

and thorough. Out of the accumulated histories of rebellion was to arise, not in his time, indignation so universal that the whole world would with irrepressible impulse rush to rescue Poland from the triple grasp of the Eagles. To bring about this end but one thing was needed—absolute self-sacrifice.

I knew when he met me, the day after Celia's birthday, and told me that the time was coming, what he meant. I, like himself, was to be a victim to the Holy Cause. I was a hunchback, a man of peace, even a Protestant. That did not matter. I bore a historic name, and I was to give the cause the weight of my name as well as the slender support of my person. And, as I have no desire to pose as a hero, I may at once confess that I felt at first little enthusiasm for the work, and regarded my possible future with feelings of unworthy reluctance.

I suppose that Wassielewski saw this, because he tried to inflame my passion with stories of Russian wrong.

As yet I knew, as I have said, little or nothing about my parentage or the story of my birth. That I should be proud because I was a Pulaski; that I should be brave because I was a Pulaski; that I owed myself to Poland, because I was a Pulaski—was all I had learned.

I suppose, unless the old patriot lied—and I do not think he did—that no more revolting story of cruel repression exists than that of the Russian treatment of Poland between the years 1830 and 1835. Wassielewski, with calm face and eyes of fire, used to pour out these horrors to me till my brain reeled. He knew them all; it was his business to know them, and never to forget them or let others forget them. If he met a Pole he would fall to reviving the old memories of Polish atrocities—if he met a "friend of Poland" he would dilate upon them as if he loved to talk of them.

History is full of the crimes of nations, but there is no crime so great, no wickedness in all the long annals of the world, worse than the story of Russia after that revolution of hapless Poland. We are taught to believe that the wickedness of a single man, in some way, recoils upon his own head, that sooner or later he is punished—*raro antequam sceleratum*—but what about the wickedness of a country? Will there fall no retribution upon Russia, upon Prussia, upon Austria? Have the wheels of justice stopped? Or, in some way which we cannot divine, will the sins of the fathers be visited upon the children for the third and fourth generations? We know not. We see the ungodly flourish like a green bay tree, his eyes swelling out with fatness, and there is no sign or any foreshadowing of the judgment that is to fall upon him. We do not want judgment and revenge. We want only such restitution as is possible; for nothing can give us back the men who have died, the women who have sorrowed, the children who have been carried away. But let us have back our country, our liberty, and our lands.

A dream—an idle dream. Poland is no more. The Poles are become Austrians, Prussians, and, above all, Muscovites.

Wassielewski, a very Accusing Spirit, set himself to fill my mind with stories of tyranny and oppression. The national schools suppressed, a foreign religion imposed, the constitution violated, rebels shot—all these things one expects in the history of conquest. What, however, makes the story of Russian barbarism unique in the History of Tyranny seems the personal part taken by the Czar and the members of his illustrious family. It was the Czar who ordered, in 1824, twenty-five thousand Poles to be carried to the territory of the Tchernomovsk Cossacks. The order was issued, with the usual humanity of St. Petersburg, in the dead of winter, so that most of them perished on the way. It was the Czar who, in 1830, on the occasion of a local outbreak in Sebastopol, ordered with his own hand that the only six prisoners—who had been arrested almost at random—should be shot; that thirty-six more were to be apprehended and knouted; that all the inhabitants without distinction should be expelled the town and sent to the villages of the Crimea; and that the place should be razed to the ground. Every clause except the last was exactly carried into effect. It was the Czar who ordered the library of Warsaw to be transported to St. Petersburg. It was the Czar who formed the humane project of brutalising the Polish peasantry by encouraging the sale of spirits by the Jews. It was the Czar who transported thousands of Polish nobles and soldiers to Siberia. And it was the Czar's brother, the Grand Duke Constantine, whose brutality precipitated the rebellion of 1832.

There were two things which Wassielewski as yet hid from me, because they concerned myself too nearly, and because I think he feared the effect they might have upon me. That, so far, was kind of him. It would have been kinder still had he never told them at all. Even now, nearly twenty years since I learned them, I cannot think of them without a passionate beating of the heart; I cannot meet a Russian without instinctive and unconquerable hatred; I cannot name Czar Nicholas without mental execration; and not I only, but every Pole by blood, scattered as we are up and down the face of the world, hopeless of recovering our national liberty, content to become peaceful citizens of France, England, or the States, cannot but look on any disaster that befalls Russia as a welcome instalment of that righteous retribution which will some day, we believe, overtake the country for the sins of the Romanoffs.

