

THE RAILWAY RIDE.

BY THOMAS DEHN ENGLISH.

In their yachts on ocean gliding,
On their steeds Arabian riding,
Whirled over snow on tinkling sledges,
Men forget their way and main:
What pleasure then should fill them—
What the ecstasy should thrill them—
Born with ponderous speed, and thunderous,
O'er the narrow iron plain.

Restless as a dream of vengeance,
Mark you there the iron engines
Blowing steam from snorting nostrils,
Moving each upon its track:
Fighting, panting, anxious, eager,
Not with purpose more or anger,
But intense intent for motion,
For the liberty they lack.

Now one screams in triumph, for the
Engine-driver, grimed and swarthy,
Lays his hand upon the lever,
And the steel is loose once more;
Off it moves, and fast and faster,
With no more from the master,
Till the awful earth shakes in terror
At the rumbling and the roar.

Crossing long and thread-like bridges,
Spanning streams, and crossing ridges,
Swinging over broad green meadows,
That in starless darkness lay,
How the engine rocks and clatters,
Showering of fire around it scatters,
While its blazing front is hurrying
Looks for perils in the way.

To you tunnel-left evergreening,
In its brown mouth disappearing,
Past from sight and passed from hearing,
Silence follows like a spell:
Then a sudden sound-burst surges,
As the train on into the tunnel
With a scream of exultation,
With a wild and joyous yell.

What the chariot swift of Ares
Which a god to foot carries?
What the steeds the rash boy handled
Harnessed to the sun-god's wain?
These are nothing, this is real;
Born not of the past alone,
But of craft and strength and purpose,
Love of speed and thirst of gain.

Oh! what wildness! Oh! what gladness!
Oh! what joy akin to madness!
Oh! what reckless feeling rises
As to-day the engine races
What to all human aim—hills,
Fame, foals, fish, land that man tills,
In the swarming and the clattering
And the rattling of the year.

—Scribner's Fair Map.

UNDER THE COMMUNE.

THE STORY OF A FRENCH GIRL.

BY ALICE GRAY.

The first domicile in which I set foot on French soil was a pension in the Rue de Castiglione. Many Americans resorted to the place, for to many it has been, as to me, a first introduction to dark-paved entrance-ways, to colonnades living in a hole in the wall, to stone stairways which lead up through a house with musty, obscure passages, and dining-room and kitchen in the third story, and to *frangaises* skating every morning over the bed-room floors after deftly arranging bed and toilet-table. I sat in the breakfast-room a few mornings after I came, a large mirror opposite me reflecting every movement, another so arranged as to convey the reflection on into the passage, to a little box where the waiter, a round, handsome Italian, seemingly beset with a chronic wonder why Americans run found the world so much, arranged his forks and napkins. The room seemed full of eyes all around. I was chilly, felt very strange to the place, and not at all sure I had done a proper thing in coming down and ordering my breakfast alone. In short, quite uncomfortable.

Suddenly a door behind me opened, and Mademoiselle Ronelle, a large, well-made girl with a resolute little mouth, entered. "Pardon, mademoiselle: is it that I am permitted to breakfast with you?" The little red mouth smiled sweetly as she seated herself at the long table. What a bath of pleasure and comfort she gave me at once! Her gay, unembarrassed grace was charming. I know I seemed *gauche* beside her.

In a moment a gentleman of my own party, Mr. Leonard, came in. It was a case of un-mixed, direct fascination. He absolutely stared at Mademoiselle Ronelle, ordered tea instead of coffee, and he listened to her with such an absent last night's opera, actually drank the staff. When she addressed him with, *Monsieur vient de St. Louis?* which she had gathered from our talk, he succumbed at once.

As soon as we rose he went and intrigued with the head-waiter to change his place at dinner so as to face Mademoiselle Ronelle. She was not remarkably pretty, though she had a smile which would have glided the mud, and wonderful eyes, holding more passionate possibilities than one often finds in French eyes; but the quality of her nature just wrapped his in complete and instant isolation from every other. The moment he looked at her, his quickness of feeling and her unstrained way of expressing it. Evidently no harsh, repressing frown had clouded the spring of her spirit. Afterwards I found this to be common with well-brought-up French girls. They are taught to regulate and express gracefully their impulses, but the fine charm of an open, fearless, innocent eye and lip is never brushed off. What we call self-control, which is really mere reticence, is not so present as with us.

