before reaching the terminus. There is no doubt that in time a fine state road will be constructed, which will remove the one serious drawback to the easy traversing of the whole series of lakes.

The steamer *Diamond* was the first to run on Lake Umbagog, making its first trip about the time that the *H. B. Simmons* was placed on the Richardson Lakes, the two steamers on the upper lakes soon completing the line. Umbagog has been compared to Moosehead in the similarity of its mountain scenery; its waters, however, are not clear like those of the latter lake. Among the more prominent peaks are Mount Dustan and Moose Mountain, while Mount Washington is plainly to be seen to the westward, overtopping all others. The sail down the lake for twelve miles to the Lake House in Upton on Cambridge River is a constant unfolding of beauty. Here is also situated the Umbagog House. From this point the tourist via the Bethel route takes his departure. It is not, however, the terminus of the lake region. The steamer makes a further trip of six miles to the outlet of Umbagog and four miles down the Androscoggin River to Errol Dam, the last of the series of three dams which control this immense water power. From Errol Dam the route can be chosen through Dixville Notch. The steamer also runs up the Magalloway to the outlet of Sturdivant's Pond. The Magalloway is said to be the crookedest river on earth. Over its course a boat can be rowed, pushed and dragged for seventy miles to Parmachenee, a lake five miles in length near the Canadian border.

On Umbagog the trout fishing is very good. Sunday Cove, B Cove,

Sturtevant Cove and Tyler Cove are all good places. The building boom has struck this lake, and many gentlemen are putting up elegant residences. Since Mr. Harry Dutton purchased Metalluk Island two years ago, the price of building lots has increased threefold. The outlook for this whole region as a popular resort is fast being realized; and with careful management it will, for many years to come, retain its reputation as a fish and game paradise.

We must not close without a word about the Rangeley guides. The demands are such that this region now has over two hundred registered and licensed guides. They are a fine, stalwart set of men. Some of these

guides may be met with at the Sportsmen's Shows, in Boston and New York, and one may there also get some idea of the great resources of this region.

Should the reader be induced to try the fishing at the Rangeley Lakes we wish him as good luck as befell the late John A. Bird, who, when fishing one day at Morrill's Rock, near the Upper Dam, made a cast and struck two fish at the same time. A fierce struggle ensued for an hour, when both trout were finally landed. They were two as fine specimens of *Salmo fontinalis* as are often seen, weighing five and a half and seven and a half pounds, making thirteen pounds at one catch; and this is not a "fish story."

THE PORTRAIT.

(A LIFE STORY.)

By Elaine Goodale Eastman.

THE bride, in the splendor of youth, stood apart like a saint in its shrine;
The bridegroom was drunk with her beauty, that flew through his pulses
like wine;

And he threw down a challenge to Time—for he was a painter of skill,
Audacious as Joshua of old, who commanded the sun to stand still!

"You shall live on my canvas, my darling," he swore, "as you stand here
to-day;

I will clothe you in garments celestial, outlasting this exquisite clay;
Embalmed in the amber of Art, your beauty shall live and be sung—
Let the woman grow old if she must—the Portrait forever is young!"

Then he took up his brushes with passion, and he painted with boldness and
fire,

Till her image grew under his fingers, incarnate of love and desire;
The woman blushed forth from his canvas, immortal in freshness and youth—
You could swear she was woman and conscious—the painter had spoken the
truth.

A twelvemonth of worship and rapture—a cycle of passionate pain—
 Life's symphony swelled to its climax, and ebbed into silence again!
 The bride (whisper soft) was a mother—the mother lay sweetly at rest—
 The smile frozen fast on her lips—asleep with her babe on her breast.

So the painter was left with his Portrait, that smiled in his face as he wept;
 All day he sat gazing upon it—all night it looked down while he slept;
 Was it months? Was it years? Who shall answer? Let the mourner inquire
 of his past;
 Lo, the friend of his heart had forgotten, when the vigil was ended at last!

Now he looked with new eyes on the Portrait, that shone on his grief like a
 star;
 Burst a cry from the depths of his being—"Stoop down like the woman you
 are!
 You stand there in your insolent beauty, you stand in your youth and its pride,
 Untouched by the finger of sorrow—my changeless and passionless bride!

"I want you as Time would have made you—I want you as you should be
 now—
 The knowledge of life in your glances—the veil of the past on your brow;
 Come closer, my innocent angel; my losses have taught me the truth—
 A wife at the side of her husband is more than the bride of his youth."

Then he took up his brushes in sorrow, and he painted with longing and tears,
 Till over the face of the Portrait there stole the soft shadow of years,
 And into the eyes of the maiden the vision of motherhood crept—
 So it was that the painter found comfort and relief to his soul as he wept.

Each year on the day of their wedding—a day that is writ on his heart—
 He spends on the face of his worship his utmost of love and of art;
 So gently, so tenderly stealing, the years lend an infinite grace,
 And Time deepens ever so lightly the lines of that marvellous face.

Now sweet is the peace of Life's autumn, if only the soul be resigned;
 Her face, in its halo of silver, her face is so touching and kind!
 The painter thanks God and is humble—(only youth in its triumphs is cold);
 Though the Bride in her youth be immortal, the Portrait grows blessedly old!



WHAT FRANCE DOES FOR EDUCATION.

By Jean Charlemagne Bracq.



THE Associated Press and current American journalism appear to ignore the deeper and better currents of French life. For them the great scientific activities and the vastness of the efforts for the advancement of science do not seem to exist. The philosophical movement of the last twenty years, rich in men and marked by works of great speculative value, leaves them indifferent. The death of a man like Paul Janet, whose influence was so potent upon the higher movements of thought, is not reported. They rarely refer to French philanthropy, to its extent and to the forms—sometimes so heroic—which it assumes. Whoever sees them refer to French missions? Yet French Catholics support more missionaries than all the Catholics of the world, outside of France, and French Protestants have missions whose history reads like a romance. French art is better known, but how many are acquainted with the admirable machinery of the country to perfect it and to put it in touch with the national life? Among the great efforts of France for better things, never borne in mind by the Associated Press and American journalism, stand her many-sided, richly equipped educational endeavors.

While I lay stress upon popular education, one must not infer that the higher is neglected. What magnificent institutions of learning are suggested by the names, *Collège de France*, Museum of Natural History, Practical School of High Studies, School of Oriental Languages, School of Paleographic Archivists, School of Archæology of the Louvre, School of Rome,

School of Athens, School of Cairo, School of Anthropology, School of Political Sciences, School of Social Sciences, Pasteur Institute, Schools of Protestant Theology, and the fifteen universities of the country! In these institutions, during the last twenty years, the chairs have more than doubled and the students have trebled.

The secondary education is carried on through an extensive system of *lycées* and *collèges*. Fifty of these represent the best national provisions as yet made in Europe for the higher training of young women. All these institutions are in process of transformation, from centres of humanities to schools of a more utilitarian type, and from boarding institutions to day schools. The modern spirit is working a thorough transformation in them, and taken as a whole they constitute a fine equipment for the purpose in view. The same education, or rather one which covers the same intellectual programme, is also given by the Catholic Church in her petty seminaries and special schools. The Church and State vie with each other for the primary education of the nation. They sustain some ninety thousand schools, with an aggregate attendance of from six to seven millions of children.

Most numerous and varied are the special and professional schools, such as the Colonial School, the School of Colonial Interpreters, schools of notariate, of commercial study, of languages, of commerce, of engineering, of mining, of industrial chemistry, of industries—like weaving, dyeing, plumbing, carpentry, painting, carriage-making, book-making and bookbinding, tailoring, shoemaking, clock-making, iron and steel working,

furniture making, schools of agriculture, of horticulture, of aviculture, of dairies, of forestry, of fisheries; schools for veterinaries, schools of decorative arts, of industrial arts, of domestic, postal and telegraphic training, not to mention the innumerable schools of art. The aim of these schools is to put the students into possession of the great scientific principles which underlie their occupation, and which will help them to higher workmanship. In this enumeration I have not mentioned the *Arts et Métiers*, the purpose of which is to train overseers of great intelligence rather than skilled laborers.

In looking over the agencies that make for the advancement of intelligence, we must also mention the educational services of the academies and of the numerous learned societies. A few years ago, Gabriel Monod mentioned no less than two hundred and fifty historical societies calling forth historical interest. There are the missions organized each year by the Government for studies in different countries. Students are supported by national funds in Rome, in Athens, in Egypt and in Germany. There are scholarships for uncommon students from the humbler walks of life, who are thereby enabled to spend one or two years in England or in Germany, for the study of commerce or of languages. There are the students' cruises, organized in recent years and conducted by scientists. One gentleman of Paris has founded five traveling fellowships to foreign countries for scholars. Each one of these fellowships is fifteen thousand francs, to which is added, for this year only, fifteen hundred francs for the acquisition of books bearing upon the subject or country studied. One can scarcely exaggerate the educational importance of these agencies.

While the efforts of the State are worthy of the highest praise, those of educational philanthropy constitute a superb complement to them. The college settlement idea has made its

appearance in Paris, and modest endeavors have been made to carry it out. In Belleville, a suburb of Paris, a rudimentary institution of this kind has been established. Then, the *Université populaire*, founded in the Faubourg St. Antoine, the classic ground of revolutions, consists of lectures upon the widest possible range of subjects, classes, dramatics and concerts. Another was recently started in the southern part of the city, known as the fourteenth arrondissement. In different parts of the country trade unions support schools to elevate the professional ability of their future members. Boards of trade have contributed to establish and maintain commercial schools. In Paris alone there are four important societies for education. They are the Society of Elementary Instruction, founded in 1815, which has in many ways been a good object lesson to the common schools. It was the first to make provisions for the intellectual needs of girls and women. The Polytechnic Association, seventy years old, has about six hundred courses, many devoted to English, German, political economy, physical sciences and art. The Philotechnic Association, half a century old, has a somewhat more utilitarian character than the preceding. Last November it reported five hundred and forty-nine classes in Paris. The *Union française de la jeunesse* does a kindred work, enlarged by scientific and literary lectures. In Lyons the Society of Professional Education gathers thousands of students. There are but few industrial centres in which some such work is not done.

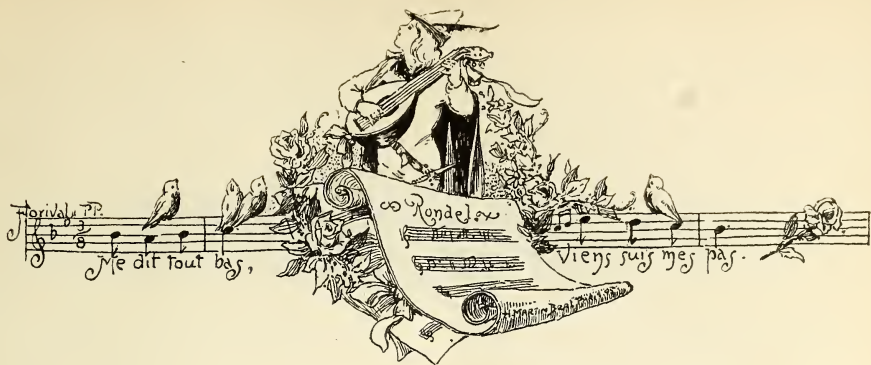
At the beginning of the present republic the French system of education was like a gigantic piece of clockwork. The great effort has been to make it an organism, and to give to that organism a soul. That soul shows itself at work everywhere. A new association works to extend a common spirit between the three orders of education, to react against the idea that there is a gulf between

the primary, the secondary and the superior education. Associations of teachers and professors are working to make educational training as broad as life and to continue it as long as possible. To that end the scope of the common schools was extended. Night classes, benevolent circles, guilds and societies of students were organized to hold the pupils after they have left the schools. At first, it was thought that the period of educational extension would end with military service; but at a recent convention of the League of Teachers, held in Toulouse, resolutions were passed urging the teachers of the country to continue their efforts on behalf of their old pupils even while they are soldiers—that local educational associations should receive members of the army like their own members, provide for them a certain healthy sociability, make the associations something approaching a popular club which, regardless of its direct benefits, would keep them from the saloons during their hours of leisure. Evening classes would not be a novelty for soldiers; such classes have existed for some time. Some of the officers have shown much zeal in this direction, and soldiers have been quite responsive. In 1897-98, eight hundred soldiers attended regularly the night schools of Nancy, and in Le Mans their number was two hundred and seventy-four. The studies range from reading to history, science and art, though the primer is yet unfortunately too widely used. The novelty comes from the purpose to develop these efforts into a national system, to keep it alive by educational enthusiasm, to make it fruitful by a kind of educational apostleship and by aiming not only at the mind but at the whole of man.

That this is not a mere dream of a few enthusiasts is eloquently demonstrated by a report from M. Edouard Petit, a French inspector of schools,

who for some years has given an annual survey of what was accomplished. During the year 1898-99, 34,987 evening classes were held for young people and adults in the public schools of France; 116,822 lectures have been given, many of them illustrated. The Pedagogical Museum of Paris has loaned, gratis, nearly 20,000 sets of slides for such lectures. There are among the pupils 871 associations for the development of thrift and mutual help, 3,761 associations of old pupils, and 986 societies of patronage, giving help to apprentices and to the poor. There are altogether 6,500 groups of young people associated with the activities of common schools. Nearly half a million pupils of both sexes attend evening schools; 46,386 teachers give their services, not mentioning 6,000 lecturers, readers and helpers, all with little or no remuneration for their services. Individuals have contributed 1,500,000 francs to this work, towns 1,600,000 francs, and the State 180,000 francs.

Many of the agencies referred to work imperfectly. They have encountered the friction which all institutions of the kind meet either on the part of mental indolence or of prejudice. Still, these efforts are evidences of forces of intelligence at work in France, not even suspected by the ordinary American reader. They are also forces of social stability and of social justice tending to lessen the chasm between the rich and the poor. They are ladders of that social ascent of individuals which French sociologists call social *capillarity*. They are acting like mighty auxiliaries of liberalism and freedom, and are reacting against mediæval ideals. Were French democracy ever tempted to move backward, they would ever say, using Bossuet's celebrated words, "*Marche! Marche!*"—thereby compelling it to move onward in the path of progress.



GYPSYING.

By Clinton Scollard.

I HAVE cast off the gyves that make
Of every man smug Custom's slave;
The sky, the wood, the upland brake,
Are all the company I crave;

Or haply one who holds with me
That man should not be fashion-bound;
Who loves to rove God's forest free,
And breathe the sweetness of the ground.

Unfettered comrades, we shall find
Our own where hillside rillets run,
The brothers of the minstrel wind,
The children of the vital sun.

Our yearned for goal will be revealed
Somewhere in blue, thrush-haunted air;
And there our spirits will be healed
Of the attrition wrought by care.

From harrowing rumors of red strife,
From vauntings and all vexing din,
From the contentious swirl of life,
A dreamful respite we shall win.

And when, from gypsy wayfarings,
We breast again the human flow,
The solace of sweet wilding things
Will cling about us as we go.





A SEVEN YEARS' OUTING.

By Frances Beecher Perkins.

S EVEN years may seem a long time for an "outing," but truth is said to be stranger than fiction, and this is a true story. The scene is laid in the southern part of the Catskill Mountains, by the side of one of the loveliest and clearest lakes with which that region abounds.

It came about in this way. A certain city minister was invited by a neighbor to spend the summer vacation at the Willeweemoc trout lake, which was owned and preserved by a club. From there the minister strayed off into the forest primeval, and found this exquisite sheet of water, which has ever since been known by his name, and called the Beecher Lake. On his return to the city he purchased a mile square of the wild land, which included the lake, and the following spring took possession of it with his family, determined to act as a self-appointed home missionary, untrammelled by any necessity for filling pews and earning a salary. Here they lived for seven years, with the exception of a few weeks in winter—at first in tents, and then in a rough but comfortable cottage; and here the modern "babes in the wood" flourished with unusual vigor.

This name was fixed upon them by their aunt, who had rare skill as a sculptor and modeller, and might have been a second Harriet Hosmer. A low place near her tent abounded in a light-colored clay that was easily worked, and one day she called the party of campers to a lovely bower formed by the trees, and there, side by side on the ground, displayed two little reclining figures modelled in clay. They were so astonishingly like the twins that no one could mistake the intention, and at the same time so brought to mind the cruel uncle in the old story, even to the leafy covering by the robins, that all exclaimed, "Behold, the babes in the wood!" The real babes were enough alike to deceive their own mother at a little distance, so that she could not tell one from another, and would call either name. Sometimes the answer would be: "*Dat* Margie, me May!" or again it was: "No May; me Margie!" And when she attempted reproof, she would usually find she was administering it to the wrong child.

When the new road was cut through the woods, some four miles to the lake, the last house was an old log one, and the owner of it would entertain the party with stories of his shooting wolves from his own door.

He thought city people were made of money, and for a time obliged them to pay a dollar for a loaf of bread. The road was at first only a wide path through the woods, meandering around hills that were too high or too rough to go over, fording the shallow streams, and crossing the deep ones on bridges of rough, unhewn logs. Rocks abounded of every variety and thrown up at every possible angle; but the good sure-footed horse made his way sagaciously over or around them, drawing the longest and safest buckboard ever made. This was a gift from friends in the Poughkeepsie church, and had been made to order. The seat was the apex of a wide, low, pyramidal box, in which the family supplies were carted to the lake, and it was a never solved mystery how so many different articles could be stowed away in it as appeared in the unpacking at the tent or cabin door. A Saratoga trunk is as nothing in comparison. Unpicked chickens and legs of mutton and bags of grain went often dangling from the back, and in some cavity among them nestled the five-year-old elder daughter, while the twins were tied upon the seat in front by their mother's side, and the father walked ahead as guide and helper. Thus began this remarkable outing.

The first tent set up was on rising ground, where a rivulet flowing from a very clear and cold spring emptied into the lake. It was a large hospital tent with a fly extending far over the sides, a good board floor with two long steps in front like a piazza, the canvas opening at the back to admit the heat from a sheltered stove on a cold or rainy day. Two or three tents raised their snowy peaks in a group near by, forming a lovely contrast with the deep green of the forest. The dining and cooking room was a board shanty, with open side toward the lake; and never was better food eaten, or more enjoyed than in this same shanty. No servants were needed, as the campers all took part in this labor of love. They were

assisted, however, by the saucy little squirrels, who picked up the crumbs at their very feet.

The menu was, of course, not modelled on that of Delmonico's; but who would have it in such a place? Variety is the spice of life, and the appetite engendered by the mountain air demands simple food. But the veriest gourmand could have asked no better breakfast than was furnished by those delicate trout, only half an hour from the pure water of the lake, half a pound in weight and dotted with the most brilliant colors, which neither oven nor frying pan could change. These trout, baked in cream and served with the best of corn muffins and coffee, and discussed in the open air with one of Nature's loveliest pictures in full view, might well elevate the prosaic business of eating into a fine art. Necessity is said to be the mother of invention, and an infinite variety of appetizing dishes was evoked by thought and skill from very limited material.

A cow was soon declared to be a necessary adjunct to the menage, but then, "Who can milk her?" was the question. It was at length settled that the minister should perform that ceremony, he being the only one of the party with sufficient knowledge in that line. Later on, when this first cow, Daisy, had three companions, Buttercup, Dandelion and Wild Rose, a butter-making establishment was set up, and one of the country lasses placed in charge. The ice-cold spring was hollowed out, and jars of milk and cream placed in its keeping. Then a roof was built over it, and water power from the descending stream was applied to the dasher of a churn. This was thought more humane and romantic than the usual custom of putting a dog or sheep on to a treadmill. The babes of the family, however, though they thrive well on trout and buckwheat cakes, had notions of their own about eating, as well as about many other things, and as soon as the book with that title ap-

peared, fastened on themselves the sobriquet of "The Heavenly Twins." Everything they could reach, from the surface of the ground up, was put into their little mouths—berries, leaves, stones, sticks, and even earth, indiscriminately. The woods seemed to infect them with wildness. One day the mother returned home and found all her bureau drawers locked. As she never used keys herself, she was at a loss to understand this novel state of affairs. Exclaiming in wonder, "What does this mean?" she was told by the helpless father that he had done it to protect her treasures from being eaten up or thrown away by the irrepressible twins.

It was not long before their neighbors from the adjoining valleys and small farms, miles away, began to appear on the scene; and the minister was asked to preach in the nearest schoolhouse, which was about four miles distant. The following Sunday they begged him to go to the next schoolhouse, eight miles away,—and then to the one twelve miles distant; and thus began a series of services which continued as regularly during the whole seven years as if a \$10,000 salary were the reward. It would be impossible to tell the whole outcome of these gatherings; but the effect, as time went on, became more and more apparent, even in external matters like dress, food and housekeeping. Young men and maidens, old men and children, babies, even, and whole families, came from far and near. It would be difficult for outsiders to understand what a treat those Sunday meetings were to people so isolated by distance from railroad and town. It combined for them a picnic, a sociable, a theatre and religious teaching.

The family buckboard was, of course, driven down into the valley every Sunday, and, while some rode, the others trudged through the woods on foot. At first the babes and their visitors wore shoes and stockings, after city fashion; but when they saw all the other children in the freedom

of bare feet, off came their own foot-gear, and it was seldom resumed thereafter.

These Sunday services led, naturally, to a desire for better singing, and singing schools, taught by this minister of versatile talents, with organ and blackboard of his own, were the result. This, again, led to the fact that, though the public schools were in session for six months of the year, the so-called teaching had been of such a character that neither children nor young men could write or read writing, nor could they read a book aloud in a comfortable manner. Whereupon the minister's wife rose up and proclaimed: "I cannot stand this state of affairs in this nineteenth century. I, myself, will apply for the post of public school teacher in our district for the next three months' term, and see if I cannot then get my business notes read by any boy in the valley." So the family divided, a part boarding in the farmhouse nearest to the school. This was in winter, and the four miles of separation were easily travelled, for the snow lay always deep and solid, and after being well packed by the teams and sleds, the sleighing was something delightful.

When Christmas came the schoolhouse was the centre of attraction. It was decorated as never before, with evergreens of all kinds, and a Christmas tree loaded down with strange fruits from the city delighted all hearts, young and old. Shortly after came the closing examination day, and good letters to parents were read aloud by those who, three months before, could not form a letter. One young man of twenty-five learned to write a good round hand in two weeks' time, and came in with the rest on the letter question. City friends took much interest in this experiment, and sent writing tablets and pretty desks and boxes of varying construction, for rewards of merit. These are still treasured as most precious, and can be seen in almost every

house in the valley. Lifelong friendships were formed between the pastor and his family and the people, and generosity and good feeling flourished.

The good roads and the lighter work of winter encouraged visiting, and sufficient social life was enjoyed to keep the people from stagnating. Large wood sleds, drawn by oxen and loaded with the entire family, might often be seen going for an all day's visit to some far-away neighbor; or a pair of horses and a box-sleigh filled with straw and children; for the visitors were always sure of a welcome. Hospitality flourished, as in all primitive settlements. The jar of buckwheat batter was always ready for visitors, and they were served at all hours of the day with thick, white, fluffy griddle cakes and maple syrup, such as city folks know nothing about. The talk was friendly and pleasant, as there was little sickness to discuss or worries and jealousies and rivalries to bring forward. Kindly feeling prevailed. Yet these people lived in such houses that they often had to construct a spare room by a festoon of bedquilts, and you would have said they were to be pitied for their poverty. Not at all! "Happiness, like heaven, does not depend upon situation," nor on the abundance of things a man hath.

But perhaps I am talking too much of the indoors of the lakeside life; so I hasten to step out and bring forward the animals and show up our menagerie. First and foremost were the friendly squirrels. You should have seen the *paterfamilias* feed them with crumbs on his knee and shoulder, and even on his head, for their and our entertainment. The twins, of course, delighted in all the living things about them. They were perfectly fearless and, like Kipling's Mowgli, were ready to associate on equal terms with any animal that would allow them to do so. A pair of tame chipmunks, with shaded stripes and bushy tails, served them at one

time as bedfellows and playmates. The end of that intimacy was pathetic in the extreme; for the mother took one of the chipmunks to Brooklyn to exhibit its attractions, and city life proved too much for him, while his mate at home seemed to pine away from the separation. Frogs and toads served also as playthings until the summer aunt, who always occupied a tent, insisted that the deep bass tones of the bullfrogs in their nightly concerts disturbed her, and offered a reward of five cents for every pair of legs large enough for a fricassee. So the pockets of the children were turned into rattle-boxes filled with nickels, the aunt enjoyed her purchased quiet, and the family its new French delicacy for the table.

The hunters of the party were at first quite successful with the deer, and all enjoyed stealthy glimpses of one that came daily to drink at the lake. But to the ladies of the camp it always seemed a pity that so beautiful a creature should be hunted and slain for food, unnecessarily. Yet such are the contradictions of the human mind that, when broiled venison did appear on the table, sentiment seemed to disappear, and the pretty deer were forgotten.

The camp was not very far from the eastern branch of the Delaware, and many a keen search for the tracks of bear and deer, reported as being in the neighborhood, was conducted on principles of Indian reasoning, and brought Cooper's "Deer Slayer" and other stories so strongly to mind that the books had to be brought out and read aloud, as had also "The Lady of the Lake" and many another poem which gave expression to the romance of this life.

The bears, being real wild beasts and large and rare, made the deepest impression on the minds of these Outers. The Outers owned a dog named Carlo, which was of very unusual size and strength, and often carried the children on his back. One night, late in the fall, when the children and their

governess happened to be alone in the house, Carlo growled so savagely that they ran to the window, and there saw a big brown bear, clumsily walking around. Without a thought of fear, they at once opened the door, and Carlo rushed out and chased his furriness up into a distant tree, and continued barking for an hour or two, until his master came home. Foolishly, he ran to greet his master, and let the bear go free. Another fall, when blackberries were ripe and the family went on a picnic to gather them on a neighboring mountain, it was reported that Mr. Bruin, who is also a devoted lover of blackberries, had been seen only half a mile from the spot. But they only kept a little nearer together than usual, and in sight of Carlo, and were on guard, lest in picking berries they might pick the eyes of Mr. Bear. He had the misfortune to get caught in a trap that very night, and the next day the family were invited to feast on the most delicious meat they had ever tasted, even the twins asking for a second helping. A bear hunter in the neighborhood became a favorite visitor, and recounted tales more interesting than any you can read. One bear he kept alive for months, and built a log house for him; but after he had broken bounds once or twice, he was deemed an unsafe neighbor.

When the snow first came, the rabbit tracks upon it made hunting the rabbits so easy that going after them was like going to market in the city. They furnished many a savory stew, roast and pie, in their season. The foxes, also, made themselves known by their tracks on the snow. One was caught in his youth and brought home for a pet, where his bright eyes, alert ears and sharp nose made him most attractive; but nature at length grew stronger in him than education, and away he went to his native woods.

Every one has heard of the porcupine of hot countries, and doubtless owns one of his quills in the shape of a

penholder. One night his northern cousin visited this house in the woods, and tried to get in at the back door. The noise he made with his sharp teeth and claws was like the sawing of a carpenter. When his summons was answered, he could not be found; and so he became a nightly mystery, until a watch was set, and poor Carlo, in his eagerness to help, thrust his nose into the quills of the hedgehog. It took time and skill to get them out, as they are barbed like a fish-hook.

In the fall and early winter the table was bountifully supplied with meats new as well as old. A new kind was the woodchuck, which was pronounced as good as pork. Flocks of wild ducks and pigeons, on their way to the South, flew over the lake and aroused a great commotion, while a large flock of domesticated ducks furnished a novel sight to visitors, as they would all rise on the wing and fly together over the lake at any time when called by the three little girls, and land at their feet with the greatest confidence. Roast goose could always be relied upon for festal days, for geese were domesticated in the valley, and had furnished every log house for years with the best of feather beds, which the winters and open houses rendered most acceptable. But I think the pretty mottled partridges were sought with the greatest eagerness, both as furnishing the most highly prized delicacy for the table, and because it was so exciting to come upon a bevy of them unexpectedly and to hear the queer whirring sound as they rose from their covert and showed the plump forms of the modest beauties.

The fishing, too, was always best in the fall. Through the summer every possible contrivance was used to lure the trout from their cool homes in the depths of the lake. One method was to place on the lake a perfect fleet of toy boats, with bright little flags to mark their positions. These had baited hooks and anchors fastened to



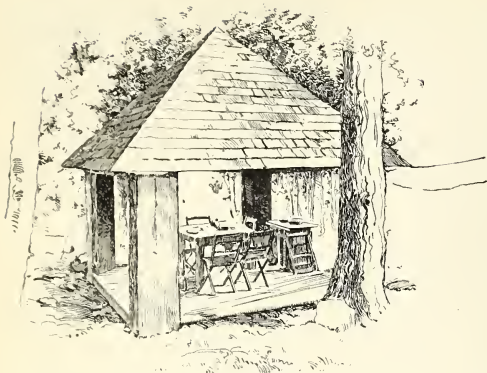
them, and were examined twice a day. Sometimes they yielded a scant breakfast, and sometimes none at all. The neighboring lakes then came to the rescue, with catfish and pike and perch, and the streams near by with an inferior kind of trout, larger, yet of imperfect flavor and color. A pretty sight it was when the first cool autumn sunsets came, and the shining trout were leaping up out of the water in every direction, as much as to say, "Catch me if you can." Then the lady of the house blossomed out as a proud provider. Taking her rod, fly and boat, and a companion to hold the boat still in certain places, she secured in twenty minutes, without money and without price, enough of the welcome shiners to furnish the favorite breakfast of her family.

No season in the mountains was without its peculiar pleasures. At the first suggestion of spring, though the snow lay two feet deep, the maple trees were selected, the auger holes were bored, the spiles put in, and the pails put under to catch the sap. Then the fireplace was built for boiling the sap, the wood was laid, the plans

brought out, and the path from tree to tree trampled down and made as smooth as possible for collecting the sap. Then came the delights of sugar making, from the first boiling of the clear liquid to the clarifying of the thick syrup and the "sugaring off" into cakes. These cakes were large or small, smooth, or moulded into any conceivable shape. By night and by day the work went on in pleasant weather. Poor was the family which did not succeed in securing enough sweets for the year.

Many a pleasant memory these three children stored up. One spring, when the sugar camp was half a mile from the house and the twins were about six years old, they were allowed to go alone to the camp, where their father and mother were at work, but were warned not to step off the road to the right or left. One of them "forgot," and, walking off the well beaten track, sank down to her knees in the soft snow; and, try as she might, she could not lift her little feet out of their prison—her efforts only sinking her deeper in the snow. Most children of that age would have been frightened and cried; but no traces of fear ever appeared in these mountain-bred little folks. The other babe simply went on to the sugar-making hut





as fast as her feet could carry her, to tell "papa," though you may be sure that that papa turned somewhat pale and rushed to the rescue on the wings of love. Faster yet he flew when he came into sight of the little face smiling at him over the snow. Faith in papa had kept her safe from all harm, and the snow shovel soon released her, to be carried the rest of the way in his arms.

After the sugar making came the disappearance of the snow and the search for wild flowers, of which more than seventy-two different kinds grew near the house. Loveliest mosses

were gathered by large hands as well as little ones, and placed in every dish that could be spared from the table or contrived from boxes. On this foundation the blue-eyed hepaticas and forget-me-nots were arranged; also the delicate pink and white anemone and the deeply blushing spring beauty, while the scarlet fruit and white blossoms of the partridge berry and the well known berries of the wintergreen plant, on their pretty stems, might be seen in every corner where a wide-mouthed bottle could be hung. In fact, Christmas and Easter seemed to last the whole year round in this mountain cabin; for, as summer came on and the wild flowers lessened in number, the family induced many of the city florists' pets to come and blossom for them in the wilderness. These found the leaf mould and virgin soil much to their liking; and beds of pansies, petunias and phlox reached a size and beauty seldom seen in ordinary life. One year the pansy bed was near the road gate, and seemed to smile a welcome to all visitors. It was usually the centre of a group of children and grown-up folk, lying or sitting around it on the



BEECHER LAKE.

grass and talking with or about the pretty little faces.

Nor was the kitchen garden neglected by these dwellers in the upper regions. Their friend, E. P. Roe, of sainted memory among the lovers of "small fruits" as well as sweet stories, sent them a most welcome gift of more than three hundred plants of his best strawberries. These were placed on a hillside sloping toward the south, with the other fruits and vegetables. But first the ground had to be prepared in the most laborious way. The trees were cut down and turned into

chief was just saying on one of the company days, "We have all we want for the dinner except fruit," when, lo! as she turned her eyes to the window she saw a little procession of three middle-aged women coming up the winding road, each with a pipe in her mouth, and the first with a big milk pan on her head full of the lovely berries, all nicely hulled.

Next came the wild raspberry season, with its canning and jellifying; and it may be said of this fruit, also, that what it gains in size by cultivation it loses in characteristic flavor,



firewood; and as they could not afford to wait for the stumps and roots to decay, each one had to be treated with pickaxe and shovel to the necessary depth, and then sawed or cut off and drawn away by horses or oxen. Then the plough and the harrow were put to work to finish the job.

The lovers of strawberries were not dependent upon these alone, however, for almost daily the small wild ones, of truer and higher flavor and odor, were brought up from the valley. They began to come as if in answer to a telephone call; for the caterer-in-

so that to taste these berries in their perfection they must be eaten, like the trout, in their native homes.

The honey hunts of summer must, in justice to the busy bees, be also mentioned. A little brown bee, resting on some flower, would be selected as guide, and his motions watched and followed as quietly as possible. Sometimes he would seem to delight in baffling his pursuers by doubling on his track or flying out of sight and reach; but usually a skilled hunter was rewarded for hours of patience by tracing him to his nest in some high tree.



This had to be cut down, and the bees driven away, before the man could take possession.

The clearing of some larger portions of land for the farm was done in the fall, and differently from that for the garden, and was so interesting as to draw the whole family daily to the spot. Two men with sharp axes would attack one of the immense trees, from opposite sides, about three feet from the ground. This was not done in any haphazard way, but blow followed blow in the same place, until the axes almost met in the middle of the tree; then one last effort by a true adept in the art would lay the mighty monarch low in the exact place desired. The sound of his fall is like no other sound, and was always echoed and re-

echoed by the surrounding hills. Then his limbs were torn from him one after another and piled up in lengths to burn. The squirrels were much disturbed by these performances, for often their surprising winter stores of beechnuts were discovered and transferred to the keeping of the children.

It was one of the evening entertainments on a frosty night to set fire to a dozen or so of these mighty piles, thrusting poles into them to make the sparks fly upward, and watching the reflections on the surrounding trees. You can imagine that warmth and light were had in abundance on those occasions, and that many a time the thought was expressed: "Oh, that we could send all this wood to comfort the poor families who need it so



A MAN OF THE VALLEY.

much; it seems such a waste of good material to burn it just to get rid of it!"

The dear old trees, beautiful as they were, not only in summer with refreshing shade and color and whisperings, but in winter with the soft gray tracery of branches against the sky, furnished a more wonderful sight in early autumn. For a week or two after the first frost came, these mountain dwellers were enveloped in a glory and beauty unknown elsewhere and which would reward any one for

whether one were in heaven or on earth.

In winter the trees at rare intervals gave you a glimpse of fairyland. A storm of sleet at night, with Jack Frost on hand to clothe each tree and shrub and little twig with an icy coat of mail, and then a brilliant sun to turn the whole into an amazing, glittering spectacle, were the requirements for this show. The first time this sight met the astonished gaze of the twins, they ran from one window to another, clapping their hands and



hundreds of miles of travel. The lake was surrounded by an amphitheatre of tree-covered hills, and these, from the very edge of the lake to their summits, were one mass of richest color. Their varying shades were so faithfully mirrored by the smooth waters of the lake that you could not tell the reflection from the tree itself, so that beneath, around and above them there were form and color and glory indescribable. These days were softly lived, one hardly knowing

loudly exclaiming. Every icy point was a rainbow; Aladdin's lamp was as nothing to that magic morning. You would think there had been a shower of diamonds, and that millions of them had come down to earth. A sleigh ride followed the joy of the morning, and at every touch the overhanging boughs sent down handfuls of crystals upon the laughing children.

The Christmas of that year was memorable for the number of boxes

that were sent by city friends. Specimens of all the toys on Twenty-third Street were unpacked in the family sitting room, and the contrast between their city elegance and the old-fashioned yawning cavern of a fireplace, with its rough backlogs and foresticks, requiring the strength of two men to bring in and arrange, was amusing. The winter evenings were, of course, generally spent in this room, where the blazing fire made other light almost unnecessary, and music and reading, games and dancing, filled the time. Yet sleighing and sledding parties were common, and the outdoor life continued even in the coldest weather. Fires were built at the edge of the lake on dark nights to light and warm the skaters, and the ice first formed was so clear that the little ones drew up their feet on the sled, seeing nothing between them and the water.

But the camp fire was the attraction on every night in the year when it was possible to sit out of doors; and many times when this seemed impossible on account of pouring rain, it was built up and encircled by water-proofs and, perhaps, umbrellas.

The bright star Vega seemed always to have a twinkling eye upon the spot, and, therefore, Camp Vega became its name. One of the pictures given shows an enduring style of sofa for evening use, which was originated and made by a lady camper. Chairs were constructed in a similar fashion, with barrel staves interwoven with rope. If one wanted to be luxurious, one threw a red blanket over one's wooden chair, and was then ready to sit still and be entertained. First would come the sound of a distant owl; the "Tu-who" would be repeated by the best imitator at the fire; and then another and another of the wise-looking birds would be heard, until the men and the birds were hardly distinguishable. When an owl came near enough they all made a rush to catch him, though they were seldom successful.

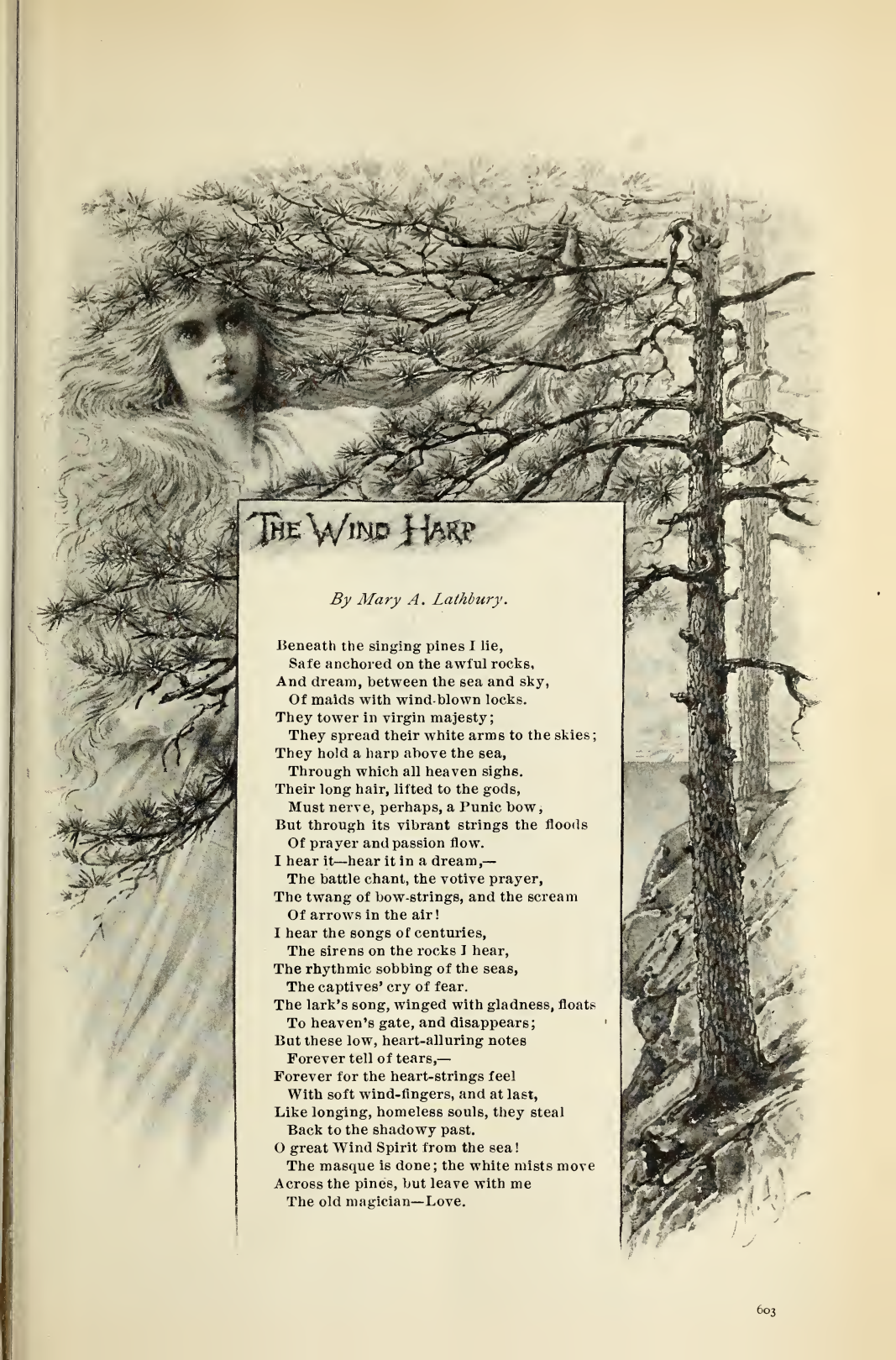
They had many a so-called echo

evening; for the hills across the lake at that point sent back whatever sound was given them in an ethereal, spiritual sort of fashion that was more fascinating, and might have won for them a reputation equal to Echo Lake, in the White Mountains. Much skill was shown in putting questions in a form that would bring a desired answer. One was, "Do I hate her or love her?" Back came, "Love her," with earnestness enough to convince the most sceptical. Sometimes it seemed as if every supposed being in heathen mythology must be stalking forth, so varied were the ghostly sounds. Squibs, laughter, scoldings, angry words, were all sent forth and returned with perfect exactness. The sweetest echoes were of course produced by musical instruments, and these were always on hand, especially the bugle. The order was issued in Tennyson's words:

"Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying."

One year a hollow tree some twenty-five feet high was discovered with a few openings and thin places for windows. This was carefully preserved until the night before the departure of some summer friends, when it was placed on the camp fire with much ceremony. The flames rushed and roared through it and out at the top in fine style, and dancers circling round it with roundelay songs made that evening one long to be remembered. Those who occupied the seats round the fire can recall some sentimental and many ludicrous occurrences.

But the time came when the babes in the wood and all their lakeside friends must leave their beloved retreat and transfer themselves back to the city. The kindly influences of the long outing had made the little ones all that children should be. If it had not the same benign effect upon their elders, it was not the fault of the outing.



THE WIND HARP

By Mary A. Lathbury.

Beneath the singing pines I lie,
Safe anchored on the awful rocks,
And dream, between the sea and sky,
Of maids with wind-blown locks.
They tower in virgin majesty;
They spread their white arms to the skies;
They hold a harp above the sea,
Through which all heaven sighs.
Their long hair, lifted to the gods,
Must nerve, perhaps, a Punic bow,
But through its vibrant strings the floods
Of prayer and passion flow.
I hear it—hear it in a dream,—
The battle chant, the votive prayer,
The twang of bow-strings, and the scream
Of arrows in the air!
I hear the songs of centuries,
The sirens on the rocks I hear,
The rhythmic sobbing of the seas,
The captives' cry of fear.
The lark's song, winged with gladness, floats
To heaven's gate, and disappears;
But these low, heart-alluring notes
Forever tell of tears,—
Forever for the heart-strings feel
With soft wind-fingers, and at last,
Like longing, homeless souls, they steal
Back to the shadowy past.
O great Wind Spirit from the sea!
The masque is done; the white mists move
Across the pines, but leave with me
The old magician—Love.

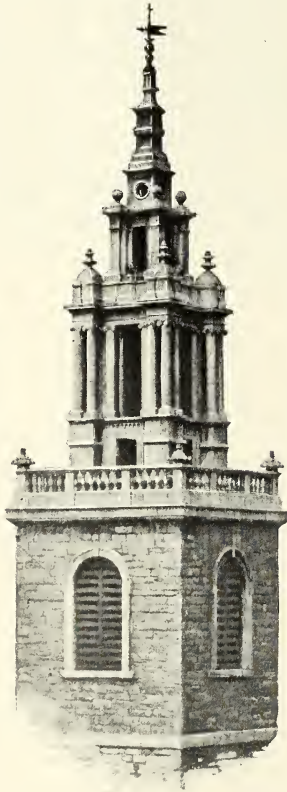
ST. STEPHEN'S, WALBROOK.

WREN'S FINEST PARISH CHURCH.

By H. C. Shelley.

WHEN Charlotte and Anne Brontë found themselves unexpectedly in London one Sunday, their first thought was to devote the morning of that day to hearing Dr. George Croly preach. Forgotten to-day in the stress of newer reputations of an equally fleeting kind, that clerical poet and romancer was a prominent figure in the literary firmament of fifty years ago; and his fame had made so deep an impression in the solitary parsonage at Haworth that it was natural for the two sisters to desire to gaze upon his features and hear his voice. So, from the quaint old Chapter Coffee House in Paternoster Row, they wended their way to St. Stephen's, Walbrook, wholly indifferent to the attractions of the huge cathedral of St. Paul's, under the very shadow of which they had fixed their temporary home.

But a disappointment was in store for the Brontë sisters; Dr. Croly was absent from his pulpit that day. It is probable, however, that the two novelists were somewhat compensated for their disappointment by the beauty of the building in which they found themselves; and if they had felt any regret that they had not visited St. Paul's instead, they might,



had they known it, have taken comfort from the fact that they were worshipping in a temple which was Sir Christopher Wren's first study for his famous masterpiece.

Walbrook, a narrow thoroughfare leading from the Mansion House to Canon Street, perpetuates the fact that this street was, in the early days of London, the channel of a small stream of that name, which entered the city through the wall between Bishopgate and Moorgate, flowed down this lane, and emptied itself into the Thames at Dowgate. So long ago as 1135 a church was built in this street to the honor of St. Stephen, but that structure was situated on the west side of Walbrook. Three hundred years later a mayor of London purchased the site on which the present building stands, and by 1439 a new church was erected to take the place of that which had been demolished on the opposite side of the street. Restored during the reign of the first Charles at a cost of over £500, this fifteenth century structure was one of the eighty-five churches destroyed by the fire of London—a holocaust which spared only a dozen out of the ninety-seven Christian temples situated within the city walls.

On the charred ruins of the Great

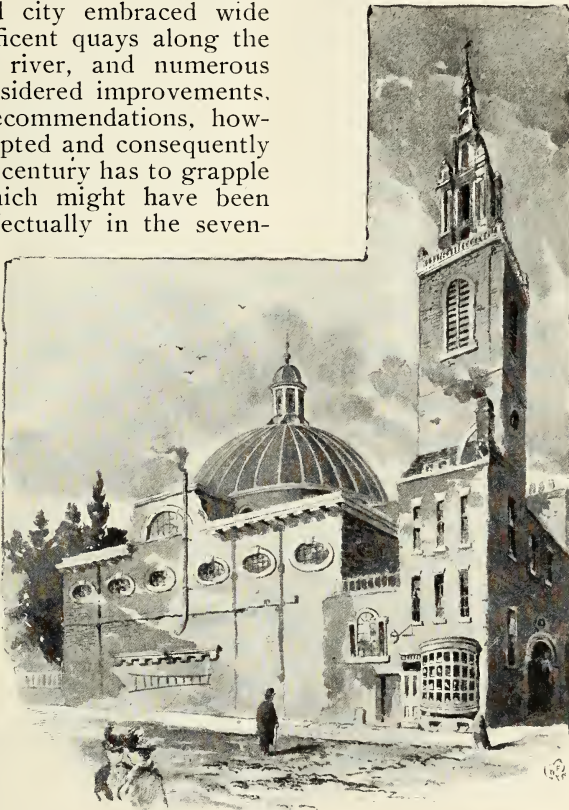
Fire of 1666 Sir Christopher Wren laid the foundations of the solid structure of his fame. Never in the history of the world has an architect had such an opportunity of making posterity his debtor; and it is not Wren's fault that the London of to-day requires such constant demolition and reconstruction to make it better fitted to discharge the functions of the most important city of the modern world. His plans for the entire rebuilding of the devastated city embraced wide streets, magnificent quays along the banks of the river, and numerous other well considered improvements. Few of his recommendations, however, were adopted and consequently the nineteenth century has to grapple with work which might have been done more effectually in the seventeenth.

Prevented from being the architect of London city, Wren fell heir to the almost equal distinction of being the architect of London churches. In addition to St. Paul's Cathedral, about fifty churches in the city area owe their form to his fertile brain. In estimating

this enormous bulk of work at its proper value several easily forgotten circumstances need to be taken into account. The builder in those times was, to a far greater extent than now, the interpreter of the architect; and the vast amount of work which the Great Fire caused speedily drained the market of the

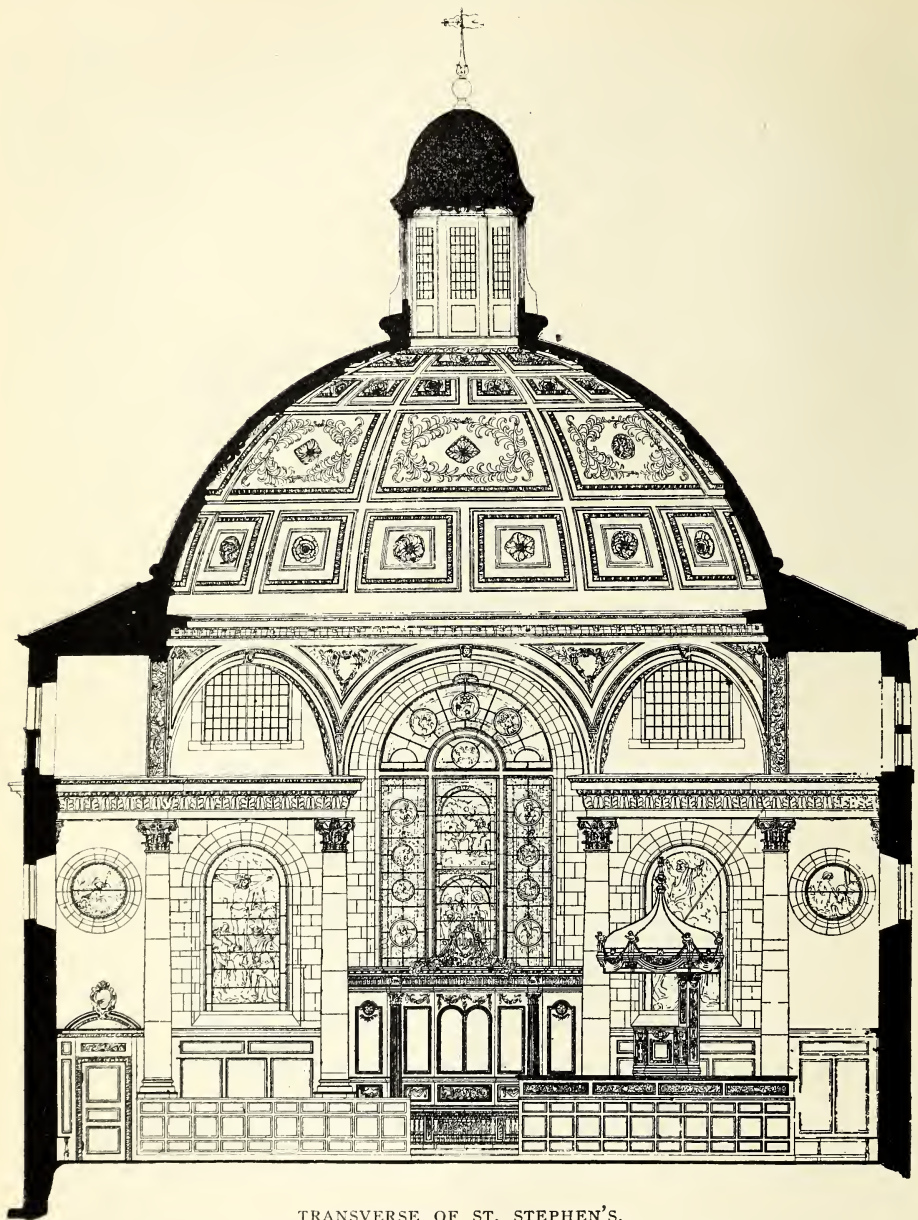
most capable builders. A year after the fire, an act of Parliament was actually passed for the purpose of inviting artificers to London to rebuild the city. Again, in view of the many churches requiring to be rebuilt at the same time, the monetary question must have assumed an unusual importance. For two or three churches there might have been ample funds forthcoming; half a hundred must

have been a distressing tax upon even the most generous benevolence. This is a fact, then, which has to be considered in judging the structures which Wren raised, for it cannot but have handicapped him very seriously in many ways. More than that, let it ever be remembered to the glory of the great architect that the laborious work he discharged in rebuilding the churches



ST. STEPHEN'S, WALBROOK.

of London was carried out for the paltry remuneration of £100 a year. Some of the church authorities, however, had the grace to recognize that their debt to the architect was not discharged by their proportionate share of that meagre salary; and it is pleasant to find the following entry in the vestry book of St.

