

Sir Hugo's Choice.

BY JAMES JEFFREY ROGHE.

It is better to die, since death comes surely,
In the full month of an honored name,
Than to live at the end of years obscurely,
A handful of dust in a shroud of shame.

Sir Hugo lived in the ages golden,
Warrior of life and peace and glory;
He lived and died, and his deeds are told in
The book immortal of Chivalry;

How he won the love of a prince's daughter—
A poor knight, he with a stainless sword—
Whereat Count Rolf, who had vainly sought
Swore death should sit at the bridal board.

"A brazen threat, for a brave man's
scurrying!"
And Hugo laughed at his rival's lie,
But couriers true, on the bridal morning,
To his castle gate came with tidings dire.

The first-aid and with armor given:
"In peril sore have I left thy bride—
False Rolf! he's slain! For love and heaven!
Sir Hugo quick to the rescue ride!"

Stout Hugo muttered a word unholy:
He sprang to horse and he flashed his
brand,
But a hand was laid on his bride slowly,
And a heroic spoke: "By the king's com-
mand."

"This is Picard's trusty wander:
France calls first for his loyal sword,
The Flemish spears are across the border,
And all is lost if they win the ford."

Sir Hugo paused, and his face was ashen,
His white lips trembled in silent prayer—
God's pity soften the spirit's passion,
When the crucifixion of love is there!

What need to tell of the message spoken?
Of the hand that shook as he poised his
spear,
And the look that told of his brave heart
broken,
As he bade them follow, "For God and
France!"

On Cambray's field next morn they found
him,
"Mid a mighty swath of foemen dead;
His sword-white scarf he had bound around
him,
With his loyal blood was baptized red."

It is all written down in the book of glory,
On crimson pages of blood and strife,
With scanty thought for the simple story
Only dearer than love or life.

Only a note obscure, appended
By warrior scribe or monk perchance,
Said: "The good knight's lady was sore
grieved,
That he would not die for her but France."

Did the lady live to lament her lover?
Or did the living Rolf prove a better mate?
I have searched the records over and over,
But nought discover to tell her fate.

And I read the moral—a brave endeavor
To do duty, whether in love or war,
Is better than life with love forever—
And love is the sweetest thing on earth.

—Scribner's Magazine.

INTERESTING MISCELLANY.

Oliver Ditson, the deceased music
publisher, bequeathed \$5,000 each to six
hospitals and homes; \$2,000 each to
nine other charitable institutions both
Catholic and Protestant.

Mme. Gaston de Pontillat, nee Minni
Smith, sister of W. K. Vanderbilt,
has joined the Catholic Church. Her
husband is a French nobleman. She
made her first Communion in New York
City at the Christmas midnight Mass.

The finer the nature the more law
will it show through the clearness of it.
The best things are seldom seen in their
best form. The wild grass grows well
and strongly one year with another; but
the wheat is, by reason of its greater
nobleness, liable to be a bitter blight.

Ruskin.

Sydney Smith cut the following from
a newspaper and preserved it:—When
you rise in the morning from a resolu-
tion to make the day a happy one to a
few fellows. It is easily done; a
left of garment to the man who needs it,
a kind word to the sorrowful, an en-
couraging expression to the striving—
trifles in themselves light as air, will do
it, at least for the twenty-four hours.
And if you are young, depend upon it,
it will tell when you are old; and if you
are old, rest assured it will send you
gently and happily down the stream of
time to eternity. But the most simple
and arithmetical sum, look at the result.
If you send one person, only one,
happily through each day, that makes
three hundred and sixty-five in the
course of the year. And supposing you
live forty years only after you commence
that course of medicine, you have made
14,400 beings happy—at all events for a
time.

A man's grand life, says some one, is a
dream of his youth realized in and by
his later years; what, then, shall we say
of a woman's? Think not on this; but
let your soul answer. The answer
should be there in the hearts of all; but
whether it comes from memory, from
things now half forgotten, or from within,
or from some birth-dream had in child-
hood, who shall say? Yet it is there,
like a child's dream of a star; happy he
whose manhood sees the star, his dream
not yet departed. And all of us have
fancied women so, at some time in our
lives; have we never known one such?
For but one such is enough, mother,
bride, or daughter. Some slight girl,
whose maidenhood was a sweet bloom,
like Mary's lily in the Temple; and then
we may have lost sight or knowledge of
her for a time. And then, perhaps, we
have met some other woman, some old
woman, with white hair; not the same,
of course; and yet it seems as if we could
have pieced together their two lives and
made them like one brook, that we have
known in places only, which brings soft
fields and flowers. And be sure that
there was in between some womanhood,
some mother's life, not known save to
her sons and God, not preached in meet-
ings and conventions; deep hidden in
some human fireside, like the brook that
makes so green a summer wood. Such
lives are white and shining, like a dream
of God's made real on the earth.—F. J.
Stimson, in "First Harvests."