John Leonard's was a kind of possession one tends of but does not often see. The audacious yellow-haired young American revealed in it. At dinner he looked at her with another man's eyes, and Fortune having been kind to them, they had come up from the provinces for their first visit to the capital. "A present," Mr. Leonard said, "nous faisons le Dimeanche tous les jours," and then Madame Ronelle on his top, for the phrase savored too strongly of the time when Sunday was their only "day out."

What pleasure they had! So sincere, so hearty! Mademoiselle Ronelle became a great favorite in the house, and went everywhere with us American girls. One day we went to Malmaison. The air was crisp and sparkling as in America, the pink horse-chestnut gloomed in an Aurora on the banks of the Seine, the pink parrots were flushing the Champs Elysees, the fountains seemed glad to be in Paris—as glad as we were. Out in the country were trim cottages with pear and cherry trees trained against the walls, a white wilderness adazzle with sun-kissed blossoms, the tiny kitchen-gardens, crammed with daintily-kept vegetables, tossing up a vivid emerald-green against the whiteness—as the grass of an Alpine dell creeps up to the snow-peaks. The vermilion-tiled roofs—for the old thatched flowerings with house-leeks and clematis is now unlawful—were of the same shade as the scarlet umbrellas which dotted the road, borne by the market-women, with their keen patient eyes and bronzed foreheads coming out finely underneath their white caps.

We saw fields of buckwheat, reminding us of America. We heard also our American oriole, whose note I have listened for in vain among English groves all dripping with song. The

river caught and enlaced the sunbeams, so willing to be reeled thus. As we flew past, a sudden blue of violets was dashed to us from the woods—naïve imperialists, wearing Napoleon's flower.

At Reuil we found a *château*. It was perhaps one of the many *châteaux* of the "mois de Marie," or else the stony little village, near which is Malmaison, celebrated the day of its patron saint with the usual procession of young girls in white veils scattering flowers, children dressed as angels, priests and censer-bearers. Not a soul was left in the houses, which were festooned outside and across the streets from window to window with roses and azaleas. It was very pretty to roll into the midst of so gay a scene through arches of evergreen twined with flowers. It was almost as if they had expected us, and made ready with music and holiday garb.

We jumped out of the carriages. "Allons!" said Mademoiselle Léontine, slipping her arm in mine. "I make you to see everything. I explain all to you. Me, I understand this. We do like this at home in St. Savinien," and cast a quick glance to see if Mr. Leonard was following, she mingled in the crowd, asking questions quickly, kindly, gracefully. She was one with them at once. A *Voilà* something of the prettiest! and she directed us to one of the repositories erected at intervals along the street. Like all the others, it was made of white linen, with moss and evergreen twisted into pillars decorated by colored mosses in patterns, the roof formed of laurel leaves, close and shining, just like emerald scales. Inside of each was an altar with candles and bouquets, and when the procession halted at the door, as many as could crowded in to kneel before the image of the saint who caused all this fuss.

Further on was a tent with an exhibition such as I have never seen in any other place—a kind of tableaux or *pages plastiques*, taken by children from ten to thirteen robed in pure white, as nearly as possible like the drapery of a statue, elevated on a large revolving platform. The scenes were the adventures of Joseph and his brethren, and the sufferings of our Lord at the twelve stations on the Via Dolorosa. In this last the costumes were bright and carefully accurate. Evidently the grouping was by some artistic hands, but the children, with their fine perception and vivid intelligence, had added. I could not doubt, a subtle grace, a warmer meaning. In the drop of an eyelid or the poise of a limb, St. Veronica especially, a little maid with solemn brown eyes, holding out the handkerchief, was as reverent and enthusiastic as any Bavarian actor in the Passion-play of Ober-Ammergau. There was nothing dramatic; the effect was of groups of statues, for the children stood literally motionless.

The procession outside swept on to the church, the priests continuing to chant, the boys to wave their censers, for which a man gave them the time by opening and shutting something in the form of a book.

"Shall we go in?" we queried.