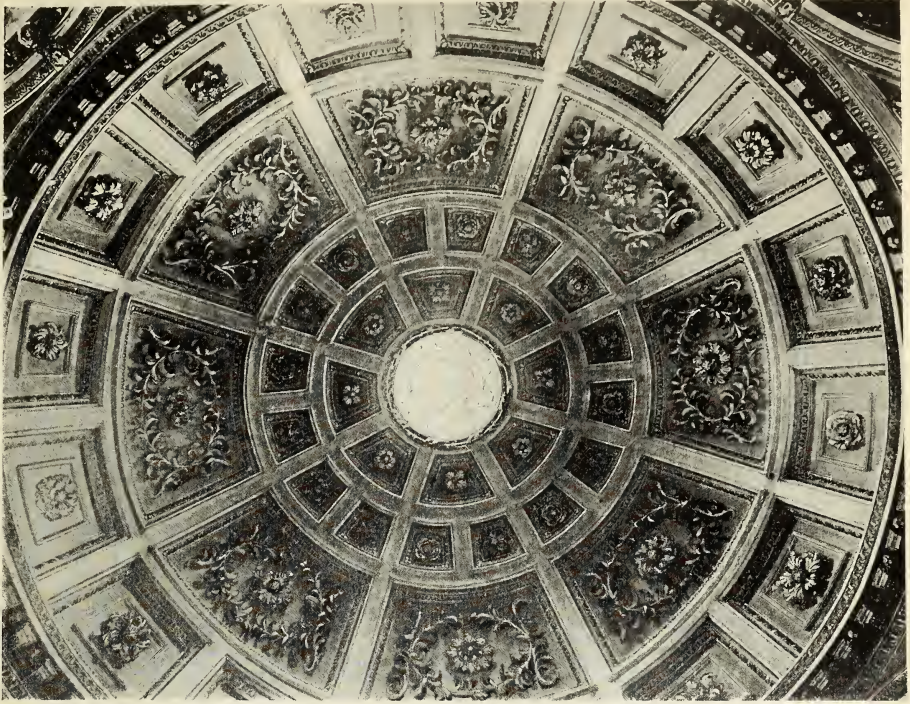


TRANSVERSE OF ST. STEPHEN'S.

Stephen's, Walbrook: "Ordered that a present of twenty guineas be made to the lady of Sir Christopher Wren, as a testimony of the regard the parish has for the great care and skill that Sir Christopher Wren showed in the rebuilding of our church."

It was in October, 1672, six years after the Great Fire, that the founda-

tion stone of the present church was laid; and when it had been brought to completion, in 1679, the total sum of £7,652 had been expended. The bulk of that sum was raised by public subscription; but the Grocers' Company defrayed the cost of the substantial wainscoting, which was removed in 1888. Even in the seventeenth



THE DOME.

century, St. Stephen's, Walbrook, was evidently regarded as one of the most important churches in the city, for the foundation stone was laid in the presence of the Lord Mayor, several members of the Grocers' Company, the surveyor-general and other persons of distinction.

Before remarking on the peculiar features of the church, justice demands that brief mention be made of its builder. Thomas Strong was the son of a Hertfordshire mason named Valentine Strong, whose memory is enshrined in this curious epitaph:

"Here's one that was an able workman
long,
Who divers houses built, both fair and
strong;
Though Strong he was, a stronger came
than he,
And robb'd him of his life and fame, we
see:
Moving an old house a new one for to
rear,
Death met him by the way, and laid him
here."

Thomas Strong was one of the builders who were attracted to London by the act of Parliament mentioned above. He took a great many workmen with him, and that he had no reason for regretting the step may be inferred from the fact that he laid the first stone in the foundation of St. Paul's Cathedral in his capacity as a contractor for the rebuilding of that structure. As St. Stephen's was begun three years before St. Paul's, it may well be that the mason as well as the architect derived not a little advantage from working out in the smaller building some of the ideas which are repeated in the larger structure. Not, however, that there is anything experimental about the work which Thomas Strong put into St. Stephen's Church; on the contrary, that building has all the appearance of having been the final effort of a ripe experience, and is no discredit to the son of that Hertfordshire ma-



son who built his houses "fair and strong."

All competent critics agree in praising the architectural beauties of St. Stephen's Church. Canova was greatly impressed by the building, and is credited with the declaration that he would gladly pay another visit to England to see again St. Paul's, Somerset House, and St. Stephen's. "It is not only said," affirms one authority, "to be Sir Christopher's

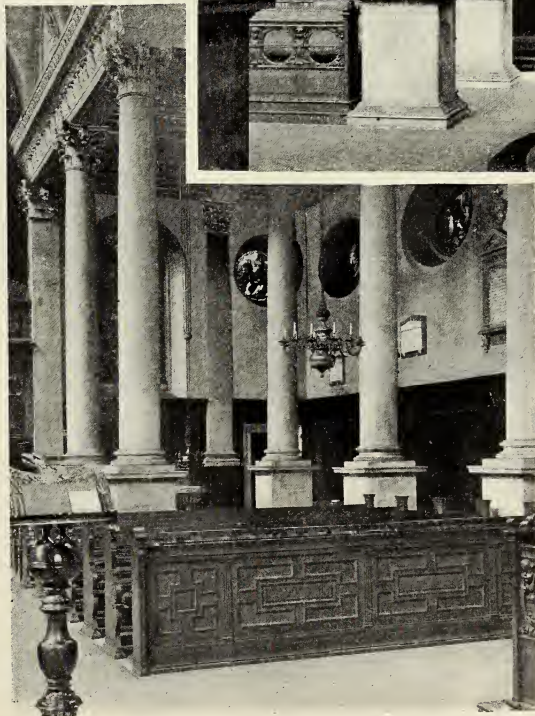
masterpiece, but that Italy cannot produce a modern edifice equal to this in taste, proportion and beauty."

One reservation, however, has to be made; the beauties of St. Stephen's must be sought within rather than without. In truth, the exterior gives no clew to the riches within. Of all Wren's numerous London churches, this is decidedly the least attractive when viewed from without. Handicapped by the exigencies of a very

narrow thoroughfare, the great architect wisely resolved to lavish all his skill upon the interior of the building; and the present surroundings of the church justify his resolve. It is closely crowded in on all sides by business premises, and there is absolutely no standpoint from which one could admire its exterior beauties, if it had any.

As to the charm of the interior of St. Stephen's, let Mr. J. Elmes, the biographer of the architect, speak: "The beauty of the interior of this church arises from its lightness and elegance. On entering from the street, by about a dozen or more of steps, through a vestibule of dubious obscurity, on opening the handsome folding wainscot doors, a halo of dazzling light flashes at once upon the eye, and a lovely band of Corinthian columns, of beauteous proportions, appear in magic mazes before you. The expansive cupola and supporting arches expand their airy shapes like gossamer; and the sweetly proportioned embellished architrave cornice, of original lightness and application, completes the charm. On a second look, the columns slide into complete order, like a band of young and elegant dancers at the close of a quadrille. Then the pedestals concealed by the elaborate pews, which are sculptured into the form of a solid stylobate, opening up the

nave, under the cupola to the great recess which contains the altar, and West's fine historical picture of the stoning of St. Stephen, lift up the entire column to the level of the eye; their brown and brawny solids supporting the delicate white





THE ORGAN.

forms of the entire order. . . . He who doubts the excellencies of Wren as an architect of the first order should deeply study this jewel of the art—find fault if he can; but first qualify himself by trying to surpass it.”

Something of the old charm of the church disappeared with the removal, in 1888, of much of the wainscoting and all the ancient pews; but it may be questioned whether Sir Christopher contemplated fixed seats of any kind in the building. Certainly most of the old prints of the interior

show it devoid of any seating accommodation; and if those prints distort the perspective of the building somewhat, they at the same time do fuller justice to the conception of the architect than any view obstructed by pews. As will be seen by the picture which shows the view of the church obtained from the pulpit, the old heavy pews have been replaced by seats of a more open character, and these impede far less than their predecessors the harmonious beauty of Wren's design. No matter, then,

from what standpoint the interior is studied, one cannot fail to be struck by that "lightness and elegance" upon which Elmes laid so much stress.

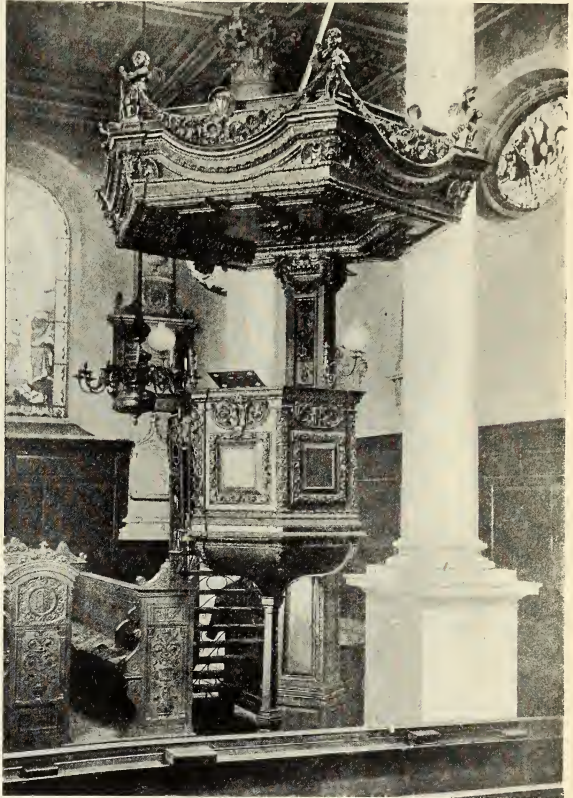
St. Stephen's is particularly rich in exquisite carving, the bulk of which is the work of "that incomparable young man Gibbon," whom John Evelyn unearthed at Deptford in such a tragic manner. Grinling Gibbon did not gain much from Evelyn's introduction of him to Charles II, but he profited largely from being brought to Wren's notice by the famous diarist. Hence the plethora of his work in Wren's churches — work which is seen at its best in St. Stephen's. The pulpit, the font cover and the organ case were all wrought by Gibbon's deft hand, and these carvings have all the merits and fewest of the defects of his best productions. Apart from these carvings, St. Stephen's has few added beauties to boast of. The mural monuments are not particularly striking, and the stained glass window to Dr. Croly is not an overwhelming success. But, on the whole, no one will regret the absence of extraneous attractions in St. Stephen's, Walbrook; it is glory enough for any building to be sealed as the master effort of Sir Christopher Wren.

ST. STEPHEN'S, WALBROOK.

From "Inigo Jones and Wren," by W. J. Loftie.

St. Stephen's had the good or ill fortune to belong to the Grocers' Company. The consequence is both that the authorities were able to incur a little extra expense in the original design, and also that ever since,

with every changing caprice of architectural taste, they have done their best to obliterate Wren's handiwork. The church is very well known; and visitors are fortunate who saw it before the last alteration. . . . The part of the curious passage from Elmes [already quoted] relating to the pewsings should be specially noted. The arrangement of the dark oak wainscoting produced a



THE PULPIT.

most interesting scenic effect. When you entered from below, the church seemed to rise above you. All its architectural features began to show, so to speak, above the level of the tall sombre pews. The size, and especially the height of the church were so enhanced that it was impossible to believe that it was only 87 feet 10 inches by 64 feet 10 inches, with 63



BAPTISMAL FONT.

feet to the top of the highest part of the dome. Fergusson, who was no enthusiastic admirer of Wren, says that here he produced "the most pleasing interior of any Renaissance church which has yet been erected." Further on he repeats: "There is a cheerfulness, an elegance, and appropriateness about the interior which pleases every one." The leading idea of the architect was to place "a circular dome on an octagonal base, supported by eight pillars," and Mr. Fergusson considered this was an "early and long a favorite mode of roofing in the East, and the consequent variety obtained by making the diverging aisles respectively in the ratio of 7 to 10, infinitely more pleasing than the Gothic plan of doubling them, unless the height was doubled at the same time." What Fergusson meant by "the East," I do not know. There was nothing to compare to St. Stephen's in India, Syria, or Egypt before the time of Wren,

whose design, in any case, must be accounted wholly original.

This church has always labored under the same disadvantage as St. Paul's. The authorities concerned with it have always had too much money. I have not heard that St. Stephen's has been scheduled for destruction by the committee; but after the "restoration," we may regard its ruin with comparative equanimity. The great scenic charm of the interior has been carefully and elaborately removed. It no longer bursts upon the view as we ascend from what Elmes calls "the vestibule of dubious obscurity." The interior has been gutted. The paneling which had such a magic effect has been removed. The floor has been laid down with coarse mosaic. The pedestals of the pillars are exposed, with a disastrous result; and in the centre a few yellow oak seats, fresh from Tottenham Court Road, have been placed, as if to accentuate the smallness of the congregation. We all admire courage, and perhaps some readers would like to know the name of the gentleman who ventured so boldly to improve upon Wren's masterpiece. It is Peebles, and he is understood to be a very accomplished architect.

Mr. Wheatley says that Wren was averse to the use of these panelings, and that they were forced upon him by the Grocers' Company; and Miss Phillimore speaks of "the disfiguring pews" which she desired to see removed. Neither of these writers apparently understood that even if they were forced upon Wren, which I must take leave to doubt, he used them in such a way as to make them an integral part of the design. Tinkering of all kinds has gone on for many years, and the "restoration" of Mr. Peebles was only the final step in a long series of such ruinous operations. Among the first was a frightful vandalism, the insertion of mock-mediæval stained glass in the windows. But the treatment of this little

gem of architecture is not a subject pleasant enough to be dwelt on here. It has always been very difficult to obtain access to the interior on a week day; and the visitor need not now go to the trouble which in Canova's time and later was necessary before the key could be found.

It has often been remarked by architectural writers that St. Stephen's would form an admirable model for a modern church. Several attempts in this direction have resulted in failure. The reason is easily found. If an imitator either enlarged or diminished St. Stephen's, the proportions would be lost. A St.

Stephen's double the size would have a wholly different effect. It is so small that the imitators have generally tried to build something larger; but there would be great difficulty in making the needful calculation. It cannot be done by rule of thumb. It may be worth while here to mention that some admirable drawings of St. Stephen's, by Mr. Edmund H. Sedding, were engraved in the *Builder* on January 3, 1885, having gained the Royal Academy medal in 1884. The drawings were made before the church was "restored." [One of these drawings is reproduced with the present article.]



FROM ONE BLIND.

By Cale Young Rice.

I CANNOT say thy cheek is like the rose,
 Thy hair like wreathen sunbeams, and thy eyes
 Like stars dropped from the diadem of God.
 My barren gaze can never know what throes
 Such births of beauty waken, tho' I rise
 Each day a-tremble with the ruthless hope
 That light will pierce my useless lids—then grope
 Till night, blind as the worm within his clod.

Yet unto me thou art not less divine.
 I touch thy cheek and know the mystery hid
 Within the twilight breeze. I smooth thy hair
 And understand how slipping hours may twine
 Themselves into eternity. Yea, rid
 Of all but love, I kiss thine eyes and seem
 To see all beauty God himself may dream.
 Why then should I o'eremuch for earth-sight care?

EDITOR'S TABLE.

ON the Fourth of July, 1854, the city of Newburyport gave a great reception to her sons and daughters who were resident abroad. It was a famous festival, with returning sons and daughters, reminiscences and rhetoric and toasts galore; and among the toasts was the following: "The City of Boston—as we look around this day, we involuntarily ask, what would she have been without Newburyport?" How many sons the historic old town had in Boston half a century ago we do not know. However it may be with sons and daughters, we think that Boston has never in a single day sent down to Newburyport so many people interested in her history as will go there on the Old South Pilgrimage, on Saturday, June 23. For Newburyport has been chosen by the Old South Historical Society as the goal of its historical pilgrimage this year. The pilgrimage is prospective as we write; it will be retrospective as our words are read.

It is the fifth annual pilgrimage to which the young people of this enthusiastic society invite their friends. We have carefully noticed these pilgrimages year by year in these pages, because they are of interest to a wider circle than that of the young people of Boston. Young students of history in a hundred places, to whom our pages go, share in these Old South pilgrimages in imagination; and we have all these in view in writing. The first Old South pilgrimage, in the summer of 1896, was to old Rutland, Massachusetts, the "cradle of Ohio"; the pilgrimage in 1897 was to the homes and haunts of Whit-

tier by the Merrimac; that of 1898, to the King Philip country, Mount Hope, on Narragansett Bay; and last year's pilgrimage was to Plymouth. Many hundred pilgrims, young and old,—for fathers and mothers and teachers go,—have joined in these annual excursions; and many hundred will go from Boston to old Newburyport on the June Saturday, to which the Old South young people look forward as one of their red-letter days.

"There are three towns," says Dr. Holmes in "Elsie Venner," "lying in a line with each other, as you go 'down east,' each of them with a *Port* in its name, and each of them having a peculiar interest, which gives it individuality, in addition to the Oriental character they have in common. I need not tell you that these towns are Newburyport, Portsmouth and Portland. The Oriental character they have in common exists in their large, square, palatial mansions, with sunny gardens round them. The two first have seen better days. . . . Each of them is of that intermediate size between a village and a city which any place has outgrown when the presence of a well-dressed stranger walking up and down the main street ceases to be a matter of public curiosity and private speculation, as frequently happens, during the busier months of the year, in considerable commercial centres like Salem. They both have grand old recollections to fall back upon,—times when they looked forward to commercial greatness, and when the portly gentlemen in cocked hats, who built their now decaying wharves and sent out their ships all over the world, dreamed that their fast growing port was to be the Tyre or the Carthage of the rich British colony. Great houses, like that once lived in by Lord Timothy Dexter, in Newburyport, remain as evidence of the fortunes amassed in these places of old. . . . It is not with any thought of pity or depreciation that we speak of them as in a certain sense decayed towns; they did not

fulfil their early promise of expansion, but they remain incomparably the most interesting places of their size in any of the three northernmost New England states."

The beginning of that one of the three *Ports* with which our Old South pilgrims are concerned dates back almost as far as the beginning of Boston. In the ship *Mary and John*, which sailed from the Thames to Massachusetts in 1634, came Rev. Thomas Parker, Rev. James Noyes and a large company of their friends. Most of them went to Agawam, now Ipswich, where they remained until the spring of 1635, when they removed together to a place on the river called by the Indians Quasacuncquen and now called Parker River. On May 6, 1635, the House of Deputies passed the following order: "Quasacuncquen is allowed by the court to be a plantation . . . and the name of said plantation shall be changed and shall hereafter be called Newberry." It was at Newbury in England that Rev. Thomas Parker had preached before he came to Massachusetts; and the settlers thus honored their first pastor in naming their town.

There were no roads through the forest. The settlers came by water from Ipswich, in open boats, through Plum Island Sound, and up the Parker River, landing on the north shore of the river in a little cove about one hundred rods below the present bridge. Nicholas Noyes, the brother of Rev. James Noyes, was the first person who leaped ashore. Here on the Sabbath, under a majestic oak, Mr. Parker preached his first sermon; and at the close of the sermon a church covenant was agreed upon. Mr. Parker was chosen pastor; and James Noyes was chosen teacher. The two men were cousins. Cotton Mather, in the *Magnalia*, says of them: "They taught in one school (in England); came over in one ship; were pastor and teacher of one church; and Mr. Parker continuing always in celibacy, they lived

in one house till death separated them for a time." Their first residence in Newbury was at the Lower Green; but on the removal of the meeting-house, in 1646, to the Upper Green, Mr. Noyes built a house on what is now known as Parker Street, and lived there until his death in 1656. Mr. Parker continued to live in the house with the widow and her children until his own death, in 1677, in the eighty-second year of his age. For many generations the Noyes family continued to reside here, the last occupant, Mary Coffin Noyes, having died in 1895; and the house, the oldest in Newbury, still stands in good preservation. The two men who thus first ministered together to the Newbury church were both Oxford scholars and able theologians. The catechism composed by Noyes for the use of the Newbury children is reprinted by Coffin in his history of Newbury. Parker early distinguished himself by writing two important Latin books, *De Traductione Peccatoris* and *Methodus Devinæ Gratiæ*; and when old and blind, "the Homer of New England," he had a memorable controversy with President Chauncy.

The first meeting-house stood on the Lower Green. Near it was the first graveyard. The earliest burials were not appropriately marked, and cannot now be identified. The oldest inscription that can be deciphered reads: "Here lyes y^e body of William Dole aged 58 years died Janry y^e 29th 1717-8." This William Dole was the son of Richard Dole, who came to Newbury from Bristol, England, in 1639, and who was the ancestor of Rev. Charles F. Dole, to whom our young people owe so much for his books on good citizenship, of Nathan Haskell Dole, the poet and critic, and of Governor Dole of Hawaii.

From Bristol also came in that same year John, Richard and Percival Lowell, the first of that great Lowell family which for more than two cen-

turies has played so distinguished a part in New England. Rev. John Lowell was the first pastor of the First Parish in Newburyport. His son was the eminent Judge John Lowell, who in the convention that framed the Constitution of Massachusetts in 1780 secured the adoption of the clause which abolished slavery in the State. Judge Lowell was the father of Francis Cabot Lowell, for whom the city of Lowell was named and who was the father of John Lowell who founded the Lowell Institute in Boston; he was also the father of Charles Lowell, the eminent minister of the West Church in Boston and father of James Russell Lowell. The fine mansion which Judge Lowell built for himself on the High Street in Newburyport, and which he sold to Patrick Tracy for £10,000 in 1778, when he removed to Boston, still stands. Here in 1782 Mr. John Tracy entertained the Marquis de Chastellux and other distinguished Frenchmen, M. de Montesquieu (a grandson of the author of the "Spirit of the Laws"), the Baron de Talleyrand (not to be confounded with the distinguished Talleyrand) and M. de Vandreuil,—whose impressions of Newburyport at that time may be found in the books.

The Tracy family played a very important part in Newburyport in the last century. Its head was Patrick Tracy, who came to New England from Ireland early in the eighteenth century and became a wealthy merchant and shipowner in Newburyport. Just before Patrick Tracy bought the Lowell house for his son John, he built for his son Nathaniel the fine mansion on State Street which, now transformed into the Public Library and housing appropriately the Old Newbury Historical Society, has perhaps a greater wealth of historical associations than any other building in Newburyport. Nathaniel Tracy, after graduating from Harvard College and taking a

supplementary course at Yale, began business at Newburyport in 1772, in partnership with Jonathan Jackson, who that same year married his sister, Hannah Tracy, and built for himself the house on High Street afterwards famous as the home of the eccentric Lord Timothy Dexter. Nathaniel Tracy's transactions were enormous, and his generosity was unstinted. During the Revolutionary War he contributed over \$160,000 from his own private resources for the support of the government. He fitted out a great fleet of privateers, the first of which sailed from Newburyport in August, 1775. He was the principal owner of 24 cruising ships, carrying 340 guns, and navigated by 2,800 men. They captured 120 vessels, which, with their cargoes, were sold for nearly \$4,000,000; and with these prizes 2,225 men were taken prisoners of war. During the same period, Mr. Tracy was the principal owner of 110 merchant vessels, valued with their cargoes at nearly three million dollars. He owned several houses, in addition to the mansion on State Street. Among them was the old Craigue House in Cambridge, formerly Washington's headquarters and afterwards the home of Longfellow, and the famous old stone house in Newbury known as the Pierce House. This house, built about 1670, before King Philip's War, long occupied by ancestors of President Pierce, is one of the revered places in Newbury. "The great porch of this old house," writes Harriet Prescott Spofford (in a delightful article about Newburyport, in *Harper's Magazine* for July, 1875), "is said to be the most beautiful architectural specimen in this part of the country, although it doubtless owes part of its beauty to the mellow and varied coloring which two hundred years have given it." To the old stone house the Old South young folks will doubtless pilgrimage. Here Nathaniel Tracy, broken-hearted and

discouraged, his fortune lost, spent the last ten years of his life, and here he died in 1796. It is with the mansion on State Street, however, where he lived so magnificently, that we chiefly associate him. Thomas Jefferson was his intimate friend and was his guest here for some time in 1784, sailing with him from Boston for England in Mr. Tracy's ship *Ceres*. It was in this house, then in the hands of Hon. Jonathan Jackson, that Washington was lodged during his visit to Newburyport in 1789; and the same apartments were occupied by Lafayette during his visit in 1824. Nathaniel Tracy's portrait hangs in the old building; and there too hang photographic copies of the old portrait of Patrick Tracy and of the portraits by Copley of Jonathan Jackson and his wife, now owned by the Jackson family in Boston.

* * *

"Old Newbury" embraced within its limits the present towns of Newbury, Newburyport and West Newbury. It was one of the largest towns in the colony. The area of the township was nearly 30,000 acres. The extreme length of the town from the mouth of the Merrimac to the farthest western boundary was nearly thirteen miles, and the width at the broadest part was six miles. The first settlement, as we have noticed, was at the Lower Green, on Parker River; but the maritime village which in a few years sprang up at the mouth of the Merrimac rapidly outstripped the farming settlement. It was not, however, until 1764, just before the Stamp Act, that Newburyport received a separate organization. West Newbury became an independent town in 1819.

The annals of old Newbury during its first century are like the annals of a hundred old New England towns. They are chiefly church annals; but Indian alarms, militia, mills, farms, fishing, taverns, taxation, shipbuilding, Quakers, Baptists and witches

play their part. The church in Newburyport seems to have been the most democratic in the whole colony, its members, while most respectful to their ministers, most jealous of any assumption of official authority. Lechford in Boston in 1642 wrote: "Of late some churches are of opinion that any may be admitted to church fellowship that are not extremely ignorant and scandalous, but this they are not very forward to practise *except at Newbury*." This was the way the democracy looked to outsiders. It is edifying to read of its struggles in detail in Coffin's history.

In 1637 the town sent its contingent to the war against the Pequots—the little army pausing on its march to discuss whether it was living under a covenant of grace or a covenant of works. This was only two years after the founding of the town. Year by year the records give us glimpses of all sorts into the Newbury life—its nobilities and severities and trivialities. In 1639 Anthony Somerby was granted four acres of upland "for his encouragement to keepe schoole for one yeare." In 1653 the town "voted to pay £24 yearly to maintain a free school to be held at the meeting-house, the master to teach all children sent to him so soon as they have their letters and begin to read." "Tristram Coffyn's wife Dionis was presented for selling beer," at Coffyn's ordinary in Newbury, "for three-pence a quart." Having proved, "upon the testimony of Samuel Moores, that she put six bushels of malt into the hogshead, she was discharged." It was a question of giving strong enough beer for the money; the law fixed the price at two-pence a quart, four bushels of malt to the hogshead. This was in 1653, six years after Tristram Coffyn came to Newburyport from Haverhill, where and at Salisbury he had lived since 1642, when, with his wife, mother, two sisters and five children, he came to Massachusetts from Devonshire.

His Newburyport home was opposite Carr's Island, by the ferry. "He was a royalist and was, so far as I can ascertain," writes his descendant, Joshua Coffin, the Newburyport antiquarian, to whose history we owe so much, "the only one of the early settlers of Newbury who came to America in consequence of the success of Oliver Cromwell." In 1659 he went to Nantucket, where he purchased for himself and his associates many thousand acres of land, becoming the head of the great Nantucket Coffin family. His son, Tristram, was perhaps the builder of the famous old Coffin house at Newburyport, which dates from the middle of the seventeenth century and which has belonged to the Coffin family, generation after generation, ever since. Perhaps the house was built by this Tristram's wife's first husband, and thus Tristram got his wife and the good house together. The Old Newbury Historical Society is at this time considering the making of this venerable house its headquarters. The first Newbury centennial was celebrated in its front yard, in 1735; and in the old homestead, where he was born, in 1792, and where, in 1864, he died, Joshua Coffin prepared his history of Newbury. One of the large elms on the place was planted by his father on the day when he was born. In his early life he taught school in Haverhill and elsewhere, and one of his pupils was Whittier, whose well known lines, "To My Old Schoolmaster," are addressed to him. The last words too of Whittier's letter written for the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of Newbury, in 1885, were these: "Let me, in closing, pay something of the debt I have owed from boyhood, by expressing a sentiment in which I trust every son of the ancient town will unite: Joshua Coffin, historian of Newbury, teacher, scholar and antiquarian, and one of the earliest advocates of slave emancipation:

May his memory be kept green, to use the words of Judge Sewall, 'so long as Plum Island keeps its post and a sturgeon leaps in Merrimack River.'" The old South pilgrims will look on no house more venerable than the old Coffin house; and they will remember that Charles Carleton Coffin, who gave so many Old South lectures and wrote so many books for young Americans, was a descendant of old Tristram, whose wife, Dionis, sold good beer for three-pence a quart.

One and another were fined for entertaining Quakers. Aquila Chase and his wife are presented and admonished for picking peas on the Sabbath day—the justice who admonished them not divining that their descendant far on, Salmon P. Chase, would be chief justice of the United States. "Nicholas Noyes's wife, Hugh March's wife and William Chandler's wife were each presented for wearing a silk hood and scarf," but were discharged on proof that their husbands were worth £200 each. Elizabeth Morse, the alleged "witch," was condemned to death by the Court of Assistants at Boston for her sinful behavior, "instigated by the Devil," but was saved by the firmness of Governor Bradstreet. Here is an entry that gives a glimpse into the church life: "October 18, 1700: voted that a pew be built for the minister's wife by the pulpit stairs [in the new meeting-house], that Colonel Daniel Pierce shall have the first choice for a pew, and Major Thomas Noyes shall have the next choice, and that Colonel Daniel Pierce esquire and Tristram Coffin esquire be empowered to procure a bell of 400 pounds' weight." In 1714 Rev. John Tufts published a tune-book, which was sold for sixpence. It was the first publication of the kind in New England, containing twenty-eight tunes. This at a time when four or five tunes—York, Hackney, St. Mary, Windsor and Martyrs—were the only tunes known in most places,

was certainly an ambitious enterprise.

Before the Revolution Newburyport had become a great shipbuilding centre; in 1772, ninety vessels were built here. But the Revolution and the drain of men for the Essex regiments checked the prosperity of the place. Newburyport became a separate town just in the exciting Stamp Act times; and the Newburyport town meetings in the ten years before Lexington were almost as energetic as those in Boston. Newburyport made a bonfire of her British tea before Boston pitched hers into the harbor. The rector of St. Paul's Church, Rev. Edward Bass, afterwards first Episcopal bishop of Massachusetts, was occasionally hooted in the streets as a Tory. Rev. Jonathan Parsons, in the Old South Church, closed one of his sermons in the spring of 1775 with an appeal to such of his hearers as were ready to enlist to step out into the broad aisle. Ezra Lunt was the first to come forward; and before the meeting broke up there had been raised within the church the first volunteer company organized for service in the Continental army, which afterwards under Captain Lunt rendered good service at Bunker Hill. It was at Newburyport that the expedition for the capture of Quebec, under Benedict Arnold, in 1775, embarked on board ten transports, and set sail from the Merrimac for the Kennebec. The troops were quartered in the town for several days, and the officers, Arnold, Aaron Burr, Morgan, Dearborn and others, entertained by leading citizens. On Sunday the troops, with flags and drums, marched to the Old South Church to hear their chaplain preach. Of Newburyport's sufferings during the Revolution some idea may be gained from the fact that twenty-two vessels, carrying a thousand men, which left the town during those years, were never afterwards heard from, some perishing in storms and some in combat. The city's trade and commerce had hardly revived

after the Revolution when the embargo in 1807 and the great fire of 1811 struck their crushing blows.

We have spoken of Washington's visit to the town in 1789. He was escorted by cavalry from Ipswich. When he reached the dividing line between Newbury and Newburyport, a halt was made and an ode of welcome sung by a large chorus. In the town an address prepared by John Quincy Adams, then a student in the office of Theophilus Parsons, was delivered, to which Washington replied; and there were fireworks, a reception and great festivities. We have a description of the town at about this time, by President Dwight of Yale College, who visited it in 1796.

"The town," he wrote, "is built on a declivity of unrivalled beauty. The slope is easy and elegant; the soil rich; the streets, except one near the water, clean and sweet; and the verdure, wherever it is visible, exquisite. The streets are either parallel or right-angled to the river, the southern shore of which bends here towards the southeast. . . . There are few towns of equal beauty in this country. The houses, taken collectively, make a better appearance than those of any other town in New England. Many of them are particularly handsome. Their appendages also are unusually neat. Indeed, an air of wealth, taste and elegance is spread over this beautiful spot, with a cheerfulness and brilliancy to which I know no rival."

We get another interesting glimpse of the old town half a century farther on in Colonel Higginson's "Cheerful Yesterdays." Higginson, a young radical of twenty-four, became the minister of the First Religious Society at Newburyport in 1847, and preached there for two years, quickly becoming active in the temperance agitation, the peace movement, the woman's rights movement, social reform and antislavery. He writes in his reminiscences:

"The parish, which at first welcomed me, counted among its strongest supporters a group of retired sea-captains who had traded with Charleston and New Orleans,

and more than one of whom had found himself obliged, after sailing from a southern port, to put back in order to eject some runaway slave from his lower hold. All their prejudices ran in one direction, and their view of the case differed from that of Boston society only as a rope's end differs from a rapier. One of them, perhaps the quietest, was the very Francis Todd who had caused the imprisonment of Garrison at Baltimore. It happened, besides, that the one political hero and favorite son of Newburyport, Caleb Cushing—for of Garrison himself they only felt ashamed—was at that moment fighting slavery's battles in the Mexican war. It now seems to me strange that, under all these circumstances, I held my place for two years and a half. Of course it cannot be claimed that I showed unvarying tact; indeed, I can now see that it was quite otherwise; but it was a case where tact counted for little; in fact, I think my sea-captains did not wholly dislike my plainness of speech, though they felt bound to discipline it; and moreover, the whole younger community was on my side. It did not help the matter that I let myself be nominated for Congress by the new 'Free Soil' party in 1848, and stumped the district, though in a hopeless minority. The nomination was Whittier's doing, partly to prevent that party from nominating him. . . . Having been, of course, defeated for Congress, as I had simply stood in a gap, I lived in Newburyport for more than two years longer, after giving up my parish. This time was spent in writing for newspapers, teaching private classes in different studies, serving on the school committee and organizing public evening schools, then a great novelty. The place was, and is, a manufacturing town, and I had a large and intelligent class of factory girls, mostly American, who came to my house for reading and study once a week. In this work I enlisted a set of young maidens of unusual ability, several of whom were afterward well known to the world: Harriet Prescott, afterwards Mrs. Spofford; Louisa Stone, afterward Mrs. Hopkins (well known for her educational writings); Jane Andrews (author of 'The Seven Little Sisters,' a book which has been translated into Chinese and Japanese); her sister Caroline, afterward Mrs. Rufus Leighton (author of 'Life at Puøet Sound'), and others not their inferiors, though their names were not to be found in print. I have never encountered elsewhere so noteworthy a group of young women, and all that period of work is a delightful reminiscence. My youthful coadjutors had been trained in a remarkably good school, the Putnam Free School, kept by William H. Wells, a celebrated teacher; and I had his hearty co-operation, and also that of Professor

Alpheus Crosby, one of the best scholars in New England, and then resident in Newburyport. With his aid I established a series of prizes for the best prose and poetry written by the young people of the town; and the first evidence given of the unusual talents of Harriet Prescott Spofford was in a very daring and original essay on 'Hamlet,' written at sixteen, and gaining the first prize. I had also to do with the courses of lectures and concerts, and superintended the annual Floral Processions which were then a pretty feature of the Fourth of July in Essex County. On the whole, perhaps, I was as acceptable a citizen of the town as could be reasonably expected of one who had preached himself out of his pulpit."

This was the Newburyport which Mary Hemenway, the founder of the Old South work, used to visit as a girl. She was Mary Tileston then. Her mother's family had Newburyport roots; and her father, Thomas Tileston, was from Haverhill—a Merrimac River man. In her youth she spent one happy winter in Newburyport; and to the last she had a warm affection for the old town.

The first history of Newburyport was a little-book by Caleb Cushing, "The History and Present State of the Town of Newburyport," published by its youthful author in 1826. In 1845 came "The History of Newbury, Newburyport and West Newbury," by Joshua Coffin, to which we have referred; and in 1854 "The History of Newburyport," by Mrs. E. Vale Smith. "Ould Newbury," the charming volume of historical and biographical sketches, by John J. Currier, with its hundred and more pictures of all the interesting Newburyport places and persons, appeared in 1896. We have mentioned the article by Mrs. Spofford in *Harper's Magazine* for July, 1875; and a fine illustrated article upon the historic old town by Ethel Parton was published in the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE for October, 1891. The Old South pilgrims therefore will have no lack of good reading about Newburyport.

The Old South young people would be fortunate if they could se-

cure the author of "Ould Newbury" as one of their speakers at the little celebration after their luncheon on the June Saturday. Interesting indeed would be the talk in which he could indulge. He could tell of the graves of the famous fathers and mothers in the First Parish burying-ground in Newbury, in the Old Hill burying-ground, the New Hill burying-ground and Oak Hill. He could recite a score of curious old epitaphs, like this upon Daniel Noyes at Newbury:

"As you are, so was I.
God did call and I did dy.
Now children all,
Whose name is Noyes,
Make Jesus Christ
Your only choice."

One descendant of one of the Newburyport children named Noyes is Mrs. William Dean Howells. As Mr. and Mrs. Howells are spending the summer at Annisquam, just across the bay from Newburyport, they should certainly be invited to join in the pilgrimage. The antiquarian could tell of poor Rebecca Rawson, whose romantic tale Whittier has preserved for us in "Margaret Smith's Journal," who, betrayed by an adventurer pretending to be the nephew of Lord Chief Justice Hale, was swallowed up at last, in 1692, by an earthquake, in Jamaica—a fate more tragical than that of Agnes Surriage, with her Lisbon earthquake. He could tell of the sundry earthquakes which seem forever to have been shaking Newburyport itself in those early days. He could tell how in 1695 a party of Indians fell upon the home of Francis Brown on Turkey Hill, tomahawked a girl standing at the front door, and took nine women and children away captive. He could tell of the house, now standing, at Turkey Hill, built in 1748 by Colonel Moses Little, who led four companies to Bunker Hill, and who was officer of the day when Washington took command of the army at

Cambridge. He could tell how Colonel Moses Titcomb served under Pepperell at the siege of Louisburg in 1745; and how Nathaniel Knapp brought home from the second siege of Louisburg in 1759 the great cast-iron bomb-shell which now stands on the stone post at the street corner where he once lived. He could tell of the great congregation which thronged the old meeting-house in Market Square in 1755 to give Colonel Titcomb and his men its blessing as they marched for Crown Point; and of Mr. Lowell's sermon from the text, "Moses, my servant, is dead," when, a few months later, the gallant Colonel's body was brought home. He could tell of the great feast beside the meeting-house, with the broiled ox, when Quebec was captured. He could tell of Captain Davenport and his Newburyport company on the Plains of Abraham when General Wolfe was killed; and of the old Wolfe Tavern, which Davenport built just afterwards, with the portrait of Wolfe swinging as a sign from a lofty pole,—which tavern in the Stamp Act days became the great centre of sedition, a veritable Green Dragon Tavern for Newburyport. He could tell how Benjamin Franklin visited the town in 1754, and studied the effects of the lightning which struck the steeple of the old meeting-house. He could tell how Paul Revere cast the great bell which until just now hung in the belfry of St. Paul's. He could tell of the old farmhouse at Indian Hill, which Ben Perley Poore, who loved it so well, made a veritable historical museum. He could tell the history of the great elm on Parker Street, about which Hannah Gould wrote her loving verses. He could tell of the Wheelwrights,—Abraham, the artilleryman and privateersman of the Revolution, one of the last who wore in Newburyport knee-breeches and long stockings; and the energetic William, who founded steamship lines and built railroads in South America, and

whose generous bequest now pays the expenses of Newburyport boys at the Institute of Technology. He could tell of Lord Timothy Dexter, who rated himself "the first in the East, the first in the West, and the greatest philosopher in the known world," of his book, "Pickle for the Knowing Ones," and his grotesque home, with its wooden statues, on High Street. He could tell of Tristram Dalton, one of the first two senators elected to Congress from Massachusetts,—of his mansionhouse still standing on State Street, and his farm on Pipe Stave Hill. "I do not recollect any establishment in our country," wrote Samuel Breck, who visited him there in 1787, "that contained generally so many objects fitted to promote rational happiness. From the piazza or front part of his country house, the farms were so numerous and the villages so thickly planted that eighteen steeples were in view." A visiting Frenchman wrote: "He has fine apples, grapes and pears; but he complains that children steal them, an offence readily pardoned in a free country." Mr. Breck observes rightly that "he was unluckily elected" to the Senate. "Home, that dear home where so much felicity had been enjoyed, was forsaken—temporarily, as they first supposed, but everlastingly, as it turned out." It is a melancholy story,—Eben F. Stone, the Newburyport scholar, has told it best,—ending at last with the grave in St. Paul's churchyard.

Pipe Stave Hill lingered pleasantly through life in the memory of President Felton of Harvard, the great Greek scholar, who was a Newburyport boy, and who at the Newburyport celebration in 1854 said: "The old training field, where an ancestor of mine distinguished himself as sergeant in a militia company, was to me another Campus Martius; the beautiful Merrimac flowed, in my imagination, like the broad and boundless Hellespont of Homer; and Pipe

Stave Hill rose like the Grecian Olympus to the sky."

General Greely, who is now at the head of the Weather Bureau, and is therefore depended upon to give the Old South pilgrims a rare June day, is a native of Newburyport; and on his return voyage, after his terrible Arctic sojourn, his ship first neared the coast off the mouth of the Merrimac, giving him for his first sight of his own country the outlines of his boyhood hills.

Many indeed have been the famous lives which in one way or another have touched Newburyport. The Old South pilgrims will think chiefly of old Samuel Sewall, George Whitefield, Theophilus Parsons, Caleb Cushing, William Lloyd Garrison, Whittier, James Parton and Harriet Prescott Spofford. Mrs. Spofford still lives at the lovely home on Deer Island in the Merrimac, to which the old chain bridge, the first American suspension bridge, leads. Whittier's loving sonnet to her husband, "R. S. S. at Deer Island on the Merrimac," will be remembered. James Parton's home was on High Street, and his grave is at Oak Hill. For nearly twenty years Parton lived in Newburyport; and the Old South young people will be glad to be reminded, at this centennial of Jefferson's election, that his first work in Newburyport was his *Life of Jefferson*, which still remains the best popular life.

On High Street too stands the old home of Caleb Cushing. Cushing was born in Salisbury in 1800, but the family removed to Newburyport in 1802, and there, with the interruptions brought by his public life, he lived until his death in 1879. His public life was indeed varied and dramatic. He represented Newburyport in the legislature, and he was her first mayor. He was four terms representative in Congress, was minister to China and minister to Spain. He organized and was the colonel of the only regiment that went from Massachusetts to the Mexican War. He

was a justice of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, attorney general of the United States, and one of the American counsel before the Geneva tribunal. He was nominated by President Grant to be chief justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, but for political reasons was not confirmed.

As famous a lawyer as Caleb Cushing in his day was Theophilus Parsons; and his Newburyport house, dating from 1789, and therefore of just the same age as our national government, also still stands in good preservation. No one did more than he to secure the adoption of the national constitution by Massachusetts. There studied in his Newburyport law office, among others, Rufus King, Robert Treat Paine, son of the signer of the Declaration of Independence, and John Quincy Adams. A satirical poem written by Adams at Newburyport created some consternation among the young ladies there, whom under fictitious names it described. In 1806 Theophilus Parsons became chief justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. His thoughts upon his deathbed were of his judicial duties; and his last words were, "Gentlemen of the jury, the case is closed and in your hands."

Henry Sewall, of Coventry, England, sent his son Henry to New England in 1634, and shortly after came himself. They were among the first settlers of Newbury. In 1646 the son married Jane Dummer of Newbury, and soon after went to England. Samuel Sewall, their eldest son, was born there in 1652. He came to Newbury with his mother in 1661—his father had returned before—and during his boyhood pursued his studies under the direction of the Rev. Thomas Parker, who resided in the Noyes house, just across the way from his own home. He graduated from Harvard College in 1671; and four or five years later was married by Governor Bradstreet to Hannah Hull, the daughter of John Hull, the

master of the mint and coiner of the famous pine tree shillings. His life was chiefly lived in Boston, and his dust lies in the old Granary burying-ground. He was one of the judges of the special court for the trial of the "witches"—for whose condemnation he did public penance in the Old South Church; and in 1718 he became chief justice of the province. His famous Diary is a unique reflection of the period. It shows in many places how lovingly he remembered Newburyport. He once expressed the opinion that the millennium would begin somewhere in the vicinity of Oldtown meeting-house. The Diary gives us the tender address which he delivered at the grave of his mother. The inscription on the stone that marks the grave of his father and mother in the old Newbury burying-ground was undoubtedly written by him. Pathos and humor jostle each other in Samuel Sewall's Diary; and the pilgrims will laugh at the following letter written to Rev. Timothy Woodbridge of Hartford in 1721, a year after the death of the great judge's second wife,—which takes us back to his Newbury school days:

"I remember when I was going from school at Newbury, I have sometimes met your Sisters, Martha and Mary, at the end of Mrs. Noyes's Lane, coming from Schoole at Chandler's Lane, in their Hanging Sleeves: and have had the pleasure of Speaking with them: and I could find in my heart to speak with Mrs. Martha again, now I myself am reduc'd to my Hanging Sleeves. . . . To cherish me in my advanced years (I was born March 28, 1652) Methinks I could venture to lay my Weary head in her Lap, if it might be brought to pass upon Honest Conditions. You know your Sister's Age, and Disposition, and Circumstances, better than I doe. I should be glad of your Advice in my Fluctuations. S. S."

Hanging sleeves were over-sleeves worn by children; the old judge is joking about his second childhood. What answer came to this letter we do not know. Evidently the suit did not prosper; for Samuel Sewall the next year married the Widow Gibbs.

It is interesting to note in this connection that the judge's sister, Annie Sewall, married William Longfellow, the first American ancestor of the great poet; for the Longfellow family, too, had its roots in Newbury, and "Brother Longfellow" comes often into Samuel Sewall's Diary.

In truth, we begin to think that almost everybody has roots more or less deep in Newburyport. Edward Everett Hale, whom the Old South young people love and revere so deeply, and who is going with them on their pilgrimage, has roots there—his great-great-grandfather having been Samuel Hale of Newburyport. One Thomas Hale came to Newbury in 1637 or 1638. He had a son Thomas and a grandson Thomas. This third Thomas weighed five hundred pounds and had "a strong and sonorous voice that could be heard at a great distance." He was captain of the militia and justice of the peace, and "kept an ordinary and sold rum"; but he was not the ancestor of Edward Everett Hale. That ancestor came to Newburyport from Beverly; but his coming makes us think that the Beverly Hales and the Newburyport family were related. Samuel Hale and Richard Hale were two of the hundred or more people who in 1745 united to form the Presbyterian (Old South) Church, under Rev. Jonathan Parsons.

On Sunday morning, September 30, 1770, George Whitefield died in Newburyport, at the residence of Rev. Jonathan Parsons, on School Street. It was just thirty years from the day (September 30, 1740) when he first preached in Newburyport, in the old meeting-house in Market Square, where Rev. John Lowell was then ministering. He preached there many times afterwards, always to great throngs. It is perhaps Whitefield's death and burial in Newburyport that have made the town most famous round the world. If the Old South young people are led by their pilgrimage to new studies of the life

and influence of this great man, they will receive at least one real inspiration. Perhaps no other man ever preached to such great multitudes or affected multitudes so deeply. His power touched England and America alike, and England and America alike mourned his loss. In London, before thousands, John Wesley preached his funeral sermon; and our young students will read the poetical tributes of Charles Wesley and of Cowper. Seven times he visited America. Samuel Adams and his sister as children heard him preach on Boston Common; he died in the same year that Samuel Adams and the Boston town meeting gave the orders which sent the British regiments from their town to Castle William. "I would fain die preaching," Whitefield once said; and practically he did. He arrived at Newburyport, almost exhausted, late on Saturday, from Portsmouth and Exeter, where he had been preaching great sermons to great crowds. Neighbors and friends, eager to see him, thronged about the parsonage and, just as he had taken a candle and was retiring to his chamber, even pressed into the hall to hear him. He paused on the staircase, holding the candle above his head, and, although weak and ill, spoke on to them "until the candle burned away and went out in its socket." The next morning he was dead. On Tuesday his funeral was held in the Old South Church, which had been founded as a result of his preaching; and in a vault beneath the pulpit he was laid to rest. The Bible that he used in the church is carefully preserved and still used on special occasions. The house in which he died still stands, next to the house where Garrison was born; but it is now a tenement house and not the parsonage, and the broad hall where the people gathered and the staircase from which Whitefield gave his last message are gone.

As great an influence as White-

field's was to be exercised by the boy born under the shadow of the Old South Church in December, 1805. The young people will read anew of the poverty and struggles of young William Lloyd Garrison, of his faithful mother, of his brief days at the old Grammar School on the Mall, of how he earned his board by helping Deacon Bartlett, of how he led the "South End" boys against the "North Enders," and how he swam across the river to Great Rock. He joined the choir of the Baptist church while yet a boy. The first psalm tune he ever learned was the 34th Psalm:

"Through all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,"

which our pilgrims should sing as part of their programme; and "Wicklow" he first heard at the singing-school in Belleville (part of Newburyport), "where there were lots of boys and pretty girls." To the end of his life he sang these tunes, with "Coronation," "Hebron," "Ward," "Denmark," "Lenox" and "Majesty," each Sunday morning. How by and by he got a chance to set type in the *Herald* office; began soon to write communications to the paper; and in 1826 established a paper of his own, *The Free Press*, which he edited for a year, then leaving Newburyport for Boston,—these things the young folks know. He was a most skilful and accurate printer, and he celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of his apprenticeship, in 1878, by visiting Newburyport and once more setting type in the office of the *Herald*. He put three of his own sonnets into type with amazing rapidity and without a single error. It is in *The Free Press* that we have his first words on slavery. He commends a poem which denounces slavery; and in an editorial on the approaching "Fourth of July," with suggestions for the orators, he says: "There is one theme which should be dwelt upon, till our whole country is free from the curse—it is SLAVERY."