A NOVEL LETTER.

A peculiarly novel letter has just been
sent by an inhabitant of Bath, Eng., to a
friend at Trowbridge. It was written in
shorthand on the back of a postage
stamp, the address being in ordinary
handwriting. The message was dropped
into the letter box at the general post
office, and was duly delivered at its des-
tination.

A TRUE LADY.

"I cannot forbear pointing out to you,
my dearest child," said a noble gen-
tleman to his daughter, "the great advan-
tages that will result from a temperate

conduct and sweetness of manner to all
people on all occasions. Never forget
you are a gentlewoman, and all your
words and actions should make you
gentle. I never heard of a lady who
motherly say a harsh or heavy word; but,
my darling, it is a misfortune which, not
having been sufficiently restrained in
my youth, has caused me inexpressible
pain. It has given more trouble to sub-
due this impetuosity of temper than
anything I have undertaken."

IDEALISM.

Ideality is a good house-mate. That
last longer, as well as reaches higher,
which idealizes its object; yet there is
one dangerous direction which ideality
may take. It is to deceive us into the be-
lief that we are wedding perfection, then
the revelation of human infirmities, which
is an inevitable consequence of all mar-
riage, comes upon us with a shock which
is sometimes perilous to contentment.

The best antidote for this rude shock
would be a little wholesome self-examina-
tion. The veinest of us can scarcely
cherish a secret belief in our own per-
fection. We realize in ourselves, when
we look within, the very faults of which
we are the most intolerant in others. As
it is only an imperfect human creature
who woe and weds another, why should
we hesitate to extend to others the
grace we are so certain to require?

A GLORIOUS EPIGRAPH.

On a gravestone in New London,
Conn., appears the following inscription.
The records of ancient Greece or Rome
do not exhibit a nobler instance of
patriotic heroism:

"On October 6th, 1781, 4,000 British
troops fell on the town with fire and
sword. A line of powder was laid by
them from the magazine of the fort to
the sea, there to be lighted—thus to
blow the fort into the air. William
Hotman, who lay wounded not far dis-
tant, beheld it and said to one of his
companions: 'Let us endeavor to crawl
to this line; we will wet the powder
with our blood. Thus, with the little
life that remains to us, we shall save the
fort and magazine, and perhaps a few of
our comrades who are only wounded.' He
alone had strength to accomplish
this noble design. He died on the
powder he had dampened with his
blood. His friends and seven of his
wounded companions by that means had
their lives preserved."

After this simple narrative are these
words in large characters:

HERE RESTS WILLIAM HOTMAN.

THE CHURCH WILL NEVER CHANGE.

The great Dominican, Lacordaire,
speaking of the varied assaults on the
immobility of the Church, said:

"The doctrine has appeared at the
door of the Vatican, under the frail and
wasted form of some old man of three
score years and ten. It has said: '
What do you desire of me?'

"Change."
"Never change."
"But everything is changed in this
world. Astronomy has changed, chem-
istry has changed, physiology has
changed, the empire has changed. Why
are you always the same?"

"Because I come from God, and God is
always the same."
"But now that we are the masters; we
have a million of men under arms; we
shall draw the sword; the sword which
breaks down empires is well able to cut
off the head of an old man and tear up
the leaves of a book."

"Do so; blood is the aroma in which I
recover my youthful vigor."
"Well, then, here is half my sceptre,
make a sacrifice to peace and let us share
it together."

"Keep thy purple, O Caesar! To mor-
row they will bury thee in it and we will
chant over thee the Alleluia and the 'De
Profundis' which never change."

MARRIAGE FROM THE JEWISH POINT
OF VIEW.