"Pourquoi pas?" said Léontine. "You should see all."

We were given the post of honor. There was a mass, and then a short address. Mademoiselle Léontine sat there, her hands folded in her lap, a complacent smile on her face, and such a pretty little air of having got up the whole thing for our entertainment: you would have said, a gracious young lady from a chateau near by, and these her faithful vassals.

When the festival pomp had left the church—the same where poor Josephine is buried—two little girls started up and began scattering lilies on the altar-steps, and a bride tripped up and was married. She would have been very pretty but that her head was crooked, for the peasants sell their tresses every four years; but the veil and wreath hid the loss pretty well.

"Oh, how she is innocent! how she is sweet!" exclaimed Léontine, and while a little girl and boy, carrying small baskets, went round with true French grace to gather the usual alms for the poor, she pressed forward to offer her good wishes.

I don't know what it was, whether she crossed the path of a woman in the throng, or the woman herself—I thought the woman jostled her, and then was angry at her being there—but I saw Léontine shrink back with a shudder, and then bow and murmur something apologetic to the bitterest face I ever saw. There was malignity, a sneer, in every frown. For a few seconds the cold, cruel eyes rested on Léontine steadily, the lip curled, and while we all shuddered simultaneously, she said distinctly, "*Au revoir, mademoiselle*."

"Come out, Léontine," I said, rushing up. "Let us go! let us go!"

With the unsaid congratulations palmed on her lip, Léontine left the church. Out in the sparkling air throbbing to the music of "*Mourir pour la Patrie*," she laughed merrily. "Me, I am not superstitious," she said. "What have you, my friends? What have you, Mr. Leonard?" It was a *monstrous* *coûté*—that is all.

With a little of the dusk taken out of us, we pursued our way to Malmaison. The roses which Josephine cultivated—especially the coquettish one named after her—laughed inside the railings, the laburnum blossoms lit the avenue with the gentle glow of their gold, the masses of rhododendron chimed of Virginia woods, but we hurried on to the house, with merely a look at the garden-seat where the empress received Napoleon's visit after the divorce.

On the threshold Mrs. Burnham turned: "I suppose there never was a more unhappy woman than Josephine when she entered here," Léontine looked at her, and I saw she grew a little pale. One by one we walked into the shadow of that great grief not yet pale.

They showed us the rooms—dining-room, bedroom, smaller and plainest than we expected, with an abundance of polished woods, inlaid cabinets and buffets, all exquisitely neat and homelike. At last we came to that sad piece of tapestry-work which has Josephine's needle stuck in it as she left it for the last time. We all shed tears as we stood and gazed. I stood next to Léontine. She trembled, and I heard a hollow sound come from her lips. "Deserted! deserted!" All at once she sank down on the floor beside the frame, crunched together in a heap, her head on her knees, in a passion of sobs. We were all thunderstruck. John Leonard rushed forward impetuously, and tried to raise her. But she resisted when she saw who it was: she pushed him away. Then he knelt down and passionately whispered something in her ear. I think he told his love in that moment. At any rate, she let him help her to rise and lend her to a window.

"We had better be off," said Mrs. Leonard, John's mother. "Poor Mademoiselle Ronelle is nervous. That woman frightened her in the church, and then this was too much for her."

"Vous croyez, madame?" said Léontine simply. "I never was nervous before." We all studied Léontine after all.

"Bourgeoise!" said some of our party, and talked about tradespeople with a curl of the lip—an amusing curl when one reflected that all their drafts from home had a soap-and-candle or drygoods basis, or perchance a not-shaving one.

Two years passed on, and over the brilliant,

tossing sea of the Boulevards came a voice. "Pence! he still!" heard in the hissing of the first Prussian shell.

"Listen!" said I to Mrs. Burnham one October morning. "We have let the last detachment of Americans go through the lines, and now—"

"Yes, now our lot is cast in with this 'city' for better or worse," replied Mrs. Burnham, assuming an elevated expression. "It has been our home: we will not desert it now."

Mrs. Burnham, most matter-of-fact of Americans, had seen to living for an idea, and she seated herself by the window with the mien of a dame in beleaguered fortress. We were but three now—our original party had scattered.