"Our Country, Our Whole Country, and Nothing but Our Country" was the motto chosen for *The Free Press*. The motto of the *Liberator*, founded five years later, was "Our Country is the World—Our Countrymen are Mankind." That measured the young reformer's advance. It was a Newburyport friend, Isaac Knapp, who was associated with Garrison in founding the *Liberator*. When the New England Antislavery Society was formed in 1832, three of the twelve who formed it were from Newburyport or Newbury. Whittier said that "the town must be regarded as the Alpha and Omega of antislavery agitation, beginning with its abolition deacon and ending with Garrison." Its abolition deacon was Benjamin Colman, who as early as 1780 was in hot controversy on the subject. It was gratifying to Garrison to know that John Lowell, author of the freedom clause in the Massachusetts Constitution, was born in Newburyport; and he might have remembered that Samuel Sewall in 1710 published a tract against slavery, entitled "The Selling of Joseph." "In 1716," the old judge says in his Diary, "I essayed to prevent negroes and Indians being rated with horses and cattle, but could not succeed." When the thick of the fight with slavery came, Garrison found church doors closed against him in Newburyport as well as elsewhere; and some of his sharp invectives are against his native place. Yet in the midst of his persecutions by friends and foes alike, his love for his birthplace found expression in the following sonnet:

"Whether a persecuted child of thine
Thou deign to own, my lovely native
place!
In characters that time can not efface,
Thy worth is graved upon this heart of
mine.
Forsake me not in anger, nor repine
That with this nation I am in disgrace:
From ruthless bondage to redeem my
race,
And save my country, is my great design.

How much soe'er my conduct thou dost
 blame
 (For Hate and Calumny belie my
 course),
 My labors shall not sully thy fair fame;
 But they shall be to thee a fountain-
 source
 Of joyfulness hereafter—when my name
 Shall e'en from tyrants a high tribute
 force."

The tribute from Newburyport came on the 22d of February, 1865, when, after the passage of the thirteenth amendment, forever abolishing slavery in the United States, Garrison, responding to the greeting and invitation of his old townsmen, delivered an address to an audience which packed the City Hall to overflowing and received him with great enthusiasm. It was for this occasion that Whittier wrote his noble Emancipation Hymn.

The most important episode of Garrison's editorial career in Newburyport was his discovery of Whittier. One day he found under the door of his office a poem entitled "The Exile's Departure," signed "W." Whittier's sister had sent it without her brother's knowledge. Great was the young poet's amazement when, working with his father by the roadside mending a stone wall, the *Free Press* containing his verses came into his hands. Another poem followed; and then the young editor drove out to East Haverhill to find his new contributor. The story is well known; and this was the beginning of Whittier's poetical career.

Whittier's own associations with Newburyport were intimate. "Although I can hardly call myself a son of the ancient town," he wrote, "my grandmother, Sarah Greenleaf, of blessed memory, was its daughter, and I may therefore claim to be its grandson. Its genial and learned historian, Joshua Coffin, was my first school-teacher, and all my life I have lived in sight of its green hills and in hearing of its Sabbath bells. . . . Its history and legends are familiar to me. I seem to have known all its old wor-

thies." He recalls proudly how "more than two centuries ago, when Major Pike, just across the river, stood up and denounced in open town meeting the law against freedom of conscience and worship, and was in consequence fined and outlawed, some of Newbury's best citizens stood bravely by him;" and how "the Quakers whipped at Hampton on the one hand and at Salem on the other, went back and forth unmolested in Newbury." "Among the blessings which I would gratefully own," he wrote, "is the fact that my lot has been cast in the beautiful valley of the Merrimac, within sight of Newbury steeples, Plum Island, and Crane Neck and Pipe Stave hills." In the home of his cousin, Joseph Cartland, in Newburyport, he spent many of his later days. A score of his poems touch Newburyport; and it is he who has transfigured the old town. Thomas Macy, in his memorable race from the sheriff and the priest, in "The Exiles," glided in his boat past Deer Island's rocks and Newbury's spire. In thinking of "The Swan Song of Parson Avery," we remember that "Parson Avery sailed from Newbury, with his wife and children eight," and that, after the wreck, "in the stricken church of Newbury the notes of prayer were read." "The Double-headed Snake of Newbury" is based on a tale which descends from Cotton Mather. In "Miriam" we have the beautiful picture of the view towards Newburyport and the ocean from Powow Hill, beside the poet's Amesbury home. "The Bay of Seven Islands" is associated pleasantly with Harriet Prescott Spofford and her home "among Deer Island's immemorial pines," and tells of the tragic fate which befell the brave young skipper who sailed from the Merrimac's mouth and never again came back. The "Tent on the Beach" was pitched on Salisbury beach toward the Hampton meadows. "The Hampton river winds through these meadows, and the reader may, if he

choose, imagine my tent pitched near its mouth, where also was the scene of the 'Wreck of Rivermouth.' The green bluff to the northward is Great Boar's Head; southward is the Merrimac with Newburyport lifting its steeples above brown roofs and green trees on its banks." The reader will remember that at the close of "The Tent on the Beach," when the singer had sung "The harp at Nature's advent strung," and the traveller had said: "*Allah il Allah,*"

"He paused, and lo! far, faint and slow,
The bells in Newbury's steeples tolled
The twelve dead hours."

The little poem entitled "Our State" was written for the dedication of a new schoolhouse in Newbury; and there could be no better hymn for the Old South pilgrims in their program than its last three verses.

Nowhere else is the spirit of Whitefield, "whose memory hallows the ancient town," so impressively revealed as in "The Preacher," greatest of the Newburyport poems, and one of the greatest of all of Whittier's poems:

"Under the church of Federal Street,
Under the tread of its Sabbath feet,
Walled about by its basement stones,
Lie the marvellous preacher's bones,
No saintly honors to them are shown,
No sign nor miracle have they known;
But he who passes the ancient church
Stops in the shade of its belfry-porch,
And ponders the wonderful life of him
Who lies at rest in that charnel dim.
Long shall the traveller strain his eye
From the railroad car, as it plunges by,
And the vanishing town behind him
search
For the slender spire of the Whitefield
Church;
And feel for one moment the ghosts of
trade,
And fashion, and folly, and pleasure laid,
By the thought of that life of pure intent,
That voice of warning yet eloquent,
Of one on the errands of angels sent."

"The Prophecy of Samuel Sewall" will unite in the minds of the Old South pilgrims the Old South Meet-

ing-house in Boston, in which the old judge did penance for his part in the witchcraft courts, and his boyhood home, to which they go on the June Saturday. It gives beautiful pictures of the Newbury hills and homes, and rhymes the famous prophecy which "the Judge of the old Theocracy" pronounced for Newbury. The Old South pilgrims will like to compare the poet's version with the judge's own words, as we have them in his "New Heaven upon a New Earth;" and as they come away they will all pray that the grass may ever be green on the Newbury hills, the doves happy in the trees, and Christians plentiful in the homes.

"As long as *Plum Island* shall faithfully keep the commanded Post; Notwithstanding the hectoring words and hard Blows of the proud and boisterous Ocean; As long as any Salmon or Sturgeon shall swim in the streams of *Merrimack*; or any Perch, or Pickeril in *Crane Pond*; As long as the Sea Fowl shall know the Time of their coming and not neglect seasonably to visit the Places of their Acquaintance; As long as any Cattel shall be fed with the Grass growing in the Meadows, which do humbly bow themselves before *Turkie Hill*; As long as any Sheep shall walk upon *Old Town Hills*, and shall from thence look down upon the *River Parker*, and the fruitful *Marshes* lying beneath; As long as any free and harmless Doves shall find a white Oak or other Tree within the Township, to perch, or feed, or build a careless Nest upon; and shall voluntarily present themselves to perform the office of Gleaners after Barley-Harvest; As long as *Nature* shall not grow Old and dote; but shall constantly remember to give the rows of Indian Corn their education, by Pairs; so long shall Christians be born there; and being first made meet, shall from thence be Translated to be made partakers of the Inheritance of the Saints in Light. Now, seeing the Inhabitants of *Newbury*, and of *New England*, upon the due Observance of their Tenure, may expect that their Rich and gracious LORD will continue and confirm them in the Possession of these invaluable Privileges: *Let us have grace, whereby we may serve God acceptably with Reverence and godly Fear. For our God is a consuming Fire.*"



THE BLESSED PRIVILEGE.

Orlando may rhyme Lovely Maids by non-committal scores,
Or itemize specific charms of Her whom he adores,
And no one draws conclusions vague, or puts him under ban.
Convention says that he may love, because he is a Man.

But if Miranda takes her lyre and sings a tender strain
To some imaginary squire or hypothetic swain;
Oh, fie! how must her little heart and brain be in a whirl;
"Who? When? Oh, fie! to tell her love;" because she is a Girl.

So when Miranda rhymes of Love, she plays she is a man,
Inscribes her hot and glowing words to Phyllis or to Nan,
And then convention thinks it safe and blandly deigns approve
Hermaphroditic sentiment and vice versa love.

But whether she is laughing in the lines that bear her name,
And feigns a flimsy little love, for shekels or for fame;
Or whether from her deepest heart she speaks a passion so
As she would have it told to her,—you'll never, never know.
—Abbie Farwell Brown.

*
* *

DEGENERATION.

My lady travels in a foreign land
And, steeped in guidebook wisdom, deems it fit
That I, while on my office stool I sit,
Should something of her knowledge understand.

She writes me, in a microscopic hand,
Of Gothic Art and how she worships it,
Relates each church's history, bit by bit,
With diagrams to show how each is planned.

With greatest care I read through every part
(Although 'tis somewhat trying to the eyes);
Then thoughtfully I take from next my heart
Two foolish letters written long ago.
Ah me! the vast amount that travellers know!
Ah me! that e'er my foolish maid grew wise!

—C. E. G.

*
* *

TO ELIZABETH.

(In the ancient graveyard at Little Compton, Rhode Island, is a quaint headstone bearing this inscription: "In Memory of Elizabeth, Who Should Have Been the Wife of Simeon Palmer, Who Died Aug. 14, 1776, in the 64th year of her age.")

"Who should have been?" Alas! 'Tis true,
There's much that might be better,
And many a maid—but no, not you—
Would wed if he would let her.

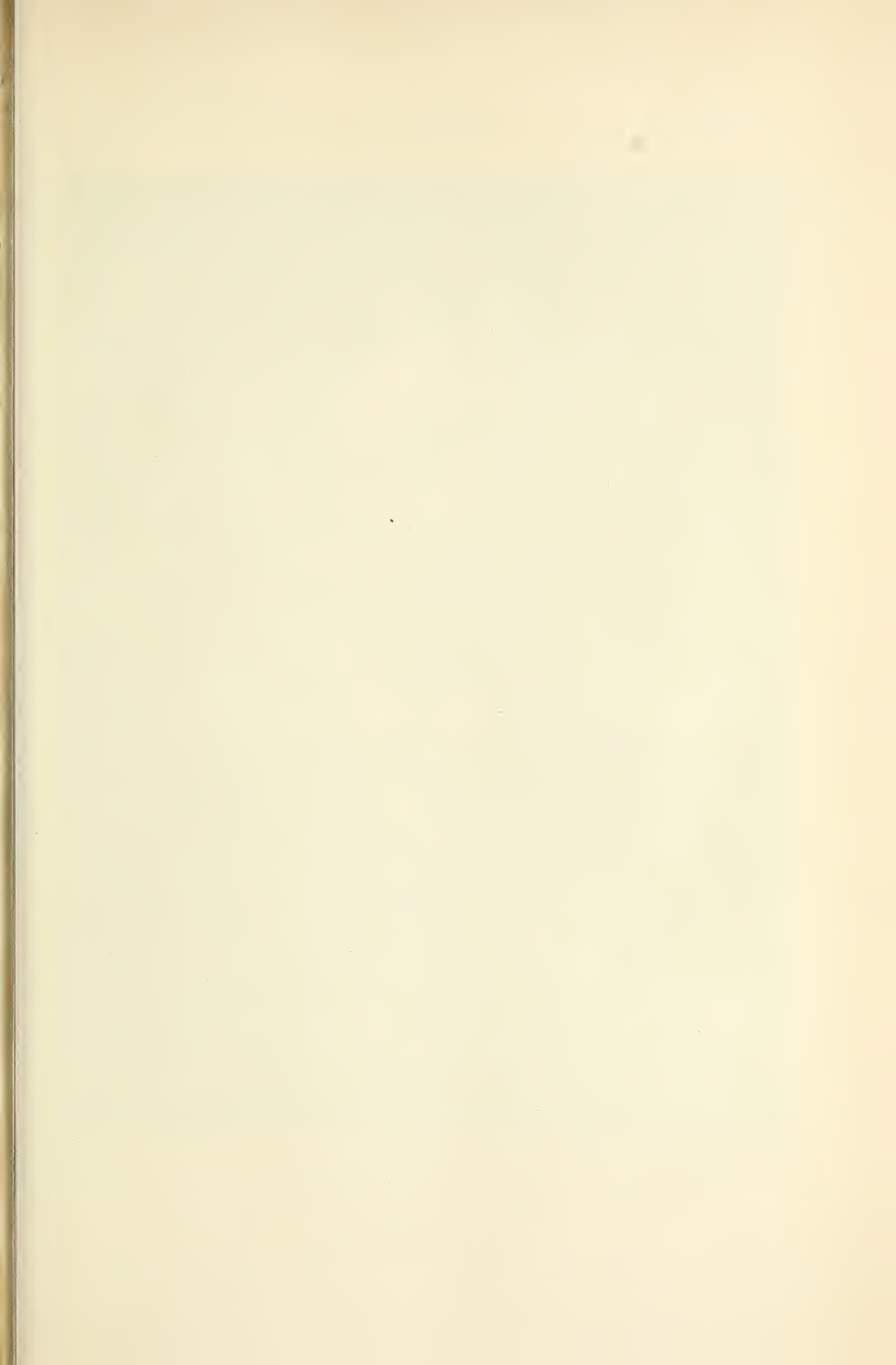
I would not with the scornful laugh;
'Tis rather your adorning
That I may write for epitaph:
"She rose on freedom's morning.

"No bonds was she content to bear,
When freemen spoke defiant;
What 'should have been' she did not care,
This spinster self-reliant.

"Cold death she took in warm embrace,
More lovely far than Simeon,—
For slight the chance he could replace
Adonis or Endymion."

—William Hudson Harper.







HON. FRANK W. ROLLINS, GOVERNOR OF NEW HAMPSHIRE,
Founder of Old Home Week.

THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

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WHITTIER'S NEW HAMPSHIRE.

By David Lee Maulsby.

THE fashionable world has elected to make its summer pilgrimage to the White Mountains; and to this day the Presidential range and its neighborhood are the objective points for most admiring tourists in New Hampshire. But Whittier's favorite haunts were to the south of the parallel belonging to Sandwich Notch, through which, one autumn day, "the west wind sang good morrow to the cotter"; and "Chocorua's horn" was to him, so far as his pages show, more impressive than the rocky summit of Mount Washington. It is true that during the last twelve years of his life the Quaker singer was from time to time a summer guest at Intervale; but these later years have left small record in his verse. It is also true that, near the beginning of his poetical career, his rather long poem, "The Bridal of Pennacook," was written in northern New Hampshire, in order, characteristically enough, to soothe the waking hours of an invalid girl. The name of Passaconaway, the Indian chief whose daughter is the heroine of this poem, is now associated once for all with the beautiful dome-like mountain of the Sandwich range. Clearly this Indian chief was a favorite hero of Whittier's, for "Passaconaway" was the title of a prose tale that he wrote before 1839, the scene of which was laid on the banks of the Merrimac River.

It was in the valley of the Pemigewasset that N. P. Rogers lived, whom Whittier visited with pleasure when only twenty-six years old, and who later entertained the famous English antislavery agitator, George Thompson. In Concord, New Hampshire, it will be remembered, Whittier and his English friend, after a speech by the latter, were threatened with death by a bloodthirsty mob. In his appreciative sketch of Mr. Rogers, Whittier makes many loving references to New Hampshire scenery; for example: "One can almost see the sunset light flooding the Franconia Notch and glorifying the peaks of Moosehillock, and hear the murmur of the west wind in the pines, and the light, liquid voice of Pemigewasset sounding up from its rocky channel, through its green hem of maples."

Related to the same vicinity is the beautiful apostrophe to the summits of the North, in "Mountain Pictures." The boldness of the following lines, afterwards tamed into acceptable conformity at the suggestion of another, is noteworthy:

"Last night's thunder-gust
Roared not in vain; for where its lightnings
thrust
Their tongues of fire, the great peaks seem
so near,
Lapped clear of mist . . ."

Mrs. Fields tells sympathetically of a visit paid her in Campton in 1865,



From a photograph copyrighted by H. G. Peabody.

CHOCORUA LAKE AND MOUNTAIN.

when the poet, beginning with Emerson's pregnant lines upon "The Sphinx," discoursed upon the mysteries of spiritual existence, and ended by recounting a vision concerning the outcome of the civil war, described in writing by an old man of Sandwich a quarter of a century before the event.

Another region of New Hampshire connected with Whittier's writings is the southeastern part, near his Amesbury home, and bordering upon the ocean. Whittier's associations with the Isles of Shoals have already been described in the *NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE*.* The "Ramoith Hill" of that heart-revealing poem, "My Playmate," was in Hampton. In the same place General Moulton used to live, a legend connected with whose family appears in "The New Wife and the Old." The ancestors of the Hugh

Tallant who planted "The Sycamores" came from Ireland to settle in New Hampshire. At Seabrook lived Elizabeth Gove of peaceful memory.

"Her path shall brighten more and more
Unto the perfect day;
She cannot fail of peace who bore
Such peace with her away."†

It was at the house of Sarah Gove, at Hampton Falls, that at last the tired singer gently slipped away from life.

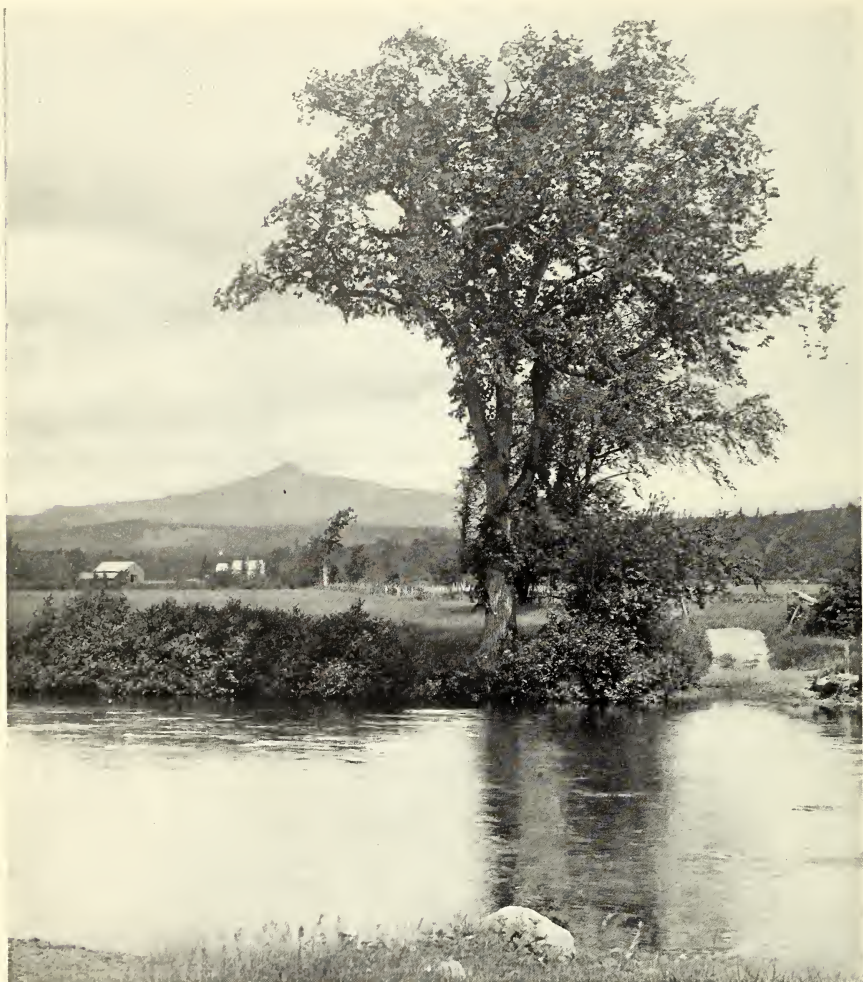
But Whittier's memory, as did his love, clings most closely about that part of New Hampshire which lies, on the map, below Campton and above Laconia. And, indeed, when full recognition is given to his affection for the part of the Granite State which is nearest to his Massachusetts home, and when all is said in due praise of the giant mountains of the north, it is

* In the article, "In Whittier Land," by W. S. Kennedy, November, 1892.

† "The Friend's Burial."



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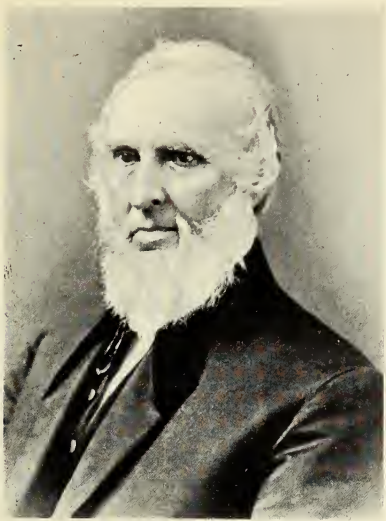


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THE BEARCAMP RIVER.

not surprising that Whittier dearly loved the milder central region. For the country about Lake Winnepesaukee, if it does not lie stretched at the feet of great mountainous masses of towering height, is yet full of the calmer beauty of hills and vales diversified with sheets of water, now placid as a mirror, now white-capped by the breeze. In sight, too, from favorable points are many of the eminent sentinels of time—half the horizon, it may be, rimmed with distant peak behind peak. Thus, from a con-

venient high point on the stage road between Moultonboro and Sandwich, one can see Chocorua, Paugus, Passaconaway, Wonalancet, Whiteface, Trip pyramid, Black Mountain (sometimes inappropriately called Sandwich Dome), and Mount Israel, to say nothing of the less conspicuous Squam Mountains, extending toward the west. The reader of early American war ballads will recall that rude description of Lovewell's fight, when Paugus, chief of the Pigwacket Indians, was attacked by "worthy Cap-



JOHN G. WHITTIER.

tain Lovewell." But one's pleasure in the view need not be complicated with historico-literary associations. Let him rather turn to the left, where Red Hill lifts its several summits to heaven.

"So seemed it when yon hill's red crown,
Of old, the Indian trod,
And, through the sunset air, looked
down
Upon the Smile of God."

Or he may turn to the right, where Ossipee Mountain, with its Black Snout, shows its long ridge.

"The shadows round the inland sea
Are deepening into night;
Slow up the slopes of Ossipee
They chase the lessening light."

"Tired of the long day's blinding heat,
I rest my languid eye,
Lake of the hills! where, cool and sweet,
Thy sunset waters lie!" *

Red Hill might conveniently be encompassed in half a day's good driving; but the roots of Ossipee extend in so many directions that one with the best horse could hardly encircle all of them in a single sweep, should one travel from sunrise till the fall of even-

ing. Even Black Snout is celebrated, as the reader may see if he will turn to the third stanza of "A Letter," published anonymously during the heated political contest of 1846, when John P. Hale of New Hampshire was elected to the United States Senate to the joy of the abolitionists.

What wonderful changes the poet saw pass over his beloved mountains; what shadows of clouds on their breasts, while the concealed sun spread broad fields of light below; what mists lazily rose from slope to slope, or clung like a wreath upon the half-hidden hoary head! What sunsets painted their fascinating or grotesque shapes of color, while the land lay slumbering in a tender radiance, as of a life well spent and drawing to its peaceful close! There was something congenial to Whittier's disposition in the tempered boldness of this landscape, its glimpses of possessing beauty, its virile restraint.

Of the score or more of poems suggested to Whittier while he was in the Granite State, the greater part represent one or another of three localities, —the Bearcamp River, Asquam (or Squam) Lake, and Lake Winnepesaukee. All three of these regions may



THE OLD BEARCAMP HOUSE.

* "The Lakeside."



THE STURTEVANT FARM NEAR CENTRE HARBOR.

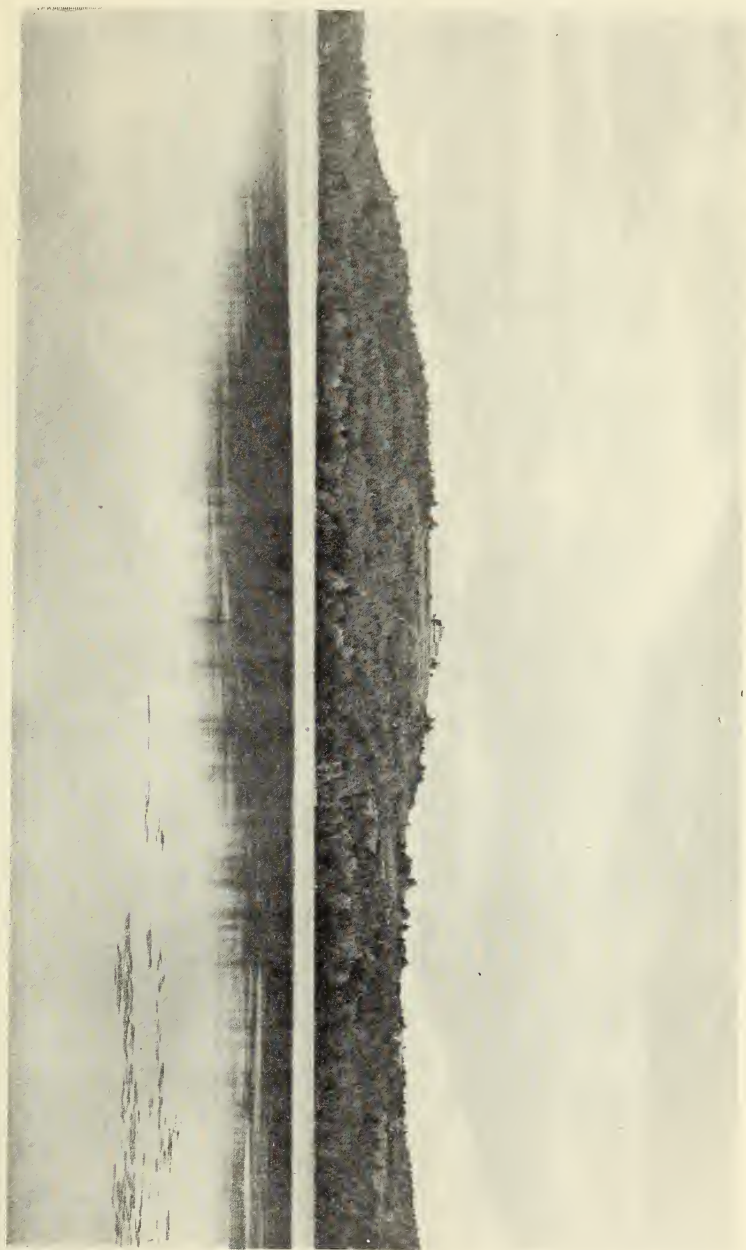
be included in a square, the side of which measures twenty-five miles. For many happy summers the inn at West Ossipee was the accustomed place of meeting for Whittier and his friends, among whom Lucy Larcom may be particularly mentioned as a fellow worker in letters. Here the poet, with his group of associates, young and old, gathered about the evening fireside, would listen with zest to the tale of the day's adventures, and join heartily in the merriment of the hour. For among his intimate friends, Whittier's reputation as a teller of stories and a maker of pleasant talk almost equals his reputation as a poet. The name of the hostelry thus made fragrant with happy memories was the Bearcamp House, although Whittier, in his prefatory note to the "Voyage of the Jettie," speaks of it as the "Way-side Inn." It was burned down in 1881, much to the poet's regret. All that is now left of it is the cel-

lar-place, overgrown with a tangle of bushes. But the peaceful street of the village remains, and over it one of the two new inns hangs out its picturesque sign-board of Revolutionary fashion, while the other extends to the visitor the welcoming arms of its broad piazza. The Bearcamp River winds along the roadway in its stony channel, and can be traced in its meandering for many miles. Of literary interest is the traditional spot near the covered bridge, whence the *Jettie*, named in honor of "the Bay State's graceful daughter,"



THE WELL ON THE STURTEVANT FARM.

SQUAM LAKE AND SHEPARD HILL.





THE WOODLAND PATH AT THE STURTEVANT FARM.

Mrs. Jettie Morrill Wason, was launched.

“On she glided, overladen,
With merry man and maiden
Sending back their song and laughter.
While, perchance, a phantom crew,
In a ghostly birch canoe,
Paddled dumb and swiftly after!”

“All the pines that
o'er her hung
In mimic sea-tones
sung
The song familiar
to her;
And the maples
leaned to screen
her,
And the meadow
grass seemed
greener,
And the breeze
more soft to woo
her!”

“Dies now the gay
persistence
Of song and laugh in
distance;
Alone with me re-
maining
The stream, the quiet
meadow,
The hills in shine and shadow,
The sombre pines complaining.”

At the request of the same lady, who also first sang it, was composed the love song, “The Henchman,” by no means so much read as it deserves. It is hard to resist the impression that



THE WHITTIER PINE, ABOVE SQUAM LAKE.

the unfulfilled love which found expression in "My Playmate," and in "Memories," and which perhaps is hinted in the concluding stanza of "Maud Muller," was also the inspiration of this mediæval picture of a self-effacing lover, forever faithful, seeking no sign that his lady shares his passion.

There are other unpublished poems relating to the shores of the Bearcamp, and at least two such poems that have been published. "How They Climbed Chocorua" belongs to the former group, and humorously celebrates the adventures of seven of

Of the two published poems that relate to the Bearcamp country, one deserves a word by itself. The inquisitive sojourner in West Ossipee is likely to find himself confused in his attempts to discover historical basis for that popular narrative poem, "Among the Hills." Surely Whittier never wrote a better bit of description than this:

"The locust by the wall
Stabs the noon-silence with his sharp
alarm;"

and the rest of the prelude is note-



Photograph by Arthur M. Comey.

MOUNT WHITTIER FROM TAMWORTH.

the poet's young friends, who spent the night on the horned mountain. The Knox brothers, who were accustomed to furnish bear steak to the inn, acted as guides in this adventure, and the poem celebrating the ascent was read by Lucy Larcom at a husking in the Knox barn, not far from the inn, soon after the party returned. The poem was read as coming from an unknown writer, although everybody knew that Whittier, who sat silently by, must be the author. As a reward, the poet was presented with the bear skin that was then stretching on the barn door.

worthy as containing a plea for beauty in the humblest life. The body of the poem, as many readers will remember, begins with the description of a brilliant autumn day, presaging winter, while filled with memories of June.

"Above his broad lake, Ossipee,
Once more the sunshine wearing,
Stooped, tracing on that silver shield
His grim armorial bearing."

In the afternoon of this glorious day, made more resplendent by contrast with the preceding weeks of rain, the poet is driving, "my hostess

at my side," on an errand that takes them to a certain white farmhouse,

"Where taste had wound its arms of vines
Round thrift's uncomely rudeness."

"The sun-brown farmer in his frock
Shook hands, and called to Mary:
Bare-armed, as Juno might, she came,
White-aproned from her dairy.

"Her air, her smile, her motions, told
Of womanly completeness;
A music as of household songs
Was in her voice of sweetness."

The farmer straightway falls in love with the beautiful city maiden, who playfully puts aside his advances until his passionate rejoinder convinces her that his life happiness depends upon her answer. Then she gracefully avows that she loves him. The result is a marriage that establishes the maiden among the mountains, a centre of refinement and a revealer of nature's loveliness to those who have hitherto been unseeing.



THE LAUNCHING PLACE OF THE "JETTIE."

On the way home the hostess tells how this cultivated wife came to be in the honest farmer's home:

"From school and ball and rout she came,
The city's fair, pale daughter,
To drink the wine of mountain air
Beside the Bearcamp Water!"

She tells how her step grew firm and cheeks blooming.

"For health comes sparkling in the streams
From cool Chocorua stealing;
There's iron in our northern winds,
Our pines are trees of healing."

"The coarseness of a ruder time
Her finer mirth displaces,
A subtler sense of pleasure fills
Each rustic sport she graces.

"Her presence lends its warmth and health
To all who come before it.
If woman lost us Eden, such
As she alone restore it."

The farmer becomes prosperous, and in due time is sent as representative to the General Court.

The verisimilitude of such details naturally provokes inquiry. "Who was the sun-brown farmer?" Who in real life was the city bred "Mary"



Photograph by Arthur C. Smith.

THE OSSIPEE MOUNTAIN.

that he wedded, each thus experiencing, in their perfect union, "the giving that is gaining"? And who was the "hostess," who told the story so circumstantially to the poet, as he drove at evening by her side to buy some butter from the proud housewife? More than one student has tried to answer these questions, and has weighed the probabilities which attach to the legend

each one of the neighboring farmers who married maidens from the city. Now and then, some misguided questioner, by letter or by personal interview, has made inquiry of those patient women, who, at one time or another, served as hostess of the old Bearcamp River House. Some wielders of the modern camera have even carried off in triumph a photograph of house or gravestone, hugging it as an au-



Photograph by Arthur C. Smith.

LAKE WINNEPESAUKEE.

thetic memento. But, so far as the heroine of the poem is concerned, Whittier's own words set the matter forever at rest. In a letter written shortly after the burning of the Bearcamp House he says: "The lady of the poem 'Among the Hills' was purely imaginary. I was charmed with the scenery in Tamworth and West

remarking that three mountains have, at one time or another, laid claim to Whittier as godfather. As one may see on recent maps, the two noble hills in South Tamworth, whose bases may be said to meet, while their sky-lines are quite distinct, are called Whittier and Larcom, and thus fitly typify the friendship and fellowship of their namesakes. Formerly the mountain now called Larcom was called Whittier. But the late Mr. M. F. Sweetser, who named this mountain for the Quaker poet, consented to the change of name proposed by the Appalachian Club, and when the matter was left to a vote of the people of Tamworth, in town meeting assembled, they approved the new name, "Larcom," which, in consequence, as it now appears upon the maps, is sufficiently authorized, while "Whittier" appropriately designates the larger and loftier of these two neighboring mountains. The third claimant of the poet as godfather is a pretty hill in West Ossipee, whose ascending path starts not far from the launching place of the *Jettie*. Once up the hill, the climber, gets an entrancing view of the valley of the Bearcamp, such as might well suggest a loving description like that in "Sunset on the Bearcamp":



ST. MARY'S ARCH, OSSIPEE PARK.

Ossipee, and tried to call attention to it in a story." This letter is given at page 669 of Mr. Pickard's biography, to which friends of Whittier must always be deeply indebted. In the earliest version of the poem, the landlord, not the landlady, tells the story.

Before leaving the region of West Ossipee and Tamworth, it is worth

"A gold fringe on the purpling hem
Of hills, the river runs,
As down its long green valley falls
The last of summer's suns.
Along its tawny gravel-bed
Broad flowing, swift and still,
As if its meadow levels felt
The hurry of the hill,
Noiseless between its banks of green
From curve to curve it slips;



Photograph by Mabel E. Anderson.
OSSIPEE LAKE.

The drowsy maple-shadows rest
Like fingers on its lips."

"Touched by a light that hath no name,
A glory never sung,
Aloft on sky and mountain wall
Are God's great pictures hung."

The local tradition is that Whittier used to climb the hill, by no means an impossible task for an active man of sixty-nine; but the Quaker bard was a semi-invalid during his successive summers in this place, and at the date of the poem was accustomed to let his younger friends go mountain climbing without him.

Several summers were spent in part at the Asquam House, in Holderness, on the summit of Shepard Hill. It was at the Asquam House that the lines on the death of Longfellow were written in a volume of his poems. It was from the veranda of the house that Whittier watched the progress of the tempest limned in powerful lines in his "Storm on Lake Asquam," and it was from the same inn that the following letter was sent to Mrs. Fields:

"Thy dear letter comes to me here, and I have read it where this beautiful but unhistoric lake stretches away before me, green-gemmed with islands, until it loses itself in the purple haze of the Gunstock Mountains, whose summits reddened in the setting sun. . . . I left Amesbury yesterday in a hot southerly rainstorm; but just as we reached Alton Bay the wind shifted to the north-northeast and blew a gale, scattering the clouds, and by the time our steamer passed out of the bay into the lake the water was white-capped, and waves broke heavily on the small islands, flinging their foam and spray against the green foliage on the shores. It was pleasant to see again the rugged mass of Ossipee loom up before us, and the familiar shapes of the long Sandwich range come slowly into view. To-day the weather is perfect.—clear



Photograph by E. D. Holmes.
LITTLE MOUNTAIN AND MOUNT LARCOM.



BOAR'S HEAD, HAMPTON BEACH.

keen sunshine, and cool, bracing wind. The season is rather late, and the sweetbrier roses are still in bloom, and these often parched hill slopes are now green as your English downs."

The Gunstock Mountains mentioned above, or "peaks of Gunstock," as the twin summits were otherwise called, are now united as Mount Belknap.

At Asquam Lake, Whittier met gladly some of General Armstrong's teachers from the Hampton Institute in Virginia, and to this region he would urge his friends to come to visit him ere it should be too late. He never tired of the Asquam Lakes, in storm and sunshine, and speaks of them as "the loveliest lakes of New England." Again, he says: "Such a sunset the Lord never before painted." The summit of Shepard Hill, upon which the Asquam House stands, affords outlook to the horizon on every side. In "The Hilltop," one aspect of the view is thus described:

"There towered Chocorua's peak;
and west,

Moosehillock's woods were seen,
With many a nameless slide-scarred
crest
And pine-dark gorge between.
Beyond them, like a sun-rimmed cloud,
The great Notch mountains shone,
Watched over by the solemn-browed
And awful face of stone!"

Our shy poet abandoned this wide prospect only when the crowds of curious visitors became annoying to him.

It may seem strange to those who have visited but one of these places that Whittier preferred the Asquam lakes to the outlook from Ossipee Park, high up on Ossipee Mountain. The lofty plateau is commanding, the sight satisfying of Winnepesaukee and its dotting islands, with perchance a glimpse of the lake steamboat, the *Mount Washington*, tiny in the distance, emitting its ribbon of smoke. Grandly impressive is the rocky gorge, carved by the streams of centuries, spanned by many rustic bridges, which overlook cascades and silent stony pools. When Whittier visited Ossipee Park in 1884, he was too feeble to climb up and down the steep pathways, and could not have gone so far as the chief cataract. Nor did he thrust his hand into that rocky



THE GOVE HOUSE AT HAMPTON FALLS, WHERE WHITTIER DIED.

cave known as "the devil's den," in which His Satanic Majesty might still take refuge, if he were now no larger than the serpent that tempted Eve. But there was a seat the Quaker poet loved, where he could muse upon a waterfall as it slipped from pool to pool, under a leaning leafy birch near "Mary's Arch," and there still hangs a painted piece of wood bearing the year and day of his reverie.

It may have been this ascent of Ossipee Mountain that he had in mind when he said that he had once looked down upon the scene from another mountain and found that it had lost its charm. But it is certain that the lake whose Indian name he had written meant "the Smile of God," was a lasting source of rest and inspiration. It is commemorated in at least four of his poems: "The Lakeside," "Summer by the Lakeside," "A Summer Pilgrimage," and "A Legend of the Lake." Whittier, in his later years, used to like the hotel at Centre Harbor, partly because of its earlier associations with his sister Elizabeth. No doubt there are "summer people" at Centre Harbor, who, treading the shores of Winnepesaukee, pass the site of the deed celebrated in the last-named poem without being aware of it. On the other hand, scarcely a week of the summer goes by without some one stopping at the home of "Squire Dow" to ask if this really is the dwelling that was once on fire, and into which rushed the half-crazed man, determined to save from the flames the prized armchair of his dead mother. The house now standing was built by its present occupant on the very spot of the dwelling thus destroyed in the winter of 1853-4, and is of the same general plan. The victim was a man of legal education, well informed, but dissipated. In vain his neighbors tried to dissuade him, then an elderly man, from entering the burning building. He plunged into the fire as if to atone for all his shortcomings by one final and commanding act of self-sacrifice.

It is possible to visit Sturtevant Farm by driving up the long steep hill that leads out of Centre Harbor. Here can still be seen the room which Whittier used to occupy during the seven consecutive years of his visits, and the old four-poster in which he used to sleep, originally the property of Robert Fowle, the first Episcopal rector at Holderness. Here, too, is the desk at which Whittier wrote. Across the hall one is shown the bed-chamber of Lucy Larcom, for she did literary work in this very room. At the rear of the house is a charming woodland path of shade, along which Whittier used to wander, past the little family burying ground, until he came to the great pine and its prospect over Lake Asquam.

"Alone, the level sun before;
Below, the lake's green islands;
Beyond, in misty distance dim,
The rugged northern highlands."

Under this spreading tree many social hours were spent with books and conversation, and one evening in 1885 Whittier surprised his friends by reading to them, in sonorous tones, his "Wood Giant,"

"Dark Titan on his Sunset Hill,
Of time and change defiant!"

Is there not something of personal reference in the fancies awakened by the great pine tree's mystic rune?

"Was it the half unconscious moan
Of one apart and mateless,
The weariness of unshared power,
The loneliness of greatness?"

White-spined Melvin Village, although on Lake Winnepesaukee, and the scene of "The Grave by the Lake," was probably never visited by Mr. Whittier. This is the opinion of the inhabitants, and it also helps to explain the inaccuracies of the poem, which assumes that the spot where bones of a giant were unearthed is identical with that traditionally regarded as a tribal grave of the Ossipee Indians. There is no "great

mound" such as the note prefatory to the poem declares to be "at the mouth of the Melvin River." Mr. C. W. Davis of Melvin, who first visited the traditional mound forty-five years ago, has in his possession "A Gazetteer of the State of New Hampshire: by John Farmer and Jacob B. Moore: embellished with an accurate Map of the State, and several other engravings: By Abel Bowen. Concord: published by Jacob B. Moore, 1823." On page 191 of this interesting old book, under the heading "Moultonborough," occurs the following passage:

"On the line of Tuftonboro, on the shore of the lake, at the mouth of Melvin River, a gigantic skeleton was found about fifteen years since, buried in a sandy soil, apparently that of a man more than seven feet high—the jaw bones easily passing over the face of a large man. A tumulus has been discovered on a piece of newly cleared land, of the length and appearance of a human grave, and handsomely rounded with small stones, not found in this part of the country; which stones are too closely placed to be separated by striking an ordinary blow with a crowbar, and bear marks of being a composition. The Ossipee tribe of Indians once resided in this vicinity, and some years since a tree was standing in Moultonborough on which was carved in hieroglyphics the history of their expedition."

It is easy to see how a reader might assume that the first two sentences of this extract refer to the same place. As matter of fact, the skeleton was found a mile and a half from the place where the "tumulus" used to be known to the boys of the neighborhood as the Indian grave. Apparently Whittier, naturally enough, confused the two objects, and transferred the giant skeleton to the Indian burial mound.

Colonel Higginson, in his "Contemporaries," has referred to Whittier's surpassing claim to the laureateship as poet of New England. If one

should need further witness to Whittier's love for New Hampshire, in particular, the published correspondence and other prose writings will be found to contain many incidental touches betokening his interest in "the wild and lonely hills and valleys" he knew so well. Always there is the tone of joy in the prospect of visiting these beloved scenes, if he is away from them, or of perfect contentment if he is face to face with their satisfying charm. To Emerson he writes: "I must go up among the New Hampshire hills, away from the sea." Perhaps the most striking single passage illustrating Whittier's transcendent regard for external nature is put into the mouth of Doctor Singletary, a character on the lines of Ian McClaren's Doctor MacLure and Whitcomb Riley's "Doc Sifers." To the good doctor heaven would be welcome, should it bear the familiar aspect of earth. He says to a friend:

"Have you not felt at times that our ordinary conceptions of heaven itself, derived from the vague hints and Oriental imagery of the Scriptures, are sadly inadequate to our human wants and hopes? How gladly would we forego the golden streets and the gates of pearl, the thrones, temples and harps, for the sunset lights of our native valleys; the wood-paths, whose moss carpets are woven with violets and wild flowers; the songs of the birds, the low of cattle, the hum of bees in the apple blossoms, the sweet, familiar voices of human life and nature! In the place of strange splendors and unknown music, should we not welcome rather whatever reminded us of the common sights and sounds of our old home?"

For a third of a century the poet of New England's life and various moods found recreation and stimulus in the sweet mid-region of New Hampshire. Here he met his friends in that intimate converse that he dearly loved. Here he talked, and read, and wrote, while the wind

played its melodies through pine and maple, or rippled the bosom of the shining lake. Here he found on page and tongue the legends that the people knew, and turned them into song. Here his humor found vent in youthful sallies that vied with the spirits of his younger companions, or took shape in some impromptu rhyme that might be incorporated into the letter he was writing, or might be repeated to some laughing listener as too slight

to be set down upon paper. It was of the New Hampshire hills that he said, "Nature never disappoints me," a sentence uttered more than once and of more than one place, so that it may be said to comprehend his feeling for the great world of earth and sky, which has moved so many poets to rapturous expression, as it has entered into the soul of many another man whose heart has felt although his lips are dumb.

OLD HOME WEEK IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

By William H. Burnham of Clark University.



WICE during the year 1899 Governor Rollins of New Hampshire broke the monotony of gubernatorial routine by an unusual appeal to the

people. In proclaiming the annual Fast he called attention to the decadence of religious life in the country towns of the state, making so grave a charge that much comment and discussion were aroused. A little later he suggested setting apart the last week in August to be observed as "Old Home Week" by inviting home the absent sons and daughters of the state. Possibly the criticism implied in the earlier proclamation had some effect in stimulating the rural communities to improve the opportunity suggested in the later appeal. At all events many towns responded heartily to the governor's suggestion, and the week was a notable one on the hills of the Granite State.

The plan adopted was briefly as follows: A New Hampshire Old Home Week Association was formed with the object of increasing an interest in the state, both among her citizens and among natives of the state in other parts of the world. Under the

efficient management of the officers of this association,—Governor Rollins as president, H. H. Dudley as treasurer, Nahum J. Batchelder as secretary, and Edward N. Pearson, William H. Stinson and Henry H. Metcalf as executive committee,—some seventy local associations were also formed. These local associations prepared lists of former residents of their respective towns and sent them invitations to return on Old Home Day. They also collected funds and made the necessary arrangements for the celebration of the day. It was essentially a rural reception and primarily in the interests of the rural communities. To understand its significance we must note briefly some aspects of rural New Hampshire.

A few years ago the number of abandoned farms in the state, the increasing occasion for the scornful to laugh at "a poverty that paid its taxes," and the decadence of the social and intellectual life of the rural communities, caused anxiety for the future of a state that has had a past, that has at least produced men as well as rocks, and has always used the latter, in Senator Depew's phrase, to furnish "tombs for her invaders and monuments for her heroes." But the tide seems already to have turned.

The scenery of the state and the streams of health in her mountains have brought back permanent citizens as well as guests, many of both classes sons of the commonwealth. To aid this movement, and especially to draw back the old natives, Governor Rollins suggested the Old Home Week; and in his addresses he emphasized the physical and educational advantages of the state, as the following sentences spoken at the Concord meeting will illustrate:

"It is our intention to make our state so attractive that you will all be glad to return to it permanently instead of as summer guests. We have the best foundation in the world to work on,—a splendid and invigorating climate and scenery whose grandeur and loveliness are unexcelled. We believe that by proper farming every acre of arable land can be made to pay as it is in Switzerland, and we believe that by proper laws our state can be reforested and still furnish large amounts of lumber annually. We have today some of the best educational institutions in the country,—Dartmouth College, the New Hampshire College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts, Phillips Academy, Exeter, and St. Paul's School, Concord, and others which you are familiar with, and it is our intention to bring our district schools up to the best standard by means of state aid. We have already begun a system of state roads or boulevards, and the visitor of ten years hence will bowl along over as good roads as there are in Massachusetts. You will see that we shall then have to offer you not only the beauties of our scenery, not only the stimulating effects of our climate, not only excellent fishing and hunting, but a region in a high state of cultivation, with extensive forests, good roads, fine schools, and, best of all, a contented and prosperous people."^{*}

As a typical example of the reunions held, perhaps no better could be chosen than that which the writer had the privilege of attending at Dunbarton—a little village some eight hundred feet above sea level, ten miles from Concord, the centre of a town without railroad, telegraph,

telephone, lawyer or physician. The celebration began with a bonfire on the highest hill in the town, a most appropriate place, commanding a view of nearly every county in the state, an almost unrivalled landscape from the Uncanoonucks at the south, with Monadnock, Lovell, Sunapee and the intervening hills at the west, to hills ranged tier above tier at the north; Kearsarge and Belknap in the foreground, the Franconia and Sandwich ranges and Chocorua and Mt. Washington in the distance; the horizon on the east illuminated by the electric lights of the chief cities of the state. It was continued Sunday by a union meeting, when the Congregational Church was filled as it had not been for years. On Tuesday, the Old Home Day, there were the usual features of a rural celebration—the continuous performance of the local band, a bicycle race, a shooting match, the great dinner in the "Old Meeting House." There were some features that were unusual—a museum of colonial antiquities, collected and arranged by the energy and public spirit of Mrs. Charles F. M. Stark, and the addresses of the governor, the senior senator, and others. It was essentially, however, a social reception by a rural community. Guests came in large numbers, not only from the neighboring cities of Manchester and Concord, but from distant states. Friends and relatives who had not met for years renewed their acquaintance; and without formality enough to check free intercourse and without noise and tinsel enough to foster vulgarity, as a social occasion it was a great success.

The celebration gave occasion to recall the names on the town's roll of honor. The list of those who have gone out from the town to other states is a long one and includes many distinguished names, among them Chancellor Hoyt of the dead and Carroll D. Wright of the living. Those who remained at home were perhaps equally worthy and capable.

^{*} See Report, "Old-Home Week in New Hampshire" (p. 54), 1899.

I have heard Mr. Joseph G. Edgerly, the veteran superintendent of schools at Fitchburg, remark that for intelligence, ability and good judgment he would match the best of them against an equal number from the United States Senate. Mr. Edgerly is not a cynic in regard to the personnel of Congress, and yet at the Dunbarton meeting he said: "The study of the character of the men and women of those days is to me a theme of the greatest importance. I can recall the names of men whom I was accustomed to see in this house of worship Sunday after Sunday—men who would be considered the peers of those who are now members of state legislatures or who represent this and other states at the national capital. Dunbarton, in common with other towns in the old Granite State, may well feel proud of the men whom we of our generation were wont to respect and to revere in our boyhood."