Marriage is much discussed nowadays.
The following from the *Hebrew Standard*
places the Jews in an enviable position
among the people of the earth:

"Ask the Jewish housewife, the Jewish
mother, whether marriage is a failure!
She will not understand you. She will
stand bewildered in the face of such a
question, and if you explain to her what
you mean she will tell you that a Jewish
mother sees in marriage the acme of
happiness, because of womanly duty; that
all these new fangled notions are simply
the outcome of the brain of some man or
woman who missed the true mark of life,
and whose life is a failure. She will
point to her children, as Cornelia of old
did. She will extol her husband as the
ideal of her life. She may not have read
as much as the girl of the period, may
not be as accomplished, nor figure as a
speaker in assemblies for the advance-
ment of woman suffrage, but she will
exemplify to you how a true woman lives,
how a true mother, a devoted wife,
arranges her life, and you will find that
true happiness is found in such a family
and that marriage is the most sacred
bond in existence, which to question is
to lay a sacrilegious hand upon which
society rests."

FRANCIS JOSEPH'S EARLY GEN-
EROSITY.

The first recorded instance of that
generosity of heart of which the Em-
peror of Austria has given such striking
proof lately, by ordering that the money
which his subjects were prepared to spend
on his jubilee should be given to charities
instead, occurred when Francis Joseph
was only four years old. He was play-
ing with his toys one day—his birthday—
in the Castle of Schoenbrunn when he
noticed that a country was standing on the
lawn before his window. He immediately
asked his grandfather to give him a gold
piece, and, this being done, he went up to
the sentry and offered the coin to him.
The soldier presented arms, but would
not touch the coin, much to the dis-
pleasure of the child. The child's father,
an amused spectator of the scene, there-
upon came up and said to the little
Francis: "He cannot take the money
because that is not allowed; but we will
put it in his pouch, and that will be
against the rules." Thereupon he lifted
up the child, who dropped the coin in the
soldier's pouch and then trotted back to
his toys again. The sequel of the story

may as well be told. The Emperor was
so much pleased with the firmness of the
sentry in refusing to take the proffered
coin that he made inquiries about him,
and, finding him to be one of the best-
conducted men in the regiment, gave him
out of his own purse enough money to
enable him to purchase his discharge.—
London Figaro.

A PRECAUTION AGAINST DESECRA-
TION.

Pope Paschal I, when he was remov-
ing the bodies of the martyrs from the
catacombs into the churches of Rome to
avoid the risk of Lombardian desecra-
tion, removed also the body of St. Cecilia
to the church dedicated to her name
where it was placed under the high
altar, say the Roman correspondents of
the *Liverpool Catholic Times*. Towards
the close of the sixteenth century Car-
dinal Sfondrati, who was titular of the
church, had extensive repairs made in
it, and under the high altar he found
the sarcophagus in which her body had
been placed by Paschal I, many centuries
before.

Within it was the coffin of cypress in
which her body originally laid. Her
body was in the same posture in which
she died in the presence of Pope Urban
in the third century, as is seen to-
day in drawings and paintings of her,
and was perfectly sound. All this is so
marvellous that it sounds like a fairy
tale, or a legend of the middle ages.
And many would take it as such had not
the great historian, Cardinal Baronius,
and the first explorer of the catacombs,
Bossio, left accounts of the fact, of which
they both were eye-witnesses.

Her original burial place in the cata-
combs was neglected from the time of
Paschal I, and it soon came to be for-
gotten and unknown until Commendatore
de Rossi, in the course of the exca-
vations which he superintended some
years ago, under the patronage of Pius
IX, identified the very crypt where her
body reposed from the third to the
ninth century. From the examination
of the inscription, and the study of the
life that remains to us, we shall save the
fort and magazine, and perhaps a few of
our comrades who are only wounded."

He alone had strength to accomplish
this noble design. He died on the
powder he had dampened with his
blood. His friends and seven of his
wounded companions by that means had
their lives preserved."

After this simple narrative are these
words in large characters:

HERE RESTS WILLIAM HOTMAN.

THE CHURCH WILL NEVER CHANGE.

The great Dominican, Lacordaire,
speaking of the varied assaults on the
immobility of the Church, said:

"The doctrine has appeared at the
door of the Vatican, under the frail and
wasted form of some old man of three
score years and ten. It has said: '
What do you desire of me?'

"Change."
"Never change."
"But everything is changed in this
world. Astronomy has changed, chem-
istry has changed, physiology has
changed, the empire has changed. Why
are you always the same?"