At that window we sat for many weeks, feeling the slow tightening of the chain around us, our perceptions sharpened by the patient suffering we witnessed.

"What, in the name of mercy, is that?" exclaimed Mrs. Burnham one morning as we heard overhead a terrible thumping and stamping and pounding, with bounds like the case of a steamboat. It continued at intervals through the day, and at night became frightful.

We appealed to Madame Brignon, our landlady. She came back to us a moment after: "Ah, madame! the poor gentleman above is desolated. He sends a world of apologies. It is long since he had a spark of fire, and for one week he has kept his bed so as not to freeze; but now it is that the bed-clothes are sold, mon Dieu! and he says he cannot feel him the legs; and so he takes a little exercise."

And so—and so, after that, M. Monselet studied his Sanskrit *Veda* by our fire every evening, having himself the strange sounds, his lips moving like a priest's over a breviary, so as to be no check on our conversation. To our great delight, we had in the meagre, bright-eyed man the figure of the scholar, the traditional type, springing up only in the old civilizations like this, of marvelous learning and marvelous poverty, and simple as a baby.

On New Year's Day, *voilà*, a spy! Four gendarmes came to take one of our fellow-boarders and his wife, sadistic Belgians, but they had fled just in time. Then we had a military visit. We were also forewarned. We must go instantly before the mayor of the arrondissement. In vain we protested ourselves Americans, showed the United States flag, and demanded that the United States consul should be sent for.

Quite a little crowd was on the stairs and in court. I noticed a man in a red waistcoat, bareheaded, with black curly hair, and caught the gleam of a black eye that sent me back into the room with a knowledge of what faces swarmed behind barricades not far from here eighty years ago.

"There is nothing to do but go quietly," said Mrs. Burnham, but I determined to make an effort. "Is it we?" said I—"is it we you would accuse, who have won ourselves out for the people of your quarter? We have given of our substance, we have eaten but two meals a day, to have a portion for your wives and daughters. You, Jacques," said I suddenly to one sullen-looking creature just outside the door—"you know that but for us your wife would have frozen her feet off standing in the line waiting for a meat-ticket. We have worked our fingers off to make you warm garments. Tenez!" and I ran to Mrs. Burnham's wardrobe and showed the coats and clothes that "Darius had made."

"And as for wool—recoil our wool-box! It is empty, wretched. Where is the rest? Go to keep you warm."

"C'est vrai, c'est vrai," interrupted the landlady: "the ladies have the little blaze very mean now, and besides, the poor gentleman au quatuorème, whose knees are no more knees to him, they have him down all the evenings to sit in the salon with them. Is for a friend they give up their so delicate privacy? No, it is a poor creature who is none of their acquaintance, but he is of us, *mes amis*—*mes amis*."

"And to crown all," I continued to the sergeant-de-ville, "you come for us when our protector is gone, to take us to the bureau, before the crowd, where it is not proper for ladies to go alone. We go not. Return in two hours—M. Burnham will then be here. Till then put a guard at the porte-cochère if it pleases you. We cannot escape you the chimney."

"Ah," cried a voice in the crowd, "these are no Americans. The Americans, they speak not French so well."

"I know this accent," said another: "it is German. No, I have been in Germany; and she has the hair blonde just like the Prussians."

"Oh, for Heaven's sake be quiet!" said Mrs. Burnham to me. "I told you our best plan was to go along quietly."

"Ah bah!" cried another, "I have seen Americans who had the hair as that, on the Boulevard. I have driven them when I had a carriage."

"Va," said the first, contemptuously, "thou hast no eyes. The shade is quite other."

I should have laughed any other time at my safety turning on the shade of my hair, or rather on the correctness of eye of two *vauriens*. But I did not then.

"That we are Americans can easily be ascertained, you know," I said to the officer. "Return in two hours. And clear the house of madame de these ingrates. Put a guard at the door. We demand that."

The house was cleared, three sergeants-de-ville were set pining up and down outside. Mrs. Burnham devoted herself to making her "preparations."