Similar celebrations in some forty other towns have been reported—in the more enterprising places, a bonfire, a brass band of country youths, a few speeches, a dinner, a shooting match, and an invitation to your friends to come each year and hear the noise. What does it all amount to?

First of all, as Governor Rollins frankly admits, it is an advertisement. The news has been spread by the newspapers and private correspondence throughout the country. It has called attention anew to the virtues and beauties of the Granite State. It brought many people back to the state temporarily; it is likely to bring back some permanently. The value of property in New Hampshire towns is appreciably higher than it was a year ago. But a deeper influence than this has been felt. The public consciousness in rural communities is apt to be very drowsy. Where the Old Home Week was celebrated, something like a township consciousness was aroused and unified; at least if the Dunbarton experience

which I shared may be taken as typical, this seems to be true. For the first time since the centennial celebration of the founding of the town, the citizens came together animated by a single aim. They were not, for the time being, Democrats and Republicans, or Congregationalists, Baptists and Episcopalians, or churchgoers and non-churchgoers, but for once simply fellow-townsmen. That the addresses were given in the Congregational Church was due to the fact that it was the largest and most convenient building for the purpose: as one of the speakers said, it was no longer the Congregational Church, but simply the church of the fathers and of the town.

Nothing could be better to stimulate a township consciousness than this coöperation of all citizens in a disinterested way for a public purpose. Nothing does so much for the development of public spirit as the actual exhibition of public spirit; and this was an opportunity improved by the townspeople to sacrifice something for the one common public end. A rural community of only five or six hundred souls scattered over some twenty-five square miles fed twice its population, and almost every man asked to do so contributed money to the fund. So rare was the croaker, that the man who prophesied the town would be bankrupt represented a very lonesome minority.

Again, the observance of the day increased the self-respect of the town. To recall the memories of a virile and honorable past, to call the roll of distinguished sons, to have the fact demonstrated that the old associations connected with the town could bring back its absent sons and daughters and induce the governor and other eminent men to join in the celebration, and most of all for the town to provide hospitality suitable for the occasion,—all this gave a healthy feeling of pride and self-esteem.

There are certain reasons why New Hampshire especially needs the stim-

ulus that comes from memory of the past, contact with the outside world, interchange of opinion with those holding different standards of judgment, united effort for the public good, and consideration of higher ideals. There is a considerable floating population even in the rural communities. In some towns the native population is no longer in the majority. In an address at Concord, President Tucker of Dartmouth cited a concrete illustration of this. "New Hampshire," he said, "contrary to our understanding of it at first thought, is in a state of flux. There is a constant movement, not only out of the state, but into the state. A movement is going on within the state, not simply by change from one town to another, but by steady migration within as well as without. I asked the selectmen of the town of Hanover yesterday how many voters were natives. The first selectman said there were upon the voting list about six hundred names, and that, of this six hundred, one hundred and thirty were natives. Hanover is not an exceptional town. The foreign population in the voting list represents, perhaps, the average town in New Hampshire. The natives are not in the majority."

While this foreign element lacks the old ideals, the natives often lack moral and social perspective—a far more serious fault than is usually supposed. The sterling virtues of New Hampshire farmers have been duly extolled. Among them are not merely industry, thoroughness, integrity, patriotism, but the subtle charm of good fellowship and the joy of right living. I have known men on these rugged farms who had the secret of Stevenson's Lantern Bearers. Although to the casual observer their life seems hard, monotonous and barren, there is always some golden chamber at the heart of it in which they dwell delighted. The secret of the Lantern Bearers is with those who have them, and some of us who have gone out from the New Hampshire towns like

to go back to learn this secret anew. It must be admitted, however, that they have their faults as well. These are probably not as bad as those of the city, but they are different; and hence it is not difficult for the urban visitor to point them out. The country people are often the victims of their virtues. Industry and conscientiousness will make a man respectable; but if he tries to meet new conditions by old methods and has not learned to sacrifice what is good for what is better, these very virtues will be his undoing. Over and over the tragedy of the ancient parable is repeated, and while the farmer is infinitely busy here and there, the hostage for the highest good is gone. Health, education, the right bringing up of children, are certainly among the highest goods; but busy as the farmer is from the dark hours in the morning into the darker hours at night in order to obtain a living and some of the conventional instruments of education, he neglects the excellent opportunities for education that he possesses. It is pathetic that these highland people with such capacity and opportunity for genuine living have so little time for it.

Thus the population in New Hampshire is in a state of flux. The social and educational ideals in many places are changing, perhaps degenerating. Some in the community are striving hard to keep up the old ideals and old modes of life; others have very low ideals or none at all. Many in all classes are discontented; infected with the unrest of the times, they have failed to see that one of the great remedies for this unrest is the very beauty and simplicity by which they are surrounded. The great need is a truer perspective of life and a better appreciation of the opportunities offered in such a place for education and happiness. Oppressed by poverty and monotonous toil, often feeling a great discontent, the people of New Hampshire are liable to strive for what is unattainable and mean-

while ignore certain unrivalled opportunities that lie close at hand. This is often seen in the attempts at education, both in the school and outside. The New England mountain region is the real kindergarten of the country. It has been New Hampshire's boast in the past that she has produced men. New Hampshire's farms have always been the place for hard and relatively unremunerative work, and to-day the opportunities for making money are little better, if as good, than they were in the past; but these rugged farms have always been excellent places for the education of children, and the product of New Hampshire schools and home education has furnished the best of evidence for this statement. Some of the elements in this education can easily be distinguished. It has been adapted to the individual and not a mechanized system for groups of children of different tastes and capacity. The play outside the school and the work on the farm have developed independence, self-reliance, the ability to do something, and adaptability; even the climate, where at certain seasons the children skate in the morning and sail their boats on the same pool of water in the afternoon, has been an appreciable element in this education. The farm has given an almost unrivalled opportunity for developing interest in the elements of the different sciences, geography, botany, zoölogy, and the like; and the fireside has often been the place for very effective study even of the Latin grammar, Homer and Euclid. The village church, too, has had a vital influence in the formation of character. The church, the farm, the home, have shared with the school in producing New Hampshire's long line of distinguished sons—her Webster, her Dix, her Horace Greeley, her Professor Young.

Such opportunities for education still remain. The New Hampshire hillside furnishes the ideal educational environment, and it is the best possible place for the study of nature at

first hand. Take a single illustration:

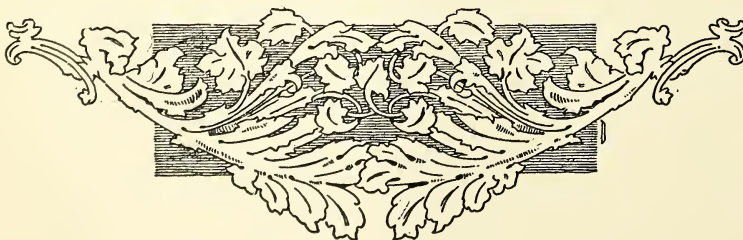
Professor Geddes spends years of time, travels thousands of miles, enlists the sympathy and coöperation of scientific men the world over, in order at great expense to erect an eighty-foot globe at the Paris Exposition to teach geography in an objective manner and show that it represents the unity of all the sciences, especially in their relation to man. In a typical New Hampshire town, from the hilltop near a rural schoolhouse, one can see nearly all the typical elementary features of the earth's landscape, from the White Mountains at the north to the low hills beyond which lies the ocean at the southeast, and far and near the hillsides dotted with villages, churches and farmhouses, the smoke of locomotives curling upward among the trees in the valleys, and altogether a large section of the globe as it actually exists, an unrivalled opportunity to teach geography at first hand in its true aspect,—the description of the earth as the home of man and the synthesis of all the sciences. This is precisely the thing which the ideal school on a western prairie or a large city would try to represent objectively by relief maps and sand-pile landscape or the like; and yet on account of tradition or the desire to ape the methods in vogue elsewhere, as soon as the teacher crosses the threshold of the schoolhouse she forgets the real world by which she is surrounded and tries to teach geography as a memoriter subject by means of chalk and maps and text-books.

The key words of modern education are development, individuality, self-activity, first-hand study of things, especially of living nature, adaptability, character, health. The hill town gives opportunity for all of these. Take the case of a New Hampshire farmer who desires to educate his boy. Suppose the unusual happens and he becomes wealthy. He resolves to spare no expense that his

son may have the best advantages, and so he consults the most progressive educational authority in the country. If the boy be under fifteen, the chances are more than even that the expert will send him back to the farm under the direction of a sensible tutor. The only serious difficulty is to provide suitable playmates of the boy's own age. If the boy be more than fifteen, the chances are even that the boy will be sent to Phillips Exeter or St. Paul's, New Hampshire's leading secondary schools, and two of the best in the country.

The Old Home Week movement is not then a mere advertisement; it should never be allowed to degenerate into any such thing. It promises to initiate an important educational movement. New Hampshire needs a social and educational renaissance. Not abandoned farms, but abandoned ideals should be her fear. She needs higher political ideals; she needs a reorganization of her agricultural life and readjustment of agricultural industry in a line parallel with new conditions; her school methods need reorganization; in a word, New Hampshire needs a true perspective of life. Her people should learn to see the unrivalled opportunities for education that are at hand, and should learn to utilize them instead of fostering discontent and unrest by desiring what is unattainable, and, if attainable, frequently of far less value than what they have. The Old Home Week movement promises to do

much toward bringing about such a renaissance. It affords an opportunity for recalling the sturdy virtues of the past which have made New Hampshire's record so creditable. Such celebrations as the rural communities have had at the governor's suggestion are mnemonic devices of great educational value. They also bring contact with the outside world, with men of different views, of different standards of judgment. Old Home Week should give the people of the state broader and saner views of their own life and of the function of such a state in a country like our own. It is likely to make the people more contented, and at least to make them appreciate better the real opportunities for living which they possess; and most of all, perhaps, its moral and educational influence is likely to come from the fact that by making the effort required for such hospitality and such celebration of the past, certain public virtues, such as united effort for a common end, without sectarianism and partisanship, are developed in the most effective way, by actual practice of such virtues. If the advertising and commercial features of the movement are made purely incidental, and the emphasis is placed upon what is of educational significance, then Governor Rollins will have builded far better than any one knew and begun a social and educational revival which never could have been brought about by newspaper and magazine articles and sermons.





· THE · HAUNTED · HOUSE ·

By Charles Francis Saunders.

THE pleasantest place on earth to me
Is a haunted house that I know ;
The windows are open towards the sun ;
By the door the violets blow ;
All summer the breezes bring odor of mint,
And the robins come and go.

For this is the home of the friend that I love ;
And the spirits that haunt the spot
Are spirits of sympathy and cheer,
And the trust that wavers not.

THE HILLS OF HOME.

By Richard Burton.

AFTER the mighty levels of the West,
The far horizon and the open quest,—
Back to the land of mists and memories,
Hooded with trees and topped by dappled skies,
Back to the valleys, whence the sun upclomb
The hills of home!

Now let my dead youth have her way with me ;
This is a dream-while ; I am glad to be
Pinned in by orchards, set about with pines,
Lured down long vistas that the soul divines ;
The West anon,—boylike to-day I roam
The hills of home!

ARE THE MASSACHUSETTS COUNTRY TOWNS DEGENERATING?

By *A. E. Winship.*



SUCH has been said of late in various quarters about the degeneracy of many of the old Massachusetts hill towns. I believe that many statements which have been made have given the country at large an unfair impression regarding changes in the social conditions of Massachusetts. I do not here say what I have to say without much personal experience and knowledge. I was born in a rural town of Massachusetts, and have known this town and the group of neighboring towns all my life. Twenty-five years ago I had driven for recreation and study through more than ninety-five per cent of the towns of the state, and I have revisited nearly all of these towns within the past ten years. I have an intimate and long acquaintance with several rural towns in every county. Since the recent magazine discussion began I have made a special study of many of these towns for verification of facts and impressions.

The impression is very general outside of New England that Boston itself has gone to the bad. If one asks why this assumption, he is told that Boston is Democratic in politics and that her Democracy is Irish. In the first place, municipal Democracy in Boston is not so bad as municipal Republicanism in several other cities, as can easily be demonstrated, and will, I think, be immediately conceded. Irish Democracy in Boston is the cleanest Democracy in any northern city. Boston has been the most honestly and progressively administered of any American city of its size for the past five years or for any five years in

the past half century. She has as a whole the best streets, sidewalks, parks, boulevards, railway stations, subway, fire system, sewer system, police system, courts and schools of any city of the size in America. She has had fewer scandals and shorter lived political bosses than any other large city. In no other city has municipal control been so frequently changed from one political party to the other, and in no city have both parties had so good a class of politicians in municipal leadership. These statements are made with facts to back them, and with no pretension that the millennium has come in Boston. It may be said further that no class of foreigners have become more thoroughly Americanized than the Irish of Boston; that no class of American citizens, who have inherited no greater wealth and had no higher privileges of education than they, have become equally thrifty and influential. Boston is Democratic—however good or bad that term may be—only when there is no possible division between Irish and American interests; and Boston would never be Democratic and would never have been so, if she had extended her name over her suburbs as other cities have done. Cambridge, Somerville, Quincy, Milton, Hyde Park, Newton, Waltham, Watertown, Belmont, Arlington, Lexington, Medford, Winchester, Malden, Stoneham, Melrose, Saugus, Lynn, Everett, Revere, Chelsea and Winthrop, with a united population of 500,000, each coming within ten miles of the City Hall of Boston, are invariably Republican cities. One of these cities alone has a usual majority of more than 3,000; and together they have a Republican majority twice as

great as any Democratic majority Boston can ever hope for in a city election.

Referring to the state as a whole, the cities are much more evenly distributed than in any other state. About 97 per cent of the population of Massachusetts is within fifteen miles of some city. Of no other state can a similar statement be made. The city population is better distributed than is usual among the cities as a whole. There are no classes of cities, outside of Boston; the cities grade down from 100,000 to 12,000 very gradually. There are in proportion more cities than in any other state, and they are more uniformly well governed. There is less "politics" in their administration; money is more equitably raised, more honestly handled and more wisely expended than in any equal number of cities of the same size or in any equal urban population in the new world. There is more material, social, political, moral and religious degeneracy in a strip one mile wide and five miles long in Chicago than in all the cities of Massachusetts, with the rural towns of the state thrown in for good Puritan measure.

Wealth is more evenly distributed in Massachusetts than in any other state. There are more millionaires in proportion to the multi-millionaires, more men worth \$100,000 in proportion to the millionaires, more men of \$5,000 in proportion to those of \$50,000. A larger percentage of the wealth goes out in disinterested efforts to improve the conditions of the world through relief, reform, benevolence and missions. There are more exacting and better enforced laws regarding sanitation in home and factory, regulating hours of labor and protecting working women and children. The industries are more diversified, employment is more constant, pay more frequent, and wages higher than in any equal population in the same area upon the face of the globe. These cities have better water,

better sewer systems, streets, sidewalks, libraries and inter-urban communication than any equal number of cities in five times the population or in ten times the state area anywhere in the country.

But how about the rural towns? It is here that Massachusetts has been most severely attacked. It may be said that, as a whole, they have the best roads in the country the year round, and most of them have some state road, which is the best rural roadway in America. They are nearer a good city market and have more frequent and comfortable access to cities by steam and electricity. The farmers get higher prices and have better markets for early vegetables, fowl, eggs and small fruits than those of any other state.*

It must be borne in mind that Massachusetts has attained and maintained this enviable position with an entire absence of all important natural resources in raw material, fuel and food, such as a beneficent Creator has furnished many other states. She pays vast sums to bring to her factories and her people iron and copper, hides and leather, wool and cotton, coal and lumber, sugar and rice, corn and wheat, hay and oats, beef, mutton and potatoes. She does not so much as raise her own pork and beans.

But has she not fallen behind the conditions which obtained in rural Massachusetts many years ago? This is quite generally believed; and we must, therefore, study the facts somewhat carefully.

First, in point of population,—yes, in a few instances, but not in enough to make this fact significant. The tendency of modern business, social and intellectual life, makes the cities attractive as they were not before, and it would be a very strange thing if the cities have not won materially from the rural population; but it will argue nothing regarding the degeneracy of the state if it is true. In fact, the

* New Jersey is perhaps an exception in this and in some other respects.

Massachusetts towns that have lost in population do not represent one per cent of the population, scarcely an important factor. A few farms have been abandoned, but they are almost invariably such as cannot support and never could have supported a family as the Massachusetts farmer of to-day will live. It is one of the best signs of the times that a man must be able to live relatively as well on a Massachusetts farm as he could hope to live in the city, or he will not stay there. There is scarcely a farmer in the state who does not get more money in a year than did the occupant of the same farm forty years ago, and the farms as a whole yield much more money than they did then. The Massachusetts farmhouse is better furnished, better provisioned and has more reading matter than of old.

The schools are much better than they were forty years ago, are in better buildings, are better heated and have better lavatories, with none of the vile defacements of those days. They have better furniture, with none of the knife work then so common. The course of study is more varied and more human; the school year is longer; the discipline is more reasonable and beneficial; the grounds are better kept; money is more honestly expended; teachers are better educated, are more professional, and are employed with more regard to their qualifications for teaching; and more children stay in school for advanced work. Indeed there is no phase of school work that is not far in advance of that of forty years ago. The laws contribute much to this progress, notably the enforcement of the compulsory school law, the centralizing of pupils by public transportation, the insistence that every town shall transport and pay the tuition of children in some neighboring high school if it does not maintain one of its own, free text-books, manual training, the almost universal introduction of the public library and its special use by the schools, and above all, expert su-

pervision of rural schools, with the requirement that the superintendent shall not have in charge more than fifty schools nor be paid less than \$1,500.

If the facts are so favorable, whence comes the contrary impression? In the first place, a man born in the country, who magnifies in memory the luxury of a boyhood appetite and friendship and forgets all the deprivations and denials of those days, goes from his luxurious city mansion back to the old homestead and draws a doleful picture of the present as compared with the past. His talk is often—not always—both foolish and mischievous. He would not put his child back into his attic bed, to live on his boyhood breakfasts and suppers, on his school benches, books and periodicals, with his childhood clothes, limited acquaintance and travel. It would be difficult to find one boy born in a Massachusetts town within the past ten years who does not have a greater variety of food, more and better clothes and books, a wider range of acquaintances, more healthful diversion, more travel and more inspiration than the ordinary boy had forty years ago.

A second reason for the false impression is that some city bred man, well educated and widely read, with social advantages, and with conceptions of country life born of "Snow Bound" and "Among the Hills"—beautiful pictures—goes to an old hill town for an experiment in teaching or preaching, and compares what is with that which would be his ideal in view of modern sociology and economics, and then clothes the contrast in fascinating rhetoric.

I do not mean to be captious about the critics of our Massachusetts hill towns. Some of the criticism is valid, intelligent and useful. Many of the evils specified are actual and gross; and many of the reforms suggested are worthy of serious consideration. What I do object to is any impression

that there is a general degeneracy or a tendency to it in the Massachusetts country.

There are degenerates in rural communities and in cities now, as there have been for more than two hundred years; but the degenerate families in the rural towns of the state are many less than they were forty years ago. As a whole, the degenerate families of forty years ago have shown decided improvement. From the middle of the last century until within twenty-five years degenerates were almost never regenerated. Within the last quarter-century, in almost all degenerate families, some of the children have become thoroughly creditable citizens, practically an unheard-of thing for a century and more before the civil war. These families are no longer illiterate, are seldom wholly shiftless, still more seldom are they violent, and the old-time meanness is fast disappearing. These improvements come because the children must go to school enough each year during a sufficient number of years to make a tangible impression upon intellect and character. They cannot stop going to school as early as formerly; and the school of to-day is more attractive to such children. There are no longer any considerable opportunities for hunting, fishing and trapping, that trio of temptations to degeneracy. Machinery is a great antiseptic for degeneracy. It has been demonstrated beyond question that it lifts a degenerate, physically, mentally and morally, to work at a machine nine hours a day for six days in the week. The factory crew is infinitely above the shop gang. There was an amount of vulgarity and profanity under old conditions that is rarely known among factory people. Persons are not so near together, the machines cannot be left to themselves long enough for the effective telling of an unpleasant story, and withal the machines are too noisy. Again, in "ye olden time," when a gang of from three to six men worked together, it

was an easy matter to go off hunting or fishing when the fever came upon a degenerate; but all that is out of the question under modern conditions. The crew goes on, and if one steps out needlessly he does not come back. There are no such opportunities as of old for a fellow to pick up a living at odd jobs. The world is systematized in its work even in rural districts, and this has borne fruit in the toning up of those who inherit degeneracy. It is true, of course, that occasionally the son of a good man goes astray; but for him to remain in the country is so exceptional that it is scarcely worthy of note.

If there is a stray town in Massachusetts—and there are such—that is out of the procession, that is not benefited by raising early vegetables, small fruits or "broilers," by butter making or taking summer boarders, it may be trusted to get into line before many years have passed. Electric cars and state highways will wake it up in good time.

But the church life? This has undoubtedly changed. In the nature of things the churches are the last to become modernized. The root element of orthodoxy—and country churches are mostly orthodox—is certainty that it is right. Whoever thinks it is not right is heterodox. A progressive age says that nothing is right that is not moving. It is no reflection on its religion or morals that a town moves faster than the church. When the rural churches adapt themselves to the times, as most city churches have done; when religious people care more for benefiting the community than for adhering to pet notions in theology or ecclesiasticism, and are willing to surrender all but one meeting-house to schools, the G. A. R. Post, the Grange or the Lodge; when it shall be regarded as a crime to use missionary money in coddling the sectarian freaks of a rural community; when it shall be an unwritten law that no town shall pay its religious leader less than is neces-

sary to secure talent worthy the cause,—then the rural church will be in step with rural supervision of schools, libraries, teaching and the state highways. No superintendent of schools in rural Massachusetts can receive less than \$1,500. Why should not a clergyman be paid as well? Schools out of the village are very generally closed and all the pupils are taught in one building. Why not close needless churches in the same way? Public conveyances take all pupils to school free of expense. Why not have it part of the church expenses to bring in the far-away families free of cost? Some day rural churches will be in line with progress. Until then, it is not the most startling matter in the world that they are not crowded.

But even in this matter of church attendance affairs are not so bad as they appear. The old-time church was not crowded. Not everybody went to meeting forty years ago. Going to church or belonging to the church did not represent religious character so much as it does to-day; and even now the Kingdom of God is not fully or exclusively actualized in the church. The church then was "the only thing." There was no Grange, no G. A. R. Post, no Lodge. There was no Sunday paper and no weekly or monthly magazine of the present attractive sort. The church provided the one society event of the week. One of the great attractions was the time between services, when the women visited and gossiped, the men congregated in the horse sheds, often maturing a "swap" of horses which were exchanged the next day, and the youths and maidens strolled through the graveyard talking of things not in the sermon.

A study of ancient church records reveals the fact that church members were repeatedly censured and forgiven for offences such as are connected in these days only with persons who keep far from church fel-

lowship. The greatest religious awakening of America, that which Jonathan Edwards was instrumental in starting, was not primarily the result of his terrific theology, but rather of his vigorous denunciation of improper practices among the young people of the church, which were then in good form, but which would now ostracize any family from respectable society; and finally Edwards was dismissed from his church by a vote of 200 to 20, not because of theological differences but because he insisted that church members should be disciplined for reading and circulating highly immoral books.

In no respect are matters as well as they should be; but they are rapidly improving in almost all ways. The rural schools of Massachusetts have made greater progress in the last ten years than in any other thirty years; highways have improved correspondingly, and so has street car travel.

Governor Rollins of New Hampshire made a notable sensation two years ago by an official declaration that his state had departed from the religious traditions of the fathers, and was religiously in a bad way. It happened that I was entertained at a farmhouse in a New Hampshire town about that time. After breakfast the family, the hired girl and three hired men—even though the butcher was waiting to buy a calf—gathered in the sitting room while the head of the house read a chapter from the Bible and led in a wholesome prayer. This was in the town where Governor Rollins was born. I suppose that many righteous men and women were praying to God that day in that town, and in the next, and the next. I suppose there was never so great a sum total of virtue or of Christlikeness in New Hampshire, or in Massachusetts, as there is to-day. Let us frankly recognize and seek to correct the evils; but let us keep our eyes open to the greater good.



A CONNECTICUT RIVER FERRY.

By Max Bennett Thrasher.

A RUSTY tin dinner horn hung on a post in front of me, and at my feet, flowing softly past the sandy bank into which the post was driven, was the Connecticut River. On the other side, shaded by huge buttonwood trees, was the ferryman's house; and the tin horn was his telephone.

My railway train had dropped me at one of the little brown wooden stations which dot the valley of the Connecticut River. This particular station was in Vermont, and I wanted to get over into New Hampshire. There was no bridge for several miles either way, up or down the river; but a sign-board beside the sandy road, pointing down toward the fringe of trees which hid the river from sight, said, "To the Ferry." I had picked up my bag and walked down through the leafy tunnel until I had come out upon the river bank, where the horn hung.

A long blast on the horn brought out from the back door of the ferryman's house a stout young man, bare-headed, whose sinewy arms, bared by the rolling of his shirt sleeves to the elbow, were as brown as his face. He stepped into a flat-bottomed blue skiff and came over after me. The river at this point is between four and five hundred feet wide, and in the low water of summer has little current.

Before the blue skiff had brought me over, a man in a buggy drove down the steep sandy road which leads to the river on the New Hampshire side. The ferryman came down from the house to meet him, passed

the time of day, and stepped on board the big, shallow scow in which teams are ferried across. The traveller drove his team on to the boat. The ferryman, standing at the end of the boat farthest from the shore, took firm hold of the stout wire rope to which the big craft hung, through pulleys raised at its side, and, walking slowly from that end of the boat to the other, started it and its load across the stream. When he had walked the length of the boat he went back, took a new hold, and walked again. Midway in the stream my skiff ferry met them. The passenger was sitting calmly in his buggy, talking crops, the horse quite heedless of the fact that the waters of the Connecticut were rippling within a few inches of him on every side,—for the ferryboat at its deepest place is only twenty inches deep. The ferryman, with his gray hair and patriarchal beard, might have been Charon, except for his genial blue eyes.

For pulling the heavy boat and its load across the river and then pulling it back again to his interrupted work, the ferryman is paid ten cents. The legal fee which he might charge is fifteen cents. The charges at a country ferry are more complicated than one would think at first, and a regular legal scale of charges is fixed by the commissioners of the county in which the ferry is located. A ferryman cannot charge more than the legal fee, but he may carry passengers for less, if he chooses. I think the common charge is generally a little under the

legal rate. At the ferry of which I write the charges, in addition to those which I have quoted, are fifteen cents for a double team, twenty cents for a heavily loaded team, and five cents extra for every horse, if more than two are carried at a time. Between the hours of 9 P. M. and 4 A. M. during spring, summer and fall, the law allows double fees,—and this for all hours between November 15 and the fifteenth of the next May. This is because crossing in the winter is so much more arduous on account of the river frequently being filled with floating ice or “snow-broth.” Cattle are carried over for five cents a head. Eight cows are a load, not because the boat would not carry more, but because the cows are apt to get frightened and push one another overboard, or crowd to one end of the boat and sink her. Back in the days before western beef had driven cattle raising from New England, many a herd of fifty or a hundred head have been driven down to the crossing. Sometimes one load would be ferried over for leaders, and the remainder of the herd urged into the river and swum across. Sheep are to be carried for one cent each; and a boat of ordinary size will carry a hundred head.

“But sheep,” said the ferryman, “are the meanest things to take over. They’ll jest as likely as not git scairt and jump overboard,—and then it’s nigh impossible to catch ’em. Then when you do catch ’em, they’ll be so heavy, with a fleece full of water, that you can’t lift ’em into a skiff,—and about all you can do is to run ’em ashore somewhere and start over. Why, I’ve chased a lot of sheep around in the river here with a skiff, and when I got the last of ’em, landed ’em a good mile down the river.”

An ordinary ferryboat, like the one of which I write, is forty feet long, eleven feet wide and twenty inches deep. She is made of good hard-pine planks, and will last twenty years. There is no wharf or landing. The square end of the boat is run against

the sandy bank. The bottom of the boat slopes up at each end, and a movable “apron” three feet wide serves as a gangway from the boat to the bank. The boat is pulled from one shore to the other by means of a stout steel rope anchored securely at each end by winding it around successive posts and trees. Six hundred feet of rope are needed for a crossing where, like this one, the breadth of the river itself at low water is a little over four hundred feet. The wire used is the best Bessemer steel, about three-eighths of an inch in diameter. When the rope is not in use it lies out of sight beneath the water. The life of a rope is about four years.

The ferry of which I am writing leads from Westmoreland, in New Hampshire, to East Putney, in Vermont. It is typical of all those on the river, and more picturesque than most of them. It has been established there for very many years. The ferryman of to-day has been there since 1858. Twice, early in this century, corporations built a toll bridge across the river at or near this point, and the ferry was discontinued; but each bridge was carried away by ice and high water after a short life, and now for many years the ferryboat has had no rival to its claims. The next nearest places where the river can be crossed are eight miles to the north, at Walpole, by a bridge to Westminster, Vermont, and four miles to the south, where there is another ferry.

In summer, even now, the foundations for the stone piers of the old bridge which was swept away, may be seen as the ferryboat crosses the river, coming almost to the surface in low water; and the massive stone abutments which supported the ends of the bridge still stand among the trees which have grown up on both banks, time-blackened ruins overgrown with tangled masses of wild grape vines.

About the ruins of the old bridge lingers the ghost of a strange tragedy. Nearly a hundred years ago the farm-



THE FERRY AND FERRYMAN'S HOME.

ers' boys of all this region were thrilled by the announcement that "positively the only live elephant ever exhibited in New England" was making a triumphal "tour" from town to town, and could be seen at certain advertised times and places for a fee of "ridiculously small proportions." On account of the fact that the elephant was the whole circus, and that he was far too heavy to be carried about in a wagon, he was taken from town to town at night, that the curiosity of the people might not be appeased by seeing him pass along the highway, and thus the fee of "ridiculously small proportions" be diverted from its proposed destination.

Apropos of this "triumphal tour" a story is told of two boys living near this ferry, who were unable for some reason to go to town to see the elephant, and so, learning by what road he was to make his next midnight march, determined to make him come to them. They had heard from some one who had been to see him that the big animal was greedily fond of sweet apples, which, fortunately for them,

are common in the Connecticut valley. The boys provided a bushel of sweet apples beside the road, and waited in the darkness. When, far on in the night, a heavy tread and various unusual noises announced the approach of the strange beast and his attendants, the boys strewed the apples across the road. The elephant's long trunk, swinging vaguely in the darkness, could not help but find the fruit, and after that forty keepers could not have driven him past it. When the boys found they had hooked their strange fish, they lighted a big pile of dry wood which they had built up beside the road, and by the brilliant firelight proceeded to satisfy at leisure their curiosity as to what an elephant looked like. The animal's attendant, advertised as "a native Asiatic, brought at great expense from the elephant's Indian home," prodded the beast vigorously, and is said to have indulged in profanity which had a strangely familiar sound; but the procession did not move on until the last sweet apple was eaten and the light of the fire was growing dim.

It was not long after this that the route of the "tour" brought the aggregation to the bridge, at this place, to cross. The elephant turned back from the bridge repeatedly, and for a long time refused to go on to it. Finally, prodded and scolded by his keeper, he ventured slowly out upon the structure. He had crossed almost to the farther end, when the timbers broke beneath him, and beast and keeper fell to the rocks, which low water had left bare beneath the end of the bridge. Both were killed. For the next few days the people from far and near came to see the broken bridge and the dead animal. Eventually the skeleton of the elephant was taken to Boston, where for many years it has been on exhibition among the curiosities displayed in the foyer of the old Boston Museum. The bridge was repaired, but was carried away by the ice not long afterward and was never rebuilt.

I have crossed the ferry of which I am writing very many times, at all seasons of the year, and under almost every possible condition of water and weather. Only one who has summered and wintered with New England's noblest river can understand how many these conditions may be. In summer the Connecticut is a beautiful picture of brown water between green banks. During the almost half a century that the present ferryman has watched it, there has been one winter when the river at this point did not freeze over so as to interrupt crossing with the boats; but usually its surface forms a natural bridge of

ice for three or four months every winter. With the coming of spring, the rise and fall of the water and the warm sun on the banks weaken the ice at each side, and there are open places to be crossed with care, and sometimes danger, on temporary bridges of planks. When the weather eye of the ferryman sees the final "freeze-up" coming, the big boat is drawn out of the water and hauled up the bank to a point where it will be

above high water,—no small distance on the banks of a river which rises, as the Connecticut sometimes does here, to a height of thirty feet above low-water mark. Years ago this annual drawing out of the heavy boat meant an all day's "bee," at which the help of ten yoke of oxen and as many drivers was required; but now a "tackle block" and one pair of horses do the work in a few hours.

Before the final closing of the river, and after the solid ice goes out in the spring, floating ice and "snow-broth"

make crossing difficult. The last named obstacle is saturated snow, filling the water of the river on the surface to a depth of from six inches to two feet, and almost impossible to make progress through. Blocks of floating ice must be dodged or pushed away from the boat's path. Even then the ice will sometimes block suddenly below the boat's crossing and set back so suddenly that the boat will be caught amidstream. Once, in 1864, an ice gorge formed below the ferry so massive that it dammed the river, and the water, setting back, rose so rapidly that it flooded the ferryman's



THE FERRYMAN AND HIS WIFE.



house and drove him and his wife to take their two little children at one o'clock in the morning and flee to safer quarters on higher ground.

"When I start out to go across, when the ice is running," said the boatman, "I never know when I am going to get back." Then he told of one winter experience, when a passenger blew the horn before breakfast. "I went over after him. We got caught in the ice and the rope broke, letting the boat be carried down the stream, but not out of sight of the house. We couldn't get anywhere, and it was noon before we landed. The worst of it was that every little while some of the folks would come out and shout to me that breakfast was ready."

"Yes," said his daughter, who was listening to the story, "seems as if any trouble was sure to come just at meal time, so as to make us women here in the house all the more work."

How much work does fall to the wife and daughters of a ferryman, one

must live with them to really understand. At many crossings they help to run the boats. Here they have not often had to do that, since a family of stout boys has grown up, one after the other, to be the father's helpers; but many is the meal of victuals the women have set for belated and hungry travellers, many the drunken man they have taken in and cared for until he was sober enough so that it was safe for him to go over in the boat. Time and again they have left their work to go out and reassure some nervous woman who is afraid to cross; while more than once they have sheltered and dried, cleaned, brushed and



A SUMMER TIME CROSSING.



THE FERRYMAN'S SEVEN SONS.

ironed out people whom carelessness or accident has plunged into the water. Most accidents occur from people taking chances when the ice is breaking up at the edge of the river in the spring. Sometimes a horse is nervous, and prudence requires that he be unhitched from the wagon before he is taken on to the boat, and the wagon be drawn on and off the boat by hand. Once in a great while a horse is found with such an unconquerable aversion to the boat that he can never be made to cross in it. Some men cover a nervous horse's head with a blanket. The ferryman says that more trouble comes from the nervousness of the driver than that of the horse. Only one horse ever plunged off amidstream here during the life of this ferryman,—and he was a blind horse ill managed by a careless driver.

"Once I was taking over a couple who were going to get married," the ferryman said. "The woman stayed in the wagon. The man stood by the horse's head. When the boat came up to the bank on the side where they were to land, the horse snorted and backed a little. The woman screamed, and the man yanked the horse's head and shouted at him. That frightened

the horse more, and he backed again, so quickly this time that he sent the hind wheels of the buggy over the side of the boat. Of course, the wagon tipped up, and the woman went out backwards into the water. 'Save her! Save her!' the man cried to me. 'I'll give you a thousand dollars if you'll save her!' I told him to hold his noise and help me get the horse out before he did any more damage. I saw the woman was hanging on to the back of the wagon all right. As soon as we got the horse unhitched and off the boat, I went out and got the woman and brought her ashore. We took them back to the house and dried them up and ironed out their clothes, put the team together and sent them along. The man never said anything more about the thousand dollars,—and much as ever he paid me the regular fee for taking them over."



BELOW THE FERRY.

"Tell him about the woman from —," the mother of the family suggested.

The ferryman laughed. "One day a woman drove down to the ferry alone. I did not know her, but I recognized the horse as one which I had taken across a number of times, and knew to be perfectly safe. As soon as the woman saw the boat she gave a screech and cried, 'My land! I never can cross there! I'd rather have driven a hundred miles than done it.'

boat herself. 'I'd rather swim across,' says she, 'than go on board that thing!' 'Well, swim, then,' says I, 'if you want to. I'll take the team across and carry your clothes for you too, so they needn't get wet.' I was beginning to get mad, for we had wasted as much as an hour of time on her then. Finally wife and I got her on board, and the whole lot, horse, wagon and woman, went over as quiet as kittens. 'There!' said she, when she drove off the boat on the other side, 'my hus-



A FAMILY GROUP.

I reasoned with her, and told her it was perfectly safe,—and wife came out and told her so too; but she stuck to she'd rather have driven a hundred miles than crossed there. Finally I told her she needn't go anywhere near that far; all she need do would be to drive to Walpole, eight miles up the river, and cross by the bridge there. Then she took another tack, and said she'd go across if I'd unhitch the horse and take the wagon on the boat by hand. So I did that; but after I'd got the horse and wagon on board, and one of the boys to hold the horse, she wouldn't step foot on the

band told me, before I come away from home not to make a fool of myself at the ferry.' Says I, 'You tell your husband I can't say you followed out his instructions.'

In early summer the boat's passage is obstructed for weeks by the floating logs which are the forerunners of the lumberman's big drive coming down from the forests near the river's source. Sometimes they get so thick that the wire rope cannot be safely used above the water, and a stout man lying flat in the bottom of the boat reaches an arm's length down into the cold water and works the wire

there, while other men keep the logs out of the path. No wonder the boatmen have sinewy arms. When the drive itself comes down, the river is sometimes solid full of logs; but the logmen themselves, who walk the logs as steadily as other men do dry land, lend a hand to help pull and push the boat among the obstacles which they have brought with them.

The melting of the snow in the spring and the fall rains swell the river to far above its normal level, and send it sweeping down in a flood too strong for the boat to venture out upon. The force of such a current as that would snap the cable like a bit of wood and send the boat whirling down the stream. Sometimes the boat does break adrift, and then must be guided by a long oar into some eddy from which those on board can reach the bank, along which the boat will be dragged later to its accustomed place. A great freshet brings the river to a height where it overflows its

banks and sweeps the broad meadow farms of everything upon them which is movable. I saw it once like that, in the autumn of 1869, when the swirling current from bank to bank was covered with shooks of stalks of Indian corn, among which, here and there, a glistening yellow pumpkin bobbed about. Thousands of bushels of corn were lost or ruined that year, and at the ferry they gathered in with a skiff so much corn floating in an eddy over their garden that they husked from it forty bushels of ears. At that time the water, according to the ferryman's story, nearly came up to his house, but not into it. In 1862 the water drove the family out of the house, which stands twenty-eight feet above the river's normal level, and at its deepest stood sixteen inches deep in the living rooms.

At this place in the ferryman's story the tin horn blew again. Another passenger waited to be brought across the river.

THE CLOSE OF DAY.

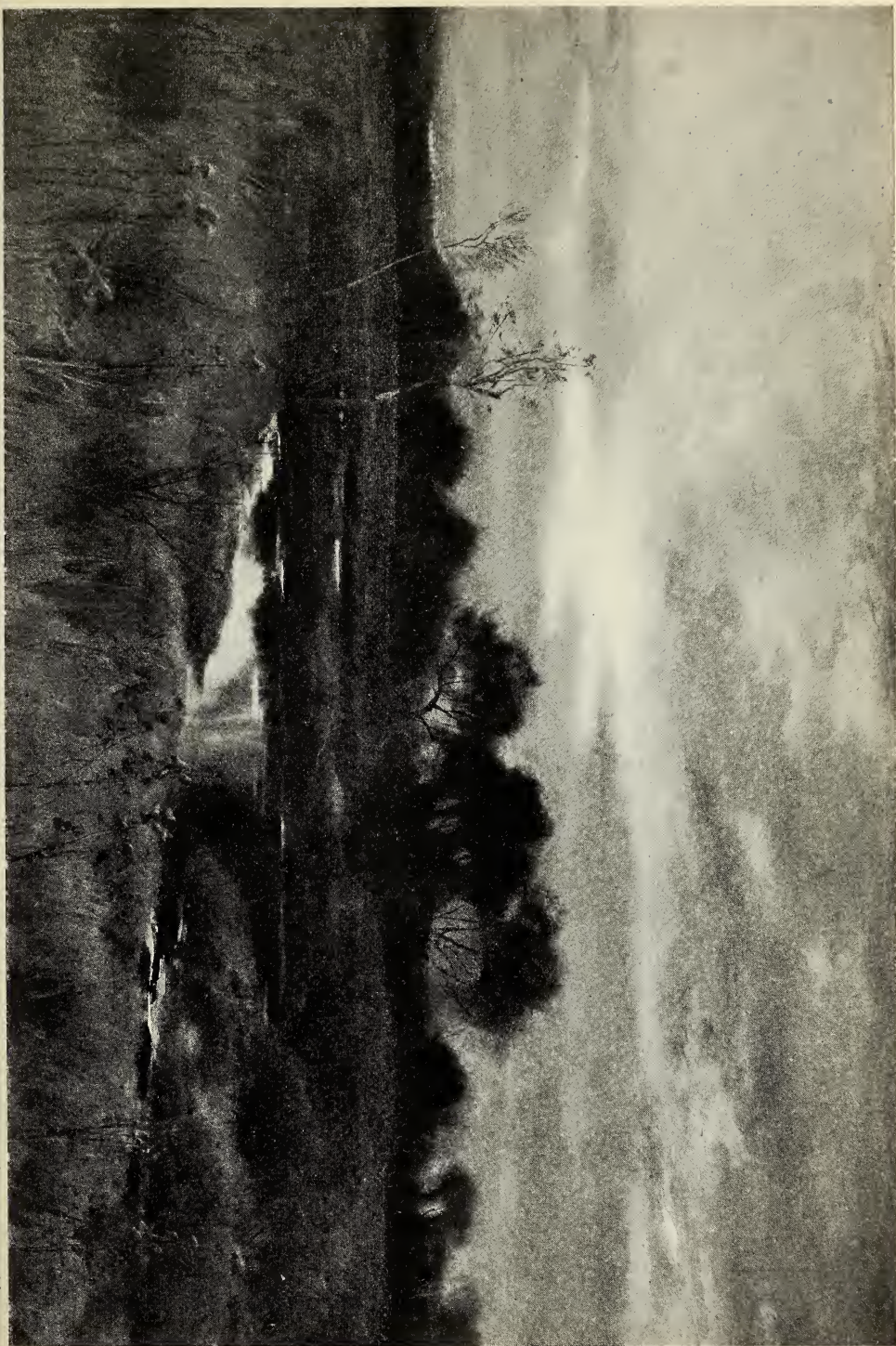
By Martha Gilbert Dickinson.

EARTH'S harmonies are blent in one;
 At peace with song the drowsy birds;
 Labor has earned and mirth has spent,
 Nor longer graze the pastured herds.

Day dreams at last—the sun is gone,
 Leaving the patient trees to stand
 As sentinels of her regret,
 Upon night's dusky borderland.

One golden gleam awakes the pool,
 That startled lifts a flame abroad—
 To sink, as breaks in ecstasy
 The high note of a closing chord.

O comrade season of the soul,
 What sure repose thy silence hath!
 Lull all the hollows, drown the heights,
 With thy deep glooms of aftermath!



From a drawing by W. C. Fidler.



THE OLD FARM .. REVISITED ..

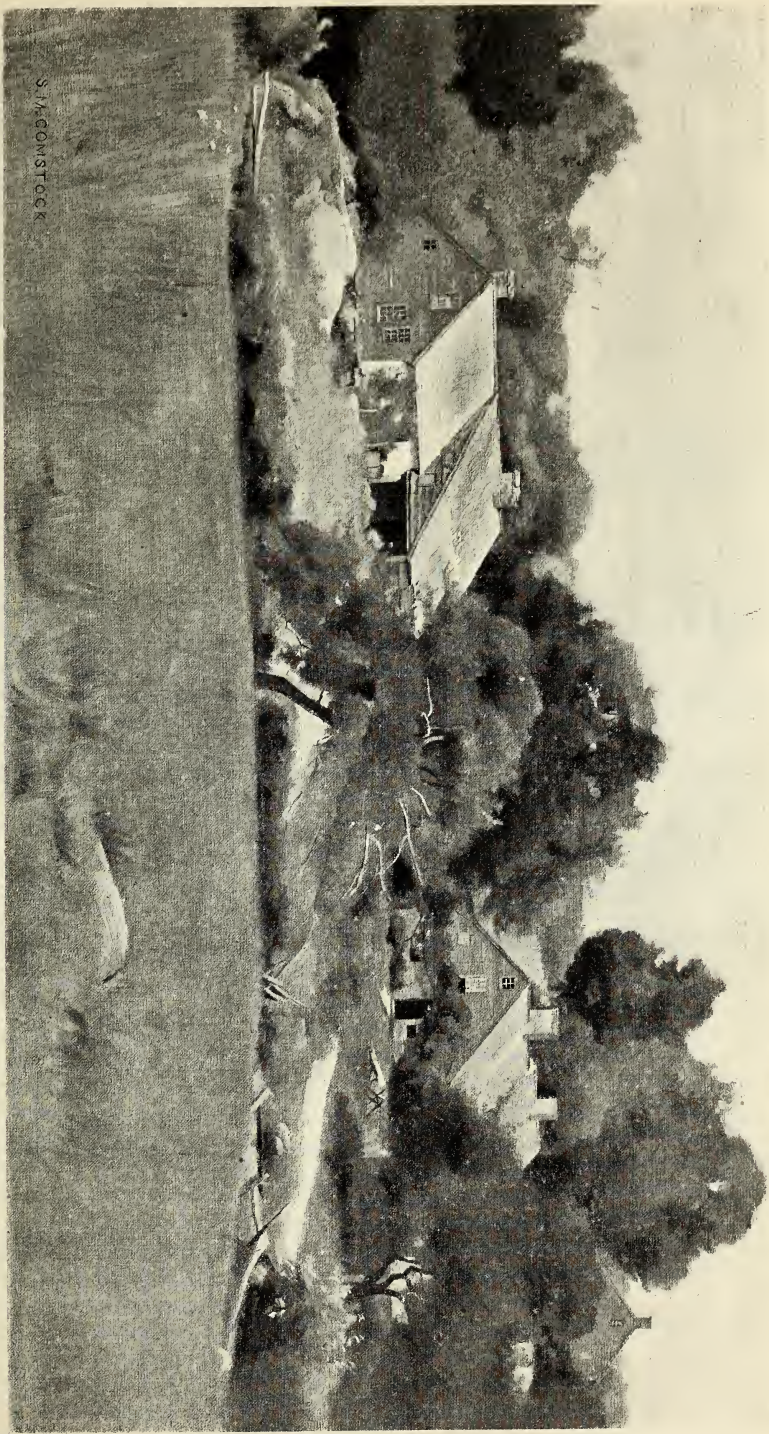
By Herbert Wendell Gleason.

Illustrated from drawings by Samuel Morley Comstock.

YOU must make large allowance, Phyllis, for any unusual enthusiasm which may appear in what I write to-day, for I have just visited, after more than twenty years' absence, "the old farm,"—my mother's home, where grandfather and grandmother lived and toiled for so many years, and where the halcyon days of my boyhood and youth were passed. You remember the place,—it was yours by adoption and mine by inheritance,—and you will readily appreciate my exalted state of mind and share in many of the reminiscences with which the visit was crowded.

The day selected for my visit happened to prove one of the rarest of June's rare days, and when I reached the village, riding my wheel, my spirits were at a point of exhilaration quite on a level with the exultant mood of Nature herself. Instead of going down the village street leading directly to the farmhouse, I turned to the right on passing the town pump

and followed the road which brought me to our old "wood lot" in the rear of the farm. It was only a few minutes' spin before I caught sight of the well remembered grove of pines; and soon I dismounted at the pair of bars leading into the road through the woods. I confess it was with something of veneration and affection that I let down the bars. Many a year had come and gone since I had had occasion to pass through a similar entrance; for the farm gates out West, you know, are built on a very different pattern and, while admittedly more convenient to handle, are dreadfully prosaic and commonplace. What artist would ever think of putting a swinging board gate or a barbed wire fence into his picture? Of course, these were not the identical cedar sticks which I had known as a boy; but the side posts were the same. I distinctly remembered the day when Uncle Henry, after much labor in hewing out the sockets with chisel



S. MACONSTOCK



and mallet, set them up, as he said, "to stay;" and nobly have they stayed for more than thirty years!

Entering the woods, I had hardly reached the shade of the pines when I was brought to a sudden standstill and my soul was thrilled to its depths by a sound which, during all these years, has lingered in memory as one of the most precious legacies of my boyhood. It was the song of the ovenbird or golden-crowned thrush. As a child I never knew the bird,—never saw him, in fact; but his ringing notes heard in the stillness of the deep woods had made a profound impression upon my mind, and I had treasured the memory of the song above all other voices of the forest. In recent years I have heard the same song, at rare intervals, and always its clear accents echoing among the trees have instantly, as if by magic, called up this particular bit of woodland with its cherished associations. I therefore counted it a rare bit of good fortune that on my return to the old farm the first sound I heard should be the song of the ovenbird. "Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome!" he

seemed to say. John Burroughs and some other outdoor writers speak rather disparagingly of the ovenbird's "monotonous crescendo," "incessant and obtrusive;" but I will agree to no such characterization. Rather to my mind the song possesses a fascination which distinguishes it from all other woodland music, as if the little singer, clad in plain olive, with dark streaked breast and golden crown, were the embodiment of the very genius of the forest itself.

There were various other songsters in the woods, among which I recognized the veery—whose silvery spirals of melody were another source of perplexity to me as a boy, in trying to locate their author—the pine warbler, the black and white creeper, the black-throated green warbler, the scarlet tanager and the rose-breasted grosbeak. A flock of chickadees were gayly calling to each other among the branches, and a pair of hawks, high in the air overhead, were intertwining their mystic circles of flight.