In those days, however, I had not yet learned the whole. I knew enough, in a general way, to fill my soul with hatred against the Russian

name and sympathy with my own people. I had, as yet, received no direct intimation from the old conspirator that he expected me, too, to throw in my lot with him. But I knew it was coming.

I was certainly more English than Polish. I could not speak my father's language. I belonged to the English Church. I was educated in the manners of thought common to Englishmen, insular, perhaps, and narrow; when the greatness of England was spoken of I took that greatness to myself, and was glad. England's victories were mine, England's cause my own, and it was like the loss of half my identity to be reminded that I was not a Briton at all, but a Pole, the son of a long line of Poles, with a duty owed to my country. Like most men, when the path of duty seems confused I was content to wait, to think as much as possible of other things, to put it off, always with the possible future unpleasantly visible, a crowd of peasants armed with scythes and rusty firelocks—I among them—a column of grey coats sweeping us down, old Wassielewski lying dead upon the ground, a solitary prisoner, myself, kneeling with bandaged eyes before an open grave with a dozen guns, at twenty paces, pointing straight at my heart. Nor did I get feel such devotion to Poland as was sufficient to make the prospect attractive. Also I felt, with some shame, that I could not attain to the exasperation at which Wassielewski habitually kept his nerves.

"I hear," said Herr Räumer one evening, "I hear that your friends in Poland are contemplating another insurrection."

"How do you learn that?" I asked.

"I happened to hear something about it from a foreign correspondent," he replied carelessly. "The Russians, who are not fools, generally know what is going on. Up to a certain point things are allowed to go on. That amuses people. It is only by bad management that conspiracies ever get beyond that point. The Grand Duke Constantine in '31 made enormous mistakes. Well, I had a letter from Berlin to-day, and heard something about it. Here we are at the respectable Bramblers' Come upstairs, and talk for half an hour."

"Besides," after he had lit a cigar, got out his bottle of Hock, and was seated in his wooden armchair. "Besides, one gets foreign papers, and reads between the lines if one is wise. There is a bundle of Cracow papers on the table. Would you like to read them?"

I was ashamed to confess that I could not read my native tongue.

"That is a pity. One multiplies oneself by learning languages."

"Music only has one language. But how many do you know?"

"A few. Only the European languages. German, Russian, French, English. I believe I speak them all equally well. Polish is almost Russian. He who speaks German easily learns Danish, Swedish, and Dutch. Turkish, I confess, I am only imperfectly acquainted with. It is a difficult language."

"But how did you learn all these languages?"

He smiled superior. "To begin with," he said, "the Eastern Europeans—you are not yourself a stupid Englishman—have a genius for language. There we do not waste our time in playfields, as these English boys do. So we learn,—that is nothing—to talk languages. It is so common that it does not by itself advance a man. It is like reading, a part of education. Among other things you see it is useful in enabling me to read papers in Polish, and to get an inkling how things look in that land of patriots. But you do not want papers, you have your friends here. Of course they keep you informed?"

"I have one or two friends among the few Poles that are left. Wassielewski, my father's devoted servant, is one of them."

"Your father's devoted servant? Really? Devoted? That is touching. I like the devotion of that servant who leaves his master to die, and escapes to enjoy an English pension. One rates that kind of fidelity at a very high value."

The man was nothing unless he could sneer. In that respect he was the incarnation of the age, whose chief characteristic is Heine's "universal sneer." No virtue, no patriotism, no disinterested ambition, no self-denial, no toil for others, nothing but self. A creed which threatens to grow, because it is so simple that every one can understand it. And as the largest trees often grow out of the smallest seeds, one cannot guess what may be the end of it.

"You are right, however," he went on, nursing his crossed leg. "At your age, and with your imperfect education, it is natural that you should be generous. It is pleasant in youth to think that a man can ever be influenced by other than personal considerations. I never did think so. But then my school and yours are different."

"Then what was the patriotism of the Poles?"

"Vanity and self-interest, Ladislav Pulaski. Desire to show off—desire to get something better. Look at the Irish. Look at the Charitists. Who led them? Demagogues fighting for a cause, because the cause gave them money and notoriety."

"And no self-denial at all?"