She put on nearly all the clothes she could find, among the rest an enormous petticoat, down-quilted, which she had picked up in Switzerland, one or two worsted sweaters, and a large quilted one over them. Her traveling-bag, her cloak, cap and muff, and over the cap a thick red woolen hood was tied tightly under the chin, a Maphorsion plaid round her shoulders, and as an extra wrap she threw over her arm a thick coarse skirt of blue serge we had made for a poor woman. She grasped a large American flag in one hand, the other, thrust through her muff, held one of the yard-long lilies over her breast came in, and a huge bunch of wax flowers were just making for a fancy fair. "It is as well to be prepared," she said. "We don't know what may happen."

Thus she stood, bolt-upright in the middle of the floor, holding tightly the unfurled American flag, when the mayor of the arrondissement was announced.

"Show him up," said she. Frightened as I was, I laughed.

"Pardon, madame!" said the little man panting and bowing low.

"We are quite ready to go," returned Mrs. Burnham: "you need not have taken the trouble to come for us yourself."

"Mak Madame does not comprehend."

"Excuse me sir: I comprehend all I want to," she continued loftily. "I have nothing to say about it now: I cannot talk. I must save my strength for what may be before me. Have the goodness to lead the way, monsieur!" and she advanced to the door, waving him on before her.

"Mak, madame, permit that I explain—"

"Explanations would be supererogatory. We shall submit. Pass out, if you please," and she bowed down upon him waving the American flag, pressing him to the very threshold, where the

little man enquired about in perplexity. "Pass out! pass out! We are ready, as you see. Submission and patience are woman's only resources. I regret that my young friend—here a reproachful look at me—"should have given way to her excitement before your officials, which I suppose has brought upon us this fresh ignominy."

The poor little man, in complete bewilderment, repeated her last word, "Ignominy?"

"Yes, ignominy," returned Mrs. Burnham: "we may feel it, I suppose, though—"

"Madame does not refer to the visit I have the honor to make her at present?"

"I must certainly do—a very unusual proceeding on your part, I take it, Monsieur le Maire."

"Pardon, madame—" "Pardon! Do you ask my pardon?" and Mrs. Burnham's features relaxed into an angelic smile. "You have it, be assured. I am a sincere though humble Christian, I trust, and I shall harbor no resentment. You are only doing what you believe to be your duty, my poor monsieur. We too know our duty, and shall endeavor to perform it—in silence. Conduct us, if you please."

"Oh, madame, madame! be pleased to listen—"

"We are in your power. We make no resistance," and Mrs. Burnham cast up her eyes and took a fresh hold of her muff, flag and wax flowers.

M. le Maire struck his forehead with both hands, and plunged them in his pockets and stamped on the floor.

"As a sheep before her shearers—" commenced the lady.

"Pardieu! Monsieur," I said, "there is some mistake; perhaps monsieur does not wish to take us away."

"Let him summon his minions," replied Mrs. Burnham, now wrought up to the highest pitch. "I have shown him I know what will honour a woman and the United States of America."

"The young lady was right," shrieked the mayor. "I come to apologize, to rehabilitate everything, to make it all level, and madame will not let me finish one sentence. If madame would remove her—her scarf and her—her coil—"

For some relief herself of the so heavy satchel, maybe she would understand."

It was indeed time to lead madame to a seat and relieve her of some of her wraps—not the satchel, though. "My bag—no!" she roused herself to say.

Just at this moment Mr. Burnham appeared at the door: "In the name of common sense, what's all this?"

"C'est un monsieur!" exclaimed the official in ecstasy.

All this time we heard nothing of our old companions. The Leonards had taken Léontine Ronelle to Germany with them, but we knew nothing more of them, except that we had heard Monsieur and Madame Ronelle had come to Paris and established themselves. One day I met a priest attached to St. Stephen, which we called our parish church. "Mon père," I said, "you came from a place of suffering, is it not so? Can I do anything?"

"I go to a place of suffering," he answered. "If mademoiselle went with me?"

He led me to a room where a girl had starved herself for her parents. Help had come that day, but too late. She was not in the first enthusiasm of youth, but a woman past thirty, and she had done it deliberately.

"Poor thing!" said Father Brefet. "It was her religion. All she had, for this poor family do not attend to their religious duties."

By the pallet, to my surprise, sat Léontine Ronelle, thin and pale. What astonished me more was that she was in the dress of an ouvrière, and her manner, though graceful and self-respecting, was utterly changed.