But how can I describe the woods themselves, the veritable "enchanted forest" of my childhood, or the feel-

ings which possessed my mind as I walked slowly along under the arches of the pines, inhaling their delicious fragrance! The changes which had occurred during the twenty years were mostly in the growth of the trees themselves, making it difficult in many cases to identify individuals of the earlier time. Here and there a small clearing had been made, and I was sorry to find that a favorite ledge, where the columbines used to grow luxuriantly, had been entirely stripped of its trees. But in the main the "wood lot" continued very much as in former years. I gathered a handful of spicy "checkerberry sprigs" in the

On leaving the wood lot, I entered the old lane leading up to EchoKnoll. That lane!—how many times as a barefoot boy have I trudged along its dewy path, driving the cows to pasture in early morning or bringing them home at night! How many times have I gone over the same road, astride of old Tom, the farm horse, dragging the plough afield; or perched on a load of sweet-scented hay returning from the meadow; or, in winter time, clad in warm jacket, fur cap and mittens, clung to the stakes of the old wood sled as it creaked and jolted over the snow on its way after a load of wood! Since

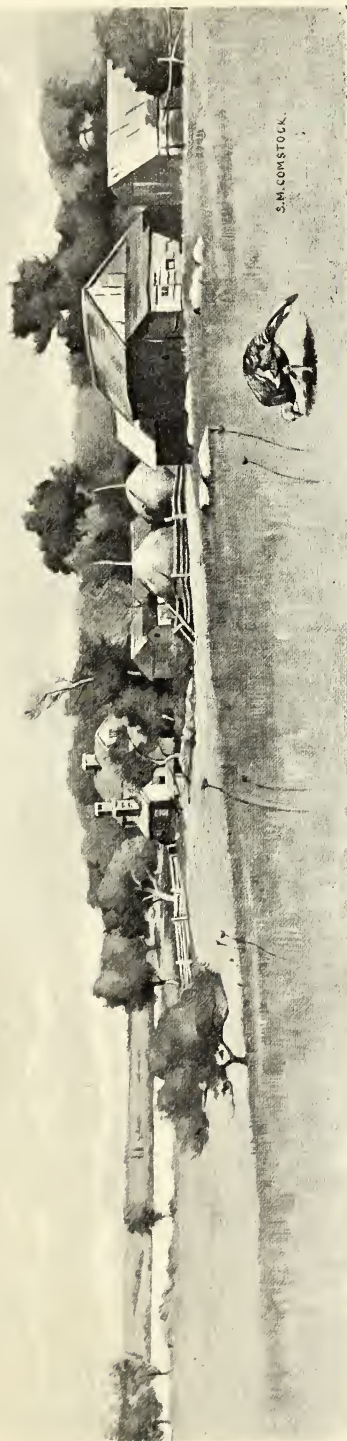


same spot where we used to find them as children, and I also plucked a few bright red "partridge berries"—just as pretty and just as tasteless as ever.

You remember the flat topped boulder among the cedars, our rendezvous in so many childish games, and where even the old folks would occasionally spread a picnic supper. Well, it was so overgrown with barberry bushes, now all bourgeoned out with their yellow bannerets, that I could hardly find it. But the patch of huckleberry bushes under the large white oak and the choke-cherry trees by the stone wall were as much in evidence as formerly, and gave abundant promise of fruit.

those days I have seen many of the world's most famous and beautiful streets, but none of them ever possessed for me half so much interest as this country lane, so fraught with memories of happy childhood.

The old stone wall on the left of the lane affected me deeply. Portions of the wall were covered, as of yore, with graceful blackberry vines, and a thrill of the old boyish delight of discovery seized me as I came upon a fresh woodchuck's hole under one of the larger stones. At the turn in the lane I found the same boulder against which "Jake," the hired man, once ran his team, in his eagerness to get to the barn before an approaching



thunder-storm, and upset his load of hay in glorious confusion. You will probably smile at my being sentimental over a common stone wall; but twenty years' acquaintance with prairie farms of the West, where stones are usually as conspicuously rare as they are conspicuously abundant in New England, has led me to appreciate as never before this picturesque feature of a New England landscape. Nor can I help glorying in the story which it tells of the long and heroic battling with obstacles by which our New England fathers not only redeemed the land, but at the same time acquired for themselves a vigor of manhood which gave them the controlling hand in the destinies of the nation. If ever a coat-of-arms should be adopted for New England as a section of the United States, no more significant emblem could be incorporated in the device than an ordinary stone wall.

You remember the meadow on the right of the lane, with the willow-bordered ditch running the greater length of it. This appealed to me no less forcibly. Some few changes had occurred in its general appearance, and the willows had grown far beyond my remembrance; but there was the same vivid carpet of green, gayly dotted with "innocents," buttercups, dandelions and daisies,—and, best of all, it was fairly vocal with bobolinks. How they filled the air to overflowing with their cascades of melody, as they soared above the grass, displaying their brilliant plumage, or pursued each other in their courtship rivalries, or settled gracefully upon some tuft of clover! I know, Phyllis, that your favorite among the birds is the wood thrush, whose ethereal notes I heard later in the grove beyond the mill pond; but the bobolink, in his exuberance of song and dashing plumage, typifies to me more than any other creature the fulness and glory of life at this June season,—and for that reason, in spite of his later misdeeds, I yield him loyal

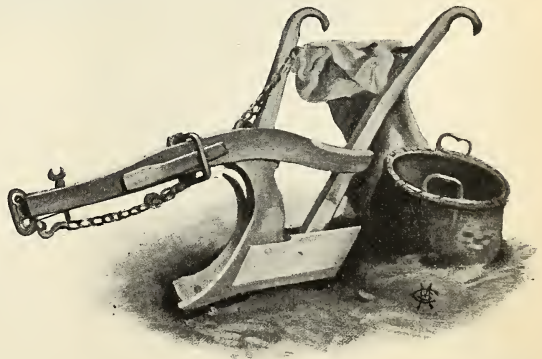


allegiance during his all too brief reign.

As I reached the top of Echo Knoll,—you remember it, looking down upon the old homestead sixty rods away, at the other end of the lane,—I could not help shouting “ECHO!” just as we used to shout from the same spot in the days of childish innocence. Back came the answer, “Echo!” just as distinct as ever, though in accents no longer childish. My voice broke when I tried to repeat the call, for there rushed in upon my mind, as I looked down upon the old home, such a wave of emotion, that vocal utterance was no longer possible. There was the place at last about which clustered the most precious associations of my life,—the old homestead, plain yet substantial, with its long sloping roof, ample chimneys, twelve-paned windows, vine-covered porch and spacious door yard, embowered in trees, and possessing the same air of comfort, peace and hospitality which always characterized it. Near by stood the generous wood shed and carriage house; back of that the corn crib and straw stacks, and still farther away the barn, with its various outbuildings. To the right was the orchard; and I was pleased to see

that many of the apple trees, venerable even in my boyhood, were still standing, gnarled and weather-beaten, to be sure, but capable of yielding a fair crop. To the left, in the near distance, was the mill pond, its rippled surface glistening in the sun; and there, too, under a sturdy oak, was the old mill, its days of usefulness long past, but even more picturesque in its decrepit old age than in the days when its lively clatter was the dominating sound of the neighborhood.

I remained a long time on the knoll, drinking in every feature of the scene, while visions of former days passed rapidly before my mind. Then I set out on a closer tour of inspection. Deciding first to visit the mill pond, I leaped the stone wall and struck out



across the pasture, passing a flock of sheep, who looked up at me familiarly, and going around by the long abandoned house of Widow R—, with the well-sweep in the back yard. (I did not drink from the "old oaken bucket," however,—first, because of sundry bacterial misgivings, and secondly, because there was no bucket there.) On the way I made a side pil-

grimage, among the willows (which I now recognized as the Maryland yellow-throat), together with an occasional "Er-r-roonk" from some deep voiced bullfrog in the pond, added to the pleasing harmony. What a flood of memories rushed through my mind as I sat there looking out over the pond,—memories of joyous skating frolics and bonfires on the ice in winter time; of

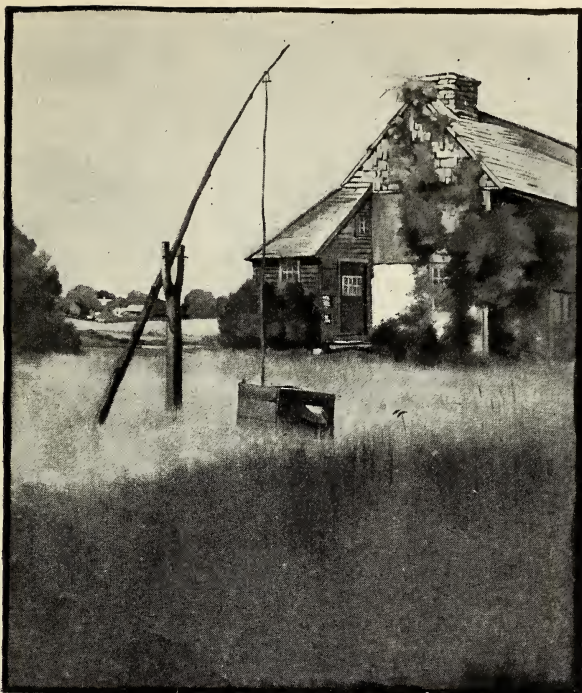
"running tiddlies" near the shore when the south wind began to blow in early March—not to speak of an occasional involuntary bath and certain other unpleasant consequences on reaching home; of venturesome voyages in our home-made boat over the flooded meadows after the ice had disappeared;



you may be sure, to a certain mossy rock under a spreading chestnut tree, upon whose bark there were still discernible, though now greatly overgrown, the initials of a certain boy and girl which had been carved there with a knife many years ago,—our "trysting place!"

Arrived at the pond, I sat for a long time near the ancient over-shot wheel, under the shade of our old friend the oak, grown yet more benignant with the passing years. The water escaping over the dam was just as musical in its gentle plashing upon the rocks below, though in volume it was not nearly so large, as in the days gone by; while the mellow notes of a water thrush and the persuasive "*Wichita, Wichita, Wichita,*" of the little yellow bird with black cheeks flitting about

of wonderful exploits later in catching "hornpouts" off the bridge over the mill race, exceeding in excitement any subsequent adventures with salmon or trout, and of refreshing plunges into the cool depths of the "swimming hole" under the shadow of the maples on the opposite bank! I was delighted to see in one corner of the pond a goodly group of "May blows," and smiled to think of the disdain with which we used to regard these



been sundry repairs here and there; new sliding doors had been hung; and I noticed various modern farm implements unknown to the days of my boyhood. But there was the same fragrant haymow, the same old-fashioned cattle stalls—near one of which I discovered that Bidly White had stolen her nest,—and overhead a number of barn swallows darted in and out through the round hole in the gable, twittering their sweet “*Chippee, chippee!*” as they brought food to their nestlings in the feather lined mud nests high up on the rafters. Dear old barn!—as the centre of the farm’s activities, the memories clustering

“homely” yellow flowers with their thick stems, doubtless because we contrasted them with the fragrant pond lilies of the later summer time. But now their golden chalices, filled with memories of other days, seemed more precious than the most brilliant exotics I had ever seen.

After a brief glance into the interior of the mill, peering up into the festoons of cobwebs overhead, and fancying that I could see in one dark corner a descendant of the owl whose ghostly flight and weird hootings at night gave reality to our conviction that the old mill was “haunted,” I returned toward the house, going around through the orchard to the barn. On the way I passed the “garden,” where grandmother’s row of beehives used to stand, with a brave array of hollyhocks near by. The hollyhocks were still there, promising a vigorous bloom; but the beehives had disappeared.

The barn I found very much as it used to be. Of course, there had

about it were chiefly connected with hard work,—milking time and feeding time, ploughing time and haying time, with “chores” that seemed endless; and yet this very toil, which





her pink and white cheeks under her sun-bonnet rivaling in delicacy of color the apple blossoms over her head. Ah, Phyllis! do you wonder that the message you gave me that day has stamped the glory of that picture upon my memory in ineffaceable lines?

at times was so arduous, I now recognized carried with it a reward in health and strength and quiet satisfaction of soul far above its scanty financial returns, a reward such as no other occupation in life can give.

As I walked up to the house from the barn, my mind was busy with thoughts of those who had peopled the old homestead in years gone by, and who had left it forever. Father and mother, grandfather and grandmother, uncles and aunts, were now lying at rest in the little cemetery beside the church on the hill,—save Uncle Eben, whose nameless grave is somewhere on the field of the battle of the Wilderness. But in the midst of the sad thoughts thus awakened, as I approached the swinging gate between the carriage house and the corn crib, there flashed across my mind one picture which I shall never forget,—a picture of the farmyard in May time, with a wealth of apple blossoms on the trees, and coming down the path a maiden fair, with basket on her arm,

The estate, as you know, passed years ago out of the "family" into the hands of strangers. The worthy lady who now presides over the household fireside received me most cordially when I made myself known at the door, and bade me enter and look over the house to my heart's content. First, however, she insisted that I should refresh myself with a glass of cider "made from the apples in the old orchard, you know." She was sorry the men folks were away, but they were very busy with the farm work just now. Yes, she had heard



much about the G——'s since she and her husband had bought the farm. Of course, things must look very different now; but they tried to keep the old place up as well as they could, though there was little money in farming nowadays and Mr. B—— (her husband) attended to some business in town during the winter. While listening to my hostess's remarks and sipping the delicious cider,—somehow in our time we never were able to keep it sweet so late in the season,—I took some note of the room in which we were. It was the well known kitchen, or "living room," with the same low ceiling, hard wood floor, numerous closets, and ample fireplace flanked on either side by an old-fashioned brick oven. Even the walls were painted the same light green tint which I remembered as a boy.

But I was considerably astonished, on looking around, to observe a steam radiator up against the wall; and at the same instant I noticed a couple of electric light brackets over the mantelpiece. "Steam heat and electric lights!" I exclaimed. "Oh, yes," laughed Mrs. B——, "we thought we would be as comfortable as we could. Perhaps this will also interest you;" and she opened the door of an adjoining room, which was always grandmother's "buttery," and displayed some set tubs, with hot and cold water attachments. "The little room upstairs," she continued, "with the south window looking out over the garden—doubtless you remember it—makes an excellent bath-room." I guess I *did* remember it,—it was my boyhood's chamber! Just then I was again startled by the ringing of a bell behind a door at the farther corner of the room, sounding strangely like a telephone. Mrs. B—— smiled again. "That is probably another innovation since your day; we find the telephone a great convenience." "Huh, that's nothin'," broke in a youngster, who all this time had been eying me with silent curiosity; "we've got an automobile out in the

carriage house." "Oh, that's only a fancy of my brother Fred's," explained Mrs. B——. "He rode out from town the other evening, and broke down just as he was about to return, so he had to leave it here a few days. Fred says, however, that it will not be long before we shall be doing a good deal of our farm work with automobiles instead of horses and oxen!"

All this, as you may imagine, was a sad shock to my sentimental mood, and much of the romantic halo surrounding the old place disappeared upon the discovery of these "modern conveniences." But when I came to think it over, after going through the house with Mrs. B—— as my guide, and finding that wherever possible all the old features of the house had been carefully preserved, including even the old-fashioned wall paper, with its impossible blue roses, in some of the chambers, I could not begrudge Mr. and Mrs. B—— their "innovations;" for I could readily recall many times under the former *régime* when such "conveniences" would have immensely relieved the burden of household drudgery and added greatly to our measure of comfort. (Besides, had I not come on my visit to the farm riding a bicycle?) So I left feeling grateful to these good people for their endeavors to maintain so fully the real spirit and genius of the old home; and I could not help wishing that all through New England, amid the changes which are inevitably occurring, there might be an equally faithful effort to preserve in all their integrity those outward features which make up, especially to a New England boy, so large a part of that most precious word in the English language—*home*.

Before closing, I must refer to an institution of which I have learned since coming East, which is full of the deepest interest and significance. It is called "Old Home Week," and received a most successful inauguration last year in New Hampshire. It is a

suggestion, I believe, originating with Governor Rollins of New Hampshire, and consists simply in the appointment of a certain week in summer when, at the invitation of the various towns and cities, former residents of the state return to their old homes for a season of social enjoyment,—special literary exercises, industrial displays and other festivities being held at numerous points. The object of the celebration is to furnish an opportunity for the renewal of former associations, to strengthen the tie of filial affection which binds every true son and daughter of New England to the old home, and also to assist in the efforts being made towards improving and beautifying the country villages which, in these decadent days of agriculture in New England, are in too many cases going into decline. The idea is thus given a practical turn, and the way is opened for organized effort in such directions as the founding of town libraries, lecture courses or historical museums, enlarging and beautifying the public parks, establishing drinking fountains, improving the roads and inns, and lending a helping hand to the village church. Heretofore such praiseworthy deeds have been isolated and sporadic, the outcome of an individual's gratitude or fancy; but now, in connection with the observance of Old Home Week, there is the promise of a more universal and well considered interest in these various benevolent undertakings. This happy thought of Governor Rollins's has met with an enthusiastic response. Maine has followed the example of her sister state and appointed an Old Home Week this year; and it is likely that Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut will also soon adopt the suggestion.

Of course, there is a good deal of "sentiment" at the bottom of the scheme, and many persons so unfortunate as not to have been born and brought up in New England will doubtless smile at the idea. Imagine,

for instance, Old Home Week being celebrated in Pittsburgh or Chicago! But this very fact, to my mind, is one of its chief commendations. We Yankees have hitherto been woefully lacking in sentiment. In that shrewd, scheming and tireless endeavor to secure the "almighty dollar," with which the world—not always without reason—has charged us, we have shamefully neglected some of the finer instincts of the human heart. True, we have our Bunker Hill and Faneuil Hall and Concord Bridge and Plymouth Rock; but outside of these and a few other memorials of ancient days and heroes, how little we really have, in comparison with old world countries, to serve as rallying centres for our higher sentiments! We are absolutely devoid of folk-music, that flower of the national spirit which in turn is one of its strongest cementing ties; and our myth maker is Mother Goose!

But we have especially erred, it seems to me, in neglecting adequately to preserve and perpetuate the old New England idea of *home*, with its cheerful simplicity, quiet atmosphere, strong ties of affection and ruggedness of virtue. Our young men have followed Horace Greeley's advice and sought the leeks and onions of the Trans-Mississippi Egypt. The spirit of commercial greed has wrought sad havoc with the ideals of our fathers. We have allowed aliens to come in and steal our birthright. Mr. Bryce, in his great work, "The American Commonwealth," referring to the taking up of New England farms by Irish and French Canadians during late years, says: "It is impossible not to regret the disappearance of a picturesquely primitive society which novelists and essayists have made familiar to us, with its delightful mixture of homely simplicity and keen intelligence. Of all the types of rustic life which imagination has, since the days of Theocritus, embellished for the envy or refreshment of the dwellers in cities, this latest type has been

to modern Europe the most real and not the least attractive." Of course, it would be impossible, even were it desirable, ever to reproduce again many of the features of that "delightful mixture of homely simplicity and keen intelligence;" yet the type, in its real essentials, may be preserved. Old Home Week, by affording a choice opportunity for the "fatherland" instinct to assert itself, and by emphasizing anew those principles of "plain living and high thinking" which have always been at the foundation of New England's best achievements, will certainly tend to promote this end in no slight degree.

It has been exceedingly interesting to note, during my brief sojourn in New England, that the revival of interest in the antique has passed beyond what I may call the "old china" stage, when it was content with the rescue of household relics of trifling value, to a more vital appreciation of that which was of abiding worth in the old *régime*. One of the most obvious expressions of this interest is in the popularity just now of "colonial" residences,—though I fancy architects of colonial times would stand aghast at some of the modern attempts at reproducing their designs. It is but a short step from the recognition of the æsthetic attractiveness of the substantial frame and severe lines of a colonial dwelling house to a recognition of the value of that simple mode of life and vigorous habit of mind and close intercourse with nature which was so characteristic of early days in New England; and it is this latter recognition which is coming more and more widely to prevail among those who are seeking the best things in life. "Back to the land!" is the cry not only of those dissatisfied economists who are advocating a return to agricultural pursuits on the part of the dwellers in our congested cities as a solution of many of our perplexing social problems, but of those who have come to realize that for every man a rural life, at least

for the larger portion of the year, offers the best possible foundation for true physical, mental and moral well-being. The alarming rush of population to the cities, so marked in recent years, has reached its flood tide, and the ebb has already set in. Men are asking how they may live less intensely and more sanely, realizing at length that glittering gold and glittering things that are not gold count for nothing when weighed against a sound physique, a well balanced mind, and a clear conscience.

Coupled with this reaction against the artificiality and strenuousness and cramped conditions of city life, there is a widespread revival of interest in nature-study which is of the utmost encouragement. It is a significant fact that no prophets of these modern times are listened to with more absorbed interest than those who interpret the oracles of nature and who unfold, not in the dry terms of science, but in living words, the wonders and beauties of the world of nature which the multitude of men, in the bread-and-butter struggle, too often entirely ignore. And nowhere on earth is there a fairer field for nature-study than this New England of ours. It was Thoreau, you remember, of whom a lady friend said, "Henry talks as if he thought Nature had been born and brought up in Concord." It was meant as a pleasant bit of satire; but I think he could have hardly received a worthier compliment. Mr. Hamilton Mabie has never been accused of extravagance, yet he says in one of his books: "When one remembers how many and how delicate are the invisible ties that time and growth have woven between childhood, youth and maturity and the outer world in which each succeeding period has found its strength and joy, one is tempted to venture the statement that nature lies a little nearer life in New England than elsewhere."

After all, Phyllis, *there's no place like New England*. You and I have trav-

elled a good deal, North and South, East and West, but somehow it has never been easy to sing,

"I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,"

on a Minnesota prairie or a Georgia plantation or a California ranch. Not but that there are rocks and rills and woods and (rarely) templed hills outside of New England; but the New England environment, taken al-

together, in its adaptation to the realization of the best ideals of *home*, is unmatched anywhere else in the world.

But I never intended to make this letter such a rambling homily. I shall have to ask again at the end, as I did at the beginning, that you will make allowance for my enthusiasm, under the circumstances; although, to tell the truth, I should be ashamed if I did not write with enthusiasm.

LOVERS OF POVERTY.

Lillian Wainright Hart.

THE sumptuous equipage of Mr. and Mrs. James Graham Bunker rolled smoothly along the road to Farmingdale station. Its occupants were four,—a lady and gentleman moderately young, and a lady and gentleman moderately old. Their relation was obvious from the resemblance Mrs. James Graham Bunker bore to her mother. But a resemblance with what a difference! There were the same features, the same bright eyes; but the kindly shrewdness of expression in the face of the older woman was calculation in the younger. The attitudes and gestures of the two were curiously alike and unlike; for the mother's were untutored and timid, the daughter's controlled and commanding. The garments of the two were parallels in point of mode and expensiveness; but the one wore hers with a deprecating air of subdued discomfort, the other seemed even contemptuous of hers. The one breathed the perfume and sophistications of the town; the other, despite her fashionable attire, recalled the sweet, homely country.

If Mrs. James Graham Bunker was

careless or perhaps a little bored in her demeanor, Mr. James Graham Bunker was complacent and bland. He was a broad-vested gentleman, assiduously dressed, who surveyed the landscape from time to time with an air of patronage, complimenting its glories in remarks to his companions. Imposing though he was, small heed was paid him by the older man, whose haggard eyes devoured each field they passed, regardless of anything but what they saw. His gaunt frame and pale face betrayed weakness, but a defiant and conquering individuality showed in his awkward attitudes and silence.

Conversation was sparse. Mrs. Bunker—may she pardon the abbreviation!—occasionally bethought her of some household command she had forgotten. She hoped mamma would look out for Blanche, the new terrier? Yes, indeed. And would it be too much trouble to take a look into the kitchen now and then? Not at all. And she had promised the butler his vacation; could they manage without him, just for a week? They thought so! And papa was seen to smile gently. Mr. and Mrs. Graham Bunker were very kind to papa and

mamma, in suggesting occupations that might prove amusing while they were alone. Mr. Bunker thought they might like to take a little trip to the shore or mountains. But Mr. Jones thought they were better off at home, with its comforts and quiet. "Besides," said he, "I don't know's I care to go sight-seeing at my time of life."

"Wouldn't you like to ask some friends to stay a week or two?"

Mrs. Jones's face lighted up. "That would be real nice," said she.

"Who shall it be?" her daughter asked. "Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester, and Mrs. Atherton, Mrs. de Lancy Ames's mother, you know, and—"

"But we aren't very well acquainted with those folks," objected Mrs. Jones.

"You soon would be,—and I am really indebted to them. Mrs. Sylvester is simply lovely! She gives the most charming dinners we go to. And Mrs. Atherton, why she was a Van der Veer, one of the very oldest New York families, and quite a belle in her time, they say."

"What's that to us?" Mr. Jones asked, turning his gaze on his daughter. "They're too stylish for me to have 'round all the time. I wouldn't do you credit, 'Lizabeth."

"Father! you shock me!" cried Mrs. Bunker.

"He doesn't mean what you think," said Mrs. Jones, a little proudly. "Those folks you speak of are nice; but neither do I feel that they're real sociable. It's the fault of their bringing up that they're so stiff, though, and not theirs, I know. But I've no call to entertain them."

"Whom would you like, then?"

Mrs. Jones answered hesitatingly, changing her attitude at every phrase: "Well, there's Mr. and Mrs. 'Bijah Carter. I haven't seen them all summer, though they are so near. And Cousin Mirandy Phelps—"

"She's not our cousin."

"Oh, yes! her mother and my step-father were first cousins."

"Well, that doesn't make her much relation to me," said Mrs. Bunker with a sigh.

"She's real poorly off; it would be a mercy to ask her to visit us. And there's John and Mary Graves; I haven't caught sight of them until yesterday,—no, Tuesday morning,—when I happened to be in the garden, and John drove 'round back with some green stuff. I don't know when I've been gladder to see anybody."

"'Sh, mother dear!" whispered Mrs. Bunker dismayedly. "The servants will hear you; and one never knows what they will tell! You don't mean that you want our green grocer to visit you!"

"Out of the question!" Mr. Bunker added emphatically. "I should never hear the last of it!"

"Of course, of course not," Mrs. Jones replied hurriedly. "I was only thinking they must have 'most forgot us in five years."

"You can go and call on them while we're away," said Mrs. Bunker. "But they aren't your friends now, you know; and I shouldn't encourage their coming here much."

"Might have 'em all swarming in on us like the fellow in the 'Old Homestead,'" chuckled Mr. Bunker.

Mr. Jones looked at his daughter. "I didn't calculate that I sold my friends when I sold James the land."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Jones, "I wouldn't think of such a thing. We shall get along all right, and have a good time. Don't you worry."

"I guess if we've lived through several years without being amused, we shall amuse ourselves now," added Mr. Jones.

Mrs. Bunker patted her mother's hand affectionately as the carriage drew up at the station, reminding her of the horses and the grapery and the gardens and the country club.

"Whatever you feel like doing," she ended. "Don't get out, mother; it will only be a minute, any way. Good by;—and don't bother to write us."

And then, amid the momentary clatter of business and the waving of tumultuous handkerchiefs, departed Mr. and Mrs. James Graham Bunker.

"Where, please?" asked the footman.

"I guess we will go right home, thank you," answered Mrs. Jones politely.

As they sped back through the golden lanes there was a long silence, broken by Mrs. Jones.

"How folks's ideas of amusements differ!"

"H'm!" said Mr. Jones.

"Now, 'Lizabeth," she went on, "really enjoys all those things,—horses and graperies and gardeners and country clubs and calls."

"Truck!" summed up Mr. Jones.

"Yes, I'd rather be in our little old house that sits outside their gate than in their grand new one that doesn't seem finished."

"I've stood it pretty well up to this," said Mr. Jones. "That traveling I really did enjoy; and I don't mind the winters. But to come back here this summer and sit around like a nub on a tree, doing nothing, where I used to do so much—it's trying to my patience."

"But 'Lizabeth has done real well by us," Mrs. Jones began.

"Yes, 'Liza means well as far as she knows."

"'Lizabeth," gently corrected Mrs. Jones.

Mrs. Jones just touched his arm. "Lizabeth is more stylish, I suppose; and I'm willing to oblige her that far, when I think of it. But when she asks me to call you Marion, it's a point too much. Mary I courted you, and Mary I married you, and Mary you'll always be to me; I don't ask for any better name."

Mrs. Jones just touched his arm. "I shouldn't like you to change now, Lem," she said softly.

They rode for a time without speaking, gazing out upon the dear, familiar landscape. On one side of them rose a park-like forest of oaks

and pines; on the other stretched away the checkered farm lands, to a distant shining stream and the hills beyond; a fair scene, all in deep and tender greens and purples, with the blue sky above. They sighed,—and the sigh of age is different from the sigh of youth, even as the numbing regrets of age are different from the wild agonies or eager longings of youth; but the sighs of age are its tears, falling upon the graves of buried possibilities. At last Mr. Jones burst forth with low-toned vehemence.

"I wish to God I had never sold the farm to James. I'd rather dig and hoe forever, and please myself, than own the world and have to please others."

"Lemuel!" expostulated Mrs. Jones. "He was real generous; he paid a good deal for it."

"He couldn't pay for it at all, if he asked now," he answered. "And the Swedes that live in the old house don't half take care of it."

"Besides, Lemuel, you couldn't do it now; you aren't able."

"I could hire; and I might as well wear out as rust out. I can't be easy in 'Liza's grand new house. There are so many things to knock over,—and fine folks coming and making you talk;—and those hired men watching you all the time."

"I know," said Mrs. Jones with feeling. She looked at his thin, nerveless form, and from that moment took the position of protector to him who had been hers.

"Lemuel, how would it be if we should go back to the old house and stay while 'Liza's gone?"

They looked at each other half guiltily. "The servants gossip so!" he whispered with a twinkling eye.

No further words were needed between them. They stopped at the little house long enough to make arrangements with the Olsons, by which Mrs. Olson was to spend a month with her "seester who wass

vairy seek," and Olson to remain and take charge of the farm.

"Home once more!" was their deep uttered exclamation when at last they sat down to tea in the unadorned kitchen. But their joy was half a sorrow. Lemuel's feebleness was the more striking as he hovered ghost-like about the scenes of his former brisk activity.

"I ain't what I once was; I'm glad Steve is here to do the work,—and I shall be satisfied to let him," he said.

"You shall rest here," said Mrs. Jones.

It was growing dark. Mrs. Jones sat on the front doorstep, and Lemuel on the stone below. The air was strangely empty of human noises, though thrilling with voices of insects and the broken songs of birds as they flew to their safe nests. Now and then in the wood near by something stirred or fell with a gentle pattering upon the carpeted ground; and beneath all was the murmur of a little hidden stream. Faint fragrances of growing things pulsed toward them now and then. They watched the trees and bushes of the garden—their garden again—grow dull green and black with the coming night. The road went dimly before the gate and down the hill, and vanished amid curling vapors in the hollow, where in the dusk the home-lights of its people began to gleam. Darkness came to earth, simplifying its complexities, hiding man's pretensions, laying the hushing finger upon struggle and restlessness. Some realization of all this came to them as they watched.

"Here's where we belong," said Lemuel. "We are part of all this, and not of 'Liza's world. This world—it's as simple and clear as duty! But in 'Liza's you have to make yourself over every year;—and I'm bound to say I won't stand much more turning and patching."

"But once give over turning and patching and things last a long time," Mrs. Jones answered cheerfully.

They talked of their little 'Liza,

who had been such a headstrong "younket," and so bright in school; of how she had improved her advantages, and how highly thought of she was among her great friends; and at last they came back to themselves again.

"In spite of it all, we're pretty much alone," Mr. Jones observed.

"Yes, 'Lizabeth to-day is very far from that little 'Liza. She doesn't seem like our daughter hardly. I'd lotted on her growing up and being company for me; but she is too far beyond me."

With a homely gesture of caressing, Mr. Jones put his arm up and across her lap. They had been used to sit thus and here in the early years of their marriage, before Eliza was born.

"No," said the wife, answering the husband's unspoken thought, "I don't lack for company's long as I have you. An' there's little Lemuel, too, to think of,—nearer, perhaps, than if he'd lived."

They sat thus, quietly, while dusk deepened into night; then went into the dark house and took the old lamp from the kitchen shelf and mounted the narrow stairs. Their room waited for them, dark and gently breezy, smelling of honeysuckle and clean linen.

"This room is just as near like it was as I could make it in one afternoon," said Mrs. Jones, as she set the lamp down on the high dresser. "But, my! I sh'll have to work to-morrow to get things to rights."

During the days that followed, Lemuel Jones and his wife took up, as far as possible, their old life,—rising with the day, toiling with their hands, eating the plainest of farmer fare, and going to bed at dark. Lemuel, though he found himself unequal to work, traversed the old fields in farmer clothes, with Steve, doing odd jobs of mending and sharpening; and his health and spirits seemed to come back in this unforced life. Mrs. Jones cooked their simple meals, put

up preserves and sweet pickles for Mrs. Olson, braided a rag mat, and at last had the happiness to find in the attic a partly finished patchwork quilt, left there by her five years before. At this she would sew in the late afternoons, as she rocked unevenly on the humpy floor of the side porch, and hummed in a quavering voice some old church tune. The porch was cool and homely, with tangled sprays of honeysuckle and morning-glory vines making shadows on the floor, and bees blundering in and out. By way of outlook, there was the old gray well-curb, a gnarled apple tree and, beyond, green and gold farm lands; sometimes there was Lemuel in the distance, crossing a lot, or Lemuel coming to the well for a drink and a breathing spell. The breathing spells grew longer and more frequent day by day; and when half the month was gone, Lemuel spent all his afternoons in the big old rocker by his wife's side. Here they talked together of many things for which neither had found a voice in the busy frugal life of the farm or the preoccupation with their daughter's unfamiliar world—things spiritual, their simple philosophy, the messages of nature. They had known days more joyful,—but happier, none. The time and the season were the type of their stage; afternoon,—the year's golden peak, only the brighter and calmer for the invisible Presence that speaks to chasten through reddening leaf and gathered fruit.

As the melon crop began to come on, they watched the men bring it in and pile it under the gnarled apple tree, cutting open a few to test their fitness. They saw it rise to a heap of glorious color and sweetness; they saw it loaded in creaking carts and carried off to market, to be replaced as soon as vanished.

"What different ideas folks have of riches!" said Mrs. Jones. "To my eye, now, that heap of fruit looks richer than James's bank book."

"James's bank book would pay for

several heaps like that," said Lemuel dryly.

"I'm willing to have it pay for whatever we don't need ourselves. My idea of wealth is a good farm."

"So is mine. But the idea of Mr. and Mrs. James Graham Bunker is a bank book, and the savages' is a string of beads and a feather mantle. It's all the point of view."

"That's so, Lemuel; but it seems more right and natural to live upon the land that's provided for man. It's a life that's healthy and suitable and beautiful. Look at that heap of melons, now."

Thus they had found for themselves the primary economic theory of the earth as wealth-producer; and at the same time were expressing the old, old poet's worship of fertile earth,—mother and nurse of man.

Their separation from the home of their youth had not entirely bereft them of friends; a few were still left who did not regard them with awe or mistrust. These they visited, sometimes in the shackly farm buggy; and these in turn visited them, coming in the old kindly way to spend the afternoon. Under the surroundings of their unhampered days they again relapsed into easy farmer talk and unconventional farmer attitudes. The gloss of their five years of luxury slipped away unnoticed and unmissed.

One afternoon,—it was near the end of their month,—Lemuel Jones and his wife went berrying "up to the ten-acre lot." As they came back, they met John and Mary Graves—their daughter's green grocer—in their farm team, and stopped in the road to chat. Surely these two smacked of the soil as they stood there, she in brown print and sun-bonnet, he in overalls and flapping hat, both bearing large tin pails full of berries. Mr. Graves had drawn up on one side of the road, and all were talking animatedly. Lemuel, with one foot on the wheel-hub, was gesticulating and chuckling, while

Mrs. Jones with arms akimbo was having her word with Mrs. Graves. They were too interested to notice the clink of fashionable harness, until the carriage was close upon them. Mrs. Jones turned then to look her daughter in the face. Mrs. James Graham Bunker changed color, and sent a slight cold nod in the direction of the Graves's wagon, turning immediately to address the lady at her side,—and they were gone.

"I guess we'd better be moving on," said Lemuel to the lately voluble group; and with the word they parted.

"Our farmer clo'es don't seem to be becoming to us," observed Lemuel bitterly, when they had trudged some little distance.

"Now, don't you mind, Lemuel. She had a right to be ashamed to tell those strangers we belonged to her."

"Would you have done it?"

"I don't know as I would; but perhaps we can't understand how she feels about things."

A shadow had fallen on their innocent pleasure taking. They did not talk of it, but thoughts of their meeting with Eliza and of the inevitable explanation took the zest out of things. Mrs. Jones lagged about her work; and Mr. Jones looked more wan and weak than for the past fortnight. As they sat on the front step at sunset, the Bunkers' carriage stopped at the gate, and the awe-inspiring footman brought them a message.

"Mrs. Graham Bunker wished me to take you back, whenever you are ready to go."

Lemuel with a sigh started to rise; but Mrs. Jones put a hand on his shoulder.

"Wait; I will send Mrs. Graham Bunker a letter."

She disappeared within the house, and after a time returned with a note which she gave to the man saying: "You need not wait for us to-night."

When the man had gone, she said to Lemuel: "I told 'Liza that we

didn't intend to go back just yet, and if she wished to see us she could come down here. I don't know's we've done anything we're ashamed of, to be treated like children who've run away."

"You're right, Mary, as always. You seem to know just the thing to say. She'll come to us and it'll be all right again. I wouldn't for the world have any trouble with our only child." But the thought that haunted him forced itself through his lips in murmurs during the evening. "Our little 'Liza! How could she? Our little girl!!"

In the morning he seemed for the first time really ill; he made no effort to go out, but sat watching his wife, until she at last made him comfortable on the old kitchen lounge. She was sitting on the side porch stringing beans, when she heard the carriage stop in front of the house, and Mrs. James Graham Bunker rustled through the little hall and kitchen out to her.

"Well, here you are!" began Mrs. Bunker.

Mrs. Jones looked up from her beans. "'Sh," she said, pointing to the sleeping man.

Mrs. Bunker went on in lower tones: "I wondered where you could be, and never doubted you were really away until I met you yesterday."

"Then you knew us?" asked her mother.

"Y—yes—that is—I was so shocked of course at first that I didn't know what to think."

"Why 'of course'?" came the calm interruption.

Mrs. Bunker flushed a little, but drew herself up to her imposing height, and took on the air of one preaching a sermon. "I was shocked that my parents should exhibit such—common tastes; should prefer blackberrying in rough clothes to all the enjoyments and opportunities that wealth can afford."

Mrs. Jones answered without ceas-

ing her bean stripping. "You are right, I suppose, in calling them common tastes; but you must remember, 'Liza, that we had what you call a 'common' bringing up, and lived what you call a 'common' life, up to the last five years. We can't be expected never to think of it."

Mrs. Graham Bunker's air was now that of one who is willing to explain. "But, mamma, you know you are different from other—people who live in the country."

"You mean farmers," put in Mrs. Jones quietly.

"I was merely surprised that you cared for it still. And besides, I had Mrs. Horsford with me. It would have been so embarrassing to explain everything to her. So I did the thing that seemed easiest for us both."

"You hurt your father's feelings," Mrs. Jones replied. "But he will not mind, if it helps you any. We are farmer folks, even if we did sell the farm, and you are a farmer's daughter. I guess the Graveses would do as much for us as the fine Mrs. Horsford would do for you. They are our friends, all these folks, and we don't want to be different from them. We blame ourselves for staying away from home so long."

Mrs. Graham Bunker now had the air of one who apologizes. "Mother, I never intended—you should have mentioned your feelings before, in this way. When you have spoken of them, I've merely supposed you were congratulating yourself on your easier lot. We will try and arrange it somehow, so you can visit them and have them visit you. And now, are you ready to go with me,—or shall I call for you on my way back from the village?"

Mrs. Jones put her pan of string beans on the floor, and faced her daughter steadily. "No, 'Liza," she said. "We know you mean well by

us, and we appreciate it; but your father and I are too old to change our way of living. We came back because we had been homesick for five years. You mean all right; but you've forgotten your bringin' up, and then that we're so interested in you. And we can't seem to—"

Mrs. Graham Bunker—"Liza—listened now with the air of a school-girl who is being scolded, and answered not a word.

"Your father's a sick man; he's going just as his father did, kind of fading. It's his wish to stay here; so if James will let us have the house, we will. It isn't too small nor too cold for us. We've lived here since we were married."

"But why haven't you told me about father?" Mrs. Bunker's eyes filled with tears as she spoke.

"There wasn't anything to tell, if you didn't see it; he hasn't any symptoms. We haven't even been to a doctor; doctors can't help people when they're that way. Besides, we are so glad to get back here, that he may pull up again. He's been considerable brisker these last two weeks, till this morning."

Eliza took her mother's hands in hers, as they went indoors.

"I'm all wrong, mother; it's the false pride you've always talked about. But I'm not strong enough against the world. It means too much to me. But you must let me do what I can."

When Eliza had gone, Mrs. Jones went to the lounge and spread the afghan over the sleeping man. She smoothed back the thin gray hair about his temples and kissed him gently.

"It's just you and me, Lemuel," she said softly, "as it was when we started. But I'm taking care of you, now; and we're home for good."

Then she went and put the beans on to cook.



A CELTIC LOVE SONG.

By Mary Amge De Vere.

OH, lay your cheek on my knee, darling,
Your soft young cheek on my knee.
The long day's done, and there's no more sun,
And no one to hear nor see, darling,
No one to hear nor see.

I watched through the night and day, darling;
Ah, long through the night and day,
Where the road winds down to the far off town
And the river runs cold and gray, darling,
The river runs cold and gray.

What brought you over the stream, darling,
Over the bridge and the stream?
Oh, I could not stir, for I thought you were
A dream in the heart of a dream, darling,
A dream in the heart of a dream.

Did you hear the cry of my love, darling,
The call and cry of my love?
I said not a word, but you heard—you heard!
And we're here on the hill above, darling,
Safe on the hill above.

'Tis like a seat in the sky, darling,
A seat in the lifted sky,
When the mists are tossed and the path is lost,
And only the clouds are nigh, darling,
Only the clouds are nigh.

Ah, God, that this hour could last, darling,
For ever and ever last;
With your lips so near, for the seeking, dear,
And our two hearts beating fast, darling,
Our two hearts beating fast.

Then lay your cheek on my knee, darling,
Your sweet, pale cheek on my knee;
Oh, never fear, but I'll guard you, dear,
And may God be as good to me, darling,
May God be as good to me.

THE OLD MAN.

By Antoinette Golay Kuhn.



ACCORDING to his own account, the old man had been educated for the Episcopal ministry, a system of instruction that would seem conducive to culinary as well as to churchly proficiency, as he had made his living in a ship's kitchen during the many years before he became an ancient chore boy on a New England farm. He was a ridiculously picturesque figure, towering up lean and lank in a salmon-colored shirt and faded jean pantaloons on some side-hill where he hoed corn or dug potatoes, leaning often on his hoe to rest. He attained to dignity and pathos when on rare holidays he buttoned up to his chin a rusty overcoat and started out, feeble and alone, for the tiresome walk to the city, three miles away. One felt sure he would squander there a part of his small savings in an orange or a pear apiece for the children, taking pitifully more pleasure in giving than they in receiving.

But at meal times it was another matter. According to time-honored New England custom, he sat at table with his employers—and rose to the occasion. He was not a cheerful sight to see. Teeth he had not. His shirt had grown to be a bad habit that he was evidently unable to change; he wore it somewhat *décolleté*, with a parti-colored handkerchief knotted loosely about his sinewy and unpleasant neck. It is a pity he had not thought he might use to advantage on his face some of the water he lavished on his hair. Forks were not in favor where the old man learned to eat. Yet these failings were but obscure details, and need hardly have been mentioned. For the old man talked—and talked.

It was useless to attempt to intro-

duce subjects that were beyond him. In the first place, there were few things between heaven and earth that were not included in his philosophy. Moreover, if they were hopelessly outside his comprehension he did not scruple to use the simple expedient of changing the subject.

"When I was to Newfoundland," was a prefatory clause that silenced many an eloquent raconteur and hastened the meal to an untoward end. Many and oft-repeated were the anecdotes of his career with which he favored his hearers. His domestic secrets were not hoarded; he had no manner of objection to trotting out the skeleton that ought to have been in the closet.

When the old man had come back from one of the Newfoundland voyages, during which he had figured gloriously as cook, he found that his wife had assumed to herself the prerogative usually confined to the husbands of sailors' wives and had changed helpmeets. She was comfortably and openly established in her new home, which had so potent an effect on the old man that, contrary to his usual and cherished custom, he said nothing to her, either then or ever afterward. The new husband had proved a worthless fellow and soon died. For fifteen years the wife, a bedridden old woman at last, lived with the old man's favorite son some five miles into the country. Regularly every Sunday he rode if possible, and walked if necessary, to this house, where the afternoons of silence with the wife, whom he fondly supposed was more than ready to be forgiven, seemed to afford him a grim satisfaction. It is a pity it could not have afforded him the same satisfaction to continue his righteous silence on the subject when he came back. But it did not; it generally took him until

Wednesday, three times a day, to exhaust the particulars. And the next Sunday he went again.

When at rare intervals he became surfeited with tales of the past, it gave him no inconsiderable pleasure to brood audibly over the future. He planned to go back some day to the "old place" where he had been reared. He acknowledged that the better part of a century might reasonably be supposed to have made some changes; but he always wound up with the triumphant asseveration, "The old house will be there, anyway. You can't move terry firmy."

Lack of practice had marred somewhat his clerical austerity. He was lax enough to regard spiritualism favorably, and believed that with proper advantages he might have been a medium.

"I suppose you don't believe I can make this table move?" he would ask with evident thirst for incredulity which he might combat with exaggerated energy based on self-distrust. His wily and unscrupulous employers never hesitated on such occasions to assure him of profoundest faith in his powers, and the frustrated old fraud was reduced to relating dreams bearing more or less directly on family secrets, for which he had a keen scent.

"I'll bet you five hundred thousand dollars," he would assert with magnificence quite sublime in one who had probably never at one time possessed five thousand cents, "that you'll never see the money you're looking for. I seen it in a dream, and there was hands on it. I'll bet you five hundred thousand dollars you'll never see it."

These spiritual manifestations were only occasional. For the most part he was commendably Scriptural in his views. Passing under his room one could often hear him laboriously spelling out some passage in his old Bible. Armed by these readings, he was accustomed to confront the assembled household with an embarrassing thirst for detailed information concerning minor points in the New Testament. He greatly desired

to know in whose arms Joseph died, and on one occasion announced to his employer's wife:

"I want to ask you one question, and there ain't no harm in it neither. Why did the Virgin Mary nullify her heart against the Princes of the Jordan?"

His triumph when she confessed this to be a poser kept him chuckling during the rest of the meal.

Along with other Christian sentiments, he cherished a violent and vindictive aversion to Jews. "I ain't never set down to a table with no Jew yet," he would remark virtuously, "and I ain't never going to. I ain't *that* low."

This sentiment often repeated suggested a means of escape to the perplexed family, who were dreading the probable effect of the old man on a coming city guest. One unscrupulous member remarked one day in casual but carefully distinct tones that the newcomer would hardly know where to go to church, there being no synagogue in town.

The old man rose to the bait. "Be she going to eat at this table?" he asked, and on being hastily assured that she was, he ate the rest of his dinner in unbroken and cogitative silence. When the guest arrived, he asked to have his meals set on a corner of the kitchen table, and there he ate during all her visit. His social proclivities were abnormal, but his religious convictions rose above them.

That was almost his last exhibition of social spirit. The unforgiven old wife died suddenly between one Sunday and the next, and whether because he had depended more than he or any one else thought on something more than the grim triumph of those speechless visits, or because his pride had too severe a blow in the presence of her silence, now so much more awful than any he could compass, the old man began to fail rapidly.

The time came when, in spite of the persistent industry he had never lacked, he could no longer earn even his "keep." Then, accompanied and

rendered self-respecting by a battered old trunk, he betook himself bravely to the poorhouse. There remained to him a certain odd pride that made him prefer the charity of the town to that of the son who had chosen to follow his mother to her new home and master. There, with a fresh audience for his recountals, he might well have been fairly content, but his mind failing him even more rapidly than his frail old body, it became his one idea to escape from this haven of his own making. Time after time he started out for some destination that was probably quite imaginary. He was always overtaken and carried back, but only to set out again with a determined obstinacy that might have led him dangerously far astray if he had not invariably taken his

trunk, generally placed in state on a wheelbarrow, which he appropriated for the purpose. It must have been a weary load for the old arms to push, but he never left it behind. It finally became a popular joke among the able-bodied paupers to help him tug it downstairs in readiness for the journeys, that seldom now extended beyond the street crossing, affecting meanwhile the most ardent curiosity as to its contents. This secret the poor old man solemnly refused to divulge, although he was pleased to make many allusions to its portentous value. When at last the time came that other hands unproved opened the trunk, become common property now, no one was much surprised to find it, like most of the old man's mysteries, quite empty.

THE OLD WHOLESALE PEDDLER AND HIS TEAMS.

By Arthur N. Hall.

CHAPTER of New England's growth and prosperity that is as sealed pages to the rising generation, but a cherished memory to hundreds of elder sons of the soil, is that period which chronicles the passing of the great four and six horse stock wagons and the era of their prime prosperity, in which fortunes were made by the pioneers in the "Yankee notions" trade. Up to a period soon after the close of the civil war, commercial travellers, or "drummers," representing the New York, Boston and other wholesale dry goods houses, were not as numerous as at present. Those who travelled through sections of northern New England carried few samples of small wares, and the merchants, particularly those in the smaller villages remote from railroads, were compelled to lose profitable trade if unable to supply requests of customers for the numerous articles in this line. To supply this demand came the idea and development of the wholesale peddler's trade, to bring to the door of the

country merchant the articles needed to keep up his stock of goods between the periods of his annual or semi-annual visits to the great cities to "stock up." This trade grew rapidly and proved very profitable. Its decadence was due solely to the fact that the city jobbers saw its magnitude and, realizing its importance, increased their efforts, and by superior facilities forced a competition that was disastrous to the wholesale peddler.

The outfit of one of these travelling merchants was literally a wholesale jobbing establishment on wheels in summer and on runners in winter. The stock carried was in variety equal to that of many of the large wholesale stores of the metropolitan cities, and frequently replenished from the supply stock at the headquarters of the owner. Buying in large quantities, chiefly from manufacturers, with expenses at the minimum, these merchants were able to sell their goods at the market prices. The method of trade was the direct reverse of that of

the city jobber. Instead of buying the goods from drummers' samples, with all the uncertainties that method implied, or selecting the goods from the stock in the city store, with the uncertainty of the delivery of the same goods examined, the country merchant selected the goods from the stock at his own door, with the certainty that he received exactly the articles purchased, at the prices named on the spot, and with no opportunity for any "market variation" between the time of purchase and delivery. The convenience and certainty of this arrangement were a fair substitute for the usual tempting offer of the city merchant of "five per cent off for cash in thirty days." It may be said here that if the travelling merchant was forced, by the shrewdness of the purchaser, to grant a "five per cent off for cash" concession, the bill of sale would indicate by the prices named on some of the articles that the shrewd buyer was not so shrewd in some things as he might be in others.

For many years the late Henry W. Carter, known as the "Merchant Prince," enjoyed practically a monopoly of the travelling merchant trade, and amassed a considerable fortune. He first established headquarters at Chelsea, Vermont, and afterwards removed to Lebanon, New Hampshire, where a large stock was kept in store for the supply of his travelling agents. At one time Mr. Carter had five teams on the road, four with four horses each and one with six horses. There were other travelling merchants on the road at the time, having one team each, with two horses, but the stocks carried were light and their competition slight.

The "Carter teams" were known throughout the sections travelled as marvels of elegance. With beautiful well matched horses, silver mounted harness, wagons large and high, handsomely ornamented with fine paintings, always well kept and shining with fresh varnish, they attracted

much attention as they stood before the village store or passed along the street and dashed up to the door of the hotel. Many a middle aged person will remember that, next to the passing of the circus, the chief event of village excitement and wonder was the arrival of the "Carter team." The accompanying illustration shows one of these teams in front of the Washington House, at Fisherville (now Penacook), a suburb of Concord, New Hampshire.