"Plenty. For the satisfaction of vanity. Vanity is the chief motive power in life. All men are vain; all men are ambitious; but most men in time of danger—and this saves us—are cowards. I am sixty-two years of age. I have seen—here he hesitated a moment—"I have seen many revolutions and insurrections,

especially in 1848. What is my experience? This. In every conspiracy where there are three men, one of them is a traitor and a spy. Remember that, should your friends try to drag you into a hopeless business. You will have a spy in your midst. The Secret Service knows all that is done. The other two men are heroes, if you please. That is, they pose. Put them up to open trial and they speechify; turn them off to be shot and they fold their arms in an heroic attitude. I believe," he added, with a kind of bitterness, "that they actually enjoy being shot."

"You have really seen patriots shot?"

"Hundreds," he replied, with a careless wave of his hand. "The sight lost its interest to me, so much alike were the details of each."

"Where was it?"

"In—Paris," he replied. "Of course the papers said as little as could be said about the shootings. I am sure, in fact, now I come to remember, that they did enjoy being shot. The Emperor Nicholas, whose genius in suppressing insurrections, knew a much better plan. He had his rebels beaten to death; at least after a thousand strokes there was not much life left. Now, not even the most sturdy patriot likes to be beaten to death. You cannot pose or make fine speeches while you are walking down a double file of soldiers each with a stick in his hand."

The man's expression was perfectly callous; he talked lightly and without the slightest indication of a feeling that the punishment was diabolical.

"Except the theatrical heroes, therefore, the gentlemen who pose, and would almost as soon be shot as not, provided it is done publicly, every man has his price. You only have to find it out."

"I would as soon believe," I cried, "what you said last week—that every woman has her price, too."

"Of course she has," he replied. "Woman is only imperfect man. Bribe her with dress and jewels; give her what she most wants—Love—Jealousy—Revenge—most likely she is guided by one of those feelings, and to gratify that one she will be traitor, spy, informer, anything."

I suppose I looked what I felt, because he laughed, spoke in softer voice, and touched my arm gently.

"Why do I tell you these things, Ladislav Pulaski? It is to keep you out of conspiracies, and because you will never find them out for yourself. You have to do with the *jeunes élèves*, the *ingénues*, the *naïves*, the innocent. You sit among them like a Cherubim in a seraglio of uncorrupted hours. Happy boy!"

"Keep that kind of happiness," he went on. "Do not be persuaded by any Polish exile—your father's servant or anybody else—to give up Arcadia for civil war and treachery. I spoke to you from my experience. Believe me, it is wise. If I had any illusions left the year, of forty-eight was enough to dispel them all. One remembers the crowd of crack-brained theatrical heroes, eager to pose; the students mad to make a new world; the stupid rustics who thought the day of no work, double pay, and treble rations was actually come. One thinks of these creatures massacred like sheep, and one gets angry at being asked to admire the leaders who preached the crusade of rebellion."

"You speak only of spies, informers, and demagogues. How about those who fought from conviction?"

"I know nothing about them," he replied, looking me straight in the face. "My knowledge of rebels is chiefly derived from the informers."

It was a strange thing to say, but I came to understand it later on.

He threw his cigar ash into the fireplace, and poured out a glass of the pale yellow wine which he so much loved.

"Never mind my experience," he said, rising and standing over me, and looking gigantic with his six foot two compared with my bent and shrunken form, crouched beneath him in a chair. "I am going to rest and be happy. I shall do no more work in the world. Henceforth I devote myself to Celia. Here is the health of my bride. Hoch!"

(To be continued.)

## HEARTH AND HOME.

ADVICE TO A BRIDE.—"Hope not for perfect happiness," said her governess to the Princess of Savoy on the eve of her marriage to the Duke of Burgundy; "there is no such thing on earth, and though there were, it does not consist in the possession of riches. Greatness is exposed to afflictions often more severe than those of a private station. Be neither vexed or ashamed to depend on your husband. Let him be your dearest friend, your only confident. Hope not for constant harmony in the married state. The best husbands and wives are those who bear occasionally from each other sallies of ill-humour with patient mildness. Be obliging without putting too great a value on your favours. Hope not for a full return of tenderness. Men are tyrants, who would be free themselves and have us confined. Do not be at any pains to examine whether their rights be well founded; it is enough if they are established. Pray to be kept from jealousy. The affections of a husband are never to be gained by complaints, reproaches, or sullen behaviour."