"Will you relieve mademoiselle?" said Father Brefet: "she is exhausted and the mother sleeps."

"I live au cinquième," whispered Léontine, "if you will ascend some time."

I said down by the bed in bewilderment. An evening of dread and gloom began. Across the floor of the bare room fell the shadow of the jagged corner of the *Hôpital de la Pitié*, whose roof had been blown off the day before, and chambers laid bare, whence they had borne shattered bodies. I had never before been so near the woe of the city. I heard a shell pass over the house, followed its screaming track, and then bent my ear to hear it strike if it were not too distant. It was not, and I heard the thunder of the explosion, and then almost immediately a horrible confused outburst—howling—I don't know what to call it—an intricate into melody of sounds, as if men, beasts and things inanimate were sending up a wail. It lasted perhaps five minutes, and died away slowly, very slowly, and the dolor and pain of the entire city seemed compressed in the last breath that floated past on the night wind.

Then all was still. I looked at the dying girl. Her eyes were closed to all such sounds—her ears were fixed on a crucifix. I rose and went nearer to her. I too had need to realize a protecting presence of love. But I could not. The room, the house, the city, seemed utterly abandoned. The horror that came streaming from such a cross when darkness was over all the earth was upon me. I thought of the weird, horrible outcry I had heard, and still the figure with arms outstretched in helpless suffering seemed to mock us as it heard the infinite wail of all time, and moved not—any, its feet were nailed to the cross.

Suddenly I perceived the dying woman had turned her head and was looking at me. She tried to speak, but her tongue refused its office. Her last words had been uttered when she said "Ma mère" half an hour before.

The euré returned. She pressed the cross to her breast. Her eyes turned to her mother, then back to him with a speaking gaze.

"Wonderful grace of God!" murmured the Saviour? As He from His cross looked on the mother that bore Him, so—It is her religion, la pauvre fille!"

Then he commenced the prayers for the dying. Léontine Ronelle had crept back again, and we knelt side by side and watched the laboring breath.

When all was over I went up with Léontine to her little room. It was bare, no fire, no comforts—nothing. "Nothing" did I say? No, a smile was there, a trusting, happy smile. It was filled, garlanded, warmed, illumined. I looked and learned a new lesson, or rather a clear and sweet reading of an old one. She wept as she spoke of her father and mother, both dead of smallpox. They had lost their all before, for it was precisely this class of small capitalists on whom the war fell hardest.

"I have to work now," she said.

"It is hard," said I, remembering the gay vision of two years ago.

"No, it is not hard. I do not feel it hard," she replied, and again beamed that lovely smile.

She spoke frankly of John Leonard. He had been back in Paris, had gone and was to return. "It cannot be long now, they tell me."

The last words fell dreamily, and she evidently had flown off on the wing of anticipation. There was no need of commiseration here. We parted, promising to meet often.

(To be continued.)

LAWYERS, MINISTERS AND DOCTORS.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

The lawyers are a picked lot, "first scholars," and the like, but their business is an unmythical as Jack Ketch's. There is nothing humanizing in their relations with their fellow-creatures. They go for the side that retains them. They defend the man they know to be a rogue, and not very rarely throw suspicion on the man they know to be innocent. Mind you, I am not finding fault with them; every side of a case has a right to the best statement it can make; but I say it does not tend to make them sympathetic. Suppose in a case of *Fever vs. Patient*, the doctor should side with either party according to whether the old miser or his expectant heir was his employer. Suppose the minister should side with the Lord or the Devil, according to the salary offered and other incidental advantages, where the soul of a sinner was in question. You can see what a piece of work it would make of their sympathies. But the lawyers are quick-witted men generally. They are good-natured, or, if they quarrel, their quarrels are above-board. I don't think they are as accomplished as the ministers, but they have a way of examining with special knowledge for a case which leaves a certain shallow sediment of intelligence in their memories about a great many things. They are apt to talk lay in mixed company, and they have a way of looking round when they make a point, as if they were addressing a jury, that is mighty aggravating, as I once had occasion to see when one of them, as a pretty famous one, put me on the witness-stand at a dinner-party once.

