

breaths came and went in unison with the rise and fall of the waves, the motions of their brains had taken the rhythm of the sea. In that pulsation dull images, snifting bubbles, drifted like seaweed. They hardly spoke more than the barnacles clinging to the piers below them. They would never do the world's work again. All that was sentient of them the sea had claimed.

The commerce of which they had been a part was dead. When the Civil War of four years was over it, too, was gone. The hammers were still in the shipyards and the old vessels were rotting like the wharves. Four years withdrawn from the race, unwise legislation and taxation, steam and iron usurping the place of oak and sails meanwhile, had thrown America's splendid opportunity into England's ready grasp. The inevitable chill and check to youth's hope had come, perhaps for the best, upon the buoyant republic. The Civil War had concentrated all energy in New England upon the union of States; wandering fancies came home and grew stern; the mirage of the Levant faded into air. Here and there a summerhouse in an old garden still discloses its pagoda form in the midst of neglected vines and shrubs; or a broken fan of sandalwood which children have handled, an ugly jar placed high beyond their reach, two great sea shells laid at either side of a modest house door, speak, like the pilgrim's scallop shell, of travels in the east. Strange to see the likeness of a hoary government