A WHINING MAN.—If there is a cowardly trait in human nature more disagreeable than any other it is whining. The man who goes

from home whining and fault-finding to meet his business perplexities, whining because times are hard, whining because his plans fail, is a burden upon his friends, and upon the community in which he lives. "You can't expect anything better from people nowadays."—"Oh, you ought to see them administer justice."—"This is no place for an honest man;" and so the croaker goes on fulfilling his mission of grumbling and whining year in and year out. Give us a man—and a woman, too, for that matter—who have the gift to carry their burdens without whining. There are no successes that come to people without labour, thought, care, privation, and application, reaching through years. The whining men and women seem to see nothing in the past, nothing to hope for in the future—always prophesying misfortune and ruin to the whole country, and sickness, rheumatism and ague to every inhabitant.

SELF-ESTEEM.—Don't rob your neighbour of his good opinion of himself. Crush a woman's self-esteem, and you make her cross-grained and snappish. Do the same with a man, and you only make him morose. You may mean to create a sweet, humble creature, but you'll never do it. The people who think least of themselves are apt to be the best. Women grow pretty in believing they are so, and fine qualities often creep out after one has been told one has them. It only gratifies your own momentary spite to force your own unfavourable opinion of him deep into another's mind. It never, never did any good. Ah, if this world, full of ugly people and awkward people, of silly people, and vain people, knew their own deficiencies, what a sitting in sackcloth and ashes we should have. The greatest of all things that a man can possess is a satisfactory identity. If that which he calls I, pleases him, it is well with him; otherwise he is utterly wretched. Let your fellow-beings alone; hold no truthful mirror before their eyes unless with a pure intention to uproot sin. So may a mirror without a flaw never be prepared for you.

TRIBUTE TO WOMAN.—We have seen many beautiful tributes to lovely woman, but the following is the finest we ever read:—"Place her among the flowers, foster her as a tender plant, and she is a thing of fancy, waywardness and folly—annoyed by a dewdrop, fretted by the touch of a butterfly's wing, ready to faint at the sound of a beetle, or the rattling of a window-pane at night, and she is overpowered by the perfume of the rosebud. But let real calamity come, rouse her affections, enkindle the fires of her heart, and mark her then! How strong is her heart! Place her in the heat of battle—give her a child, a bird, or anything to protect—and see her, in a relative instance, lifting her white arms as a shield, as her own blood crimsoned her upturned forehead, praying for her life to protect the helpless. Transplant her in the dark places of the earth, call forth her energies to action, and her breath becomes a healing, her presence a blessing. She disputes inch by inch the strides of a stalking pestilence, when man, the strong and brave, pale and affrighted, shrinks away. Misfortune haunts her not, she wears away a life of single endurance, and goes forward with less timidity than to her bridal. In prosperity she is a bud full of colours, waiting but for the winds of adversity to scatter them abroad—pure gold, valuable, but untried in the furnace. In short, woman is a miracle, a mystery, the centre from which radiates the charm of existence."

DOMESTIC OVERWORK.—In most parts of the country, it is almost impossible to obtain good servants. Girls who are fitted for domestic service seek situations in city houses rather than on farms; for, in many cases, farm life is dull, and young people avoid it. Therefore, the farmer's wife is taxed beyond her strength; the work must be done, and there is no one save herself to do it. And such a variety of work, both indoors and out! She is expected to cook for her husband and family, attend to the innumerable duties of a household, perform all the labour, except the washing, and always be ready to entertain visitors. The children must be taken care of, and father, who is apt to be unreasonable, of course expects to be clean and neat, and can see no reason why everything cannot be moving along like his work out of doors. But owing to the many hindrances to which every mother with little children is subject, even with the best help, it is not possible always to have household work perfectly smooth. Papa does not comprehend this. Perhaps it is too much to expect a strong, hearty man, working out in the fresh, invigorating air, with his work all performed seasonably, to understand how his wife can be overburdened, surrounded with every comfort that is within his means to give her. Yet her life can be made utterly burdensome with hard work. Says a farmer's wife: "I had been a slave to my family for years before I bethought myself of adopting a young orphan girl. Perhaps I was more fortunate than anyone need expect to be, for my adopted daughter proved a wonderful comfort and help. When I see young mothers so oppressed with their many cares, and wearied out with unceasing calls of the little ones, I think of the many orphan children that are suffering in want, that could be so helpful, and thankful for a home, where they could be cared for as the rest of the children. Young girls often have a peculiar talent for entertaining children, and do it with so much ease that it is a pleasure to see them together. They amuse each other, and the tired mother finds opportunity to attend to her domestic duties without interruption."