The ministers come next in point of talent. They are far more curious and widely interested outside of their own calling than either of the other professions. I like to talk with them. They are interesting men, full of good feelings, hard workers, always foremost in good deeds, and on the whole the most efficient civilizing class, working downwards from knowledge to ignorance, that we have. Now and then upwards, also, that we have. The trouble is that so many of them work in harness, and it is pretty sure to chafe some of them. They too often assume principles which would cripple our instincts and reason and give us a crutch of doctrine. I have talked with a great many of 'em of all sorts of belief, and I don't think they have fixed everything in their own minds, or are as dogmatic in their habits of thought as one would think to hear 'em lay down the law in the pulpit. They used to lead the intelligence of their parishes; now they do pretty well if they keep up with it, and they are very apt to lag behind it. Then they must have a colleague. The old minister thinks he can hold to his old course, sailing right into the wind's eye of human nature, as straight as the famous old skipper John Bunyan; the young minister falls off three or four points and catches the breeze that left the old man's sails all shivering. By and by the congregation will get ahead of him, and then it must have another new skipper. The old priest holds his own pretty well; the minister is coming down every generation nearer and nearer to the common level of the useful citizen—no more at all, but a man of more than average moral instincts, who, if he knows anything, knows how little he knows. The ministers are good talkers, only the struggle between nature and grace makes some of 'em a little awkward occasionally. The women do their best to spoil 'em, as they do the poets; so do they. Now and then one of them goes over the dam; no wonder, they're always in the rapids.

By this time our three ladies had their faces all turned toward the speaker, like the weather-cocks in a northeaster, and I thought it best to switch off the talk on to another rail.

How about the doctors?—I said.

"Physicians are the least learned of the professions. In this country at least. They have not half the general culture of the lawyers, nor a quarter of that of the ministers. I rather think, though, they are more agreeable to the common run of people than the men with black coats or the men with green bags. People can swear before 'em if they want to and they can't very well before ministers. I don't care whether they want to swear or not; they don't want to be on their good behavior. Besides, the minister has a little smack of the sexton about him; he comes when people are in *extrema*, he makes a deal of sense for him every time they make a slight moral slip, he tells a lie for instance, or smuggles a silk dress through the custom-house; but they call in the doctor when a child is cutting a tooth or gets a splinter in its finger. So it doesn't mean much to send for him, only a pleasant chat about the news of the day; for putting the baby to rights doesn't take long. Besides, everybody doesn't like to talk about the next world; people are modest in their desires; and find this world as good as they deserve; but everybody loves to talk physic. Everybody loves to hear of strange cases. People are sure to tell the doctor of the wonderful cures they have heard of; they want to know what is the matter with somebody or other who is said to be suffering from 'a complication of diseases,' and above all to get a hard name, Greek or Latin, for some complaint which sounds altogether too commonplace in plain English. If you will only call a headache a *Cephalalgia*, it acquires dignity at once, and a patient becomes rather proud of it. So I think doctors are generally welcome in most companies.

In old times, when people were more afraid of the Devil and of witches than they are now, they liked to have a priest or a minister, as I have said, to come to 'sear 'em off'; but nowadays, if you could find an old woman that would ride round the room on a broomstick, Barnum would build an amphitheatre to exhibit her in; and if he could come across a young Imp, with hoofs, tail, and budding horns, a lineal descendant of one of those 'demons' which the good people of Gloucester fired at, and were fired at by 'for the best part of a month together' in the year of 1692, the great showman would have him at any cost for his museum or menagerie. Men are cowards, sir, and are driven by fear as the sovereign motive. Men are liars, and want something to look at and lie and brag, or throw themselves down before; they always will; and if you don't make it of wood, you must make it of words, which are just as much used for idols as promissory notes are used for values. The ministers have a hard time of it without bell and book and holy water; they are dismounted men in armor since Luther cut their saddlegirths, and you can see they are quickly taking off one piece of iron after another, until some of the best of 'em are fighting the devil (not the zoological Devil with the big D) with the sword of the Spirit, and precious little else in the way of weapons of offence or defence. And we couldn't get on without the spiritual brotherhood, whatever became of our special creeds. There is a genius for religion, just as there is for painting or sculpture. It is half-sister to the genius for music, and has some of the features which remind us of earthly love. But it lifts us all by its