Probably no business man was better known throughout New Hampshire and Vermont than Mr. Carter. The story of his great success as a merchant and the wonderful features of his handsome teams is to this day told by the elder natives to admiring children and grandchildren.

Starting from Lebanon, the territory covered by these teams included towns in New Hampshire south to the Massachusetts line, and in Vermont north to the Canada line. The itinerary embraced not only the more important towns and villages of Claremont, Newport, Bradford, Andover, Hillsboro, Warner, Hopkinton, Concord, Weare, Amherst, Milford, Wilton, Mason, Peterboro, Keene, Franklin, Laconia, Meredith and Plymouth in New Hampshire, and Montpelier, Windsor, Woodstock, St. Johnsbury, Brattleboro, Bennington, Hartford, Randolph, Chelsea, Barre, Lyndon, Newbury, Newport and Derby in Vermont, but nearly every hamlet in Vermont and the larger portion of New Hampshire, where the location of a store offered the inducement of trade.

The country merchant then, as now, was shrewd and thrifty and enjoyed the respect and confidence of his fellow citizens. Careful and close in buying and selling, he prospered and maintained, with the minister, doctor and lawyer, a leading position in the community. Where there were two or more stores in a town, the merchant who was sharpest in buying his goods was able to offer a larger stock

and better inducements to his customers. That was often the whole secret when competition was brisk among village rivals in trade. One country merchant displayed a large sign announcing "Goods at Cost and More Too."

The stock carried on a team was of several thousand dollars in value. It embraced everything in the line of small wares or Yankee notions, including silk, linen and cotton threads, handkerchiefs, linen and paper cuffs and collars, suspenders, knives, scissors and shears, soaps and perfumes, pins and needles, buttons in endless variety, edgings and trimmings, in short, a thousand and one articles, "too numerous to mention." Besides the regular lines of notions, there was a good stock of table ware, silver and plated ware, watches and jewelry; also a good line of choice brands of cigars and tobaccos. The sale of watches and jewelry was an interesting and profitable feature of the trade. The jewelry was not all of high class, but mostly of the variety usually displayed in country stores, made in attractive forms, neat and not gaudy. The watches were of all classes, from the finest gold down to the cheapest "trader." The sale of the "trading" watches was very large. They were mostly of white metal, their cases engraved in handsome designs with attractive works and good timekeepers—while they lasted. Hotel-keepers, livery stable keepers and the sharp Yankee traders in horses and cattle were the principal purchasers, taking from two to a half dozen at a time. Some astonishing trades were often made with a few dollars in cash and a handsome watch as an extra inducement, the merits of the "ticker" being well set off by the accomplished trader. The purchase of an animal valued at sixty dollars for twenty dollars in cash and an "imitation gold" watch that the trader paid the travelling merchant twelve dollars for is an illustration. It is worth noting that this particular watch proved an excel-

lent timekeeper. During the war the sutlers sold a great number of these cheap watches to the newly enlisted soldiers, who were flush with bounty money. In seven weeks one of the travelling merchants disposed of \$11,000 worth of this class of watches, that were in turn sold to New Hampshire soldiers. The price, of course, depended altogether upon circumstances—from five dollars up. Some of the surviving veterans may remember something of the details. That the army sutlers rapidly accumulated fortunes is not a matter of wonder.

The routes of the teams covered forty or fifty towns each, arranged so as to visit most of them on the outward and return trips four times a year, the teams arriving at headquarters twice a year, spring and fall, for inventory. There were the usual "bargain sales" of goods out of style or shopworn. The stocks of the teams were kept up by frequent orders to the supply store, and the agents occasionally visited headquarters to select goods and for consultation as to styles and prices. Every effort was made to keep up with the varying styles and to offer only the newest and best in all lines.

Notices were sent to merchants of the date of intended arrival, and the arrival was timed as near as weather and other conditions would permit. Country roads were not all as good then as in these days of wheelmen and "good roads movements," and the delays, especially after spring and fall rains and the winter storms, were often tedious and vexatious. To be held in a small country town, an enforced guest, for a week, of a not too palatial hotel, with a *menu* far from sumptuous, while the roads were blocked by immense snowdrifts, was a provoking experience, not uncommon. It is but fair to say that the accommodations furnished by most of the country hotels was excellent and the charges very reasonable. Usually the travelling merchant sold the landlord a few boxes of cigars at a fair

profit, so that when the charge for his fare was deducted his bill of expenses was not exorbitant. The quality of the cigars sold over the bar in some of the hotels was not such as would tempt the taste of an epicure.

The amount of the purchase by the country merchant varied; it was seldom less than twenty-five dollars, and sometimes ran up to one hundred dollars, sometimes to two hundred dollars or more. The merchant selected the staple articles, or those called for by his customers, not often venturing to invest in "notions" in advance of the demand for the "latest city styles."

Occasionally some more progressive merchant would venture to set the style; but his customers were chary of purchase until fully assured that it was correct. Usually, however, the country folks were not far behind their city cousins in adopting the new styles. In these days of summer boarders and more rapid facilities, the merchant has to "hustle" to display the prevailing fashions, even in the most remote country villages. It is likely that with the advance of trolley lines the term "most remote" will soon be lost by desuetude.

The travelling merchant's experiences on the road were interesting, often amusing and sometimes exciting, especially in efforts to observe fully all the "customs of the road." He realized clearly the fact that there was a strong prejudice against the presence on the highway of a four-horse team of such pretensions that there was danger from collision or a tip over by turning out when it met another vehicle on a narrow road. The travel-

ling merchant would rather meet a team with a big load of hay on a narrow road in summer than a team with a cord of wood on a fairly level road in winter. Somehow the man in charge of the wood team was invariably sour tempered and obstinate, and usually profane. Of course the danger to the merchant of loss in case of accident by turning into a ditch beside the road was out of all proportion to his own, but that didn't make any difference to the stubborn man; he proposed to have his half of the road, or by shouting curses let the whole township know the reason why. He did

not always get what he desired. Meetings in bad places where the opposite driver was a woman were usually more ludicrous than serious. The merchant gallantly gave all of the way that was possible, but generally the horse driven by the woman was the victim of vigorous spiteful rein jerking and lashing, and numerous squeals and shrieks attested the imagined proximity of danger.



HENRY W. CARTER.

The changes in the climate of northern New England during the past thirty or forty years have been surprising. The winters then were long and tedious; good sleighing and skating were always expected by Thanksgiving time, and "six weeks of sledding in March" was the usual expectation. Snowstorms were frequent and severe, the snow lying over the stone walls and fences on a level and the crust often being strong enough to bear a sled load of wood drawn by a pair of horses or oxen. Skating and coasting on the crust made delightful sport. The winter months were in-

tensely cold, the mercury standing at zero or below for weeks at a time, and twenty below occasioning only passing comment. A sample of the cold weather was one day experienced by a travelling merchant. Leaving Bradford, New Hampshire, about eight A. M., when the thermometer registered twenty degrees below, he drove to the village of East Washington, ten miles, where, with the wind blowing sharply over the ice of the little lake, the record was thirty degrees below. Returning to Bradford at four P. M.



he found the mercury still standing at the twentydegrees point. It was a day to be remembered.

The snowdrifts of those times were often of enormous proportions. Many times it was impossible to break out the roads, and it was necessary to drive around the drifts, out in the fields, with no walls or fences visible. This was all right for light sleighs, but when the snow was soft and slumpy there were frequent mishaps to heavy teams. A travelling merchant anxious to reach a certain town one night decided to take the chances on the nearest road, against the advice of other people, who said there were bad drifts. The drifts were bad, sure enough, and the worst, a very long

one, was soon encountered. It looked innocent enough, and the driver let his horses walk on to it without a serious thought of its treachery. It held well until the team was in the middle of it, when suddenly the bottom seemed to give out, and there was trouble. All four horses were down in a heap, struggling to get to their feet; the sleigh tipped over to one side, letting all the trunks slide off into the snow out of sight; and the driver was thrown out and sank in the mass nearly to his armpits. Fortunately his

predicament was observed by a farmer living near by, who summoned help and came to his assistance. It took three men three hours to get the horses and sleigh out of the drift. It was necessary to lead the horses out one at a time, dig down to a fence, secure boards, shovel the snow away from under the sleigh, lay the

boards down and turn the sleigh around by hand.

The day of the store on wheels has passed, and in its train, for the most part, its patrons, the merchants whose shrewd Yankee qualities made it the success that it was. Only elder New Englanders can conjure it up, a reminiscence fragrant as those of other institutions of the soil are, which, passing, left their imprint on the progress of the country. Around tavern fires in winters, and to city cousins visiting the country in summers, its story is rehearsed; but the power of the locomotive has proved too great for the "team," has usurped its field, and stilled forever its musical rumble.



THE RISE OF THE TIDE OF LIFE TO NEW ENGLAND HILLTOPS.

By Edward P. Pressey.

Illustrated from photographs by Mr. Fred Woodward.

BACK of the middle of the century New England life was country life. During the first half of the century, life surged to the very tops of the remote hills and mountains, established there its broad hearthstones for a season, and then began to ebb, leaving rich fossils, shells and memorials of the deep and sweeping streams of human history. In our day the trough of the ebbing wave has been reached; and heralds already proclaim the first bright ripples of a back turning tide of life,—better even we trust than the old, if less roughly heroic in its forms. In this revival time it may both entertain and edify us to turn back for a little to the times of the first rising of the tide.

The Six Nations of New York had a famous deeply trod war path over the Hoosac Mountains, nearly in line with the present Hoosac Tunnel. It followed the Hoosac River from the Hudson to the mountain wall on the west, and from the great bend of the Deerfield on the east, to the land of the Pocumtucks around the old Deer-

field meadows. The Canadas also had minor trails winding through the deep forests to the head of Lake Champlain. There were other trails still, over the southern passes of the Green Mountains, veering southward into Massachusetts at several points. In the times of the French wars a cordon of forts was built on the three mile line from Northfield, Massachusetts, to the New York border to hold these trails.

The tale of John Norton is intimately connected with three of these forts,—Shirley, in the present town of Heath, Pelham, in Rowe, and Massachusetts, near the border of Williamstown. Norton was born in Connecticut, was a graduate of Yale, ordained minister of the gospel in old Deerfield, and appointed to the charge of the church in Falls Town, the creation of the surviving veterans of the famous Falls fight of King Philip's war. In a short time the French and Indian war broke out. Norton found his parish so harassed by Indians as to be untenable for peaceful cultivation of the gospel; and so he got the



EARTHWORK REMAINS OF FORT PELHAM.

appointment as itinerant chaplain of all the forts. Shirley was the middle fort of the cordon, and so was Captain Williams's headquarters. It was a model of the old block build, with carefully constructed barracks and quarters. Norton's family, consisting

of his wife and two little girls, resided there while he rode from fort to fort on his pastoral mission.

The story begins with Fort Pelham, a stockade covering an acre and a half of high ground, sixteen hundred feet above sea level, near the head waters of Pelham Brook, along which one of the minor trails descended to the Deerfield. Along the Pelham war-

path to this day relics of the savages are sometimes discovered. We read in Norton's diary that he left Fort Pelham about one o'clock on a summer's day with a convoy of thirteen soldiers. They crossed the pass in the ridge south of Mount Adams, along



MAPLE WOODS BY FORT PELHAM.

the military road to Charlemont. They passed the night at Captain Moses Rice's fort. This Captain Rice with several of his gallant men later suffered the scalping knife; and a monument now marks their resting place. The next day they passed on, crossed the Hoosac range upon the old trail, and landed safe in Fort Massachusetts on the Dutch frontier.

They found the little garrison weakened with disease and short of ammunition and supplies. So the commander immediately proceeded back over the mountain with nearly a score of strong men, to fetch what they needed from Deerfield. But in a brief time the fact developed that the remaining garrison numbered not more than eight or nine well men, including the chaplain. Then the sergeant left in command fell sick; and Norton himself became commander *pro tem*.

Hardly had all this been realized before signs were discovered in the neighboring forest of the presence of lurking foes, or at least of spies, broken twigs where there should be none, unfamiliar moccasin tracks, roily water in stagnant pools by the river side, and freshly turned pebbles where upon their oath none of the garrison had been for ten days.

The pieces were then carefully trained from the mounts in the four corners of the block, and everything was strengthened. It was not long therefore before the watchful foes knew themselves discovered and unable to effect a surprise. Trusting also in their great numbers, they became bold, and showed themselves in force to intimidate the little iso-

lated garrison. But Norton and his men asked for no quarters. The fort was assaulted. Norton held out for three days. The men were so busy that they had no time to bury or even remove the gunner who fell beside his gun on one of the mounts. Their ammunition was almost exhausted, the merest trifle, including a charge or two of board nails, remaining unexpended. Then Norton began most diplomatically the details of capitulation.

The defence had been gallant, as we may well imagine; for the enemy sup-



ADAMS HOUSE, ON THE MILITARY TRAIL OVER NORTON'S PASS.

posed there were three hundred men in the fort, and that they had bombarded it with great slaughter. It was so reported by the French commander, whose official account has since been found in France. The apparent belief was certainly not all brag; because good terms were given to the insignificant body of defenders, reduced as they were to seven, including the chaplain. The French and Indians numbered seven hundred. All persons in the fort were to be free from Indian plunder or cruelty; to be taken captives to Quebec; and thence to be redeemed as soon as terms could be made at Boston. The garrison and its people then marched out with the

honors of war—men, women and children, all told, little more than a score. The Frenchman said in his report that the enemy parleyed a long time in order to bury his dead. This he accomplished. Only one man was found fallen at his gun, unburied; though there must have been two hundred and fifty slain!

Norton records day by day in his diary the circumstances of their march, descriptions of their camps by

is troubled with the "papisty" around him. At length, as spring again touches the land with new hope, the news of their redemption comes; and they return by ship to Boston, all that were left of them, about half a dozen.

Of course Boston was not the journey's end for Chaplain Norton. Away on the mountain of Heath were his dear ones. He arrived there to greet his wife and—only one of his little ones. One little girl had not been



POET'S SEAT, ADAMS MOUNTAIN.

the Hoosac and along the Champlain trail. Some of the weak ones, before they reached the canoes on the lake, found their graves by the way. It is a simple, circumstantial, but, between the lines, dramatic tale, the recorder's mind being too full at the time for reflection or emotion at the weird tragedy of which he was a part. Once in Quebec, new foes arise. The prison fever relieves the chaplain, during the long winter, of the greater part of his sacred charge. He is himself for a long time prostrated with the common affliction; and when sense and reflection return to him, he

equal to the severe winter. The frontier soldiers had laid her away, and with some rude tool had carved an inscription on a flat field stone above her grave. There it stood for nearly a century and a half, until the lettering was partly undecipherable. Then a sentimental historical student took it away to Williams College for a lasting memorial of this little girl who may be said to have died for her country so long ago. An old man who owned the field about this mountain fort years ago used always to tell the historical student who came to rake over the old barrack chimneys



FERN-GROWN WATER-COURSE ONCE A PART OF THE
PELHAM TRAIL.

that he could remember how a strange lady in a black veil used to come in flower time every spring from some south country to mourn at the little grave, but that it was a long, long time ago that she had last come.

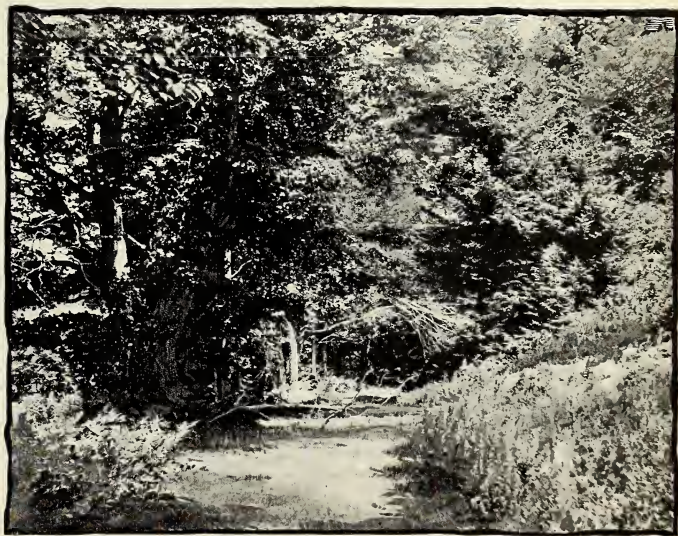
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Mellowing time has tended in popular tradition to make Daniel Shays and his men a kind of heroes, as perhaps they were, though blind, and viewed in a pitiless light by their own world's representatives of law and order. But what I am going to tell is not the tale of Daniel Shays, except so far as it throws light upon that of a minor actor in the events that bear his name; nor indeed any tale at all, but rather the sketch of an interesting problem, which may be filled out by the imaginative

reader as the tale of William Steel.

If you go due west from the beautiful Deerfield meadows, leaving the historic village sleeping in their midst behind you, crossing the Stillwater suspension bridge, and plunging into the hills along the railroad track, you will find the Deerfield River winding among precipitous mountains, with only an occasional expanse of meadow and a village, for twenty-five miles, till you come to the place where Pelham Brook tumbles down its five miles of rapids, and

plunges into the greater stream. If you follow Pelham Brook up a little way, you will see where it emerges from still more precipitous mountains; and in the course of a mile you will come to the place where the still more tumbling Steel Brook plunges into the Pelham, immediately after threading a wood and stone bridge. On the south bank of this wild, perennial stream, you will



TURF-GROWN ANCIENT ROAD.



THE UPPER DEERFIELD VALLEY.

find an ancient road like a lofty shelf following the windings of the brook and the mountain side till it is lost to the eye, after appearing and disappearing in the mazes of the hills above your head to the west. But if you thread the maze for half a mile or more, you will emerge into a lofty valley where the mountain sides slope upward more gently and there are spaces of still water, bits of turfy bank and moist deposits where the blue flag grows and dragon flies inhabit, and the bright heavens, in place of rocks and woods, are again above you. Yet there is an intense solitude in this place; for these banks were once teeming with human life, and are now only honeycombed for a mile or two with the cellars and ruined chimney bases of a great settlement that has absolutely passed away and almost passed out of mind; and there is almost three-quarters of a century's growth of lichens and moss upon many of the hearthstones. This spot is the cradle of a lofty inland promontory; for west and south the mountain cliffs drop sometimes precipitously a thousand feet into the Deerfield. There has been from early times one other road over the north mountain ridge to the town. But now there is no inhabitant within hailing distance of the valley. Such is the Steel Brook country.

And why is it called the Steel Brook country? The oldest inhabitant can only say to you: "Why! it has always been Steel Brook."

Was it named for some Steel who lived thereabouts?

"Never heard of any," the eighty-years' old

native replies. "My father always called it Steel Brook; I never asked him why."

And then the native will go on to tell you traditions of the remnant of a strange people that once lived along Steel Brook. The mystery and the fragments of traditions were to me elements of an interesting problem. It was a good while before I learned anything at all about William Steel or could guess at the bearing of the traditions.

I learned his Christian name first and his identification with the region in this way. In the town records I found that soon after the incorporation of the township of which Steel Brook hamlet was a part, one of the first roads adopted was the one running southwest, so and so, over the mountain ridge, terminating at the house of William Steel.

I next happened one day to find a small yellowed paper in the secretary of one of the old families of squires. The paper contained among other interesting things the signature of William Steel. It was an original Shays Rebellion document. Steel and eight other men of the locality were Shays's insurgents. These nine men had surrendered to Colonel Hugh Maxwell,



EIGHTEENTH CENTURY STONE HOUSE.



THE FIRST PIONEER'S ESTATE.

and had received their arms again, after taking the oath of allegiance, at the hands of Squire Wells.

The next thing I learned was an inference from the above facts with one or two other considerations. So large a settlement as Steel Brook could not have supported itself in such a spot by farming. Surely they were men who lived by wood-craft and cunning leadership. The historian of Shays's Rebellion says in one place: "The military operations of the insurgents during the summer consisted rather of private robberies than public hostilities." Besides, all the living traditions of Steel Brook show that it was a paradise of all sorts of makeshift characters from all the towns down the valley.

Now, where the crow flies, the carcass lies. This Steel must have been a kind of Robin Hood.

Now allow a digression with reference to Daniel Shays's career, that we may imagine something more still of the minor legend, by the course of the greater. The Shays Rebellion was chiefly in February, 1787. It was an



OLD STONE DAM ON PELHAM BROOK.

outbreak of the debtor and discontented classes in the time between the close of the American Revolution and the adoption of the Constitution of the United States and Hamilton's financial policy, which restored prosperity. At the time of the insurrection in western Massachusetts, taxes had risen to fifty dollars for every man, woman and child in the Commonwealth. Bands of desperate men and numerous romantic young men of good family, believing themselves champions against a legalized condition of anarchy, joined themselves loosely under a certain captain of Revolutionary fame by the name of

pressed in just two lines of the old Shays's ballad, once sung in taverns and grocery stores:

"Though in disgrace, the populace
Like Persia did adore me."

This adoration continued a mellowing light to the end of his days. He escaped with a handful of his men into the fastnesses of the Green Mountains. From there he wandered westward into Livingston county, New York. There he lived a quiet life, revered, though unprosperous, and died at Sparta in 1825, at the age of 78. The people proposed erecting a

bowlder monument after the fashion of the memorials of geniuses. But he lies in the beautiful Conesus cemetery near Scottsburg, with a flat stone inscribed: G. SHAYS—General, though his only real title was Captain.

To return to the tale of



THE OLD POUND.

Daniel Shays of Pelham, and tried to force justice to an issue by preventing the county courts from sitting and preparing a gallows for all the "robber lawyers."

The insurgents, of course, were everywhere sadly routed and their whole method execrated by all soberer thinking people. But a more poetic justice has been dealt out to them by the mellowing hand of time. We have no practical object now in execrating Shays and his men; and so we may well enjoy a tale on the other side, according to the sentiment ex-

pressed in just two lines of the old Shays's ballad, once sung in taverns and grocery stores:

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To return to the tale of Steel Brook: only one more direct fact has been discovered in regard to William Steel. There is the pathetic record of the birth and death of a little one, the child of William Steel, during that year of terror, 1787. There is no gravestone to tell where William Steel lies; but his name perpetuated in the mountain stream is a more poetic monument, showing that in some way the people had regard for him.

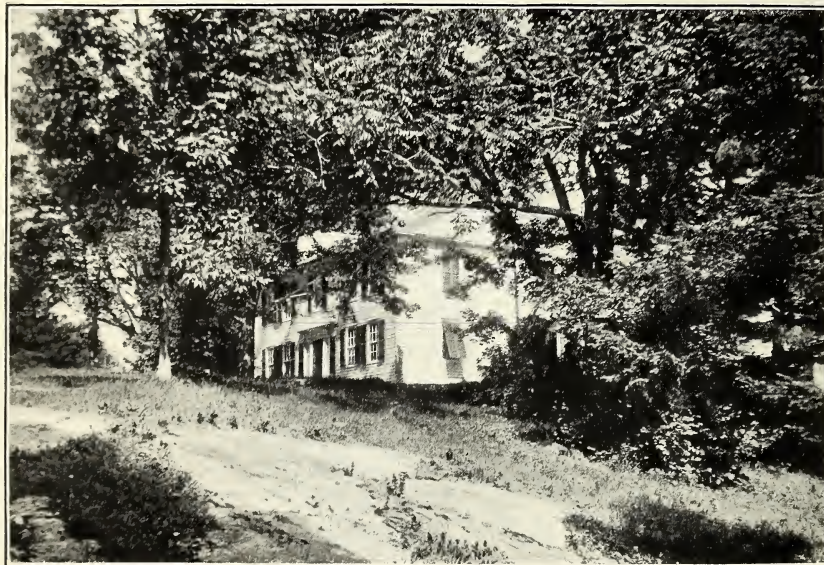
Coming finally to the traditions of the other Steel Brook people, we have something fuller in detail. One day there came to my house an old man



SATINET MILL OF THE EARLY CENTURY.

bowed with the weight of the century, who had heard of the young man who loved bygone days and people. He was the last of the ballad declaimers, and originated near the Steel Brook country. I got from him a breeze of the real old time. He declaimed again, with the old forgotten style of elocution, ballad after ballad of the

days of his activity. Among them were "Springfield Mountain," "Willie Weaver," and "Shays's Confession,"—such as were sung in mining camps as far as the Missouri and even California, and some that smacked of the popular amusements of the outlaws' haunts. But he told me of the beginning of the movement of population away from Steel Brook, which could have been imagined to set in as soon as the desperate causes that brought men there had ceased to give them comfort. One family took up a farm beyond the river, below the cliffs. He described a funeral procession down the zigzag cliff road. An ox sled was the hearse until they reached the river. The Deerfield was in flood. The coffin was overturned



HISTORIC SHADES OF ROCKLAWN.

in crossing, and the corpse nearly lost.

The remnants of Steel Brook were poor creatures. One, Riverie Burton, is still remembered. Once getting an unexpected legacy of five dollars, he meditated how to spend it. True to his instincts, he must have a helpmeet for his wood-craft and a long feast of that which a poor man lacks, butter for his crust of bread. So he bought a three dollar dog and chained it up in the cellar, and two dollars' worth of butter and deposited it in the cellar

shine." And it became a saying used in those parts by those who were crowded in any way by a neighbor.

Last scene of all: Steel Brook had its Friar Tuck, an enlightened improvement upon that ancient parson of Robin Hood's. This was Elder Carpenter. In 1810 the elder gathered the cream of society at his house in the centre of the hamlet, and organized a Baptist church. The hearthstone is still to be seen beside a clump of pines and birches on a broad green mound of turf. The spot seems



WHERE HISTORIC DIGNITARIES LIE.

cupboard. But during the night the dog got loose and ate all the butter; and the butter killed the dog.

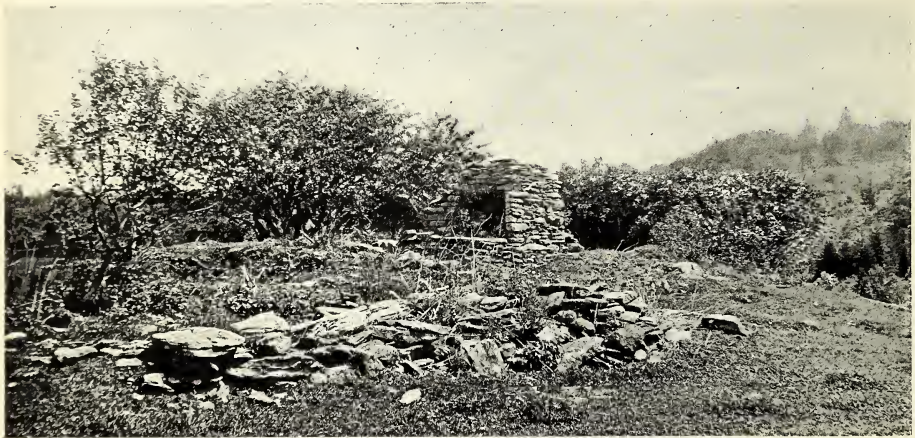
Another remnant was an "old Mr. Ware." He had three sons, Adams, Amasa and Abijah, who slept in a trundle-bed together. Now there is a common mountain plant sometimes called "life-everlasting," also worthily known then by the poetic name of moonshine, the blossom of which made poetic filling for the trundle-bed of Adams, Amasa and Abijah Ware. When one of them got crowded by the two, he used to sing out: "Lay over there and give me more moon-

to be especially hallowed by the processes of nature. He proved an efficient elder, and was called to a flourishing church in the neighborhood of New York City. There he stayed for some years till by dint of starving he had saved some hundreds of dollars, which he brought back to Steel Brook; and putting it with the church's mites, he built a chapel on the mountain road to the north, overlooking the town and almost in sight of the glen. There it was a visible benediction to Steel Brook till almost the last remnant had been baptized into the kingdom of the Lord and

passed to other worlds. The old church-book may still be seen at Beacon Hills. It is a most pathetic circumstantial record of the "laboring" of committees of "brethren" and "sisters" with erring brother or sister for the forsaking of the common sins and weaknesses that cursed their lives, and votes of restorations and

the whole Deerfield valley with much of the adjoining mountain sides for some fifteen miles from the Vermont line, five thousand acres more or less. The stone house is situated at the middle of the fifteen miles.

There was supposed to be a genius in the King family; and the head of the house wanted territory enough in



A MONUMENTAL RUIN A THOUSAND FEET ABOVE THE DEERFIELD CANYON.

dismissals—an eloquent, unrhythmic epic of the triumphs and tragedies of obscure saints and sinners, in the faulty spelling of the parish clerks during several generations.

* * * *

America upon which the family might expand. And it did expand to this extent and character, that a King arose who could number his living descendants before his death one hundred souls; and not long after that the great dispersion of New England

A mile eastward of Hoosac Tunnel, between the railroad and the river, may be seen a quaint stone house. This was the original homestead of Jesse King. There is an ancient deed much preserved with paste, kept by a descendant at Beacon Hills, entitling the same Jesse King to



ONCE THE HOME OF ONE OF WASHINGTON'S LIFE GUARDS.

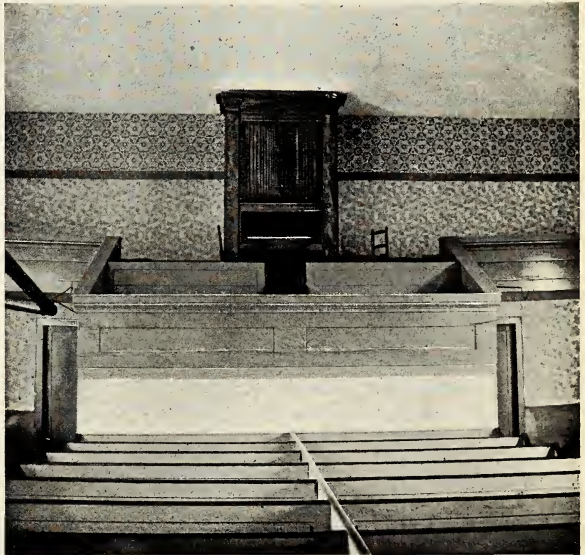


HOW BEAUTIFUL UPON THE MOUNTAIN.

took place, and the time came when the King family could boast that it had a representative in every state and territory of the Union. But the genius of the King family was for singing.

Jesse King's father was a British convict in the Tower of London. But he used to while away the dreary hours singing all the old songs and psalm tunes he had ever heard. He became so absorbed in this effort after a while that he put all his mind to it, and only rested and slept for recovery of his voice. His singing thus became at last so melodious and striking that it attracted the attention of the royal inspector of the guards; and finally talk about it came into the gossip of the court. Then when the queen heard her maids chattering about it, she became very much interested, and planned a disguise under which to go by night to hear the mysterious minstrel of the Tower. Her interest was still increased when once she had heard the prisoner

sing. She could not rest until she had secretly made a bargain with him to sing for her amusement every day; and after that her fad carried her so far that she had a cottage built in a secret place and had the prisoner abstracted from the Tower that he might preserve his voice in the sunlight; and he was to be her minstrel for life. This bargain was faithfully kept; and the queen



THE ORGAN BUILDER'S MASTERPIECE.



TWILIGHT ABOVE THE HOOSACS.

never grew tired of the music. His voice had remarkable staying power and lasted long after his limbs failed, and he was carried daily into the queen's presence.

The sons of the old prisoner, feeling the shame of their father's political disgrace, came to New England and started afresh in the romantic upper Deerfield valley. To this day, though long generations have passed, a King leads in the village choir at Beacon Hills and a King maiden sits at the organ.

* * * *

Cynthia Hilliard of Beacon Hills was courted by a likely young man of the neighborhood. Her wedding clothes were all made; when the unfaithful young man suddenly married another, who had just fallen heir to a legacy. Cynthia in her mortification and grief vowed she could never look her friends in the face again; and so determining, she kept her room for three days, and refused food. But on the fourth day she appeared serene and spiritual, dressed in mourning,

which she wore for several years. She was an acknowledged beauty and a capable, healthy girl; but she remained unmarried till her death. The unfaithful lover, it is recorded in the quaint diary of a friend, "reaped righteous judgement" in getting a shrew for a wife; and "being stricken, he took to drink and made a beast of himself."

* * * *

Half a century ago there was in New England an intense superstition hostile to foreigners. A young couple from Beacon Hills went to live at Springfield. There the young man found a Frenchman who taught him to play the fiddle; and when his little son was born, he named him for the Frenchman for whose character he had come to have a genuine regard. The father-in-law in Beacon Hills could not, however, understand any such heathenish papistry; and in his rage and grief ordered his daughter with her child home to Beacon Hills. The order was obeyed by the humiliated and conscience-stricken daugh-

ter; and the child I suppose was duly rechristened in above-board, Puritan fashion.

Another matter of the same sort is somewhat touching. In the remotest corner of the old cemetery at Beacon Hills is a lone marble slab, inscribed, "Margaret O'Flaherty, late of Ireland, aged twenty," with the date. Poor Margaret! who were you? Lonesome in death, how came you here in life? Did they draw their Puritan skirts from you as they have their graves? "Late of Ireland" shows that you were painfully a foreigner and a curiosity to them. I can imagine why you died at twenty. It also shows their essential kindness and fear of God, that, regarding you with the religious terror they did, they gave you Christian burial and marked your grave.

* * * *

There is an historic spot halfway up Pelham Brook, at the head of a beautiful upland meadow. It has witnessed a number of stirring events. It is the site once known as Fellows Mill, though there is now no trace of mills anywhere about, only the quiet cottage of a mountaineer; and near by is a private bridge to a small potato patch under the shadow of the mountain, where once was a thoroughfare. Near here was the house of an old-time quack doctor of considerable notoriety. Somehow he had become the butt and victim of practical jokes from the rowdy element. This class was a distinct feature of old-fashioned society almost wholly unknown to-day. The old man grew testy; and the rowdy "ringleader" therefore grew resentful and abusive. When he was under liquor he became positively outrageous. One night a "gang" out on a lark, as it passed Fellows Mill, saw the quack concocting his specifics by the dim light of a tallow candle. The word was given to douse his light by plunging a stone, in at the door. The stone was thrown, but did no damage except to alarm the quack and cause him hur-

riedly to secure his place for a siege. The suggestion was too strong for half-drunken men of their mind to resist; and so the gang nearly broke the cabin into pieces before they were lured off by a neighbor. Meanwhile the quack, who seems to have been a man of many apprehensions, had escaped by a secret trap to the deep bed of Pelham Brook, overhung by dense dark trees and waded up a mile to the safe retreat of a neighbor's house.

* * * *

The oldest stones in the Beacon Hills graveyard are three little round-topped slates for three little Hartwell children, aged three, five and seven, who died within a few months of each other in 1774. Ah, God! this was what pioneering meant to our foremothers,—that without these no nation should become perfect in the earth.

The broadest and tallest slate in the cemetery is that of Captain Zebulon Benton. He was one of that type of public characters that have distinguished themselves by oddity. For example, he persisted in wearing his handsome queue of hair long after the fashion was extinct. He was a man of great bone and stature, with a cold military bearing. Feminine nature peculiarly failed to thrive in his household. One wife who seemed to suit his hardihood of temperament met her death by a falling tree while assisting him in the forest. Bluebeard kind of stories were prevalent in regard to this stalwart icy captain; but most of them probably suited the popular opinion of him in certain quarters.

Baldwin Gault was better known as Landlord Gault. His ambition and career have already served many a warning. Landlord Gault's home estate was near the centre of the most populous school district in Beacon Hills. Farming was most favored by the soil. Eighty children attended school where now there are eight. The change is attributed in a large measure to the ambition of Landlord

Gault. He wanted to form a great estate; and so he saved and managed to get a good deal of money out at interest on the security of adjoining farms. In due process of time and law and tactful management, he thus became owner of a vast estate. Farms were let to tenants for money or work or half of the crops; and Landlord Gault became a man of great affairs at home and in the market places. But New England atmosphere has not proved healthful to any such modification of the feudal system of landlord and tenant agriculture. The farms thus exploited gradually fell behind the proprietors' farms, till they would yield no rent, and were abandoned. I know no more pathetic figure in the history of an economic experiment than this "land poor" Landlord Gault, a man of vast business capacity, struggling to maintain and work his estate, for half a generation after it had become depopulated and almost houseless. It is stated upon sober authority that with a few broken-down beings, the last remnant of the tenantry, Landlord Gault struggled on with his haying from June till the snow actually began to fly. His home estate even was not tenanted a full generation after his death.

* * * *

And now as we approach the end of these rapid jottings, I want to leave an impression upon the reader's mind of the abounding life that once distinguished New England hilltops, before it ebbed to the river side. One autumn day of flying clouds and sunshine, when the leaves were beginning to fall, I stood upon the summit of Jillson Hill, one of those lofty settlements of the once high water of New England country life. I sat upon the lichened hearthstone of a chimney base eight paces square, in the centre of a cellar whose wall was seventeen by fifteen paces. The spot was strewn with a hundred last signs of an ancient lordly farmstead, 2,250 feet above the level of the sea. Now

only the sheep and oxen from some cottage farmstead by the distant meadow brook graze in this back pasture, where once ran the great turnpike. The spot is open to every wind that blows; and the sun shines upon it every moment of a fair day. Over there, forty miles to the northeast, is the purple pyramid of Mt. Monadnock; sixty miles to the east is Wachusett; Greylock, Haystack, Prospect and Tom stand around. The horizon is from six to sixty miles away at any point in its circle. But I am sitting on the hearthstone. It was round this that Burnap's stringed band played the old Christmas hymn and the rustic minstrelsy poured out its utmost voices to the full capacity of this old kitchen seventeen paces long; or all ages joined in a roystering game of tucker. There lie the ruins of an archway where great cauldrons for boiling soap were set and other home industries were conducted. An enormous series of shed and shop foundations tell of such things. There were mighty barns arranged in a quadrangle about a court sheltered from the prevailing wind and open to the sun. This old farmstead is a type of that with which these mountain tops are eloquent, the traces of a life that at one time here left its shells of the mighty deep of human history.

There were intellectual giants in the mountain tops in those days. Over on that mountain top stood the church of the disciples of John Knox, the nursery of a race of farmer sages. The support of a learned ministry was one of the chief conditions in their grant of land for a township. They used to send committees as far as New Jersey and Pennsylvania to secure a learned man to lead their kirk; this would be equal now to sending to Russia or Mexico. Once the towns were required to send delegates to a state convention to revise the constitution of Massachusetts. I do not learn what became of this town's delegate; but the town meet-

ing did not dissolve for about a year, after it had revised the constitution to its liking,—and many of its revisions were the same as ultimately were adopted. For instance, these mountain-top legislators declared against the five hundred dollar qualification for state senator, in the brief, dignified words: "We consider money as no qualification in this matter."

I walk along the ancient turnpike and contemplate the life that once centred about this cloudland crossroads a little farther on. Where a century's growth of turf and raspberry vines now obscure heaps of ruin, I have learned some famous soldier lived, one of Washington's life guards, or a captain of the militia "in training days;" or there the poet of Bunker Hill, or some divine who read the Scriptures and hymns at church without book.

A little more than an hour's walk to the north is the birthplace of Brigham Young, the organizing genius of the Mormons. On yonder mountain, within easy view, is the birthplace of the "blacksmith healer," of a calm-eyed, bright-eyed race of giants. But the man amongst men of this natural order of power was Priest Smith, born over there in the mountains to the southeast. He was thirty-six years minister of the old parish at Beacon Hills. He came of a line of Protestant ministers extending without a break as far back as Protestantism goes and down to the present day. At sixteen he was a soldier in the patriot army; then he earned money by day labor and bought a piece of land; improved the land by

his own labor; sold it at a profit, and on the money went to college. He earned, among his friends in the ministry, the title of "the concordance," for his familiarity with doctrinal texts. His scientific learning, for his day, was something remarkable and brought him under suspicion of heresy. He was a pioneer in the great Massachusetts public library movement that has led the world. Beacon Hills was one of the first places in the world to enjoy a public library. One of the first pipe organs that ever broke the artless monotony of Puritan prayers in New England was set up by Priest Smith in the old parish church on the mountain at Beacon Hills. There was a poor mechanic not far away in a New Hampshire hamlet, so the legend of the organ builder runs, who picked up the art of pipe-organ building, when that was not among the New England arts. Of his first experiment nothing is known. His second was built under the patronage of Priest Smith, in whose house it made music for sixty years. This quaint machine may still be seen in Memorial Hall at old Deerfield. The third organ, and the masterpiece, made music in Beacon Hills before most people now living were born; and having outlived by more than half a century the grand old parish church whose youth it graced, its voice is still heard upon due occasions making melody unto the Lord and the lovers of old time, in the new temple beautiful, which in its turn also has become ancient. One form of the legend says that this masterpiece was the organ builder's last.



A DOMINANT MOTHER.

By Alyn Yates Keith.



N a cold corner of a New England town, some time during the last moments of the last century, a child called David Lammot wailed out his first feeble protest.

It was as if the life he had not asked for were thrust upon him against his feeble will; and Goodwife Dean, as she cuddled the tiny body, like that of a callow bird, before the blazing forestick of the great kitchen hearth, sighed audibly that it was a solemn thing for a woman forty years old to have a child to bring up.

Mary Lammot, lying white and still in the little bedroom close by, lighted only by the kitchen fire, heard the sigh, and thought in her heart that it was a more solemn thing, this late coming into life of her one child, than his father's early going out of it had been. For death, early or late, meant, to the good, wings instead of weary feet, and paradise—a blissful, if vague, existence, beyond the stars; terribly remote, but perfectly secure. It was treasure laid up in heaven, with dauntless faith; while this small treasure on earth was open to all the evils, pains, temptations and wickedness of that fallen estate called, in irony, man's—an estate quite beyond his jurisdiction, that he was burdened and handicapped with, but could no more escape than if he were the incapable heir to a great kingdom.

It was Goodwife Dean who, on the eighth day, according to Moses, presented this semblance of a man child to the Lord at the altar of the frozen meeting-house, well swaddled in linen clothing, with a linen cap covering his baldness. When Parson Crane broke

the ice in the christening bowl, and the symbolic water, like the oil which ran down Aaron's beard, trickled slowly over the babe's brow and eyelids, another protest, deeper than that which lamented the day of his birth, made a precedent in the sacred place.

Clearly this was not a proper child. Goodwife Dean wrapped the human morsel in a plaid homespun blanket, and hurried through the nipping air across the creaking snow that glistened on the green, to put him into his mother's waiting arms before the comforting fire.

A grand *magnificat* was chanting itself in the heart of Mary Lammot as she received again from the Lord that which she had dedicated anew to Him, together with an unreasoning longing to be left alone with the care of her child.

Dame Dean had a kind heart and warm, motherly hands, but a prying tongue and a very bird-of-the-air way of whispering things abroad; so that this night, as she set the bowl of posset to warm on the hearth, she was tempted to ask, "Didn't his father have a sort of Frenchy name?"—to which Mrs. Lammot responded, hastily, "God forbid!" and closed the subject as promptly as if she had bolted a door behind it.

Dame Dean asked no more questions; but it was known for a certainty that the man waiting for the resurrection, with his head to the east, in the old burying ground below the meeting-house, had once taught French in the great, vague city of New York; and the stigma might hamper young David's career in the way of godliness marked out from birth for every child of Puritan blood.

Fight as she would against the evi-

dence of her senses, Mary Lammot could not conceal from herself the fact that David was a puny child. Clearly, heaven should have dropped this man-germ into mellow soil, under sunnier skies, if it expected worthy growth. But heaven, as we well know, has its own schemes, and invariably turns a sternly deaf ear to the well meant advice of mortal underlings.

When the babe slept in his long, wooden cradle before the fire, and the mother ceased to sing mournfully,

"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed,"

every quiver of his eyelids meant something, and at night she listened with fear to his breathing, and longed for the day when the struggle for life should not be so heavily handicapped.

As the months went on, and he wrestled with the croup, that beleaguered every wind-swept New England shelter, or grew white and wan under the mysterious pangs of teething, the mother felt that invoking this precious existence she had done the child a wrong that only her whole life could atone for. Year by year, he went down to death, hand in hand with measles or mumps, whooping-cough or canker-rash, the prototype of modern scarlet fever, that long ago subdued the earth; and year by year his triumphant mother led him up from the very gates of the unknown, and gave her little Samuel anew as a thank-offering to the Lord.

Other children went to the weather-beaten schoolhouse under the hill, bringing their dinner pails a mile and more to this one seat of learning; climbing the steeps of knowledge through peril, toil and pain, like martyrs of an earlier time, in another cause. But David learned his letters at his mother's knee, and so was sheltered not only from the indignity of the rod that quickened slow brains, but also from the iniquity to be found in numbers.

One summer's night, when the boy

had passed his fourth year, the mother woke suddenly and missed him from his little trundle-bed at the foot of her own high-posted and curtained one. A mysterious dream had snatched her from sleep, and still held her in an unreal world. So she lighted a candle at the covered embers on the hearth and searched the house. The two outer doors were barred, and every window closed against the summer air, in the good old way. Something in the likeness of terror assailed her calm soul; but she met it with resentment, and went up the long, steep staircase in the hallway, making on the white wall a broken and quivering shadow of her weird self, in short gown and petticoat and high-crowned cap, that seemed to mock her futility.

Not until the spare room, with its high-curtained and valanced feather bed, had been lighted in every corner, and the east room and garret thoroughly explored, did she think of the meal room over the kitchen. As she unlatched its door, a little figure in cap and nightgown crept out with shining eyes from behind the barrels and chests and floury bags, and stood blinking in the candlelight.

"My son, what does this mean?" the mother asked severely, and David did not run to her with easy confession, like a nineteenth century child, but stood still, shivering in the warm air, with the shadow of a great disappointment clouding his face.

"Mother—mother—they said there was spooks in the dark; and it isn't so. I've felt all 'round." Then he broke down and sobbed quietly. The spell was broken by this harsh awakening.

"Who said so, David?"

David named the boy Abner, who did daily chores about the house. The mother relented at sight of the child's tears. A sense of her own youth came haltingly back, when childish grief over nothing was possible, and she said gently:

"What if you had found one, David?"

"Oh, I could keep him to play with nights. But he isn't there."

"No, David; there never was any such thing. Abner told you a wrong story. There, come to bed now, and don't cry."

Abner told no more wrong stories. His comings and goings were zealously watched. But David wearied for his spook. When he shut his eyes at night and was trundled halfway under his mother's bed, the dark was luminous with spooks. They trooped over the meal chests and hid behind the floury bags and barrels, and wore stars in their hair like fireflies, to show the way. They sang, but the words were not those of the Bay Psalm Book, nor even of Doddridge's Authorized Collection.

"Up and away,
Here comes the day,
Hurry and scurry and up and away,
Night's for the play,
Here comes the day."

The air of the song, too, was most secular. A long-legged grasshopper, vaulting over the ryeheads in the upland patch, might have sung just such an one.

A great longing for school took possession of David after the spook episode, and, reasoning a long time with his small courage, he took it up and went heavily with it to his mother, who was spinning in the meal room. He watched the fluffy rolls of wool, lying like bits of summer cloud at his mother's hand, and wondered why they did not fall apart and vanish altogether as she attached one end to the spindle and drew out the long, whirling thread to the wailing music of the wheel. When she stepped back for another roll, his courage had deserted him; yet he bravely stood his ground and made his plea.

But Mrs. Lamot had carefully planned all the little life before it was eight days old, and took its first flight from her to the baptismal font. "I will teach you," she said, and stopped

the wheel. So every day he stood at her knee, and in his mind saw the pin that guided his wavering sight as an indispensable part of the stately regiment called letters.

He had already seen, as in a lovely vision, the muster of troops for spring training on the green; and there was something martial and inspiring in this small semblance of a sword that rallied the interminable company. A was like Parson Crane, and B like fat Colonel Royce, and C like crooked Gaffer Kemp, leaning his long chin down to his staff, and D—oh, D was like the big bass drum, full of the rapture and fury of sound.

From his three-legged stool at the window he had watched the gathering with shining eyes. But this was a day when he did not walk abroad holding his mother's hand. For, after the opening prayer, the reading of religious notices and the singing of a distorted psalm from the Bay Psalm Book, strong drinks were given out over the bar set up at the meeting-house steps, and the beautiful army, with its jingling swords and shouldered muskets and heavenly music, marched only in the morning with a troop of adoring boys at its heels. David's stool was removed from the window before those of his brave soldiers, who were able, stumbled home at night.

After the big letters came the little letters—oh, so queer! Little crooked g was Thankful Crane, just beginning to walk alone, with her hood tied under her round chin, and her blue flannel gown almost covering her shoes. He wished they had made just some little things like shoes in front, if they could. And m was like Goody Dean, who always filled up the road so that he could not see past her when he walked out with his mother, and said fatly, "Why, why, little man!"

David stood on his footstool at table beside his mother, and ate with his small knife whatever food she saw best to cut up and lay on his own tin plate, until the day when Daniel

Eddy, the carpenter, made him a high chair and painted it blue. This high chair was the talk of the town for many a month, and the cause of much prophecy as to how a child so pampered might turn out. It savored of foreign ways.

It was by means of this same high chair that David, looking down one day on the brown schoolhouse, saw a deed of shame that made him cover his eyes. It was one of the cruel, disgraceful public punishments, common enough at that dark period of our history; but David never again asked to go to school. It was then that his mind turned toward and clung to the thought of a little dog; a dog that should be his very own. "If I could have a puppy," he asked, tentatively,—“a very little bit of a puppy?”

But the answer, as to most of his questions, was ready made, like those in the primer. “A puppy would track up the floor, David, and bark nights.”

How should this Puritan mother know that when she shut one door to her boy his guardian angel promptly opened another, that neither man nor woman could shut? Night after night a curly tail wagged through David's dreams, and beautiful muddy tracks crossed and crisscrossed the white field of inner vision, keeping time to the staccato music of most entrancing barks, the clear “All hail!” of a comrade that made the night more desirable than the day. There, close beside the trundle-bed, were the eager eyes, the one cocked ear, the cold nose fumbling in his hand, the silky coat, like nothing ever spun on wheel or woven on earthly loom.

Two things made David's fifth winter memorable. Once, when the snow lay deep and crusted on the face of the earth, he cried out from his high chair, where he was painfully learning to knit, “Mother, mother! those boys are sliding down hill.” There were girls, too; but David was not yet in accord with them, so they did not signify. Some bold spirit had devised

the wild scheme during the short nooning that took the master away. Led by an older girl, the younger children had dragged out a long bench, turned it upside down, filled it from end to end with human freight, and, steering by its two legs, tried the perilous coast. Up it shot over hillocks of snow, down it plunged into awful hollows, then reared and shook off its riders. The leader shot into the air, a bench leg in each hand, and all the wriggling, shouting heap rolled and bumped with infinite glee and peril to the level below.