"Because I come from God, and God is
always the same."
"But now that we are the masters; we
have a million of men under arms; we
shall draw the sword; the sword which
breaks down empires is well able to cut
off the head of an old man and tear up
the leaves of a book."

"Do so; blood is the aroma in which I
recover my youthful vigor."
"Well, then, here is half my sceptre,
make a sacrifice to peace and let us share
it together."

"Keep thy purple, O Caesar! To mor-
row they will bury thee in it and we will
chant over thee the Alleluia and the 'De
Profundis' which never change."

MARRIAGE FROM THE JEWISH POINT
OF VIEW.

Marriage is much discussed nowadays.
The following from the *Hebrew Standard*
places the Jews in an enviable position
among the people of the earth:

"Ask the Jewish housewife, the Jewish
mother, whether marriage is a failure!
She will not understand you. She will
stand bewildered in the face of such a
question, and if you explain to her what
you mean she will tell you that a Jewish
mother sees in marriage the acme of
happiness, because of womanly duty; that
all these new fangled notions are simply
the outcome of the brain of some man or
woman who missed the true mark of life,
and whose life is a failure. She will
point to her children, as Cornelia of old
did. She will extol her husband as the
ideal of her life. She may not have read
as much as the girl of the period, may
not be as accomplished, nor figure as a
speaker in assemblies for the advance-
ment of woman suffrage, but she will
exemplify to you how a true woman lives,
how a true mother, a devoted wife,
arranges her life, and you will find that
true happiness is found in such a family
and that marriage is the most sacred
bond in existence, which to question is
to lay a sacrilegious hand upon which
society rests."

FRANCIS JOSEPH'S EARLY GEN-
EROSITY.

The first recorded instance of that
generosity of heart of which the Em-
peror of Austria has given such striking
proof lately, by ordering that the money
which his subjects were prepared to spend
on his jubilee should be given to charities
instead, occurred when Francis Joseph
was only four years old. He was play-
ing with his toys one day—his birthday—
in the Castle of Schoenbrunn when he
noticed that a country was standing on the
lawn before his window. He immediately
asked his grandfather to give him a gold
piece, and, this being done, he went up to
the sentry and offered the coin to him.
The soldier presented arms, but would
not touch the coin, much to the dis-
pleasure of the child. The child's father,
an amused spectator of the scene, there-
upon came up and said to the little
Francis: "He cannot take the money
because that is not allowed; but we will
put it in his pouch, and that will be
against the rules." Thereupon he lifted
up the child, who dropped the coin in the
soldier's pouch and then trotted back to
his toys again. The sequel of the story

may as well be told. The Emperor was
so much pleased with the firmness of the
sentry in refusing to take the proffered
coin that he made inquiries about him,
and, finding him to be one of the best-
conducted men in the regiment, gave him
out of his own purse enough money to
enable him to purchase his discharge.—
London Figaro.

A PRECAUTION AGAINST DESECRA-
TION.

Pope Paschal I, when he was remov-
ing the bodies of the martyrs from the
catacombs into the churches of Rome to
avoid the risk of Lombardian desecra-
tion, removed also the body of St. Cecilia
to the church dedicated to her name
where it was placed under the high
altar, say the Roman correspondents of
the *Liverpool Catholic Times*. Towards
the close of the sixteenth century Car-
dinal Sfondrati, who was titular of the
church, had extensive repairs made in
it, and under the high altar he found
the sarcophagus in which her body had
been placed by Paschal I, many centuries
before.

Within it was the coffin of cypress in
which her body originally laid. Her
body was in the same posture in which
she died in the presence of Pope Urban
in the third century, as is seen to-
day in drawings and paintings of her,
and was perfectly sound. All this is so
marvellous that it sounds like a fairy
tale, or a legend of the middle ages.
And many would take it as such had not
the great historian, Cardinal Baronius,
and the first explorer of the catacombs,
Bossio, left accounts of the fact, of which
they both were eye-witnesses.

Her original burial place in the cata-
combs was neglected from the time of
Paschal I, and it soon came to be for-
gotten and unknown until Commendatore
de Rossi, in the course of the exca-
vations which he superintended some
years ago, under the patronage of Pius
IX, identified the very crypt where her
body reposed from the third to the
ninth century. From the examination
of the inscription, and the study of the
life that remains to us, we shall save the
fort and magazine, and perhaps a few of
our comrades who are only wounded."