David kicked his futile heels against the chair legs and held his struggling heart in with both hands. Such madness was not for him. Here was bliss past asking for. The ball of yarn rolled under his chair, and the needles dropped their few stitches. But Mrs. Lammot had also looked on, unknown to the boy. Silently she went up to the garret, and brought down a sorry, battered sled, made to withstand the shock of generations. It had been the proud possession of her only brother, dead these forty years and more; and as she rubbed off the dust, and knotted a bit of bedcord to drag it by, she gave the tribute of a sigh to the vanished past. Then she wrapped the child in a warm cloak, brought his new scarlet tippet and mittens, that she had made from wool carded, spun, dyed and knitted by her own hands, and reached her own cloak and hood down from the nail behind the bedroom door. David made no sign, but his very heart was liquid within him. Gently, his mother led him to the hill back of the meadow that sloped to the brook pasture, and taught the boy to guide the treacherous wooden horse away from danger. It was a day that David remembered with a thrill to the end of his life. The second epoch was the reopening of the long closed Episcopal Church, across the green, and lighting it for Christmas. It was the smallest brown box ever contrived to hold slim worshippers,—like Horace

Walpole's temple of Vesta, just a trifle too large to hang on one's watch chain. But when the candles were set at the windows and lighted, row on row, and David watched the tiny flames rise like inscrutable incense to some unknown god, he clapped his hands and cried aloud for joy and wonder. "It is the worship of the Scarlet Woman," said the mother under her breath; but David heard. To him scarlet was the one splendor of the visible universe. If the boy had been born even a half-century later, he would have found out the meaning of the strange phrase. Day after day he climbed the stairs to the freezing garret, and scratched the frost from the small window panes, standing on tiptoe and yearning for one little glimpse of the supernal creature somewhere between porch and altar. As he dragged his heavy sled from hill to hill across his mother's stony acres, he tried in vain to reach some height whence he could look down upon the enshrined mystery. For when the people had gone home, the Scarlet Woman was not with them, it was a moonlit night, and they went early, for David slipped noiselessly from his bed more than once to make sure. Why all the candles—and what did the worshipped Woman do when they went out? Could she find her bed in the dark? for she must have one somewhere; and did she feed on manna, like the Children of Israel in the stories his mother filled his mind with?

At first he had been carried in arms to the meeting-house, and later led by the hand, to sit in the high-backed square pew, and look up with reverence at Parson Crane in the highest place of all, with a sounding board over his head,—like Aaron, the boy thought, atoning for the sins of the people. Sometimes David sat with his back to the pulpit, warming his feet on a corner of his mother's foot stove, and looked over his bars at the high collared and short waisted singers in the gallery. Oftener he watched

the big boys, set apart in the side gallery and policed by a stern tithing-man, who now and then hauled some giggling reprobate to the warm noon house, standing on the highway close by. At such times, the sounds that rose and fell from this retreat, all out of harmony with Parson Crane's mild voice, made David's very soul shiver.

The boy never went to this noon house, where the heads of families warmed their frozen doughnuts and heated their mugs of flip at a secular fire, forbidden in the sacred place. His own home was too near for that coveted privilege. Besides, not unfrequently, rude boys lurked in the shadows, and peered cautiously in at the window of the house they might not enter. There was evil everywhere, except by one's own hearthstone.

Toward spring, David was so far advanced in learning that the mystery of figures was slowly revealed to him; and before the ferns pushed their fists through the black mould by the brook, or the daffodils showed yellow through their sheaths, he could recite the multiplication table backward and forward, as easily as he could say his letters from A to Z, and from Z back to A again. Then it was that Mary Lamot once more searched her stronghold, the garret, and brought from its secret treasures a little marvel of a book, with dingy type and wooden covers, split with the wet and dry of time, and pictures most wooden of all. In its very front was the appearance of a ball, with the letters N., E., S. and W. marked at equal intervals on its surface, and standing beside these something that represented human beings in tall hats and knee breeches, to show that people do not fall over when the world turns over. David's horizon broadened in a flash, and of his wonder there was no end.

"Are we up now?" he would ask with wide eyes. "And shall we be down to-night?" And the mother would answer truthfully, "I do not

know when we are up or when we are down."

"And might we fall off in the night?" the child once asked falteringly, with the fascinating book open and a terrible fear clutching at his heart.

"No, David."

"What would keep us on?"

"God."

"And he would never, never, never let us fall?"

"No, David."

And so the child went night by night to his little trundle-bed, secure in a sublime faith in his God and his mother, those tremendous, kindred faiths that uphold the universe.

Mysteriously separated in spirit as far as the north and south poles in the wooden-covered geography, mother and child walked, their lives interwoven mesh and mesh, hers all warp, his all woof.

When a new summer came, the man who worked the farm on shares and yearly dug up the garden patch made in a sunny corner by the south fence a little flower bed for the child, and opened his understanding to the miracle of seeds, and the evil tendencies, since Adam, of pusley and pigweed. After the episode of the Scarlet Woman, David's heart was wholly given over to the splendor of the meadow lilies, the scarlet runners and the flaming garden poppies. So his mother walked with him in the meadow after tea, where he could gather lilies to his heart's content, and gave him her store of poppy seed; and the flower bed filled all his soul for a time.

One day when his poppies were in bloom, he saw above their heads a sight that sent all the blood to his heart. It was only little Thankful Crane, now secure on her feet, who had escaped from her father's hand and was prancing up and down the dusty highway like a very young colt let loose, in a scarlet gown and a sun-bonnet of the same glorious hue. When she saw David, she stopped at

the fence and peered through; but David, with masculine instinct, climbed to the top and leaned over.

"You was a Scarlet Woman," he said. "Wait." Back he ran to his garden, and picked every poppy blossom, pulling up in his haste a plant or two by the roots, which he twisted off as he raced back. "Take them all," he said, and pushed them through the fence. Thankful grasped them by heads or stems, indifferently, and held up her lips to be kissed. Now, David did not know a kiss, but her action signified friendliness, and the two stood smiling at each other with the fence between, and tilting up and down on heels and toes, like two butterflies hovering over a thistle, till Parson Crane came up and drew the little one away, without regarding David.

When the child in the blue high chair folded his hands for the long blessing at supper, his heart was so full of the joy of the afternoon that he spoke out while his mother's head was still bowed over her plate, and her eyes closed.

"She's a Scarlet Woman." He was only thinking aloud.

"Parson Crane's Thankful?"

The fence scene had not escaped the watchful eyes at the window. David nodded, with his mouth full of bread and milk.

"You mean she had on a red gown."

The vision dropped to ashes in an instant, and left nothing in its place. The name, as well as the quality of scarlet, had taken possession of the boy with its splendor of sight and of sound. But a red gown was just a needful something for every-day covering,—like a brown house, or a gray cloak.

As David grew older and stronger, he had his share in the labors of field and garden, pulling up stout weeds, piling into pyramids great heaps of red and yellow apples in the autumn, trundling huge pumpkins to cover in the cellar. But, best of all, he loved

the care of the sheep, like the poet-king whose name he bore. Once he was away during a thunderstorm that shook heaven and earth, and sent a bolt down the huge oak in the pasture, splintering two of its limbs. But the boy had only been with his sheep. The little lambs were afraid, he said, and so he went into the sheepfold with them, and put his arms around the little ones, and they didn't shake so.

"And was my son afraid, too?" the mother asked.

David shook his head confidently. "Why, no, mother. But the little lambs didn't know about God."

Of course, the boys who passed the house on their way to and from school jeered at David, and with insolent gestures called on him to come out and fight. They threw stones at him once or twice, which he returned so valiantly, and with such direct aim, that it seemed impossible for his mother not to know it. Indeed, very few things escaped her eye. The boy had his own happy days, fishing in the brook that ran through the pasture, gathering chestnuts and shagbarks, finding wintergreen berries, digging sassafras roots, bringing armfuls of spearmint and boneset for his mother to dry in the garret, picking flocks of wool from the wild blackberry thorns, to save the robins steps in the nesting season. Many a time he climbed the apple tree, whose crooked branches creaked against the bedroom window, and had the joy of seeing the soft lining his own providence had supplied, protecting the blue eggs in the nest. But his visits were well timed, and the mother bird did not suspect them. Once he found an unfledged robin dead under the tree, and brought it to his mother.

"It is dead," she said. "Throw it away."

"All the singing in it!" David faltered, with quivering lip.

"Oh, no,—young robins just cry, and open their big mouths for worms. Throw it away and wash your hands."

David obeyed, with a sinking heart, but found a moment when he could gently bury and cover with leaves the defeated plan of happiness.

On Saturday afternoons, before the holy sunset time, the two went hand in hand to the burying ground under the hill, and pulled away the weeds that obscured in rank growth the headstone of the one grave they possessed in common. There were many stones bearing another name that Mary Lamot had wept over in the young days, that David had no share in.

After early supper, all work was laid aside until sunset of the Lord's day. During this time it was not decorous to walk abroad, except to and from the meeting-house.

When David was ten years old he was introduced to Bunyan, and a new planet swam into his ken. He stood at the top of the meadow, and through the golden gates of sunrise saw the Celestial City, no longer vague and distant, beyond the farthest star. For was it not just across the stony pasture where his own lambs fed, awful in splendor, yet in some way home-like and comforting, and within possible reach? The God of Israel, who neither slumbers nor sleeps, had hitherto been to the lad an all-seeing, all-knowing Vastness, unformed and terrible, swinging his world-toy in awful blackness of space for his own amusement and the triumph of keeping folks and animals and houses on his flying ball,—though, in some way past finding out, a beneficent idol, to be worshipped and loved even by the creatures he policed and judged and sentenced.

About this time Parson Crane began to take charge of the boy's education, drawing from his own slender stores of knowledge such portions as he judged profitable for a tender mind. So David sat with awe at the sermon table, opposite the high priest of the meeting-house, and did his sums and studied his geography lesson, while little Thankful, on the op-

posite side, shielded also from the perils of the schoolhouse, learned her slow letters without joy or vision, save such as came from companionship in the toils and pains of knowledge.

Once as the parson sat at dusk with his goodwife before the kitchen fire, she knitting a long stocking, he warming his mug of flip, his spirit, which was musing over the boy in his charge, spoke suddenly through his lips, as one thinks aloud in the dark.

"The very model of his father,—bulging forehead, sloping chin, head in the clouds; all sorts of sense but common sense! What is the widow going to do with that boy?"

"Why can't she make a minister of him?" asked Goodwife Crane, as absently and with unsuspected and unthought irony.

"He's got lellow curls." The voice came from a dim corner, where little unremembered Thankful was nursing her corncob baby, in high-crowned cap, short gown and petticoat.

It was not the custom of the age to allude to anything in particular before children, much less to speak of individuals, and the parson's color mounted to his high cheek bones as he stirred his flip over and heard it hiss on the clean hearth.

The uneventful years rolled slowly on, and David worked and thought and studied. His soul had gone starving and crying for more light all these years. Then Shakespeare came. If Shakespeare himself had stood before David in the flesh the boy would not have known him. It was the universal heart of things that he yearned for; and their outward expression was brought to him in a cart, by one of those marvellous old-time casualties, a tin peddler,—a yellow dog-eared copy, with both covers gone and leaves missing here and there. But David knew it by sight from a volume he had never dared ask about on the sermon table, and hailed it from afar, and still unknown, as a kindred soul. He bought his book at a

great price, though it seemed all too cheap to him—an outgrown suit of homespun, a hat and a pair of shoes. There were no poor in the town to accept cast-off clothing; even the minister received yearly two hundred dollars in solid money. If Mrs. Lammot did not approve, neither did she question the boy, who looked gratefully after the man as he drove away among his jingling wares to the ends of the known world.

Sometimes when she knitted at her candle stand beside the fire, he brought his book—The Book—and read portions aloud, telling the story in his own words. Many things shocked him as he read, and he felt that they would hurt his mother also; but the spell was upon him, and a world like this was not to be had without pain and struggle. The story of Hermione in "Winter's Tale" he read with many omissions; but the facts would appear,—facts which Mary Lammot refused to believe. No man, not even a king, could leave a baby to die, of his own free will, and not to know where his wife was for so many years,—and then to have her made into a living statue,—it was all play-acting. To be sure, the minister had read it. But a man named Paine had written a book that had led even righteous men astray; and Parson Crane, with all his godliness, was but a man. She cautioned David against the book, but her strongest argument against it was that it was not true.

"Neither is Pilgrim's Progress," was the ready answer; and the Puritan mother listened half-heartedly to the recital of life in an unknown world, the wit and splendor and wastefulness of which seemed a sin.

This was a time when great names and deeds were borne on the air from the dim, seething world beyond this little New England horizon. Now and then the jar of its conflicts struck faintly on David's young ears, and even Parson Crane felt that wicked old Europe was shaken by the hand of God. Napoleon, the invincible,

had fallen, risen to blaze again like a baleful comet, and gone out in darkness at Waterloo. Nelson, Pitt and Fox had died in the same year. Our own Capitol at Washington had been burned. George the Third had died, and George the Fourth come to the throne.

As David grew toward manhood his mother saw the farm, barren and stony as it was, improve under his new methods of tillage, and felt the strong hand of the lad as she had never felt that of the father. With his hoe he made havoc among the Philistines of garden and field, and many an hour ploughed on the mountains of Gibeah with King David for his ally. Often the mother heard his strong young voice chanting in its own way, as it had chanted the spook song, the sublime words that she kept for the seclusion of night.

There were wrestling matches on the green in these days, and David not only went without his mother's consent, but threw his man every time,—and she was not displeased. The old stone-throwing, jeering period was past; and the boys who had dared him to fight in his callow days were not forward when invited to try their strength with the tall, well-knit lad, before a crowd. Each Sabbath night, when the supper table was cleared and the fire brightened, David set out his mother's candle stand with her knitting basket, and wound the tall clock behind the buttery door, waiting for the inevitable question: "Going to Parson Crane's to-night?"

"Yes, mother."

"Anywhere else?"

"No, mother."

"Don't be gone long, David."

"I'll be home before nine o'clock."

The year 1820 drew to a close; and almost to its last hours Mrs. Lam-mot had looked for David's freedom suit, that he might with it celebrate his entrance into man's estate. It had been a long cherished wish that this suit should be of the finest broad-

cloth, of a certain shade of blue, made according to exact measurements by a famous clothier in New York. It was as near a romance as anything that ever brightened the winter days to her. But although Colonel Royce had started early with the collected orders of the town, and gone three miles by ox cart and twenty by stage-coach, taking sailing packet at the nearest port, it was now almost three weeks since he left. Prayers were offered up in the meeting-house for his safe return, on the Sabbath day before he took his departure, and had been weekly renewed. But winds and waves might be contrary, and more than one anxious heart studied the signs in the heavens. As mother and son sat listening to the soft snowfall outside, a thought that had been growing in David's mind came suddenly to the surface.

"This house isn't large enough for two families, is it?"

The question was unlooked for at the moment, but its answer in general had long been ready.

"No, David. Is there any family that you want here with us?" David missed the slight flavor of guile in the reply.

"I was only thinking if I should be married."

"But you will not be, David, as long as I live, you know."

Perhaps the freedom suit, which was delayed for another week, had helped the thought; but David put it resolutely out of mind. How could this mother see that she wielded a two-edged sword to divide a loyal soul's allegiance to his mother from equal allegiance to his wife.

The years rolled on as comfortably as if people took pleasure in growing old. Goody Dean, who now covered her gray hair with a black false front, still came every autumn to card and spin, to dye and to weave, and from the long webs to make garments for mother and son. Her heavy step jarred on David's thinking, as she paced to and fro in the meal room

overhead, and her presence at table was distasteful to him. The one name that he spoke reverently and only in his prayers was profaned to him by gossip of the young girl's gowns and tuckers and the fondness of the whole meeting-house for her. It was like Coventry Patmore's "Love babbled of"; for the woman looked at him covertly when she spoke, and was aware almost as soon as he of the blood that throbbled in the blue veins of his temples. David sang in the choir now, on the men's side, and Thankful's clear second followed his bass in the wonderful fugues that chased the ludicrous sacred words up and down the long road to the end. But when the long service was ended, Thankful waited for her father, and David, with his mother on his arm, walked reverently home with silent thoughts.

When David neared his twenty-fifth year, and his mother was still hale and hearty, wearing her age like a silver crown, he fondly told her and, not ashamed of it, sat down to talk over with her a reasonable plan that had been growing in his heart since the night he came to man's estate.

"Mother," he began, "I have been thinking that it would be easy to put a wing on the house with a door on the west, close to the kitchen. I could be as near you almost as I am in the same house."

David did not go into detail. As in the old days when he read Shakespeare aloud, there were many omissions. But in his own mind there grew a sunny addition to the house, with a porch to the east, and dewy morning glories in blossom there when he went out to his early work. The birds would sing around it, and scarlet poppies grow close to the doorstep, and scarlet runners climb over the door; and in their season he would bring home heaps of meadow lilies. And perhaps at evening, as he came home down the lane, he would see from afar a sunbonnet that he knew so well; and there might be wild

strawberries, or partridge blossoms, or purple grapes and blackberries, according to the time of year, to pick on the way home.

"If the house isn't large enough, you might build on,—after I am gone."

David's heart sank, and his lovely dream faded; timber, joist and beam, porch to the east, morning glories and scarlet poppies all went down to dust, and were more thoroughly swallowed up by mother earth than the proud Korah's troop of his outgrown catechism. A tear shone for an instant on his lashes, but the mother did not see it; a few things escaped her now. It was like that last, silent tribute over a grave that leaves no bitterness, only infinite regret and longing.

And then, quite slowly, but surely, Mary Lamot began to fail. Even David did not realize that he always lifted her chair now, hung the kettle on the crane, brought her everything she needed, and kept all possible care from her. A slowly creeping but painless rheumatism made her conscious of the growing years. She could no longer go to the meeting-house without the support of David's strong arm; and it was weeks since she had gone down the hill to the burying ground. Once she opened her Bible, seeking for a sign, instead of trusting her own heart, and her finger rested on the passage: *For your ways are not my ways, neither are your thoughts my thoughts, saith the Lord.* Half afraid lest this should be forbidden ground, she set her lips and tried again, this time in the New Testament: *For this cause shall a man leave father and mother and cleave unto his wife.*

The words gave her a kind of unreasoning terror. Were there unseen powers in league against her? Had she been fighting against God while doing what seemed best to her? Clearly it was not Bible doctrine that a man should wait for the death of father or mother before making his

own home. For a whole year she turned the matter over in her careful mind. She was more alone than usual these years; for during the winter David taught in the brown schoolhouse under the hill, giving his summers to the care of the farm. In these still days Mary Lammot reasoned with herself. She did not need a daughter; David was all in all to her; and yet—perhaps she did not fill his whole heart as he filled hers. For thirty years she had had her boy; she had known every act of his life, every thought of his heart. Had she? Well, what she had not known she had guessed at. But there were years precious to her that no wife could have part or lot in; the soft, baby hands on her breast, the sweet breath on her cheek, the sorrows and pains that she alone could comfort and help,—all these belonged to her, laid up forever where moth and rust could not corrupt, nor the most exacting wife break through and steal.

When David turned the key of the schoolhouse for the first time, there was no doubt in his mind as to the outcome of the experiment. It was the open door of his life, and not only of his, but of all those who called him master. It was his simple belief that learning was a pleasant thing, to be come at naturally; and while the fathers, many of them of his own generation, prophesied that a boy unbirched would grow up a dullard, David set his face steadily toward his ideals, and took counsel only with himself. In his system there were neither rewards nor penalties. He held that the joy of accomplishment was the highest gift of the gods; a thing too sacred to be tampered with. He could not foresee how many generations of men and women would use his name as a thing to conjure by. For he changed the course of events as effectually as he erased the old, hard methods of doing sums from the cracked slates that had been handed down from father to son.

The thirtieth winter of David's life was one of unusual snow, and cold even for bleak New England. Houses were snowed in as high as the north garret windows; and many families lived like the Esquimaux, sheltered and warmed by their sternest enemy. David's hands were full, making his animal and his human flocks comfortable.

During these weeks of David's absence, and the long Sabbath days when even the diversion of the meeting-house with its frozen atmosphere was forbidden Mrs. Lammot, her slow thoughts circled round and round one single theme, growing each time nearer the centre. As she was able, she looked over the treasures of her wedding chest, and slowly matured her plans. She forgot that she was lonely. The passing bell scarcely gave her mournful thoughts or suggested her own mortality as it rang out on the clear air; for there was strength of purpose and sound mind in her still. When sixty-nine strokes for Colonel Royce tolled heavily, she reflected that his life had been well spent, and that he was now better off, doubtless rejoicing with his wife dead these many years, and leaving no child to mourn his loss. And when a little later Goody Dean folded her busy hands, every one of the eighty strokes told of good work faithfully done. It was like writing one's record on the vibrant air for all to read.

The evening of David's thirtieth birthday fell crisp, clear and moonlit. David drew the round table to his mother's elbow chair, and by the light of the fire spread the cloth, brought from the corner cupboard the old Delft plates and cups, and shining pewter sugar bowl and ewer, with milk, butter and rye bread from the cold buttery, that was fragrant with mingled odors of pumpkin pie, ginger and cinnamon; a very meeting of north and south poles it had seemed to the boy's youth. He raked out the embers, brewed the tea on the

hearth, and fried thin slices of ham in the long handled frying-pan that his mother could no longer lift. When they had supped together, he cleared the table quietly, brought a basin of hot water softened with milk, and read aloud, while she washed her heirlooms for him to set away. He was winding the tall clock, slowly reeling up the six feet of cord that held the heavy weights, and listening for the old-time formula, which was to fail for the first time since his youth.

"Bring the candle stand, David, with my Bible and the knitting work; and set on it the brass candlestick and snuffers."

David took from the mantel one of the tall candlesticks and lighted the candle at his mother's right hand. Then he saw for the first time that she was dressed with unusual care. She wore a high tortoise-shell comb that he had been allowed to hold in his boyish hands, and a fine tucker, white and sheer.

"It is your thirtieth birthday, my son."

"Yes, mother."

"I want you to put on your freedom suit. Go into the parlor and open the highboy drawers. You will find everything you need—what your father wore when we were married; you are his size. The linen I bleached this fall. The lace ruffles are yellow, but I could not touch those. They are just as they were thirty-two years ago. In the bottom drawer you will find the silk stockings and knee-buckles and low shoes. When you are dressed, come down and let me see you."

"The long stockings will not show, mother."

"I shall know. Then go to Parson Crane's and bring Thankful home."

"To stay, mother?"

"To stay. I have set the house in order. She will not find anything amiss."

David's heart was too full for

speech as he went up the steep staircase to the spare room, for many years his own. He knelt beside the bed in silence, and the words that came to his trembling lips were those that God alone heard.

The eyes were dim that, an hour later, looked at all this bravery of attire in the gilt-framed glass on his chest of drawers; but his mother's eyes greeted him, wide and clear, as he stood before her. Lover, husband and son!—the years were rolled together as a scroll. He knelt before her as in the old days when he said his *Our Father*, and she laid two wrinkled hands on his still sunny head. As he rose, words failed her, and he waited. The clock in the corner ticked on solemnly.

"Will Thankful like to live with an old woman, David?"

"Yes, mother."

"You have asked her?"

"There was no need, mother. I have known her all these years."

Mary Lammot's clear eyes were troubled.

"But you have asked her to be your wife?"

"No, mother."

"David—David—and all men wanting her!"

"How could I, mother, when it was the price of your life?"

A red flush rose slowly to the mother's eyes, and, as if she had for an instant changed places with her son, the slow, reproachful years trooped past. It was the one vision of her life. David raised the two thin hands to his lips,—the first caress he had ever given her.

"But will she come, David?"

"She will."

"How do you know?"

"We have cared for each other always, mother."

"You will come home early, David?"

"Yes, mother, before nine o'clock."

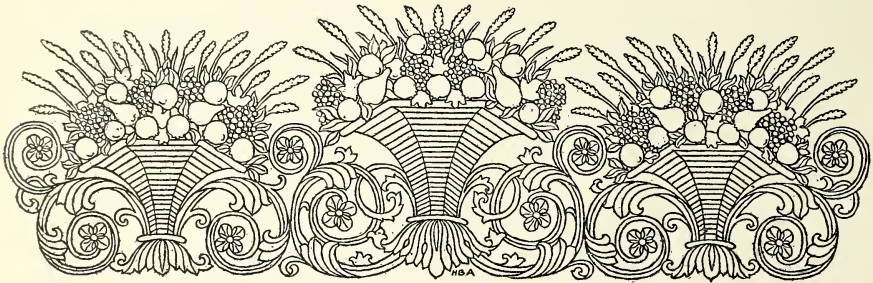
David went out in silence at the door so near the wing of his young dreams, and Mary Lammot turned

painfully in her chair for a last look at her own boy.

"She shall not live with an old woman. He shall build his wing. I will have the trees cut to-morrow; and Abner shall square the timbers."

But what the mother saw was only

a bare addition, without porch to the east, or dewy morning glories, or scarlet poppies looking in at the door. There was no vision; but the plain fact brought content. She laid aside the knitting work, folded her hands on the open Bible, and waited.



THE FAST EXPRESS.

By James Buckham.

WHAT'S that? A shriek, a cloud of dust,
A plume of smoke athwart the sky,
A quaking of earth's solid crust;—
The fast express has thundered by!

A moment's glimpse of something bright,
Of flashing wheels, of polished brass,
Of varnished coaches,—and the sight
Of one sweet face against the glass!

Fast speeds away the phantom train;
The forests shout, the hamlets reel;
Back flows the azure-circled plain,
And throbs the mighty web of steel.

Fit emblem of the power of man!
Yea—save when nature, tameless still,
Wakens, disturbed, like sleeping Pan,
And lo! asserts a mightier will.

Then that bright meteor,—flashing rods,
And lights, and faces, and desire,
And hope, and all, not man's, but God's,—
Becomes a sacrifice of fire!



MOUNT KATAHDIN, FROM LAKE KATAHDIN.

MAINE IN LITERATURE.

By William I. Cole.

MAINE, in the minds of those who have never set foot upon its soil or whose personal acquaintance with it has been that of the summer tourist or the sportsman, is associated with great extent of territory, much of which is forest-covered, with hay and potatoes unexcelled in quality, with statesmen of high order, and with prohibition. But the state has other claims to recognition besides those furnished by its scenery, its agricultural products, its representatives at Washington, and its liquor legislation. It has been the birth-place or the home of many men and women who have won distinction in some field of literature.

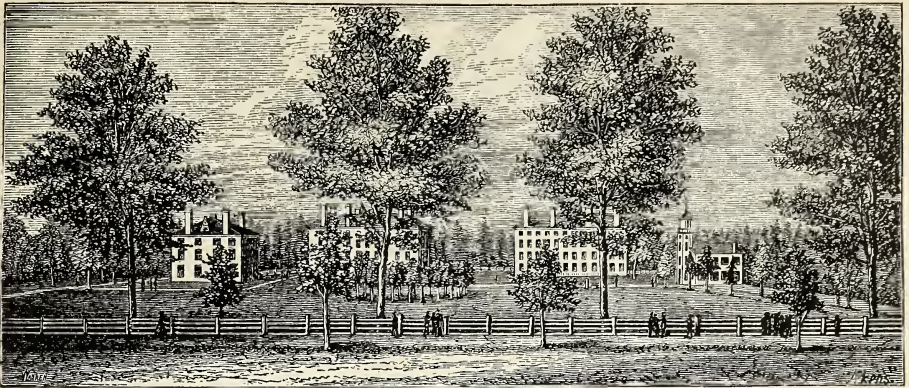
As to the entire number of writers, from the least to the greatest, that Maine includes among its children by birth or adoption, it would be impossible to give even a reliable estimate. A book published a dozen years ago, made up of specimen poems of the verse-makers of the state, with brief biographical sketches, is a bulky volume of eight hundred and fifty pages, and contains a list of more than four hundred names! If the poets were increased by the prose writers, who must greatly outnumber them, the two classes together would form a small army. But nine-tenths of these, it may be assumed, have never been heard of outside their immediate neighborhood or the circle of their friends, the town or county paper constituting their most important point of ap-

proach to the public. Still, the number of writers whose reputation has passed beyond local bounds remains very large. Of these many are well known far outside the borders of New England; and some stand in the foremost rank of American men and women of letters.

In passing in review the more notable writers of Maine, one begins naturally with Longfellow, who was born and bred in the state and began here his literary and professional career. To Portland belongs the distinction of having been the scene of his birth and early life. In this little old seaport town, as Portland then was, in a house still standing at the corner of Fore and Hancock streets, he was born in 1807. On the side of both father and mother he came of what might be called Maine stock, his paternal great-grandfather and maternal grandfather having removed to this state from Massachusetts, the



LONGFELLOW'S BIRTHPLACE, PORTLAND.



BOWDOIN COLLEGE IN 1825.

former in 1744, and the latter some time before 1784. The close identification of the Longfellow family with the state subsequently, in the minds of the Maine people at least, is illustrated by the following anecdote told by Longfellow himself. His house in Cambridge was visited, as it still is visited, by countless sight-seers, drawn thither by its historic as well as by its literary associations. Among the visitors was a man from Longfellow's native state, who, evidently unaware of its distinguished occupant, wished to see merely the house that had been General Washington's headquarters. As it happened, he was received and conducted about by Longfellow personally, and on taking his leave, apparently much pleased with the kindly attention shown him, he turned to his unknown host and said, "What might your name be?" "Longfellow," replied the poet. "I am Mr. Longfellow." "Longfellow!" the man repeated musingly; then, brightening up, inquired with considerable show of interest, "Are you related to the Machias Longfellow?"

The affection that Longfellow felt for the place of his birth and early years is reflected in "My Lost Youth." The theme of this poem, we are told, came to him during a visit to Portland in 1846, when taking a walk round Munjoy's hill and down

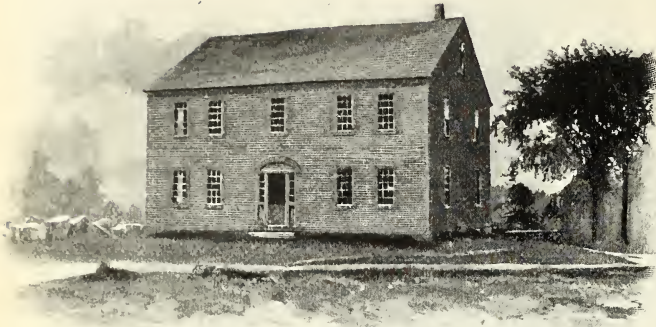
to old Fort Lawrence, he lay down in one of the embrasures of the fort and listened to the lashing, lulling sound of the sea just at his feet.

"Often I think of the beautiful town,
That is seated by the sea,
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,"—

he sings in the poem that was written a number of years later. In the same poem he touches upon some of the scenes and incidents that entered into his boyhood experience here: the noble harbor with its islands, which were the Hesperides of his



NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.



HAWTHORNE'S HOME AT RAYMOND.

youthful dreams, the mystery of the ships, the Spanish sailors, the sea-fight far away, and the faces of the dead captains as they lay in their coffins. The period of his childhood in this "city by the sea" seems to have been fruitful in precious memories.

Prepared for college at the Portland Academy, Longfellow, in 1821,

first disclosure of his poetic gift. In a note to the eight "Earlier Poems," which he included in his first collection of original verse, "Voices of the Night," he says: "These poems were written for the most part during my college life, and all of them before the age of nineteen." In one of the eight, "L'envoi," allusion is made to

entered Bowdoin College, and was graduated four years later, at the age of eighteen. After his graduation, followed by a long season of travel and study in Europe, he returned to his alma mater as professor of modern languages, remaining here until 1835, when he was called to Harvard.

In the period of his undergraduate days at Bowdoin was the



Mentioned by Hawthorne in his diary.

THE IMAGES, LAKE SEBAGO.

the pines which grow tall and stately
in the rear of the college buildings.

"Ye sounds, so low and calm,
That in the groves of balm
Seemed to me like an angel's psalm!

"Go mingle yet once more
With the perpetual roar
Of the pine forest, dark and hoar!"

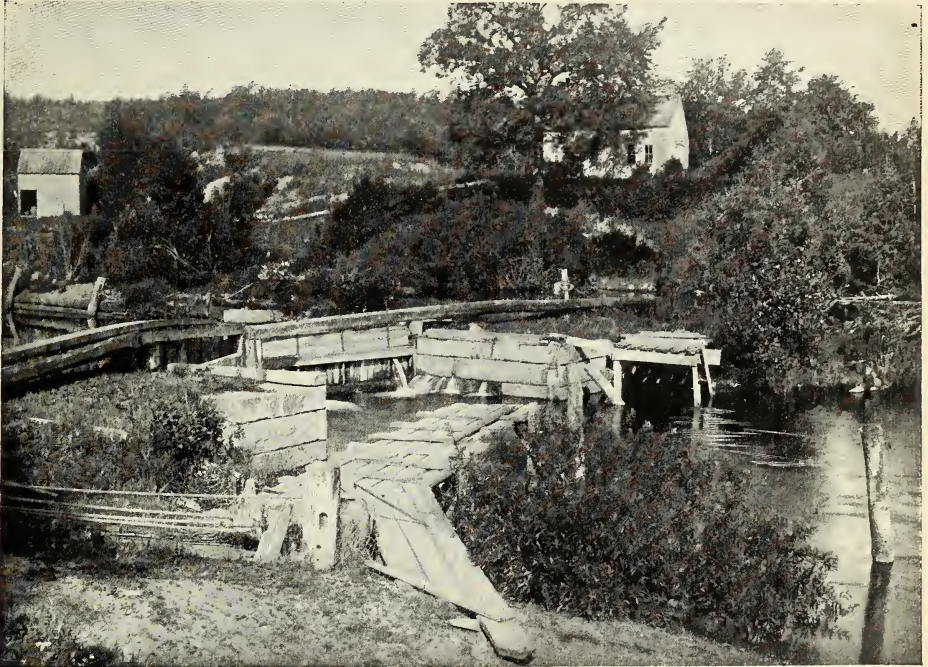
To the period of his teaching at the college belongs "Outre-mer, a Pilgrimage beyond the Sea," that series

"O ye familiar scenes,—ye groves of pine,
That once were mine and are no longer
mine,—

Thou river, widening through the mead-
ows green

To the vast sea, so near and yet unseen,—
Ye halls, in whose seclusion and repose
Phantoms of fame, like exhalations, rose
And vanished,—we who are about to die,
Salute you."

Another tie bound Longfellow to Maine besides those resulting from his birth, education and first literary



LOCKS ON THE SONGO RIVER.

of pictures of foreign life, one of the fruits of his four years' travel and study abroad.

In 1875 Longfellow came back to Bowdoin, during the commencement week, for the fiftieth anniversary of the graduation of his class. In the notable poem which he read on this occasion, "Morituri Salutamus," he touchingly apostrophizes the scenes which he had known so well in by-gone days, first as the student and later as the young professor, and soon would know no more:

success within its borders. In 1831 he was married to Mary Storer Potter of his native city. To her, who died a few years later while travelling with him in Europe, he tenderly refers in "Footsteps of Angels" as the

"Being Beauteous
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven."

Samuel Longfellow, the biographer of the poet and the author of many familiar hymns, some of them among

the noblest which have been written by any American, was the poet's brother, and was born in Portland in 1819.

The most brilliant of Longfellow's early literary contemporaries in this country was also born in Portland. Nathaniel Parker Willis, at one time in vogue on both sides of the Atlantic as a writer of melodious verse and elegant prose, but now remembered chief-



JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

other part of the same county in which Portland is situated. According to his own account, when he was eight or nine years old his mother, with her three children, took up her residence on the banks of Sebago Lake. The particular spot to which Mrs. Hawthorne came was the town of Raymond, then an isolated hamlet surrounded by primeval forests. Of his life here, Hawthorne says in a little biographical sketch which he prepared in 1853, "I ran quite wild, and would, I think,

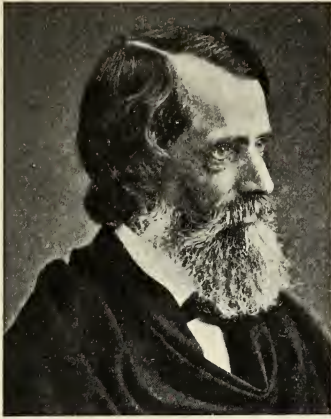


"FEWACRES," JACOB ABBOTT'S FARMINGTON HOME.

ly by his "Absalom," "Jephthah's Daughter," and other "Scriptural Sketches," first saw the light of day here in 1806, a year earlier than Longfellow. With the exception of his Maine birth, however, Willis belonged rather to Massachusetts than to Maine, his parents having come to Portland from Boston in 1803, and returned to Boston nine years later, when he was about six years old. Of his birthplace he appears to have kept but little remembrance. Nevertheless the interesting fact remains that the two most prominent American poets during the first half of the century were born in the same Maine town and for five years of their childhood were fellow townsmen.



JACOB ABBOTT IN HIS PARLOR AT "FEWACRES."



EZRA ABBOTT.

have willingly run wild till this time, fishing all day long, or shooting with an old fowling piece,—but reading a good deal, too, on the rainy days, especially in Shakespeare and 'The Pilgrim's Progress' and any poetry or light books within reach."

A diary kept by him in his boyhood gives more detailed glimpses of his surroundings in Raymond, of the particular persons and events that passed under his observation here, and of the occupations in which he engaged. In this diary, extracts only of which have been preserved, he speaks of seeing little Betty Tarbox flitting among the rose bushes of a neighbor's garden; of swapping jack-knives with Robinson Cook; of hearing peddler Dominicus Jordan tell a ghost story; of an imaginary conversation that he had with a solemn-faced old horse; of catching an eel two-thirds as long as himself; of climbing Pulpit Rock, where he sat and read; and of duck hunting in Muddy River bog.

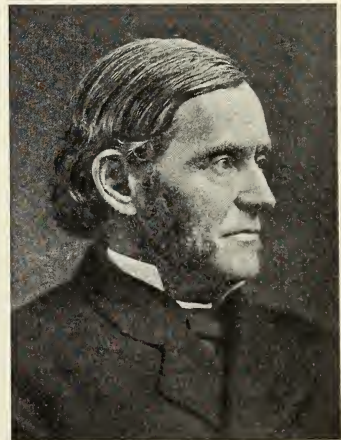
Preparation for college, however, made it necessary for him to come out of this seclusion; and he prose-

cuted his preliminary studies for the most part in Salem, his native city. But during his vacations he came back every year to his home in the wilderness. In 1821 he entered Bowdoin College, a classmate, it will be observed, of Longfellow. A year or two later Mrs. Hawthorne returned to Salem; but Nathaniel continued to pass a part or the whole of his vacations in Raymond, making his home with an uncle who lived there. After Mrs. Hawthorne's departure, the house which had been built for her in this place, and which she had occupied, was remodelled into a church, and is still used as a place of worship.

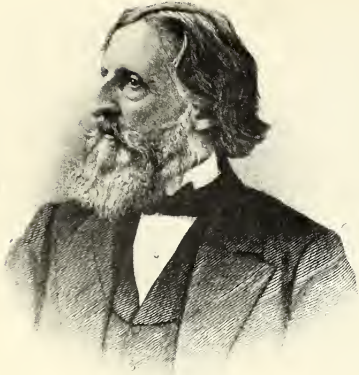
The class entering Bowdoin in 1821, to which both Longfellow and Hawthorne belonged, included among its members another lad having his home in Maine, who also was to become widely known as a producer of books—John S. C. Abbott. Thus, pursuing their studies side by side in the college, were three youths, two of Maine birth and one for the time



SAMUEL HARRIS.



ROSWELL D. HITCHCOCK.



HENRY B. SMITH.

belonging more to Maine than to his native state, each destined to gain a notable literary reputation,—one as the favorite poet of two peoples, dearer to the general heart than any other who has sung in the English tongue; one as the greatest novelist that America has produced; and one as a prolific and certainly widely read historian.

Another member of the class of 1825 was Horatio Bridge, the lifelong friend of Hawthorne, and the "Dedicatée"—to use Hawthorne's own word—of the "Snow Image, and Other Twice-told Tales." To him Hawthorne says in the dedicatory preface of this book: "If anybody is responsible for my being at this day an author, it is yourself. I know not whence your faith came; but while we were lads together at a country college . . . it was your prognostic of your friend's destiny that he was to be a writer of fiction."

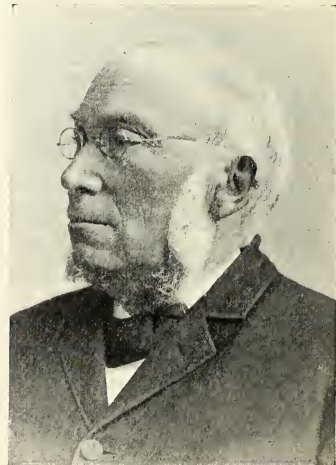
Franklin Pierce, the President of the United States to whom Hawthorne owed his appointment as consul to Liverpool, was a student in the college at the same time, a member of an earlier class.

John S. C. Abbott was a native of Brunswick, the seat of the college, and situated in the same county as Portland and Raymond; but when he was three or four years old his parents had removed to Hallowell, where formerly they had made their home. At the time of his entering college, however, he was living once more in Brunswick, the family having returned there a year or two previously. A third period of his residence in the town of his birth began in 1853, when he came back to educate his son at the college.

To this third period belong some of his best known books, one of them, "The History of Napoleon," being, perhaps, the most important of all his writings. Of the long list of works that he published, mostly of an historical character, but including also such titles as "The Mother at Home" and "Practical Christianity," one other may properly be mentioned in this connection, a "History of Maine," which, revised later by another hand, is the



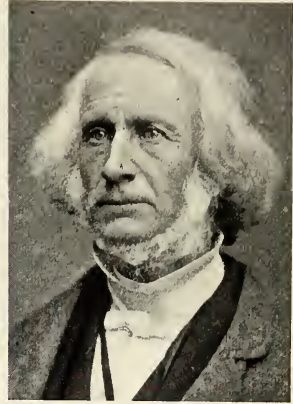
NEWMAN SMYTH.



CHARLES CARROLL EVERETT.

most readable and, on the whole, most satisfactory story of the state extant.

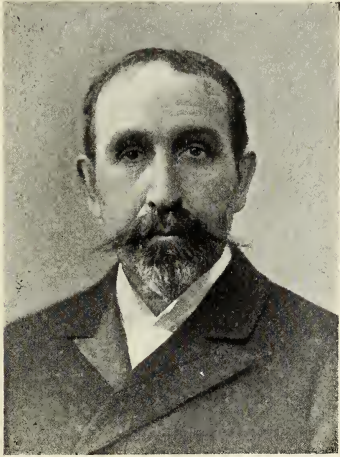
A few years before Abbott's return to his native town for the education of his son, the college had been the means of bringing another writer, although not of Maine birth, to reside in Brunswick. In 1850, Harriet Beecher Stowe came here to live, her husband, Calvin E. Stowe, having accepted an appointment to the chair of



CYRUS A. BARTOL.

into her mind as by the rushing of a mighty wind." Around this central scene one and another incident rapidly gathered, a plot developed,—and the book was done!

Maine also furnished the setting of one of Mrs. Stowe's later stories, which Whittier called "the most charming New England idyl ever written." Orr's Island, where the "Pearl" lived in the "little brown 'linto' house," is the middle one of a line of islands at Harpswell, a coast



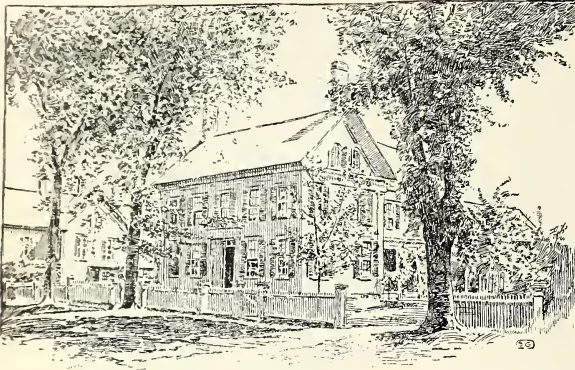
MINOT J. SAVAGE.

Natural and Revealed Religion in the college. The house which the Stowes occupied while in Brunswick still stands, and is a literary landmark in which the town takes especial pride; for here "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was written, or, as Mrs. Stowe once said, "wrote itself."

Equalling in literary interest the house in which the book was committed to paper is the church where, on Mrs. Stowe's own testimony, occurred the experience out of which it may be said to have been born. While sitting at the Lord's table in this church, Mrs. Stowe has related, the scene of the death of Uncle Tom suddenly passed before her mind and so wrought upon her feelings that with great difficulty she kept back the blinding tears. Hastening home, she seized pen and paper and wrote out the vision which had been "blown



EGBERT C. SMYTH.



THE HOUSE AT BRUNSWICK IN WHICH "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" WAS WRITTEN.

town but a few miles from Brunswick. On this island Mrs. Stowe spent many summer months, declaring that the scenery was "of more varied and singular beauty than can ordinarily be found on the shores of any land whatever."

A college town almost necessarily becomes rich in literary associations as time goes on. Many other well-known workers in some field of literature have been connected with Brunswick, aside from such as have merely studied at the college. Among them

are those two exponents of the new theological movement within the evangelical churches and seminaries, Egbert C. Smyth and his brother, Newman Smyth; the former the oldest professor in active service at Andover Seminary, the latter the pastor of the First Congregational Church in New Haven, and author of "The Religious Feeling," "Old Faiths in New Light," and other books remarkable both for deep spiritual insight and literary charm. Sons of Professor William Smyth of the college, whose series of mathematical text-books was once extensively used, they were born and reared in Brunswick and took here their college course. After leaving the college each continued his studies at Bangor Seminary; and the younger brother was for a time pastor of a Congregational church in that city.

In 1829, the year in which Egbert C. Smyth was born, Brunswick wit-



THE HOME OF "THE PEARL OF ORR'S ISLAND."



ELIJAH KELLOGG.

nessed the birth of another future theological teacher and writer of eminence, Charles Carroll Everett, who since 1869 has been connected with the Harvard Divinity School. He also was educated at Bowdoin, where after his graduation he remained for several years as librarian, tutor and, later, professor of modern languages. Subsequently, he was pastor of an Independent church in Bangor, the city of Newman Smyth's early pastorate.

The two Smyths and Charles C. Everett belong to a remarkable group of Christian scholars that Maine has produced, and in whom as its children any state might well feel honored. Three others of the group, likewise, were born and brought up in a single town, that of East Machias, in the eastern part of the state. The oldest of the three and one of the most distinguished of all was Samuel Harris, professor in Bangor Seminary, president of Bowdoin College and professor in Yale Seminary, successively, and author of "The Philosophical Basis of Theism," "The Self-Revelation of God," and other valuable books.

Within a stone's throw of the house in which Samuel Harris was born, Roswell D. Hitchcock, whose connection with Union Seminary continued for thirty-two years, and

whose analysis of the Bible is a monument of painstaking scholarship, first saw the light of day a few years later, in 1819. Both prepared for college at Washington Academy, in their native town, but took their collegiate training at different places, Samuel Harris going to Bowdoin and Roswell D. Hitchcock to Amherst. With his departure for Amherst, however, the latter did not sever his connection with Maine and its educational institutions; for in 1852 he came to Bowdoin as the successor of Professor Stowe, where he remained until his call to New York. That he never forgot his early home, nor ceased to feel the tender associations of such a spot, is shown by the visit that he paid late in life to East Machias, when from the house in which he had been born he carried away as a precious remembrance the latch from the door of his mother's room.

George Harris, a nephew of Samuel Harris, who a year ago resigned as professor of dogmatic theology at Andover Seminary to accept the presidency of Amherst College, likewise was born in East Machias and acquired his training for college in the academy of that town. Like New-



ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.



By the courtesy of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

BLANCHE WILLIS HOWARD.

man Smyth and Charles C. Everett, he also held a Maine pastorate at one time, being settled over the Congregational Church in Auburn. His "Moral Evolution" and "Inequality and Progress" have brought him into prominence as an original thinker and a master of clear, terse statement.

The year in which Roswell D. Hitchcock was born saw the birth in the farming community of Jackson, in Waldo county, of Ezra Abbott, perhaps the greatest Biblical critic that this country has produced. Even as a child he must have exhibited extraordinary mental gifts; for it is said of him that he knew his letters at nineteen months, and at seven years expressed the great interest that he felt in Rollin's "Ancient History." It is an interesting coincidence that he also was connected for a time, although as principal, with the East Machias Academy, where Samuel Harris, Roswell D. Hitchcock and George Harris went to school. Soon after his graduation from Bowdoin, however, he made his home in Cambridge, where from 1872 until his death he was professor of New Testa-

ment criticism in the Harvard Divinity School.

Associated with Roswell D. Hitchcock in Union Seminary was another eminent theologian, who also was of Maine birth and rearing—Henry B. Smith, a native of Portland and fellow-townsmen of Longfellow. Of his services to the seminary with which he was connected nearly a quarter of a century, it was said after his death that they were "simply inestimable." "Our country," the eulogist goes on, "has produced no theologian who combined to a higher degree the best learning, literary and philosophical culture, wise discriminating thought and absolute devotion to Christ and his kingdom." Henry B. Smith is best remembered to-day by his theological system, which has been pronounced a great and lasting boon to the world.

After passing in review such a list of Christian thinkers and leaders from a single state, one does not wonder that Tholuck, under whom more than one student of Maine birth studied in Halle, should have exclaimed:



By the courtesy of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.



SARAH ORNE JEWETT.

"And what is Maine, which produces men like these!"

Washington Academy, to which reference has been made several times, was founded in 1792, a year or two before Bowdoin College, but was not opened until about thirty years later. Its list of teachers and pupils is a long and interesting one, punctuated as it is throughout with well known names, some of the more conspicuous of which have been cited. Among the other graduates who have gained recognition more especially in the field of letters may be mentioned Arlo Bates, professor of English in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and the author of several popular novels and books of verse, and Samuel V. Cole, the president of Wheaton Seminary, and an occasional contributor in prose and verse to various literary periodicals.

The earliest literary associations of the Machias region, however, are those furnished by the birth within its borders of George S. Hillard, in 1808. Although the author of many literary

essays and of some books of history, biography and travel, Hillard is thought of to-day chiefly as the compiler of the series of readers to which he gave his name. Very few of the school children of twenty-five or thirty years ago will fail to recall Hillard's Readers. Hillard's connection with the place of his birth, however, did not extend much beyond childhood; for he studied at Harvard, and after his graduation made his home in Boston.

But the distinction of having produced, or, at least, of numbering among its residents men and women of literary note is not restricted to



HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

one or two counties of the state. The birthplaces and homes of Maine writers follow, apparently, no other geographical lines than those marking the distribution of population. So far as one can see, the streams of literary genius, like the natural rivers, flow in every part of the state. There are few cities, towns, villages or hamlets throughout its entire



SOPHIE SWETT.



NOAH BROOKS.



WILLIS BOYD ALLEN.

length and breadth which do not include among their children by birth or adoption one or more authors of some kind.

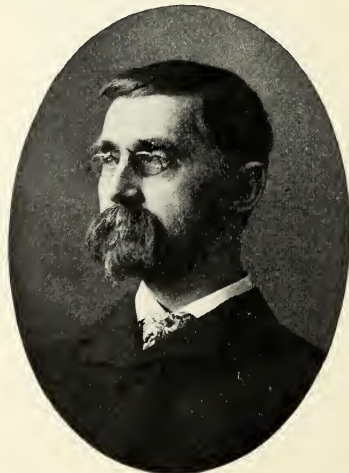
Hallowell, which has been spoken of already as the boyhood home of John S. C. Abbott, was the birthplace of his older brother, Jacob. Here the two boys lived until the removal of the family to Brunswick in 1819. Twenty years later, Jacob settled in Farmington, and from that time on devoted himself almost exclusively to literary labor, dividing his time between Farmington and New York,

and travelling extensively abroad. A complete list of the books of this prolific writer, which were chiefly for the young, would exceed two hundred titles. But the "Lucy Books," the "Rollo Books," the "Franconia Stories" and the rest, once so dear to the heart of the youthful reader, are hardly more than vague remembrances to-day.