He alone had strength to accomplish
this noble design. He died on the
powder he had dampened with his
blood. His friends and seven of his
wounded companions by that means had
their lives preserved."

After this simple narrative are these
words in large characters:

HERE RESTS WILLIAM HOTMAN.

THE CHURCH WILL NEVER CHANGE.

The great Dominican, Lacordaire,
speaking of the varied assaults on the
immobility of the Church, said:

"The doctrine has appeared at the
door of the Vatican, under the frail and
wasted form of some old man of three
score years and ten. It has said: '
What do you desire of me?'

"Change."
"Never change."
"But everything is changed in this
world. Astronomy has changed, chem-
istry has changed, physiology has
changed, the empire has changed. Why
are you always the same?"

"Because I come from God, and God is
always the same."
"But now that we are the masters; we
have a million of men under arms; we
shall draw the sword; the sword which
breaks down empires is well able to cut
off the head of an old man and tear up
the leaves of a book."

"Do so; blood is the aroma in which I
recover my youthful vigor."
"Well, then, here is half my sceptre,
make a sacrifice to peace and let us share
it together."

"Keep thy purple, O Caesar! To mor-
row they will bury thee in it and we will
chant over thee the Alleluia and the 'De
Profundis' which never change."

MARRIAGE FROM THE JEWISH POINT
OF VIEW.

Marriage is much discussed nowadays.
The following from the *Hebrew Standard*
places the Jews in an enviable position
among the people of the earth:

"Ask the Jewish housewife, the Jewish
mother, whether marriage is a failure!
She will not understand you. She will
stand bewildered in the face of such a
question, and if you explain to her what
you mean she will tell you that a Jewish
mother sees in marriage the acme of
happiness, because of womanly duty; that
all these new fangled notions are simply
the outcome of the brain of some man or
woman who missed the true mark of life,
and whose life is a failure. She will
point to her children, as Cornelia of old
did. She will extol her husband as the
ideal of her life. She may not have read
as much as the girl of the period, may
not be as accomplished, nor figure as a
speaker in assemblies for the advance-
ment of woman suffrage, but she will
exemplify to you how a true woman lives,
how a true mother, a devoted wife,
arranges her life, and you will find that
true happiness is found in such a family
and that marriage is the most sacred
bond in existence, which to question is
to lay a sacrilegious hand upon which
society rests."

FRANCIS JOSEPH'S EARLY GEN-
EROSITY.

The first recorded instance of that
generosity of heart of which the Em-
peror of Austria has given such striking
proof lately, by ordering that the money
which his subjects were prepared to spend
on his jubilee should be given to charities
instead, occurred when Francis Joseph
was only four years old. He was play-
ing with his toys one day—his birthday—
in the Castle of Schoenbrunn when he
noticed that a country was standing on the
lawn before his window. He immediately
asked his grandfather to give him a gold
piece, and, this being done, he went up to
the sentry and offered the coin to him.
The soldier presented arms, but would
not touch the coin, much to the dis-
pleasure of the child. The child's father,
an amused spectator of the scene, there-
upon came up and said to the little
Francis: "He cannot take the money
because that is not allowed; but we will
put it in his pouch, and that will be
against the rules." Thereupon he lifted
up the child, who dropped the coin in the
soldier's pouch and then trotted back to
his toys again. The sequel of the story

may as well be told. The Emperor was
so much pleased with the firmness of the
sentry in refusing to take the proffered
coin that he made inquiries about him,
and, finding him to be one of the best-
conducted men in the regiment, gave him
out of his own purse enough money to
enable him to purchase his discharge.—
London Figaro.

A PRECAUTION AGAINST DESECRA-
TION.

Pope Paschal I, when he was remov-
ing the bodies of the martyrs from the
catacombs into the churches of Rome to
avoid the risk of Lombardian desecra-
tion, removed also the body of St. Cecilia
to the church dedicated to her name
where it was placed under the high
altar, say the Roman correspondents of
the *Liverpool Catholic Times*. Towards
the close of the sixteenth century Car-
dinal Sfondrati, who was titular of the
church, had extensive repairs made in
it, and under the high altar he found
the sarcophagus in which her body had
been placed by Paschal I, many centuries
before.

Within it was the coffin of cypress in
which her body originally laid. Her
body was in the same posture in which
she died in the presence of Pope Urban
in the third century, as is seen to-
day in drawings and paintings of her,
and was perfectly sound. All this is so
marvellous that it sounds like a fairy
tale, or a legend of the middle ages.
And many would take it as such had not
the great historian, Cardinal Baronius,
and the first explorer of the catacombs,
Bossio, left accounts of the fact, of which
they both were eye-witnesses.

Her original burial place in the cata-
combs was neglected from the time of
Paschal I, and it soon came to be for-
gotten and unknown until Commendatore
de Rossi, in the course of the exca-
vations which he superintended some
years ago, under the patronage of Pius
IX, identified the very crypt where her
body reposed from the third to the
ninth century. From the examination
of the inscription, and the study of the
life that remains to us, we shall save the
fort and magazine, and perhaps a few of
our comrades who are only wounded."

He alone had strength to accomplish
this noble design. He died on the
powder he had dampened with his
blood. His friends and seven of his
wounded companions by that means had
their lives preserved."

After this simple narrative are these
words in large characters:

HERE RESTS WILLIAM HOTMAN.

THE CHURCH WILL NEVER CHANGE.

The great Dominican, Lacordaire,
speaking of the varied assaults on the
immobility of the Church, said:

"The doctrine has appeared at the
door of the Vatican, under the frail and
wasted form of some old man of three
score years and ten. It has said: '
What do you desire of me?'

"What is this?" he asked in amazement.
"It is my daily pint of ale, John."

He was conscience-stricken as well as
amazed and charmed.

"Mary hasn't thee had thy share?"
Then I'll have no more from this day."

And he was as good as his word. They
had their holiday with the old mother,
and Mary's little capital, saved from the
"pint of ale," was the seed from which
the years rolled on, grew shop fac-
tory country-seats and carriages—with
health, happiness, peace and honor.—
Selected.

VERY REV. ISAAC T. HECKER.

THE LIFE OF THE FOUNDER OF THE CON-
GREGATION OF ST. PAUL.
(Margaret F. Sullivan in the Chicago
Tribune, Dec. 24.)

Crowded into small space in the pressure
of Saturday night despatches, the *Tribune*
contained yesterday morning the an-
nouncement of the death of a man who
has for nearly half a century occupied a
foremost place in one of the great Church
organizations and whose name is intimately
associated with the most ideal experiment
attempted in American sociology. The
Rev. Isaac T. Hecker is well remembered
by Chicagoans. He was of typical Amer-
ican physique, more than six feet tall, finely
proportioned, straight and spare, but mus-
cular. His features were long and regu-
lar and slightly austere. He wore a
full beard, which, like his abundant
hair, when he was in the
West, was of light brown tinge. He had
the frank blue eyes which look at one
earnestly as if to send a cordial message to
the earth; and his hand grasp, firm, strong,
and kind, carried with it an assurance of
sincerity and steadfastness. Many years
of ill health, confining him to his room in
the Paulist Monastery on Ninth avenue
and Fifty-ninth street, New York, have
observed him from the general public
vision. The man who began life on Brook
Farm with Emerson, Hawthorne, Mar-
garet Fuller, the Peabodys, Ripley, and
the rest ended it the founder of the first
American monastic order.

Emerson, summing up Brook Farm
Community life, says that "they made
what all people try to make, an agreeable
place to live in. All corners, even the
most fastidious, found it the pleasantest
residence. It is certain that freedom
from household routine, variety of char-
acter and talent, variety of work, variety
of means of thought and instruction, art,
music, poetry, reading, inarguerade, did
not permit sluggishness or despondency;
broke up routine.

THERE IS AN AGREEMENT IN THE TESTI-
MONY

that it was to most of the associates educa-
tion, to many the most important period
of their life, the birth of valued friend-
ships, their first acquaintance with the
riches of conversation, their training in
behaviour. The art of letter-writing, it is
said, was immensely cultivated. Letters
were always flying, not only from house
to house but from room to room. It was
a perpetual picnic, a French revolution in
small, an Age of Reason in a patty-pan."

Higginson, in his life of Margaret Fuller,
who, although identified by her visits to it
with Brook Farm, was not a member of
its community, says that "nowhere was
there such good company; young men
went from the farm to neighboring towns
to teach German classes; there were mas-
querades and gypsy parties, such as would
thrill on no other soil; the social culture
was the richest. Those who lived there
usually accounted it this day as the happi-
est period of their lives."