The town where the Abbotts grew from childhood to youth has another claim to literary recognition in that it is the native place of Charles F. Richardson, professor of English literature at Dartmouth College. In his "History of American Literature," this former Hallowell boy has made an important contribution to our historical and critical knowledge of American writers.

To Bangor belongs Blanche Willis Howard, whose "One Summer," the scene of which is laid in Maine, attracted unusual attention about twenty-five years ago and established at once the reputation of its author. "Guenn," "The Open Door," and others of her later books are the fruits of her long residence abroad, where she was married and still makes her home.

Bangor has been, too, almost the lifelong home of Frances L. Mace,



ARLO BATES.



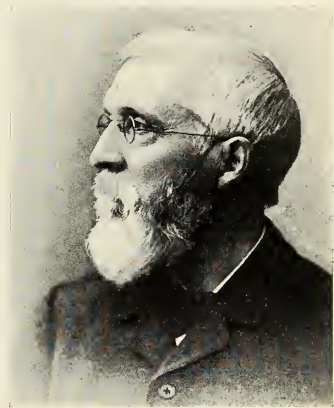
CHARLES F. RICHARDSON.



JOHN D. LONG.



EDWARD H. ELWELL.



SAMUEL T. PICKARD.

who, although born in the neighboring town of Orono, went to school, was married and lived here until she went to California, about fifteen years ago. A writer of much excellent verse, she will be remembered the longest, nevertheless, by one of her earlier and simpler poems. The incident which suggested this familiar song, for such it has become, occurred when the poet was still in her teens. Walking with a number of companions on a hot summer day, she noticed an old man resting beneath a tree. On being asked what he was doing there, the old man made the reply which afterward she changed into the poetic theme:

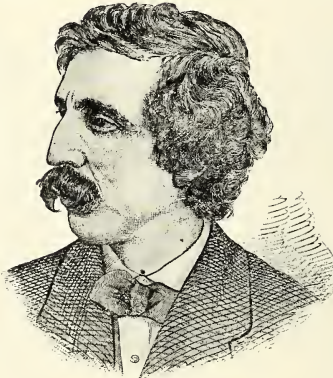
“Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown.”

Like Mrs. Mace, another Maine writer of verse, much of which is “really exquisite,” as a critic says, will go down to posterity associated chiefly with a single song. While “Rock me to Sleep, Mother,” is by no means the best of “Florence Percy’s” poems, it always will be the most popular, appealing, as it does, to one of the tenderest sentiments of the human heart—love of mother, and longing in after years for her soothing and sustaining presence. Who has not experienced at some time the mood of which this, among other stanzas, is an utterance:



C. A. STEPHENS.

"Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
 Mother, O mother, my
 heart calls for you!
 Many a summer the grass
 has grown green,
 Blossomed and faded our
 faces between:
 Yet, with strong yearning
 and passionate pain,
 Long I to-night for your
 presence again.
 Come from the silence so
 long and so deep;—
 Rock me to sleep, mother,
 —rock me to sleep!"

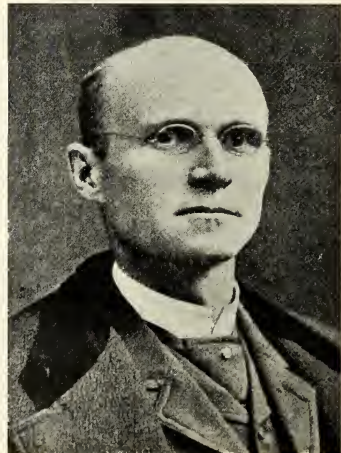


ARTEMUS WARD.

Elizabeth Akers Allen, for such is the real name of "Florence Percy," was born in the village of Strong, a few miles from Farmington, where for so long Jacob Abbott lived and wrote. Most of her literary work, however, was done in Portland, where for a number of years she was on the editorial staff of the *Advertiser* of that city, contributing also to the leading magazines. At present she resides in New Jersey.

Picturesque Harpswell, to which a touch of romance has been given by the genius of Mrs. Stowe, has been the home for the greater part of more than half a century of a writer whose "Lion Ben," "Ark of Elm Island," "Child of the Island Glen," "Sophomores of Radcliffe," and numerous other books of stirring adventure, wholesome fun and sound moral

teachings, have been read with delight by countless boys, and one of whose shorter pieces, "Spartacus to the Gladiators at Capua," is still a great favorite with the youthful declaimer. Elijah Kellogg, who was born in Portland in 1813, and was graduated at Bowdoin College and Andover Seminary, first came to Harpswell in 1844, as pastor of the Congregational Church. Resigning this office ten years later, he moved to Boston, where for another period of about ten years he was engaged in religious work among sailors. Since about 1868 he has made his home in Harpswell, occupying his old pulpit a part of the time. "The Sophomores of Radcliffe," one of the most popular of his many stories, is but a thinly disguised narrative of his undergraduate days at Bowdoin, the wildest pranks of the "Sophomores" being only so many leaves torn out of the history of his own college life. Some of the original versions have become traditions at the college and are passed on from one generation of students to another.



"BILL NYE."

Bowdoin also has supplied its title to another book, or series,—the Whispering Pine Stories, named for the same “grove of pines” to which Longfellow refers once and again in his poems.

Another coast town, Castine, whose early romantic history has furnished the poet and story teller with many themes, can lay claim to literary recognition, in that it gave birth to Noah Brooks in 1830, and later provided him with the pen-name of “Castine,” under which he wrote his Washington letters. It was these letters to a California paper that made him widely known throughout the West, whither he had removed when a young man. But Noah Brooks is known to-day rather as a writer of boys’ books than as a journalist. “The Boy Emigrants,” which, it may be presumed, is to some extent a personal narrative, “The Freeport Nine,” “Our Base Ball Nine,” and the “Life of Lincoln” are still leading favorites with youthful readers.

In South Berwick, situated near the dividing line between Maine and New Hampshire, Sarah Orne Jewett was born, grew up, and still passes much of her time. It is easy to believe that the region in which South Berwick lies, constituting as it does the border land between the country and the seashore, and including the old seaport towns of Kittery and Portsmouth, has furnished the background for many of her familiar stories of New England life and character. Where else but in Maine would one look, also, for “The Country of the Pointed Firs,” with such scenery and people as she describes with so much faithfulness and delicacy? Thus even more closely than as the state of her birth is Miss Jewett identified with Maine through the successful pictures that she has given in her stories of its rural types and characteristic scenes.

Although, as has been said, literary genius is not confined to any particular sections of the state, it neverthe-

less seems to have concentrated to some extent in certain places. Portland, Brunswick and East Machias have been described already as such centres. Two others remain to be mentioned — Calais and Norridgewock.

It will interest those familiar with the current fiction of a generation ago to know that “Mary Langdon,” the author of “Ida May,” that story of slavery and southern life among the wealthier classes, which for a time rivalled “Uncle Tom’s Cabin,” has resided in Calais all her married life, and was born in the town of Eastport, near by. Under another pen-name, that of “Sidney A. Story, Jr.,” Mrs. F. A. Pike, for such is her true name, wrote “Caste,” “Agnes,” and other stories, which enjoyed some vogue for a time. None of these later books, however, achieved the success of “Ida May,” of which it is said sixty thousand copies were sold in eighteen months.

Calais also gave birth to Harriet Prescott Spofford and her younger sister, Mary N. Prescott, a contributor of poems, short stories and editorials to various leading publications for many years. Of the early days of Mrs. Spofford in Calais the story is told that on one occasion “Hope” was given her class as a subject on which to write a poem. What was the surprise of teacher and classmates alike when she appeared with a large roll of manuscript and proceeded to read a lengthy metrical narrative, in which personified “Hope” was carried through all the stages from infancy to old age, each period being described in a separate canto! When Mrs. Spofford, or Harriet Prescott, as she was called then, was about fourteen, the family removed to Newburyport, Massachusetts, where they made their home thenceforth.

In Calais, likewise, Kate Douglas Wiggin and her sister, Nora Archibald Smith, the latter also a writer of juvenile stories, passed their girlhood days.

Among the men and women of letters to whom Norridgewock has been the home of their birth, or of some part of their life, are Minot J. Savage, the distinguished Unitarian minister, poet and essayist; Charles F. Dole, also a minister of the Unitarian faith and a writer on religious and patriotic subjects; Nathan Haskell Dole, who divides his time between original work in prose and verse and translations; and last, but, from the point of view of the youngest readers, not least, "Sophie May," whose "Little Prudie," "Dottie Dimple" and "Flaxie Frizzle" have furnished many a delightful hour to almost numberless little ones. Rebecca Sophia Clark—for by this name is "Sophie May" known outside of Bookland—was born and has always lived in Norridgewock. Although an exceptionally felicitous writer for children, she has written a number of stories for older readers, as "Her Friend's Lover," "Janet," "The Asbury Twins," and "The Doctor's Daughter," which have met with considerable favor.

Maine includes among its literary children two whose reputation has been won solely in the field of humor. Whimsical, clean minded and, notwithstanding his incessant practical joking, likable Charles Farrar Brown—"Artemus Ward"—was born, as he was fond of saying, "in Waterford, near Rumford"—Rumford being the name of a neighboring town. A stray characteristic reference to his early years was this: "When quite a child I used to draw on wood. I drew a small cart-load of the raw material over a wooden bridge." But much of Artemus Ward is simply flat without Artemus. One who heard him in England, where he achieved his greatest success, wrote: "His bursts of quaint humor could only live at all in that subtle atmosphere which Artemus Ward's presence created, and in which he alone was able to operate."

As those who are acquainted with

his writings well know, Brigham Young and the Mormons always excited his fancy. Of the Mormons in general he remarked that "their religion is singular, but their wives are plural!" In the narrative of the "Seventeen Mormon Widows," however, he fairly outdoes himself on this subject. But Artemus was more than an inimitable humorist; he was a man of character and principle as well, believing, as he said, "in morality and likewise in meeting-houses." An insatiable rover, he could not have passed, after his childhood's days, much time in Waterford. But the tender regard which he always had for his mother must have taken him back there, in thought at least, many times. The house in which he was born, in 1836, is still standing.

Edgar Wilson Nye, the "Bill Nye" of newspaper syndicate fame, and the author of "The Forty Liars," "Baled Hay," "Remarks," and other books of a broadly humorous character, was also of Maine extraction, having been born in the little, remote town of Shirley, in the Moosehead region. When a young man he removed to Wyoming, and continued to live in the West and South.

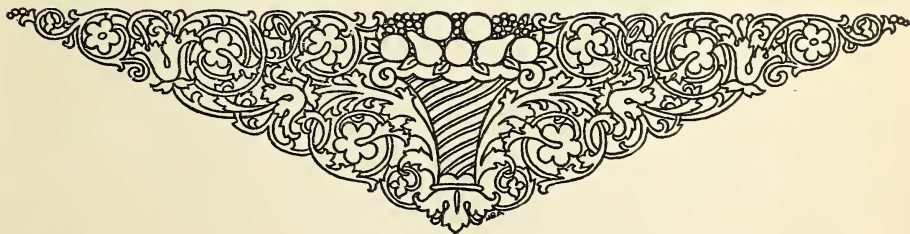
Notwithstanding the large number of Maine writers that have been passed in review, the list is not exhausted. There remain to be spoken of, among others, Elizabeth Oakes Smith, essayist, poet, novelist, and the first woman who ever appeared in this country as a public lecturer. Born in North Yarmouth about 1807, she lived for a number of years in Portland, where she was married, removing with her husband to New York soon after 1830. Seba Smith, the husband of Elizabeth Oakes Smith, was also of Maine birth, having come into existence in a log-house put up by his father in the woods of Buckfield. As "Major Jack Downing of Downingville, way down East, in the state of Maine," he wrote a series of humorous and satirical letters during the administration of

President Jackson, which brought him into considerable prominence. Buckfield, the native town of Seba Smith, was the birthplace also of John D. Long, whose prominence as a statesman has caused to be overlooked his right to be considered a man of letters, to which his translation of Virgil and his fugitive poems entitle him. In Freeport, adjoining the town of Mrs. Smith's birth, Cyrus A. Bartol, who for more than fifty years was connected with the West Church in Boston, first saw the light of day in 1813. Like Mrs. Smith, he lived for a time in Portland, a fellow townsman of Longfellow. Elizabeth Payson Prentiss, whose hymn, "More Love to Thee, O Christ," is still a favorite with all Christian people, and whose once popular Sunday-school book, "Stepping Heavenward," has been translated into several languages, was a native of Portland, where she was born in 1818.

Samuel T. Pickard, one of the publishers and editors of the *Portland Transcript* for more than forty years and the biographer of Whittier; Laura E. Richards, the author of many charming stories for children, who, although born in Boston, has lived in Gardiner for nearly twenty-five years; Ray Palmer, a Congregational minister in Bath for fifteen

years, whose hymn beginning, "My faith looks up to Thee!" is sung more frequently than almost any other hymn in the English tongue; Harriet Lewis Bradley, a native of Portland and a writer of exceptional originality and strength; C. A. Stephens, whose name is familiar to every reader of the *Youth's Companion*; Abba Gould Woolson, Sophie Swett, James Otis Kaler, or "James Otis," Willis Boyd Allen, and many others are Maine authors.

If a book of eight hundred and fifty pages was required for giving little more than the names of the poets of Maine, with selections from their verse, any attempt to give a brief but comprehensive account of the workers of the state in all departments of literature must necessarily prove more or less unsatisfactory. In the present instance, however, enough may have been said to show that Maine has a right to be considered a state of writers as well as of summer resorts, farm products, legislators and radical liquor laws. Perhaps enough has been said to make plain, moreover, that its literary children, by birth or adoption, are to be found in the front rank of the representatives of every field of writing, whether that field be poetry, fiction, history, theology or humor.



TRANSCENDED.

By Cale Young Rice.

I WHO was learnèd in death's lore
Oft held her to my heart
And spoke of days when we should love no more—
In the long dust, apart.

“Immortal?” No, it could not be.
Spirit with flesh must die.
Though heart shall pray and hope make ceaseless plea,
Reason will still outcry.

She died. They wrapped her in the dust—
I heard the dull clods' dole.
And then I knew she lived—that death's dark lust
Could never touch her soul.

AT THE BARS.

By Benjamin F. Leggett.

WEARY and sick of the day's annoy,
Its burden of cares and ills,
I tread the paths of a careless boy
Again o'er the sunset hills;
And there by the boulder's wrinkled dome
With blazon of lichens gray,
I wait to follow the cattle home
In the wane of the peaceful day.

The shadows lie cool by winding ways,
All under the sundown glow,
And voices come from the swinging sprays
And up from the vale below;
The blue jay screams in the hemlock dim,
The crows and the blackbirds call,
And the lone thrush chants her minor hymn
Afar by the woodside wall.

Down from the slopes of brier and fern,
Where the greener levels lie,
The cows wind slow by many a turn
At the old familiar cry;
And drowsily flows the pasture run
With never a note that mars,
While the tinkling bells pass one by one
At sound of the falling bars.

A DESCENDANT OF KING PHILIP.

By Liston Wetherell.



DO not remember that I was consciously grateful at the time. Indeed, I often envied the city boys who came hunting in our woods, and whose "togs," as they called them, were so much more resplendent than those to which I was accustomed. When my father and Donald, the hired man, hunted, they tucked blue jean overalls—Donald called them "overhauls"—into great cowhide boots, and if the weather were too sharp for shirt sleeves, donned closely buttoned cardigan jackets.

But now, when the "vision splendid" has begun to "fade into the light of common day," I am increasingly thankful that my boyhood was spent in country lanes, hemmed in by little hills that I thought mountains, and by a chain of ponds that were to me as the Great Lakes. Nature is the wisest and kindest of all fairy godmothers. Let the boy but listen to her ever varying call, let him walk however carelessly in her demesne, so he be not wilfully blindfold, and she bestows with lavish hand all the great treasure of knowledge for which the man must seek diligently and often in vain. Oh, blessed and fortunate they who store up the treasure against the manhood days of slower perception but wider understanding!

In the earliest times—much hampered by an unresponsive and snake-fearing nursemaid—my rambles covered small territory. I might never go on to the little lakes,—and as for the farther shore, for me there was none. As to Livingstone's native guide standing for the first time on the shore of the ocean, so to me also the earth said: "I am finished. There is

no more of me." On the brow of the largest hill I reared my Castle in Spain. When I became a man, I would buy that hill, and it should be made like one of the Delectable Mountains. Not one tree should ever be felled, not one root of the pale blue hill violets should be trampled, not one moccasin flower should be sacrificed to the root-gathering propensities of the village women—those misled creatures who thought to find the fountains of youth in the lifeblood of my orchids rather than in the beauty of the blossoms, where I felt sure they ought to seek. On the summit should stand my dwelling—the very castle already there, but with foundations, of which castles in the air have no need.

Long before my time of life was ripe for such a shock I learned that the hill belonged to a lady who lived in the Yosemite valley, and who, in the midst of such grand mountains, still loved her little Massachusetts hillock, and refused to part with it on any terms. Recently, reading that charming book, "Fisherman's Luck," I came upon a passage that might have comforted me then. "Father," asked the boy, "who owns the mountains?" After the father's patient enumeration of the different lumber companies who held legal titles to the Franconia range, the boy spoke again: "Well, I don't see what difference it makes. Anybody can look at them." The philosopher's spirit was denied to my tender years; and when I found that the hill could never be mine, I looked for another love.

The nursemaid days were Winnifred's portion by that time, and I wandered free. At the foot of the hill by the pond side I found clustering circles on which no grass grew, each cir-

cle with a little mound beside it. Inquiries of one and another unsympathizing grown-up folk finally brought out the glorious information that I had happened on one of King Philip's old camping grounds, that the circles were the places where the wigwams stood, and that the mounds were once heaps of rubbish thrown from the doorways by squaws, who lacked training in hygienic principles. Heretofore I had found little use for books, though the well worn condition of divers school editions bearing on the fly leaf my name, with strange embellishments, might have led one to suppose the contrary. Now I haunted our own and our neighbors' libraries, seeking news of King Philip. I found much to my taste and much more from which I turned in horror, since I was bent on making a hero of Metacomet—which name I sometimes liked better than the English Philip. But no story nor legend of the grim son of Massasoit roused such delirious dreams as a chance remark of an old grand-aunt:

"I suppose it's natural you should hanker after Indian doings. There's Indian blood in your veins."

And so it inspired. The story as told to me was unattractive enough. Far back in the great-greats, a grandfather of mine married a squaw, fancying he could not bear to see a white woman in his dead wife's place, yet needing a helpmeet in the stress of pioneer life. That is the story as it was told me; but as I heard it, the squaw was a beautiful princess and I a scion of King Philip's royal race. My name, too, was Philip—a fact in which I had never expected to rejoice, having a leaning toward Bob or Dick, or even Jim. For many a day my chief passion, for years my favorite amusement, was personating the apotheosized chief. My outfit was my father's canoe and his old camping tent. My costume was faithfully copied from the frontispiece of Increase Mather's "History of King Philip's War," in the perusal of which

work I was greatly hindered by the fact that the printer—as I supposed—had run out of s's, and had substituted f's.

No boy finds it good to play always alone, and in the early days of my mummung I found many a comrade to play brave to my sachem. Oh, the charm of days like those!—days such as the red man must have known before the advent of the paleface. We paddled on the little lakes and fished in their pools. We dove from the canoe into the depths of Black Pond, which tradition saith has no bottom. We built our camp fires—under restriction from my father, who did not wish to lose his timber—and ate, half raw, but palatable to savage taste, our potatoes, corn and fish—when we caught any. We picked huckleberries and wild grapes, and gathered shagbarks and hazelnuts. Never by any chance did we go along the deep-rutted road when summer rain or the heavy dew of early autumn had made the thicket one long, delightful shower bath. We flushed a nesting turkey that had wandered afield to enjoy in quiet her approaching maternity. Seeing the painted redskins, perhaps the wild spirit of her own ancestors swelled within her. Directing her unaccustomed flight across the pond, she fluttered, fell and floundered in the water, then floated slowly, slowly,—we had no boat on that pond,—to the shore. Her draggled bosom no longer warmed the speckled eggs; and Farmer Brown never counted that brood, unless he did so before they hatched.

But of our pranks no more. My dear father's acres are mine now, and who knows but my neighbor—a courteous man indeed—might prove to be at heart revengeful!

In the spring we planted our own little "field" according to the immemorial custom of Philip's people—told by Squanto to the paleface—in each hill five grains of corn and a herring from the Great River.

In an evil day I told my braves

about the other things I had found in my books and which I could sometimes forget, but which sometimes haunted me. I told them how the braves of our adopted tribe had killed, in our village, four men, leaving fatherless thirty little children. Here our chief had signed a treaty, which he broke immediately; and worst of all, they would have destroyed the whole settlement, and massacred men, women and children, but for the timely information of a negro.

What had I done? How could such horrible tales so change the natures of my braves? With one accord they mutinied and called me a "squaw." In vain I reminded them that these atrocious deeds happened on the farther limits of our town; no such associations disturbed the peace of our camping ground. Indeed in vain; they "dug up the hatchet" and went whooping forth, longing for scalps and thirsting for the blood of innocent babes. I was left alone in my hunting ground. I missed my companions, and having no heart to seek for others, I tried to lure Winnifred from the tame ways of the paleface. She could be Namumpum, wife of Alexander, that "new woman" of the Wampanoags, who maintained in the court room of the white man her right of dowry in her husband's lands.

The blood of our Indian ancestress must have flowed but sluggishly in Winnie's veins. She would do little except sit by the wigwam door and "embroider moccasins." After I had wasted much pocket money in colored beads, and much forced admiration on the gorgeous doll's shoes that resulted, Winnifred, too, made her exit from the stage.

After all, it is no misfortune to be left alone with the fairy godmother. It was she, I am sure, who prompted me to look for Indian relics. At first

I tried the mounds which stood each by its grassless circle; but my immature strength made small headway in the hardened heaps. Disheartened, I started across my father's newly ploughed field; and, behold! without effort of mine the prize lay in my grasp. It was a tiny arrowhead with roughly scalloped edge, all the marks of its slow, patient construction seemingly as distinct as when the hand of some bronze warrior dropped it there to lie till I came to pick it up. Dropped—was it from dead hand or living? or was it sped after some escaping white man, who perhaps died there in my father's corn-field!

With Donald's help I lashed it to a shaft, as the Wampanoag braves used to do; and as I took the completed arrow in my hand, I believed in the transmigration of souls, though I knew nothing of that name for the feeling within me—that I had been once the true King Philip in this his realm and mine. The number of my headed arrows—yes, and spears, too—grew apace. John Burroughs has written of Thoreau, that he thought arrowheads, and so found them everywhere. My heart leaped as I read. I, too, had thought arrowheads and found them everywhere.

One other treasure I found—a large stone with a smooth groove about its middle. The wise ones called it a hammer head, but I always believed it a great mace wielded by some Indian *Cœur de Lion*.

Alas, I may no longer personate King Philip. My spear and arrowheads are only a "collection" now. The secrets whispered by the fairy godmother are faint and half forgotten. But not all forgotten; still enough remembered to be the joy of my holidays, and even the solace of many a weary hour.





A SERMON.

By Clinton Scollard.

THE fluent preacher talked of heaven and hell,
Angels and devils, sinner and of saint,
Proceeding in his vivid way to paint
The joys of those that high exalted dwell,
The woes of those who bide in depths most fell.
His wail went up o'er man's ancestral taint,
And shaded off into a mournful plaint
In lengthy and lugubrious parallel.

Thus far I followed; then a pleasant wood
Oped its green heart, sense-soothing and unvexed;
Creation chorused: "All God's works are good!
Then be ye not by seeming ills perplexed!"
I woke,—knew I had dreamed,—for there still stood
The fluent preacher hammering at his text.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

ON the last evening in May, the day following our Memorial Day, with all its great reminders and commands, the people of Boston met in Faneuil Hall to receive the envoys of the two South African republics, now struggling for their independence. It was a memorable meeting—with the same spirit, said Colonel Hallowell and other men with memories, who sat upon the platform, which inspired so many memorable meetings in Faneuil Hall in the days before our own great struggle, a generation ago. Now, as then, the historic

hall was thronged; and the president of the meeting was Boston's greatest representative of that great struggle, Colonel T. W. Higginson. On the Boston reception committee of fifty was Hon. George S. Boutwell, who in 1852 was Governor of Massachusetts and welcomed Kossuth to the state, and such other veterans of the antislavery struggle as Colonel Higginson, Edward Everett Hale, Rev. Charles G. Ames, and Mr. Frank B. Sanborn. Earlier in the day, by the unanimous vote of the Massachusetts Legislature, the envoys were received both in the Senate and the

House of Representatives, making brief addresses in each chamber.

The envoys came to Boston from the great meetings in New York and Washington; and they went from Boston to address far greater meetings in the cities of the West. But nowhere surely did they listen to warmer words of greeting than those spoken by New England men in Faneuil Hall. It was not the speeches of our Boston men, however, eloquent as some of them were, which chiefly made the meeting so impressive; it was the simple story of the messengers themselves, their sturdy bearing, and their heroic tone. The stamp of manhood and of truth was upon their foreheads and upon their tongues. Here, indeed, was the inside view, the word of men who have been a part of this long history, men of recognized and highest character, who have lived all their lives in the republics, responsibly associated with their governments. Men of the old-fashioned virtues they seemed, men of old-fashioned religion, who might have stood upon the walls of Leyden in the siege, who might have followed Bradford from Leyden to Plymouth, who might be deacons in Worcester county towns. Religious men, and, like true religious men, magnanimous and gentle, without revenge and without rancor. It was impressive, indeed, to those who met them privately, knowing how hot the passions roused by war, to note the moderation and justice of their speech, their care to make excuses for ignorance and to blame only where blame belonged, their tone of kindness toward the English people.

This, too, was the distinguishing tone of the Faneuil Hall meeting; and this was what made it impressive. Its chief speakers were lovers of England, men who knew English history, who knew the difference between the English people and an English cabinet, between the great English principles and the policy or passion of the hour. They appealed from England

drunk to England sober, as England's own sons have had to do so often, from Montfort's time and Hampden's to Burke's and Morley's. They were men who, in dealing with the affairs of their own country, have remembered that the true patriot is not he who shouts for his country right or wrong, but he who is faithful to his country's true ideals and who knows well that treason lies in letting those ideals suffer violence or be dragged in the dust. The resolutions passed by this Boston meeting were printed in the papers of the day; but it is well perhaps to give them more permanent place here as the expression of the sentiment of those men in New England who stand shoulder to shoulder with the followers of Gladstone in Old England at the present juncture in English politics:

We, people of Massachusetts, of all political parties, assembled in Faneuil Hall, extend our welcome to the envoys of the South African republics, and invoke for them the highest measure of success in their effort to acquaint the American people with the situation in South Africa and to enlist their moral support in the claim of the republics for national existence.

We speak in no spirit of hostility to the English people, whose true interest we have at heart, and whose friendship we hold second to none. We believe that the innate sense of right and justice in the English people, now misled by ambitious and unscrupulous rulers, will, once aroused, assert itself as it has done in the past.

We thank the Legislature of Massachusetts and the City Council of Boston for their emphatic resolutions of sympathy with the South African republics in their heroic defence of their independence; and we call upon the states and cities throughout the country, and upon all representatives and organs of public opinion, for such expression as shall strengthen the hands and hearts of these messengers and of their suffering nations, and shall assure the world that the American republic is still as true as in the days of Washington and Monroe and Bolivar and Kossuth to the principles which gave it birth.

We record our admiration of the brave and valiant struggle of the men of the South African republics upon the field of battle in the defence of their homes and their national integrity. These embattled farmers are worthy sons of their fathers who, facing in Holland the overwhelming

power of Spain, maintained the liberties of Europe and the world, and shielded and schooled our own Pilgrim Fathers for the planting of New England. We call upon England and upon all Christendom for justice and magnanimity toward these little states, where liberty and independence are so dear that no daring or suffering for them is counted great, and where life without them is without worth.

We declare that every nation has the right to adopt such form of government as may seem to it best calculated to advance those ends for which all governments are in theory established. We declare, as the citizens of Boston have declared before, that America cannot recognize the right of might, and that we cannot view without protest the absorption of small and weak states by the strong.

We condemn the present government of England for forcing the South African republics to a point where war was inevitable. We declare our conviction that there were no differences in South Africa which honest arbitration could not have easily adjusted. We believe that the English cabinet dealt with these little states as it would not have dealt with great states, and in unfaithfulness to the modern law of nations. We condemn in no measured terms those misleaders of public opinion who, throwing off at last the mask of redressing outlanders' grievances, are guided solely by the glitter of British supremacy and the so-called requirements of the empire. The worst charges against the republics for abuses are no excuse for taking away their lives. Let the grievances, so far as they exist, be righted, but let the republics stand. If, in the power and pride of conquest, the freedom and national existence of these states are extinguished, it will be a crime as great as the partition of Poland, a hundred years ago, condemned to-day by every noble Englishman and every just man.

We remember the noble wrath of Gladstone when he denounced the defence by the present English premier of a wrong less flagrant than that now threatened, as "the word of a political bandit rather than that of a British minister;" and we remember how the rising moral sense of England has again and again laid its strong hand on cabinets and taught them their duty to England and mankind. We rejoice that the spirit of Gladstone and Bright and Cobden lives to-day in millions of British hearts: and we, people of America, send our word over and beyond cabinets, to the just and liberty-loving people of England, to assure them of our sympathy and co-operation in every effort to maintain English honor and the rights of man.

We would not have the war prolonged a day, nor a drop of blood shed through vain hopes of armed intervention. We do,

however, urge our government to make known to the government of Great Britain, in any proper manner, the sentiment of our people, and, jointly if possible with other powers, and with that quick sympathy for men struggling for liberty the wide world over which was the glory of the fathers of our republic, to use every means in its power to advance in the present crisis the ends of justice and humanity. If, in spite of all, a great crime is committed, darkening the closing days of the century, if these republics are finally blotted out of existence, let it be known that it is done against the solemn protest of the American people.

* * *

There was much in the circumstances and purpose of this meeting on that Thursday evening in May which compelled the thoughts of many who were present to go back to a similar occasion half a century ago. The coincidences were numerous and eloquent.

On a Thursday evening, in the spring of 1852, Louis Kossuth addressed the citizens of Boston in Faneuil Hall. He was here to enlist the sympathy of the American people for Hungary, whose freedom and independence Austria and Russia were seeking to suppress, as they had before shared in the crushing and stealing of Poland. As Kossuth rose in Faneuil Hall, he said: "Cradle of American liberty!—it is a great name; but there is something in it which saddens my heart. You should not say 'American liberty.' You should say 'Liberty in America.' Liberty should not be American nor European; it should be just 'liberty.'"

Boston believed that; Massachusetts believed it; America believed it. Robert C. Winthrop wrote from Boston to the meeting which welcomed Kossuth when he landed in New York, that he wished he might be present "to unite in those words of welcome which Americans can never withhold from those who have labored and suffered in the cause of freedom." Daniel Webster and William H. Seward and Henry Clay wrote in the same strain to that New York meeting. We think they all

wrote from Washington. Daniel Webster was secretary of state. He had a little while before written a letter to the Austrian minister, who had remonstrated with him against our government's too manifest sympathy with Hungary, impressing him plainly, in words still good to read, that the government and people of the United States would freely at all times express their sympathy and opinion on any subject whatsoever, and that there was no spectacle which enlisted the sympathies of the American people more deeply than that of a nation struggling to maintain or gain its independence.

Daniel Webster did not write to New York to tell Kossuth that he ought to come to Washington before talking in New York. He probably thought the best place for him to begin was at the wharf. We were a rude, unpolished people in 1852. The city of New York was a rude municipality, not up in the proprieties. It did not know that an American city should never express an opinion on the world's affairs. The thick book which it published—published by order of the city council—giving an account of the New York celebration, with all the eloquent speeches by Bryant and the rest, is in the libraries. Boston was rude, and Massachusetts, and the United States, in 1852. There was not a city council nor a legislature in the country which did not make the rafters ring with resolutions. There was one Philadelphia parson who wrote a pamphlet which he called "Kossuth or Washington?" saying we must be careful how we meddled with foreign matters or we might get into trouble; but his work is the only one of that sort that we have found in the libraries. The Massachusetts Legislature had a special report made on the subject of the state expressing itself on such matters; and that ringing report—Charles C. Hazewell was the chairman of the committee that made it—is worth the attention of the news-

papers to-day. The Massachusetts Legislature and the Boston Council happily do not need it; they did their duty to-day very simply and directly, as they did in 1852.

The Massachusetts Legislature unanimously invited Kossuth to the Commonwealth. The governor to whom it fell to extend the invitation was George S. Boutwell, who, "always young for liberty," was a member of the committee that joined the city government in welcoming to Boston these envoys of the South African republics, on the same errand as that on which Kossuth came. Governor Boutwell presided at the meeting which welcomed Kossuth in Faneuil Hall; the president of the Massachusetts Senate, Henry Wilson, presided at the banquet; and the speaker of the House, N. P. Banks, presided at the later Faneuil Hall meeting.

What did Governor Boutwell say in 1852, speaking for every thoughtful man in Massachusetts? He said: "We have not sought, and shall not seek, the control of European affairs; but we may scan and judge their character. While we cannot adopt the cause of any other people, or make the quarrels of European nations our own, it is our duty to guard the principles peculiar to America. We cannot quietly submit to the absorption of the smaller states of Europe by the larger. We recognize the right of each nation to establish its own institutions and regulate its own affairs."

Kossuth was not here to secure the active intervention of the American government. He did desire the co-operation of England and America in an effort to secure the general principle of non-intervention in Europe—the freedom of the small states from the bulldozing of the large ones. But he was here to appeal to the American heart and ask the indorsement of the American people. He did not want our guns; he did not ask us to fight his battles. "I ask America," he

said, "to fasten and make firm that pole called 'Law of nations,' that we may, with the nerve-strings of our own stout hearts, bind to it our nation's shattered shrub."

It was precisely for that that these servants and messengers of freedom from the South African republics came to us in America at this time. They would be glad—we surely cannot blame them; we should be glad of the same in the same situation—if our great republic would go to their little one and help fight its battles. But they did not expect that. They did expect and did ask that the people of this republic should call attention with a mighty voice to the mighty law of nations and to those great principles of right and justice which should and must be made to control nations. They did ask the voice of America to proclaim that England in South Africa to-day is a law-breaker among the nations, doing that which justice and necessity do not command nor sanction, and which she would never venture against a powerful people.

It is the dean of our own Harvard Law School who has declared that the war on the part of Great Britain is without political or moral justification. The solemn voice of mankind is declaring that she is without standing in point of right and justice, and that if the threat of the present tory cabinet is carried out and these little Dutch republics are wiped off the map, England will go down in history solely responsible for a political crime as great as that which Prussia, Russia and Austria shared in the partition of Poland.

Kossuth said to America: "You have summoned Austria before the judgment seat of the world." These South African republics ask us to-day to summon England before the judgment seat of the world. There is no other place in America where that summons could be made with such consideration and such love as Boston, in whose historic hall the envoys were given so memorable a welcome

on that summer night. Boston, as they were reminded, is the capital of that part of this republic which we call New England. America is not New England; it is also New Germany, New Holland, New Italy, New Ireland, New France. But England is above all our mother country; and here is New England. We are proud of it. We believe that the English people are the best people in the world; that on the whole they have done the most good of any people in the world; that they have the best history, and also have the best future; that their eclipses are shortest and fewest. We believe in England, and love her. Our revered Senator Hoar has recently said:

"I am a lover of England. I love her too well to become an accomplice of the men who disgrace her. I am not willing to adopt the wicked maxim, 'Our country, right or wrong!' Still less am I prepared to adopt the maxim, merely because the exigencies of our own wrongdoing seem to require it, 'England, right or wrong!'"

When Senator Hoar's great brother, in Faneuil Hall, greeting Kossuth, said that Massachusetts never seemed more fair than in honoring one who came to her from disaster and defeat in faithfulness to liberty, he was greeting one who had been honored equally in England, and whose car, as he came to Boston, was draped with the three flags of Hungary, America and England.

It is England who has taught us to welcome men like these and to know that our countrymen are all mankind. It was England who, with the sword of Sir Philip Sidney, stood with their fathers against Spain in Holland, who, through Oliver Cromwell, made tyranny tremble in Italy and in France, who, by Gladstone's pen, wrote the Neapolitan letters, and by Gladstone's voice called a halt to the wrongs of Bulgaria. It was Britain who received Victor Hugo, exiled from France, and gave him a home

from which to send out his arraignment of Napoleon the Little. It was in London that Stepniak, cheered and sustained by Englishmen, worked for Free Russia, and that Mazzini worked for New Italy. "I shall never," said Mazzini, "pronounce without a throb of gratitude the name of England, which became to me almost a second country."

It is England who has taught us that men of English blood should be jealous of each other's honor and rebuke each other's sins. We remember how many of the Englishmen whom we most honor are rebuking America to-day; and we do not resent it. We rejoice and are grateful to-day that, when we were false to ourselves and to freedom, Englishmen were true enough to us to summon us before the judgment seat of the world and of our own consciences and best ideals. We still feel the wholesome smart of Charles Dickens's whip. While Beacon Hill still shut Wendell Phillips and Charles Sumner from its parlors, Harriet Martineau's burning pages told the shame of American slavery. George Thompson came from London to Boston to preach emancipation by the side of Garrison. "The friends of humanity and liberty in Europe should join," said O'Connell, "in the universal cry of shame on the American slaveholders!" They did join; and we thank them for it.

When the stress came, it was the Englishmen who had rebuked us who proved our real friends; just as it is the Americans who condemn England to-day who are her real friends. The party represented to-day by the prime minister, and who are so troubled about an "oligarchy" and about the negroes in South Africa, were quite ready to recognize a confederacy based on slavery and framed by a slave oligarchy; but Richard Cobden and John Bright rang true. The Salisburys of the time dined and wined Mason and Slidell; but the men of Birmingham and Manchester

crowded their halls to hear Henry Ward Beecher. It was John Bright who gave England the advice which serves for us to-day:

"We should be neutral as far as regards mingling in the strife. We were neutral in the strife in Italy, but we were not neutral in opinion and sympathy; and the feeling in Italy was that the opinion of England was potent in Europe and did much for the creation of the Italian kingdom."

In every great crisis America and the world have had such English friendship; and America will always reciprocate. America's friendship is not a counter nor an "asset;" it scorns the huckster's and barterer's appeal, like that just made by Chamberlain and Rosebery. But America prays that she may always be kept true to England in every good thing, and that England may never be her friend in any bad one.

To the true England South Africa in the defeat which follows her gallant resistance now makes her appeal. There is an English government, and there is an English people. The American people, whose hearts go out to these sturdy farmers, join in their appeal to the English people, who govern governments, and in whose hands we will not believe that English honor and justice are not ultimately secure. While we remember the multitudes which follow the Chamberlains and Salisburys, and remember that nothing makes nations drunk like war, we remember also the millions of Englishmen led by men like John Morley and James Bryce, who condemn the threatened destruction of the South African republics more sharply than we can do, as they feel the disgrace more closely. We remember that while an Alfred Austin drivels his jingo doggerel, the inspired verse of William Watson rings with honest English wrath and with humanity. We send our greeting to the England of Milton, of Gladstone, and of Morley; and we ask England to stand to-day as she

would stand were the case not her own.

England stood with us for the independence of Hungary. Will it be claimed for a moment that Hungary's credentials were better than those of the Dutch republics? It will not be claimed. The committee of the Massachusetts Legislature in 1852 reported that it could not be contended that the constitution of Hungary was without great and grave defects; but Hungary was fighting to maintain a constitutional government, and should have freedom to work out her own destiny. Will it be claimed that Poland's credentials were better than those of these republics? Prussia's excuses for her part in the partition of Poland read like to-day's *London Times*. The general political condition of Poland was "an anachronism among the nations of Europe." There were "the cruelties at Thorn," the persecution of the "Dissidents," and all the rest. What says history of all the pleas and subterfuges now? Simon Bolivar learned here in the United States the lessons which made him the liberator of South America. Will it be said that one state which he helped to independence was as fit for it as these two Dutch republics? Will it be said that Cuba, to whose independence America is pledged, is half as fit?

Reform of political abuses is one thing, and war is another, and the extinction of a nation's life another. The pleas made by the English cabinet for its course in South Africa have each and all miserably failed. The gold mines were taxed too high—until it was revealed that the tax in the adjacent province of the chartered company was higher, and that in Canada vastly higher. There were slaves in South Africa—as there were here yesterday; but if England had undertaken to wipe out our national existence before we had wiped out slavery, with the plea that she had abolished slavery in the West Indies

the day before, we think that even our old abolitionists would have made short shift with that plea. The Transvaal spent too much on armaments—until it was shown that these expenditures began only just before the Jameson raid showed so conclusively that the Boer apprehensions were well grounded and their preparations for defence only too slow and slight. There was a great Dutch conspiracy—until the English scholar, Hobson, in his monumental work, the one adequate book on the whole subject, forever made the charge ridiculous. And then there was the suffrage—and this was made the most of. This by England, a nation which has been really enfranchised and had a fairly representative government just sixteen years, since 1884. When Gladstone spoke for the first great bill extending the suffrage, England had barely one million legal voters in a total of five million male adults; and each extension was fought tooth and nail by that great party which, content enough with millions of "outlanders" at home, suddenly became so anxious about democratic rights in South Africa. And finally it was the ultimatum—the dignity and all that. The question is, what compelled the ultimatum—what made it the one dictate of necessity, of hope and common sense, for these little states, facing the British empire? That is the only question which history, piercing all plausibilities and quenching the torchlights of all processions, will ask.

No name was named so often in the great Faneuil Hall meeting as the name of Kossuth. It was because the coming to us of these envoys was more like his coming than any other in our history. These men scrupulously abstained, as Kossuth did, from mixing in our American politics; but they did not misunderstand the exigencies and ironies of politics, which made their welcome in some circles less hearty and unanimous than his. Three years ago America would have

spoken with one voice, and there would have been no nervousness lest their welcome appear too "official." If deep in the American heart there was for them a welcome less warm than that given Kossuth fifty years ago, then indeed is that difference the measure of the dilution of our blood and of the watering of our stock. We believe that the American heart is not less warm; under all the superficial diplomacies is the same love and admiration and sympathy for brave men struggling for freedom and justice against overwhelming odds.

The name of Kossuth and the news in the journals of that very day on which the envoys spoke in Faneuil Hall, of the fall of Pretoria, suggested a didactic coincidence. When Kossuth spoke in Faneuil Hall his outlook was darker than theirs, and his cause seemed more hopeless. Hungary was crushed, her armies were scattered, the Austrian flag had long waved over his Pretoria, and he escaped to America from his St. Helena. It was from disaster and defeat that he came, and to disaster and defeat that he returned. But to-day what name and what cause stir our blood more warmly than his? He did not live to see Hungary a separate and independent state; but he did live to see most of his program carried out; and to-day Hungary has better prospect of ultimate independence than Austria herself, which will at no distant day be "benevolently assimilated" by one of the powers which joined with her in the partition of Poland.

The English government may make the terrible mistake of capping its conquest of these little republics by taking away their independence; but the ultimate result of that could only be the disappearance of English power from South Africa altogether. For a generation the Transvaal problem would remain a graver one than that of Ireland has been for a century; and then another war would be inevitable. These people are not of the

same stuff as French-Canadians; and they are folk who hold their tempers as Irishmen do not. Not one of these Dutch hearts would ever accept the situation; nursing their sense of wrong and living on the story of their one great struggle, they would simply bide their time. The Dutch population in South Africa is increasing, and will increase far more rapidly than the English; and there can be no doubt that in the next struggle the Dutch of the Cape Colony would stand with their northern brethren, and England would confront a united South Africa.

No, the cause of these republics of Africa will not fail. No righteous thing is ever failure, and no evil thing success. Had Hancock and Sam Adams, when a price was set upon their heads, been captured and beheaded, their cause would be only more sacred in Faneuil Hall to-day. The South African republics appeal not to an Austrian emperor, but to the great English people and to the enlightened world; and, through whatever fortunes and after whatever night, success and justice shall be theirs.

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Will England be wise in time? Will she realize her terrible mistake soon enough and clearly enough to save herself and save the world from its utmost fatal consequences? There is still time for it; there is always time to do right. How strong is the voice of the true England? Can it make itself heard through the babblement? How vital still are the great English traditions? Theodore Parker used to say that Christianity was good for nothing except for use. Our great English and American traditions, those principles of liberty, humanity and justice which have given us our high and noble place in history, are good for nothing unless we have the virtue to apply them now, in the day of our great temptation and the world's great need. Those principles

are simply Christianity translated into political terms. When will men learn that Christianity is more than righteousness; that it is also common sense?

The fathers of New England believed this; this faith was the corner stone of their little states. In many parts of New England, as these words are read, men and women will be gathering in the towns and on the farms for Old Home Week. It is a time when our New England thoughts go back to the past and to the fathers. Whatever else at this time we remember or forget about the fathers, let us remember that strong, simple faith of theirs, that that nation, and only that nation, is happy, whose God is the Lord. We cannot safely have any other gods before the God who is righteousness and who makes for righteousness. If we place before this the god of greed, the god of land-lust or trade-lust, the dollar god, the war god, if we try to mix the worship of these with the other,—history is the prophecy, written in flaming fire, of what it must come to.

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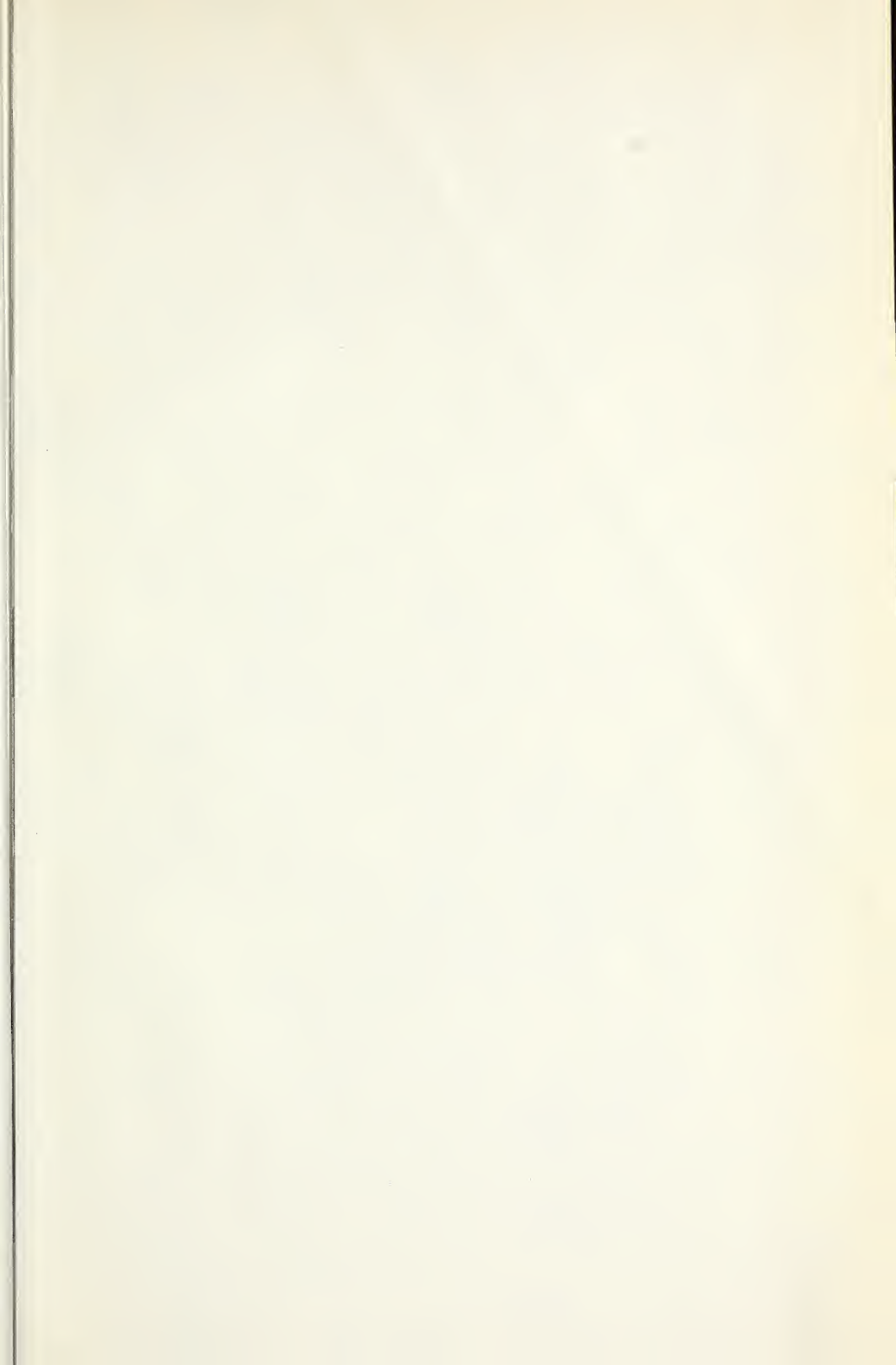
The whole world stands aghast to-day at the horrors in China, and their terrible portent and potentiality. But why the fearful menace? It is Europe herself that has invoked it. Our own consolation in this hour is that our own government's hands are white; that our course as a nation through these decades, growing big with fate, has been consistently one of which every citizen can to-day be proud, and in the consciousness be strong. But the hands and hearts of individuals and of great bodies of men in America have not been white. American voices have joined themselves to European voices in behalf of robbery and spoliation. We still feel the shame of the reason urged by one of our Philippine commissioners for the conquest of the Philippines: "I am in favor of holding the Philippines because I cannot conceive of any al-

ternative to our doing so, except the seizure of territory in China." This talk—not general yet, although far too common, in America—has been the common talk of Europe for a generation, and the deeds of England, Russia, Germany and France have matched their talk. And now men wonder and are startled at the Chinese reaction and uprising! The only wonder is that it did not come before. Apply it all to ourselves instead of to China. Let the nations of Christendom talk complacently for a generation of carving up America,—England taking New England for her "sphere of influence," Russia taking the South, and Germany the West. Their arrogant people, swarming in our seaports, freely talk the same; their gunboats gather, and their hostile purpose is clear. We pride ourselves upon being a more self-controlled people than the Mongols; but how long would it be before mobs would gather in New York and New Orleans, how long before our government itself would be forced by the popular fury to some rash action?

The cruelties in China must be curbed, life must be protected, disorder must be stopped. But these are the great questions that Christendom must ask itself and must answer. The time has come for the nations to be sober, the time has come to do right. Let America and England and all nations whose hands are now red with wrong move the previous question. Let them undo the wrong; let them do right. Let the people that stole steal no more; let them that are unjust be just; let them who have been recreant to freedom be faithful; let them who have wronged their brother men extend to them the hand of service and of love. This, we say, is more than righteousness,—it is also common sense. It is the only common sense, it is the only door of progress, and it is the only security; and the nations of Christendom stand at a point to-day where any failure to understand this, and believe it, and act upon it, will be their undoing.









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